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often with others; he is perpetually thinking of and for them, and urging them to the performance of this and that neglected duty. And just as it is his temptation to forget the offertory while always urging others to give, he is prone to forget to pray for himself,—so busy is he praying for others. And so he is apt to fall into fits of *accidie* and despondency and barrenness of which he is heartily ashamed, but whose cause is not far to seek. I am not without my fears that it is this curse of professionalism—this tendency to handle the high things of the spirit as a matter of routine,—this materialization of the ethereal elements of the soul-life, that accounts for the ossification of so many preachers' powers before they reach middle age, and for the fact that by the time they have attained to life's meridian they have lost most of the stimulating and inspiring gifts they once had in the more vital years of youth. There is no more prime duty, no more imperative need of us who are preachers of the holy Word of God, than to keep the fire burning brightly in the inner shrine of our own spirits. Those who do so will in time have faces that shine with a radiance that comes from within; their spirits will ripen instead of hardening with the lapse of years; they will grow in grace and in the knowledge of their heavenly Lord; and they will be able to lead others with an ever-deepening trust and love to the throne of the heavenly grace. There are some old ministers whom it is a privilege and a delight to hear in prayer, for as we listen we feel that Heaven is very near these Beulah pilgrims, and that there is but a step between us and seeing the Invisible itself. Here is an ideal which it should be the utmost endeavour of every minister to attain.

Literature.

PRINCIPAL IVERACH.

THE volume entitled *The Christian Message*, which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have published (7s. 6d. net), is an appropriate appendix to the article on Principal James Iverach which was contributed to THE EXPOSITORY TIMES last month. For it contains the lectures delivered by Dr. Iverach to the students of the United Free College in Aberdeen at the close (and occasionally at the opening) of each session since 1905.

The variety is very great. It ranges from an exegesis of the phrase 'into my name' to an exposition of the Hegelian theory of the State. And the lecturer is just as much at home with Hegel as with the grammar of New Testament Greek.

The earlier lectures are occupied with the work of the ministry. They are the ripe fruit of a successful pastorate, a sympathetic recognition of the variety of pastors and pastorates, and a healthy, humorous humanity. Dr. Iverach commends wise adaptation: 'But then there are south and north, east and west, and for each we shall have to make a particular study. More particularly we shall have to study the local conditions of the place if we are to know our people. Are we to work in Aberdeen, then it would be well to know the importance of the twelve-mile limit, and the characteristics of those who dwell within it.' One can see the smile on the faces of the students as they remembered the popular saying, 'Tak' awa' Aiberdeen and twal mile roun', and faur are ye?'

THE BIBLE AND SOCIAL LIFE.

Professor Charles Ryder Smith, D.D., has been fortunate in the choice of his subject. He chose it originally as a thesis for the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of London. He made good the choice, both in obtaining the degree and in issuing this handsome volume. The title is *The Bible Doctrine of Society in its Historical Evolution* (T. & T. Clark; 18s.).

He has been fortunate, we say. It is society that is the theme of the most popular writing at the present time, and perhaps also of the most powerful thinking. It is in some form of social salvation that anxious reformers are seeking a solution of the world's unrest. And the most deeply felt need of all is a basis—a clear basis in Scripture—for the belief that God means to save society, and that the salvation is to be found in our Lord Jesus Christ. That basis Dr. Ryder Smith has provided. That is the meaning of his book.

He works his subject after the historical method. And one result is to bring into positively startling prominence a break which Jesus made with the thought of His time. The Old Testament religion is a national religion. The individual, even in respect of immortality, was forgotten in the nation. By the time of the Herods the national religion had become a caste religion. A man was saved (if a man's salvation was thought of) because he was a son of Abraham, and even, practically, only if he was a son of the Law. Jesus gave Himself to the individual. It is true, He began with the preaching of the Kingdom of God, and the establishment of the Kingdom as the consummation was His aim throughout. But He was most emphatic that the Kingdom could come, not by the conversion of the mass, but of the individual. Even when (to quote Dr. Ryder Smith) 'in the Feeding of the Five Thousand Jesus wrought that rare thing, a miracle for a multitude, He at once took great pains to avoid allegiance *en masse*. Here, too, lay the ground of His custom of flight from the too active interest of crowds. It would have been easy for Him at any time to head the Jewish "masses" against Rome—how easy, Caiaphas and his associates well knew, but He deliberately and consistently refused the *rôle* of a popular "Messiah." On the contrary, He carefully gathered His disciples one by one.' Dr. Ryder Smith gives a most remarkable list of passages which are words of Christ addressed to or spoken of individuals, and then he says: 'The series could easily be extended, but the passages quoted are characteristic of all parts of the New Testament and suffice to show that the liberty and responsibility of the individual were a uniform postulate of early Christian thought. Without this the Gospel would have no meaning at all. The New Testament everywhere assumes that each man's choice is decisive of his own fate. Not the nation, nor the caste, nor even the Church or the family, is the basis of the ultimate Christian society, but the single man.'

Then follow some impressive sentences describing the Ideal Individual—the individual as he ought to be and has the offer of becoming, according to the teaching of the New Testament. These sentences will be found 'In the Study.'

But the ideal individual belongs to the ideal society. And three sections follow describing that society. It is known as the Kingdom of God; it is spoken of as 'in Christ'; it is in possession of the Spirit of God.

Then comes another important thought which deserves the prominence Dr. Ryder Smith gives it. It is the fact 'that none of the three New Testament accounts of the perfect society immediately links men with one another. The direct connexion of each man is with Christ, and only through Him with other men. There are, indeed, many direct social bonds between men now, but that is because their present relations are imperfect; these bonds will disappear or merge in a higher relation "when that which is perfect is come." In the New Testament Jesus is no titular patron of a society whose true link must be sought elsewhere; the Bible nowhere names a "common spirit of humanity," or a "common conscience," or a "human *ethos*"; in it mankind is one in God. He is the focus that gives the curve its line. He is the sun that unites the rays. So the characteristic act of the final society is worship.'

The book is a triumphant answer to the charge that the critical and historical study of the Bible is useless for the purposes of devotion.

LIFU AND UVEA.

Lifu and Uvea—they are as unknown as Teschen to the Prime Minister before the Peace Conference. Twenty-five years ago Mrs. Emma Hadfield and her husband landed at Lifu; twenty-five trying but interesting years they have spent there or on the neighbouring island of Uvea, preaching and living the gospel of the grace of God. And all the while Mrs. Hadfield has been taking notes. She found one delightful native couple. They knew the folklore and believed it, and as soon as they knew her they began to relate it. She has thus been able to rescue from oblivion many a curious tale. She has told these tales now in a fine illustrated volume entitled *Among the Natives of the Loyalty Group* (Macmillan; 12s. 6d. net). And she has told much besides.

'Lifu is the largest of a number of islands called the Loyalty Group. It is about fifty miles long and twenty-five miles broad. It is of coral formation, and, judging from the appearance of the rocks along the coast (hungit), it would seem to have been raised to its present elevation by three or four upheavals. It is so scantily covered with a light red soil that it would be almost impossible

to find a square acre of land on which a plough might be used. There is often good, rich soil in the deep holes among the rocks and stones, which the natives utilise for growing the gigantic taro, banana, and yams.'

The island of Uvea 'is very beautiful; the late Captain Turpie, of the London Missionary Society's barque the "John Williams," has been heard to say that Uvea was the prettiest island in the South Seas; and as one sails up the lagoon, all alive with fish, studded on the one hand by numerous small islands and on the other by miles and miles of glittering white sand, backed by dark groves of palm trees, one might almost imagine he was nearing the shores of Arcadia.'

It is a story of progress. But the progress has not been all along the line. 'It may truly be said that, with the advent of civilisation, the natives have in some respects greatly degenerated. The white man's vices have been found much more attractive to many of them than his virtues. Although cannibalism, polygamy, terrorism and tribal wars have disappeared, the white man's demon "drink" —to name only one of his vices—would have proved more ruinous, morally and physically, than all these combined, had it not been checked by the restraining hand of religion and education. Whenever a native of these islands drinks—and it is said they all take to drink as to mother's milk—his one sole and undisguised object is to become intoxicated as speedily as possible.'

Mrs. Hadfield describes the native customs admirably. There is no lack of understanding; there is no hurry to find a moral.

ANIMATE NATURE.

Some notes have already been written on Professor J. Arthur Thomson's Gifford Lectures entitled *The System of Animate Nature* (Williams & Norgate; 2 vols., 30s. net). And from these Notes some idea may have been gained of their interest and value. It will now be enough to say that though Professor Thomson has written much, and always well, he has never written anything better or anything likely to last longer than this book. Its theme is the highest possible for a student of science, and he has risen to the height of it. The interest grows steadily. We do not remember having read a book which began so quietly and ended so rapturously.

Let it be understood further that this book is a great reconciliation. We have persisted in believing that science as well as philosophy was on the side of God. The greatest teachers in our land have in recent Gifford and other lectures left us in no doubt about philosophy. Professor Arthur Thomson is already recognized as a prince among the teachers of science, and this work of his may henceforth be quoted with confidence for the scientific attitude. No formal, or informal, attempt is made to reconcile science and religion. We see what science is, we see what it points to beyond itself, and that is enough. Nor is the reconciliation merely in appearance. We are not shown science occupying one area and religion another—looking at one another over the wall of contiguous gardens. We see religion beginning with science; we see science incomplete without religion. The 'middle wall of partition' has been removed as utterly as was that wall which once separated Jew from Gentile, and with not less benefit to mankind.

CARLYLE AND RUSKIN.

A book on Carlyle and a book on Ruskin have been issued together from the same Publishing House and we shall take them together here. The one is a *Guide to Carlyle*, by Mr. Augustus Ralli (Allen & Unwin; 2 vols., 42s. net). The other is a volume of Centenary Studies in Ruskin, edited by Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse, and entitled *Ruskin the Prophet* (8s. 6d. net).

We may take the two books together the more readily that in one of the Ruskin essays the Dean of St. Paul's makes a comparison, as frank and as felicitous as he knows how, between the ideals of life held by Carlyle and Ruskin. Before coming to Dean Inge, however, let us note that Mr. Ralli has great faith in the future of Carlyle. Why his fame is eclipsed at present is due, he believes, to accidental circumstances—Froude's incompetence (or malevolence) and the War—and these bad influences will pass. As for the War, it has been asserted with much confidence that Carlyle was a pro-German, which is true; and that he was in favour of the use of force (right or wrong, if it is strength), which is not true. He denied it; Froude, his biographer, says he was entitled to deny it; and Paul, the biographer of Froude, says that Froude was entitled to say that Carlyle was entitled to deny it. Mr. Ralli goes through all Carlyle's

works, giving an account of them and of their contents; and his hope is that thereby many of this generation may be led to see that Carlyle is no spent force, but is full of ideas which are of undying worth.

The essays on Ruskin are of various merit, but not one of them is without its significance. The most interesting to a well-furnished student of Ruskin is due to the editor himself. It is an account of Ruskin's friendship with William Macdonald Macdonald, the laird of Crossmount (between Lochs Rannoch and Tummel). Six letters from Ruskin to Macdonald (none of them appearing in the Library edition of Ruskin's works) are given, and they are right well worth reading.

But now to the Dean. A few sentences must be quoted: 'Ruskin avowed himself to be a disciple of Carlyle, and it is plain that the two men were engaged upon the same crusade. Carlyle's thought was determined by the reaction against many of the "ideas of 1789," as displayed in their results during the revolutionary period. He hated its scepticism, its negations, its love of sonorous phrases and claptrap, its materialism, its atheism, and perhaps above all its anarchism. Like many others of his generation, he wished to return to idealism, to personal religion, and to a well-ordered organization of society. He and Ruskin both wrote with the violence of major prophets: this was a characteristic of the age. Swinburne, Hugo and Morris were also angry and vehement writers. But Carlyle was, what Ruskin was not, a Puritan. He was not (as Sir Henry Taylor called him) "a Puritan who has lost his creed"; Carlyle never lost the Puritan creed; he was a Puritan without the dogmas of his sect. The creed of Puritanism is the creed of Stoicism; and there is something in this type of mind which turns its creed into a war-cry.'

Again: 'Carlyle is often accused of teaching that Might is Right; he really held that Right is Might, if we take long views. It is not altogether true; for spiritual forces prevail in their own field, which is not that of external and palpable success. We must neither revive the Deuteronomic creed that righteousness leads to outward prosperity, nor fall victims to the snobbishness of historians who judge, after the event, that every apparently lost cause is the wrong cause. But there is a sense in which "the history of the world is the judgment of the world"; and this is what Carlyle, in all his historical writings, means to assert.'

And again (but here we have Inge not less than Carlyle and Ruskin): 'He and Ruskin were both intellectual aristocrats, and heartily despised ballot-box democracy, a fetish which now, after a century of fatuous laudation, stands very insecurely on its pedestal. He was fairly convinced that in spite of the complacent trumpetings of Macaulay and the commercial school, civilization had taken a wrong and ultimately disastrous turn. He loved the simple peasant life in which he had been brought up, and had his full share of personal pride, the pride of the independent and poor man. Ruskin was much nearer to Carlyle than to Rossetti, in whom he could find no over-mastering purpose and no social conscience, as Carlyle could find none in Coleridge. The prophet in him condemned the purely artistic temperament of his friend.'

THE 'MAYFLOWER.'

The tercentenary celebration of the sailing of the *Mayflower* has been a great event. It has moved the whole English-speaking world to admiration. It has touched some parts of that world to repentance. Did not Canon E. W. Barnes 'do penance' (as the Editor of *Public Opinion* put it) in Westminster Abbey? Did he not say: 'In holding such a service we acknowledge that the persecution of the Puritans by the early Stuarts was wrong; that the post-reformation intolerance of statesmen and clergy was wrong. We affirm our conviction that complete religious toleration is a wise principle of statesmanship'?[1]

And yet it is not some American citizen, proud of his physical ancestry, who has done most for that victory of righteousness, it is a great English scholar, prouder far of the spiritual ancestry. Dr. Rendel Harris has traced the history of the *Mayflower* industriously and has written affectionately of it. He has written book after book and encouraged others to write; and every book has been illustrated under his direction. Here are five volumes all sent out at once, and all published by Messrs. Longmans for the Manchester University Press—*The Finding of the 'Mayflower,'* a substantial volume (4s. 6d. net), and four *Souvenirs of the 'Mayflower' Tercentenary* (from 1s. to 6d. net).

[1] *Public Opinion*, 24th September 1920, p. 299.

INDIAN WOMEN.

Messrs. Simpkin have published a handsome volume on *Women of India*. The author is Otto Rothfeld, F.R.G.S., I.C.S.

Mr. Rothfeld understands India. With the women of India he is in sympathy. He speaks the truth, but he speaks it in love. When he is describing the Indian mother he does not deny that 'she is lavish with her caresses and endearments, as in other moods she may fly into fits of uncontrolled anger. But, except for the lengthy period of nursing, sometimes three and ordinarily two years, to which she is willing to devote herself, she shows only too little of that continuous and intelligent care which is expected from a mother.' But, he hastens to add, it is largely due to ignorance. 'She has not—one might with justice say she is not allowed to have—the knowledge which is needed to be a good mother. She is unaware of the most elementary requirements of sanitation and health. Worse still, she has not been trained to know the importance of compelling good habits and regular discipline in early childhood.'

But it is when he speaks of the dancing girl that his sympathy has its opportunity. 'For the women of India, it may almost be said, there is only one independent profession open, one that is immemorial, remunerative, even honoured, and that is the profession of the dancing girl. There is hardly a town in India, however small, which has not its group of dancing girls, dubious perhaps and mediocre; and there is not a wedding, hardly an entertainment of any circumstance, at which the dancing girl's services are not engaged. And it may be added that there is hardly a class so much misjudged or a profession so much misunderstood.' 'In the romantic fancies of the late eighteenth and the early nineteenth centuries, she was, both in France and Germany, a personage on whom poets lavished the embellishments of their art. Her hazy outlines they bespangled with the imagery of fiction and the phantasies of invention. She was a symbol for oriental opulence, a creature of incredible luxury and uncurbed sensuousness, or tropic passion and jewelled magnificence. From her tresses blew the perfumes of lust; on her lips, like honey sweet, distilled the poisons of vice; hidden in her bodice of gold brocade she carried the dagger with which she killed.'

But 'the very name of dancing girl, it must be noted, is a misnomer. For as an artist she finds expression primarily in song, not in the dance. In the Indian theory of music, dancing is but an adjunct, one rhythm the more, to the sung melody. It is the singer's voice which is the ultimate means of music, her song which is its real purpose. To embellish its expression and heighten its enjoyment the singer takes the aid of instruments, the pipe, the strings, the drum, and not least of the dance. Regarded in its first elements, the dance is one means the more of marking the time of the melody. Throughout the Indian dance the feet, like the tuned drums, are means to mark the beats. The time is divided into syllables or bars, and the dancer's beating feet, circled with a belt of mingling bells, must move and pause in the strictest accordance. The right foot performs the major part, the left completes the rhythmic syllable. But further by her dance the singer's art is to make more clear and more magnetic the meaning of her song. With her attitudes and gestures she accords her person to her melody and sense, till her whole being, voice and movement, is but one living emotion.'

The volume is illustrated throughout with full-page coloured pictures of Indian women, by M. V. Dhurandhar.

FREEMASONRY.

If Dr. Homes Dudden had seen the book on *The Origin and Evolution of Freemasonry*, by Albert Churchward, M.D., just published by Messrs. Allen & Unwin (12s. 6d. net), he would have found there some of that evidence for communication with the dead which he is in search of. Says Dr. Churchward: 'I know two people still living who possess the inestimable gift of seeing and being able to converse or communicate with their friends, who never leave them night or day. But these good spirits cannot talk so that one can hear them; they cannot make noises, nor can you take photographs of them: *all this that Spiritualists tell you is chicanery and humbug* [the italics are Dr. Churchward's own]. You cannot take photographs of spirits because they are composed of pure corpuscles—Beta Rays; and as it is the Beta Ray that produces photographs, naturally it cannot produce itself. If you ask them a question, they will make a motion of affirmation or negation only; but if you have a good spiritual medium, whom you send into a hypnotic state, you can

converse, gain any information you wish that they are permitted to tell you, and they will answer questions or communicate their wishes. The Ancient Egyptian Priests knew this and gained much knowledge through this means. But the real secrets are known to a few only, and since the fall of the Old Egyptian Empire the ignorance of the human always has been such that great opposition has always been, and still is, shown to the study of the Laws of the Spiritual World. But future generations will become more enlightened, and the knowledge that we shall gain through this means may be the source of enlightening us as to *what life is* and all the secrets of the Universe.'

Dr. Churchward is an authority on his subject and writes well. He tells us just as much as it is lawful for him to tell. To know more we must become Freemasons.

KOREA.

'When the Japanese landed in Korea in 1904, the missionaries welcomed them. They knew the tyranny and abuses of the old Government, and believed that the Japanese would help to better things. The ill-treatment of helpless Koreans by Japanese soldiers and coolies caused a considerable reaction of feeling. When, however, Prince Ito became Resident-General the prevailing sentiment was that it would be better for the people to submit and to make the best of existing conditions, in the hope that the harshness and injustice of Japanese rule would pass.'

But it did not pass. Ito was succeeded by Terauchi. Terauchi was antagonistic to Christianity, and soon got into trouble with the missionaries and teachers. 'One of the difficulties was over the direction that children in schools and others should bow before the picture of the Japanese Emperor on feast days. The Japanese tried to maintain to the missionaries that this was only a token of respect; the Christians declared that it was an act of adoration. To the Japanese his Emperor is a divine being, the descendant of the gods.' The head-teacher of one of the schools was awarded seven years' penal servitude for refusing to bow before the Imperial picture.

The whole story of Japanese misrule in Korea is told by Mr. F. A. M'Kenzie in *Korea's Fight for Freedom* (Simpkin; 10s. 6d. net).

ADULT EDUCATION.

Those who were favoured enough to receive a copy of Professor James Stuart's autobiography will be interested readers of a book of essays which has been issued from the Cambridge University Press. For Professor Stuart gave himself to the promotion of adult education with the vigour and persistence for which he was notorious, and in his autobiography he tells with utmost unreserve the story of the movement in its early years. No one can escape the infection of his fervour. And this volume of *Cambridge Essays on Adult Education* (12s. 6d. net), edited by Mr. R. St. John Parry, Vice-Master of Trinity College, carries the story right on from Stuart's autobiography to the present day. The direct history is written by Mr. A. E. Dobbs, sometime Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; and there are essays on special topics by D. H. S. Cranage ('The Purpose and Meaning of Adult Education'), A. E. Mansbridge ('Organisation'), J. Howard B. Masterman ('Democracy and Adult Education'), Arthur Greenwood ('Labour and Adult Education'), Mrs. Huws Davies ('Women and Adult Education'), Alice Thompson ('The University Extension Movement'), W. G. Constable ('The Tutorial Class Movement'); and Alfred Cobham of Southport gives 'A Student's Experience.'

Mr. Cobham shows what the Movement has done, and what it may do again. He frankly confesses that all he has been able to do he owes to it. And he can write.

'Nothing more disastrous has ever befallen this nation than the alienation of moral considerations from economic theory. The assumption that self-interest is the prime motive of human action has been a greater curse to England than all the ten plagues were to Egypt. Its results are seen alike in the East end and in the West. It has sullied the beauty of our country and poisoned the English soul, and its maxims may be read in the hard, sullen countenances of its votaries. "Buy in the cheapest market; sell in the dearest"; "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." These, and such as these, make up the decalogue of the infamous code of "commercial morality." Self-sacrifice, not self-interest, must be the keynote of the reconstructed world. This is the example and the legacy of the dead heroes in Flanders. Their names, cut deep

in the granite memorials in the Town Hall squares of the cities and towns of England, will ever give the lie direct to the economic heresies, which have been drummed and trumpeted into the unthinking heads of the people for a century and a quarter.'

UNKNOWN CHINA.

In Unknown China (Seeley; 25s. net) is a record of the observations, adventures, and experiences of a pioneer missionary during a prolonged sojourn amongst the wild and unknown Nosu Tribe of Western China.

The pioneer missionary is Mr. S. Pollard, the author already of several lively books on China. This volume is as light-hearted as any of them. For Mr. Pollard's great aim is to carry sunshine into the unknown parts of China—the sunshine of the Gospel—and he knows no better way than to carry himself there, with his dauntless courage and smiling face. And he has the gift of writing. He writes as he is—cheerfully, fearlessly, humorously. Here is a scene:

'There was an inner circle of about a dozen of us around the fire, and a second still more numerous circle standing at our backs, deeply interested in all that was going on. We were joined soon by the widowed eldest daughter of Ah-pooh, who had come across to see the guests. She was the mother of three sons, and was gorgeously dressed. There is no doubt about these Nosu ladies knowing how to dress. From each ear she had more than a dozen silver chains hanging down, and, to my great surprise, a silver brooch fastened the front of her long jacket. All the women wear these brooches. Those of the servants are of brass, and those of the mistresses of silver. If I had only had a gold brooch to present to this widowed lady I think I could have won her respect for ever.

'But while one admired the gorgeous dress and the silver ear-rings and the brooch and the massive roll of cloth that crowned the head, there was one thing about the lady that one did not quite relish. She was smoking, and evidently was very fond of her five-feet-long pipe. A five-feet-long pipe in the pretty mouth of a beautifully dressed, handsome woman was a shocker. We associate ladies smoking at home with a delicate cigarette and graceful, curling wreaths of white vapour. But here they have left the initial stages behind long ago, and use a pipe five feet long. The mother was also smoking a pipe, but hers was only four feet long. Several of the men were smoking short pipes with a wide bowl, similar to the pipes used in England and such as are never seen in China, where the bowl is usually a tiny one, able to contain only a pinch of the shaved tobacco.'

The 'Unknown China' into which Mr. Pollard penetrated at the risk of his life, and in which he lived at the risk of being made the Chief of all the Chiefs in it, was the upper reaches of the Yangtse. Although it is China, the people are not Chinese. Mr. Pollard divides the tribes of Western China into three races, the Nosu, the Miao, and the Shan. He lived among the Nosu. Their language is more nearly akin to Japanese than to Chinese. 'This fact may strengthen the very reasonable idea held by some, that the Japanese race originally came from the east coast of China, where centuries ago the Miao races predominated.' Among these tribes 'there are no Buddhist temples, no debasing Temples of Hades casting a gloom over the thought of all the people, no women with deformed feet, no infanticide of unwelcome baby girls, no overpowering mandarins with their retinue of unscrupulous squeezing underlings. We were in a new country as different from the province of Yunnan as Norway is from Russia or the highlands of Scotland are from the Black Country.'

WITCHES.

'At first the Church refused its sanction to the popular tales about witches, more especially to the tale of the Sabbat and the transportation of witches through the air, often over immense distances. The canonists, Ivo of Chartres and Gratian, dismiss this as a fiction: which to believe is pagan, an error in the faith—in short heresy. But popular credence triumphed over the canonists. The reports of the activities of witches became so numerous, so determined and so circumstantial that it was wellnigh impossible to disbelieve. It became simply a question of how to reconcile well-authenticated facts with the canonists. A way out of the dilemma was discovered in the fifteenth century, at a time when the craze had almost reached its height. The witches meant by the canonists must have been a different order of being from those referred to by a later generation

when they spoke of witches. It was merely a matter of nomenclature after all. Those responsible not only for guarding the purity of the faith but also for protecting the faithful from the assaults of the Evil One, as delivered by witches, could no longer allow their freedom of action to be curtailed, the powers of the Devil actually aggrandized by the misinterpreted ruling that belief in witches was error. Accordingly, when a certain eminent lawyer named Ponzinibio dared to maintain the accuracy of the canonists and to assert that all belief in witchcraft and sorcery was a delusion, the master of the Sacred Palace, Bartholomew de Spina, wrote a vehement and momentous reply, in which he turned the vials of a righteous indignation against Ponzinibio and called upon the Inquisition to proceed against the lawyer as himself a fautor of heretics. The attitude of the Church had indeed made a complete reversal. What previously it had been heresy to assert, it now became heresy to deny. The divine law was now discovered clearly to prove the existence of witches, and the Scriptures were reinforced by the civil code. There no longer remained any room for doubt or equivocation.'

The characteristic paragraph—characteristic of the book as well as of the Mediæval Church—is taken from *Mediæval History and the Inquisition*, by A. S. Turberville, M.C., M.A., B.Litt., Lecturer in Modern History in the University College of North Wales (Crosby Lockwood; 10s. 6d. net). It is the book of a historian, as free from prejudice as the writer of history has any business to be. It is the work of a scholarly historian, careful to reach the real source of his materials and as careful to let them make their proper impression. It is the history of a historian with imagination and no little writing ability, who can make even the dry bones of the British Museum rise and stand upon their feet.

WILFRED GRENFELL.

Autobiography is having its day. And if it comes in as fresh and human and religious a form as this, long may its day last. This is the autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. (Oxon.), C.M.G. Its title is *A Labrador Doctor* (Hodder & Stoughton; 15s. net).

Dr. Grenfell does not waste time over his early years. His account of the Public School he attended, which was Marlborough, and of the medical classes he did not attend ('This was simply a matter of tipping the beadle, who marked you off. I personally attended only two botany lectures during the whole course') is certainly astonishing enough and could have been longer. But he hurries on, first to his work among the deep-sea fishermen, and then to Labrador. Here is a good story, however, in the passing.

'I was lucky enough to work under the famous Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's great physician. He was a Scotchman greatly beloved, and always with a huge following to whom he imparted far more valuable truths than even the medical science of thirty years ago afforded. His constant message, repeated and repeated at the risk of wearying, was: "Gentlemen, you must observe for yourselves. It is your observation and not your memory which counts. It is the patient and not the disease whom you are treating." His was real teaching, and reminds one of the Glasgow professor who, in order to emphasize the same point of the value of observation, prepared a little cupful of kerosene, mustard, and castor oil, and calling the attention of his class to it, dipped a finger into the atrocious compound and then sucked his finger. He then passed the mixture around to the students, who all did the same with most dire results. When the cup returned and he observed the faces of his students, he remarked: "Gentlemen, I am afraid you did not use your powers of obsairvation. The finger that I put into the cup was no the same one that I stuck in my mouth afterwards.'

What an amazing work he has accomplished in Labrador—healing, preaching, educating, rescuing, enriching work. And what adventures he has had in doing it. His account of the night he spent on a small pan of ice along with his dogs, when he had to kill three of them, in order to get their skins to keep him from freezing to death and their legs to form a flagstaff, would make the fortune of a writer of boys' books. One of his earliest struggles was, as so often in this present evil world, with the drink-seller and the drunkard:

'The next summer we had trouble with a form of selfishness which I have always heartily hated—the liquor traffic. Suppose we do allow that a man has a right to degrade his body with swallowing alcohol, he certainly has no more right to lure others to their destruction for money than a filibuster has a right to spend his money in gun-

powder and shoot his fellow-countrymen. To our great chagrin we found that an important neighbour near one of our hospitals was selling intoxicants to the people—girls and men. One girl found drunk on the hillside brought home to me the cost of this man's right to "do as he liked." We promptly declared war, and I thanked God who had made "my hands to war, and my fingers to fight" —when that is the only way to resist the Devil successfully and to hasten the kingdom of peace.'

In another place he says: 'A man does not need alcohol and is far better without it. A man who sees two lights when there is only one is not wanted at the wheel. The people who sell alcohol know that just as well as we do, but for paltry gain they are unpatriotic enough to barter their earthly country as well as their heavenly one, and to be branded with the knowledge that they are cursing men and ruining families. The filibuster deserves the name no less because he does his destructive work secretly and slowly, and wears the emblems of respectability instead of operating in the open with "Long Toms" under the shadow of the "Jolly Roger."'

But the book will be read. These are only samples of its outspokenness, only instances of the work and labour of love which this great man has done and is doing for the Kingdom.

The Yearbook of the Universities of the Empire is issued for the Universities Bureau. It is edited by Mr. W. H. Dawson. The first issue was in 1914. In 1917 it was suspended. Now it comes again, and the present volume covers the three years, 1918–1920 (Bell; 15s. net). It is a complete, compact, accurate, and admirably arranged volume—a conspicuous advance in appearance at any rate on the last issue. It is now that rare book about which a reviewer can find nothing in particular to say. After no little time spent, not even a misprint has been discovered. Clearly Mr. Dawson is an expert in proof-reading and a specialist in proper names. Let all those who hitherto have tormented the Registrars about degrees and classes and fees and what not, give these officials a holiday. All that is necessary is to possess this excellent Yearbook, and 'inquire within upon everything.'

Of all the incidents of the War, did anything, did even the Zeebrugge exploit, exceed in daring and desperate valour the landing from the *River Clyde* at Gallipoli? The story has been told frequently. But it has never been told more truthfully than by Major George Davidson, M.A., M.D. Dr. Davidson was selected for his coolness and unconscious heroism to go in the 'Clyde' and do what he found to his hand to do. He had marvellous escapes and showed marvellous endurance.

'About 8–30 an officer on shore made a dash for our ship, and on describing the terrible condition and suffering of the wounded who had been in the sandbank for about fourteen hours, I decided to go to their assistance. We had previously been officially warned that it would be impossible for any of the Ambulance to land before morning, but heedless of this I set off alone over the barges and splashed through the remaining few yards of water. Here most of those still alive were wounded more or less severely, and I set to work on them, removing many useless and harmful tourniquets for one thing, and worked my way to the left towards the high rocks where the snipers still were. All the wounded on this side I attended to, an officer accompanying me all the time. I then went to the other side, and after seeing to all in the sand my companion left me, and I next went to a long, low rock which projected into the water for about 20 yards a short way to the right of the "Clyde." Here the dead and wounded were heaped together two and three deep, and it was among these I had my hardest work. All had to be disentangled single-handed from their uncomfortable positions, some lying with head and shoulders in the tideless water, with broken legs in some cases dangling on a higher level.'

The story is told in a volume which the historian of the War must not miss, a volume which the reader will greatly enjoy, so well written is it and yet so free from fine writing or any form of heroics. Its title is *The Incomparable 29th and the "River Clyde"* (Aberdeen: Bisset; 6s. net).

Another 'Guild Text-Book' has been published. Its title is *Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel: their Lives and Books* (Black; 1s. net). The author is Dr. W. B. Stevenson, Professor of Hebrew and Semitic Languages in the University of Glasgow.

To that select series of Oxford books called

'Virgilian Studies' another choice volume has been added. It is a study by Miss M. M. Crump, M.A., of the stages of composition through which the Æneid passed. The title is *The Growth of the Æneid* (Blackwell; 6s. net).

It was a flash of pure vision that gave the Rev. T. H. Darlow his title. The title is *Holy Ground* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s. net). It brings out harmoniously the note running through the sermons, from the first to the last. It is the note of awe. Not awe that drowns thought but that revives or inspires it. See 'In the Study.'

Dr. John Kelman delivered the Mendenhall Lectures of DePauw University in 1919. They are now published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. The title is *Some Aspects of International Christianity* (7s. 6d. net). As the title, so the lectures: they deal with the international situation succeeding the War. They deal with Patriotism (for which Dr. Kelman finds a place and a purpose), with the League of Nations (for which he prophesies an ever-growing influence), with the Christian outlook on the foreign mission field (where sagacious statesmanship is needed not less than consecrated life), and with the responsibility that lies on America. His last lecture is a powerful appeal to the United States to recognize God's purpose and to place that purpose above party.

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young is one of the greatest preachers in Methodism, and that is to say he is one of the greatest preachers in the world. He uses no manuscript. Is it in spite of or because of that circumstance that he is great? He himself says because of. And his hearers agree with him. In Edinburgh he reached the height of his success: 'where, in the old Nicolson Square Church, I was favoured with a romance of manifold prosperity. Immediately the church filled to overflowing alike on Sabbath mornings and evenings. So it remained during my ministry there. I, on several occasions, had the remarkable experience of having more people excluded than could be crowded into the building. In the *Scotsman* (which was and is always most kind in its references to me) a picture appeared representing the policemen guiding and restraining the waiting crowds.'

Mr. Young has recorded his impressions of the men he has met. He speaks of the book as 'Frank Chapters of Autobiography,' but the title he has given it is *Stars of Retrospect* (Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d. net). He has gathered into his net 'of all kinds' and he has been able to find good in (almost) everything. His great interest has been in preaching and preachers. Politics and politicians he has had no drawing to. He has his political opinions, however. 'I know,' he says, 'how many will dispute my opinion, but my opinion it is, that the "Passive Resistance" Movement was strangely ill-advised. I believe that it will be long before the Free Churches shake off the prejudice which that movement has brought upon them. Hot-headed politicians have done much to give present-day Nonconformity a difficult task in executing its spiritual service.'

Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard is surely an inspiring teacher. Certainly he can write so as to inspire. His new book *A Study of Poetry* (Houghton Mifflin Company; $2.25) is agreeable reading, and more, it is educative. There is that firmness of touch which betrays the master of his subject, and there is that fertility of illustration which betrays the omnivorous reader.

Of the reading see evidence in this: 'Mr. Lascelles-Abercrombie refers to the "region where the outward radiations of man's nature combine with the irradiations of the world." That is to say, the inward-sweeping stream of consciousness is instantly met by an outward-moving activity of the brain which recognizes relationships between the objects proffered to the senses and the personality itself. The "I" projects itself into these objects, claims them, appropriates them as a part of its own nature. Professor Fairchild, who calls this self-projecting process by the somewhat ambiguous name of "personalizing," rightly insists, I believe, that poets make a more distinctive use of this activity than other men. He quotes some of the classic confidences of poets themselves: Keats's "If a sparrow come before my window I take part in its existence and pick about the gravel"; and Goethe on the sheep pictured by the artist Roos, "I always feel uneasy when I look at these beasts. Their state, so limited, dull, gaping, and dreaming, excites in me such sympathy that I fear I shall become a sheep, and almost think the artist must have been one." I can match this Goethe story with

the prayer of little Larry H., son of an eminent Harvard biologist. Larry, at the age of six, was taken by his mother to the top of a Vermont hill-pasture, where, for the first time in his life, he saw a herd of cows and was thrilled by their glorious bigness and nearness and novelty. When he said his prayers that night, he was enough of a poet to change his usual formula into this:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me,
Bless thy little *cow* to-night"—.'

In the Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures there is now included *Second Corinthians* by the Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J., and the Rev. Joseph Keating, S.J., together with *Galatians* by the Rev. Alexander Keogh, S.J., and *Romans* by the Rev. C. Lattey, S.J.—all in one volume (Longmans; 3s. 9d. in paper, 4s. 9d. in cloth).

Mr. G. W. S. Howson, M.A., once Headmaster of Gresham's School, was wont to preach to the boys. And he preached with such simplicity of utterance, such soundness of doctrine, such gentle persuasiveness to a good life, that three of his friends (Masters in the school?) have gathered together thirty of the sermons, and have had them published under the title of *Sermons by a Lay Headmaster* (Longmans; 6s. net).

The chief article in the *Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester*, for December 1919 to July 1920 (Longmans; 2s.), is an estimate by Dr. C. H. Herford of the personality and work of Gabriele D'Annunzio. But there are other three articles of interest, one by Dr. F. J. Powicke on 'Baxter's Saints' Everlasting Rest,' one by Dr. Rendel Harris on 'The Woodpecker in Human Form,' and one by Mr. W. E. Crum on 'New Coptic Manuscripts in the John Rylands Library.'

'Hard as it is to express and to analyse, I think I should say that in Katharine Macqueen's character there was a singularly happy and rather unusual combination; in which these main things stand out, viz., the gift of a rare sympathy, the spirit of adventure, a keen sense of humour, sanity of judgment, and beneath all, a deep spirituality. She eagerly desired for herself and for others the wider, fuller life. It was all this that made her friendship for those who shared it so cheering a thing in life, and for the young an inspiration.'

That is the estimate of Katharine Stuart Macqueen, in a memoir and account of her work by Olive Maclehose. The title is *Records of a Scotswoman* (Maclehose; 7s. 6d. net). The memoir is sympathetic. The rest of the book is a transcript of Miss Macqueen's diary in the Balkans. It is a record made on the spot of the condition of things after the Balkan Wars and just before the Great War opened.

Dr. Richard G. Moulton, Professor (Emeritus) of Literary Theory and Interpretation in the University of Chicago, has published the New Testament part of *The Modern Reader's Bible for Schools* (Macmillan; 12s. net). It contains the text of the New Testament so condensed and arranged that it may be read by 'a variety of readers, from classes of young people to students at a university, not to speak of readers outside educational institutions who may be Bible students. It is for the particular teacher, or director of study, to adapt the kind of study to the particular class of readers; but all alike need a Bible in correct literary form. The adaptation of *The Modern Reader's Bible* for such educational use sums up under three heads. 1. Large portions of the full Bible are made up of what, in a modern book, would take the form of appendices and footnotes. What we have here is documents containing legal and statistical information. This is of value for scholars, but for the general reader it is an interruption to the continuity of Scripture. All this is here omitted. 2. Even important parts of Scripture may gain by the right kind of abridgment, minor passages being omitted to make the main drift stand out clear. Sometimes such abridgment takes the form of condensation. To know the Bible it is not enough to be familiar with particular passages; the student ought to have an adequate idea of each particular book of the Bible as an independent literary work. For such a purpose, in certain cases, a whole book is condensed by the editor in his own language, in order to make its substance and purpose clear; this condensation is supported by leading passages of the book in the actual words of Scripture itself. 3. It is important that in no case should there be any modification or alteration of the grand language of the Bible: the language of Scripture can be altered only by

omissions. Difference of type distinguishes the Bible itself from such things as introductions or condensations. And what appears as the Bible itself is presented in its full literary form and structure.'

Spiritual Equipment for the Last Days, by Charles H. Usher (Marshall Brothers; 2s. 6d.), is an encouragement to the practice of the presence of God. Half of the book deals with 'The Prayer Life and How to Live it'—it is the best half.

Sir John Rose Bradford joined the army in October 1914, and soon after Lady Bradford arrived in Boulogne for work in the hospitals. She gave herself to the writing of letters for the men. And she found her occupation as interesting to herself as it was helpful to them. She took notes. And now we have the privilege and the pleasure of reading the experiences of *A Hospital Letter-Writer in France* (Methuen; 5s. net). She says:

'The last case which I shall cite of patient endurance of extreme pain is that of an air-mechanic, who had both arms and one leg fractured by the propeller of an aeroplane. He had a bright, merry smile, and, though so helpless, never uttered a murmur of complaint. I wrote many letters for him, which he always dictated himself. He had a curious selection of endings for his epistles. Among them were: "Yours to a cinder," "Yours until hell freezes," "Yours until the sands of the desert grow cold and grey," "Yours until I kick up the daisies." When he dictated the first of these endings I remarked that it was a strange expression. His reply was, "You can put 'Yours till hell freezes' if you like; or if you don't like these expressions you can put 'Yours faithfully,' but that's not so good; for you see, Sister, as hell never freezes, he's my pal for ever." This man made an excellent recovery. He has been to see me since my return to England, bringing his young wife with him.'

Messrs. Nelson have undertaken the issue of another Encyclopædia. It is to be published in ten volumes, at 3s. 6d. each. The first two are already out. It is a small, square volume, clearly printed in double column and attractively bound. The price is a surprise and an encouragement. Each volume contains 480 pages. The title is *The New Age Encyclopædia.*

In introducing the Rev. Arthur P. Pannell's *Miracles which Happen* (Nisbet; 6s. net), Professor Caldecott speaks of 'Dr. Sanday's recent announcement of his change of attitude to Miracle.' But it is not recent. It must be ten years since he announced the change. And the important point is that he made it in his vigorous manhood and held by it to the end.

Mr. Pannell is after the same mind. But he endeavours to carry the idea a step nearer acquiescence. If the New Testament miracles can be explained naturally, as Dr. Sanday believed, Mr. Pannell tries to show how. His secret is *suggestion.* This, for example, is his explanation of the healing of the Syro-Phœnician woman's daughter: 'Would it not be very probable, nay, almost certain, that the child and all those who were around her, or had seen her in the paroxysms of the disease, were aware that the wonder-working, compassionate Jesus was in the neighbourhood; and that already the child, knowing her mother had gone to seek aid from one who had so seldom failed those who had come to Him, would be expectant, and thus have her mind prepared for the cure to operate before even the mother had asked Christ to help her?'

Five Years' Hell in a Country Parish (Stanley Paul; 5s. net) is an amazing title. But it is the title of an amazing book. The present Rector of Rusper, a parish near Horsham in Sussex, tells the story of his troubles during the first five years of his residence there. The Rev. Edward Fitzgerald Synnott, M.A., is the Rector. Why the parishioners persecuted him so is a puzzle. From his portrait he is a handsome man to look at: from his book he has both humour and conscience. But what will the parishioners do now, when they read the book?

Mr. Coulson Kernahan has written once more against Spiritualism. He calls the new book 'plain speaking and painful facts about spiritualism.' The title is *Black Objects* (R.T.S.; 3s.).

Two capital Christmas books for ambitious and observant boys have been published by Messrs. Seeley, Service & Co. Both have been written by

Mr. C. A. Ealand, M.A. One is *The Romance of the Microscope* (7s. 6d. net), the other *Animal Ingenuity of To-day* (7s. 6d. net). Both are nicely illustrated, the 'Animal Ingenuity' volume most lavishly. It is a demonstration to the eye, irresistibly convincing, that in the animal world the struggle for existence is a serious reality.

A Book of Prayer for Students (S.C.M.; 3s. net), first published in 1915, now appears in a second edition, revised and enlarged.

The editor of the numerous books published by the Student Christian Movement is determined to bring us 'back to Jesus.' He knows very well that when we have got back we are only at the beginning. He is determined to bring us back just that we may begin at the beginning. For this was Jesus' own way—'Except ye turn and become as little children'; 'Except a man be born again'—begin at the beginning. And the early disciples began there.

The School of Jesus, by Mr. G. R. H. Shafto (S.C.M.; 3s. net), is 'a Primer of Discipleship.' It takes us back to the early disciples, to the place where they began.

J. Angell James, R. W. Dale, J. H. Jowett, Sidney M. Berry—that is the succession in Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham, is it not? And they are proud of the succession, so proud that they call it 'Chapel' still while all around them the chapels have become churches. They are proud of their present pastor. And they have reason. He has published twenty-three of his ordinary sermons—*The Crucible of Experience* (Allenson; 7s. 6d. net). He has published them as he preached them. It is easy to see the occasion of his people's pride.

And yet what a contrast to James, to Dale, to Jowett. Where is the fervent emotional appeal of Angell James? the full period and convincing argument of R. W. Dale? the intense evangelical penetrativeness of J. H. Jowett? This is wholly different. The topics are of to-day (or say yesterday, for the war is over now); the treatment is a wise man of the world's. But emphasize 'wise'—he is so different from an unwise worldly man. For example:

'When we are told that people are not troubling about their sins to-day it is sometimes taken as a sign that the modern man has intellectually outgrown an older phase of experience. It is far more likely, however, that he has missed something which is essential to all great experience. His easy-going indifference is a badge of mediocrity, not of superiority. He may be calm and self-possessed because he has not seen anything big enough to shake him. A life without a sense of disconcerting depths is merely the other aspect of a life which has never seen the heights. I would venture to say that no man or woman has ever attained anything like greatness of life or achievement who has not said again and again, "Woe is me."'

A thoroughly good manual of instruction for Sunday School teachers—instruction in the motives, aims, methods, and manners of teaching—is *The Greater Things of the Sunday School*, by J. Eaton Feasey (S.S. Union; 2s. 6d. net).

The Sunday School Union has issued its 'Notes' for 1921. There are three volumes as before. First, *Notes on the Scripture Lessons* (6s. net), a large octavo volume, printed in larger and smaller type, sometimes even in double column, and containing (1) Subject-Studies for Seniors, (2) Notes on the British International Lessons, and (3) Notes on the Primary Lessons. Next, *Notes on the Morning Lessons* (2s. 6d. net), a much smaller book, packed with illustration and idea in the smallest possible type for even excellent eyes. Those volumes are both edited by Mr. J. Eaton Feasey. The third is *The International Lesson Pocket Notes* (2s. net), by Mr. W. D. Bavin. Was the type of the second book the smallest possible? It seemed so till this book was opened. Why is it made up for the pocket? No teacher can read it by the way or in the train, nor can it be snatched at hastily in the class. But it is amazingly clever.

Books are expensive in these days, but no one will grudge the price of the fine volume on *The Life of Christ* which Messrs. Partridge have published at a guinea. The author is Mr. G. Robinson Lees, M.A. The illustrations in colour are done by Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, and those in black and white by Mr. T. H. Robinson. There are four of the former and sixteen of the latter.

Mr. Robinson Lees is a writer of books on Palestine, a writer of fresh informing books. We

look for clear vision, local colour, the entrance into the Syrian's mind. And we find it all. But, more than that, we find a certain creative imagination which gathers up the Scripture narrative and its environment into a picture that is vivid and arresting. Take one example: it is not too long.

'Cautious on account of his position, timid in his method of approach, with a dim foreshadowing of a greatness he could not comprehend, Nicodemus came to Jesus by night. From his stately mansion in the city, by the light of the Passover moon, the ruler threaded his way through the dense crowd of transitory dwelling-places on the slopes of Olivet to the temporary abode of Jesus. In the courtesy of Oriental language he addressed Him in the hope of receiving some assurance that he was right in assuming His works were the signs that He had come from God. He accosted Him as if he had been the deputy of a party representing the current opinion of the people; and the collective form of his opening remarks has led some men to believe he was sent by the Sanhedrin to prepare conditions of an agreement on which they might appeal to the nation.

'Our Lord answered him in the plural number, because it was the most suitable reply for the occasion. Nicodemus had identified himself with his associates; Jesus followed his lead and answered in the corporate capacity of Himself and His followers. He invariably dwelt with men who were sincere in their desire for knowledge by taking His stand with them on their platform, on the basis of a mutual understanding from whence, if they were willing, He might lift them into the higher plane of His own life. Even when they hesitated their reluctance was not due to His teaching, but to their lack of appreciation. Having met Nicodemus on the ground of his appeal as a member of a community, He proceeded to reveal to him the fact of individual responsibility. The personal life of a Jew was absorbed in the race; the man was a part of the people; his religion was national; he believed all the promises of God were for the commonwealth, and every member of it was, by the nature of his position, a recipient. Christ came to teach the value of the individual soul, to proclaim a tremendous change as the necessary condition for recognizing it; that without this new movement, which He termed being born again, no one could participate in the true privileges of God's children. Man must be separated from his people, and in his own person realize the fundamental moral principles of the new life, and become convinced by his own vision of its reality, before he could enter into it.'

Notes on John xi.

By the Reverend Archibald Henderson, D.D., Principal of the United Free Church College, Glasgow.

The interpretation of the whole narrative of this chapter depends largely on the meaning of v.[33]. What caused the deep emotion of our Lord which is described by the words, *ἐνεβριμήσατο τῷ πνεύματι, καὶ ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτόν*? *Ἐμβριμάομαι* (also in v.[38]) denotes the feeling of anger and indignation. In Mk 14[5], following *ἀγανακτοῦντες*, it implies the expression of such feelings; in Mt 9[30] and Mk 1[43] the great displeasure which it would cause if something were done. As qualified in these verses by *τῷ πνεύματι* and *ἐν ἑαυτῷ*, the indignation is to be understood as expressed not by words but by look or gesture, as on the occasions recorded in Mk 3[5] and 5[39. 40], when He cast forth the 'wailers' in the house of Jairus. One thing that always stirred our Lord's indignant anger was unbelief that rejected His gospel, or opposed its progress, or, by hypocrisy, discredited it (Mt 11[20] 17[17] 23[15], etc.). It was the cause of that indignant displeasure which was now manifest to those accompanying Him. The other much-debated phrase *ἐτάραξεν ἑαυτόν* is more easily explained. It is sometimes taken as synonymous with the foregoing; but the successive aorists, linked by *καὶ*, indicate historic progress. *Ταράσσω* means to stir up, or rouse, as chap. 5[7]; and in this sense it is to be understood here. The evangelist records the