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THE

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MATERIALISM AND LIFE

I

CONTROVERSY may have much to recommend it. It may clear the air, stimulate activity, arouse interest, and put us on our mettle; for opposition gives opinion strength. But it aggravates the parties concerned, and seldom fails to divert their attention from the real point at issue, or to end, as in theological disputes, in a mere quarrel about trifles and the abuse of words, if not of the assailants themselves. It has the merit, however, of amusing the lookers-on—as in a prize-fight—and not infrequently of exciting their enthusiasm, and converting a dull apathy into a sympathetic glow.

But it impairs philosophy, and may give the lie or predilection a temporary advantage, under the appearance of triumphant truth. Although the fighting spirit is in us still, and as civilized men we do not use the sword or the pistol our ancestors were bold to handle, we do occasionally fall back, whether rightly or wrongly, on the tongue or the pen to satisfy that instinct which remains to us as the ancient heritage of our race, the mainspring of our actions. For 'he who thus wrestles with us,' as it were, 'strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill; our antagonist is our greatest helper.'

The purport of these remarks, however, though still applicable to certain controversialists at the present day, cannot, strictly speaking, be attributed to Sir Oliver Lodge, nor even to Professor Haeckel. They are both imbued with the true spirit of inquiry; and though viewing, as they do, the universe from two apparently opposite standpoints, it is not too much to say that, on the whole, they maintain their self-respect and equanimity throughout.

I think it was St. Thomas Aquinas who said that if all men only understood each other they would all be of the one opinion. Indeed, difficult as it may be to take this sound advice, we need no reminders that the first duty of a critic is to understand him whom he would criticize, to appreciate before proceeding to find fault.

Now Sir Oliver Lodge does not misunderstand Haeckel, nor indeed does he misrepresent him, but he differs from him widely. In that interesting volume which he recently published[1] there is a vigorous criticism of the *Riddle of the Universe*, at once searching and unsparing, though it does not present Haeckel as we think on the whole in an unfair or an unworthy light. The position which he holds is obviously on the face of it one which may be held and has been held for many a day.

It is materialistic Monism; strange system, no doubt, but strange fascination has it long had for certain types of mind. It concedes to matter what other systems of thought would attribute to some other unknown source. Although the word 'matter' is used by each in a somewhat different sense, that phenomenon which we call life, whether invariably associated or sometimes dissociated from it, in whichever sense it may be employed, still leaves us where we were, unable to say positively, one way or the other, whether we are not mere ephemeral spirits or sojourners in a strange land, gradually passing through it into a clearer and more glorious vision. The strange experiences of St. Teresa—perhaps one of

[1] *Life and Matter*, by Sir Oliver Lodge. Fourth Edition. (Williams and Norgate.)

the sanest women in history—are continually before the minds of those who view the question seriously. And many psychologists at the present day claim that there is much in such phenomena. Mr. William James of Harvard and Professor Osler of Oxford both believe not merely in its possibility but even in its actuality; whilst the late Mr. F. W. H. Myers and Professor Henry Sidgwick thought likewise, and did much to strengthen our hopes in that direction. Yes, there are many ways of looking at this question, and the facts revealed are ever in the light of present scepticism more than of mere interest. The evidence they throw upon the question of a future state or the nature of life itself admits, we think, of no definite answer, just as it admits of no definite proof. It merely satisfies some and dissatisfies others. It leaves us, indeed, where we were, asking, as of old, the same and oft-repeated question: Wherefore the nature as well as the beginning and the end of things? But it is this that makes it all the more interesting, and renders the views on this great question of profound interest to all thoughtful and inquiring minds.

II

There are none of us so dull that, in solitary moments of contemplation, the majesty of this great reality does not come home to us, to arouse the sense of the true dignity and greatness of mankind. There are fewer still who do not derive from such moments of meditation what Mr. Balfour has well described as that 'intense intellectual gratification' which satisfies our highest nature; and perhaps fewer again to whom it is not the everyday question that underlies the guiding principle of their lives. This emotion—for it is perhaps in a sense only a higher emotion, though, as Lotze held, not of less value on that account—may be compared to the refined sensations produced by the rhythm of music, of poetry, and of art. And in cultivated minds it is the music, the poetry,

and the art of all philosophy. One of the most remarkable attributes of our nature is this power of looking back upon ourselves as well as looking out upon the world. For it is that which distinguishes us from brute creation. What an infinitude of ideas may we not find within as well as without our own small individuality!—a power of introspection as remarkable as the faculty of observation of the outer world. Strange, is it not, that this attribute in man of perceiving his direct contact with reality, if we might put it so, the most extraordinary thing about him, should pass unnoticed by so many? Yet literary men seek their inspiration from it, and the leaders of men in great movements at all times have been inspired by it. If the man of letters be necessarily a prophet—as Carlyle would have us to suppose—this surely is the lesson he has to teach—that we are ever in the presence of a power in direct communion with our highest and our inmost nature. It may be all fancy, but some of the greatest, if not all the greatest, and certainly the best of mankind, have thought likewise. No more fancy, indeed, than the sense of honour or the love of truth. And it has appealed in one way or another to all men, at all times and in all places. However ennobling it may be, does it not move us to the true sense of our place in nature? Do we expect to find in bottles and in test-tubes the answer to this great enigma? The man must be narrow who would think so. Few things there are that some men love to dwell upon so much, and others to think so little about, yet there is nothing that in moments of sincerity appeals more to all sorts and conditions of our kind. Let us think of it or not, call it by whatever name we please, this problem is what all men, knowingly or unknowingly, ask themselves, when in earnest, if they think at all.

III

It was from considerations such as these that Carlyle detested Darwinism; because it did not after all affect the

real question of life. That problem does, indeed, present many aspects, and the aspect presented by Professor Haeckel is merely one of them. It gives what seems to us a coherent view from a certain standpoint; but it does not penetrate quite far enough. It is, as we have said of Herbert Spencer,[1] a mere fabric in mid-air, with no foundation whatsoever, like a panorama before the mind of a conscious but not self-conscious being; consistent knowledge no doubt, but without a basis. This so-called rationalism has no rational foundation; a consistent view of the world it may be, but it is not philosophy.

On the other hand, as Lodge says of Haeckel, 'In his effort to simplify and unify he has underestimated some classes of fact and has stretched scientific theory into regions of guess-work and hypothesis, where it loses touch with real science altogether. The facts which he chooses gratuitously to deny, and the facts which he chooses vigorously to emphasize, are arbitrarily selected by him according as they will or will not fit into his philosophic scheme.'

In his endeavour to work out this system he apparently regards 'matter' and 'energy' as manifestations of the one selfsame substance, the all-embracing reality.

'There are things which cannot yet be fitted in as part of a coherent scheme of scientific knowledge—at present they appear like fragments of another order of things; and if they are forced into the scientific framework, like portions of a "puzzle-map" before their true place has been discovered, a quantity of substantial fact must be disarranged, dislocated, and thrown away. A premature and cheap monism is therefore worse than none at all.' But as he remarks, 'All philosophy aims at being monistic.'

Yes, an instinct lingers in our nature by which we crave at times for unity in all things. It is the philosophizing instinct. It is well to ask in passing, of what

[1] *Contemporary Review*, June 1906.

use it is. Why should it be there and have survived? Mr. Balfour has more than once expressed the difficulty which this question has often presented to him—this craving for a unity, this philosophic faculty which has apparently no utility for us. Men move through the world without ever making use of it. How many are there who exhibit it in any shape or form? How many still have the opportunity to make use of it, even if they would? But there it is, and it must have some survival value, or else it would scarcely have survived. It is reason developed to its highest pitch about matters of apparently little practical importance. There must be something in this faculty, worthless as it may seem at first sight. It is perhaps after all that which makes us rulers of ourselves. If so, therein does its survival value rest. It places us at an advantage over our more vigorous but thoughtless neighbours; moulds our actions, shapes our destinies, and makes us masters of our fate.

This intellectual desire and transcendental power of grasping the unity is no delusion. But it seems to us to be an instinct of the same kind as the desires for their own sakes, for justice, for goodness, and for truth. When analysed they are found, I think, to be resolvable into desires of an intuitive kind—non-egotistical pleasures which appeal to us, on all occasions, as things worthy in themselves.

Now the history of our race scarcely leads us to imagine that this desire could have existed in a marked degree till rather recent times, whilst its development in a few thousand years would scarcely, from recent biological considerations, such as those of Weismann, be intelligible unless it had been there in a potential form throughout. The operation of natural selection is too slow a process to be accounted for in that time; whilst the presence of these instincts in us becomes the more marked the more advanced we grow in years; more definite and more convincing in the non-egotistical nature it assumes; necessary to us as a phenomenon of the consciousness of our own

personality and our being. These instincts and desires seem to us to bear testimony to that which is permanent and everlasting, and therein we think that as the basis of all character their real survival value is to be found. And now we come to the point. How much, or how far, does Haeckel touch upon these matters? Questions which a man, as soon as he becomes a man, must ask himself. Why, scarcely, if at all! He is neither ethical nor metaphysical nor scientific, and only touches on the difficulties which underlie the real problem. He touches them with a lightness of heart which may perhaps give a charm to all his writings, but deprives them to some extent of that worth they might otherwise possess.

IV

Too much flippancy and too little knowledge does the man of science display who would explain all nature by A's and B's and *x*'s and *y*'s. He does not take a broad perspective of the problem as it is. Atoms and molecules are apt to carry us away, yet they throw but little light upon the question. That our origin may be traced to the embryonic cell is true enough, and yet the potential properties of the cell remain a mystery as before.

The evolution of mind and conscience and will-power from cells, and, as we think, from atoms and electrons *ad infinitum*, may be true enough.[1] But these phenomena in their potential forms are in some respects not less wonderful than in their developed ones. Development and Evolution are all that science can teach us. The phenomena themselves ever have been and ever will be a mystery. It is here that we find ourselves face to face with the actual problem. And although we may smile at it and say what is the use of discussing these things, it is well we should know where the mystery lies. And it is

[1] See *Knowledge*, March and April 1907, and the *Monist*, April 1908.

well that we should realize what the question means, and that we can only get a one-sided glimpse of it at present.

Now Lodge does not take this transcendental view, no doubt because he thinks it unnecessary to go so far in demolishing his adversary; but his perspective and the horizon of his knowledge are very much wider than are Haeckel's. 'As a child of the nineteenth century,' which Haeckel calls himself, he sees nothing in the universe but molecules and atoms. And so he would explain all nature in terms of these. But to savants of a broad type, men of letters, poets, philosophers, men of action, soldiers, statesmen, priests, heroes of all kinds, men that stir our blood to noble and immortal deeds, this world is surely something more than atoms. Nor does it exist for Caesars alone, for Haeckels or for us. It is wrong to call this sentiment and dismiss it with a grin. As well might we say that the sense of justice is a sentiment, or that love of truth is a sentiment; that fact and error are the same, and that truth is in reality a lie.

Our science of the nineteenth century, in its attempts to account for everything, even that on which its real foundation rests, has many sins to atone for. No more devout adherent of evolution in its thorough-going form is there than myself. For that same reason I feel convinced that that chain of causes and effects cannot hang from nothing nor rest on nothing unless the whole thing be a dream. To stand upon our legs we must seek the basis of our knowledge in some firmer ground than science or experience, for knowledge and experience must first of all be possible.

And it is not in laboratories or in test-tubes, again, but in the solid ground of our own selves, in consciousness, in reason, and the sense of justice, that we must seek the basis of that knowledge and reality. No atoms can account for these and account for themselves as well. Marvellous, impenetrable mystery is this enigma of our being, that stirs the very depths of human nature to a true knowledge of itself. Science does not carry us one whit farther than

the dynamical order of the universe, the mere interaction of those units which we call atoms, of whose inherent properties we know absolutely nothing.

V

But let us turn to Lodge's view of Haeckel in thus regarding nature as a whole.

The two central points in Haeckel's philosophy are the 'law of substance,' or the conservation of Matter and Energy; and 'spontaneous generation,' or the development of life from inorganic matter without antecedent life.

Lodge remarks the problem to be solved is 'the range, and especially the nature of the connexion between mind and matter; or, let us say, between the material universe on the one hand, and the vital, the mental, the conscious and spiritual universe or universes, on the other.' In his materialistic views upon this question Lodge pathetically describes Haeckel as 'a surviving voice from the nineteenth century,' who represents, 'in clear and eloquent fashion, opinions which then were prevalent among many leaders of thought—opinions which they themselves in many cases, and their successors still more, lived to outgrow; so that by this time Professor Haeckel's voice is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness, not as the pioneer or vanguard of an advancing army, but as the despairing shout of a standard-bearer, still bold and unflinching, but abandoned by the retreating ranks of his comrades as they march to new orders in a fresh and more idealistic direction.'

A statement of this kind may be no doubt quite true; but we must bear in mind that Professor Haeckel may perhaps retort that the age to which he belongs followed upon an idealistic period, and that the swing of the philosophic pendulum might again see his opinions to the fore.

Such statements, whether true or false, can nearly always be applied, in some way or another, to those to whom we

object. They are of interest in expressing the opinion of an individual, and may be taken to be a mode of expression that the individual does not approve of his adversary's views. It is merely a roundabout way of saying that in our opinion he is wrong. But it carries no conviction with it. Sir Oliver Lodge is no doubt quite justified in expressing himself thus, for Haeckel is at times dogmatic and aggressive. Nevertheless, there seems to be more in Monism than might at first be imagined.

I venture to think that the difference between them is where they draw the line; that if Haeckel be cross-examined, he would doubtless admit that Lodge's views would apply to materialistic phenomena not yet discovered. What he would insist upon is the connexion, or rather relation of cause to effect throughout. Yet this is not quite accurate, for Haeckel does maintain the conservation of Matter, that is of chemical atoms, and the conservation of Energy. But he did not know that chemical atoms are made up of smaller things whose mass depends upon their velocity, which contradicts the conservation of mass. The conservation of Energy may merely be an approximately accurate law. It is gratifying to find (p. 129) that Lodge admits 'there is indeed but little difference between us' in the following statements of Mr. McCabe's: 'Haeckel does not teach—never did teach—that the spiritual universe is an aspect of the material universe, as his critic makes him say; it is his fundamental and most distinctive idea that both are attributes or aspects of a deeper reality.' But he finds it difficult to reconcile this with the following passage:

'The peculiar phenomenon of consciousness is . . . a physiological problem, and as such must be reduced to the phenomena of Physics and Chemistry. . . . I therefore consider Psychology a branch of natural science—a section of Physiology. . . . We shall give to the material basis of all psychic activity, without which it is inconceivable, the provisional name of psychoplasm.'

This psychoplasm, of course, is Clifford's mind-stuff.

The two views do not appear to me irreconcilable. As the electric charge is concentrated in the electron, but spreads its energy throughout all space, so may the soul or vital unit be concentrated in the nucleus of the cell and yet extend its sphere of action throughout the universe. The analogy of a magnetic field is perhaps even more à propos. These are merely possibilities; but they are of importance in showing that there is no necessary incompatibility between the two views.

The properties of electrified and unelectrified matter are different. So also are those of living and dead matter. And in the *Origin of Life* I have indicated that we should look for such differences in the physical properties of the nucleus which is supposed to consist in its ultimate form of biogen, a substance which we may assume to have been evolved from inorganic matter by natural selection, on the supposition that the atoms of all matter are to some extent vital units and units of consciousness, but that by the fortuitous formation of suitable aggregations of electrons out of countless millions of failures, the types adapted to reproduction and all its necessary relations have been sifted out in the course of events as fitted to survive.[1] It is indeed natural selection in the evolution of the organic from the inorganic, of the building up of the complex from the simple elements. But then these unstable aggregations are once more disintegrated into simpler and more stable ones, till they are again resolved into the inactive elements of inorganic matter.

This integration and disintegration, building up and breaking down of molecules, is indeed metabolism on a large scale, the units of time being aeons instead of seconds. But there it is proving to us, if indeed proof be required, that there is nothing either great or small but thinking makes it so!

Life, according to Lodge, on the other hand, may be something that unites itself for a while with matter and

[1] *Knowledge* and the *Monist*, loc. cit.

then vanishes into another kind of existence, like dew that condenses on a polished surface and afterwards disappears by evaporation.

Our view is not exactly this, but it has some resemblance to it. There is something in the nucleus which regulates the protoplasm; causes it to move, to grow, to nourish itself from its surroundings, to reproduce itself, and finally to die. This ultimate nuclear substance is, I think, matter too; but matter of a different grade from ordinary matter, though essentially of the same kind as it.

Like Liebnitz's monads, the atoms of all matter may be conceived as possessing to some extent the qualities of mind, to however small an extent that may be. They only differ in degree. They are all arranged 'higgledy-piggledy' at first, and gradually find their level, so to speak, till this fortuitous formation of the most appropriate aggregates and their survival becomes equivalent to natural selection. And then, as if against all opposition, the types best suited to the particular work which life necessitated survived. They are all 'higgledy-piggledy,' as I say, like the stars, 'all fire, and every one doth shine.' But in all those millions there is but one perhaps that, unassailable, holds its own unchecked motion, and that one forms a nucleus of living matter, to evolve in countless generations into a Shakespeare or a Julius Caesar, when circumstances should favour their appearance most.

VI

I cannot here enter into a detailed account of this idea of the evolution of life and consciousness in organic matter, from the inert, inactive, inorganic—which I have worked out elsewhere.

Sir Oliver Lodge, however, regards life as apparently something different from matter; something which enters and leaves it without our knowing how or why.

'It is perpetually arriving and perpetually disappear

ing while it is here, if it is at a sufficiently high level, the animated material body moves about and strives after many objects; some worthy, some unworthy; it acquires thereby a certain individuality, a certain character. It may realize *itself*, moreover, becoming conscious of its own mental and spiritual existence; and it then begins to explore the Mind which, like its own, it conceives must underlie the material fabric—half displayed, half concealed by the environment, and intelligible only to a kindred spirit. Thus the scheme of law and order dimly dawns upon the nascent soul, and it begins to form clear conceptions of truth, of goodness, and of beauty; it may achieve something of permanent value, as a work of art, or of literature; it may enter regions of emotion and may evolve ideas of the loftiest kind; it may degrade itself below the beasts, or it may soar till it is almost divine.' And he goes on to ask, 'Is it the material molecular aggregate that has of its own unaided latent power generated this individuality, acquired this character, felt these emotions, evolved these ideas? There are some who try to think that it is. There are others who recognize in this extraordinary development a contact between this material frame of things and a universe higher and other than anything known to our senses; a universe not dominated by Physics and Chemistry, but utilizing the interactions of matter for its own purposes; a universe where the human spirit is more at home than it is among these temporary collocations of atoms; a universe capable of infinite development, of noble contemplation and of lofty joy, long after this planet—nay, the whole solar system—shall have fulfilled its present spire of destiny, and retired cold and lifeless upon its endless way.'

And this idea is a delightful one, and it is possibly right. We can only wish we had more evidence in support of it; evidence which might throw light upon that impenetrable envelope which surrounds the mystery of life, and in particular of human life.

This is indeed a noble theme, grand in its associations;

one that cannot fail to inspire in us the loftiest aspirations and sublime hopes. But we must be careful that it is not a fool's paradise we live in, or a mare's-nest that we aspire to. All these ideas have their place in our inmost nature; give a charm to life, add to its sweetness and its strength; form the guiding principles of conduct and the basis of all character. But alas, a philosopher must own the truth! And deeply as it appeals to us, it becomes us not to exaggerate the perspective in which it is seen. It carries with it a conviction, but only to those who see it in a certain light. Like a great picture which to vacant or to microscopic minds, or to comprehensive ones, in the wrong light, conveys no meaning whatsoever, whilst it reveals to others, perhaps only for the moment, the mystery of all things, so does this world seem but chaos to some of us, and to others the revelation of the Divine.

That we could pierce the veil and see things as they are! See Truth and Love and Goodness as things not for to-day or to-morrow, but for evermore. One glance that we might comprehend the whole. Would it not compensate for an eternity of stupefaction, or an infinitude of ennui? To live for a moment, but to know that it was life! There are many of us who long for this; and yet even a Sidgwick would not admit that it was wisdom to prefer the intense joy of a moment to a lesser happiness or misery of all time. Do not these reflections at any rate serve to impress upon us once more that wisdom is the recognition of our middle nature, of that place in which Nature has placed us? The lesson which all science and all knowledge teach: that there is nothing either great or small but thinking makes it so!

VII

'The possibility that "life" may be a real and basal form of existence, and therefore persistent,' says Lodge, 'is a possibility to be borne in mind. It may at least serve as a clue to investigation, and some day may bear fruit; at

present it is no better than a working hypothesis. It is one that on the whole commends itself to me; for I conceive that, though we only know of it as a function of terrestrial matter, yet that it has another aspect too, and I say this because I see it arriving and leaving—animating matter for a time and quitting it, just as I see dew appearing and disappearing on a plate. Apart from a solid surface, dew cannot exist as such; and to a savage it might seem to spring into and to go out of existence—to be an exudation from the solid, and dependent wholly upon it; but we happen to know more about it; we know that it has a permanent and continuous existence in an imperceptible, intangible, super-sensual form, though its visible manifestation in the form of mist or dew is temporary and evanescent. . . . Whatever life may be, it is something which can begin to interact with the atoms of terrestrial matter, at some period or state of aggregation . . . there is nothing in that to say that it is a function of matter alone, any more than the wind is a function of the leaves which dance under its influence.'

Life may be a form of energy which, for a certain time and under certain conditions, arouses a kind of motion in some varieties of molecular or atomic aggregations. As the radiation from the sun may excite vigorous metabolism in the molecules of a piece of uranium [1] glass, so may all life be but the disturbance of matter by a form of energy as yet unknown to us.

Many of those who live and also think intensely, seem to feel that they are ever in the presence of a power by which they become more deeply conscious of themselves and their own insignificance compared with it. Some say it is the presence of the Spirit of the Divine that stirs within us, and moves us on to noble ends. It is in this conception that some of the greatest thinkers have sought the riddle of the universe. But it is that which Haeckel with his Monism ignores.

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[1] *The Origin of Life*, chap. x (Physical Metabolism).

We cannot say that there is not some misconception in regarding these phenomena in this way. Many of us feel that that ever-present conscious energy is the fountain and the source of all our life. As the sun is the source of light and heat, and other forms of energy in our planet, so is this living intellectual energy which shines within us an indication of that vast intelligence which pervades throughout.

But here, again, many men have many minds; and it is not within human power to prove these things to the satisfaction of all. There are those who cannot perceive the problem in this light. For them there is no answer and no proof. As well might we appeal to deaf-mutes and ask them to consent to our assurance of the beauty or the harmony of the works of a Wagner, a Beethoven, or a Mozart. We cannot appeal to them, for the soul of such as these cannot be moved. No doubt they might say that the voice which resounds in us, to which they cannot respond, is a delusion. If so, the discussion of the question must be dropped. And yet is it not to be noted that some of the greatest of our kind can respond and have responded to it? For it is unquestionably one of those instincts which, like other qualities of intellect and heart, have ever commanded the respect of civilized men throughout the world. There is, I believe, more in it than some are willing to admit. The difficulty of distinguishing between what is illusion and what is fact is no doubt a great one. There are men who respond to this frame of mind as instinctively as the well-bred of all nations respond at a glance to each other, that they belong to the same sphere of beings—a freemasonry of its own that makes them feel that they are in tune and have kindred spirits.

As Carlyle said of Tennyson, here indeed is 'a true human soul, or some fair approximation to it, to whom your own soul can say brother,' so is there a unison between men and women too of this type in every land. It is unison indeed, not sympathy merely; but harmony

of head and heart. A Carlyle, an Emerson, will tell us the same thing. Men of letters have always emphasized it. It is perhaps akin to the power of language in its most developed form, conveying to us the glory of our being.

VIII

The word 'sentiment' is wrongly used if applied to this idea. It is not sentiment, unless, as Lotze held, all thought is sentiment. For it has appealed to the most cultured and refined and yet coldest intellects. A man must be educated to appreciate it at its best. Wherein is it that men have sought inspiration in their finest works of music, of poetry and of art, and in their works of philosophy and science? Is it not in that loftier plane, when the beauty of ideas and of modes and moods, of intellect and of character, lifts them to a height beyond which they feel the soul need not aspire?

It is considerations such as these that have made men from the time of Plato to our own think twice, and many times, before they abandon that hopeful path which points to an hereafter. As in such passing moments of enthusiastic bliss, if we keep our balance, there must be also moments of despondent scepticism when we feel that it may be merely a state of ecstasy to which a lofty purpose has raised us, like the delightful vision of a base narcotic, and that we shall find in calmer moments that it has been only the empty shadow of a glorious dream.

Not so, say some. Only the sincere and pure of heart can elevate the soul to such a state of ecstasy, if ecstasy it be—that intellectual gratification of our highest nature. It does, I think, stand for something which is true and permanent. As to a citizen of the United States the Stars and Stripes and to an Englishman the Union Jack stand for all that is heroic and best in the American or the English character, something which cannot be described as sentiment alone, but the mainspring of heroic action as well, so in the intellectual sphere are there certain ideas

which lift the intellect to a knowledge of itself and the Divine into regions which enable us to soar to the sublime. But once more, the man of science can only dimly grasp the full meaning of the Truth, as of the sense of Goodness and of Beauty. 'If he seeks to explain these in terms of sexual selection, or any other small conception which he has recently been able to form in connexion with vital procedure on this planet, he is explaining nothing; he is merely showing how the perception of beauty may operate in certain cases; but the inner nature of beauty and the faculty by which it is perceived are utterly beyond him. He cannot but feel that the unconscious and unobtrusive beauty of field and hedgerow must have originated in obedience to some primal instinct or in fulfilment of some immanent desire, some lofty need quite other than anything he recognizes as human.

'And if a poet witnessing the colours of a sunset, for instance, or the profusion of beauty with which snow mountains seem to fling themselves to the heavens in districts unpeopled and in epochs long before human consciousness awoke upon the earth; if such a seer feels the revelation weigh upon his spirit with an almost sickening pressure, and is constrained to ascribe this wealth and prodigality of beauty to the joy of the Eternal Being in His own existence, to an anticipation, as it were, of the developments which lie before the universe in which He is at work, and which He is slowly tending towards an unimaginable perfection—it behoves the man of science to put his hand upon his mouth, lest in his efforts to be true, in the absence of knowledge, he find himself uttering, in his ignorance, words of lamentable folly or blasphemy.'

It is the duty of the man of science to regard the problem in all its various phases, in its various aspects, in its many shades, of greater darkness and of greater light, and to admit that *ignoramus*, but not, with Du Bois Raymond, *ignorabimus*, is the final verdict. Nay, rather with Lodge might we not hope that, notwithstanding the touch of scepticism which remains in us, the cloud which now

conceals the reality, like the veil of Isis may yet be lifted from our eyes, and that as more enlightened spirits it may yet be our lot to perceive Truth, and Goodness, and Beauty as they are. Perhaps kindred spirits, when divested of their mortal coil, may still commune with one another—those unutterable ideas within us that lift us to the plane of the Divine, ideas which speech cannot adequately convey, but which may yet find a truer realization in another world.

It is possible that human souls, like vortex rings in the ether fluid, may move through space, approach and react on one another: as when incarnate they can become conscious of each other by ethereal disturbances, such as those of light and heat and so forth: and when disembodied might they not likewise, and perhaps more freely, become conscious of a still greater variety of sensations, from the vast complex of ether disturbances, in their perfect freedom, a consciousness produced by the harmonic vibrations of the most perfect and delightful kinds—the music of the spheres as of old? May not one soul be conscious of the presence of another and a kindred soul when divested of this mortal coil, and know that it was perfect love? That we could say yes! The man of science can only hope. It is something to know that there is nothing in the whole of human knowledge at the present day to contradict it. It is not in laboratories and test-tubes that the solution of this great enigma is to be found; but, as I think, in the nature of consciousness itself, and in the very depths of the human soul and the height to which the human intellect can soar. We owe to Sir Oliver Lodge, at the present day, the first really bold attempt to break the ice of scepticism. But Huxley too in his 'Hume' reminds us that 'the ultimate forms of existence which we distinguish in our little speck of the universe are, possibly, only two out of infinite variations of existence, not only analogous to matter and analogous to mind, but of kinds which we are not competent so much as to conceive, in the midst of which we might be set

down, with no more notion of what was about us than the worm in a flower-pot, on a London balcony, has of the life of the great city.

'But the speculative game is drawn—let us get to practical work.' Yes, let us work, and let us hope for the best. It is in the end in our own nature that we must seek to unravel the meaning of that great enigma of our own lives. But what ever it may be, 'we must bow to the inevitable,' as Napoleon bravely said, and seek happiness in the present. It is the *now* that concerns us most, and it is most probable that on that our future will depend.

The conception which I have put forward that the soul is an atom is not to be identified with the crude materialism of Haeckel, nor does it seem so far-fetched as the spiritualism of Lodge. It is in truth the monad of Leibnitz in a modern dress; and it emphasizes the insignificance of magnitude in space, in dealing with the idea of consciousness and human personality, showing thereby perhaps the true place man occupies in space and time.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

THE CHALLENGE OF SECULARISM

THE Bishop of Birmingham states an indisputable fact when he says that it would be 'hard to exaggerate the unsettlement of belief in many classes of society.'[1] Nor can it be doubted that in that unsettlement an active secularist propaganda has played an important part.

Up to the middle of last century anti-Christian effort can scarcely be said to have been organized. It had been sporadic, intermittent, personal. It is represented, in the history of the movement, by the names of Thomas Paine, Richard Carlile, Robert Taylor. With the advent upon the stage of George Jacob Holyoake, who gave to the cause the now familiar name of *secularism*, the effort to uproot Christianity, to discredit theistic dogma, and destroy the religious basis of life, entered upon an organized existence. Under his influence and leadership secular societies were formed between 1851 and 1857 in no less than thirty different centres.

A leader still more capable and (without uncharitableness, we may add) more violent and determined than Holyoake, made his appearance in the early sixties in the person of Charles Bradlaugh. From the time that Bradlaugh placed himself at the head of the movement there was a great change of policy. Hitherto the social question had held the first place, the religious question had been a secondary one. Holyoake was the apostle, before everything else, of the co-operative movement; consequently, his secularism was rather economic than anti-religious. With the militant atheism of Bradlaugh this order was reversed, and his name, in the mind of the public, has always, and rightly, been identified with the religious

[1] *New Theology and the Old Religion*, p. 205.

rather than the social question. Holyoake was not slow to recognize the facts of the situation, and the relations between the two leaders became increasingly strained. Their differences reached a climax in a two days' debate held in 1870—Holyoake defending the position that secularism is capable of asserting its own principles without directly assailing religious opinion—Bradlaugh, on the other hand (it must be confessed with more consistency), maintaining that Holyoake's utilitarianism being essentially and avowedly atheistic, it was impossible for him, without self-stultification, to assume an attitude of neutrality towards the Christian or any other religion.

Probably the secularist movement was never so strong in its *personal* element as when it was dominated by the commanding personalities of Charles Bradlaugh and Annie Besant in the decade beginning in 1875. When, ten years later (in 1885), Mrs. Besant adopted socialist views (a step in which Bradlaugh refused to follow her), the close alliance between these two leaders of the secularist movement virtually ended; but the rupture was not complete until 1889, when Mrs. Besant deliberately turned her back upon former colleagues and opinions alike, and avowed herself a theosophist. There can be no doubt that Mrs. Besant's secession was, at the time, a severe blow to the cause of secularism. The very fact that the secular basis of life, which she had so ardently espoused, and so powerfully advocated, no longer satisfied her ideals and aspirations was not a little disconcerting to the disciples of Bradlaugh.

On the other hand, it is undeniable that the Press is now far more vigorous in the propagation of secularism than it was in the time of Bradlaugh's greatest activity. And in dealing with the efforts of the Press it is well that we should face the fact that, while all forms of religion are obnoxious to the avowed secularist, none is so much so as Christianity, for the simple reason that, of all religious systems, Christianity has the strongest hold upon the

civilized world. Christianity is to-day to the secularist what it was to the ancient historian, *exitiabilis superstitio*. 'Christianity,' to quote the words of one of their ablest writers, 'has all along played the part of a parasite upon civilized society, demanding nutriment, giving nothing in return, and securing the degradation of the organism on which it lives.' One rubs one's eyes as one reads, scarcely trusting one's powers of vision; but such are the deliberate sentiments of many with whom the Church has to deal at the present time. So far from religion itself being an integral and normal part of human nature, it is not even admitted to be an excrescence, but rather 'a foreign graft artificially inserted in the stock of humanity.' Every symptom of a religious tendency is to be regarded as a noxious weed, and to be dealt with accordingly. The main principle of secularism is not simply that religion, from first to last, is a delusion, but a mischievous delusion, as diverting thought and interest from a world of reality to a world which has no existence save in the imagination of those (to use their own words) 'whose intelligence is debauched by superstition.' The secularist, in brief, insists upon facing the problems of life without religious belief of any kind. All considerations arising from even the hypothetical existence of a Supreme Being are excluded. Indeed, the hypothesis itself is dogmatically negatived.

Such then are the views of the secularist, urged with overbearing confidence, in very forcible language, and, in not a few cases, with much learning and acumen. At the present time several separate streams of literature embodying these opinions are freely circulating in the community, and are deeply affecting various strata of thought. *The Clarion*, with its weekly circulation of over eighty thousand, must, taken as a whole, be counted on the side of secularism. Every one is aware of its bitter attack upon Christianity, some years ago, in *God and my Neighbour*. It would, however, I believe, be a mistake to regard this organ of socialism as altogether anti-

religious, or pledged beyond recall against Christianity. Its quarrel, it seems to me, is much more with Christianity in the concrete, i. e. in its present form or forms, than with Christianity in the abstract. Many of Mr. Blatchford's warmest supporters felt that their master had gone too far in the articles on *God and my Neighbour;* and, as a matter of fact, there has been recently some modification of the secularism for which the paper was at one time conspicuous. Personally, I should hesitate now to class Mr. Blatchford with the secularists; and I doubt whether secularists pure and simple would acknowledge him as their colleague. At this very time there is a somewhat acute difference between the editor of *The Clarion* and Mr. G. W. Foote, the editor of *The Freethinker.* Mr. Foote's quick and watchful eye has detected, in recent utterances of *The Clarion,* a loophole by which the Christian religion (not many years since held up to scorn by Mr. Blatchford) may creep in and regain its lost authority. Whatever rights socialism may claim, it has no right, in Mr. Foote's opinion, to be Christian; and, until *The Clarion* clears itself from the suspicion of holding out the olive leaf to any form of Christianity, it will smart beneath the lash of *The Freethinker.*

Club Life, which has a very large circulation amongst the working class, is, like *The Clarion,* more practically than avowedly secularist. The overthrow of religion is no part of its official programme; but it is the mouthpiece of social democracy, and seeing that a vast proportion of social democrats are secularists, it is only natural that their official organ should represent the secular view of life. The tone of the paper is frankly pagan and materialistic. We look in vain through its pages for any such serious moral purpose as we find in *The Clarion. Club Life* might, *mutatis mutandis,* have been published in the Rome of Tiberius; *The Clarion* rather expresses a reaction against the travesty of a conventional Christianity.

The weekly journal most widely read, perhaps, by the working class, namely, *Reynolds's Newspaper,* is confi-

dently claimed by the advocates of 'free thought' (so called) as being on their side. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that it is generally read for the sake of its freethought tendency. It attracts by its radicalism, its raciness, and (we are compelled regretfully to add) by drawing largely on unpleasant and unedifying reports from the law courts.

The Freethinker, edited by Mr. G. W. Foote, President of the National Secular Society, from its first page to its last, never leaves any doubt as to its aim. That aim, from its inception, was, in the words of the editor, 'to wage relentless war against superstition in general and the Christian superstition in particular.' It avows a bitter hatred of Christianity, and, as one reads its pages, one involuntarily thinks of our Lord before His accusers—mocked, buffeted, spat upon. From indecency, in the sense of obscenity, *The Freethinker*, so far as I know, is happily free; and in this respect compares favourably with French journalism of similar aim. Short of this *The Freethinker* stops at nothing. In its ribald comments upon Scripture, its imputation of motives, especially of avarice, to ministers of religion, its bitter contempt for everything that the Christian, or even the theist, holds sacred, it would be impossible to outbid or outdo Mr. Foote; whilst his books and pamphlets are on a par with the worst of his work in *The Freethinker*. As an illustration of the old saying *corruptio optimi pessima*, it may be noted that amongst Mr. Foote's ablest colleagues on the editorial staff are an ex-Presbyterian and an ex-Baptist minister.

It would be a great mistake to describe the contents of this publication as so much literary garbage. Large portions deserve no better title; on the other hand, many of the more serious contributions evince no little erudition and acumen, as well as considerable power of literary expression. To Mr. Foote himself it is impossible to deny the two qualities which give to *The Freethinker* much of what popularity it enjoys; no one can doubt that he has

the courage of his opinions, or that he has an exceedingly forcible way of expressing them.

The Freethinker was started in 1881, and almost immediately began issuing its notorious comic Bible sketches, which cost Mr. Foote not only a term of imprisonment,[1] but also the countenance of some of the most influential supporters of secularism. Holyoake himself refused to be associated with colleagues who so grossly outraged the laws of courtesy, and treated things held sacred by an overwhelming majority of their countrymen with a ribaldry and profanity that shocked agnostic and atheist alike. Mr. Joseph McCabe (himself quite as far removed from Christian orthodoxy as Mr. Foote) has recently described these sketches as 'coarse, vulgar, and scurrilous to a lamentable extent.' These comic sketches were recommenced on Mr. Foote's release from prison and consequent resumption of editorship, but were soon discontinued; and this, without doubt, because they were too gross even for the average reader of *The Freethinker*.[2] Unfortunately, no improvement in the letter-press either accompanied or followed the discontinuance of the sketches. It is not easy to arrive at any certain estimate of the weekly circulation of this paper, but it is, I believe, rather under than over ten thousand. It is sad enough that there should be a demand, even to that extent, for literature of such quality.

Meanwhile, a far more serious and widely reaching attack upon religion is being made by the *Rationalist Press Association*, which, it should be distinctly understood, is

[1] It is notorious that there is a somewhat acute difference amongst 'Freethinkers' in regard to the laws against blasphemy. Those speaking roughly, represented by the National Secular Society, would have them completely repealed, and will make every effort in that direction; those on the other hand, again speaking generally, represented by the Rationalist Press Association would retain them as being calculated, without unduly restraining the propagation of free-thought, to secure moderation, decency, and courtesy in its expression.

[2] Mr. Foote's recent explanation that the sketches were dropped 'because we had worked the old book out' is, on the face of it, absurd.

a *propagandist*, not a *commercial*, undertaking. It started on its career in 1899, and is now advocating the cause of secularism with great energy and ability. Whether the R. P. A. would accept the title of *secularist* may be doubtful, but there is no doubt about the character of its work. It avows itself agnostic, but its efforts to undermine and overthrow established beliefs of every kind are scarcely less undisguised than those of the National Secular Society. Many of the books that it publishes and the lecturers it employs,[1] as well as the fact that George Jacob Holyoake was chairman of its directors until his death, leave no doubt upon this point.[2]

It must not, for a moment, be supposed that the rationalism of the R. P. A. is that of rationalistic theologians either on the Continent or in our own country. In spite of loud assertions to the contrary, the work of the Association is almost exclusively negative and destructive. It would be untrue to fact to characterize all its publications as directly subversive of religion, for they include writings of Darwin, Tyndall, J. S. Mill, Herbert Spencer, and others, which could not be so described. At the same time the names of Haeckel, Renan, Cotter Morison, J. M. Robertson, Joseph McCabe, F. J. Gould, and Vivian Phelips[3] are far more representative of the Society's operations. Its output of literature has steadily increased, and its sixpenny reprints place many able attacks upon religion within reach of the masses. Of these cheap reprints alone 120,601 copies were sold during the year 1907.[4]

[1] The three chief lecturers of R.P.A. are J. M. Robertson, Joseph McCabe, and Mrs. Hypatia Bradlaugh Bonner.

[2] The present Board of Directors consists of the following gentlemen: Edward Clodd (Chairman), Charles A. Watts (Vice-Chairman), Sir Edward Brabrook, C.B., H. L. Brœkstad, John S. Dryden, C. T. Gorham, J. H. Munday, George Macaulay Trevelyan, Percy C. Vaughan, Adam Gowans Whyte.

[3] Better known by the *nom de plume* Philip Vivian, author of *The Churches and Modern Thought*.

[4] Slightly below the sale of 1906. Meanwhile the demand has increased in India and the Colonies. From Bombay there was an order for 6,300 copies.

During the same period ten thousand copies of a shilling edition of Haeckel's *Evolution of Man* were disposed of. Amongst the latest publications of the Association are Joseph McCabe's *Life of George Jacob Holyoake*, and Philip Vivian's *The Churches and Modern Thought*. The issue of a series of penny hand-books is in contemplation, and will be taken in hand as soon as the financial position of the movement justifies the step. The social side of this propagandist scheme is as yet in its infancy, but the work in this direction is steadily increasing. Great efforts are also being made to find local secretaries, their function being to exercise influence in their own immediate neighbourhood. According to the Report for 1907, there are six of these honorary officers in London and its neighbourhood, and seventeen in the provinces. There are ten in India and the colonies, and five in foreign countries. The membership of the R. P. A. has steadily risen, year by year, from 94 in 1899 to 1,259[1] in 1907. Its financial condition is not its strongest point, and is, apparently, not without anxiety; but the subscriptions and donations (to our shame, be it said) amount to more than those received from all denominations of Christians by the Christian Evidence Society.[2]

If the operations of the R. P. A. grow in the same ratio in the second as in the first decade of its existence, it will mean, on the principle of supply and demand, a vast increase of intelligent, and educated, or semi-educated scepticism—a scepticism which may turn with disgust from much that appears in *The Freethinker*, or that issues from the Progressive Publishing Company under the auspices of the National Secular Society, but a scepticism as completely divorced from Christianity, or indeed any form of theism, as Haeckel or Büchner could wish. A glance through the pages of *The Literary Guide*, the monthly organ of the Association, will confirm the truth of this estimate.

[1] This aggregate includes a few subscribers who are not members.

[2] R. P. A., £884 3*s*. 11*d*. Christian Evidence Society, £859 4*s*. 1*d*.

To obviate any confusion that might arise upon the subject, it may be added that from politics and from socialistic schemes of life both the National Secular Society and the Rationalist Press Association keep rigidly aloof. Doubtless in England, as on the Continent, a large proportion of socialists, especially of social democrats, openly side with secularism; on the other hand, both the N.S.S. and the R.P.A. deprecate the identification of their principles with either social or political questions.

It is obviously beyond the limits of our space to institute any elaborate comparison between the secularist propaganda of England and that of other countries. Since, however, there exists something in the nature of an international confederacy (though of an informal character) amongst secularists, it may not be out of place or irrelevant to glance at the movement as pursued in some other parts of Europe.

In Germany the most important educational effort directly opposed to the Christian faith at the present moment is that of a body calling itself the German Monistic Society (*Monistenbund*), Professor Haeckel being Honorary President. It propagates a form of monism, based on the teaching of its President, which is intended to supplant Christianity. The literature of the Society is chiefly addressed to the educated and semi-educated, and has a considerable influence on the side of dogmatic and aggressive infidelity.

A still more determined crusade against every form of definite religion is carried on by the *Freidenkerbund* founded in Brussels in 1880, but spreading to Germany in 1887, in which year Charles Bradlaugh presided over an international congress of freethinkers in Berlin. It has an annual congress, a membership of about 6,000, and a fortnightly organ in the *Freidenker*. A Society with similar aims, and a membership of some twenty thousand, calls itself *The Friends of Light* (*Lichtfreunde*). Neither of these two societies, however, exercises any great influence.

The most serious anti-Christian power in Germany at

the present time is, without question, that wielded by social democracy, which has made such rapid progress of late years. The destruction of Christianity is not, indeed, part of its official programme, but so vast a proportion of social democrats have adopted anti-Christian opinions that the actual influence of the movement, as a whole, is definitely secularist. Believing that Christianity, at least in its present form or forms, is opposed to their conception of liberty, both political and social, they will make no terms with it as expressed in existing institutions, and practically range themselves on the side of the free-thinker. A saying which has become proverbial in this connexion is significant—'Religion is a private matter, atheism is a party matter.'

The Church is not idle in face of this propaganda. Social democracy is met by a Christian socialist movement, which has men of great distinction amongst its leaders; but the very fact of its being closely connected with the established Church, to a very great extent, neutralizes its influence. The monistic movement headed by Haeckel is opposed by a society called the *Keplerbund* —its object being to show that there is no necessary conflict between science and religion. It is reassuring to know that this counter-movement on the part of the Church has the support not only of theologians, but also of many distinguished men of science. On the other hand, scarcely any one of distinction has espoused the cause of the *Monistenbund*.

A new and notable effort of the Church in defence of the Christian religion is as yet in its infancy, but is likely to make rapid progress in the near future; namely, the appointment of well qualified apologists, whose work would be, alike in print, in the pulpit, and in the lecture hall, to place Christian truth in a reasonable up-to-date form before the public.

Meanwhile, there is promise of still more effectual resistance to anti-Christian effort in the religious revival now taking place in Germany. Doubtless secularism must

be met by argument and learning, but spiritual work must be done by spiritual weapons, and the strength of the Church, whether for propagation or counter-action, depends more upon genuine spirituality and loyalty to Christ, than upon any other equipment.[1]

If we turn from Germany to France, we are at once struck by the contrast of the relation of the State to religion in the two countries. The frankly agnostic attitude (to say nothing more)[2] of the French Government, has done much to deliver the people into the hands of the secularists, who hold a menacingly strong position, especially in the urban population. It has been stated on good authority that eight millions of the French people are professed atheists. The secularist propaganda in Paris and other large towns is both active and unscrupulous. Anti-clerical and atheistic literature abounds, some of it polluted by obscenity and lewdness, from which English free-thought publications are happily free. In theory, the freethinkers in France, as in England, make no distinction between Roman Catholic and Protestant, impartially assailing all Christian belief. At the same time, as a matter of fact, the Roman Catholic Church, as being the Church of the people, bears the brunt of the attack.

The counter-movement is chiefly, but by no means exclusively, conducted by the Roman Catholics. Very able work is done by conferences in Nôtre Dame and in the Church of St. Roch, the former with a view to reach the educated, the latter the uneducated. The lecturers are fully qualified for their task and attract very large audiences. Meanwhile, the Press is extensively used by powerful controversialists in a bold attempt to grapple

[1] For the information here given in regard to secularist work in Germany, the writer is indebted to the great kindness and courtesy of the Rev. Newton A. Marshall, Ph.D., M.A., who has made a special study of the subject.

[2] Even as this is written, the Education Department of France is engaged in the work of obliterating from books authorized for school use the few remaining references to religion and religious associations.

with popular scepticism. In particular, their treatment of the apparent conflict between religion and science is very complete and forcible. Without, in the least, disparaging the excellent work of this kind done in England, it may be confidently stated that we have nothing in our language to compare, for comprehensiveness and weight, with the 300 books on *Science and Religion*, published at sixty centimes the volume, by Bloud et Cie. Many of the subjects discussed are, as might be expected, viewed from the Roman standpoint, but some are treated on a broader basis. It may be added that some of these treatises have been translated into English.[1]

We should not draw attention to Spain (where, however, secularism, frequently allied with social democracy and anarchism, is very active), but for the fact that, in that country, a prominent feature of the anti-Christian movement is the *Escuela Moderna*, established at Barcelona by Francesco Ferrer in 1900. From Barcelona this system of education has spread to many parts of the country, and appears likely to spread further. The *Escuela Moderna* works on the assumption that the religious principle is foreign to the mind of the child, who is purely the creation of his surroundings and upbringing. All religious teaching is rigidly excluded. 'The mysteries of existence' (to use their own language) 'are resolved into their physical equivalents, so that the footholds which magic and miracle require are scientifically and unceremoniously swept away.' The founder of the system is confident that were such a type of education to become universal, religion, in these days of scientific enlightenment, would in the course of time die out. There is no doubt that secularist opinions are making progress in Spain, and the decadent condition of religion throughout the country, so strongly emphasized in two well-

[1] The writer would gratefully acknowledge the kindness of the Rev. Frederick C. Spurr in supplying most of the facts here given as to the work of the secularists in France.

informed articles in *The Times* last September, gives the *Escuela Moderna* its opportunity.

Such then, in brief, is the challenge of secularism. The Church is face to face with a determined enemy, an enemy, moreover, which, it cannot be denied, is gaining ground. Those who are acquainted with the history and present phase of the movement would, I feel confident, unanimously agree that it ought to be confronted more strenuously and systematically than hitherto.[1] I know that much has been done and well done. The Christian Evidence Society does a noble work, but could do much greater things if more generally and generously supported. The Wesleyan Church has recently shown its wisdom in appointing, as Apologetic Lecturer, Dr. Frank Ballard, who, by books and lectures alike, has for many years been doing much to supply the need of the hour. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society (unfortunate name for such a controversy!) have long, and to good purpose, made Christian Evidences a special department of their work. Some of our most eminent publishers have issued cheap reprints of apologetic literature.[2] But until the whole Christian Church is awakened to the danger which is now threatening the cause of religion, nothing adequate to the occasion

[1] See *Christian Churches and the Modern Outlook*, p. 10, by Dr. Ballard. This pamphlet, full of information and counsel, should be circulated far and wide.

[2] In October 1903 the subject was introduced at the Winchester Diocesan Conference in a well-informed and forcible address by Dr. Fearon, Archdeacon of Winchester. It is much to be regretted that the decision of Conference was against appointing a committee to deal with the matter. Under the able guidance of Archdeacon Fearon such a Committee might have done good service both in the dissemination of knowledge and in counteracting the movement. Just at the same time (Oct. 1903) an admirable article appeared in *The Guardian* from the pen of the Rev. Arthur E. T. Newton. The article might well have formed the starting-point of a thorough discussion; but, so far as I remember, it was not followed up. It must be added that, for reasons best known to itself, *The Guardian* dismissed the four papers on *Secularist Propaganda*, read at the Manchester Church Congress last October, together with the discussion that followed, in about a dozen lines.

will be done. What place had this determined attack upon the Faith in the programme of the Pan-Anglican Congress? So far as my observation went, the subject would not have been directly touched at all but for the timely intervention of Mr. Faithfull Davies, the Clerical Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society.[1] The secularists themselves profess to be amazed at the general inaction of Christians, and taunt them with the silence of their guns whilst, as they boast, the citadel of faith is being demolished by the batteries of unbelief. The Church needs her best thought and her best men for the task that is before her. Continental rationalism, of which we hear so much, finds readers and makes converts amongst the cultured, but leaves the masses untouched. Meanwhile, the masses are being rapidly leavened by the far more radical and destructive scepticism with which we have been dealing.

Approaching the subject as one convinced that the welfare and true progress of the world are bound up with Christianity, I have not hesitated to speak strongly of the aims and views of the secularist. At the same time, the last thing I wish to do is to foster the impression, still widely prevailing, that those who are responsible for this movement are necessarily men of doubtful, if not dangerous, moral character. Many advocates of secularism are, on the contrary, persons of the very highest integrity, strictly loyal to what they honestly believe to be truth and duty. The late George Jacob Holyoake was a typical specimen of many who oppose, and bitterly oppose, the Christian faith. He was an avowed atheist, and the inventor of the now familiar terms, *secularism*, *secularist*. He wrote *Theism on its Trial*, and many other books, with the direct aim of discrediting every form of

[1] I would take the opportunity of gratefully acknowledging the kindness and courtesy both of the Rev. R. V. Faithfull Davies, Secretary, and of Mr. Robert Thomson, Assistant Secretary of the Christian Evidence Society, in supplying many of the facts embodied in this article.

religion. Yet his personal character put to shame that of many professing Christians. It is, indeed, a matter of the first importance that, in this controversy, we should understand the position of our opponents, so as to avoid unfairness in dealing with them. What, for example, was Holyoake's position? On intellectual grounds he had abandoned, first Christianity, then theism. He could, therefore, get no help from theology, since for him it did not exist. 'Secularism,' to use his own words, 'is a policy of life to those who do not accept theology.' A utilitarian basis of life, he would argue (did argue), is better than no basis, and secularism may help where religion cannot because it fails of recognition. Now this (however deeply we may regret and disapprove) is a perfectly reasonable position, and we have no right whatever to treat it with impatience or scorn. It is, indeed, undeniable that secularists do not themselves always express their views with moderation and courtesy. Their language is often contemptuous and bitter; some will go out of their way to be offensive. But let us think of this as rather the fault of the individual than of the system; and if we have sometimes to complain of injustice, let them have no just cause for the same complaint; of all men Christians should be the last to render railing for railing. Speaking generally, however, we are dealing with honourable men, worthy of our sincere respect—not a few of them men of learning and ability, worthy of the best apologetics that the Church can furnish.

It is not my present aim specifically to examine the teaching of secularism, or indicate, even by way of suggestion, the best modes of counteracting it. Such an attempt would carry us far beyond the limits of this article.[1] What, however, I will, in conclusion, venture to do is to express the reluctant, but firm conviction, that much of the success of secularism is due to the unfaithful-

[1] These aspects of the subject were briefly treated by the present writer in a paper read at the Manchester Church Congress last October.

ness of the Church—unfaithfulness, I mean, to her ideals.

In dealing with secularism, as with socialism, we must be ready to make a clean breast of mistakes and shortcomings, which have gone far to justify the hostility of secularist and socialist alike. The Church of Christ must set her own house in order before she will be in a position effectually to oppose the advancing tide of rationalism and materialism. The last Bampton Lecturer but one[1] contended (and I think successfully) that an ideal Christianity is the only system of religion or philosophy that can satisfy the democratic aspirations of the age. His immediate successor, Canon Peile, demonstrated with startling clearness that the average Christianity of to-day, so far from being ideal, is scarcely worthy of the name. 'It is a hard saying, but a wholesome one, that the great majority of mankind have, for centuries, done everything with the moral rule of the Gospel, except obey it. . . . They have shaped and trimmed it to fit into a corner of an otherwise pagan existence.'[2] Again, 'We believe and we admire, and remain on the whole personally as unconcerned as David while he listened to Nathan telling his story.'[3] In the days of Nero and Domitian, the most striking of all contrasts was that between Christian and pagan; to-day it is rather between the theory and practice of the Church.

The Church's ideals—what are they? *Self-sacrifice, holiness, unity.*

Self-sacrifice. The life of the Church should proclaim more loudly and clearly than it does that Christianity is not a self-*saving*, but a self-*sacrificing* system. There has been 'too much acceptance of ideals that have all been tuned down to the pitch of worldly comfortableness.'[4] 'It

[1] Dr. F. W. Bussell. *Christian Theology and Social Progress.* Bampton Lectures, 1905.

[2] *The Reproach of the Gospel*, p. 21. Bampton Lecture, 1907.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 163.

[4] *Atonement and Personality*, R. C. Moberly, D.D., p. 306.

is a terrible thing when the nominal Christianity of society bears witness against the truth of the Christian creed.'[1] Until the Church, as a whole, throws herself, in the spirit of self-sacrifice, into the cause of social reform, and that on a very comprehensive scale, she is neglecting her work and stultifying her mission. Nothing can justify the coarse and scurrilous tone of *The Freethinker*; on the other hand, we must not forget that much of its violence is directed against a counterfeit Christianity, which is sadly too much in evidence. In much of the professed Christianity of the day there is so little of the supernatural that the theory of naturalism gains support where it should find its refutation. *The Clarion* is rash and reckless in its invective; but who that faces the social problems of the age can wonder that strong language is used by, or on behalf of, the miserable victims of economic principles which Christ would be the first to condemn?

Holiness. A lofty moral ideal can be taught and practised by the secularist; but for him there is no such thing as holiness, since its very existence is bound up with the theism which he denies. The highest morality apart from God is not Christian morality. The realization of a Personal God revealed in Jesus Christ as a loving, but all-holy, Father, placed a great gulf between Seneca and Paul; it places the same gulf between a George Jacob Holyoake and a Frederick Denison Maurice. And who shall measure the persuasive, subjugating power of personal holiness? True it is that the claims of God, whether in respect of morality or holiness, are an offence to the natural man; yet it is equally true that personal holiness asserts a power all its own wherever, and in whomsoever, found. It is told of the famous Lord Peterborough, brilliant, voluptuous, sceptical, that after spending some days in the company of Archbishop Fénelon, he said, 'I must leave this, or, in spite of myself, I shall

[1] *Atonement and Personality*, p. 300.

become a Christian.' Secularism never has solved, never will solve, the mystery of personal holiness.

Unity. The disunion of the Church is the strength of secularism. The 'vision of unity' is a vision of returning power. It was the vision that rose before the mind of our Lord as He pleaded for His Church—'Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on Me through their word; that they all may be one; as Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; *that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.*'[1] The world is waiting for the 'vision of unity' to become a fact of history. If Christians could sink all minor differences, all that is not essential to the Faith, and take their united stand upon the truth of the Incarnation, and all that that truth necessarily carries with it, how infinitely more powerful would the Church of Christ be to oppose that rising tide of practical materialism which has long been clearing the way for the forces of avowed secularism!

Let the Church live up to her ideals, and she will be equipped for her work and conflict as in the days of the Apostles and early Fathers when, in every direction, she was conquering the thought and life of the world.

G. S. STREATFEILD.

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[1] John xvii. 20, 21.

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF IMMORTALITY

MAN is essentially social. Only as a member of society he comes into being; only as a member of society does he attain well-being. The social group to which he belongs may be large or small, but apart from some social group he is in an unnatural condition. His social instinct, however, is not restricted to human beings alone. It stretches beyond the men, the women, and the children with whom he is by birth or by adoption associated. It extends to the animals beneath him; it descends to what we call the inanimate. The sense of social sympathy which poets find in trees and rocks and streams, and which now claims some colour of scientific countenance, seems to have been everywhere present with man. The same social consciousness pointed upward as well as downward. It claimed as its companions the supersensuous and the superhuman. It felt God, however named, to be as much a member of the social group, however small, as was mother, father, clansman, chief. As Life or Lord, as Defender or Disposer, the various forms of the Divine were held to be part and parcel of the community. So religion is but a fuller utterance of the social nature of man. Fellowship, however disguised in barbarous and even brutal customs, is the essence of man; and, however veiled or clouded by terror or shame, is the vital nerve of religion.

So religion is as universal as man. There is something awe-inspiring in the endeavour to look at the human race as a whole. One takes up this globe of ours in the fingers of thought, and surveys its past and present as a unit, and with the sight there comes a feeling of holy shyness. Yet one cannot fail to see one great outstanding fact of the human species. It is nowhere without a religion, a sense of subordinate companionship with

beings other than itself and possessing other powers than its own. This universal characteristic has been set down by some noisy votaries of evolutionary science as an excrescence, a transient illusion, a chapter in mental pathology. It belongs not to the pathology, but rather to the embryology of the race.

Another fact scarcely, if at all, less universal which has its roots deep in the same spiritual soil, is the prevalence of a belief, clear or shadowy, in a life beyond death. It is an abiding marvel that, in spite of all the obvious and abhorrent phenomena of death—the cessation of movement, the absence of response, the loathsome processes of decay—there has been maintained unconquered through the ages a confidence in continued existence beyond the grave. The argument of the senses was strong against it. It was in existence and power long before metaphysical reflection could have supplied it with speculative basis. Nor could it have sprung from the full-bodied sense of individuality, which is one of the latest growths of time. Recognition of an after-life, like the recognition of Deity, is an expression of the imperious social instinct of human nature. Fellowship would not be thwarted or interrupted by any line drawn between what we call sensuous and what we call super-sensuous. The God was in the group, the dead were in the group. It may have been, as many have imagined, that a sense of the dead within the group first stirred the sense of the God within the group. Ancestor-worship, as we call it, was a step in the evolution of religion. Yet how that ancestor-worship reveals the essentially social nature of the primitive belief in immortality! It was companionship, timid, awed, reverent, but still companionship, with father and mother no longer embodied as of old, but present and potent to harm or bless. It was an instinct for the continuity, not of individuality, but of fellowship, that made men refuse to see in death the cessation of life. It is a wonderful fact that in spite of all the ravages wrought by rationalistic individualism, there are still to-day on the

earth's surface an overwhelming majority of millions who include within their regular social circle the spirits of their fathers and forefathers. Family fellowship remains unbroken, though of course not undimmed, by death. The home, however rude, has proved itself stronger than the grim shadow of severance. We have been recently and forcibly reminded how social cohesion within a nation is intensified by the collective recognition of ancestors as an integral portion of the national life. The belief of the Japanese in another life, a belief which made them capable of the most splendid heroism on the field of battle, derived its strength as well as its origin from a living sense of the companionship of the dead. The attribution of their military and naval triumphs to the virtue of their ancestors was no piece of sanctimonious cant. It was the transcript of a national conviction. The veneration of the dead, which superficial Western civilization had affected to despise as a barbarous superstition, has revealed itself in the lurid light of war as the triumphant faith of a civilized race.

The faith that looks through death derives its strength not from the weird speculations of Plato or the overstrung raptures of the ascetic. It draws its life from the homely sources of filial reverence and fear and love. The home circle could not believe the father utterly extinguished, nor the mother wholly gone, when the change called death passed over the scene. The clansman could not believe that the chieftain whose word and glance of command had so often led him in fight or foray had wholly ceased to be. The aged men whose counsels had for more than a generation guided the policy of the tribe, had become too completely a part of the corporate life to perish wholly when their bodies were put into the grave or cast upon the pyre. It was the social bond, however developed, by dread of authority, by appreciation of co-operative defence, by kinship, by loyalty, or in its purest essence by love, which refused to confess itself vanquished by death. In haunting presences, or in shadowy underworld, in

unseen direction of battle or in far distant abodes of the blest, those that had been, were still; companionship with them had been clouded, suspended, postponed, but never completely destroyed.

With Jesus Christ religion appears in its truth and entirety, and it appears as essentially fellowship. It is the kingdom of God, wherein God with man and man with man in God progressively attain to perfect unity of life. It is the kingdom of God which is love active, explicit, organized. Religion in its preliminary and preparatory forms had been a preparatory and preliminary circumvention of death. Religion in its fullness and truth in Jesus Christ abolished death, and poured a tropical light of certainty on life and immortality. Love, scattered and diffused through all forms of social life, had questioned and challenged the seeming severance of death. Love concentrated and incarnate in Jesus Christ was the annihilation of death. Love in its milder forms cannot credit the cessation of intercourse that death seems to assert. Love in its quintessential depths builds Christendom on the certainty of a risen Christ. The kingdom of God, once it appears, is the transference of resurrection from the category of inquiry, conjecture, hope, into realized certainty. The persistent sense of kinship is raised to such a power as to deny completely its severance. The fellowship becomes so close and strong as to make the continuity of fellowship inevitable.

The new social consciousness of the kingdom of God created by the logic of its own imperious life the facts of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is strange that, amongst all the methods of approach to the credibility of the narratives of the Resurrection, such slight attention has been paid to the way opened up by the Christian consciousness itself. The new power to which Jesus Christ raised the death-defying social consciousness of the race ought surely to supply its own clue to His supreme victory over death. The social experience which His grace has wrought in the lives of His followers cannot be without its value in providing a key to those mysterious appear-

ances of the risen Christ. The Christian religion has its own witness to fellowship with the dead. The veneration of the dead which prevails amid the undeveloped millions of the heathen world has not ceased, reaches rather its fuller realization in the perfect faith of Christ. We need to be on our guard against the Protestant reaction from the excesses of hagiolatry. The love and reverence which Jesus created in His Church are stronger than any love or reverence that has been created elsewhere, and have consequently with stronger stride stepped over the frontiers of death. If the simple unsophisticated hearts of numberless believers in all Christian ages were to tell their story, without fear of ecclesiastical restriction or exaggeration, there would be a chorus of testimony, overwhelming in its unconscious strength, to actual personal fellowship with the loved ones who have passed within the veil. Not dreamy vapourings of undisciplined and ineffective sentiment, but living contact of soul on soul at crucial crises, with potent, far-reaching, practical effect, would be confessed and confirmed. The hand of the Christ touches our dead still, and they live again to us. The deeper the love, the purer the soul; the sounder the mind, the more unhesitating and convincing is the declaration. We recall Tennyson's invocation to his deceased friend in *In Memoriam:*

> Be near me when my light is low . . .
> Be near me when the sensuous frame
> Is racked with pangs . . .
> Be near me when my faith is dry . . .
> Be near me when I fade away . . .
> Be near us when we climb or fall:
> Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
> With larger other eyes than ours,
> To make allowance for us all.

And again:

> How pure at heart and sound in head,
> With what divine affections bold
> Should be the man whose thought would hold
> An hour's communion with the dead.

With a deeper finger Browning touches the heart of fellowship between living and dead in the invocation to his wife at the opening of *The Ring and the Book:*

> O lyric Love, half angel and half bird,
> And all a wonder and a wild desire,
> . . . Can thy soul know change?
> Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help!
> Never may I commence my song, my due
> To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
> Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
> That still, despite the distance and the dark,
> What was, again may be; some interchange
> Of grace, some splendour once thy very thought,
> Some benediction anciently thy smile:
> Never conclude, but raising hand and head
> Thither where eyes, that cannot reach, yet yearn
> For all hope, all sustainment, all reward,
> Their utmost up and on,—so blessing back
> In those thy realms of help, that heaven thy home,
> Some whiteness which, I judge, thy face makes proud,
> Some wanness where, I think, thy foot may fall!

But the Christ has created a larger family than can be found in any home. He has begotten spiritual ancestors whose progeny is as countless as the sands. And the veneration of the spiritual ancestor is an indisputable feature of His Church. The flock from whom the pastor has in visible flesh been withdrawn, find in his spiritual presence continued inspiration and guidance. The Church founded by an Apostle feels that though he is absent in the body he is present in the spirit, judging and directing still. The order that has sprung into being under the creative and quickening touch of a Saint Francis feels the impulse of his devotion thrilling through its multitudinous lives, and not through the lives of one generation alone. Christendom has built into its most historic creed, the Apostolicum, its realized experience of 'the Communion of the Saints.' The Saints of Christendom, canonized or uncanonized, are, next to the Lord Himself, its chiefest glory. Who fails to see and revere them is

blind indeed. And the response which their illustrious imitation of the Christ has called forth from the Christian commonalty is another fact, obvious and unassailable, that glorifies the chequered annals of Christendom. These facts are all the more remarkable because of the strangely inconsistent eschatologies which have assayed to rule the thought of Christendom. The sleep in Jesus, the pause between the hour of death and the anticipated resurrection, the intermediate habitation of the sainted dead, the beliefs in purifying discipline beyond the grave, have none of them availed to break the sense of persistent fellowship between the living and the so-called dead. The love which is the great creation of our Lord has itself been the eyes and ears of conversation with the Unseen. Death as it is generally understood is an intolerable affront and contradiction to the love that Christ inspires. The sting of death is sin, and for death, as for sin, love has no quarter. So far as it is severance, so far as it is the rupture of the fellowship for which we were made and trained, it is emphatically that which ought not to be. And where love reaches its fuller life, death is not.

Now take these experiences, personal, domestic, ecumenical, and bring them back to the crucial Death of Christ. In His earthly career He was the Love of God incarnate. He created a passion of love that has been the tropical sunlight of all our human history ever since. He bound the hearts of men to Him with cords of such intimate affection that they could but stammer forth that henceforth it was not they, but He that lived in them. He Himself lived in the large freedom of the love that knows not death. The Father in whose bosom He dwelt was to him the utter negation of death. A glorious apotheosis of ancestor-worship finds itself expressed in His answer to the challenge of the Sadducees, 'God is the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. He is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live to Him.' Fellowship with the heroes of Israel's remotest past was to him an obvious platitude, and in full accord with that calm vision

of the Unseen we have the record of the Mount of Transfiguration, when the severance of the ages was wiped out and Moses and Elijah joined in conversation with Him about the exodus that He was to accomplish in Jerusalem. Ever about Him was the consciousness of angelic presence. Twelve legions of angels were at His command, and in His deepest agony an angel stood by Him comforting Him. And in this large love that looked through death He lived, He grappled to His soul with hooks of steel responsive souls; and then, amidst every accompaniment of ignominy and pain, they saw Him die.

Now come back to our own small experiences. A pith ball beside a ball of lead is trivial compared with the solar system; but it illustrates the law of gravitation that governs both. There is one experience connected with the death of friends so common as to be no longer dismissed as incredible. At or about the time of the death of one friend, he appears to some near friend who may be half a world away. A mother wakes in the night declaring that her sailor boy has come home; she has seen him. Months afterwards she finds that he was drowned at sea that night. If such incidents as these be common, is it conceivable that the greatest Person in history, who had wound Himself round the very hearts of His followers, would not appear to them after the first blinding blow of His Crucifixion had passed? Even now, in some great agony of public crisis, a publicist is made conscious of the presence of his dead father and mother, who lay commands on him: and his whole public career, aye, and the policy of his country, is changed in consequence. How many a man is now in the pulpit who was summoned from his secular pursuits by the unmistakable presence of a sainted mother, acting as messenger of the Christ to him! How many a man in some inner struggle has been warned by one whom he recognized as father, or mother, or sister, long gone into the eternal silence! These are objective facts of dynamic import, with most practical effects in altered life. Rising from these infinitesimal lives to the

greatest Life of all, is it not infinitely more likely that He would appear to His disciples in the agony of their great crises, that He would impress Himself upon them, that He would lay the great commands upon them which should change their life and the life of the world?

Through the deep fellowship which He has created, we know that souls can touch, irrespective of distance, that in great joy or great sorrow or in great need, soul is present with soul though their bodies be a thousand miles apart. Are we not forced to concede that in the great sorrow of His disciples and in their great need, the Christ would be present with them, despite the distance and the dark?

Nor is it hard to understand that, with the presence of the personal reality, would be given at first also the personal appearance. Even in our homely experience, through the intensity of the love which He has inspired, and of the passion to help that is His direct creation, two souls with bodies miles apart do even now become so near that one almost feels the touch, the flutter, the shimmer of form that attests the presence of the other. The consciousness of personal presence is so vivid that the corresponding sensations begin to appear. The creative action of the mind present in every act of sense-perception is, we may be sure, not less active when person touches on person in the real atmosphere of soul. The witness to objectivity in both the usual and unusual acts of sense-perception is clear. So when the supreme Personality bore full upon the souls of His disciples to breathe upon them and into them new life and power, is it not more than conceivable that the appropriate sensations of sight and hearing and touch would be present too? Remember that we are dealing, even in our own experience, with objective facts, with the real impact of soul on soul, with the real transmission of counsel, warning, help. Such are the ways of love. Such are the ways of the love which the Christ has created. Working backwards from the facts seen in our own lives to the great fontal cause, we can see how the fellowship

which Jesus created did most objectively create the faith in His Resurrection from the dead. Howsoever approached, the fact remains. These pages have but advanced hints and suggestions from a survey of the essentially social nature of religion and of the faith in immortality towards the supreme and decisive triumph over death.

These are chapters belonging, not to the pathology, but to the embryology of the race. Already the full birth of the race to a life that knows no death is hastening on. Already even our secular schools pronounce humanity, through all its ocean-sundered continents, one organism. Accelerated steamships, daily journalism, cablegrams, Marconigrams, telepathy, conspire to produce throughout the organism of mankind a simultaneity of consciousness, of sentiency, which attest the vital unity within. The central sensorium, the personal unity which secular philosophy denies to this colossal organism, the Christian faith supplies, and sees in humanity unified, evangelized, co-vivified, the growing body of our Lord. Separation in space is surmounted, if not nullified, by the appliances of modern science and the more electric response of an ecumenical sympathy. Separation in time is beginning to waver before the fullness of the indwelling life. The Christ becomes more and more apparent as the personal life of co-existent humanity. Not so vividly, perhaps, but not less surely, He is making Himself known as the personal unity of humanity successive, in its series of generations. The veil of death is fluttering ere it rises and discloses Him as the Organism including the dead as well as the living. Them upon whom it seems to our sense-bound life there has fallen an unwaking sleep, God will bring with Him. In unnumbered homes east and west, father and mother, though enveloped in the mist of death, still live on, a presence of mingled awe and joy to their children. In vast communities loyal disciples feel themselves still under the living spell of a leader long since withdrawn from the stage of earth. Slowly the Freedom of the City of the Dead will be conferred upon all the living,

the barriers of time as well as of space will dissolve in the circling life-blood of the Saviour. The race, past and present, will have attained unto the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a full-grown man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Some day the sudden consciousness will flash across the ages and across the continents swift as the lightning which, coming forth from the east, is seen even unto the west, that He who is our Life is manifest. Then the Presence is perceived; the parousia is declared.

F. HERBERT STEAD.

THE UNIFICATION OF BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA

A Review of the Present Mutual Relations of the British South African Colonies. Printed by authority. [A Memorandum by THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF SELBORNE, G.C.M.G., P.C., &c.] (The Government of South Africa. Cape Town, 1908.)

IT is just fifty years since that great Pro-Consul, Sir George Grey, fell into disgrace with the Imperial Government because he saw visions and dreamed dreams, and took steps to push forward plans for the closer union of our South African colonies. Those who are curious in such matters can read the whole story in the contemporary documents, in particular in *The correspondence connected with the recall and reappointment of Sir George Grey*. The very title of that Blue-book is significant, and gives the key to much of the trouble that has arisen in connexion with South African affairs. The phrase 'recall and reappointment' is illustrative of many transactions which lead one writer to speak of 'a century of vacillation.'

Half a century after Sir George Grey's recall Lord Selborne publishes his masterly and searching Memorandum, and sends a copy to each of the South African Governments for consideration. It is worse than useless now to dwell regretfully upon what might have been if Sir George Grey had not been half a century in advance of the Government of the day; but it surely requires no very vivid imagination to picture some of the beneficial results that would have followed the adoption of Grey's policy in 1858. Whatever mistakes imagination may make in her attempts to construct a hypothetical history, it is quite impossible to believe that the intervening years would not have been much happier, much more prosperous, less deeply stained with blood. But Sir George Grey,

like Sir Bartle Frere and other able and devoted public servants, was pushed aside, leaving later generations to discover and admire the wisdom of his policy, the breadth of his statesmanship, the loftiness of his ideal, as well as to understand and revere the singleness of his aim and the absolute faithfulness of his service.

It may be desirable to sketch, briefly and in barest outline, the present most extraordinary position, and to indicate the main historical causes which have so completely and effectually divided a country which Nature so manifestly intended to be one. For the colonies of South Africa are not separated from each other by any great natural and inevitable barriers. No Alpine range rises into an impassable boundary, nor is there any great river, south of the Zambesi, which is suggestive of any easy and effective frontier. Nor is there a racial line of division. It is true that we have two great white races, but they are intermingled geographically; and there is no section of the country which does not contain a considerable and influential element of the race that happens to be in a minority in that particular locality. It is quite possible to exaggerate the facts of racial and lingual differences. We must not be misled by instances which are only apparently parallel, as the relation of the English to the Irish, or of the French to the English in the dominion of Canada. The Irish live on an island which, until recent years, was absolutely cut off from England so far as the masses of the people were concerned. The English and French in Canada have their own provinces, and are separated by history, by race, and most of all by religion. Where both of the parties are strongly Protestant, as in South Africa, one of the most effective agents for the promotion of permanent aloofness is altogether wanting. In these post-war days there is a strained feeling which in this generation will continue to accentuate primal differences; but no deliberate or artificial attempts to prevent racial fusion can be wholly or permanently successful. The common school, the associations of commerce, the amenities of

social life, will more and more break down the barriers which national pride and sensitiveness have been too ready to set up and too eager to maintain. Human nature has its affinities as well as its antipathies, and, in this instance, time will be in favour of the former.

Then how stands it with this great country which ought to be one? The answer to that question reveals a state of affairs which can hardly have a parallel. At the present moment we have no fewer than *eleven* separate colonies and protectorates lying side by side, each forming a part of the British Empire, each being quite independent of every other. The following is a complete list of these eleven territories: Cape Colony, Natal, Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Southern Rhodesia, Barotseland, N.E. Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Basutoland, Swaziland, Bechuanaland Protectorate.

It is obviously impossible, within present limits, to trace the various and successive steps by which these vast areas came under British rule, though a careful and detailed study of that history is simply invaluable as a key to the understanding of the difficulties and complexities of the problem that now faces responsible men in South Africa. Only by such a course of study shall we be saved from a too hasty and unreasoning condemnation of the past, from rash generalizations in the present, from unwise arrangements for that new and happier future which now opens out before the eyes of an expectant country.

Beginning with the final occupation of the Cape by the British, we can trace the gradual expansion and development of Cape Colony until, with its boundaries carefully delimited, it received its charter of full responsible government in the year 1872.

The Great Trek of 1836–8 has had a wide and far-reaching influence, which can now be traced and understood in the light of the later history. Into the causes that led the emigrant Boers to break away from British rule we must not enter; but the fact remains that large parties pressed northward till they eventually passed both the Orange and the Vaal rivers. A large section of the people

turned eastward and entered Natal. It was the indirect result of the same spirit that hurried on the annexation of British Bechuanaland as at an earlier date the settlement of Basutoland had been forced upon the Imperial Government in the same way. No doubt the possibilities of further movements northward were present to the mind of Cecil Rhodes when he succeeded in pushing the British boundary to the Zambesi and beyond, at one stroke adding to our territories a country larger than the whole of France. But we anticipate. Natal was raised to the rank of a self-governing colony by the Constitution Act of 1893. In this case an important reservation was made, which is clearly and fully set forth in the following extract from the Royal Instructions which were issued to the Governor of Natal on July 20, 1893:

> VI. Before exercising the powers of supreme chief (of all native tribes) other than those by law vested in the Governor-in-Council, the Governor shall acquaint his ministers with the action which he proposes to take, and as far as may be possible, shall arrange with them as to the course of action to be taken. The ultimate decision must, however, in every case, rest with the Governor.

The recent history of the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony is fresh in the minds of all our readers, and need not be recapitulated here.

In reference to such a congeries of colonies as we find in South Africa, two questions of first-rate importance will arise and clamour for an answer. In the first place, we must determine the exact relation of the Imperial Government to the whole group and to each member of the group. British colonial administration has been characterized by some astonishing features, by strange inconsistencies, by sudden and unaccountable reversals of declared policy. It is a common complaint in the colonies that imperial interests are too much affected by the exigencies of party government, and no doubt there is some ground for the complaint. But government by party is a firmly established order in Great Britain, and is likely to continue, with such advantages and drawbacks as it may possess;

and while that is so, there are bound to be modifications and revisions of policy from time to time. Nevertheless, continuity is the one thing essential in the administration of colonial affairs; and that is especially true in regard to all questions affecting the government of the more backward races. It has unfortunately happened that again and again these have been the very matters where continuity has been most lacking. But in view of the best traditions of British foreign policy, and of the success with which the affairs of the Indian Empire have been kept out of the party arena, it ought not to be an impossible task to remove colonial interests more and more from the sphere of mere party interests.

But when all such complaints have been fully recorded, when all the necessary deductions and qualifications have been made, it must be stoutly maintained that British statesmen have faced and solved many of the most difficult problems of over-sea colonization with a success that cannot be easily matched. The correlation of local autonomy with strong attachment to the empire; the harmonization of freedom and restraint, of independence and loyalty; the treatment of the intermittent friction that will inevitably arise between youth and age—in matters such as these there is a splendid record of which we may well be proud. What failure has to be remembered is largely due to a peculiar cause. The British colonial statesman has a wealth and variety of experience to draw upon which is absolutely unrivalled, and this has often been to him a source of real danger. With such a wealth of precedent there has often come the temptation to apply it without due regard to the new and different conditions, which may make the well-known example no real precedent at all.

The second great question has to do with the relation of these colonies to each other. Surely no one can be satisfied with the present intolerable situation. It may be doubted whether any thoughtful man ever has been quite satisfied; hence we find that through all the seemingly hopeless confusions and intricacies of South African

history there is shot, like a golden thread, the hope and the eager desire for ultimate union.

The need for closer union is apparent to the most casual observer, and the considerations that make it so imperative fall easily and naturally into two categories: those which distinctly affect imperial interests, and those which are local and national—if a proleptic use of the latter term may be allowed.

No colony, or group of colonies, can live unto itself; and matters will constantly emerge which have their imperial aspects. Suddenly, and in some remote corner of one of our smallest colonies, some transaction may raise issues which justly alarm the statesmen responsible for the safety and well-being of the whole. We have had a striking instance of this in the Asiatic question which has so fiercely agitated the Transvaal during the last two or three years. Shall the Indian trader be allowed to enter the Transvaal and set up a competition with the white merchant in which the latter is said to be hopelessly handicapped from the very start? If allowed to enter the colony, on what terms shall he be domiciled and permitted to carry on his lawful business? May there be imposed upon him restrictions such as those contained in the Asiatic legislation of the last two years? These questions may be viewed from different standpoints as they affect interests in the Transvaal and in the whole of British South Africa, or as they are bound, sooner or later, to involve vast imperial issues and touch the fundamental principles of international justice. It might well seem that such questions could be settled out of hand; but the settlement is by no means so easy as one might imagine. It is certainly right that all British subjects, whether of European or Asiatic descent, should under all circumstances be treated as such, and that would surely end the whole matter; but on the other hand, it is not only right, but absolutely essential, alike in the interests of civilization, morality, and stable government, that the white population of the Transvaal should be increased and strengthened in every possible way. There are few more delicate or difficult problems in

practical ethics than those which arise from an apparent conflict of duties. If the wishes of the Transvaal are to be fully met, who shall say that some neighbouring colony will not be injured? And if that danger has been happily averted, how will it stand with large and vital imperial interests when the disabilities of the Transvaal Indians are eagerly canvassed in the bazaars of Calcutta and Lahore? Now a Federal Parliament, representative of all the South African colonies, conscious of its great strength and steadied by a full sense of its vast responsibilities, would be far better able to deal with a question of this magnitude and complexity than any purely local assembly. A wider outlook would be obtainable, local and temporary necessities would not be so likely to obscure general principles, and even if the special imperial aspect were not fully grasped we may be sure that the general good of the whole of South Africa would be kept well in view. We may find another apposite illustration in the much-debated question of foreign indentured labour in the Transvaal. It is no secret that at least one important colony was opposed to the policy of the Transvaal Government. A Federal Parliament, composed of the strongest men from every part of the sub-continent, could have discussed such a subject with full and competent local knowledge, and with due regard to the best interests of the whole community. Such a gathering would probably have repudiated with some indignation the definition of indentured labour in terms of slavery; but without any bitterness or undue heat they could have settled, once for all, a long series of questions connected with the sources and conditions of the needed supply of unskilled labour.

In all such matters as these, affecting in many ways the empire as a whole, the Imperial Government would find it much easier and much more satisfactory to communicate with one authoritative central body; and on the other hand, such a body could speak to that Government with an authority and certainty which would never be possible in the case of a mere local legislative assembly.

We now come to speak of those subjects which are

purely national and local. Many topics must be passed by without a word, and we have no need to dwell in detail upon such matters as railway administration, fiscal arrangements, postal and telegraph services, the administration of law—especially in the Courts of Appeal—national defence, the organization of the Civil Service. The reader will understand what economies could be effected, how efficiency would be promoted by unification of control. For want of this the whole question of national defence, for example, is in a state of hopeless confusion. Each colony has its carefully planned volunteer system; but the forces of one colony are not available for the defence of another, and at present there is no authority in existence which could concentrate the united forces of the country at any point of common and acute danger. Nor does it fall within the scope of our purpose to suggest how unification would establish and maintain the public credit; such matters may be left to the financier and the economist.

There remain two questions which, from one standpoint, overshadow all others in their supreme and abiding importance. The first is the development of a truly national sentiment and patriotic enthusiasm; the second is the initiation of a wise, well-reasoned, just, sympathetic, consistent, and universal native policy which, more than anything else, would tend to give British South Africa a fair start in the only path of true progress.

The whole course of European history in South Africa has been against the ordered development of that national sentiment which is so essential to the unity and well-being of a people. It is difficult to have a true national feeling without a visible centre of unity. Under present conditions there can be no national institutions, no national press. Even political interest is bound to mean interest, in the main, in the politics of a particular colony. The effect of all this upon the outlook of young South Africa is deplorable in the extreme. Lately the South African colonies have managed to express themselves in a truly national way in connexion with the fine achievements of football and cricket teams, which represented the various

colonies. The effect of these exploits in the field of international athletics was very great, and wholly beneficial, as tending to check colonial sectionalism. The gain that would accrue from the concentration of attention upon the common proposals, the general discussions, the influential decisions of a united Parliament would be of great worth in the direction just indicated.

We have left to the last the consideration which, in our judgement, outweighs all others in its importance and real urgency. In regard to the native policy of the South African colonies there is an appeal for unity which is simply clamorous in its insistency. For good or for ill, whether we wish it or not, we are charged with the responsibility of governing large masses of native people, many of them being still in a very backward condition intellectually and socially. Our responsibility in regard to these people has been freely acknowledged from time to time. As long ago as December 4, 1846, Lord Grey wrote to Sir H. Pottinger: 'The civilization and improvement of the inhabitants of this part of Africa are the main objects to which I look from the maintenance of that colony (Natal).'

It may be accepted as an axiom in child-training that consistency is a primal virtue as fickleness must be written down as a cardinal and fatal vice. This axiom has an exact and forcible application to the government of backward races. But in the past the one thing essential has often been the one thing lacking. There have been noble ideals, generous impulses, good intentions, but consistency has too often been wanting. In Cape Colony the native who fulfils certain conditions has full enfranchisement, in some other colonies he has no political rights at all. The famous dictum of Cecil J. Rhodes—*equal rights for all civilised men*—would seem to underlie the legislation of the older colony. But the ninth article of the old Transvaal Grondvet bluntly declared: *The people will not tolerate equality between coloured and white inhabitants either in Church or State.*

A native in one colony, knowing himself to be a British subject, crosses an invisible boundary into a neighbouring

colony, also a part of the empire of which he is a subject, and is perplexed and amazed at every turn to find himself under the operation of laws which are totally unfamiliar and often entirely out of harmony with his previous training, his tribal customs, his daily habits. It is not easy for him to unlearn the laws under which he has lived, and he sees no satisfactory reason why he should make any serious effort to do so. He is very likely to transgress the new and unknown laws under which he is now brought, and is marked down as a law-breaker before he has had time to adjust himself to the new conditions. The effect of all this upon the native mind is irritating beyond expression. The co-ordination of native administration must, of course, be reached by a process of levelling-up, or the last state may be worse than the first. This does not, of course, mean that we should expect to bring the more backward peoples to the level of the more advanced at one step. But the great principles which have determined the more liberal policy must be frankly accepted as principles to be generally applied as circumstances warrant their application.

The path that leads to the desired goal may be long and difficult; selfish interests may assert themselves again and again; local prejudices may raise formidable barriers of passion and unreason; but the road must be trodden to the end. For what is the only alternative? Continued separation, growing divergencies, fiscal retaliation, fights over railway rates, native bewilderment and unrest; while at the end of the vista we see all the conditions favourable to the occurrence of a civil war.

Surely patience and earnestness, and such statesmanship as may be available, will succeed in welding the country into one. Rich beyond compare will be the open reward of the statesmen who, in this day of fair opportunity, succeed in joining together those whom men and circumstances have too long kept asunder.

AMOS BURNET.

THE PUBLIC READING OF SCRIPTURE

The Revision of the New Testament. By DR. J. B. LIGHTFOOT. (Macmillan.)

Authorised or Revised. By DEAN VAUGHAN. (Macmillan.)

Some Lessons of the Revised Version. By DR. B. F. WESTCOTT. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Ely Lectures on the Revised Version. By CANON KENNEDY. (Bentley.)

The Revised Version. By W. G. HUMPHREY. (Stock.)

The Revised Version of the New Testament. By W. A. OSBORNE. (Kegan Paul.)

The Book of Job in the Revised Version. By DR. S. R. DRIVER. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

Which Bible to Read. By DR. F. BALLARD. (Allenson.)

Should not the Revised Version of the Scriptures be further revised? By W. J. HEATON. (Griffiths.)

The Bible in Modern English. By FERRAR FENTON. (S. W. Partridge.)

Twentieth Century New Testament. (James Clarke.)

The New Testament in Modern Speech. By DR. WEYMOUTH. (James Clarke.)

ALL watchers of modern life who are not the victims of a glamorous optimism, will know that the amount of private Bible reading done to-day, in this the most Christian country in the world, is a diminishing quantity. Indeed, outside the churches and schools, one may say without any fear of exaggeration, the Bible is scarcely read at all. The contrast between this age and that so vividly described by Mr. J. R. Green in his *Short History of England* (pp. 447–49) when this country was the

'land of one book,' is marked indeed. The volume then so eagerly studied is now pushed out of regard by hosts of newspapers, magazines, and booklets, which, taken along with scientific and literary productions, and the overwhelming flood of fiction, completely absorb the attention of modern men, women, and children. The extent to which the Bible is actually rejected through such wild ravings as those of *God and my Neighbour*, or Secularist pamphlets, is small enough to be left out of consideration. But to an immeasurable extent it is relegated to dusty shelves under the specious plea of no time, or the pitiful delusion that religious folk know all about it. And this, too, in spite of such real stimulus and valuable helps towards a truer vision as are found in good and cheap handbooks like the *Cambridge Bible for Schools*, or the still better *Century Bible*. It is none the less certain that Chillingworth's old phrase: 'The Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants,' remains as true as ever, even if not precisely with his intended significance. However nebulous in our day the term 'religion' may become, Christianity stands or falls with the Bible. This does not, of course, mean that Christians are pledged to a precise theory of inspiration, or dream of accepting as binding upon them the conceptions of God, or ideals for man, which are set forth in the Old Testament. But it is manifest beyond controversy that the New Testament, to which Christianity must ultimately refer as its standard, is organically inseparable from the Old Testament. And this relation, so far from being anything of which Christians are ashamed, is, when rightly understood, a most significant exhibition of the principle of natural and valid spiritual evolution. The more true this is, the more necessary is it that the Bible should be known, and known to-day as never before. Yet the plain fact is that besides the outer ignoring of the Bible, there is even in the churches less private Bible reading than ever. Nor is this deficit made up by all the Bible classes which are now working and happily showing signs of further development. For those who are

never present on such occasions are just such as least know and least read the Bible, but need most to learn what it is and is not, what it should really count for in modern Christian thought and life.

All these facts, and many others, point in one direction, viz. the ever-growing importance of what are loosely called the 'lessons,' which are constantly read in public religious services. About the Lectionary adopted nothing need here be said, save that any attempt at the systematic reading of the Bible in the course of a year, is really as futile as unnecessary. Even if all the worshippers came twice regularly on Sunday, no consecutive Bible study can really be accomplished in a hundred such readings. The truth, of course, is that those who do no reading at home, and need most to profit from Scripture reading in public, are present only once on Sunday. Certainly the opportunities which those fifty occasions provide, can be best used by laying stress upon portions most deserving emphasis in the application of the ethical and spiritual principles of the Bible to the life and environment of to-day. Systematic Bible study is a matter to be undertaken, if at all, by the individual in his own home.

Whatever portions are selected for public worship, two questions are becoming more and more serious every week, viz. What English version is to be read? and How is it to be made impressive for good? Never, one may affirm with all emphasis, was there a time in which the ideal so vividly expressed in the record concerning Nehemiah, so loudly called for adoption to the uttermost. '*And the Levites read in the book, in the law of God, distinctly: and they gave the sense and caused the people to understand the reading.*'[1] If that is not done, assuredly, in these keen and critical days, the mere repetition of familiar terms culminating in the 'sound of that blessed word Mesopotamia,' will be utterly unavailing. Two things are thus not only desirable but absolutely necessary, if truth is to prevail over superstition. First, a definite impression must be made upon

[1] Neh. viii. 1–12.

the minds of the hearers; and, secondly, that impression must be as true as forceful. Both these suggestions are doubtless commonplace, only it must be ever remembered that through the realization or ignoring of commonplaces we live or die, in body and soul alike.

Probably no commonplace is at once more common or more neglected than the assumption that in public worship what is needed, above all, is the truth. And that, alas! in very many cases is precisely what those who listen to the public reading of Scripture do not get. They get what they have been accustomed to; maybe what they like to hear; what does not trouble or interest them; what they have never understood, nor ever expressed any desire to understand. If Philip's question were whispered into the ears of an ordinary religious audience, it may be sadly questioned if one in ten would show the intelligent eagerness of the eunuch's reply. So persists from year to year that consecration of the rule of thumb, that sway of reasonless sentiment in religion, which would work chaos or ruin in every other department of life. Then the Free Churches profess to be astonished that, not only in Liverpool, but so many other places, men are conspicuously absent from religious services, and evangelical religion is losing hold of the young people who are daily compelled to breathe the modern atmosphere. If this unquestionable deterioration is to be checked and transformed into Christian progress, whatever other measures may be found necessary, we venture to say here, with all earnestness and reasoned conviction, that *this whole matter of Bible reading in public will have to be much more seriously considered.* At present, if an honest report is to be given, free from all cynicism but true to the average, the public reading of the 'lessons' counts really for nothing. It is, in numberless cases, a pious farce, instead of a precious opportunity, used to the uttermost, for the actual education of professing Christians into the full sense of what ought to be thought, and said, and done, with a view to the present development of Christ's kingdom in our midst.

P.

The great themes above mentioned are thus thrust upon us with unparalleled insistence. Two more important questions cannot be asked in to-day's religious life than What English rendering of the passages selected for the brief reading is to be followed? and How is that short extract to be read? The appeal here is confessedly to the Free Churches. In the Established Church, it must be plainly affirmed, with respect and sorrow, but from abundant honest observation, that the reading of the 'lessons' virtually accomplishes nothing at all, beyond the fulfilment of a verbal form. It is not merely that the old Version is always adopted. That Version might yet, in spite of its serious inaccuracies and misleading archaisms, be used to profit, if it were read naturally and intelligently. Whilst, however, the former is hopelessly excluded by the monotone which is usually accompanied by the ecclesiastical twang, the latter cannot possibly be attained without an occasional note of explanation or comment. But in Anglican churches their name is legion who would deem such an attempt to follow the Levites of Nehemiah's day, little short of sacrilege. It would be pronounced an irreverent and intolerable innovation. So much for the shackles of blind convention! The principle is, better go on an old way in and into darkness, than learn through a new way to enter into light—although truly, in this case, the new way is the old. Is it any wonder that at such services, and under such auspices, thoughtful men should be so lamentably absent? Happily the Free Churches are not enwrapped in such swaddling-bands. They would, confessedly, do well to emulate the reverence which generally characterizes Anglican services. But if such reverence involves unreality, then it is purchased at too high a price. Why should not reverence and reality go hand in hand? Is there any valid reason why the natural and the free and the worshipful should not be one? Let us therefore briefly apply our two questions, in this most important regard, to the Churches which are not 'by law established,' and ask what use we are making of our liberty herein.

1. As to the English version used in public worship. The latest revision has been long enough before the mind of this generation to enable a fair estimate to be formed of its merits and demerits. No man, least of all the able scholars who gave it to us, ever claimed perfection for it. But beyond all controversy it is, in numberless important instances, and in general representation of the originals, more accurate and reliable than the version of 1611. The Spurgeonic criticism, that the revisers were 'strong in Greek and weak in English,' has been worn threadbare by thoughtless repetition. It was never true. The truth was simply that the revisers were severely anxious that the modern English reader should know the exact significance of the ancient Greek. Certainly they handicapped themselves at the outset by hard-and-fast rules which proved a hindrance rather than a help; but their work was never undertaken merely with a view to improve the style of the older rendering. No one doubts that, so far as what Mr. Hall Caine calls 'the grand style' is concerned, the Jacobean version is, speaking generally, beyond improvement. If all that the Christian religion needed to-day, for its maintenance or development throughout these realms, were the possession of records in ecclesiastical or classical English, *cadit quaestio*, all should be well. But that is truly very far from being the case. The question must rather be sharply put and plainly answered, in the interests of Christianity for this and coming generations, Why read the Bible at all in public? Every one in these days can read for himself, and printed Bibles abound by the million. In a word, are 'lessons' read at worship-time for a religious, or for a literary purpose? If the latter, then not only will the 'Authorized' version suffice—including, of course, the Apocrypha; but Canon Henson's suggestion that other writings of repute should be adopted, demands serious consideration. If, however, the aim of such readings be religious, that is Christian—in the broad intellectual and moral, ethical and spiritual connotation of that term—then our question takes on an entirely different aspect.

There may be those who can only learn life's lessons when taught in poetry, even as the late Sir Michael Foster is said to have demanded and dealt with only such scientific works as were written in faultless style. But the average physiologist and the practical physician would alike repudiate such a method, when truth and the lives of patients are at stake. If, therefore, the purpose of public Bible reading be definitely ethical and spiritual, literary style is quite secondary, and the plea for the persistent use of a version of the Scriptures which, through errors and archaisms, is as faulty in substance as it is excellent in style, becomes pure sentimentalism or mere superstition. Nor can any weight whatever be attached to the term 'authorized' as applied to the older revision, for the sole authorization which it received was its own intrinsic merit, as compared with the four other Bibles which were more or less known in the language of that day. Without questioning the many excellences or entering into the history of this Version, the point here to be noted is that for better or worse, necessarily and resistlessly, our age, as compared with the Elizabethan, is critical and utilitarian. We are concerned to-day less and less with the cadence of language, more and more with the truth which language conveys. The Christian question now, is not whether this or the other verse in the Fourth Gospel is lucidly expressed, but whether Christ did or did not say certain things; whether we have what He really said; whether what we have is reliable in substance, apart from any special mode of expression. What the comparatively few who gather in Christian places of worship to-day need, above all else, is not the soothing of customary religious sounds, or the refined enjoyment of listening to an antique or faultless style, but the actual truth concerning God, and man, and Christ, and the gospel, which can be taken as reliable, and may be acted upon in all life's daily duties and relationships. This, there ought to be no hesitation now in saying, they will get from the Revised Version, and will *not* get from the Authorized Version. To put the case succinctly, what

the religious public in the present generation needs, is not pious sensation but Christian education. And this, under the average reading of the Version of 1611, is simply impossible.

Even as to the foundation matter of the Greek text, every careful student knows that the unfavourable summary of Canon Cook, which is approvingly quoted by Mr. Heaton in his booklet above specified (p. 11) as against the text of Westcott and Hort, is decidedly superficial and one-sided. Space for critical discussion being here impossible, it must suffice to say generally, that the most valuable MSS. we now possess were altogether unknown to the revisers of 1611; and whilst no blame is to be attached to them for that, censure would rightly fall on modern Christian scholarship if such valuable additional grounds for the ascertainment and expression of the truth were not fully taken into account. Whether, however, in regard to the text or the translation, four affirmations may be made at this point. (1) The average congregation is not critical but ignorant, and for its intellectual appreciation of Bible lessons is at the mercy of whatever is read. (2) All such hearers, especially the younger portion, ought not to be misled by misrepresentations, under any circumstances whatever. (3) They need, increasingly, the very best, i. e. the most accurate and impressive, renderings that can be set forth. (4) On the whole, such need is not met in the older Version, and is supplied in the Revised Version.

If, indeed, it be asked whether the 'Authorized Version' is really misleading, the answer must be, unequivocally and emphatically, in the affirmative. Out of hundreds of instances which have been already plainly pointed out,[1] the following must here suffice as examples. From the Old Testament take only these. In the Psalms: 'Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels' (viii. 5); 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that

[1] In the volume entitled *Which Bible to read*, the present writer has specified more than a thousand necessary or helpful corrections.

forget God' (ix. 17); 'Let them go down quick into hell' (lv. 15). From one other book only: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God' (Job xix. 25, 26); 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him' (Job xiii. 15). In the New Testament mark only these: 'Take no thought for your life' or 'for the morrow'; 'When He was come into the house, Jesus prevented him'; 'He shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels' (Matt. vi. 25–34, xvii. 25, xxvi. 53); 'He that believeth not shall be damned' (Mark xvi. 16); 'Occupy till I come' (Luke xix. 13); 'The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved'; 'The times of this ignorance God winked at'; 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian' (Acts ii. 47, xvii. 30, xxvi. 28); 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity'; 'We thus judge that if one died for all, then were all dead' (1 Cor. xiii. 13, 2 Cor. v. 14); 'Ye have heard of my conversation in time past in the Jews' religion' (Gal. i. 13); 'That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow' (Phil. ii. 10). These are but a few out of the host in regard to which two things must be noted:—(1) They are continually read in public. (2) They are all and always misleading; for they do not convey the truth to the hearers of to-day.

Mr. Heaton's booklet is a vigorous plea for a revision of the Revised Version. As to its desirability, there cannot be two opinions. If what the writer suggests could be done efficiently and at once, it would doubtless be unmeasured gain. But the esteemed author of *Our own English Bible* cannot but know, better than most men, how real and how great are the difficulties involved. The same religious temperament which now, in face of all demonstrations of superior accuracy, opposes the Revised Version, would undoubtedly, if it were in universal use, oppose its revision. There is also real force in the remark that 'no private venture will nowadays be accepted by the English people.' Although mention might certainly

have been made of two modern renderings which are both accessible to all, and, besides being valuable for private study, are exceedingly useful for public comparison. The *Twentieth Century New Testament* and Dr. Weymouth's *New Testament in Modern Speech*, especially the latter, ought to be welcomed and used by every modern English Christian who does not read the Greek for himself. If the reading of a new version, whether the Revised Version in public or others in private, did nothing more than cause thought, by reason of the departure from familiar sounds, it would be unmeasured gain. In regard to the public reading of the Revised Version it is easy, of course, to pick a few isolated passages—especially in the New Testament—where the revisers, wisely or unwisely, have sacrificed English fluency to an attempted accuracy by means of literalness. But apart from these, there is no real ground whatever for the common and superficial denunciation of the Revised Version in regard to style. Even as to expression in clear and forceful 'English undefiled,' there are numberless cases in which the Revised Version is incomparably superior. Of this the book of Isaiah may be taken as a true type, seeing that in the older Version not a few passages in this most precious portion of the Old Testament are simply unintelligible. If, in a word, it be still desirable to follow the example of the Levites who 'caused the people to understand' the public reading of 'the Book of the Law' in the time of Nehemiah, then many reasons besides the above may be surely urged why the Revised Version and not the 'Authorized' should now be used in every Christian pulpit throughout the land, in order to the understanding of the gospel.

2. Even then we have to face the fact that the Revised Version, like that of 1611, may be marred by thoughtless, careless, superficial, perfunctory reading. The increasing need every Sunday that all public readers of Scripture should do as those above specified, who '*read in the book distinctly, and gave the sense*,' is manifest enough, if this

portion of Christian worship is to be saved from the reproach of profitless humdrum. How this is to be accomplished the limits of this article prevent our pointing out. If there cannot always be vivid elocution and elucidating comment, at least there should be naturalness and intelligent emphasis, joined with accuracy and reliability. But these latter are not and cannot be where the Version of 1611 is still retained, even if the public reader do his utmost to secure the former.

It is refreshing to remember that the Sheffield Wesleyan Conference unanimously recommended that the Revised Version should be provided in every pulpit where the new Hymn-book was adopted. But it is correspondingly lamentable to know that in hundreds of cases that recommendation has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The poorer the circuit and the humbler the congregation, the greater is the need of the very best that modern scholarly guidance can provide for them. The notion that anything will do for Sunday schools and Mission halls, is as mischievous spiritually as unworthy intellectually. In this respect, as in all else, the greatest and crucial want of the Christian Church to-day is that under all circumstances, and on every occasion, those who profess to be co-workers with God, should bring to their holy labour the very best of which every man is capable. Amidst all our discussions it would be difficult to name a question of greater seriousness than how far—in times when outside the Churches the Bible is never looked at, and inside is only known, in general, very partially and superficially—the public reading of what herein is true, with such care as to make it alike clear and emphatic, can help to maintain the standard of Christian faith and pave the way for the universal application of Christian principles. The very least answer that can be given, is that what the Levites of old did, with such manifest effect, should be done, *a fortiori*, by every Christian teacher in like position to-day.

FRANK BALLARD.

BAR AND PEN IN FIRST-CENTURY ROME

L'Opposition sous Les Césars. Par GASTON BOISSIER. (Paris: Hachette et Cie. 1875.)

Tacitus, and other Roman Studies. By GASTON BOISSIER. Translated by W. G. HUTCHISON. (London: Constable & Co. 1906.)

The Annals of Tacitus. Edited by HENRY FURNEAUX. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1884–1891.)

The History of Tacitus. Edited by REV. W. A. SPOONER. (London. 1891.)

Observations on Tacitus as a writer and historian, impartially considered and compared with Livy. By REV. THOMAS HUNTER, of Garstang, Lancashire. (London. 1752.)

THE death, some little time since, at Viroflay (Seine-et-Oise), of Marie Louis Gaston Boissier deprived not only the French Academy of a Perpetual Secretary who was a really sound scholar as well as a first-rate man of business, but European literature in general of one among its most variously accomplished, painstaking, and instructive writers on subjects connected with Roman history and letters. Born in 1823, he began his work as a professor at Angoulême. During more than half a century he held many such positions at various seats of learning in his native land. Both in his books and in his lectures his methods alike of historical and literary treatment resembled those of his countryman, Henri Taine. Before, that is, actually dealing with the incidents or the individual forming his theme, he subjects to a minutely scientific analysis not only their whole environment of circumstance, but the social, moral, political, and intellectual atmosphere of their time. Also, as in the case of Taine, the standpoint from

which he regards every development of life, thought, and character, in other ages and other lands, is that of one who piques himself on his philosophy, but who is a patriotic native of the land of the Code Napoleon first, and a thinker afterwards. Our own Froude and Macaulay have been charged with writing about seventeenth- and eighteenth-century events in the spirit of later-day party pamphleteers, variously concerned to support now a Tory, now a Whig, now a purely Erastian, and now an Arminian or Calvinistic thesis.

The earliest of his set pieces interesting English readers in their author was Boissier's *Cicero and his Friends*. That was first published so long since that in 1892 it had run into its ninth edition. Teutonic scholars allowed this book to be in its way interesting, but generally added it was frivolous. At Oxford, John Conington, a keen modern critic as well as a great Latinist, sometimes not absolutely impervious to humour, but who probably never read in his life a French newspaper or a French novel, is said to have suggested that it might originally have appeared in parts as a feuilleton in the *Figaro*. At Berlin, Theodore Mommsen saw in it evidence confirmatory of an old opinion that the interpreter of Greek metaphysics to the Latin world was essentially a journalist, and probably not very much else. While colloquial criticism of this kind was being interchanged between Oxford and Berlin, a letter to an English friend, written by Boissier in the common medium of what he called classical Latin, was being read by one or two common-rooms on the Isis. This composition contained, one may be sure, no false concords, no barbarisms. It is, however, quite certain that a Roman of the Augustan period would have failed to see in it a true mastery of his native tongue, that Cicero could not possibly have written it to Atticus, and that none of his correspondents would have written it to Cicero. It was, of course, Latin (for Boissier knew Latin in the French fashion as well as any man), but that was all. It would not have helped the candidate for an entrance

scholarship at Trinity or Balliol; it would not have been marked A if written by an undergraduate at Moderations.

Perhaps no Frenchman's Latin, prose or verse, ever achieved any of these distinctions. The standard of Gallic excellence in Latin composition may be lower or higher than that of Oxford or Cambridge. It is at least of an entirely different kind—among other reasons, perhaps, because Latin writing is to the French student a thing entirely different from that practised by the English. This difference is not to be disposed of by calling it mere dissimilarity of style. In the Latin writing of equally good English scholars there are, of course, such varieties; it would, indeed, probably be found that the classical compositions which win the highest marks in the examinations of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and other universities in the United Kingdom, all belong to schools of scholarship as distinct from each other as the French is from the English, or that of the Isis from that of the Cam. In the same university, in the same school, in the same college, the very best teachers of Latin writing, perhaps almost unconsciously, set before their pupils almost opposite models. The best Latin writing of English scholars is an imitative art. The result is a mosaic, often very skilfully arranged, of phrases reproduced from the best authors as far as may be exclusively of the Augustan age. The French scholars' Latin writing, like that of the papal monsignors, is in its way a creative effort. Original combinations of words, sentences, and metaphors thus not only become permissible, but necessary. It is less a dead language that is revived, than a living tongue that is manipulated. The foundation and ground-work of Parisian French are Latin. The syntax, the grammar, and especially the use in connexion with relative pronouns of the subjunctive mood, are those which would have been familiar to a *flâneur* of imperial Rome. The first Napoleon, as, after his own fashion, did the second, posed as the successor of the Caesars. To the professor, or his pupils in the *lycées*,

Latin is the predecessor and parent of French. The two languages are practically one, viewed in successive stages of their development. So in the case of Gaston Boissier's literary manner. It is with his general spirit as with the French Latin prose style. Lord Rosebery delivered his views on reasonable Imperialism in a neat little life of the second Pitt. Napoleon III put forth his apologia in a biography of Julius Caesar. To Boissier the most attractive of Roman historians is Tacitus, whose charm lay for him in the fact of the *Histories*, the *Annals*, even the *Agricola* and the *Germany*, being so apposite and parallel to chapters in the chronicle of his native land, that they were commentaries on the story of modern France quite as much as narratives of ancient Italy.

Boissier has much that is full of interest to say in detail on these points. From his account of the French reception given to Tacitus I shall presently hope to profit. Before mentioning the varying estimates of Tacitus by Gaston Boissier's most illustrious compatriots at various times, it will be well to say something about the stages and the means by which the writings of Tacitus became accessible to the reading public of the Western world. Their genuineness, now universally accepted, was first impugned by a critic named Ross, who clumsily attributed them to Poggio Bacciolini in the fifteenth century. Mr. Spooner, whose edition of the *Histories* is mentioned in the list of volumes preceding these remarks, dwells upon the position unanimously awarded to Tacitus as a model of style in the classical renaissance of the fifteenth century. As a fact, however, there are not many evidences of this writer having, at the date usually taken for the opening of modern history, extensively or even appreciably influenced the Latinity in which the most cultivated writers at that period expressed their thoughts. A predominating admiration for Cicero was then, and for many years remained, in words of Quintilian, often quoted by Erasmus, the profession and test of sound and accomplished scholarship.

At the time referred to by Mr. Spooner, Cicero's rival

with Latinists of the better sort was not Tacitus, but Suetonius; that biographer of the Caesars achieved a popularity so unprecedented that between their first printing in 1470 A.D. and 1500 A.D. fifteen editions of his *Lives* had been called for. As for Tacitus, he was practically little known in Rome throughout the whole of the fifteenth century. The Rev. R. Taylor, A.B., M.R.C.S., in *The Diegesis*, states that the earliest imprint of any part of the *Annals* was made in 1468 by Johannes de Spire at Venice, from a single manuscript in his power and possession only, purporting to have been written in the eighth century.[1] However this may be, the fact remains that the *Annals* were not accessible generally before being published at Rome by Philippus Beroaldus in 1515. Before that date the only works of Tacitus extant were the *Histories*, or the shorter treatises, the *Agricola*, the *Germany*, and the *Dialogue about Orators*. Each of these compositions, as regards style, differs much more from the *Annals* than either one of the earlier books does from the other. The Tacitus, therefore, under whose spell Mr. Spooner represents educated Europe as being, at the commencement of the modern period, was not the Tacitus with whom I have here to do. Machiavelli, indeed, conceivably might have quoted from the *Annals* as well as from the earlier books; for the author of *The Prince*, dying in 1527, survived by more than a decade the Tacitean publication by Beroaldus.

Once the *Annals* were known they began to exercise a spreading fascination. No conditions could have been more timely for the revival of Tacitus. The Caesarism of antiquity had already begun to reproduce itself in contemporary Europe. In England the Tudors, in France Louis XI and Francis I were wearing the robes and playing the rôle modelled after the sovereigns who succeeded Augustus. Moreover, in 1440 the choice of Frederick III had signal-

[1] I have not had an opportunity of seeing Mr. Taylor's *Diegesis*. I am indebted for its title to the courtesy of Mr. A. Lewis, of whom I first knew from his letter in *The Daily News* some years since.

ized the Holy Roman Empire's transition from an elective to an hereditary monarchy of the Hapsburg house. After that date only once for a short time, in 1740, did the sceptre depart from the male line of the Austrian house. Germany, indeed, had learned from practice the disasters incidental to a sovereignty not passing from father to son, but dependent on the fleeting favour of an unstable multitude or an impulsive soldiery. The warnings of experience were emphasized by the morals conveyed by the narrative of Tacitus. Chronologically Machiavelli's acquaintance with the most important writings of Tacitus is, as has been seen, perfectly possible. It is demonstrated as a fact by the reference in Machiavelli's *Florentine History* to the *Annals*, book I, chap. lxxix. Moreover, throughout the whole of the sixteenth and part of the seventeenth century the study of Tacitus and the study of Machiavelli were correlative terms; the one implied the other. Yet the true relations between the two are those not of resemblance, but of contrast. Machiavelli never assimilated Tacitus; he had, indeed, as we have seen, dipped into the then freshly discovered *Annals;* his acquaintance with them, however, was as desultory and superficial as might have been expected in the case of a busy man of affairs, whose literary interests were just keen enough to prevent his quite ignoring the existence and drift of the recently unearthed text. Only in the intervals of diplomacy, glancing at the Tacitean portraits of the later Caesars, just mentioned in chapter xix. of *The Prince*, Machiavelli quite missed, and was indeed entirely out of sympathy with, the moral legitimately deducible from the Roman historian of despotism. This was that the debasing and enfeebling influences of the age in general, and of the Imperial Court in particular, had quite destroyed neither the capacity nor the taste for practically reproducing, as well in public as in private, the ennobling ethical ideals of the hardier and healthier republican age.

The historian of an epoch, it has been said, is often merely an amplification of the poet. Thucydides was thus

only Sophocles, and Tacitus Juvenal. The last-named poet's despairing question, 'Who will practise virtue if you don't make it worth their while?' put, of course, in the Tacitean way, is constantly on the lips of the historian. Machiavelli's answer would have been a contemptuous—'If any one ever was virtuous without being paid well for it, more fool he!' The account of Tiberius given in the *Annals* may be at some points unfair. If Tacitus had possessed more knowledge, or less prejudice, he would have shown, as has been done by Gaston Boissier, that under the second of the Caesars the provinces were on the whole well governed, and that their prosperity was chief among the reasons which made it so difficult to organize a wide and deep opposition to the Imperial system. Yet of all this, though Boissier has told us much, Tacitus scarcely even hints at anything; while Machiavelli has only some generalities about emperors who, from a private station, reached the highest place by corrupting the soldiery, or concerning the perils that beset a prince who changes a constitutional primacy into an absolute rule. When, in addition to this, one remembers how nearly the habitual impenetrability of Tiberius was to realizing the artistic dissimulation recommended by Machiavelli to his ideal ruler, and yet how Machiavelli ignores Tiberius, the conclusion seems irresistible that Tacitus cannot have become a familiar text-book anywhere before the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and in Italy, perhaps, not even then.

Boissier's study of Tacitus is quite as well known here in Mr. Hutchison's English version as it is in its original form on the other side of the Channel. Tacitus himself, indeed, has excited at least as much interest among English readers and writers as any other Roman author. Bacon's *Augmentation of Learning* (1605) shows an acquaintance extensive rather than accurate with the author who had even then become a British favourite; the exact reference is to a story told by Bacon, in some remarks on *Actio Theatralis*, about a brother who did not exist. Algernon Sidney's *Discourses on Government*, in date subse-

quent to Bacon, read for pages together like a free paraphrase of those chapters in the *Annals* chiefly occupied with the exposure of Roman absolutism. In Sidney's quotations from the Roman historian, or in his comments on them, was found the evidence that secured his condemnation by Jeffreys for alleged complicity in the Rye-house Plot. The posthumous publication of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion* in the eighteenth century coincided with and perhaps once more renewed the attractions of Tacitus for educated Englishmen. Both the Roman and English historians had achieved success at the bar before handling the pen. That point of resemblance called forth several elaborate and long-forgotten literary parallels. From England, too, at the period now looked back upon, came the first recognition of Tacitus as the founder of the new and modern historical school. 'Oratorical in form, moral in purpose, a province of eloquence and philosophy' —such was the history which, from his own example, Tacitus had led eighteenth-century Europe to expect.

In France, indeed, this writer had not always interpreters as friendly as Boissier, and encountered more hostility than in England. Voltaire, though bitter against Augustus for having destroyed the republic, approved just as little the Tacitean arraignments of the Caesars; he saw in their very vehemence a proof of their falsehood. 'A fanatic scintillating with wit, a carrion-crow of literature who, when an emperor is assassinated by his Praetorian guard, pounces on the carcase of his reputation'; so Voltaire on our author. Scarcely less severe was the first Napoleon—'a traducer of humanity.' In this vein, too, a literary free-lance of Napoleonic times, Linguet, detected in Tacitus 'one of those peevish spirits who see nothing in the world but feigned virtue or disguised vices, at once a fawning sycophant and a snarling pessimist.' Thus from those days to the present Tacitus has kept admirers or assailants actively at work. The late Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, in his presidential address to the Royal Historical Society, 1894, mentioned one of Prince Bismarck's

colleagues in turning the Prussian monarchy into the German Empire, Count Von Usedom, who always had a Tacitus by his bedside. 'A disappointed courtier,' some one called Tacitus. 'If,' rejoined Von Usedom, 'there were many courtiers like him, I should take care to frequent courts.' The lapidary style in continuous writing struck Grant Duff as the line in which Tacitus never had but one rival, Balthasar Gracian.

The opinions now cited show something like unanimity in recognizing Tacitus as a philosophical historian. But where does the philosopher come in? His occasional reflections on fate as the one ruler of this world are the merest of commonplaces. In the *Annals* (book I, chap. lxxiii) are the words often quoted as a warning against religious wars, 'the gods are perfectly well able to look after themselves' (*deorum injuriae diis curae*). This, and much more to the same effect, is smartness, but scarcely philosophy. It is the kind of clever talk to be heard as much to-day at bar messes as in the time of Brougham, or, for that matter, in the lobbies of the Roman forum when Tacitus had shot ahead of all rivals at the Italian bar. Thus the real truth about this author is reached. In other words, he wrote history, not as a philosopher, but as a barrister. The oratory of his day was not that of Cicero. A marked reaction had, indeed, set in against Cicero's rhythmical, finished, and magnificent periods. A Tacitean audience required epigram, terseness, and point. These qualities he had acquired in the rhetorical studies that were to the better sort of Roman youth what Greek or Latin composition, prose or verse, used to be to English.

The briefs which poured in directly he was called kept him in perfect oratorical and intellectual training. A man of fashion and society in the Rome of his day, he filled a place in legal and social circles at Rome much like that occupied within living memory in London by the late Serjeant Ballantine, by Mr. Montagu Williams, or by the present Sir Douglas Straight. Evans' supper-rooms and Epsom Downs had their classical analogues in the baths,

the city shows, or the circus games. At all these men whispered to each other, 'There is that confoundedly clever fellow, Tacitus.' 'Sir,' said an Italian provincial who had been taking his midday meal at the same table as the future historian in one of the refreshment-rooms attached to the courts of the forum, 'your brilliant conversation proclaims you to be either the younger Pliny or Tacitus.' 'My friend,' said to Tacitus Pliny himself, 'to crown the edifice of your fame, now that you have boxed the compass of state honours, you must show how capitally you can write.' Thus it was that the ex-praetor and quindecemvir, his forensic honours fresh upon him, set about showing he could be as smart with his pen as with his tongue. What could he do but write history as a special pleader or debater? Of course, therefore, his style is full of suggestive innuendo, of cynical imputations, of stinging verdicts, all compressed so as to be remembered and felt.

It may be noticed incidentally that while fragments of the oratory of the Gracchi, of Cato, and of Marius have come down to us, we do not as yet possess a single speech of Tacitus. All, indeed, we know by tradition about his bar-oratory suggests a difference from, rather than a resemblance to, the English lawyers by the memories of whose forensic fame I have ventured to illustrate that of Tacitus. Acumen and animation were the chief notes in the eloquence of the nineteenth-century advocates named above. The poet and critic Sidonius Apollinaris dwells on the stately style (pompa) of Tacitus; 'the speeches he assigns to the character in his writing,' Apollinaris adds, 'were, I know by authentic tradition, cast in the mould of his own eloquence. Undoubtedly, however, he sounded softer and gentler notes in the gamut of human feeling. So much, at least, may be conjectured from the tenderness of friendship with which he inspired Pliny, as well as from the unaffected pathos visible in his narrative of the life and death of Agricola. Admiring Livy as Tacitus did, he never attempted to imitate that historian, and presents, indeed, a complete contrast to him. Livy's history reads like a poem, the product of genius rather than of art. As Homer's, his

work contains the germs of the most perfect oratory, the most vivid description, the most natural delineations of character, and the gentlest sympathy. A truly liberal education shows itself in each successive paragraph of Livy. The training that is above all things technical, and the successive stages of apprenticeship to the bar, make up the most conspicuous ingredients in the style of Tacitus. The ultimate tendencies of a writer are sometimes well shown by those who try to copy him. The Oxford edition of the *Annals* and *History*, mentioned in the course of these remarks, may be not unworthy of the University. But the Oxford reading of Tacitus, in the opinion of the best judges, has debased the style of undergraduate Latin prose.

Quintilian's observations on Seneca point to a deterioration in later poetry corresponding to that of contemporary oratory and narrative. No great writer derived more inspiration from the versifiers of his time than did Tacitus. His writing, in fact, abounds in poetisms, not of the first quality, of conventional metaphor and unoriginal attempts at graphic effects. So far from Tacitus having, as is sometimes claimed for him, widely observed or deeply meditated the moral cause and meaning of the events and the conditions amid which he lived, he seldom makes an original reflection on the moral or spiritual issues with which the atmosphere of his age was charged. Had he, indeed, been a really philosophical historian, of social or moral insight or foresight, could he have failed to distinguish between the primitive Christianity he mentions only with a sneer, and the countless ephemeral religions with which he confounds it, and which were then sprouting up in all parts of the Roman Empire? From the writer who did more than observe superficially all these phenomena of his time, should we not have had something about the waning of paganism, and even of Judaism, before the religion of the Cross—something, in fine, which would have compensated for the loss of that portion of the *Annals* containing, as no doubt they did, the account of Jerusalem's final destruction by Titus?

T. H. S. Escott.

THE PAULINE DOCTRINE OF UNION WITH CHRIST

IT has often been said that St. Paul's central doctrine is that of a νέκρωσις, or dying; which is further defined as 'a dying with Jesus,' and 'a dying unto sin.' Both terms are of importance, but taken apart from their context they do not admit us to the glowing heart of the Apostle's great conception. For St. Paul looked upon death, especially in the teaching of which these phrases are typical, as a means to the much richer experience of life. The dying of Jesus was to be welcomed that the life of Jesus might be made manifest (2 Cor. iv. 10), and those who counted themselves dead unto sin were to do so that they might be 'alive unto God in Christ Jesus' (Rom. vi. 11). In the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, in which the death of our Lord is spoken of as the ὁμοίωμα —the example to which our death is to conform—the resurrection to newness of life follows for the Christian as it did for his Lord, and by the death to which we conform we become united (σύμφυτοι) to the Prince of life. But throughout this noteworthy passage there is a third term of equal prominence, and that is 'righteousness.' Now it has often been pointed out that this 'righteousness' is the righteousness 'of God,' and that upon a true interpretation of that word the whole teaching of the Epistle to the Romans turns. To Paul righteousness was no forensic declaration of acquittal, but the communication of the divine nature; and in making it the antithesis of death (Rom. vi. 16) he makes it the synonym of life. It is of the utmost importance that this climax in the Apostle's thought receive its proper emphasis. To stop short at the νέκρωσις is an error, the effects of which may be studied in every presentation of the ascetic spirit. No life remains wholly negative long. If the dying is not

followed by a resurrection to newness of life it is followed by 'dead men's bones and rottenness.' Moral corruption closely threatens the life in which self-renunciation is not followed by a conscious identification of oneself with the risen Christ. But the purpose of this paper is to call attention rather to the means by which this 'righteousness of life' is to be attained. 'We live unto God IN CHRIST JESUS,' says St. Paul. This great phrase, so often used, so seldom understood, sets before us, in the despair of language to utter all man's thought, that fullness of communion in which one spiritual nature is completely interpenetrated by another. It stands for communion, and there is no adequate interpretation of St. Paul's teaching that man may attain to the righteousness of God unless that interpretation is expressed in terms of fellowship. That righteousness attains its consummation in sanctification described in the eighth chapter of Romans as an inheritance of God, but there is no break between inception and consummation in the thought of God. We have been slow indeed to discover the continuity and development of life, but in this connexion at any rate there is no mistaking its recognition in Scripture. The Holy Spirit is to us the earnest of the fuller inheritance; He is the foretaste as well as the seal and security of our complete possession; and the first bestowal of that Spirit, like the entering upon the fullness of the final inheritance, is to be found *in Christ* (Eph. i. 13, 14). The phrase ἐν Χριστῷ then stands for that mystical union which begins with the act of faith that makes us one with Christ and which has its fulfilment in the fullness of God (Eph. iii. 19). Drs. Sanday and Headlam, in their *Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans*, say that 'this doctrine is capable of exercising a stronger and more dominating influence on the Christian consciousness than it has done.' If we ask why it is not more frequently taught, we shall find that its comparative neglect is probably due to two causes still operative. Christian teachers have looked with suspicion upon any teaching to which the term 'mystical' may be

applied. They have felt, and rightly felt, that the only true basis of Christian consciousness is to be found in the historical revelation in Jesus Christ. They have sought that revelation in the deeds and words of Christ rather than in His divine Person, and they have feared that insistence upon the latter might easily lead to that Pantheistic conception of Christ which is continually appearing in the Christian Church. It revealed itself in the Gnosticism of the second century, and it is with us to-day in the 'New Theology.' We would claim in a word that to neglect this prominent theme of the New Testament in this way is to make too great a concession to fear. Nor is there any reason why the mysticism of St. Paul should be divorced from that historical basis which gives it its true value. The Gnosis of St. Paul is in keeping with τὸ μαρτύριον τοῦ Χριστοῦ (1 Cor. i. 6), and a clear historical note is struck when we are told that both our living and our dying is not only with the exalted Christ, but with the living and historical Jesus. To neglect this teaching is to deny to the spiritual consciousness of the Church her truest fountain-head of refreshment, and it is small wonder that those who feel the need of this teaching fall easy victims to every modern travesty of it.

Another cause of its neglect is that the sense of the inestimable benefit which comes to the believer has almost diverted attention from Him through and in whom that blessedness is realized. Like a child, man has been so lost in wonder at the gift that he has all but forgotten the Giver. When he has come to serve his fellows he has carried the same feeling into his service. He has exalted the blessing and done scant honour to its source. The same feeling threatens the philanthropy of the day. The 'passion for souls' seems almost to have displaced the passion for Christ. Our common theme is the blessings of salvation rather than Him in whose life we are saved (Rom. v. 10), and the need of man rather than the fullness of Christ. Such a misplacing of emphasis may be easily accounted for, but if it is not corrected it will impoverish Christian experience.

Now St. Paul's Christology is personal from beginning to end. It starts with his realization of an objective personal 'appearance' of the risen Lord. Alike in his use of terms and in the whole tenor of his argument he claims that this appearance was on the same plane of experience as that which was given to St. Peter and the others. The Lord made Himself known to him as 'Jesus'; the Jesus seen by Stephen in the hour of his martyrdom. This was followed later by a revelation of Christ Himself in the Apostle, εὐδόκησεν ὁ θεὸς . . . ἀποκαλύψαι τὸν υἱὸν αὐτοῦ ἐν ἐμοί (Gal. i. 15, 16). The one experience was complementary to the other, but both were personal, and together they dominated the whole outlook of the Apostle upon the facts of God and the world. 'Nowhere else can we find a subjective realization of the objectivities of the Christian experience which can compare with his' (Dr. Garvie, *Expositor*, March 1908). The idea indeed did not originate with St. Paul. Union with God has been from the beginning one of the instinctive hopes of man. It would be strange if it had not made an appearance in the higher thought of India, where, more than in any other land, the consciousness of God has been, and is, the common possession of men; and certainly no declaration could be more explicit than that of the Bhagavadgita (ix. 29): 'Those who devoutly worship me are in me, and I in them.' It received a further accentuation in the later development of the cult of Mithras. It makes its appearance in the Logos doctrine of the Greek, and the highest reward of virtue, according to Philo, is to possess the consciousness of the Divine Reason within the human soul, and to enter thus into fellowship with God. Coming to the Old Testament we find communion with God expressed more in terms of physical life. The angel of the Lord, or God Himself, appeared to eyes of flesh, and held converse with patriarch or prophet. Yet in such passages as 'The Name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe' (Prov. xviii. 10), there seems to be some feeling after union with God as He might be revealed in 'The Name of the Lord.' The

imperfection, however, which belongs to all pre-Christian ideas belongs to these. To the Hindu union was absorption, and to the Greek it was found in one common intellectual life. The Old Testament conception of intercourse between persons was a long step in advance, but to the Jew life was still too much limited by the physical for the full conception of the Pauline union to appear. In the doctrine of the Paraclete as given in the Fourth Gospel there is abundant evidence of the prevalence of the idea at the time when that Gospel was written, and though it may not appear explicitly in the Synoptic Gospels, yet it is quite consonant with the doctrine of the Person of Christ which makes the four Gospels one.

Paul, however, had arrived at the doctrine, as we have already seen, by his own personal experience, and for that reason it possesses for us the greater validity. To quote again from Dr. Garvie's article, 'Religious psychology is coming to be recognized as a necessary organon of theology. . . . The theology of Paul, conceived as the struggle and the victory of a soul, appeals to the imagination and the affections as it cannot when presented as an abstract system, divorced from individual experience.' In no particular of Pauline theology is this more true than in that of the mystical union with Christ which he taught. What exactly did he mean by it? A notable answer is given by Drs. Sanday and Headlam in the Excursus from which we have already quoted. There it is spoken of as 'an actual identification of will.' While we hold that Paul goes much further than this, and suggests rather an identification of the whole personality of the believer with that of his Lord, yet we thankfully accept this definition as a first instalment to a completer statement. We can see at once that the complete surrender on the way to Damascus became the initial experience from which the fuller union of will would proceed. All the incidents of that memorable conversion suggest the impact of two individual wills, and of the breakdown of the human in a surrender which began in the helplessness of the blind man, but issued in the light and power and joy of later

days. Looking back upon that great event in his life Paul would understand how he might speak of a ἀνάστασις which should issue in ἀνάστασιν ζωῆς (John v. 29). But 'identification of will' seems an insufficient interpretation of such a statement as that of Gal. ii. 20: 'Christ liveth in me.' So complete was his surrender that Paul found in Christ a new moral consciousness, νοῦν Χριστοῦ ἔχομεν (1 Cor. ii. 16. See Edwards *in loco*); by that union the whole man had become καινὴ κτίσις (2 Cor. v. 17). The surrender of the will, however, must always be an important part of such self-identification as shall enable a man to say 'For me to live is Christ,' and it is entirely borne out by what we hold to be the true interpretation of the Pauline and Johannine doctrine of faith; τὸ πιστεύειν εἰς Χριστόν adequately represents the self-surrender that passes into identification of life (see article 'Faith in the Fourth Gospel,' *Expositor*, August 1907), and if the act of submission might be described as πιστεύειν εἰς Χριστόν we shall not wonder that the resulting condition of blessedness should be described as being ἐν Χριστῷ, while the corresponding Χριστὸς ἐν ἡμῖν is more than suggested by the Johannine Ἰησοῦς οὐκ ἐπίστευεν αὐτὸν αὐτοῖς (ii. 24).

An examination of the many passages in which this union is described under the Pauline phrases enables us to see that it is the master-thought of the Apostle. It dominated not only his view of man's relation to God, but it had both an ethical and a social reference as well. By it he was able to secure that true relation of the one to the many which other thinkers had sought before him. He saw that 'all things consist in Christ' (Col. i. 17). But more important even than the cosmical relation was that of man's deliverance from sin. This, and indeed all the great acts of God in the salvation of man, are said to be realized 'in Christ.' Redemption, Rom. iii. 24, Eph. i. 7, Col. i. 16. Reconciliation, 2 Cor. v. 19. Justification, 1 Cor. vi. 11, Gal. ii. 17. Adoption, Gal. iii. 26, Eph. i. 11. Sanctification, 1 Cor. i. 2. Salvation, Rom. v. 11, 2 Tim. ii. 10.

By making the absolute surrender of faith St. Paul so

identified himself with his Lord that all the merits of His life and death were his. Salvation was no legal fiction. It lay in the sharing of a common life with Christ. The inheritance of God, perhaps the highest point in the Apostle's flight of thought, was through a joint-heirship with Christ.

But St. Paul found more than this. His conception applied to all relations of life. He applies it to: Freedom, Gal. ii. 4, Eph. iii. 11. Power, Eph. vi. 10. Wisdom, 1 Cor. i. 30. Love, Rom. viii. 39; and comprehensively to 'Life' in many passages, of which Rom. vi. 9, viii. 2, Gal. ii. 20, and Eph. ii. 5, 10, may serve as representatives. The whole ethical standard of the Apostle was raised by this conception. Righteousness, the ancient ideal of his people, he found at its highest ἐν Χριστῷ. Christ Himself became righteousness to those who were born of God in Him (1 Cor. i. 30): ἐξ αὐτοῦ δὲ ὑμεῖς ἐστε ἐν Χριστῷ Ἰησοῦ, ὃς ἐγενήθη . . . δικαιοσύνη.

Freedom had become not licence; that was to make Christ διάκονος ἁμαρτίας (Gal. ii. 17). On the contrary it had flung around man a still finer mesh of obligation than the Law had applied. Christ became in Himself a Law (Gal. vi. 2); He was indeed τὸ τέλος τοῦ νόμου (Rom. x. 4). So St. James speaks of ὁ τέλειος νόμος (i. 25). He finds this 'law in its maturity' in freedom, and our Lord's words at once come to mind: 'If the Son shall make you free, then are ye free indeed' (John viii. 36). To James as to Paul freedom was itself a law, and was found ἐν Χριστῷ. The Christian ethic then, or, as St. Paul would say, ἡ δικαιοσύνη Θεοῦ, is to be found in its fulfilment when it is discovered in union with Christ.

There remains a third application of this Pauline discovery in the doctrine of the Christian Church. The Epistle to the Ephesians contains the phrase ἐν Χριστῷ until its very repetition threatens to make Paul's words incoherent. Only a few of its many passages bearing on this question may be cited here. It is 'in Christ' that the severed and remotest families of men are made nigh (ii. 13). Jew and Gentile are created anew, and made

into a new humanity in Christ, the union being so complete that the race might be described as 'one new man' (ii. 15). The many divisions of the Christian Church are healed thereby. In Christ 'each several building' is harmonized, and grows into one holy temple (ii. 21, 22). The Apostle prays that Christ may dwell in the hearts of those to whom he wrote, and the ultimate purpose of such indwelling was found in this, that men might be filled unto all 'the fullness of God' (iii. 19). It is easy to see how St. Paul thereby secured for the doctrine of the Church a unity and a universality, a spiritual content and a divine power, which should lift it far above the strife and jealousy of the sects. He applied his great formula to all the problems of life and thought. He found it not only an adequate solution, but also an inspiring interpretation. It lifted all thought of God and the purposes of God, of man and the complex relationships of man, and also the idea of the great human family, as it existed from the beginning in the thought of God, up into the heavenlies, and left the Apostle prostrate in adoration before the depth and the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God.

The rediscovery of the doctrine of the Person of Christ is the happiest feature of modern thought. It carries with it an infinite promise and potency of good. It has its message for both Socialist and Churchman. It applies to our individual life; it is the basis of all our missionary hopes. It is earnestly to be hoped that no temporary recrudescence of Gnosticism in our age may be able to divert this current of Christian thought into the channel of a crude and often inconsistent Pantheism, with its accompanying subversion of all morality. The groping hands which seem to-day to gather only dust and chaff are really feeling after that which suffices for all our need, and that is the Pauline doctrine of union with Christ. In Him we most truly live, and Christ in us will always be the hope of glory.

W. W. HOLDSWORTH.

MY IMPRESSIONS OF OXFORD

PERHAPS there is no place in the world about which so much has been said and written as the splendid and historic city of Oxford, nestling in the arms of the Isis and the Cherwell like a setting of beautiful gems. The extravagance of her natural beauty and the variety of her wondrous architecture have been for centuries an unending marvel to admiring tourists and a ceaseless pride to loyal Britons. This 'City of Spires,' with her profusion of pointed pinnacles, rounded domes, and towering battlements, which from their summits 'whisper the last enchantment of the Middle Ages,' with her green, velvety quadrangles and world-renowned walks, has beggared the descriptive powers of the ablest writers and has furnished an absorbing topic for literary tyros. She has long been the Utopian ideal of the British youth, viewed prospectively with longing anticipation in school, and retrospectively with unfading memory and undying devotion in afterlife. The sketches of Oxford are legion, coloured by artists from every view-point. The picture of her which comes from the hand of the resident Briton differs from that of the transient American tourist as a canvas of some old Italian master differs from that of a modern impressionistic painter. The old Oxonian portrays her in a manner which appears lurid to the one who has dwelt in the ancient seat of learning on the banks of the Cam, and is unappreciated by those who are unfamiliar with the life of either of the great English Universities. Again, as Andrew Lang points out, the pictures drawn by Oxford men themselves are as numerous as the myriad types of undergraduates. The fact that he possesses an entirely new point of view is the only apology which an American Rhodes Scholar may offer for writing about a subject already so trite and worn.

My first impressions of Oxford were not altogether favourable, and this, I think, is true of most Rhodes Scholars who go to Oxford from this country. One could hardly expect it to be otherwise when he considers that the American youth, dropped suddenly into the unique environment of Oxford, is about as much out of his element as a fish out of the water. But, with few exceptions, they speedily adapt themselves to the new conditions; and, as soon as they have done this, Oxford becomes for them a place of enchantment, which they learn to love and revere and are loth to leave. And yet some, unfortunately, remain disgruntled to the end of their three years' career, due in every instance to a failure to conform to the conventional life of the place. Instead of casting themselves into the moulds of Oxford customs and ideas, which are indeed as immutable as the laws of the Persians and the Medes, with characteristic American boldness and energy they strive to remould and override these time-honoured traditions with the latest American fads. These misplaced endeavours do not affect Oxford life one jot or one tittle, but reflect much unhappiness upon those who are guilty of them, and are a source of annoyance to others. The maxim 'When in Rome, do as Romans do' is both wise and conducive to happiness when applied at Oxford. But be it said, again, to the credit of most of the Rhodes men, they are not so insensible and obdurate as long to 'kick against the pricks'; and wisely giving up the effort to Americanize Oxford, and docilely allowing themselves to be Oxfordized—if one may use this term—thereby convert their own dissatisfaction into happy contentment, and materially contribute to the peace of others. A love and a veneration for the old place springs up in their hearts, which continues to grow till the last moment of sojourn within her gates. I have in mind one who declared soon after his arrival at Oxford that he would resign his scholarship at the end of the first year, but who not only completed the three years, but even continued in residence at his own expense after the expiration of his scholarship.

Probably the first thing that attracted my notice after my arrival at Oxford was the ancient atmosphere of the place and what appeared to me to be old-fashioned tendencies. I thought the 'Dons' fossilized, and much of Oxford worthy of relegation to a gallery of antiquities. In fact, Macaulay somewhere expresses a similar opinion of the Oxford of his day. This feeling on my part, which was shared with the other young Americans, is no doubt accounted for by the great difference in character of American universities and the sharp contrast which Oxford presents to them. Institutions of learning on this side of the Atlantic, with a few possible exceptions, are far too young to have developed unchanging customs and stereotyped modes such as have remained inviolate at Oxford through generations of passing undergraduates. Our institutions, in their present unsettled condition, readily permit rapid changes under what we believe to be a progressive spirit—and no doubt we have more ample opportunity for progress than exists at Oxford. The simple matter of dress well illustrates the point. American college styles change annually, and vary from one extreme to the other, whereas at Oxford changes in dress are scarcely perceptible, and the soft cap, Norfolk jacket, and grey flannel trousers are well-nigh perennial. In this particular, at least, I think I prefer the Oxford way; it is certainly less troublesome and more inexpensive. It is undoubtedly true that the 'Dons' are sometimes unpractical and unacquainted with expeditious business methods—a fact which impressed itself upon Mr. Rhodes—but it is equally true that, as a rule, they are far more competent and thorough in their scholarship than our American professors. One seldom finds a 'Don' who is not kind and affable. Many display extraordinary personal interest in their 'young hopefuls,' and few fail to obtain the reverence and love of those who daily sit at their feet for instruction and guidance.

The close personal contact of tutor and tutored affords a considerable advantage, I think, over our class-room

system. In our large institutions the instructors rarely ever know the men who compose their classes in a personal way, and almost as rarely recognize them by sight outside the class-room. So acknowledged is this evil that in some of our larger universities, notably at Princeton, a system has been introduced which is similar to the Oxford tutorial system. Furthermore, the Oxford device of making everything depend upon a single searching examination seems to result in greater thoroughness and more lasting knowledge. In our colleges, where examinations are set every semester, and these upon a few specified texts, it is often easy to neglect the regular work in the class-room, and then, by a single night's 'cramming,' to make a creditable showing when the examination test comes. Knowledge which was gathered in this manner I found to be superficial and transient. 'Crammed' knowledge doesn't stick very long. At Oxford 'cramming' is a sheer impossibility. It would require several months, reading night and day, to run hastily through the volumes which might be considered the bare essentials for an Oxford Honour School. The fact that the examinations are set upon no definitely prescribed texts, but simply upon the subjects, and the additional fact that the examiners are not likely to be the tutors of the examinees or even the lecturers whom they have heard, are features which struck me as peculiarly advantageous. Under these conditions there is very little prospect of 'spotting' the questions which an examiner will ask, and it is evident that it requires more work and is productive of more lasting knowledge to master many lectures and books from various sources than to acquire the substance of a single text. To know, for example, all that is contained in Huson's book on Contracts, admirable though it is, is not to know the Law of Contract.

These are some of the salient features which impressed me about the Oxford system. In justice to our own institutions, I might say that though it appears from what I have said that our institutions lack somewhat in thoroughness,

yet this is largely offset by the breadth of our courses. Our graduates have a wider acquaintance with the various branches of knowledge and science than graduates of Oxford, even though they are apt to deal with them in glittering generalities without a thorough grasp of any one branch. Such a grasp comes with us only in the specialization which one gets in the work for a Doctor's degree or a professional course, and, as a matter of fact, undergraduate work at Oxford resembles largely the work of our graduate schools. This explains the fact, often astonishing to Americans, that at Oxford the Master's degree is acquired without additional work after one has taken the Bachelor's degree. All that is necessary is the lapse of a certain period of time and the payment of fees. It also explains largely the fact that Doctors' degrees are merely honorary.

The athletic spirit is more wide-spread at Oxford, though less intense than in this country. Those who take part in athletics here are almost as few as those who do not over there. The book-worm is rarely met at Oxford, and those who do not take some part in the athletic life are rarer still. At Pembroke College we had about eighty undergraduates, being the smallest college at Oxford, but almost every member of the college represented it in some phase of sport. I can remember days when an actual majority of us were engaged in intercollegiate contests of various kinds on the same afternoon. But where athletes are the rule and not the exception, they cease to be heroes and demigods. The great oarsman, footballer, or cricketer in England does not see his picture in the daily papers and read lurid accounts of his prowess on the water and the gridiron. This is seldom done even for the most celebrated 'Blues.' The number of men engaged is a greater test for the utility of athletics than the extraordinary excellence of a few representing the college or university. Measured by this utilitarian principle of the 'greatest benefit to the greatest number' we are far behind 'old-fashioned' Oxford in this respect. Again, no American

who indulges in sport at Oxford will fail to be impressed by the gentlemanly and equitable character of the contests. Unnecessary roughness in football is conspicuous for its absence, and wrangling is unknown. I played tennis in my college six for the three years of my stay at Oxford, and I have never known a disagreement, though the players make all the decisions themselves without an umpire or other third party. The most commendable thing, however, is the complete absence of professionalism. This germ, which oftentimes has killed athletics in our institutions, is non-existent at Oxford, and no questions ever arise as regards eligibility and amateur standing.

The first Rhodes Scholars were an unending source of amusement in many ways for some time after their arrival, but there were no end of things which struck them as comical. I was often conscious of being a laughing-stock, but quite as frequently I had a laugh at the expense of my English cousins. During our early days at Oxford, many of us created a good deal of amusement by appearing on the river in the many-coloured garbs of our native institutions, instead of donning the conventional white sweaters and 'shorts.' One day I appeared wearing the yellow 'V' of Vanderbilt University on my breast. The privilege of wearing the 'Varsity letter in this country corresponds to the prerogative of wearing the blue at Oxford or Cambridge. An Englishman seeing me from one of the barges inquired of a Rhodes Scholar, who happened to be standing near: 'What does that V stand for?' 'It stands for Vanderbilt,' was the reply. 'Oh!' exclaimed the young Briton. 'Is that Mr. Vanderbilt?'

My days at Oxford are branded deep into my heart, and already I look upon them as the most potent years of my life; but I anticipate that as time goes by and I get a wider perspective of them that I shall realize more fully their true significance. I am now convinced that when I went to England I was filled with many prejudices, and my opinions of things British were badly warped. And this is generally true of Americans, whose patriotism and

love for their own country receives its first impulse from and is fostered by the stories of the Revolutionary War and the deplorable annals of 1812.

The life at Oxford destroyed in me those germs of enmity, and engendered in their stead a feeling of love and pride in the marvellous old mother-country, whose past history is unequalled even by that of ancient Greece or lordly Rome, and whose flag has gone around the world with civilization, peace, and good-will following in its wake. As the years fly by, the hearts of the Rhodes Scholars will beat with ever-increasing love for our royal, imperial Alma Mater, and with deepening gratitude to our great benefactor—Cecil John Rhodes.

J. J. TIGERT.

TODAS AND TIBETANS: A STUDY IN THE EVOLUTION OF RELIGION

The Todas. By W. H. R. RIVERS. (Macmillan & Co. 1906.)

Lhasa: An Account of the Country and People of Central Tibet, and of the Progress of the Mission sent there by the English Government in the year 1903–4. Written, with the help of all the principal persons of the Mission, by PERCIVAL LANDON, special correspondent of *The Times*. (Hurst & Blackett. 1905.)

India. By PIERRE LOTI. (English Translation: T. Werner Laurie.)

THE authors of the above three books would probably be surprised to see them placed together, for there is very little in common amongst them. The first is a dry, scientific study of a peculiar and primitive hill tribe in South India; the second is a brilliant description of the British Expedition to Lhasa, and of the people of Tibet; while the third consists chiefly of the rhapsodies of an impressionist, prepared to find mystery in India, but too sceptical to believe in it. Yet there is in all of them material for the student of religion, and that of a valuable kind.

In the East have arisen those permanent religions of the world that have influenced vast masses of mankind: Buddhism, that conglomerate known as Hinduism, Christianity, and Islam. While religion has everywhere existed, nowhere has it flourished on such an elaborate and prolific scale as in the East. Thither turn the steps of those who seek to solve its mystery, but how often does the pilgrim return baffled, realizing that the mystery is inscrutable and that no earthly pilgrimage can slake the thirst of the soul.

Pierre Loti, a member of the French Academy, is such a seeker. He had ceased to hold the Christian faith, but still regarded it as a beautiful dream which he would fain find real. With a mystic, sensuous nature, he was ready to accept all that India could teach of the mystery of the spirit life and the life beyond. But at every step he was repelled. This is how he describes his visit to the great temple of Tinnevelly:

> Our carriage soon passes under a granite archway framed by square columns of primitive style. Five ramparts once passed, we find ourselves in a square enclosure open to the shining stars. This I am not allowed to cross. . . . With my eyes I seek to penetrate the dim obscurities of the sacred temple whose infinite recesses are outlined by many twinkling and mysterious lamps. I am allowed to look from here, but I must not approach or gaze too long. . . . The temple seems to my stealthy gaze to be of infinite extent. Endless rows of columns rise from an obscurity which the many-lighted lamps are powerless to dispel. The air is filled with sounds of prayer and chanted psalms, while white-robed forms flit dimly across the dark background. . . . This is my first visit to a Brahmin temple, but I immediately receive a hostile impression, a dismal feeling of dread and heathenish idolatry. I had not expected this, nor yet that I should have been refused admission. How childish were the hopes that I had cherished, I who had hoped to find some ray of light in the religion of our Indian ancestors. Oh! for the sweet, deceptive peace of our Christian churches which are open to all, and kind even to those who can believe no longer.

This is typical of the reception Pierre Loti met with everywhere in India. He had introductions to Mahārājas, who were prepared to show him all that was possible, but he felt that though he saw vast temples, bejewelled gods and goddesses, gorgeous processions, priceless temple treasures, and venerable priests in great numbers, yet he came in contact with the external only, and that the Brahman, if he had any esoteric mysteries, guarded them with the greatest jealousy. He was prepared to appreciate

the idolatry and find in it the symbol of the mystery he sought, but it filled him with inexpressible surprise and horror. He did not lightly give up his quest of the mystery, for he visited many a sacred shrine; but everywhere he had to be content with the outside of the temple and worship from afar. At the sacred city of Benares he sought the Masters, who profess to know the great secret, and there he found that 'one high amongst them is a European woman, who has come here to seek shelter from the turmoil of the world.' This impressionist pilgrim ends his search for the mystery of mysteries by sitting at the feet of Mrs. Besant! Brahmanism has been a veiled shrine for millenniums; it has evolved its own ritual and philosophy of religion, seeking the One among the many, striving to attain the loftiest flights of human thought; and yet the highest manifestation of that thought that poor Pierre Loti, an Immortal, could find was Mrs. Besant, and he joined the Theosophists. What irony and yet what sadness! Those who, like Pierre Loti, seek the solution of the problems of life, suffering, death, immortality in the philosophic teaching of the higher Hinduism, are doomed to failure. There is much that is fascinating, a little that is uplifting; but the whole is bewildering and ends in hopeless paradox.

It may be said that Hinduism has not had freedom to develop. From the beginning tumult and war have raged over the plains of Hindustan, and when pillage and slaughter prevail, the study of the divine mysteries is retarded. Various nations and races have roved through the land, and their presence has prevented, it may be said, the evolution of Hinduism. It has been compelled to accommodate itself, to compromise, and we must not look in it for the purest and highest development of religious thought and life. Whatever may be the explanation, he who seeks will not find, Pierre Loti being witness.

But there are two tribes—one in India and the other on its northern border—which for centuries have been cut off from external influences, and thus have been free to evolve

the highest religious thought and practice. The Todas and Tibetans were near enough to the religious East to secure a favourable start; they have been undisturbed while their religion has been evolved; their situation was helpful to meditation and profound thought; and latterly the secrets of both tribes, guarded with most jealous care, have been revealed. It is manifest that no supernatural revelation has been vouchsafed to these tribes: what then have they contributed to man's knowledge of God, what solution of the problems of life, what revelation of the future?

The Todas are a small Dravidian tribe, consisting of about a thousand souls, living on the Nilgiri mountains in the centre of South India. It is presumed they came from the Malabar, or west, coast of India; but when, how, or why no man knows. The earliest historical notice of the tribe is in 1602, when a Portuguese priest visited them, having heard that they were degenerate Christians whose forefathers had become Christians through the preaching of the Apostle Thomas. He found no trace of Christianity amongst them, and their mode of life has varied little from that time to this. The Nilgiri mountains rise to a height of nearly nine thousand feet, and the parts inhabited by the Todas vary from six to seven thousand feet. The mountains for ages were difficult of access, and consequently the tribe has been left alone to evolve its religion.

Directly one sees the men and women of this tribe he is struck with the contrast they present in appearance to the dwellers on the plains. The men are tall, well proportioned and robustly built; they are strong and very agile, and stand fatigue well. They hold themselves erect, and have an air of superiority in their carriage. The tribe, however, is illiterate. The people have a language of their own, but they never reduced it to writing, and they have therefore no literature. Mr. Rivers went amongst them as an anthropologist, studied them diligently, and of their intellectual capacity he writes:

> In all my work with the men it seemed to me that they were extremely intelligent. They grasped readily the points of any inquiry upon which I entered, and often showed a marked appreciation of complicated questions. . . . It is very difficult to estimate general intelligence, and to compare definitely the intelligence of different individuals, still more of people of different races. I can only record my impression, after several months' close intercourse with the Todas, that they were just as intelligent as one would have found any average body of educated Europeans. . . . I had slighter opportunities of estimating the intelligence of the women than that of the men, but, as a general rule, it seemed to me that there was a very marked difference between the two sexes. Some of the younger women, when examined by various tests, showed as ready a grasp of the methods as any of the men, but most of the elder women gave me the impression of being extremely stupid.

Here, then, is a tribe that has been practically isolated for centuries; that has had perfect quiet, for the wars that have been waged in India have not come nigh them; that has had complete freedom, for the Todas have ever been the lords of the hills, and regard themselves as superior to the other tribes that have more recently migrated thither; and that is possessed of intelligence as high as that of the average educated European. What religion has this tribe evolved? What contribution has it made to man's higher life? What is the moral and spiritual condition of its people?

We cannot tell what religion these people brought with them to the hills, neither do we know the ethical and social customs they then followed; but it is probable they migrated thither before the Aryan invasion and possibly before Buddha's teaching pervaded South India, consequently they followed the cultus of the aboriginal Dravidian tribes, though now they have departed widely from them. For long they have carefully guarded the secrets of their religion, and it is possible that Mr. Rivers has not elicited all that the Todas believe and practise; yet he and other careful observers have succeeded in obtaining the main

principles and practices of their religion, while their ordinary manner of life is generally known. What, then, do these people now worship? and what is their conception of divine things?

Their sacred buildings are practically similar to their huts, which are shaped like half a barrel cut through lengthways and placed on the ground. The entrance is so small that one must go on one's hands and knees to enter the sacred hut, within which there is sometimes an ancient bell of no intrinsic value, in others nothing but a set of pots and vessels used for dairy purposes. The temple is a dairy; the priest is a dairyman; the prayer offered is a series of requests for blessings on the buffaloes, for their protection from tigers, and for plenty of grass on which they may feed; the ritual is the milking of buffaloes, the placing of some milk on the sacred bell, and the churning of milk into butter. As far as can be ascertained, there is no other kind of worship. They fear demons, and practise magic to some extent; but anything like a spiritual conception of God is not to be found. In their folk-lore there are stories of gods who are like deified heroes, but they have little or nothing to do with the ways of men.

The religion of this tribe is, then, one of pure selfishness, for the Todas are a pastoral people, living on the produce of their herds of buffaloes, and the purpose of their religion, if it may be called a religion, is to preserve to themselves the benefits of this life. No woman is allowed to share in the work of the dairy, not even in the milking of the buffaloes. Men in their ordinary state are not worthy to perform the duties of the dairy, but after a most elaborate series of purificatory ceremonies a man can undertake the task, but he is not a priest in any sense of the term. His ceremonial purity and his prayers refer only to the buffaloes and the dairy. He must live and act so that no harm may come to the herds and that milk and butter may abound.

The morals of the Todas are not of a high order. They are fairly truthful and trustworthy, if their own interests

are not concerned. There is much quarrelling, and female infanticide was common till put down by law. The position of women is degrading, for they are not fit even to cook. Their work is to husk the grain by pounding, sift it, and sweep the house. In the relations existing between the sexes it is scarcely possible for a tribe to fall to a lower level. Polyandry and polygyny are both practised, the former especially, for a woman marries all the brothers of a family. There is no word for adultery in the Toda language. Mr. Rivers says:

> A woman may have one or more recognized lovers as well as several husbands. . . . It appears she may have sexual relations with dairymen of various grades. . . . Further, there seems to be no doubt that there is little restriction of any kind on sexual intercourse. I was assured by several Todas not only that adultery was no motive for divorce, but that it was in no way regarded as wrong.

The Todas have no arts or handicrafts of any kind. In their social organization and tribal customs there is much that is interesting. They appear to be a primitive tribe that has ceased to develop or that has degenerated. It is manifest that this isolated tribe has not evolved anything that is of value in the moral and religious sphere, and that in many respects it is scarcely possible for them to become more degraded.

The Tibetans have perhaps been cut off from external influences more completely than the Todas. The difficulties experienced by persons other than Buddhists in travelling in Tibet are well known, and the Tibetans, being satisfied with their own religion, were not likely to be influenced by other faiths. There was, then, the most favourable opportunity for religion to evolve higher forms, if it is possible for natural religion so to do. The Tibetans had, moreover, to begin with, a most valuable religious germ-cell, and they have had a long period for that cell to evolve. Buddhism became the religion of Tibet in the seventh century, and has had from twelve to thirteen centuries in which to develop. Early Buddhism was a comparatively

pure faith. In regard to spiritual beings it was agnostic: Buddha did not know God, but he knew that life was evil and must be renounced, and that to him to whom enlightenment came there would be no rebirth. To attain enlightenment there must be pure thoughts, pure words, pure deeds. The 'noble eight-fold path' reveals a high morality: right views, right resolves, right words, right behaviour, right mode of livelihood, right exertion, right memory, right meditation and tranquillity. The Tibetans, with this lofty moral creed as a starting-point, had in their isolation exceptional advantages in developing a religion that should purify and elevate mankind.

The Tibetans possess great intelligence, and some of the arts have been so developed that great technical skill and knowledge were necessary to produce those vast works that impress all who behold them with their majesty and their beauty. The Potala, or great palace, at Lhasa compares favourably for massiveness and general effect with the greatest buildings of any land; the paintings and decorations of monasteries reveal a taste and technique not to be despised, while tomes of sacred lore abound in the libraries of the lamas. The Tibetans have proved their capacity for development, and if the best religion is a product of evolution, without any revelation from above, we should naturally expect to find such a religion in Tibet. Shut out from the world by the highest mountain ranges, with monasteries well supplied with the necessaries of life, with a creed teaching a lofty morality, the lamas had every opportunity of using their intelligence and spiritual insight to fathom the depths of man's moral and spiritual nature, to discover the way by which he might renounce and overcome the base and vile, and rise step by step to that perfection of character in which purity, truth, righteousness, and spirituality abound. The lamas had full authority to meditate, to teach, and to enforce their rule, for Mr. Landon says: 'The Lamaic hierarchy have succeeded in creating a religious caste unparalleled in the world.' With all these advantages how have the people developed?

What is the state of morality amongst them? What is the condition of the lamas? What is the nature of the religion practised?

The Tibetans are a kindly, hospitable race, and they have in them great possibilities, but their religion has been their ruin. Mr. Landon's deliberate judgement is:

> In Tibet, after a sanction has been obtained, which for strength has been surpassed by nothing elsewhere held out for the admiration or the terror of men, we find that the religion thereby enforced is not merely neglectful of the development or even of the continued existence of its professing members, but is even detrimental to it.
>
> Lamaism has been allowed, if I may use a common phrase, to stew in its own juice until the goodness has entirely departed from it and from the people who are its official ministers. It is difficult at this moment to point to a single recognized and observed ordinance peculiar to Lamaism which is of the slightest use or virtue.

The religion of Tibet hangs like a dark pall over the people, producing paralysis of every part of their nature, and preventing their development whether physically, mentally, morally, or spiritually.

Physically the Tibetan is weak, though capable of extraordinary activity. Polyandry is generally practised, and this does not increase the physical stamina of the race. Dirt, which of course in so cold a climate is not so obnoxious as in warmer climes, abounds everywhere. Garments are rarely, if ever, washed, and they are 'open to more objections than the presence of inanimate dirt alone presents'; while the body is so encased with dirt that the colour of the skin can with difficulty be determined, for 'they exist from the cradle, or what corresponds to it, to the stone slab on which their dead bodies are hacked to pieces, without a bath or even a partial cleansing of any kind.' The people are kept in a state of profound ignorance by the lamas, for to educate the laymen 'would be to strike at the root of Lamaic supremacy, and, therefore, the whole land is sunk in an ignorance to which it would

be difficult to find a parallel.' In spite of the Buddhist teaching of the sacredness of all life, 'there is the inevitable Oriental insensibility to the sufferings' of animals. Women are kept in ignorance, and 'they remain merely the toys or the beasts of burden of their male acquaintances. It need not be said that, in the conventional sense of the word, morals are unknown in Tibet.' The religion of the masses is practically that of demon-worship, and pictures or images of 'these loathsome and misshapen monsters, aureoled with the fire of hell, with dripping fangs and beastly deformities,' are placed at the gates and forecourts of the temples. These terrify the passer-by into obedience to his lama, and that is all the lama requires. It is difficult, then, to find a lower stage of humanity to which the Tibetan can descend.

But what of the lamas? Have they not developed a high type of morality and spirituality? Is not the lama in Kipling's *Kim* a typical Tibetan monk? Are there not in Tibet those Mahātmas that possess the secrets of the universe and know the only path by which man ascends to the divine? We have seen Tibetan lamas at and near Darjeeling with attractive faces, turning their prayer-wheels with a wearisome monotony, and Mr. Landon says: 'Once or twice in the quiet, unworldly abbots of such monasteries as Dongtse or Ta-ka-re one saw an attractive and almost impressive type of man; but the heads of the hierarchy are very different men, and by them the country is ruled with a rod of iron.' There are two chief lamas: the Dalai or Grand Lama of Lhasa, who fled on the approach of the British Expedition and has not yet returned to his throne, and the Tashi Lama, or Grand Lama of Tashi-lhunpo. Both are supposed to be reincarnations of Buddha, speaking in a non-technical sense. The technical position of these men belongs to the metaphysics of Lamaism, and is foreign to our purpose. Suffice it to say that the Grand Lama of Lhasa is practically regarded as divine, and has all power in his hands. Usually he is a minor, when a regent or king, also a lama, bears sway. Such are the

morals of these rulers that it rarely happens that a Grand Lama attains the age of eighteen. The present lama is the first exception for a hundred years, and he escaped from the power of the regent only by sending him and his followers to prison on a charge of witchcraft, where they speedily died. The present incarnation of the mystic Buddha is described by Captain O'Connor as 'a man of pronounced traits of character, violent temper, and stormy passions.' It is interesting to read that this incarnation and the Emperor of China cannot arrange a meeting, for celestial etiquette is apparently difficult to apply to earthly conditions. These incarnations of the mild Buddha rule ruthlessly. According to Mr. Landon, 'No priestly caste in the history of religion has ever fostered and preyed upon the terror and ignorance of its flock with the systematic brigandage of the lamas.'

The dogma of reincarnation dominates the lamas, and they turn it to account in every possible way. Mr. Landon states: 'The present Dalai Lama made for political reasons a sudden and convenient discovery that Tsong-kapa, the great reformer of Lamaism, was reincarnated in the person of the Tsar of Russia.'

Queen Victoria was regarded as one of the guardians of Tibet and as the reincarnation of Palden-lhamo. This was doubtless intended as a compliment, but this guardian deity is described as:

> A dark-blue lady with three eyes, who sits upon a chestnut mule drinking blood from a skull and trampling under foot the torn and mutilated bodies of men and women. Her crown is composed of skulls, her eye-teeth are four inches long, and the bridle, girths, and crupper are living snakes kept in position by the dripping skin of a recently flayed man.

The proof that Queen Victoria was the guardian deity of Tibet was manifest from the fact that during her reign the country was free from invasion, but after her death and before the reincarnation of the deity the English troops bore down on Lhasa.

The lamas themselves are completely under the spell of this doctrine of reincarnation, and this drives them to their religious duties. How this works is thus described by Mr. Landon:

> The fear of punishment is ever under his eye. Here is an example. The ordinary man in the country will slip his outer garment down over his shoulders and spend a lazy hour in the heat of the sun in detecting and exterminating the almost invisible vermin which inhabit his robe. But to the lama this is forbidden, for there can never be an hour in his skin-tormented life in which he does not remember that his loathsome parasites may have deserved their present fate by carelessness in some point of ritual during their life on earth—nay, that he may even himself be then awaiting the imminent moment in which he shall join their creeping company.

This haunting dread will lead to the most extraordinary asceticism in the hope of gaining merit. No more pathetic story is told than that of a visit by Mr. Landon and Captain O'Connor to the monks immured in their rock cells at Nyen-dé-kyi-buk. These men voluntarily shut themselves up for a first period of six months, then for three years and ninety-three days, and lastly for life. That morning a hermit had died after having lived in darkness for twenty-five years. Once a day the stone window of the cell is tapped, when water and a cake of unleavened bread are placed on a slab outside the window. The stone shutter is pushed back from within, and 'a hand, muffled in a tightly-wound piece of dirty cloth, for all the world like the stump of an arm, was painfully thrust up, and very weakly it felt along the slab. After a fruitless fumbling the hand slowly quivered back again into the darkness.' This is all the contact the hermit has with the outer world.

The religion of the lamas is a round of mechanical ritual, and the effect of their teaching is to produce pure selfishness—the saving of one's own soul, regardless of the doom of others. Magic plays a large part in religious matters, and workers of miracles can readily be found; but

in them all there is nothing of true moral and spiritual life. Stories regarding the immured hermits and magicians have doubtless spread to India, and given rise to Madame Blavatsky's 'Mahātmas.' The ruling Mahātmas of Tibet, instead of being those pure spiritual beings with all divine knowledge, are spiritual tyrants of the worst type. If there are true Mahātmas in Tibet, they have done nothing to save the people from spiritual thraldom or to raise their morals.

And what is the greatest symbol and highest glory of Lhasa? Mr. Landon with two companions—probably the only Europeans ever allowed the honour—was privileged to enter the most sacred shrine of Lhasa—the Jo-kang. Great are the marvels of this wonderful cathedral, decorated with gorgeous paintings, filled with priceless treasures of gold and gems, and guarded with most jealous care. They went through courtyards and past shrines in which the dirt of centuries lay undisturbed, till they came to 'the most famous idol in the world.' The Jo is a seated image of Gautama Buddha, about twice life size and made of gold. But it is not the image of Buddha after he had obtained enlightenment, but of 'Gautama as a pure and eager prince, without a thought for the morrow, or a care for to-day.' And this is Lhasa's greatest spiritual treasure!

What, then, has Tibet to teach us in matters ethical and spiritual? Her people are degraded, her priests are tyrannical, her religion is mechanical, her divinest symbol represents one 'without a thought for the morrow, or a care for to-day.' With all its initial advantages—the pure morality but agnostic system of Buddha; with an isolation almost sealed, so that no foreign or evil influence might arrest its development; with men of intellectual and spiritual capacity, as their works bear witness, Tibet has contributed nothing to the moral and spiritual development of mankind. It has demonstrated that a selfish isolation works only moral decay and spiritual death.

When two tribes, like the Todas and Tibetans,

separated from the social and religious life of their fellow men, undisturbed by external wars, free to develop the best they are capable of, and possessing every capacity and opportunity for progress, not only fail to rise in morals and spirituality, but sink into a state of unutterable moral degradation and hopeless spiritual decay, we can only conclude that unaided man must grope in darkness, become debased and corrupt, and be incapable of evolving a moral and spiritual faith, even under the best conditions.

Must it not also be true that the religion which has taught the purest morality, the highest altruism, the most reasonable spirituality, and which has produced types of character almost perfect in purity, in goodness, in self-sacrifice, in heroism, in spiritual perception and power—the religion that centres round the cradle of Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary—must it not be true that this religion has come from above, and is the manifestation of Him who is eternally holy, who is Spirit, who is Love?

H. GULLIFORD.

Notes and Discussions

PROFESSOR CHURTON COLLINS
An Appreciation

WHEN one has suddenly lost a valued friend it is hard to say precisely what one thought of him, yet harder to neutralize the glamour of affectionate remembrance and see the man exactly as he was. Yet this must be done—or one must try to do it—if friendship is not to neglect its duty and to forgo its right.

That untimely death by Oulton Broad has deprived me of a very dear friend, and English life of a teacher beyond most others ennobling and scholarly, and now I would put together one poor wreath of commemorative words for him who—to us who stand in the latest tracks of Time—so often made the noblest words of the past eloquent with the message of an immortal hope.

Why was Churton Collins so dear to us? One thinks of his courtesy—learned in a school remote from the vulgar anarchy of the modern world's self-pleasing, and fragrant with the grace of a quieter (if narrower) day. One thinks of his sincerity, of his devotion to truth in literature and to truth in life, of his almost quixotic chivalry whenever the meanness of men tolerated injustice or their paltry selfishness would desecrate his ideals. One thinks too, more tenderly, more regretfully, of his simple-mindedness. Churton Collins had no part in the complex pettiness of those shallow souls who live by intrigue and self-advertisement. He lived sincerely for the highest truth that he saw, and it seemed to him almost incredibly ignoble for men to live otherwise. Each new glimpse of those less excellent ways which most men follow moved him to new indignation and fired him with new disgust. He believed unfalteringly in Truth and Righteousness. These were the sovereigns of his life, and he gave to them an allegiance without reservations. His loyalty to them was the unselfish loyalty of an unspoiled heart. Always he sought, not his own things but theirs—the

things that are eternally honourable, lovely, and of good report —and in his labour for those things he never spared himself. His passion for them was a romantic chivalry. He was not indifferent to this world's gifts, not indifferent to visible success and the praise of men; but he never condescended for them, nor to gain them would he swerve one hair's-breadth from the narrow way. And this lonely fidelity to the highest that we know was not a Stoic's self-assertion nor a philosopher's self-confidence. It was the trust of a child-like heart. Churton Collins had no metaphysic that could enthrone Righteousness in the heart of things. He listened to a voice within his own heart, and what he heard he obeyed. Unquestioningly? No, but trustingly. He heard what we all hear, but he heard without our self-created distractions, and he obeyed without our compromises and evasions. There was in his nature that large-souled simplicity which is a characteristic note of all moral greatness, and a concomitant (at least) of the noblest intellectual greatness. One could not behold it without a purging of the soul.

This idealism of temperament gave to Prof. Collins his distinctive place as a teacher of English Literature. A scholar with but few peers, his interest in literature was not merely a scholar's interest. To him Poetry was more than 'a criticism of life'—it was the articulate voice of life, the utterance of man's immemorial yearning for a Good better than that made visible in his everyday success. And it was more than this, for it was a revelation of that unrealized Good. When outward oracles are dumb or ambiguous, and Reason proves ineffective, Poetry (thought Prof. Collins) can still win for man that truth which those other things would win but cannot. It speaks to us in symbols, but the symbols are real symbols, and not mere imaginings; in receiving them (he thought) we veritably receive that truth which is the appointed bread of our highest life. If a man's religion be that whereby he rises above the contradictions of Nature against his loftiest hope, then Literature was Churton Collins's religion. In his hands Literature was not a mere matter of texts and dates, it was a message and an inspiration. As a teacher and as a student his work was all of one piece. His industry, his unselfish devotion to the ideals of sound scholarship, witnessed to the same lofty faith that breathed through his interpretations of the master-minds of Poesy. By example no less than by precept he made us value

Truth and Righteousness for their own sake, and then he strengthened us to trust. In this modern world—so full of contradictions and doubts, so full of selfish rivalries and false ambitions—that is no small thing to have done.

Although Churton Collins mixed much with men and took an active part in affairs, and although his interests were wide and varied, one received the impression that his life was, to some extent, a lonely one. His very devotion to his ideals somewhat separated him from the sympathy he valued. The world is not always a kindly place for those whose lives tacitly bear witness to and for a nobler excellence than its own.

Yet his days were not without refreshment. His words enriched the lives of many, and now and again their gratitude found expression. Such gratitude was the recompense he prized most highly. To him the study of Literature was primarily a humane discipline—a means of making life intrinsically more valuable—and he used it, not merely to impart a few facts of history and philology, but to widen the thoughts of men, to uplift their vision, to quicken their hope, to give them nobler interests, to confirm their faith in those things that make human life most truly worth the living. He desired nothing more than to know that his work was not wholly fruitless. Alike in conceiving of his work and in defining the reward of it, he was profoundly unselfish.

Yet one word more. Although incredulous of things that many of us find valuable, Prof. Collins was a man of deeply religious temperament. His faith in our highest ideals was matched by an equal faith that the order of the world is a moral order—an order sustained and governed by a Providence which pre-ordains the steps of a man's life and controls the issues of his work. It comforted him to think that underneath all the broken and ineffective lives of men, underneath all the tragedy of their suffering and sin, there are the Everlasting Arms. Almost his last conversation with me, only a few short weeks ago, expressed the comfort which this thought gave to him.

Now he has gone to Him in whom he trusted. *Infelix opportunitate mortis*, and yet fortunate was he in at least this—in that he went before inexorable Time had rendered the days barren and made work only a memory and a regret. He has gone—ripe scholar, true friend, perfect gentleman. *Requiescat in pace.*

HAKLUYT EGERTON.

RECENT THOUGHT IN RELATION TO THE PERSON OF CHRIST

THE cardinal question for those who profess and call themselves Christians is still—What think ye of Christ? The touchstone of Christian doctrine is still found in its attitude towards the Person of our Lord. Still, as at the beginning of Church history, there are men strenuously claiming the name Christian for whom Jesus of Nazareth is no more than 'that prophet,' or the Ideal Man, or the Teacher of supreme ethical insight and spiritual power, or a Leader in the long roll of witnesses endowed with the Divine Spirit, and faithful unto death in behalf of the truth they proclaimed.

It is often taken for granted that modern criticism of the New Testament has greatly strengthened the position of those who revere the name and memory of Jesus, but deny the orthodox doctrine of God Incarnate for man's salvation. The analysis of the Gospel narratives, the theories of 'sources' upon which the evangelists drew for information, the close investigation of the earliest history of the records have, if we are to believe some confident critics, undermined the basis of faith in the Divinity of Christ by showing the process by which that faith came into existence. The late date and 'unhistorical character' of the Fourth Gospel are supposed to be first established. Then the dependence of Matthew and Luke upon Mark is shown, and the comparative 'untrustworthiness' of material not found in the earliest Gospel. Then Mark is analysed, and the 'Petrine portion' of that document distinguished from the rest. St. Paul's writings—some of which are, of course, chronologically the earliest of all—are discounted as the utterances of a teacher with a new 'interpretation' of Christ, one who was indeed the founder of a new religion, 'Christianity,' quite distinct from the 'religion of Jesus.' It is time, these modern critics urge, to go back, not to the Christ of the New Testament, of Paul and John, even of Matthew and Luke, but to the 'Jesus' who may be discerned in a portion of St. Mark, from whom the 'Christ' of the early Church has been developed.

These criticisms and speculations do not disturb the faith of the multitude, they have not indeed penetrated much beyond the circle of scholarly students of the New Testament. But

some such results as we have described are now freely set forth as the 'conclusions of the best and most recent scholarship.' The influence of German writers differing so widely as Schmiedel and Harnack, Holtzmann, Wernle, and Wrede, the modernism of Loisy, the rationalism of Pfleiderer, and the free 'Fideism' of men like Auguste Sabatier, have all tended to loosen the faith of many in some of the great fundamental truths of Christianity and the doctrine of the Incarnation at the centre of all.

It is, therefore, a pleasure to draw attention to a book which meets critics of the Gospels upon their own ground, and shows that all the research of recent years into the 'origins' of Christianity need not disturb the ancient faith concerning the Person of Christ. A writer not previously known, the Rev. C. F. Nolloth, has published with Messrs. Macmillan a volume entitled *The Person of our Lord and Recent Thought*. We should like heartily to recommend it especially to our ministerial readers whose minds may have been more or less disturbed by the criticism of the Gospels adopted by (e. g.) several writers in the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*. Mr. Nolloth is nothing if not candid. He assumes no orthodox traditions. He does not rely upon the evidence of the Fourth Gospel, except for occasional illustration. He accepts the prevailing critical theory of the Synoptic tradition, including the dependence of Matthew and Luke on Mark and the 'Logia' or 'Q' document. He even admits for the purposes of argument the distinction between a 'Petrine' portion of Mark and other sources not quite so trustworthy. And he undertakes to show that what is admitted by scholars of what are known as 'advanced' schools of thought is sufficient for the building up of a doctrine of the Person of Christ not materially differing from that which has, ever since the time—twenty-five years after the death of our Lord—when St. Paul wrote the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, formed the basis and groundwork of Christian faith.

It is impossible here to sketch Mr. Nolloth's argument. Our chief object is to draw attention to his book. The excellence of it is that it shows intimate acquaintance with recent thought and criticism, that its notes are crowded with pertinent references to and extracts from the chief critics of our time, and that calmly and moderately a well-wrought argument is built up, based upon conclusions as to the composition of the Gospels accepted by the best 'advanced' scholars of to-day.

Mr. Nolloth believes that whilst some unsettlement of belief has been caused by recent New Testament criticism, 'the main result will be a great gain, and that the Person of the Son of God will, as the years pass, be seen in clearer outline and in more convincing reality than at any former period of Christian thought.' In the full belief that his able, thorough, and candid treatise on the subject will help largely to promote such a result in this country, we have taken the opportunity to introduce the book somewhat fully to our readers. Its value can only be appreciated by careful study.

W. T. DAVISON.

THE BRONTËS

WHEN Mr. Augustine Birrell wrote his little book on Charlotte Brontë, he stated that Mrs. Gaskell had written the Brontë story once and for all. Mr. Clement Shorter appears to agree with this statement in the first sentence of his preface, but yet feels that there is room for something beyond a standard biography. Hence we have two big volumes[1] containing much that has been published before, but also many letters which have not hitherto seen the light. The volumes have been eagerly expected by Brontë enthusiasts for some time, and expectation has now given place to a welcome that must be very acceptable to Mr. Shorter. To those who have not fallen under the dominance of the Brontë enthusiasm it will probably appear that too much has already been written about the three shy girls who lived upon the borders of a Yorkshire moor, and that we have had a plain, sad story presented to us with more detail than we are entitled to know. Mrs. Humphry Ward has remarked upon the English love of the pathetic and picturesque in life and literature, and to this only can we attribute that personal interest in the Brontës which finds its complete exposition in the Brontë Society and its apostle in Mr. Clement Shorter. The Brontë Society has shown an extraordinary energy in the collection and preserva-

[1] *The Brontës: Life and Letters.* By Clement Shorter. Two Volumes. (Hodder and Stoughton. 25*s.* net.)

tion at Haworth of everything that it could lay its hands upon connected with the Brontës, from all available MSS. down to the dog-collar of Emily's dog and a walking-stick of a man who was the father of a girl who was for a time a servant at the parsonage.

There will, not unnaturally, be some complaint that Mr. Clement Shorter has not shown that reticence which becomes an author and an editor, and we understand that Lord Morley and Mr. Augustine Birrell advised against the publication of further letters. Many people hold, in contradiction to a modern tendency encouraged by the Press, that it is the duty of a faithful biographer to withhold as well as to impart, to repress as well as to expand, and to give only such detail as is necessary for a proper conception of the whole. They can point to the fact that Charlotte Brontë died before she had reached her fortieth year, that all her sisters died at even younger ages, and that Charlotte lived, except for a few short years of semi-publicity, a quiet obscure life in a country parsonage, her life, save for its all-too-frequent sorrows, unmarked by any outward event. This, it is very evident, is the antithesis of the view taken by Mr. Shorter, who seems now, after liberally editing Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, and supplementing this some eleven years ago by his own book, *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*, to have gathered together all his material into the book we have now before us, the result being over seven hundred letters connected only by very brief explanatory notes. We doubt whether the quotation of Charlotte's letters *in extenso* is always fair to Charlotte herself. Many of them would never have been written had the shadow of the thought that they might be published some day ever crossed the writer's mind, and not a few of those who admit the genius which inspired *Jane Eyre* and *Villette* do not see the necessity of following the writer into the milliner's shop or the kitchen.

Two short quotations must illustrate this point, though the illustration could be multiplied. Charlotte writes to her friend, Ellen Nussey: 'By the by, I meant to ask you when you went to Leeds to do a small errand for me. . . . It was merely this: in case you chanced to be in any shop where the lace cloaks, both black and white, of which I spoke, were sold, to ask their price. . . . I should like to see them, and also some chemisettes of small size (the full woman's size does not fit

me), both of simple style, for everyday and for best.' And again, from her letter to the servant concerning the preparation for a visit of a friend: 'The table-cloths had better be put on the dining-room tables; you will have something prepared that will do for supper—perhaps a nice piece of cold boiled ham would be as well as anything, as it would come in for breakfast in the morning.' Other instances could be cited, in the letter 'presumably to a servant-maid that had been engaged for the parsonage' at the end of chapter seventeen, in the postscript to Letter 633, and, most flagrant of all from the point of view of editorial discretion, the inclusion of the medical advice given to Ellen Nussey by Charlotte in Letter 564.

It is generally agreed that biography should appeal to all of us as a noble form of literature, and should always be essentially helpful. It appeals to all of us individually, and if we read it aright, we learn to have a more extended view and to put a more charitable construction upon life. But if we are to maintain this spirit we ought not to cultivate a curiosity about the dead which is unbecoming with regard to the living, and in literature, as in actual life, we often gain a truer conception of the whole by observing a reticence with regard to certain parts than by scrutinizing the minutiae of each part, as if each fact of human life was of equal value with every other fact, no more and no less.

But, while venturing this criticism, we must in justice allow that Mr. Clement Shorter has now given us a wonderfully clear picture of the Brontë household and mode of life. The picture is for a great part one of unrelieved sadness, so sad that the death of Branwell Brontë was in the nature of a relief after the wreck of his character and his hopes. Emily, 'the sphinx of our modern literature,' followed him to the grave within a few months; and less than six months later Charlotte buried her last sister, the gentle Anne, at Scarborough, and turned again home to the desolate parsonage at Haworth. There is no sadder passage in literature than this: 'I felt that the house was all silent, the rooms were all empty. . . . So the sense of desolation and bitterness took possession of me. The agony that *was to be undergone*, and *was not* to be avoided, came on.'

The correspondence widens in interest with the advent of Mr. W. S. Williams into the story. A Charlotte's views upon men and books reveal a mind which has not been warped

by uncongenial and cold surroundings, nor embittered by tragedy and heavy sorrow, and we think that in gathering together these letters Mr. Clement Shorter has made a contribution to literary criticism and biographical study which claims our respect and gratitude.

We understand that the first edition of this work is already nearly exhausted, and that a second edition, with even larger appendices, is being put in hand. An opportunity will thus be afforded to Mr. Clement Shorter to correct the few errors which seem almost inevitable in a work of this nature. The facsimile of the inscription made by Thackeray in the copy of *Esmond* which he presented to Charlotte appears, by a curious oversight, twice in the same volume, introduced by the same words (taken direct from *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle*), an error which ought to have been detected in the indexing of the book. Again, we are sometimes led astray by the fact that, whilst we are told at the beginning of each letter to whom it is addressed, we do not know by whom the letter is written until we turn to the close of the letter, and (e. g.) Martha Taylor's occasional letters to Ellen Nussey interspersed among Charlotte's numerous ones invariably take us by surprise, and we have to readjust our ideas as we only gather from the contents or by reference to the end of the letter by whom it is written. These are, however, only minor points of criticism in a book that is, on the whole, well edited, well indexed, well printed, and well presented to the public.

STEPHEN R. DODDS.

MR. CHESTERTON ON ORTHODOXY

IT is Mr. Chesterton's misfortune that the ordinary reader finds it difficult to take him seriously. Most of us can but rarely invent an epigram in which to express our philosophy, and the world imagines we have no wit. Mr. Chesterton has such an amazing fertility of witty epigram that the world imagines he has no philosophy. 'Mere light sophistry is the one thing that I happen to despise most of all things, and it is perhaps a wholesome fact that this is the thing of which I am generally accused. I know nothing so contemptible as a new

paradox. I never in my life said anything because I thought it funny, though, of course, I have had ordinary human vainglory, and may have thought it funny because I said it.' So Mr. Chesterton writes in the introduction to his latest work,[1] and people imagine it to be another of his jokes, and laugh aloud. But he is quite serious. He deprecates beforehand the conclusion that his book is a piece of poor clowning or a tiresome joke, and he dedicates it to his mother.

As a matter of fact, the book is a skilful defence of the faith which underlies the Christian religion. We may as well confess at once that it is overdone with illustration. The windows of the house are so extensive and so brilliant that it is difficult to find the walls. That is no doubt a fault, but it is a fault which leans to virtue's side. There are so many well-meant books on orthodoxy which fail precisely for want of illustration by concrete example, that we may very well condone one which fails, if it fails at all, because its wealth of concrete example obscures its underlying philosophy.

Mr. Chesterton's book is a sort of autobiography. Whether it is actually a veracious biography of Mr. Chesterton himself does not matter in the least. What matters is that the personal element in the story is typical of the man who thinks out a religion for himself and finds it to be Christianity; or, as Mr. Chesterton whimsically puts it, the man who thinks he has discovered a new island in the South Seas and finds it to be England.

We have first an attack on current rationalism. Mr. Chesterton finds that there is too much unmitigated reason abroad in the world. It is not imagination which is dangerous to a man's mental balance. Poets do not go mad, but chess-players do. Cowper was driven mad by the ugly logic of predestination. He was damned by John Calvin; he was almost saved by John Gilpin. The poet only asks to get his head into the heavens. It is the logician who tries to get the heavens into his head, and it is his head that splits. The madman's explanation of a thing is often, in a purely rational sense, satisfactory. His mind moves in a perfect but too narrow circle. His explanation explains a great deal; but what a great deal it leaves out! In the same way the rationalist takes one thin explanation and attempts to carry it too far. The materialist explains very much, but how very much he leaves out! He

[1] *Orthodoxy*. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. London: John Lane.

seems unconscious of the real things of the earth, of fighting peoples, or proud mothers, or first love, or fear upon the sea. The world is so very large, and the cosmos of the materialist is so very small. Materialism excludes, moreover, the freedom of the will, ignores sin, and makes it impossible to say, 'If you please,' to a housemaid. The man who cannot believe his senses, and the man who cannot believe anything else, are both insane.

Further, Mr. Chesterton argues that authority in religion has its historical origin in the defence of reason and freedom. The peril was that the intellect is free to destroy itself by teaching that there is no validity in human thought. Hence the need of authoritative dogma to restrain its freedom. If the mind is mechanical, thought cannot be very exciting, and if the objective of thought is unreal, there is nothing to think about. If the great world is to do nothing but spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change, then change itself is about the narrowest and hardest groove that a man can contemplate. Free thought has set itself free from authority only to bring about its own dissolution. When men ask themselves if they have any selves, free thought has not merely begun, it has run its course and ended by exhausting its own freedom.

There is something of sportive exaggeration in the statement of the conceptions upon which Mr. Chesterton says his infancy was nourished. No laws of sequence in cause and effect confined him then nor have confined him since. In mental relations there really are laws, for you cannot imagine two and one not making three; but in the science of physical facts there are only weird repetitions. 'Cut the stalk and the apple will fall,' is no more a necessary sequence than, 'Blow the horn and the ogre's castle will fall.' This world is all a wild and startling place, and might have been quite different. Mr. Chesterton will have none of the modern scientific fatalism which says that trees could never have been anything else but green, because he knows that they might have been scarlet, and he might have added that sometimes they are. 'It may be that God says every morning, "Do it again," to the sun.' That was one of his earliest convictions. 'And all this time I had not even thought of Christian theology,' he adds.

But it is not necessary to follow Mr. Chesterton through all his pleasant but devious excursions. He does not find it strange that Christianity has been attacked from opposite sides and

charged with mutually incompatible excesses, for he takes Christianity to be the normal position between extremes. He has his own way of illuminating the question of miracles; he has something eminently sane and wholesome to say about biological evolution; and he has one good thing to say about comparative religion. He recognizes that science is moving towards the supernatural with the rapidity of a railway train, and thinks it will even admit the Ascension if you call it Levitation. Mr. Chesterton's book is not to be recommended as a manual of orthodox theology or Christian evidences, but we may nevertheless regard it as a noteworthy fact that when orthodoxy is approached from so unusual a position as Mr. Chesterton's it should produce in him a belief as ardent as that of the rest of us.

HENRY T. HOOPER.

RECENT GAINS TO FAITH

WE are witnessing in these days a remarkable reaction from extreme conclusions of biblical criticism towards positions much nearer to the old views. Not that the reaction implies the acceptance of the old position altogether. This never takes place in the world of theological discussion. The old reappears with more or less extensive modifications. If the substance of the old is reasserted along with considerable changes of detail, it is all we can expect. The instances of this process at present are striking.

The Fourth Gospel is one of the battlefields of biblical criticism. The extent to which the nature of the Lord's personality is bound up with this Gospel is often, we think, exaggerated. To us the Synoptics seem to imply all that the Fourth Gospel asserts. The Christ of the Synoptics cannot be explained as merely human. The Fourth Gospel explains what the other Gospels alone would leave more or less in mystery. Hence its great value. We know how it used to be accepted as a critical truism that the Fourth Gospel was a product of the second century, a didactic romance in which the faith of the later Church was set forth in the form of narrative, and this view is still advocated in this country and elsewhere. Two

able works return to a point much nearer the old view. One is Dr. Drummond's *Inquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel;* the other Dr. Wendt's *Inquiry into the Genesis and Historical Value of the Gospel.* The two were nearly simultaneous, the date of the former being 1903, of the latter 1902. The conclusions are the more emphatic from the quite independent standpoint both of the writers and their works. Dr. Drummond's is an exhaustive exhibition of the plan, general character, external and internal evidence of the Gospel in above 500 pages. The following words state the author's view of the outcome of the external evidence: 'On the whole I cannot but think that the external evidence of Johannine authorship possesses great weight, and, if it stood alone, would entitle the traditional view to our acceptance.' After discussing the internal evidence we read: 'When we unite the two bodies of evidence, and remember the cumulative characters of each, it seems to me that we have an amount of proof of the Johannine authorship which ought to command our assent, unless very strong evidence can be produced on the other side.' After considering the 'objections to the traditional view' the final verdict is: 'On weighing the arguments for and against to the best of my power, I must give my own judgement in favour of the Johannine authorship.' Dr. Drummond, indeed, does not accept the raising of Lazarus as historical. Even here he rejects 'the notion of imposture,' adding: 'I am unable to regard even a large admission of unhistorical elements as fatal to the traditional view.' We can only mention, without lingering on, this limitation. Dr. Wendt's conclusions are strikingly similar to these of Dr. Drummond, while the exhibition of the evidence is even more minute and elaborate. Dr. Wendt argues for a 'Source,' of the Fourth Gospel, a Johannine document, which the unknown evangelist combines with matter of his own. The 'Source,' both in its historical parts and discourses, closely resembles the Logia which underlie the First and Second Gospels. Dr. Drummond does not accept this dual structure of the Fourth Gospel. Dr. Wendt's verdict is more qualified than Dr. Drummond's; but still, it looks decidedly in the same direction. Remembering the traditions of the school from which this verdict comes, we may be thankful for its positive tendency. Dr. Wendt distinguishes between an 'apostolic tradition' in the Gospel, and 'a secondary, subapostolic interpretation and tradition.' Still he adds: 'The

Gospel possesses for us—in spite of its sub-apostolic origin and the incredibility of many of its component parts—an eminent historical value.' It would not be difficult to show that consistency and logic must soon erase the qualifications.

The Book of the Acts has been subjected to even more drastic treatment in the critical school. The ridicule with which its historical claims have been swept aside is a remnant of the old Tübingen theory, which made the book a compromise between two diametrically opposed parties in the primitive Church. Here again, while the reaction does not carry opinion back to the old position, it effectually disposes of the attitude of offhand condemnation. Sir William Ramsay's defence of Luke's historical trustworthiness is well supported by Prof. Harnack, who defends the Lukan authorship of the Gospel and the Acts and the historical character of the Acts. Here again there are no doubt qualifying limitations of the general judgement. Still, the position maintained is most significant.

Another change in the trend of controversy is well worthy of notice. Forty or fifty years ago objectors to the doctrine of objective atonement took the ground that the apostles, Paul included, did not teach the doctrine, and tried to put another interpretation on their teaching. The aim of works on the other side was to prove that the Epistles could bear no other than the objective sense. Now it is seldom, if ever, questioned that the apostles teach no other than the generally received doctrine. The objectors seek to get rid of the idea of expiation or propitiation in a different way, namely, by denying the binding character of apostolic doctrine, and deriving it from the Jewish theology in which the apostles had been trained, overlooking the fact that the Jewish theology in question is that of the Old Testament, not of rabbinical interpreters. We simply point out the significance of the change of ground. It is no longer denied that the expiatory sense is what the Epistles teach. A more accurate exposition of the Pauline doctrine in this respect it would be hard to find than Pfleiderer gives in his *Paulinism*, or Orello Cone in his *Paul, the Man, the Missionary and the Teacher*, although both writers do not accept the doctrine. The replies to the old line of opposition have done their work effectually. Former opponents admitted the authority of the apostles, but tried to show that they did not teach propitiation. Opponents now are obliged to deny the authority of the apostles in order to get rid of the idea. How the latter

can reply to Dr. Dale's argument it is impossible to see. Dr. Dale holds that, apart from all question of inspiration, the apostles must have known whether their doctrine agreed with Jesus Christ's doctrine on the subject or not. If their authority on the subject falls to the ground, so does Christ's. To suppose that they taught a totally different doctrine on so central a question is to destroy, not merely their authority, but their trustworthiness altogether.

J. S. BANKS.

STRAUSS—AND AFTER

IN the appendix to Schweitzer's *Von Reimarus zu Wrede*, which is really a history of the criticism of the life of Christ, there is an extensive, but by no means exhaustive, list of more than sixty works which owe their origin to the *Life of Jesus*, by David Frederic Strauss. This work was published in Germany in 1835, and was translated into English by George Eliot in 1846.

Strauss was born in 1808, and the centenary of his birth has once more directed attention to his epoch-making work as a New Testament critic. Strauss first became known to fame as the author of the mythical theory of the origin of the Gospels. Although he denied the historical trustworthiness of the evangelists, he did not brand their narratives as forgeries, but strove to account for them as the pious products of the imagination of primitive Christian minds. The centenary year of Strauss has found the speculation, which he elaborated with literary grace as well as critical skill, discredited and discarded. The grounds on which this assertion is made may be briefly stated.

The insecurity of the basis upon which Strauss's *Life of Jesus* rested was pointed out by the author's former tutor, F. C. Baur, the founder of the Tübingen school of criticism. When Strauss was a theological student at the Blaubeuren seminary, Baur, one of its tutors, was engaged in the study of mythology. A few years later Strauss attended, at Tübingen, Baur's lectures on Gnosticism. But, as yet, the lecturer had not applied his Hegelian philosophy of history to the criticism of the New

Testament writings. Baur's objection to Strauss's book was that it was based on an inadequate examination of the primitive documents. This judgement has been endorsed by scholars of diverse theological schools.

Three years after the publication of his *Life of Jesus* Strauss said: 'The renewed study of the Fourth Gospel has led me to doubt my former doubt of its genuineness and trustworthiness. Not that I am convinced that it is genuine, but I am not convinced that it is not genuine. It may be that, on account of this change of opinion, my work has lost in unity, but I hope it has gained in truth.' In 1864 the *New Life of Jesus* appeared; in deference to criticism of the first edition it contained an examination of the sources. But Strauss was then so completely under the influence of Baur as not only to decide against the Fourth Gospel, but also to accept the priority of Matthew. To-day there is general agreement amongst scientific critics that Mark is the earliest Gospel, but Strauss went so far as to say that those who held this view were influenced by 'apologetic tendencies.'

In another direction critical inquiry has proved destructive of the theory of Strauss. It is no longer possible to assign to the Gospels a date sufficiently late to allow for the growth of myths and the accumulation of legendary mist. By general consent the Synoptic narratives are now placed, not in the second century (130–170 A.D.), but in the first century (65–80 A.D.). In this connexion it is also important to remember the significance of the witness to Christ borne by St. Paul in the Epistles which were written before the Gospels. Modern criticism, if it is scientific, has to recognize the fact that documents written within twenty-five years of the Crucifixion of Christ bear witness to the fact that the faith of the early Christians was faith in Jesus as the Lord of Glory. The precise 'argument' which Strauss insisted upon as essential to belief in the historical trustworthiness of the Gospels has been made available by scholarly researches into their origins. The challenge expressed in his own words has been satisfactorily met. 'It would most unquestionably be an argument of decisive weight in favour of the credibility of the biblical history, could it indeed be shown that it was written by eye-witnesses or even by persons nearly contemporaneous with the events narrated.'

Many who read the widely circulated *Life of Jesus* are un-

aware of the position Strauss took up in his later work, *The Old and the New Faith*, published in 1872. It casts a baleful light upon the tendency to depreciate Christology which is characteristic of an advanced school of thought to-day. In this book Jesus is called a fanatic whom we cannot accept as a leader, and faith as well in a personal God as in human immortality is abandoned. Dr. Ziegler, the most recent and quite sympathetic biographer of Strauss, says that he was 'dazzled by the light which had come through scientific discoveries,' and that as in his first *Life of Jesus* there was 'lacking a critical examination of the sources,' so in *The Old and the New Faith* there was 'lacking an investigation of the limits of human reason.' Instructive as are these criticisms, yet more noteworthy is the fact that in the closing chapter of his latest work Strauss discovers, when he comes to deal with morals, that his foundations do not support his building. Indeed, he himself writes to his friend Zeller: 'The foundation of morals I find decidedly the weakest part of my theory, and I should be very grateful to you for help in establishing my positions.' Strauss is not the only destructive critic who, having first lost faith in the historic Jesus as the Divine Son, afterwards lost faith in a personal God, and ultimately was at a loss to find a secure basis for moral obligation.

'After Strauss' the mythical theory has not been entirely dropped, but its adherents have been compelled to look to pagan sources and not to the imagination of the early Christians to account for the Jesus of the Gospels. In the *American Journal of Theology* for last October Prof. Carl Clemen subjects the assertion of the Buddhist origin of particular narratives in the Fourth Gospel to a detailed examination. His conclusion is: 'There is absolutely no trace of Buddhist influence in the Fourth Gospel, no more than in the Synoptics.'

Every attempt to account for Christianity as a natural evolution is foredoomed to failure. Von Schubert states the exact truth luminously when he says that it is 'unpsychological' to describe Jesus as 'the greatest of the prophets,' if by so doing it is intended to imply that 'original ideas can no longer be ascribed to Him.' What is essential is that we 'grasp what has been most emphatically taught us in recent years—the one great reality of the Person of Christ. He came not merely in the character of a prophet who proclaimed the will of God in a supremely powerful and impressive way, but also in the

character of the Lord who, having first appealed to men's consciences and touched their hearts, brought them to their knees when they desired to be His obedient followers; and finally in the character of One in whose image men caught a glimpse of the hidden face of God so that in knowing Him they knew God' (*Outlines of Church History*, p. 24 f.).

J. G. TASKER.

CHRISTIAN ELEMENTS IN MOHAMMEDAN LITERATURE

THE almost miraculous renaissance in Islam which is now proceeding in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries reminds one forcibly of Dante's lines:

> For I have seen
> The thorn frown rudely all the winter long,
> And after bear the rose upon its top.
>
> *Paradiso*, xiii. 133.

It is not perhaps fanciful to conjecture that one of the hidden causes of this renaissance is the large quantity of Christian truth which Islam literature holds, so to speak, in solution. It is a well-known fact that the Koran has borrowed largely from the Old Testament and the Apocryphal Gospels, but it is not so generally known that Mohammedan philosophers, theologians, and poets betray an acquaintance with facts and incidents of the Gospels of which the Koran contains no mention.

Leaving the Koran on one side, in the 'Traditions,' i. e. sayings of Mohammed handed down by tradition, we find God represented as saying at the Judgement, 'O ye sons of men, I was hungry and ye gave Me no food,' the whole of the passage in Matt. xxv. being quoted. This is remarkable, as it strikes directly at the orthodox Mohammedan conception of God as an impassible despot. Other sayings attributed to God which have a Christian ring are, 'I was a hidden Treasure and desired to be known, therefore I created the world'; 'If it were not for Thee, I would not have made the world' (addressed to Mohammed), evidently an echo of Col. i. 17, 'All things

have been created through Him and unto Him' (R.V.). The writer has often heard this last saying quoted by Indian Mohammedans in controversy.

Another traditional saying attributed to Mohammed is not unlike the doctrine of the Holy Spirit: 'Verily from your Lord come Breathings. Be ye prepared for them.' The Second Advent is also referred to in others: 'How will it be with you when God sends Jesus to judge you?' 'There is no Mahdi but Jesus.' It is a well-known fact that a certain gate in Jerusalem is kept walled up because the Mohammedans believe that Jesus will pass through it when He returns.

Some traditions have twisted Gospel parables, &c., in favour of Mohammedanism. Thus in the mention of the parable of the hired labourers, the first two sets of labourers are said to mean Jews and Christians, and the latest comers who receive an equal wage, though grumbled at by the others, are believed to indicate the Mohammedans. Other traditions give one of Christ's sayings a grotesquely literal dress. Thus our Lord is said to have met a fox, and to have said, 'Fox! where art thou going?' The fox replied, to his home. Upon which our Lord uttered the verse, 'Foxes have holes,' &c. Once when entering an Afghan village the writer was met by a Pathan who asked if the New Testament contained that verse. This shows how even garbled traditions may predispose the Mohammedan mind for the study of the Gospels.

Tabari, the historian (d. 923 A.D.), gives an account of the Last Supper and of Christ's washing the disciples' feet—topics entirely ignored by the Koran—and quotes the saying of our Lord regarding the smiting of the Shepherd and the scattering of the sheep.

Sufi literature, representing as it does the mystical side of Islam, abounds with allusions to Scripture. Al Ghazzali, the great opponent of Averroes (1058–1111 A.D.), in his *Ihya-ul-ulum* ('Vivification of the Religious Sciences') quotes the saying of Christ regarding the children playing in the market-place. In his *Kimiya-i-Saadat* ('Alchemy of Happiness') he writes, 'It is said that Jesus Christ in a vision saw this world in the form of an old woman, and asked how many husbands she had lived with. She said they were innumerable. He asked her if they had died, or had divorced her. She replied that it was neither, the fact being that she had killed all.' Here we seem to have a confused echo of the episode of the woman of

Samaria. Again in the same work he says, 'It is a saying of Jesus Christ that the seeker of the world is like a man suffering from dropsy; the more he drinks water the more he feels thirsty.' In the *Ihya-ul-ulum*, the verse 'Eye hath not seen,' &c., is quoted as if from the Koran, where it nowhere occurs. Ghazzali was an ardent student of the Neo-Platonists, and through him the phrases Aql-i-Kull (=Logos) and Nafs-i-Kull (=Pneuma) passed into Sufi writings (v. Whinfield, Preface to the *Masnavi*).

Saadi (b. 1184 A.D.), the famous author of the *Gulistan* and *Bostan*, was for some time kept in captivity by the Crusaders. This may account for echoes of the Gospels which we find in his writings. In the *Gulistan* he quotes the verse, 'We are members of one another,' and in the *Bostan* the parable of the Pharisee and Publican is told in great detail.

Nizami (b. 1140) gives a story which, though grotesque, seems to show that he had apprehended something of the Christian spirit. Some passers-by were commenting on the body of a dead dog, saying how abominably it smelt, &c. Christ passed, and said, 'Behold how white its teeth are!'

But of all Mohammedan writers none bears such distinct traces of Christian influence as Jalaluddin Rumi, the greatest of the Sufi poets, who is to this day much studied in Persia, Turkey, and India. In the first book of his *Masnavi* he has a strange story of a vizier who persuaded his king, a Jewish persecutor of the Christians, to mutilate him. He then went to the Christians and said, 'See what I have suffered for your religion.' After gaining their confidence, and being chosen their guide, he wrote epistles in different directions to the chief Christians, contradicting each other, maintaining in one that man is saved by grace, and in another that salvation rests upon works, &c. Thus he brought their religion into inextricable confusion. This is evidently aimed at St. Paul, and it is a curious fact that Jalaluddin Rumi spent most of his life at Iconium, where some traditions of the apostle's teaching must have lingered. Other allusions to the Gospel narrative in the *Masnavi* are found in the mention of John the Baptist leaping in his mother's womb, of Christ walking on the water, &c., none of which occur in the Koran. Isolated verses of Jalaluddin's clearly show a Christian origin:

> I am the sweet-smiling Jesus,
> And the world is alive by Me.

I am the sunlight falling from above,
Yet never severed from the Sun I love.

It will be seen that Jalaluddin gives our Lord a much higher rank than is accorded to Him in the Koran, which says, 'And who could hinder God if He chose to destroy Mary and her son together?'

A strange echo of the Gospel narrative is found in the story of the celebrated Sufi, Mansur-al-Hallaj, who was put to death at Bagdad, 919 A.D., for exclaiming while in a state of mystic ecstasy, 'I am the Truth.' Shortly before he died, he cried out, 'My Friend (God) is not guilty of injuring me: He gives me to drink what as Master of the feast He drinks Himself' (Whinfield, Preface to the *Masnavi*). Notwithstanding the apparent blasphemy of Mansur's exclamation, he has always been the object of eulogy by Mohammedan poets. Even the orthodox Afghan poet, Abdurrahman, says of him:

Every man who is crucified like Mansur,
After death his cross becomes a fruit-bearing tree.

Many of the favourite Sufi phrases, 'The Perfect Man,' 'The new creation,' 'The return to God,' have a Christian sound, and the modern Babi movement which has so profoundly influenced Persian life and thought owes its very name to the saying of Christ, 'I am the Door' ('Ana ul Bāb'), adopted by Mirza Ali, the founder of the sect.

When Henry Martyn reached Shiraz in 1811, he found his most attentive listeners among the Sufis. 'These Sufis,' he writes in his diary, 'are quite the Methodists of the East. They delight in everything Christian except in being exclusive. They consider that all will finally return to God, from whom they emanated.'

It is certainly noteworthy that some of the highly educated Indian converts from Islam to Christianity have been men who have passed through a stage of Sufeeism, e. g. Moulvie Imaduddin of Amritsar, on whom Archbishop Benson conferred a D.D. degree, and Safdar Ali, late Inspector of Schools at Jabalpur. In one of the semi-domes of the Mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople is a gigantic figure of Christ in mosaic, which the Mohammedans have not destroyed, but overlaid with gilding, yet so that the outlines of the figure are still visible. Is it not a parable?

CLAUD FIELD.

Recent Literature

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and other scholars. Vol. I. A—Art. (T. & T. Clark. In cloth, 28*s.* net; or in 12 monthly parts, 2*s.* 6*d.* each net.)

THE Preface to this great work, which will consist of about ten volumes, states that it will 'embrace the whole range of Theology and Philosophy, together with the relevant portions of Anthropology, Mythology, Folklore, Biology, Psychology, Economics, and Sociology.' The first volume is the fruit of 'six years' exacting labour,' and the names of nearly two hundred scholars are included in the list of the authors of articles contained in it. The skill of the accomplished editor and his knowledge of students' needs are manifested in many details of arrangement. Cross-references are abundant; a lengthy list of topics which will be treated under other titles is also given. Some indication of the extent of the field covered and of the diligence with which its corners have been searched is found in the fact that in this list occur no less than twenty-two names of 'Christian Sects' beginning with A. The article 'Sects' will be sub-divided; the Mohammedan division will include *Ahmadiya, Almohads,* &c.; the Christian division will describe the tenets of the *Abelites,* the *Aithenites,* the *Arnoldists,* &c.

The plan of the *Encyclopaedia* often involves the selection of a specialist to write on each of the various aspects of the same subject. He must possess fullness of knowledge, and have the gift of lucid exposition. Dr. Hastings has been conspicuously successful in finding the right men and in persuading them to be his collaborators. For example, *Architecture* is treated under twenty-four separate heads; *Chinese* by Prof. Chiuta Ino of Tokyo University; *Egyptian* by Dr. Flinders

Petrie; *Mithraic* by Prof. Franz Cumont; *Christian* by J. B. Stoughton Holborn, M.A., F.R.G.S., who at the outset is careful to point out that 'Christianity, as such, never has created, and never could create, a style of architecture.' He proceeds, therefore, to 'examine Christian buildings in various styles of architecture.' On *Alexandrian Theology* Dr. W. R. Inge writes with fine discrimination and sound judgement. At the cost of the careful reading of ten attractively written pages it is possible to gain an accurate understanding of Jewish and Christian Platonism as developed in Alexandria. The three representative names around which the discussion ranges are, of course, Philo, Clement, and Origen. As regards the permanent value of the Alexandrian theology, Dr. Inge differs from Harnack and the Ritschlian school generally, who regard 'the "Hellenizing" of Christian doctrine as an alien graft upon the enthusiastic revivalism of primitive Christianity.' . . . 'Those who would oust metaphysics from theology can have but scanty sympathy with the Alexandrians. But if speculation on divine truth is permissible or even necessary, no Christian theologians deserve a higher place than Clement and Origen, who made a serious and not unsuccessful attempt to combine in their creed the immanence and transcendence of God, universal law and human freedom, the universal and the particular in revelation, a lofty standard of practical ethics and world-forgetting contemplation.'

Robust thought and firmness of grasp are amongst the outstanding features of Dr. Garvie's treatment of *Agnosticism*. Critical estimates are given of the teaching of Hume, Kant, Comte, Hamilton, Mansel, and Herbert Spencer, their points of agreement as well as of difference being brought out in masterly fashion. Ample reasons are assigned for what some who are less familiar with the trend of modern thought may regard as an optimistic conclusion: 'More recent philosophical developments encourage the expectation that Agnosticism will soon be a superseded mode of thought.' Let any one who doubts this judgement ponder these weighty sentences. 'The materialistic explanation for which Agnosticism seeks to find room is inadequate to account for life, mind, morality, religion. The idealistic explanation which it seeks to shut out not only does justice to the highest interests of life, but makes more intelligible the whole process of the universe as an evolution of spirit. . . . The trust in the reason of man, on which the

proof of God's existence rests, is as necessary to give validity to the conclusions of science.'

A brief reference to a few of the articles on non-theological subjects will show that the *Encyclopaedia* appeals to a very wide circle of readers. Men of action as well as men of thought will need it. Dr. J. Mackie Whyte, Lecturer on Clinical Medicine in St. Andrews University, says of *Alcohol* that it 'can neither build up nor repair the tissues, and any favourable action that it has in producing energy is probably much more than counterbalanced by its poisonous effect, either directly or by means of intermediate products, while the tissues are dealing with it.' As regards total abstinence, Dr. Whyte is of opinion that it should be 'enjoined on certain classes: those who are hereditarily predisposed, through inebriety in parents or in grandparents, or through want of nerve stability; those whose occupations are closely associated with a heavy drink mortality; those who have given way to drink; persons who have suffered from diseases of the brain or nerves, or injuries to the head; and all children and juveniles.' A study of the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor's article on *Anarchism* would remove some current misconceptions. 'The popular idea of Anarchy is that it is concerned only with bomb-throwing and Terrorism.' But it is necessary to distinguish 'Anarchy as a theory' which has a political basis and is 'extremely anxious to place itself on a scientific basis,' from 'Anarchism as a historical movement.' The extravagant propaganda of Netschajeff, the Terrorist, differs greatly from the teachings of Kropotkin, a man of 'gentle and noble and self-sacrificing life,' who thinks that the solidarity of the human race will prevent the dreaded evils of Anarchism. The picture he sketches is idyllic: 'The Romanoff and the serf will vie with each other in praying the other first to take his portion of the heap.' The inevitable conclusion is that 'on its theoretical and economic side Anarchism is a dream. It postulates an unreal world in which all men will live at peace, and work without thought of self.'

Wesleyan Methodism is worthily represented in this volume. To Dr. Workman are assigned three congenial themes, on which he writes with the authority and ease of an expert—*Abelard*, *Ambrose of Milan*, and *Anselm of Canterbury*. Dr. Tasker contributes two admirably full and skilfully condensed articles dealing respectively with the ethical and religious meanings of *Abandonment*, and with the significance of *Advo-*

cate in the New Testament and in Church history. Dr. Moss gives an able summary of the policy of *Alexander the Great*, and estimates the influence of the philosophical schools of his time. Dr. Geden writes on *Aiyanar*, the tutelary god of the fields in Southern India; he also gives an instructive account of the Hindu sacred treatises known as the *Aranyakas*. Prof. Platt's careful history of *Arminianism* not only brings out its differences from Calvinism, but also shows how Methodist doctrine has modified as well as assimilated some of its chief tenets.

In this short notice only a few grains have been presented of the gold of which this *Encyclopaedia* is the storehouse. The process of gaining even a partial familiarity with its contents has been a liberal education. The more thoroughly it is tested, the more highly will it be valued. The far-seeing publishers and the versatile editor have earned the deepest gratitude of every serious student of the manifold subjects included in its comprehensive domain.

Murray's Illustrated Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by the Rev. W. C. Piercy, M.A., Dean and Chaplain of Whitelands College. With coloured maps and 365 illustrations. (Murray. 21*s.* net.)

This is a compact volume of nearly a thousand double-columned pages. The type is somewhat small, but very distinct, and the well-produced illustrations add materially to the value of the *Dictionary*. Mr. Piercy has had ninety-six helpers, among whom we note Dr. Orr and Dr. James Robertson, Colonel Conder, General Sir Charles Warren, Profs. Naville, Pinches, Gwatkin, Sanday, Sayce, Dean Wace, Chancellor Lias, Dr. Foakes-Jackson, Rev. C. H. H. Wright, D.D., and the Bishop of Durham. There was a general consensus of opinion among bishops, scholars, teachers, archaeologists, linguists, and divines that the time had come to issue a Bible dictionary in one volume which would embody the results arrived at by modern scholarship, research, and discovery. The *Dictionary* is frankly conservative, yet 'none of the additions of value made to our knowledge by "criticism," which are within the scope of a volume of this size, have been neglected.' The aim has been primarily to make it a dictionary of Bible names and things, but articles on ideas and doctrines contained in the Bible are included. The writers were selected

with great care, and then allowed a free hand. This leads in some cases to varying opinions and conclusions upon matters of detail, but cross-references are supplied, so that the reader has material for forming his own conclusions. We have found the articles very clear and concise. Everything is here that a Bible student, clerical or lay, needs for his work, and though a single volume cannot give as much space to subjects as Dr. Hastings' incomparable *Dictionary of the Bible*, Mr. Murray's work is well worthy of a place on the shelves of every Bible student. The Rev. W. J. Sparrow-Simpson has written the article 'Jesus Christ,' which extends to nearly seven pages, and that on the 'Resurrection of Our Lord.' Pastor Möller has been entrusted with the 'Canon of the Old Testament,' and Mr. Lias with the 'Canon of the New Testament.' The article 'Versions,' by Dr. Oesterley, reaches twelve pages; that on the 'Authorized Version' gives an excellent account of the English versions that preceded it. Dr. Orr writes on 'Deuteronomy.' He thinks that most historical contradictions between Deuteronomy and the earlier books, on which the Higher Critics insist, are 'far-fetched and unreal, and the discrepancies of laws, though sometimes occasioning difficulty, usually admit of reasonable explanation.' Murray's *Illustrated Dictionary of the Bible* is the best book of its size that we know, and we strongly recommend all who can to get it and to keep it in constant use.

The Second Temple in Jerusalem. Its History and its Structure. By W. Shaw Caldecott. (John Murray. 10*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Mr. Caldecott (a supernumerary minister of the Wesleyan Conference of South Africa) has continued his history of the Hebrew religion down to the time of Herod the Great, and is now, we understand, engaged upon a work which deals with Herod's Temple, and which will complete the series. His volume on 'The Tabernacle' was memorable for its solution of the long-vexed question of the length of the Old Testament cubit. His next, on 'Solomon's Temple,' incidentally confirmed the current tendency of archaeological research to modify the conclusions of Biblical criticism which is merely literary. These two volumes were issued by the Religious Tract Society. The present work, issued by Mr. Murray, is printed in more dignified type, but retains the R. T. S. device of placing the

larger maps free in a pocket of the cover. Mr. Caldecott's most valuable asset is his absolute independence in matters of historical criticism and his laborious reconstruction of the plans and details of the sacred buildings round which the history centres itself. The historical portion of the present work does not raise many questions just at present in dispute, but it is carefully done, and is expressed in the quaint, unadorned directness of style which distinguished his previous book. Incidentally it gives many luminous hints for the better understanding of certain passages in the Psalms and the Prophets. Mr. Caldecott does not hesitate to denounce Ezra, in good set terms, for his mismanagement in the matter of the mixed marriages, and he gives a lucid account of 'that most difficult of writers, Ezekiel, and of that most elusive of saints, the prophet Daniel.' But the chief value of his work, and that which makes it indispensable to the student of the Old Testament, is his careful reconstruction of the Temple building, and the detailed architectural plans which accompany it. We believe this work has never before been so thoroughly done, and the results of it are, in several particulars, quite new. By way of comparison he reproduces drawings of the building from sources as early as 1560, and as late as 1896, which show how crude the conventional conception of it has always been. His own drawings, he says, have been independently worked out and confirmed by a competent architect who had no prepossessions either way about Ezekiel's plans. His graphic description of an imaginary visit to the temple would, however, have been less likely to mislead if he had more definitely explained that the imaginary visitors were not admitted to the sacred enclosure, but only to the altar and the surrounding courts.

The Resurrection of Jesus. By James Orr, M.A., D.D., Professor of Apologetics and Systematic Theology in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*.)

This is a book which has been wanted for some time. Though it consists substantially of articles that have already appeared in a monthly journal, their reappearance in a handy form as a unity of closely-knit parts is a distinct boon to the Churches and to all seekers after truth. And no one who is really anxious to know what to believe about the resurrection of Jesus Christ can afford to overlook a volume in which an

ample knowledge is shown of all recent literature on different sides, and the reader is carried on step by step, without partiality or logical lapse, to the only legitimate conclusion.

Dr. Orr divides his book into ten chapters. The first describes the present state of the question, and the last shows the doctrinal bearings of the Resurrection. Between them are discussed such matters as the scriptural and historical evidence, with the value of the proposed critical solvents of the former, and the various theories, especially Lake's modern revival of Keim's theory of an apparition or psychical manifestation from the unseen. The evidence is found to be irrefragable except on the part of such critics as, whilst scouting a theory of mechanical inspiration, work as though it were generally postulated. As to the comparative rationality of the traditional belief and the views that have been put forward to supersede it, no room for doubt is left to a mind that does not prejudge the question of the supernatural. That question Dr. Orr examines with the thoroughness and virility that characterize every part of his book. He has no difficulty in showing that the denial of miracle is a logical necessity in any scheme of the universe which has not a personal God at its centre. To the older theism which viewed God as a living Power outside His works, the explanation was easy, as Sanday and many others have seen, that the bringing into operation of unknown forces might account for much that Christ did. The latter theism, which regards God as immanent in the world, and full of resource and moral purpose, is not troubled with even that class of miracles in which the Resurrection may be placed, and which requires the direct action of a Creative Cause. To such theism the question of miracle in the case of such a person as the Christ is entirely a question of evidence, which begins with the apostolical tradition and includes the very existence of Christianity itself.

On all these points Dr. Orr writes with a degree of patience that is beyond praise, and with a clearness that makes his meaning obvious to the least informed. In argument he is a dialectician without passion, in personal conviction loyal at once to Christ and to reason. He enters into details with complete mastery of them, and hence never becomes merely technical. He states the views he is examining by means of exact citation, and is consistently fair and impersonal. And any one who has adopted the wise practice of studying a question

on both sides will value this book highly. It will help to settle some distracted minds and to restore to its real value in the estimation of men the Person of Him who died for our sins and rose again.

Christianity: its Nature and its Truth. By Arthur S. Peake, D.D., Professor of Biblical Exegesis in the University of Manchester. (Duckworth & Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

In this thoughtful and thought-kindling work Dr. Peake appears rather as a constructive theologian than as an historical critic. Sometimes, however, he assumes the latter and more familiar rôle, with the result that the thoroughness of his criticism enhances the value of his positive conclusions. This is especially true of the excellent chapters entitled respectively 'The Gospel Portrait of Jesus,' 'The Supernatural Birth of Jesus,' and 'The Resurrection of Jesus.' Frankly admitting at the outset that 'a very impressive case can be built up against the historical character of the birth stories,' Prof. Peake rightly contends that 'we cannot discuss the question in a vacuum.' It is 'the central Figure of all history' of whom we speak, and when we approach the narrative along these lines, 'we may feel that in a person so supernatural the virgin-birth was natural.' On some points the reasoning seems to us inconclusive. In making room for the evolutionary theory of the origin of mankind there is no need to regard sin as 'an inevitable stage in the moral development of mankind.' With the dawning of moral distinctions man did indeed start 'on his upward career' intellectually, and had there been no 'deliberate thwarting of the higher law by self-will,' he might have entered upon his upward career morally and spiritually. From the fine exposition of the Pauline doctrine of 'mystical union with Christ' much may be learnt, though a straining of the apostle's meaning seems to be involved, when it is said that 'ideally sanctification precedes justification.' But for almost everything in this clear and cogent restatement of 'the vital facts and principles on which Christianity depends,' we are deeply grateful to Dr. Peake. Much that needed to be said is forcefully said. One example must suffice: 'When eminent religious teachers stake the truth of Christianity on the testimony of the religious consciousness . . . one may well stand aghast at the recklessness of such a position. The

Christian consciousness is a very complex thing; it is rooted in certain historical facts guaranteed to us by the New Testament history, and conditioned throughout very largely by New Testament teaching.'

The Gospel according to St. John. The Greek Text, with Introduction and Notes. By the late Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L. Two vols. (Murray. 24*s.* net.)

Bishop Westcott wrote his notes on St. John for the *Speaker's Commentary*, but he continued to work at them after they had been published there with a view to a Greek edition. The additional notes are fullest on Chaps. III, IV, VI–XII, and are considerable in Chaps. I, XVI, XX. The Introduction remains practically unaltered, save that the 'Quotations from the Old Testament in the Gospel' have been revised. The Greek text of Westcott and Hort is here printed with the Revised Version on the opposite page. Dr. Westcott's son has only altered the Revised Version text or marginal text in those cases where it seemed that the rendering would not have satisfied his father. The Introduction is now, of course, somewhat behind the times, but we find ourselves in hearty accord with its conclusions as to the apostolic authorship of the Gospel, and it is wonderfully suggestive and helpful in its treatment of the object and plan of the book. The notes are illuminating. Dr. Westcott's own mind and spirit were attuned to those of the beloved disciple, and he is an ideal interpreter of the sublime discourse in which our Lord prepares the Eleven for His cross. Though Bishop Westcott remodelled many of his notes, this work has not the claim upon students of the Greek text that it would have had if he had lived to complete it; yet every reader of the Gospel will be grateful to avail himself of the profound insight and rich scholarship of these volumes.

The Incarnate Purpose: Essays on the Spiritual Unity of Life. By G. H. Percival. (Williams & Norgate. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is an ingenious, if, in places, a rather fanciful, attempt to harmonize the teachings of science with respect to the unity of nature with the teachings of Christ. God is regarded as

'the supreme Spirit of Life, manifested through love, and attested by the Spirit of Truth, which finds representation in His words and deeds and in His rite of communion.' The thought is not at all times clear, and the style is too abstract for easy reading, but here and there are ideas and suggestions which repay consideration. The whole subject is regarded from a religious but extra-ecclesiastical and evolutionary point of view. To plead, as the author eloquently does, for freedom in the discussion of religious truth, is at present a little ludicrous; it is, at all events, like an attempt to force an open door.

National Idealism and the Book of Common Prayer. By Stanton Coit, Ph.D. (Williams & Norgate. 10s. 6*d*. net.)

Dr. Stanton Coit's theory is that there is no God but social righteousness, and no religion but 'the focusing of men's attention upon some being from whom they have received the greatest benefits, in order to derive still further benefits.' He here treats the Book of Common Prayer in the light of these beliefs, with a 're-interpretation and revision' of his own. He recasts the Decalogue, reconstitutes the Lord's Prayer—'Our Father' being suitable as an appellation for 'a deity identical with human goodness'—and parodies the Litany by changing 'We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord' into 'We earnestly desire,' not that God would 'strengthen such as do stand,' &c., but that 'we' may do so, and that '*we* may have mercy upon all men.' He adds similar travesties of what, to Christians, are very sacred words, to make them fit his method of resolving religion into ethics. The climax is perhaps reached in the sketch of a reformed Burial Service, with which the volume closes. Dr. Coit has no faith in personal immortality, but declares in his liturgy that 'the dead are not dead if we have loved them truly . . . in our own lives we gave them immortality.' He complains bitterly of the utter unsuitability of 1 Cor. xv. as a lesson on such an occasion, denouncing its 'false prophecy, false science, and forced logic,' and suggesting an alternative made up of extracts from Jeremy Taylor, the Bible, and Shakespeare. This is accompanied by a psalm of his own composition, to be used instead of Ps. xc., followed by a passage from Walt Whitman. Those who share Dr. Coit's views may possibly admire his liturgy.

A Handbook of Christian Ethics. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Philosophy, M'Gill University, Montreal. (T. & T. Clark. 6s. net.)

Dr. Murray is no stranger to sudents of Ethics, who know him well from the useful Introduction he published seventeen years ago. Good as that book was, this is undoubtedly better. It has the same qualities of acute thinking and adequate expression; but the writer moves more easily, and has less difficulty in sustaining the attention of his reader. His aim is to set forth the science of moral life in the light of the Christian ideal.—In four sections, each furnished with a careful analysis of contents, he discusses that ideal, exhibits it in its psychological aspect and in its application to the varied relations of life, and explains the method of training by which the attainment of the ethical end may be ensured and hastened. The treatment is not too abstract, though rather unequal; and the book is that of an able thinker, who knows where the perplexities lie, and offers several good suggestions towards their solution.

Amongst the excellences of the book, in addition to its plan and central conception, must be placed the success with which the preparation for Christian teaching is traced in the Latin and Greek moralists. Eastern preparations outside the Jewish circle receive scant notice. Egoism and altruism are identified on the assumption that every man's highest good can be reached only in the pursuit of that of other men. This makes solidarity the conclusion of a long chain of reasoning, and neither explains its origin and basis, nor provides a legitimate place in the scheme for the so-called particular virtues. The classification of the virtues is always difficult, but in a case of this kind should be the result of a process of analysis applied to the ideal. To follow Christ in the one particular and Aristotle in the other gives of necessity a certain appearance of disjointedness, which is not removed by a rather forced identification of wisdom with the love of God. Again, it is Pauline teaching that the truth should be spoken in love; but not everybody will agree with the assumed corollary that the obligation of veracity is qualified by a more imperative obligation. In regard to moral exercises Dr. Murray insists rightly on the certain truth that personal discipline to be effective must be both voluntary and private; he recommends also a

training of the intelligence in the problems of casuistry, which is probably not on the whole a suitable gymnastic for the young. Christianity has a treasury of moral resources, which if not peculiar to it as a religion, are found nowhere else in equal variety and fullness; and a larger reference to these would not have been inappropriate.

One feature of the book is the frequency with which admirable little notes occupy the bottom of the page. They appeal to many tastes, and should never be overlooked. In addition to the analytical table of contents, so drawn up as to be a real key to the author's thoughts and sequence of thought, two full indexes, one of Scripture passages, are supplied.

The Century Bible. Exodus. By W. H. Bennett, D.D., Lit.D. *Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, and Song of Songs.* By G. Currie Martin, M.A. (2*s.* 6*d.* each.) *The Religion of Israel.* By Prof. A. S. Peake, D.D. (6*d.* net.) (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

These three further instalments of the Century Bible and Handbooks are excellent additions to the series. When completed, the Old Testament series will be a worthy companion of the New Testament series. It would be difficult, the critical basis of the whole work being borne in mind, to name a commentary better adapted to the needs of teachers and members of Bible classes. The entire series will be a valuable aid in the improvement in Sunday-school teaching now going on. The authors of these two works would earnestly maintain that whatever change the new views make in the composition and structure of the Old Testament books, they make no change in their religious value and greatness. The Introduction to Exodus, which is full and carefully done, leaves many questions of date and structure uncertain, but its value to revealed religion is strongly emphasized. The Code of Hammurabi incidentally bears ample testimony to the trustworthiness of the chief part of Exodus.

It is no slight feat to give a clear and complete account of three difficult Scripture books in one small volume; yet this is what Mr. Martin does. With excellent tact he confines himself chiefly to literary illustration and comparison, working this mine with remarkable effect. The writers in this series are remarkably faithful to the purpose in view, and the present

volume is equal to the best in this respect. The analogies from the literature of other nations are wonderfully apt and full. What the author says of Plumptre's commentary in the *Cambridge Bible* may be said of his own: 'In the wealth of its literary illustration and the charm of its style no book surpasses it.'

Dr. Peake's handbook describes, not the theology, but the religion of Israel in its different stages. Here, again, while great changes in form are advocated, the substance remains the same. It is needless to say that the work is beautifully written. The different stages in the growth of the Israelite religion are luminously set forth. In expounding the divine name, 'Yahweh,' the writer warns us against abstract explanations. 'The Hebrew religion did not concern itself with metaphysics, and such an idea as the self-existent one would have been foreign to its mode of thought. It is more probable that we should lay the emphasis on moral than on metaphysical character.'

Salvation and the Old Theology: Pivot Points in Romans. By the Rev. Len. G. Broughton, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a book difficult to characterize. It consists of 'a series of talks' on the Epistle which has given rise to the greatest systems of theology the world has known, the Epistle that has puzzled the genius of Augustine and Calvin and Edwards. Yet we have little but praise for Dr. Broughton's 'talk.' It would be easy to criticize unformed sentences, crudities of thought and illustration; but we have not the heart to do so. In the main the emphasis on vital Christianity is so just, the illustration so vivid, the appeal so irresistible, that our last feeling is one of thankfulness. The talks avoid the common mistake in our days of minimizing sin, and so making redemption next to needless. The anecdotes are all to the point. Paradoxical as it may seem, the details are often open to question, yet the whole is excellent. Dr. Broughton construes sanctification as simply separation for service, laying the chief stress on regeneration. The practical part of the Epistle is dismissed in about twenty pages. Still, Dr. Broughton's gospel is Paul's gospel in homely, striking guise.

The Fact of Conversion. By George Jackson, B.A. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.*)

The similarity of the present work to the one just noticed in substance is as remarkable as the contrast in all that belongs to style; the diction and treatment in the present work being as finished and graceful as we always expect from the writer. The titles of the chapters—The Reality of Conversion as a Fact of Consciousness and as attested in its Fruits, Varieties of Conversion, its Rationale and Psychology—indicate the purpose and the importance of the subject. The deeper question involved is the truth and reality of the spiritual life. This thesis is defended with abundance of cogent argument and literary illustration. Not the least helpful part is the treatment of the bearing of psychology on views of conversion. One fact which emerges is that the majority of conversions occur in comparatively early life. 'In other words, the critical period in religious development is seen to coincide in a very remarkable degree with the storm and stress of adolescence.' The frequent references to Profs. James, Coe, and Starbuck guide to further reading. Mr. Jackson adds useful cautions. We may characterize the whole book as a blending of Moody and Drummond. It is new evangelism, but it is evangelism. The quotations are apt, never diverting from the main course. Old William Perkins wrote beside his name in his books, 'Thou art a minister of the Word; mind thy business.' Dr. Tholuck once wrote to Dr. Pusey, 'Our preachers, having got rid of the Christian doctrine, are now insisting with much earnestness on the importance of taking regular exercise.'

The Rev. Dinsdale T. Young's last volume bears a striking title—*The Travels of the Heart* (Culley, 3*s.* 6*d.*). It is borrowed from the first sermon, but it really covers the whole ground along which these 'spirit travels' move. The sermons represent a year's ministry in Wesley's Chapel. The perfect naturalness of the language strikes one at the first sentence, and the music grows upon us as we turn the pages. The divisions are simple but suggestive. They leave room for many a happy appeal to heart and conscience. There is no artifice about these sermons; they are mighty in sincerity, in love, and in apostolic zeal.

Problems of Discipleship, by H. Bisseker, M.A. (Culley, 1*s*. 6*d*. net), is a little guide to holy living framed to meet the need of numberless men and women, both within the Church and outside it, who earnestly seek guidance in matters of the highest interest, yet have neither opportunity nor inclination for protracted study. The problems dealt with are those of Temptation, The Besetting Sin, Suffering, Unreality in Prayer, The Value of Sermons, reading the Bible, &c. Mr. Bisseker has put his best thought and ripest experience into these helpful little studies. They are beautifully expressed, full of strong sense and godly wisdom. No one will be disappointed who turns here for guidance in the daily problems which meet the earnest disciple.

The Rev. J. T. Waddy, B.A., has written a brief exposition of *The Lord's Prayer* (Culley, 1*s*. 6*d*. net), which lights up the difficult passages and supplies many fruitful suggestions as to the spirit and plan of the prayer. The clearness of the exposition and its devotional tone will make it very acceptable to young preachers and teachers. The spirit and style of the book are excellent.

A Shorter Manual of Theology. By Joseph Agar Beet, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Dr. Beet is well known as one of the clearest theological writers of the day. There is no mysticism about him. One cannot mistake his meaning. This Shorter Manual, like its larger predecessor, is a model of lucidity. It proceeds on original lines, and, unlike some theological manuals, is eminently readable and most interesting. It claims to be 'a compact restatement of the gospel of Christ in the light of modern scholarship and science,' and that claim is justified. Controversies are avoided; a wise course in a book designed especially for young students. Its arguments are well built up, and buttressed by ample Scripture references; and it will impel, as well as guide, to a systematic study of the New Testament. The chapter on Sons of God is a specially able exposition; and we find ourselves in complete agreement with the author's views on Last Things, as here stated. This should prove a serviceable manual to teachers and students. The questions on each chapter, found at the end of the book, enhance its value for class purposes or for self-testing.

St. Paul's Epistles to Colossae and Laodicea. With Introduction and Notes by John Rutherfurd, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 6*s.* net.)

In this scholarly and thoughtful work the Epistle to the Colossians is viewed in relation to the Epistle to the Ephesians. Mr. Rutherfurd carefully traces 'the unity of thought and feeling and even of verbal expression' which pervades them. He also adduces strong reasons in favour of the view that the 'Epistle to the Ephesians' was sent in the first instance to Laodicea. Material is furnished for a thorough comparative study of these two 'sister epistles.' There are also helpful discussions of such subjects as 'The Pleroma,' 'The Sabbath in the New Testament,' and 'Relation to the Gospel of St. John and the Apocalypse.'

A Critical Examination of the Evidences for the Doctrine of the Virgin Birth. By Thomas James Thorburn, M.A., LL.D. (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.*) A careful and fair-minded statement of the documentary evidence—canonical and extra-canonical—in support of the doctrine. Useful Appendices deal with 'The Birth-Story in the Apocryphal Gospels,' 'Isaiah's Birth Prophecy,' 'Mythological Theories,' and other subjects.

The Book of Esther (International Critical Commentary). By L. B. Paton, D.D., Hartford. (T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The inclusion of the Book of Esther, in which the name of God is not found, in the canon, still remains difficult of explanation. Dr. Paton would exclude it altogether. The explanation suggested of the omission of the divine name does not sound very probable. According to this explanation the book was to be read at the feast of Purim, at which excessive drinking went on. In order to prevent the divine name being profaned it was omitted. The feast of Purim is traced to Babylonian sources. The author's verdict on the book is roundly stated. After summarizing the evidence, he concludes, 'The book is so conspicuously lacking in religion that it should never have been included in the canon of the Old Testament, but should have been left with Judith and Tobit among the apocryphal writings.' The book is even said not to be historical, but to belong to the class of Jewish romances. Yet it has been the

text of an immense literature. 'It has two Targums and at least eight Midrashes,' and on these, again, commentaries have been written in great numbers. From these sources Dr. Paton draws a large amount of material to supplement the text of the book. The Introduction alone, tracing the history of the text and interpretation, fills above a hundred pages. The amount of labour on the author's part must have been immense.

Christian Festivals and Anniversaries. By J. G. Greenhough, M.A. (James Robinson. 3*s.* 6*d.*) It is refreshing to find a Baptist minister of Mr. Greenhough's position and reputation preaching such sermons as these. John Wesley would have loved his discourse on All Saints' Day. The sermons are admirably rich and suggestive, and they include not only all the great Christian Festivals, but New Year's Day, the close of the year, Citizen Sunday, and two sermons for a Sunday-school anniversary.

Sunday Mornings at Norwood. Being Twenty-two Sermons and Twenty-two Prayers. By S. A. Tipple. (H. R. Allenson. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Tipple's sermons were first published in 1882, and were at once recognized as masterpieces. An enlarged volume was issued in 1895. This third edition is sure of an eager welcome, and many will be thankful that Mr. Tipple has gratified his friends by yielding to their strong and repeated entreaties that he would allow the reissue. The prayers are often beautifully phrased and richly varied. They are sometimes slightly instructive, but they are always full of yearning after God. The sermons are beautifully clear and deeply spiritual; they lead to heart-searching and longing after heavenly things. To read and meditate over this volume is a real means of grace.

Permanent Elements in Christian Theology, by the Rev. R. J. Wardell (R. Culley, 3*s.* 6*d.*). The twenty-six sermons or addresses which form this volume give 'the substance of a Methodist preacher's message to his congregation during one winter of his ministry.' The arrangement in sections represents a real unity of subject—Christ's Kingdom, Message, Gifts, Disciples, Purposes, with an additional section on the Cross and the Judgement. Jesus Christ is thus the centre of the series. The sermons are thoughtful, and evince wide literary reading. Browning is worthily prominent in the numerous quotations.

The Gospels Chronologically arranged, by the Rev. W. Brinscombe, F.R.A.S. (Bagster & Sons, 2*s*. 6*d*. net). Mr. Brinscombe places St. Luke first in this harmony, both because he promises to give special attention to the order or time and because he furnishes so many particulars of the Nativity of our Lord. The arrangement of the Gospels in four parallel columns is convenient, and the size of the book is handy. Some extended notes are given as an Appendix. That on 'The Place that Christ went to prepare' is specially interesting. Mr. Brinscombe thinks that before Christ's Atonement 'all departed saints on leaving the body descended to the Brighter Hades.' After His death our Lord raised them to Heaven, where all believers under the Gospel Dispensation pass after death.

Have Miracles Happened? by the Rev. H. T. Dixon (Elliot Stock, 2*s*. 6*d*. net). In striving to controvert the naturalistic tendency of much modern criticism Mr. Dixon has done well. But his book deals almost entirely with the Old Testament miracles, and we cannot agree that to reject his view of the narrative in Joshua x. 12–15 would lead 'naturally and inevitably to the rejection of Christianity itself.'

The Tithe in Scripture, by Henry Lansdell, D.D. (S.P.C.K., 2*s*. 6*d*.). A republication of some chapters from a larger work, entitled *The Sacred Tenth*. A revised bibliography shows how extensive is the literature on this important subject. Systematic and proportionate giving would solve many problems, and Dr. Lansdell adduces abundant proof that the Christian principle should be 'not less than a tenth for God.'

Does it Matter what a Man Believes? and other Themes for Thought, by Frank Ballard, D.D. (Culley, 2*s*. 6*d*. net). This is the first volume of *The Methodist Pulpit Library*, and it is a very neatly got-up, well-printed, cheap, and timely series. Good sermons appeal to a large and appreciative circle, and it is worth much to sit at the feet of such a teacher as Dr. Ballard. He knows every side of his subject, he discerns what is in the minds of his hearers, he is awake to all the needs of the age, he sets himself to help towards the production of 'that Christian character which, when true to its great Exemplar,' he holds 'to be the highest ideal possible to human nature.' The first sermon shows very powerfully that the believer's experience and his daily life are the final court of appeal as to whether he is right or wrong in his belief. The second, on 'The Bene-

diction of Difficulty,' will enable some to see a divine purpose in their trials and crosses. Each sermon has its definite message forcibly brought out and well applied. The Methodist pulpit has not lost its grip of heart and mind and conscience, judging from this volume. The second volume, by John H. Goodman, is well called *The Chambers of Imagery*. It is crowded with incident and apt quotation; the style attracts attention, the thought is rich, the themes are those devout congregations love. Each sermon has its own beauty, but no passage strikes us more than that on 'Immortality,' where the preacher appeals to the experience of dying saints as proof of his doctrine. Such a volume explains Mr. Goodman's popularity. Every page in it sparkles and glows.

Dr. Ballard's *Popular Determinism* (Culley, 6*d*. net) is the first section of a work on *The People's Religious Difficulties*, which will be completed in five parts. A selection is given from two thousand questions asked and answered at open conferences. They are extraordinary answers. No difficulty is shirked. Dr. Ballard is singularly honest, but he is also masterful, as the man will be who has fathomed a subject and served a long apprenticeship in the art of facing the hardest problems presented by human society and individual life. It is a little book, but it is packed with matter for which all preachers and teachers will be profoundly grateful. Honest doubters and seekers after truth will give it an equally warm welcome.

Abba, Father: A Comment on the Lord's Prayer, by Walter Lowrie, M.A. (Longmans & Co., 4*s*. 6*d*. net). Mr. Lowrie is Rector of St. Paul's American Church in Rome. His special aim in this devout and well-written book is to illustrate the Lord's Prayer by the experience of Jesus revealed in His teaching and in the history of His life. The opening chapter on the prayer in general leads to a study of each petition, and a closing chapter on the Amen. The arrangement is very clear, and the whole treatment suggestive and helpful.

The Poetry of the Gospel of Jesus, by Otto Frommel (David Nutt, 2*s*. 6*d*. net). Every book must be judged under the limitation which the author puts upon himself, and it is only fair to say that at the very outset the author does not pretend that the gospel of Jesus is only poetry. He knows and believes that it is infinitely more. But in this essay his purpose is to reveal the beauty of the gospel, the artistic perfectness of the

character of our Lord. And certainly only those who have studied the thousand subtleties of the Gospels can understand how delicate and rare that beauty is, and how exquisite is the character of its central Figure. The author has many things to say, and many illustrations to adduce, which cannot help but enrich men's conceptions of the aesthetic and moral beauty of Christ's great evangel, and of Him who is for ever its great Preacher; and to those to whom this is an unfamiliar light in which to view both the gospel and their Lord, it will have something of the nature of a revelation. The Essay, too, has a great beauty of its own.

Dr. Miller's *Devotional Hours with the Bible* (Hodder & Stoughton, 5*s*.) seeks to bring out the spiritual and practical lessons which may be gathered from its great stories. It does not deal with critical questions, but makes its appeal to all who wish to find strength for daily living. This volume covers the period from Genesis i. to Exodus xiv., and is always crisp and suggestive. Preachers and teachers will find it just what they need in their work, and homely Christians will love it.

Reason and Revelation, by J. R Illingworth, has been added to *Macmillan's Sixpenny Series*. It brings out with masterly skill the strength of Christian Evidence as a harmonious and coherent whole. It is a boon to have such a reprint.

The nineteenth volume of *The Expository Times* (T. & T. Clark, 7*s*. 6*d*.) is a treasury from which preachers may draw some splendid material for their sermons. The range of subjects is wonderfully wide, and Dr. Hastings has a band of helpers drawn from all Churches. We like *The Expository Times* better every year, and find it more and more suggestive.

Lieut.-Colonel Turton's *Truth of Christianity* (Wells, Gardner & Co., 2*s*. 6*d*. net) has now reached a seventh revised and enlarged edition. It is doing great service to the cause of Christian evidence.

Meyer's *Lesson Handbook* for 1909 (Culley, 1*s*. net) is so complete and so compact that it is increasingly popular. No Sunday-school teacher ought to be without it.

One Hundred Illustrated Sermon Outlines and Texts, by James Dinwoodie (H. R. Allenson, 3*s*. 6*d*.). These outlines are very well arranged and have much good stuff in them.

Mr. Allenson's reprint of *Twelve Sermons*, by John Henry Newman (6*d*.), will appeal to many. The sermons are above praise.

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

History of Classical Scholarship. Vols. II and III. By T. E. Sandys, Litt.D. (Cambridge University Press. 8*s*. 6*d*. net each vol.)

Dr. Sandys completes with these volumes an undertaking which he commenced eight years ago, and of which he has already given to the world the firstfruits in a volume reviewed at the time of publication in the London Quarterly. We congratulate the Cambridge Public Orator on the successful issue of his gigantic task, which consists in nothing less than a close and detailed survey of Classical Scholarship from the sixth century B.C. to the present day. It goes without saying that the volumes before us are worthy to be placed by the side of their predecessor, and the completed work is an achievement which reflects the highest credit on English scholarship. There is indeed nothing like it in our language: nor can either Europe or America show any study which covers the same ground within the limits of a single publication. It is encyclopaedic without being an encyclopaedia. A history of scholarship might easily become a rather dull catalogue of names and scholastic achievements: but Dr. Sandys, while providing adequate and accurate information as to names and works, presents us with a dexterously constructed history, its complex materials being woven together with admirable literary workmanship, and the whole coloured by many picturesque touches, allusions, incidents, and quotations. These volumes have all the virtues of a book of reference with none of its limitations, inasmuch as they contain a highly-finished and attractive historical narrative.

There can be only one opinion as to the utility of this work. It fills a distinct gap in classical studies. What student of classical texts, familiar though he may be with the names of earlier scholars and editors, has not been prevented from a closer acquaintance with their personality and work by the difficulty of securing information? One can recall a whole host of editors and critics whose names were names, and nothing

more, to students of the annotations and bibliographies of Greek and Latin editors. Dr. Sandys clothes these names with flesh and blood. His brief biographical sketches, taken together with the excellent woodcuts and illustrations which adorn his pages, impart the necessary touches of reality, and give to his readers glimpses into the personal life and characteristics of some of the great pioneers and leaders in the realm of classical letters.

The author takes up the history of classical scholarship at the period of the Revival of Learning—a period which he has treated with much charm in his Harvard Lectures, and now in another form, but with equal fascination, surveys in the first of the two concluding volumes of his history. Italy, *sancta mater studiorum*, is the land in which the earlier products of classical research appeared, the home of Petrarch and the Humanists who flourished in the brilliant period between Dante and the Sack of Rome in 1527; the main characteristic of this epoch was the discovery of the classics and the imitation of them. We then pass to the *French* period, which gives us the industrious learning of the *Polyhistors* of France and the Netherlands, including the great names of Scaliger, Casaubon, Lipsius, and Salmasius. This brings us to the seventeenth century, after which comes the century of *English* and *Dutch* activity, beginning with Bentley, Hemsterhuys, and Ruhnken, and concluding with Porson—an age of historical, literary, and verbal criticism. Next, with the birth of Friedrich Augustus Wolf of *Prolegomena* fame, follows the *German* period, in which scholarship becomes encyclopaedic, representing the systematic treatment of historical, critical, grammatical, and archaeological research. Finally, with our own times, classical learning oversteps the limits of Europe and becomes cosmopolitan in character. Within these well-marked divisions, and gathering round the greater lights of learning, a vast multitude of lesser stars brighten the firmament of classical scholarship. One of the admirable features of Dr. Sandys's work is that, along with his insight into the general movements of learning, he never overlooks the obscurer details and less familiar names. A glance at his Bibliography sufficiently indicates the width of his researches, while his lists of *editiones principes* and of scholars arranged under heads of languages, subjects, and countries, are valuable helps to the student. By his amazing industry, and the wealth of information which these volumes

contain, Dr. Sandys has earned the gratitude of the world of scholars; while the work as a whole, judged as a literary feat and a monument of erudition, is worthy of the best traditions of Cambridge University.

Le Tribunal Révolutionnaire (1793–5). Par G. Lenotre. (Paris: Perrin et Cie. 3*fr.* 50*c.*)

This is the fourth volume of M. Lenotre's *Mémoires et Souvenirs sur la Revolution et l'Empire*. He has attempted to reconstitute the judicial life of Paris in the worst days of the Revolution, and to paint the portraits of the beings who assumed the power of life and death during the Terror. M. Lenotre has had no contemporary description to guide him, but has gathered his material from unexplored sources, and made the past live again by the aid of a line in a report, an architect's account, or some tradesman's bill or workman's pay-sheet. By the aid of plans and documents he takes us through the Palais of Justice, known in those grim days as the Tribunal. Then we are introduced to Fouquier-Tinville, the public prosecutor, whom Carlyle called 'the most remarkable attorney that ever lived and hunted in the Upper Air.' M. Lenotre cites documents which enable us to follow each stage of this monster's course till he himself perished on the scaffold, to the unmixed delight of the mob of Paris. The trials of Charlotte Corday and of Marie Antoinette are the most tragic scenes in this grim tale of blood. We watch Robespierre free himself from all whose eloquence or opinions stood in the way of his personal ambitions, see Fouquier-Tinville become the most redoubtable of all the judges of France, and are admitted to the heart of the whole tragedy as no other history admits us. It is a notable addition to our knowledge of the Revolutionary tribunal and its horrible procedure.

A Survey of London. By John Stow. Reprinted from the text of 1603. With Introduction and Notes. By Charles Lethbridge Kingsford, M.A. Two vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 30*s.* net.)

Mr. Kingsford has given us a worthy edition of Stow's *Survey*. It has been long needed and will be greatly prized. The text has been prepared with the greatest care by Mr. C. E. Doble, who has also supplied an extended and instructive Glos-

sary. Full notes throw light on all difficulties, and there are three Indexes of persons, places, and subjects. The Introduction includes a most interesting life of Stow and many facts about his *Survey*. Stow was for nearly thirty years a working tailor, and must have prospered in business, for he spent money freely on the collection of books. From about 1560 his attention was concentrated 'in the pursuit of our most famous antiquities.' He belonged to an old London family, and 'remembered how his father's garden had been encroached on for the making of Thomas Cromwell's pleasure-grounds, and could recollect to have seen more than two hundred persons served well every day at Lord Cromwell's gate with bread, meat, and drink.' His fame rests on his *Survey*, which is based on personal investigation of documents and visits to all parts of the metropolis. 'It is at once the summary of sixty observant years, and a vivid picture of London as he saw it.' One of the most interesting passages is that about the bakers from Stratford at the Bow, who were allowed in old time 'to bring long cartes laden with bread, the same being two ounces in the pennie wheate loafe heavier than the penny wheate loafe baked in the Citie, the same to be sold in Cheape, three or four cartes standing there, between Gutherans lane, and Fausters lane ende, one carte on Cornehill, by the conduit, and one other in Grasse streete.' He tells us, on his father's authority, how certain men ringing a peal of bells at St. Michaels, Cornhill, saw 'an uglie shapen sight' come in at the south window. It left the marks of a 'Lyons clawe' in the stones. Stow adds, 'I have seen them oft, and have put a feather or small stick into the holes, where the clawes had entered three or foure inches deepe.' This edition, for the first time after three hundred years, makes Stow's masterpiece generally accessible in the form in which he wrote it. It will be a real treasure to all lovers of London.

The John Hopkins Press at Baltimore issues *A Study of the Topography and Municipal History of Praeneste*, by Ralph van Deman Magoffin, A.B. It is the first of a series of studies in which the author hopes to throw light on the history of the towns of the early Latin League, and is based on close personal investigations. The proud position of Praeneste among the towns of Latium was due to the fact that its citadel was impregnable. It held the key to Rome from the south. The Christian faith had a stubborn fight here with the old Roman cult of

Fortuna Primagenia, but it triumphed completely, and Praeneste became the seat of one of the six suburban bishoprics. Mr. Magoffin has surveyed the whole district, and throws much light on the position, the walls, the public buildings, and on the municipal government. It is a piece of painstaking work for which all students of Roman history will be grateful.

The Church of England. By R. Ellis Roberts. (Francis Griffiths. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is not a complete history of the Church of England, but an attempt to awaken interest in the problems presented by successive stages of that history. It is divided into ten periods, the first of which is 597–1066, and the last 1833–1900. Mr. Roberts writes rather carelessly, and his book would have gained by a more thorough revision. He is a High Churchman who is anxious that the vision of unity among the Churches in England should not make Anglicans neglect their opportunity of assisting in a revived Catholicism. As to Methodism, Mr. Roberts thinks that 'had there been any one able to direct Wesley and his Methodists, or, better still, any one with the courage and common sense to make him a bishop, there is no reason why Methodism should not have remained to strengthen and sweeten the life of the Church.' Mr. Roberts has to allow that while 'Wesley's desire was to prevent schism, he often took action that was schismatical in tendency if not in nature.' In 1784 he himself 'committed schism' by his ordinations. The fact is Mr. Roberts can make little of Wesley, and he does not see that Methodism may have done more 'to strengthen and sweeten the life of the Church' by pursuing its own providential path.

The Confessions of Augustine. Edited by John Gibb, D.D., and William Montgomery, B.D. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is strange that the only annotated edition of *The Confessions* previously published in England was one with a few Latin notes which Dr. Pusey issued in 1838. 'The most famous volume in the whole library of the Fathers' is here supplied with notes which throw light on the times in which it was written, and the literature and philosophy by which Augustine's mind and character were formed. The Introduction shows that *The Confessions* were written at the request of

Augustine's friends, that they mourn and rejoice with him in the retrospect of his life, and give thanks to God on his behalf. He used them to silence the praise of others and to show them what he really was. *The Confessions* are not only a wonderful autobiography, but they help us to watch the theology of Western Christendom shaping itself in its chief creator's mind. Of all this Dr. Gibb and Mr. Montgomery have much to say which invests the old devotional classic with fresh interest. On the manuscripts and texts, also, there is some useful information, and the notes will be of great service, especially to students of *The Confessions* in the Latin text given in this volume.

The Life of Beethoven. By Alice M. Diehl. (Hodder & Stoughton. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

For twenty years the preparation of this biography has been to Miss Diehl a labour of love. She has studied the literature of the subject and has visited Germany to inspect the various relics and books in the Beethoven Museum. She has not dealt critically with the composer's work, and that is perhaps the weakest part of her volume, but she has given a fascinating sketch of the musician's life, and helped us to follow his whole course from his childish sorrows till the heavy clouds settled upon him in his last years. It is a touching story, and Miss Diehl tells it with skill and never-failing sympathy. The elder Beethoven was a selfish drunkard, who regarded his son as a musical prodigy who might be a means of providing money for his amusements. Beethoven spoke bitterly in after years of this epoch of his life. His devotion to his mother was unwavering, and her death of consumption was to him a lifelong sorrow. In 1791 he went to Vienna, where he became Haydn's pupil, and worked constantly, sometimes almost fiercely, at his musical studies. He gradually established his reputation as a composer and instrumentalist. Miss Diehl gives a pleasant picture of his devotion to his art and his knightly reverence for women. But the pathos of his story is the deafness which robbed him of the sense which seemed most indispensable for a musical composer. He bore his heavy cross with patience and courage. He was 'passionate, self-willed, rough, and at times even singularly perverse,' yet there was no bitterness in him, and 'from animal vices he was as free as the most spiritual nature which can be found in the flesh.'

Life and Letters of Hannah E. Pipe. By Alice M. Stoddart. (Blackwood & Sons. 15*s.* net.)

Miss Stoddart was for a time a member of Miss Pipe's staff at Laleham, and enjoyed her friendship for forty years. She has therefore had special advantages in preparing this volume, and has been able to draw upon the recollections of a large circle of old pupils and friends. Miss Pipe's grandfather and her uncle were both Wesleyan ministers, and she was proud of her Methodism. She told Lady Huggins, 'I love Methodism, because one has room to breathe in it; it is the largest of all the Protestant Churches. I love it because, better than any other religious organization, it has known how to deal with the poor,' &c. Miss Pipe's father died before she was ten, and her mother had to enter into business in Manchester to maintain herself and her little daughter. Dr. W. B. Hodgson, who became Principal of Chorlton High School in 1847, first discerned Hannah Pipe's exceptional fitness for the profession of teacher, and in 1848 she began a day school in Wright Street. Then she moved to a larger house, and in 1856 ventured to take Laleham Lodge, Clapham Park, in London. Her mother was much concerned at these bold ventures, but her daughter's confidence in herself and her friends was abundantly justified. Her object was to help girls of Yorkshire and Lancashire families who had much money but little refinement. She wished to open their eyes to all that is best in this life and in that which is to come. Her school was a refined and cultured home which sent out a succession of girls to become cultivated and true-hearted wives and mothers. Miss Pipe enjoyed the special friendship and help of George Macdonald, who regularly lectured in her school, and her own character and religious earnestness made a profound impression on all her pupils. It is an inspiring story, and Miss Stoddart has told it in a way that will lay Miss Pipe's friends and old pupils under abiding obligation.

Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth. Edited by their niece, Margaret J. Shaen. With two portraits. (Longmans & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Catherine Winkworth died in 1878, and her sister in 1884. Susanna began to prepare a memorial volume, and collected all the available letters, but was at last led to the conclusion that

she had not material to give an adequate picture of Catherine. She had supplied the connecting narrative up to 1858, and Miss Shaen has had the benefit of her work in the preparation of this most welcome and beautiful volume. The grandfather of the two sisters, the Rev. William Winkworth, came of a Berkshire family, and was chaplain of St. Saviour's, Southwark. He was the intimate friend of Romaine, Cecil, Newton, and Rowland Hill, and the first sermon ever preached in the Church of England for a missionary society was delivered in his church. His son Henry became a silk manufacturer, and married a Miss Dickenson of Pembury, whose father and uncle were both turned out of doors for becoming disciples of Whitefield. They were deacons of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at Tunbridge Wells for more than fifty years. In Manchester Mr. Gaskell gave lessons to the Winkworths, and they were intimate with Mrs. Gaskell, who had not yet become celebrated, but gave them the impression that 'she could write books, or do anything else in the world that she liked. And the more we knew of her, the more we admired her. She was a noble-looking woman, with a queenly presence, and her high, broad, serene brow, and finely-cut, mobile features were lighted up by a constantly varying play of expression as she poured forth her wonderful talk. It was like the gleaming ripple and rush of a clear, deep stream in sunshine.' There are some delightful glimpses of Charlotte Brontë, Jenny Lind, F. D. Maurice, Baron Bunsen, and other celebrities, and we learn much about the translations for which both sisters were famous. The volume is a loving tribute to two noble women who worthily upheld the traditions of a notable evangelical family.

Sir John Field, K.C.B., Soldier and Evangelist. By Claud Field. (Religious Tract Society. 5*s.* net.)

John Field landed in Bombay in 1840, at the age of eighteen, as an officer in the Indian Army, and for thirty-four years did fine service. His last appointment was that of Judge-Advocate-General of the Bombay Army. He had become deeply religious in 1843, and exhibited as much heroism in his testimony for Christ as in the Indian Mutiny, and when commanding a brigade in the Abyssinian War. On his return to England he devoted himself to all manner of good works, preaching on the sands at Ramsgate, assisting Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in

their London mission, and serving as one of the secretaries of the Evangelical Alliance from 1879 to 1892. He lived at Blackheath for many years, and steadily visited the slums of East Greenwich; then he moved to Guildford, where he became one of Bishop Ingham's most trusted supporters. He was a whole-hearted Christian, whose labours for the salvation of all about him were unwearying. Many impressive incidents of the blessing he brought to others are given in this beautiful tribute to the memory of a noble soldier-Christian.

A History of Missions in India. By Julius Richter, D.D. Translated by Sidney H. Moore. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Moore has done service to all missionary societies, and especially to those working in India, by this excellent translation of Dr. Richter's *magnum opus*. The Introduction, on 'The Land, the People, Religion, and Caste,' gives in brief compass a mass of facts which throw light on the whole course of the history. India is the land of villages. In England a third of the population is crowded together in cities with over 100,000 inhabitants; in India only a tenth live in towns with more than 5,000 inhabitants. Sixty-four per cent. of the people are employed in agriculture. There were Christian communities in India at the time the apocryphal *Acts of Thomas* were written, and they ascribed their origin to the apostle. 'John, Bishop of all Persia and Greater India,' was present at the Council of Nicaea. The Danish Mission, which Ziegenbalg and Plütschau began in 1706, marks the beginning of modern missions in India, but little progress was made till Schwartz landed in 1750, and even to-day the 'Royal Priest of Tanjore,' as he was called, 'pervades the Tamil Mission like a gracious perfume.' Dr. Richter divides the work of the nineteenth century into four sections—the age of Carey, of Dr. Duff, from the Mutiny to 1879, and from 1880 onwards. His closing chapters are entitled—'Religious Problems of Indian Missions; Missionary Organization; The Leaven at Work; The Success of Missions; The Christian Church of India.' A new era has dawned, and in many departments missionaries have been the pioneers. The *History* will be indispensable to all students of Indian missions. It is singularly interesting, and packed with facts and figures which every missionary advocate will find of constant service.

A Mission to the Transvaal. By the Rev. Amos Burnet. With map. (Culley. 1*s.* net.)

Mr. Burnet has spent six years in Johannesburg as head of the great Methodist Mission in the Transvaal and Swaziland during a most critical period. After referring to his call to go out to South Africa, Mr. Burnet describes 'the new land' in which he found himself. Tracts of country much larger than Yorkshire were untouched by railways, and native churches lay eighty to a hundred miles from the nearest station. South Africa is 'a seething chaos of unsolved problems.' When the Boer War ceased the work of reconstruction had to begin, but the rapid recovery was astonishing. Mr. Burnet tells the story of David Magata, the heroic native who was the real founder of the Transvaal Mission; then he comes down to 1882, when the first Synod was held in Pretoria, and the work began to spread from point to point. He describes his own first survey, and the great advance which began the following year. His facts and figures are inspiring, and he points out the present opportunities in a way that will deeply impress all readers of this volume. It is the book of a man whose life has been devoted to South Africa, and it will make a deep and permanent impression. There is a first-rate map of the Transvaal.

Sydney Rupert Hodge, the Beloved Physician. By the Rev. J. K. Hill. (Culley. 1*s.* net.)

Dr. Hodge was a man of strong character, who made his mark wherever he went. As one of the first scholars of The Leys, he was a tower of strength to Dr. Moulton, and when David Hill won him for China, he showed the same capacity for influencing others. We are glad that David Hill's nephew was asked to write this little book. It holds our attention from first to last. It is so unaffected, so full of its subject that it forms a living portrait of one of the noblest and most successful medical missionaries that ever worked in China. Dr. Hodge was as gentle as he was skilful, and his passion for preaching was never quenched by the strain and pressure of hospital life. The record will appeal strongly to young men and women who have enjoyed great advantages, and will lead them, we trust, to dedicate their gifts to the service for which this saintly physician joyfully laid down his life.

Messrs. Seeley's *Library of Romance* (5*s.*) is growing, and

no volumes combine instruction and pleasure more skilfully. The get-up tempts a young reader, they are profusely illustrated and brightly written. *Heroines of Missionary Adventure*, by Canon Dawson, is a delightful portrait gallery which includes Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Robert Clark, A.L.O.E., Irene Petrie, Mrs. Bishop, and other noble women, and brings out the lessons of each life. *Heroes of Modern Crusades*, by Edward Gilliatt, M.A., begins with Wilberforce and the fight against the slave-trade. Then it describes the American struggle and the work of Lincoln. Modern heroes, like Sir George Williams, Father Mathew, Quintin Hogg, and Dr. Barnardo, have their fitting place in a book of which every Englishman will be proud. *The Romance of Early British Life*, by G. F. Scott Elliott, puts much material drawn from learned works in a picturesque form. It begins with the first man in Britain, and comes down to the days of Alfred. Mr. Elliott knows his subject, and knows how to interest his readers. *Astronomy of To-day*, by C. G. Dolmage (5*s.* net), is intended for general readers, and gives a complete outline of the science in the clearest and most attractive fashion. The ancient view of astronomy and the modern view are set forth, and sun, moon, planets, stars, comets, and astronomical methods, are clearly and attractively described. It is a book that will make many young students of the sun and stars.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay; The Early History of Charles James Fox. By Sir G. O. Trevelyan, Bart. (Longmans & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.)

Sir George Trevelyan has good reason to be proud of the reception given to this Life of his uncle. It is thirty years since it was first published, and in several instances a misprint or a verbal error has been brought to his notice by at least five-and-twenty different persons. There is hardly a page which has not afforded occasion for comment or suggestion from some correspondent. This edition not only gives the original work unabridged, but notes have been added at the end of three chapters, and there are four Appendices. Miss Thornton's delightful letter to Hannah More about Macaulay's speech at Freemasons' Hall in 1824 is here. The notes in books read at Calcutta are also given, and Mr. Salkeld's account of the historian's visits to his old book-shop. The new chapter on Macaulay's marginal notes will be studied with great delight.

Sir George Trevelyan's volume on Fox was published in 1880, and this is the eleventh reprint. A four-page Appendix has been added on 'Fox's Letters to Richard Fitzpatrick.' They refer to a visit paid to Castle Howard. He is almost stern in his reprobation of the matrimonial contentment fearlessly displayed there, little dreaming of the time when he would be happy to live alone with his wife in the very depth of rural retirement. The book is one that every student of English parliamentary life will find it necessary to have on his shelves.

Earl Stanhope's *Reign of Queen Anne* (John Murray, 5*s.* net), which by the use of thin paper has been packed comfortably into one handy volume, will be of service to all students of the period. The work was prepared as a continuation of Lord Macaulay's *History of England*, so that it begins in 1701 and ends with the Peace of Utrecht, when Lord Stanhope's own History takes up the thread of events. His work suffers from a comparison with Macaulay's brilliant masterpiece, but it is admirable for its clearness and its presentation of facts. It is pleasant to read, it is marked by strong sense and sound judgement. Marlborough is the great figure of the reign, and Earl Stanhope's description of the man who so signally retrieved the ancient glory of England is stately and impressive. 'To Marlborough beyond all others belongs the praise of bringing back to our arms the full lustre that beamed upon them in the days of the Edwards and the Henries. The days of Queen Anne need fear no comparison with these. Ramillies and Blenheim are worthy to be enrolled side by side with Agincourt, Cressy, and Poitiers.' We are thankful to have this cheap and neat reprint.

The Fascination of London. Shoreditch and the East End; Hackney and Stoke Newington. By Sir Walter Besant and others. (Black. 1*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

These little volumes make a strong appeal to every lover of London. They are full of facts about famous houses and old residents, but they help us also to understand the industrial life of East London to-day. It is encouraging to find that not more than thirty or forty small and obscure streets in this vast area can be described as 'the actual old-fashioned slums, the resort of the criminal and the casual.' Both of these volumes are brightly written, and tell us just the things we wish to know. The maps are excellent.

The History of the Hebrew Nation and its Literature, with an Appendix on the Hebrew Chronology. By Samuel Sharpe. Sixth edition. (Stock. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.)

A reprint of a well-known work. A striking feature is that the work, published long before the full development of the critical theory, anticipates in a general way the positions of the theory, although there are notable exceptions. Thus, the writer says that the Hebrew religion 'began with priestly ceremonialism.' His method is to use the historical facts as a means of fixing the date of the books, or portions of the books, as is done by the critical school. The result is often avowedly conjectural. The sequence everywhere is a natural one. The miraculous is quietly passed over or set aside. Under these limitations the work gives a full, clear, connected narrative of Hebrew history to the time of the Roman conquest, and has no doubt already proved useful to teachers and students. The Table of Contents and Chronological Table are valuable additions.

The Oxford Reformers and English Church Principles: their Rise, Trial, and Triumph. By the late George Fox Bridges, of Oxford. (Elliot Stock. 5*s*. net.)

This book was written more than forty-five years ago by an Oxford layman, but it is now published for the first time, having been revised and re-written by the author's nephew, the Rev. W. G. Bridges, M.A. The first part consists of an historical account of the Oxford Reformers during the 150 years' struggle for an open Bible. The second part gives quotations from their writings, illustrating English Church principles, and bringing out the Protestant character of the system of divinity taught by these ancient worthies. On the true ground of separation from Rome, the Reformers are shown to have been well aware of 'the vital difference between the religion of Rome and that of the Bible.' From this point of view the volume will be found to cast light upon present-day controversies.

Scandinavian Britain. By W. G. Collingwood, M.A., F.S.A. (S.P.C.K. 3*s*. 6*d*.)

The introductory chapters of this book, written by Prof. York Powell, deal with the materials for the study of the period, the mother-land and peoples and the Wicking fleets.

Mr. Collingwood describes the earliest raids, the Danelaw, and the Norse settlements in various parts of this country. The book is packed with information on a period which is comparatively little known, and it is both clearly and pleasantly written. It would well repay every Englishman to study the volume with care. It has a good map of Scandinavian Britain.

Thomas Healing: Lover of Children, Teacher of Teachers. By C. Arnold Healing, M.A. (J. W. Butcher. 1s. net.)

The genial and able man who left our 'weary ways' early in last year is made to live again in this little book. His son has wrought well, writing with affection tempered by restraint, as ought ever to be the case when the relationship is so close. His work has style, picturesqueness, and proportion. It is pleasant by means of these pages to trace the course of Thomas Healing from the cottage of his birth, with its Christian atmosphere, to his sagacious and helpful age, and to mark the development of a character which would ultimately be rich in influence, especially over young people, and over his successors in the honourable profession of teaching. Among the formative influences of his earlier life were the men under whose spell he came, or with whom he was thrown into association, and there are references here to some of these which are very vignettes, notably John Burton, James Smetham, and Matthew Arnold. We owe more than we yet know to Mr. Healing's zeal and devotion to religious work among the young. He was an enthusiast of the best type, and always a courteous Christian gentleman. Men of his type are a gift to the Church, and cannot help being a blessing in the world.

Carest thou not? Facts and Incidents in the History of the Seamen's Mission. By C. J. O. Sanders. (Culley. 1s. net.)

The author shows that when the Seamen's Mission was founded in 1843 a light which has gradually increased in brightness began to shine 'on the rough pathway of the sailor.' It is a well-written narrative, full of interest, and the illustrations are excellent. Every reader of Mr. Sanders's book will rejoice in the manifold agencies now established in connexion with the Seamen's Mission, and will desire to help in the extension of its beneficent activities.

GENERAL

In the Abruzzi. By Annie Macdonell. With twelve illustrations after water-colour drawings by Amy Atkinson. (Chatto & Windus. 6*s.* net.)

LOOKING eastward from Rome, across the Campagna, vague mountain masses are seen in the distance which shut in the strange, uncouth provinces of the Abruzzi. The richer North Italian is more attracted by Switzerland and our Highlands than by this land with its wild, pure air and its 'dazzling, whirling light that makes the blood dance in the veins.' The days are past when the three provinces were a haunt of brigands, though Miss Macdonell has some stirring tales to tell of Marco Sciarra, whose name struck terror into travellers at the end of the sixteenth century. A large part of the population are shepherds, who find excellent pasture on the high levels. They return to the plains in May with their thousands of sheep and their 'huge, beautiful, shaggy white' dogs, 'so docile to their masters and to them alone.' They are unmatched for strength and ferocity. 'On the road to Pettorano we were suddenly surrounded by six of the great creatures. One or two showed their teeth, and six pairs of red eyes glowed like coals. But slowly the circle they made relaxed, and they went their ways.' America is the chief outlet for the Abruzzesi. Almost every young artisan or peasant has crossed the ocean and come back with his little pocketful of money, which goes into the rocky farm. The women are as a rule better developed and handsomer than the men, and they are the sap of the country. Celano, where the author of the *Dies Irae* was born, has lost its prosperity, but its castle is the finest in the Abruzzi. Ovid was born further south, at Sulmona. Dante Gabriel Rossetti's father was a blacksmith at Vasto, which hangs on its cliffs overlooking the Adriatic, with fertile plains and olive groves stretching west and south. The book introduces English readers to something like a new world, and its striking illustrations help one to understand Miss Macdonell's enthusiasm for the country.

The Bible of Nature. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These five lectures were delivered at Lake Forest College, Illinois, on the Bross Foundation. They are an admirably lucid and masterly discussion of the history or Genesis of Nature. Prof. Thomson brings wide scientific knowledge to his task, and he is by no means blind to the fact that science utterly fails to tell us 'how the first clock, from which all the other clocks are descended, came into being.' She has to answer that she does not know. The story in these lectures is told so as to suggest, as one of our foremost investigators has said, that 'men of science seek, in all reverence, to discover the Almighty, the Everlasting.' The first lecture on 'The Wonder of the World,' with its impressive illustrations, will deepen the feeling of wonder which lies at the roots of science and philosophy, and which will always be one of the footstools of religion. That is the easiest part of Prof. Thomson's task. When he turns to 'The History of Things' his difficulties begin. Science attempts to give a descriptive account of occurrences rather than an explanation of them. As it goes back it reaches 'something—so very old, so very wonderful, that science can give no name to it.' As to the actual history of things disclosed by the Palaeontologists, we are much at fault. 'If we had a series of instantaneous daily photographs of all that has taken place since life began to be, a complete pictorial history of the past would be possible, and evolution would be verified.' Readers of THE LONDON QUARTERLY know enough of Prof. Thomson's writings to understand how efficiently the argument of these lectures is worked out. But the impression left on our minds is that the Bible of Nature is harder to interpret than the Old Testament, and we wait for some Newton, 'who may be born any day,' to throw light on the wonders which are continually growing more inexplicable as man searches them out. To our minds these lectures add new weight to the belief that Nature leads us back step by step till we stand face to face with the Almighty and Eternal Father and Creator.

Bird-hunting through Wild Europe. By R. B. Lodge. With 124 illustrations from photographs by the author. (Culley. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is saying a great deal, but in this narrative of his bird-hunting expeditions Mr. Lodge excels himself. He begins

with his journey to Andalusia in March 1905. He and his companion had not been in Ronda an hour when the first griffon they had seen in a wild state came sailing just over their heads. Attempts to secure photographs of the vultures failed for some time, but at last Mr. Lodge managed to bring his camera and telephoto lens to bear on a griffon quietly sitting in her nest in a big hole by the side of a half-grown young bird. Only a few yards away was a fine Egyptian vulture, and the outside sticks of her nest could be seen projecting over the edge of the rock. Mr. Lodge lay awake all that night considering how to master the difficult bit of rock-face, but, though he got within a few feet of the nest next morning, he had to abandon the attempt. He managed, however, to get the egg of a Bonelli's eagle on another crag. Next spring Mr. Lodge turned to Bosnia and Montenegro, searching for the nesting-places of the Dalmatian pelican. Mr. Lodge has the art of making himself at home wherever he goes, and his book is full of happy bits of description which make its scenes live before one's eyes. It is quite common to see farmers in Albania 'ploughing their lands with a loaded rifle slung over their shoulder; and even on the way to church the men all go armed.' Mr. Lodge heard of men who had not been able to go outside their houses for years for fear of being shot at sight. The pelicans were duly found, and some charming photographs taken, which appear in this book. Even more attractive are those of the white heron, especially of its young. In 1907 Mr. Lodge revisited the Balkans, adding much to his treasures. His photographs are works of art, and they are splendidly reproduced in one of the most fascinating books on bird life that we have ever seen.

1. *The Story of the Sea and Seashore.* By W. Percival Westell, F.L.S., M.B.O.U. (5*s.* net.)
2. *The Young People's Nature-Study Book, in Garden, Field, and Wood.* By Rev. S. N. Sedgwick, M.A. (Culley. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

1. This is a very attractive book. It has eight coloured plates and 128 photos and drawings, and Mr. Westell's chapters are full of information put in a way that arrests attention and never allows it to flag. The story begins with sea monsters, such as whales, sharks, dog-fishes, and the octopus. A great deal of information is skilfully given. Then we pass to porpoises, dolphins, and seals. 'When young the porpoise-pig is no

larger than a mackerel, and a very attractive little animal it is.' The chapters on 'Some Common Sea Fishes,' 'Some Birds of the Open Sea,' and 'Some Birds of the Seashore,' are beautifully illustrated and full of information. The last chapters deal with crustaceans; mollusca, or shell-fish; sea-urchins, &c.; sea mouse, sea slugs; plants and shrubs of the sea and seashore. The book is sure to be popular. It is a companion volume to Mr. Westell's *Story of Insect Life*, and those who wish to open to their children a world of Nature's wonders will know how to prize it. It is astonishing that such a book can be sold for five shillings net.

2. Mr. Sedgwick is a real benefactor to lovers of Nature who have only narrow means. For a few shillings we learn how young folk can fit themselves up with instruments which will enable them to do successful work in any branch of Nature-study. Boys and girls are drilled into habits of watching birds and animals with deliberate care, and taught to keep a note-book. We see how to make a Nature-camera for ten shillings; we get notes on British mammals, on birds and their eggs, on flowers and insects. One hundred and fifty-eight photographs from Nature are given, four coloured plates of eggs, and a chart for identifying birds' nests and eggs. This book will make Nature a world of ever new delights to all young readers.

The Heavens and their Story. By Annie and E. W. Maunder. With eight coloured plates and thirty-eight astronomical photographs, and fifty-one other illustrations. (Culley. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. and Mrs. Maunder have produced a delightful book which the Astronomer-Royal, and other distinguished workers in this field, have enriched by permission to use some superb illustrations. Mrs. Maunder is chiefly responsible for the volume, and there is certainly not an uninteresting sentence in it. First we watch the heavens themselves without a telescope, learning to appreciate the wonder and beauty of nature there revealed. Then the marvels made known by telescope, spectroscope, and camera are set forth; in the third book planets, comets, moon tell their story, in the fourth the stars and nebulae teach us some of the vastness and mystery of the stellar universe. There are many popular books on astronomy, but this strikes out a line of its own, which makes it singularly

helpful to beginners. It is easy to read and rich in facts which give new meaning to the heavens. Its illustrations are entrancing, and so is the whole volume.

At Large. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Twelve of these papers have appeared in *Cornhill*, those on 'Equality, A Speech Day, Literary Finish, A Midsummer's Day Dream, Symbols, and Joy' are now first published. 'The Scene,' which opens the volume, is an introduction to Mr. Benson's country house, once a monastic grange of Ely, where sick monks retired for rest and change. It makes us feel at once at home with the writer, eager to discuss the great things of life with our host. Each paper has its own charm. That on 'Shyness' is a delightful study of experiences which are painfully familiar to most of us. The cataract of flunkeys poured down upon the floor at family prayer is a bit not to be forgotten. 'Kelmscott and William Morris' is a paper for which many will be thankful. Mr. Benson cannot deny the name of hero to Morris as he thinks of the poet's sympathy with the toiling thousands of humanity who seemed to be cut off from the enjoyment of the beautiful things which Morris loved, and in whom the very instinct for beauty had been atrophied and almost eradicated by sad inheritance. There is much rich material for quiet thought in this volume.

The Methodist Class-meeting. By Gilbert Murray. (Culley. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

The rise, purpose, and ministry of the Methodist Class-meeting are here discussed in a way that cannot fail to excite interest and show the importance of this historic institution as 'an effective and necessary means of grace.' The writer draws largely on the records of Wesley's life and work for material, and his appeal lies to every member of the Methodist family of Churches at home and abroad. His book is divided into three sections: 'A Statement,' which includes the genesis, design, ministry, and declination of the class-meeting; An Inquiry—Is it obsolete, played out, supplanted, essential?; A Suggestion—Of the impossible, the ideal, the practicable. It is the work of a careful student of early Methodism, and reveals a deep sense of the necessity of Christian fellowship for healthy spiritual life, and a conviction that the class-meeting meets the

case as nothing else can do. The book is wise, timely, practical. It deserves a careful reading, and will not fail to make an abiding impression.

Selected Poems of Francis Thompson. (Burns & Oates. 5*s*. net.)

Francis Thompson's story is one of the tragedies of English poetry. He was the son of a Lancashire doctor who became a Roman Catholic and sent his son to Ushaw. He was well educated, and was intended for his father's profession. But the youth was devoured by the ambition of becoming a great writer. He had no heart for medicine, failed in all his examinations, took to evil courses, and for five years starved in the streets of London. He had almost committed suicide when an editor who had published some of his verses rescued him and sent him to Storrington, at the foot of the Sussex Downs, to be under the care of the monks. There he wrote 'The Hound of Heaven,' and other of his noblest poems. Then he wandered back to London and to 'the way of death he had chosen.' The tragedy ended on November 13, 1907, when Thompson was laid to rest with some of George Meredith's roses, bearing the inscription, 'A true poet, one of a small band,' in his coffin. Thompson had the delight of reading Burne-Jones's tribute to 'The Hound of Heaven,' that 'since Gabriel's "Blessed Damozel" no mystical words have so touched me. Shall I ever forget how I undressed and dressed again, and had to undress again—a thing I most hate—because I could think of nothing else?' It is only necessary to read the lines in which he dedicated his *Poems* to Wilfrid and Alice Meynell to recognize him as a true poet. 'Daisy,' the village maid he met on Storrington Common, is enshrined in the verses which stand first in this selection. 'The Poppy' has that fine simile of Love's guest-hall, where—

> In how differing accents hear the throng
> His great Pentecostal tongue.

'A Carrier Song' is a delicious bit of melody, and 'The Way of a Maid' brings a smile to one's eyes by the closing lines—

> And while she feels the heavens lie bare,—
> She only talks about her hair.

The 'Ode to the Setting Sun' and 'The Hound of Heaven'

are its chief treasures, but it is a book of pure gold, and the verses found among Thompson's papers after his death, 'In No Strange Land,' are the final proof of the spirituality so strangely mixed with frailty in the poet's life.

The Pilgrim's Way: A Little Scrip of Good Counsel for Travellers, chosen by A. T. Quiller-Couch (Seeley & Co., 3*s*. net; leather, 5*s*. net), has reached a new edition, and it well deserves that honour. The Preface pleads that the good old custom of going on pilgrimage should not be discontinued. The pilgrimage begins with 'Childhood' and passes on to 'Youth, Marriage and Children, House and Garden, Work and the Daily Round,' till it ends with 'Age and Death.' The selection could only have been made by a master, and at every page old favourites mingle with gems of prose and poetry that are less familiar but scarcely less beautiful. We are grateful for the full contents, the list of titles, first lines of verses, authors' names. The type is clear, the binding, with its gilt lines, and the end-papers, make an attractive setting for the wealth of lovely things which Mr. Quiller-Couch has gathered together for his friends.

The Road to Happiness. By E. W. Walters. (Culley. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.)

A fresh and valuable anthology of prose and verse arranged with a view to fostering 'a mood of sunny enjoyment.' The selection has been made with taste and judgement, and the passages arranged with art and skill. In its charming *format*, this should prove one of the most attractive gift-books of the season. It is not only a 'garden of delights,' but a treasure-house of stimulating and suggestive thoughts. The elements and aliments of happiness are set forth in choice language by the finest writers of all times. 'The way to find happiness,' says Mr. Walters in his Preface, 'is, in the main, to be satisfied with our possessions; to despise nothing in the world except falseness and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by our admirations rather than our disgusts; to covet nothing that is our neighbour's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of our enemies, often of our friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as we can, both in body and spirit, in God's out-of-doors.'

The Little Shakespeare, issued by Messrs. Bryce of Glasgow, weighs less than three ounces, but it is a complete edition, with forty original illustrations, eight of the most authentic portraits of the dramatist, a Glossary and a Biographical Introduction. There are 1024 pages, and the price is only half-a-crown. The type is very small, but it is distinct. It is a wonder of the printer's art.

Messrs. Black are giving children *Peeps at Many Lands* (1*s.* 6*d.* net). They are large square crown octavo volumes, each of which has twelve full-page illustrations in colours. The book on *England* is written by John Finnemore. In eighteen bright sections we get a glimpse of London, the Thames, Wessex, Shakespeare's country, the Lakes, and other parts of the country. The book will increase every boy's and girl's pride in England. They will learn a great deal from it in the pleasantest fashion. A larger volume attempts the more ambitious task of giving a peep at *The World* (3*s.* 6*d.* net). Mr. Ascott R. Hope is the guide, and in thirty-four chapters makes the tour of the globe. There are thirty-seven full-page illustrations in colours, and a good sketch-map. This is a panorama which all boys and girls will delight in.

The Great English Letter-writers. By W. J. & C. W. Dawson. Two vols. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net per vol.)

These are the earliest volumes of *The Reader's Library*, by which Mr. Dawson and his son are about to introduce us more closely to the great essayists, historians, biographers, novelists, devotional writers, nature lovers, and lyric poets of our literature. *The Letter-writers* supply much delightful reading, and though copyright has sometimes limited the selection, ample material has been found for two enthralling volumes. The names include those of many famous men and women, and the subjects are as delightfully varied. A letter often throws a revealing light on the writer's nature and spirit, and admits us to his confidence as no formal biography can do. Keats is regarded as 'the best representative of what may be called inspired letter-writing. He never stirs far from his dream-garden, which lies midway between waking and sleeping.' 'Bygone Lovers' is full of pleasant things, and 'The Artist and his Art,' 'Oddities,' 'Literary Verdicts,' 'One Day in his

Life,' and other sections, will suggest the riches gathered into this set. We hope *The Reader's Library* may have great success; it will certainly give great pleasure to its readers if these first volumes are a fair sample of what we may expect.

Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Smith, Elder & Co. 6*s*.) No novelist of our time gives us more finely finished work than Mrs. Humphry Ward. There is not a weak sentence in this book. The literary artist is evident in every line. We are conscious, also, of a deepening hold on spiritual things, a sense of the ruin wrought by sin, and a sympathy with true religion in all its forms. Diana Mallory's life is almost wrecked by her dead mother's sin. The description of Juliet Sparling's fall into the clutches of gamblers and the tragedy that closes her bitter story will make a powerful appeal to some whose feet are beginning to slip. Diana herself is a noble woman. The revelation of her mother's history comes at the moment of Diana's engagement to Oliver Marsham. It lays her life in ruins. The engagement is broken off, and she flies to Italy to recover courage and hope. The two men who play the part of father to her in her grief make a deeply interesting study. They are both bachelors, one the leader of the Opposition, the other the chief criminal lawyer of the time. They help Diana to regain strength of body and mind, and when Oliver Marsham has gone down into the depths of sorrow and pain, she becomes his good angel and brings life and hope to the man she still loved.

Mr. Culley's Books.

The Seed of the Righteous. By Frank T. Bullen. With twelve illustrations by Arthur Twidle. (6*s*.) Mr. Bullen's story makes a strong appeal to all who love the poor. Its opening chapters are tragic. The signalman is killed on the line, his wife dies from the shock, and their four children are sent to the workhouse. Richard Hertford had been a godly man, and his mantle seems to rest on his eldest child, a boy of six. He is the hero of the story. He becomes a father to the three younger children, and is never happy till he makes a home for them with his own wages. His struggles are not merely painted from life, but from personal experience. The reader's heart grows tender as he follows the fortunes of the plucky lad, and sees

how friends rise up to help him when he needs them most. His mission work in a London slum, and his happy courtship and marriage show how joy comes at last to the lonely hero. It is a tale that strengthens faith in God's providence, and teaches many a happy lesson for young and old.—*The Prophet's Raven.* By Mark Guy Pearse. (*2s.*) Mr. Pearse has surpassed himself in this story. Miss Zelia gave herself the quaint title when she invited the local preacher to be her guest. She is the heroine of the book. Angry and selfish feelings melt away as this gentle and loving woman goes about doing good. The worse men and women are the more she loves them, and her victories over the parson's wife and old drunken Mrs. Trembath make one's heart glow. Children fill a large place on Mr. Pearse's canvas, and they are painted with skill and tenderness. The whole book is delightful, and we pity the reader who is not better for an hour or two in such company.—*The Secret of the Golden Key.* Lucilla. (*6s.*) 'Lucilla' is to us an unfamiliar name in the realm of romance, and if this is the first adventure the writer is to be congratulated upon a story of real distinction and power. The striking days of Catherine de' Medici in France, the days of the bitter and heartless persecution of the Huguenots by the Roman Catholics, provide the very substance out of which fine romances may be wrought. There is movement, passion, cruelty, a sphere of rare nobleness and high fidelity, and these can be turned into dramatic situations and enthralling interests. And that is exactly what has happened in the present story. The writer has given us a vivid picture of a Huguenot family of distinction, and from that the interests run in two distinct directions. First there is the effort to win the family to the Roman Church, and one feels the brooding spirit of callousness, espionage, and unscrupulousness; and the spirit of protest and revolt, as well as of daring loyalty and high-souledness. And then there are the romances which are sure to befall a family with four lovely girls as part of it, the vicissitudes of their love-making, the hopes and fears, before the days of happy realization. The writer shows complete mastery of the materials, and knits both the dominant interests into coherence with a master hand, and ends by giving us a story which, while it illuminates and reveals, is full of absorbing interest, and holds the attention from first to last as with a spell. This is a romance of quite uncommon ability. It is artistic, wholesome, and full of high impulse and arrestive and

dominating power.—*Nell of Glen Maye.* By Edward H. Jackson. (*2s. 6d.*) This story is laid in the Isle of Man, the beauty of whose scenery, and the wonder as well as the changefulness of whose seas, gives ample scope for Mr. Jackson's picturesque pen; and we have some delicate pictures of natural beauty, as well as some storm pieces of more or less power. But the supreme interest is the human interest, and centres around two girls, whose characters are a foil to each other. The one is gentle, deep, and reverent, the other frivolous, vulgar, shallow; the latter is swayed by a badly-inspired ambition, is full of deceit and jealousy, and is unscrupulous both in purpose and effort. Things often get badly tangled, and tragedy more than once is unveiled in the pages, and deep sorrows come, and sometimes comedy—the sprite of the laughing eyes. But, at the last, poetic justice is done, and the story ends in the calm of a brooding peace. The character drawing is vivid and sure, the story is carefully and congruously knit together, and a fine moral tone runs through every part. We think it is a distinct advance upon Mr. Jackson's previous story.—*The Gift of the Sea.* By A. B. Cooper. (*2s. 6d.*) Mr. Cooper has proved that he can weave a pretty story, and, moreover, a Methodist story; and, may we add, he has not read George Eliot in vain. His main character, Miss Ashton, is a good specimen of the type of woman now usually regarded as old-fashioned, but who may yet be found here and there. She is ready to undertake the nearest duty, and accepts 'the gift of the sea' with gladness. How she is rewarded for this act the sequel shows. Lena—'a mere foundling, a waif'—is the central figure of the story, and we are not surprised that Neville Connor loses his heart. But does not the author ask too much of us when he represents Connor as giving his 'experiences' at a Methodist meeting? Still, Connor is so frank and good-hearted that we cannot but rejoice with him in his new-found joy. He is a fine character, finely portrayed. This delightful story, which is artistically produced and well illustrated, will form a capital present to young folk.—*Engineers, Halt!* by E. C. Rundle Woolcock (*3s. 6d.*), is a soldiers' story full of spirit and movement. Lois Darrell lived and died for the men she loved, and we watch her fighting their battles and helping them to conquer themselves. Officers and men yield to the magic of the girl's devotion, until the whole regiment is changed. Mrs. Woolcock's latest story has all the fire and vivacity of her earlier books, and soldiers

and civilians will be enthralled by it.—***Shadows of the Morning: A Methodist Story of To-day.*** By Thomas Saunders. (*2s.*) A good story, well told; a beautiful story, full of genuine feeling, and nourishing to all the higher instincts of the soul. It is also a Methodist story, and true to modern Methodist life, although we doubt whether such a discussion as that described in the chapter on 'The Leaders' Meeting' was ever heard in any Wesleyan Church; nor was such a resolution ever entered on a Wesleyan minute-book. The scene at the death-bed of Henry Haynes is exceedingly beautiful, and many other passages in the story bring tears into the heart and eyes. In the end it is found that 'the sunshine has at last dispersed the shadows of the morning.' —***Gone: No Address.*** By Annie Drummond. (*2s.* net.) Like most stories, this is double-barrelled; that is to say, it deals with two aspects of life—the life of the well-to-do and the life of the poverty-stricken. As a temperance tale it reveals the horrors of drink, and shows how insidiously it enters the home. At a time when the licensing question still holds an important place in politics, this book is eminently suitable as a school prize, and may be the means of bringing young readers to realize more vividly the dangers arising from intemperance. The double story is told simply and dramatically, and, of course, as usual, ends well, if not happily. It is not until we nearly reach the end that the title, 'Gone: No Address,' is justified, though the previous chapters make it pretty plain what we may expect. As for the heroine—if we may so call Mrs. Rochester—she endeavours to atone for her past shortcomings by going into the by-ways and high-ways, and is never tired of speaking of the loving Providence that has so wonderfully led her through the many experiences of her life.—***Glory Court.*** By Charles Aver. (*2s.* net.) This is a temperance tale set off with two love stories. The author shows the enormous influence wielded by 'the trade,' and in its champion, Mr. Wynn, he presents a figure of the better type of men who are so thoroughly permeated with the justice of their claims that they fail to see any danger lurking therein. By a series of events which are told in a pleasing style, Enoch Wynn is at last taught that he has been mistaken, though he acknowledges he has been 'twisted round his daughter's finger.' We do not see anything remarkable about Marion, but Paul Mason, the hero of the story, is distinctly good, and is proved to be 'a man of metal.' *Glory Court* is got up in the now well-known artistic style of the

Methodist Publishing House, and it is a marvel of cheapness.—*A Son of the Silence* (3*s.* 6*d.*) is one of the most spirited stories Ramsay Guthrie has written. The farmer's son who loves a baronet's daughter and wins her hand and heart is worthy of his good fortune. He has a touch of genius which soon wins him high reputation as a Methodist preacher, and when his health breaks down he gains a still greater reputation with his pen. It is a story of the Forward Movement in Methodism, and some of the portraits are manifestly drawn from life. What pleases us best is its optimism and its overflowing enthusiasm.—*A Spray of Wattle Blossom.* By May Watkin. (2*s.* 6*d.*) Here are four Australian stories, the longest—'Love's Girdle'—taking up the greater part of the book. Evelyn Hope is not without imagination, for she had 'never watched the sun sink into the sea without the vague expectation of hearing a gigantic fizz as those two elements appeared to come into contact.' Like most heroines of the story-book she has her misfortunes: both parents die, and she is left to the mercy of one who legitimately laid claim to her estate. But the law of compensation comes to her help. It is true her rival lovers cause some perturbation on the part of Evelyn, yet it is evident from the first that Jack Fordyce was her real lover, and she returned his love with all the depth and ardour of her nature.—*The Maid of Monkseaton.* By James Cuthbertson. (3*s.* 6*d.*) This nicely-illustrated and vigorously-written historical romance should prove acceptable as a reward and be in good demand in all our libraries and Sunday schools. The author has a vivid historical imagination, and has succeeded in reproducing the scenes and struggles of our early British Christianity. The Saxon maid who fills the story is a heroine indeed. She is brought to Christ by Hilda, the famous Abbess of Whitby, and her gifts of leadership are manifested both in religious and in secular affairs. The struggle between the more primitive Celtic Christianity and the Augustinian popery by which it was replaced is described with clearness and with graphic force: intrigues, plots and schemes abound, and stirring incidents on land and sea; and the story, in its later stages, profits by the author's visit, years ago, to Rome and Athens and the Holy Land.—*Martin Rattler*, by R. M. Ballantyne (2*s.*), is a story of adventure in Brazil. There is a great deal of natural history and much about the Indian tribes which will delight boys. Its coloured illustrations are very well done.—*The Dog*

Crusoe and his Master (with coloured illustrations, 2*s.*) is the story of a Newfoundland pup whom Dick Varley wins in a shooting match and trains into a splendid helper in his prairie life. The book is full of adventures which will stir every young reader's blood.

The *Oxford Thackeray*, published by Mr. Frowde, will be a treasure for all lovers of our great and genial humourist. It is in seventeen neat green cloth volumes, embossed and gilt-lettered. The writings are arranged as far as possible in chronological order. The type is clear, the paper good, the illustrations plentiful. *The Yellow-plush Papers and Early Miscellanies* has 64 pictures, *The Paris Sketch Book and Art Criticisms*, 103. Mr. Saintsbury writes a Biographical Sketch and an Introduction to each volume. The price is only two shillings net. The editor has wisely abstained from including the purely ephemeral pieces which have been discovered since 1886, but he has taken care to insert the few things that are really good.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons' cheap reprints have made the reading world their debtors. The *Sixpenny Classics* were an achievement of which any firm might be proud; the *Library of Copyright Fiction*, in red cloth at 7*d.* net, was a still bolder achievement. The *Shilling Library of Notable Copyright Books*, as the publishers justly claim, 'completes the cycle of cheap publishing.' The embossed blue cloth covers are most attractive, there are good portraits and other illustrations, the type is excellent, and so is the paper. The first twelve volumes are all famous books. Edward Whymper's *Rambles Amongst the Alps;* Conan Doyle's *Great Boer War;* G. W. E. Russell's *Collections and Recollections;* Trotter's *Life of John Nicholson;* Lord Brampton's *Reminiscences;* Dean Hole's *Memories;* Mr. Protheroe's *Psalms in Human Life;* Jefferies' *Wild Life in a Southern County;* Kenneth Grahame's *Golden Age* are all treasures. No novels are to be included in the Library. It is intended to include the best copyright works of Travel, Biography, History, &c. It would cost £5 10*s.* to get the ordinary editions of the books which Messrs. Nelson offer for 12*s.* net. We hope their enterprise will be largely rewarded. No one can afford to miss the opportunity of getting these charming volumes, and those who are wise will do this without delay.

Newnes' Shilling Novels in green cloth make very attractive volumes, and the type is very clear. Popular stories by Joseph Hocking, J. M. Barrie, Hall Caine, Gilbert Parker, and John Oxenham, are included. The series will appeal strongly to all who wish to have a good tale in a cheap and tempting form.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge has issued a very attractive set of story-books for boys and girls. The two school-boys (*Blown Out To Sea*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, by W. C. Metcalfe) have many exciting adventures, but all are eclipsed when they and two apprentices on board the *Storm King* fall into the hands of pirates in the China seas. They contrive to escape in a junk and get back to their own vessel in time to save her from pirates. *Septima* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is a pretty lace-maker who is a model of constancy. Her long-lost lover comes home safely at last.—The scene of *Between two Crusades* (2*s.* 6*d.*) is laid in Palestine in 1187. Saladin is a conspicuous figure. Boys will learn much from the story.—*The Royalist Brothers* (2*s.* 6*d.*). Gregory and Hilary fight against Lord Fairfax at Colchester in 1648, and their pardon is due to the good offices of Lady Fairfax. It is a story of unusual interest.—*Martha Wren* (2*s.*) will be a very welcome gift for young servants.—*Heroine Or?* (2*s.*) Winnie Dackombe and her soldier father are devoted to each other, and the father's second marriage is a delight to both of them.—*Rolf the Rebel* (2*s.*) is an English boy who finds his way to Cuba. It will introduce many young readers to a new world. All the books have coloured pictures, and good ones.—*The Lost Will* (1*s.* 6*d.*) will please and help girls, and *The Reavers* (1*s.* 6*d.*) is a splendid story for boys. The Churchman's Pocket-Books, Almanacks, Calendars, and Offertory forms for 1909 were never better adapted to their purpose. The information most needed is given in compact form, and the books are very handy for desk or pocket.

Messrs. Bell & Sons' *Queen's Treasure Series* (2*s.* 6*d.* net) of stories which delighted the young readers of the last generation begins with two prime favourites: Mrs. Gaskell's *Cousin Phillis*, and Mrs. Ewing's *Six to Sixteen*. Mrs. Gaskell's exquisite tale appeals to those who are a little older than Mrs. Ewing's circle, but each is perfect in its own way. The small crown octavo volumes, with eight beautiful coloured plates, decorated covers, title-page, and end-papers, are very attractive.

We can bear witness that the two books have lost none of their old-world fascination.

Me and Nobbles, by Amy Le Feuvre (R.T.S., 2*s*.), is the quaintest thing imaginable. Bobby's bosom friend is a walking-stick with a wonderful little ivory head. Nobbles has very round eyes and a smiling mouth, two very big ears, and a little red cap on his head. The lonely little chap takes Nobbles to bed with him every night and tells him all his secrets. Some of Bobby's sayings are rather impossible, but he is a delightful being, who will win the hearts of all readers.

On Playing the Game, by Samuel Marriott (Culley, 2*s*. 6*d*.), is a set of forty letters addressed to young folk on Sports, Ethics, Literature, Faith, Religion, The Bible and the Church, Missions, and miscellaneous subjects. Mr. C. T. Studd's Introduction skilfully rings the changes on the title of the book, and the papers are crisp and practical. They were originally written for members of the Sunday school in Hull, of which Mr. Marriott had pastoral charge, and deal with many questions of conduct and with recreation and religion in a way that will arrest attention and supply welcome guidance in not a few perplexities. This is the kind of book for which many have been looking, and it is full of sympathy with all the work and pleasure of young people.

Benares, the Stronghold of Hinduism. By C. Phillips Cape. (Culley. 2*s*. 6*d*.) Mr. Cape has resided in Benares for some years. He has dwelt in the midst of the people whom he describes; he has been a keen observer of their customs, of their religious ceremonies, and of their daily life; he has visited their temples, and has studied their worship, not only as it is set forth in the Shastras, but as it is observed at the public shrines. Mr. Cape therefore writes of what he has seen as well as of what he has heard and read. Benares is the Mecca of Hindus, a more ancient city than Rome, and from time immemorial venerated by the faithful as the most sacred spot on earth. Of its two hundred thousand inhabitants twenty thousand are Brahmans, who minister in fifteen hundred temples and at innumerable shrines. It is a city wholly given to idolatry, where the deities are as numerous as the people. The writer describes the manner of life of some of the 'saints' of Hinduism, and gives one an idea of the

real inwardness of the Hindu religion. If the Methodist Church obeys the injunction to go where she is wanted most she will lose no time in doubling or trebling the number of her missionaries in this historic city. The Protestant Church has six missionaries at work in this stronghold. This is a book that ought to sell by the thousand during the next few months, while the great subject of India is being considered in the Missionary Study Classes all over the land. It ought also to find its way into the Guilds, Sunday-school libraries, and Juvenile Mission Associations. It is beautifully and abundantly illustrated, and the pictures ought to make it exceedingly popular for New Year rewards or Christmas presentations. The sidelight it casts on missionary work and methods will be helpful to all those who desire to have an intelligent knowledge of the problems that the Christian Church in India has to solve to-day. A brief description of the latest development of our mission work among the 'Doms' of Benares is given, and we are permitted to accompany the missionary and his helpers into the villages of the district outside the crowded streets of the city, and to behold specimens of the fruit they gather in most unpromising soil.

The Little Chinese Girl. By Nell Parsons. (Culley. 2*s.* 6*d.*) The illustrations in this book are capital, and will appeal as strongly to grown-ups as to juniors; all, coloured and black-and-white, are the work of the author. Those who have been in China will appreciate the truthful reality, and those who have not will enjoy both pictures and the story, because they illustrate each other so well. The book is one to buy, make the subject of the missionary talk, and then to pass on to a child, who will read, re-read, and thoroughly appreciate.

A Lineal Index to the Methodist Hymn-book, compiled by William Miles (Culley, 6*s.* 6*d.* net), will be eagerly welcomed. It has been prepared with extraordinary care, and involved the writing out the whole book, with its 24,836 lines, four times. Mr. Miles knows how much weary search such an Index will save preachers and class-leaders, and the neat volume will become a valued companion to the Methodist hymn-book. The man who has carried out this task so perfectly must be regarded as a public benefactor.

Animal Romances. By Graham Renshaw, M.B., F.Z.S. (Sherratt & Hughes. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) Dr. Renshaw's three

volumes of Natural History Essays appealed chiefly to zoologists, but his latest work will be welcomed by all who wish to see the wild beasts of Africa in their native haunts. The photographs, taken from the author's own negatives, are a unique collection, and the descriptions are full of life and fire. It is a book that enlarges one's view of the marvels of nature and of animal life.

Twilight's Field: A Natural History for Children. By Nell Parsons. (Culley. 1*s.* net.) 'Charming' is the only word for this attractive little book. Both the coloured pictures and the letter-press are expressly designed for the little ones, and the least imaginative will delight in them. We are not sure that the natural history is in every case to be relied on. On page 9. for instance, it is stated that the nightingale is silent in the daytime and only sings at night, and he is made to tell the hare to go a little way off to hear him sing, 'as I feel shy when any one is too close.' But Philomel, as Cowper knew, sings 'all day long,' and, even when singing, he is far from shy. The book is charming, all the same, and fancy and imagination could not well be used to better purpose in the service of the bairns.

The Methodist Publishing House has altered the shape of its Kalendars and Pocket-books for 1909, which are less bulky and lighter than in former years. The needs of ministers are considered, and Mr. Culley has himself taken special pains to learn what changes would be acceptable to his constituency. The result is a pocket-book which may be pronounced perfect from a circuit minister's point of view. Those who do not need the schedules will find the Pocket Diary and Kalendar most convenient and complete. The Kalendar, which can be had separately from 2*d.* to 6*d.*, is full of postal information, statistics, and other matter which will be of daily service to every Methodist.

The Class-Leader's Companion, 1909, edited by the Rev. James Feather (Culley, 1*s.* net), gives material for a weekly devotional study, and can be strongly recommended to all teachers and leaders. The choice of subjects is happy, and the little papers are worked out in a way that will stimulate thought and lead to profitable conversation.

On the Wings of a Wish, by E. Mabel F. Major (C.M.S., 1*s.* 6*d.*), is a pleasant introduction to some of the strange sights and scenes of India, with descriptions of its idols and idol-worship, and pages from a missionary's picture-book. It will open the eyes of young readers to the needs of India, and enlist their sympathy in missionary work. The pictures are very attractive, and the whole book is full of living interest.

Early Days for 1908 makes a volume of which children will never tire. It appeals to their affections, their fancy, their sense of wonder, and they will be wiser and better for all they read. There is a capital serial story, and every taste and want of children is met both by the papers and the delightful coloured pictures.

The Magic Nine-Pin, by Kathleen Harke (Culley, 1*s.* net), is a succession of wonders. The little boy and his dog sweep through air and sea on their astonishing travels, and there is an air of reality about it all that keeps one's interest on full stretch from beginning to end.

Thoughts worth Thinking in our Everyday Life. Compiled by H. R. Allenson. (Allenson. 1*s.* net.) A thought in prose or poetry for every day of the year, selected from many authors, and intended to encourage readers to meet difficulties in a cheerful spirit. We greatly like the selection and tone of the book.

The Murderess of the Unseen. By Dr. S. Hemphill, Rector of Birr. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1*s.* net.) Strong and plain words on the questions raised by the birth-rate.

Mr. Combridge of Hove has issued an enlarged and entirely revised edition of *Notes on Sussex Churches*, by Frederick Harrison, M.A. (1*s.* 6*d.* net.) It has thirty illustrations, some helpful notes on architecture, with special reference to Sussex churches, a glossary of terms, and descriptions of the churches, which range from a few lines to a couple of pages. An idea of its value may be gained from the account of Worth, which is 'the only Saxon cruciform church edifice in the country which is complete and untouched in plan. The chancel arch is the finest and largest Saxon one in England, twenty-two feet high, springing from large, square, plain imposts.' The book is just the right size to slip into a pocket, and every visitor and resident in Sussex ought to get it without delay.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Hibbert Journal (October).—One of the effects of closer intercourse between East and West is illustrated in the first article on *The Miscarriage of Life in the West*, by P. Ramanathan, H.M. Solicitor-General in Ceylon. The writer brings sweeping charges against Occidental civilization. 'It is folly to call this wide expansion of sensuousness and worldliness an age of progress.' The West has taught the East lessons concerning the means of living; if the East could but teach the West a few fundamental truths concerning the meaning of life! The articles *A Chinese Statesman's View of Religion* and *The Moslem Tradition of Jesus' Second Visit on Earth* also shed light on the views of the 'other half' of the religious world. Prof. W. James writes on *Hegel and his Method*, and his fellow-Pragmatist, F. C. Schiller, on *Infallibility and Toleration*. The most interesting articles come at the end of the number. It is amusing, if not edifying, to watch Dr. Cheyne's latest attempt to defend *The Jerahmeel Theory*, while Prof. M'Giffert propounds a new apologetic in *How may Christianity be Defended To-day?* Dr. Moffatt's address to theological students on *Bookless Religion* pleads that 'while knowledge of books and ignorance of the bookless world are accomplishments which together may produce a charming angel in the house, they will turn out an extremely ineffective angel of the Lord.' Mr. Page Hopps gibes quite ineffectively at *Evangelical Bargaining* in his criticism of Dr. Monro Gibson's book on Inspiration. Mr. Hopps seems very irate against 'moderate' biblical critics; is it because they show their sense in declining to accept either ultramontanism or ultrarationalism?

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—Dr. Inge pays a brief but very appreciative tribute to the memory of Dr. Charles Bigg, who will be greatly missed at Oxford. The Dean of Westminster comments interestingly on Dr. Hort's fragment on the Apocalypse and Dr. Swete's complete exposition of it. On the whole Dr. Armitage Robinson favours the later date assigned to the book, and rejoices that 'at last' the Revelation has received adequate treatment as 'a living message from a Christian prophet to men who sorely needed it.' Mr. C. H. Turner begins a *Historical Introduction to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament* by describing the growth of the idea of a Canon. Mr. Turner's great learning does not prevent him from seeing that what is most needed in this department of study is not a fresh classification and criticism of

documents, but the treatment of the whole as 'a branch of living history.' Shorter notes are appended on *The Star of Bethlehem*, *The Apostolic Groups*, and Dr. Burney's *View of the Religion of Israel*.

The Expositor (October-November).—In these two numbers Dr. Orr brings to a close his valuable papers on the *Resurrection of Christ*, lately republished in a separate volume. They will reassure and strengthen the faith of many. Sir W. Ramsay publishes in the October number an address delivered at the Congress of Historical Sciences held lately in Berlin, on *The Orthodox Church in the Byzantine Empire*. Prof. G. Adam Smith begins a series of papers on *The Land of Edom*, which promises to exhibit all his well-known powers of geographical and historical illustration. Professor Eerdmans replies to Dr. Adam Smith on the subject of the nomadic habits of the early Hebrews. Prof. Mackintosh of Manchester writes upon *The Four Perplexing Chapters—2 Cor. x.-xiii.*, but we question whether he does much to enlighten the perplexed. An interesting recent discovery of a long Greek inscription found in Asia Minor is described in the November number by the discoverer, Mr. W. M. Calder of Oxford, Craven Fellow, and Sir W. Ramsay, whose work in the same field is so well known, appends an appreciative note concerning the Lycaonian bishop whose name has thus emerged into light. The sidelights on Church history cast by these inscriptions is of high value. 'X' of *The Church Quarterly Review* replies to Prof. Mayor's advocacy of the Helvidic hypothesis concerning the brethren of our Lord, but it can hardly be said that he has the best of the argument.

The Expository Times (October-November).—It is quite time that biblical critics in this country dealt more adequately with the 'Jesus-Paul Controversy' which is being carried on in Germany. Rev. W. Morgan gives a clear account of the views of Wrede and his school, and furnishes an excellent reply to them from an English point of view. He says: 'The cry should be, not away from Paul back to Christ, but through Paul back to Christ and God.' Dr. Tasker of Handsworth College reviews sympathetically Prof. Loofs's *Sermons on the Reformation Gospel*, and Dr. J. H. Moulton deals in a similar appreciative spirit with Deissmann's *Light from the East*. Mr. Worsley's paper on *The Relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Synoptists* is timely, for, as he says: 'The Johannine problem is always with us.' He holds that the writer of the Fourth Gospel deliberately corrected the Second in many points, and added to it much of importance, claiming to have been an eye-witness without fear of contradiction. Prof. Kennedy's *Notes on Herod's Temple* and Dr. Sayce's article on *Recent Biblical Archaeology* are instructive.

Primitive Methodist Quarterly (October).—The first article, by E. C. Pike, gives a rapid and interesting survey of Christianity in its

relation to the Roman Empire during the second and third centuries. *The Tercentenary of Thomas Fuller* does such scant justice as six pages can afford to the memory of the 'prince of religious humorists.' Surely Fuller was more than that title implies? And has 'humour' at last given place to 'humor'? 'A great missionary explorer' was George Grenfell of the Congo, and well did he deserve Sir H. Johnston's volume written in his honour. An interesting account of his work is here given by Edwin W. Smith. Mr. H. Yooll reviews the Hartley Lecture for this year, delivered by Rev. G. Parkin on *The New Testament Portrait of Jesus*. A full and valuable article surveys with seriousness and some anxiety *The Present Position and Prospects of the Nonconformist Churches*. Questions are raised by the investigation which the writer cannot fully answer, and the wise man has yet to appear who can answer them all satisfactorily.

The **Dublin Review** for October–December reproduces a letter from Dr. Newman, in which, with great delicacy and beauty of feeling and expression, the cardinal excuses himself, partly on personal, partly on literary and theological, grounds, from writing a critique on Keble. It has also a sympathetic study of the life and character of Erasmus, based upon his *Epistles*. It regards the great reformer as a striking example of the conflict of opposites. His dislike of dullness was 'not the outcome of temperamental impatience, but a sign of a great principle which he held with developing fullness.' He belonged to that 'small transfigured band' who have believed, 'hoped hard' in the final compatibility of Christianity and culture, and who hold with Prof. Kraus that 'the world of the beautiful, of reason and science, of political and social order has its place appointed in the kingdom of God on earth.'

There is no article in the **Quarterly** for October either of striking excellence or of more than ordinary interest, unless indeed it be the one in reply to Prince Bülow, which is very quietly and effectively done, and in the light of subsequent developments in the Anglo-German controversy shows exceptional knowledge and prescience. But there are some good solid papers on *Agricultural Co-operation*, on *Vagrants, Beggars, and Tramps*, and on *Municipal Trading*, each of which contains information that is indispensable to students of social questions. *Some South African Impressions* are not unhopeful, the writer thinking that Boer and Briton will work together, even though they may not deeply love or trust each other.

Students of Aesthetics will find a very valuable article in the **Edinburgh Review** (October–December) on *Beauty and Expression*, based on recent German works, and chiefly on Theodor Lipps's great treatise, *Aesthetik: Psychologie des Schonen*. For the general reader there is a rich repast in the shape of *New England Nature Studies*, a delightful and instructive paper on three great pioneers of nature-literature: Thoreau, Burroughs, and Whitman.

The **Nineteenth Century** for November contains a very eulogistic article by Mr. Frederic Harrison on *An Unknown Poet*, a little volume of whose verse in the shape of five-and-forty sonnets was written around the sickness and the death of the author's wife. The last of the sonnets is poignantly pathetic. On the volume as a whole Mr. Harrison makes the comment: 'It is sad—yes, it is bitterly sad—cruel in its fate; and yet how common, almost universal, in its bereavement! The world, I know, shrinks to-day from anything that is sad. With ostrich-like folly it turns its eyes away from what is painful. I know no worse sign of moral weakness and childish frivolity than its artificial shudder at all that is sad and tragic—"By pain alone is wisdom perfected."'

The articles in the **New Quarterly** (October–December) on *Conciliatory Socialism* should interest many of our readers. Mr. G. A. Paley opens the discussion, and Mr. H. G. Wells replies, not only to him, but to Mr. Mallock. The error Mr. Mallock makes, says Mr. Wells, is 'in regarding Socialism as a new servile insurrection, and arguing as if the sole question at issue was whether the proportional share of the worker's reward for labour as distinguished from the share as accorded for initiative, in the collective property, could be and should be augmented or not.' This, thinks Mr. Wells, is an entirely secondary matter. 'The real issue between Socialism and anti-Socialism is between discipline and indiscipline among the officers and leaders, between an army working on a common plan and each little officer operating according to his own sweet will. It is the difference between science and casual information, between design and rule of thumb.'

For students of Evolution there are two valuable articles in the November **Contemporary**; one on *Darwinism* versus *Wallacetism*, by Prof. Hubrecht, and the other on *The Transmission of Acquired Characters: A Rejoinder*, by Prof. Hartog. And for admirers of our great humourist there is an interesting paper by Mr. George Barlow on *The Genius of Dickens*. The gem of the number is Mr. Undy's paper on *Dante's Intuition of the Infinite*, based upon the *Vita Nuova* and the later cantos of the *Paradiso*.

In a remarkable article in **The International** for October, Sakunoshin Motoda, of Kyoto, discusses *The Future Prospects of Japanese Christianity*, and reaches some very hopeful conclusions. The Japanese mind, he says, is 'religious rather than philosophical, constructive rather than critical, practical rather than contemplative.' He thinks that Japan will produce pious and truly religious men in large numbers, but few theologians. 'In a word, Japan will adopt all the institutions conducive to human welfare according to Christian ideas and principles; the bulk of the people will come to believe in Jesus Christ, and the form of Christianity they adopt will not lie buried in the jumble of theological theories and formulae, but will stand prominently as a vital social force leading the souls of men into the path of righteousness.'

AMERICAN

American Journal of Theology (October).—Prof. Carl Clement of Bonn, in the first article of this number demolishes the idea, fashionable in some quarters, that the Fourth Gospel depends upon pagan traditions. He holds that recent assertions of its dependence on foreign influences are for the most part quite unjustified, and that where a measure of such influence is traceable it relates to the form, not the contents, of the Gospel. The Logos-conception of the prologue is not really taken from Philo. Prof. F. Thilly in answering the question: 'Can Christianity ally itself with monistic ethics?' deals a trenchant blow against 'The New Theology,' though the tone of the article is marked by moderation and candour. Prof. Fenn, of Cambridge, Mass., and President Mackenzie, of Hartford, return very different answers to the question: 'What is the logical relation between the resurrection of Jesus and the doctrine of immortality?' The former writer does not believe in the resurrection of Jesus, but does believe in immortality, and he finds no connexion of importance between the two. Dr. Mackenzie's paper, which is—we may say without prejudice—by far the abler of the two, argues that 'wherever faith in the resurrection of Christ has disappeared, the idealistic arguments for immortality have begun at once to lose their power. The nerve of their life has been cut.' That is the fact, whatever be the explanation. The whole number is full of interest.

The Methodist Review (New York, September–October).—An appreciative account of the late Bishop Fitzgerald, with a portrait, opens this number. The style of the notice hardly suits English taste, but the writer brings out the fine points of a fine character, and ranks Fitzgerald with 'the great constructive jurists of Methodism—Soule, Harris, and Mervill.' Dr. Daniel Steele writes on *The Unspoken Precepts of Christ*, President Welch on *The Church and Social Service*—what a phenomenon to-day is a religious magazine without an article on this subject! Another article on *Why Korea is turning to Christ* gives an interesting account of a remarkable religious movement in that country. H. A. Reed takes up doubtful ground when, in a paper on *Certitude in Preaching*, he says: 'The supreme authority in religion is the Holy Spirit, and His seat is in each human soul.'

The Methodist Review (Nashville, October).—Prof. Gross Alexander has gathered a goodly array of writers for this number. One article is a document of great interest, written by Bishop Soule in 1850, on the burning question of slavery, but lost sight of till lately, when it was unearthed from a Texas newspaper. Bishop Hendrix writes, after the lapse of a century, on the *General Conference of* 1808, and Bishop Galloway on *Jefferson Davis; a Judicial Estimate*. Other articles are by E. G. Wilbur on *Dr. James Martineau*, and by H. M. Hamill on *An Interior View of Japanese Methodism*. The latter is full of interest. The development during the next decade of this

promising infant Church will be watched with some anxiety, but also with eager hope and a confident expectation of success.

The Review and Expositor (Louisville, October).—This ably conducted Baptist periodical opens this number with a survey of Baptist progress and prospects by Dr. Gambrell of Texas. President Mullins discusses the new philosophic movement known sometimes as Pragmatism, sometimes as Personalism. He concludes that 'Christ is the true answer to all that is best in Pragmatism, and a candid consideration of what Christianity is in its essential nature would shed a great deal of light on the places which Pragmatism leaves dark.' Dr. J. Hunt Cooke, an English Baptist minister, asks: 'Did our Lord use the Lord's Prayer?' and shows the deep doctrinal significance of the negative answer which must be given to the question. Dr. Dargan continues his study of homiletical theory. Dr. Jarvell in the last article of this number pronounces, contrary to the prevailing Calvinistic view, that Rom. vii. 7–25 describes the experience not of a saint, but of a convinced sinner. He is almost certainly right, and nothing but a low standard of Christian privilege can result from the interpretation which finds in this paragraph an account of normal Christian life.

Bibliotheca Sacra.—In the October number, the editor, Dr. G. F. Wright, writes on *The Alleged Collapse of the New England Theology*. As a 'modified form of Calvinism' he is of opinion that in reality it does not differ much from 'the modified Arminianism' of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. The five great truths it makes prominent are: the authority of the Bible, the greatness of man as a moral agent, the depth of man's depravity, the exalted nature of Christ, and the sublimity of the love of God as shown in the forgiveness of sin through the atoning work of Christ. Dr. Wright replies effectively to those who say that it is derogatory to divine wisdom to suppose that remedial agencies were necessary for the perfection of the system which God has created. He rightly reminds us that 'we cannot say that it is possible to serve all the interests of a race, so highly endowed as man is, without remedial agencies coming in to prevent irreparable loss when this highly endowed race goes astray.' Many puzzling problems find their solution when we remember that 'the incarnation, the suffering and the death of Christ were not afterthoughts, but were provided for at the beginning, and contemplated through all the previous ages of historical development.'

Harvard Theological Review.—This new American quarterly completed its first year last October. Its publication is due to a bequest for 'the maintenance of an undenominational theological review,' and its editors are Profs. G. F. Moore, W. W. Fenn, and J. H. Ropes of the Harvard Divinity School. The first article, by Prof. F. G. Peabody, entitled *The Call to Theology*, is an opportune and, in our judgement, an amply justified prophecy that 'an era of promise for

theology seems to be at hand.' The call to theology is to interpret the nature of God and of man to 'the mind of the modern world.' In response to this call this new Review seems well fitted to render admirable service. Its aim is well expressed by Prof. W. Adams Brown, who defines the task of the theology of the future as being 'to present the Christ whom all Christians own as Lord and whom the earlier Protestants recognized as their individual Saviour by his direct appeal to each man's heart and conscience—to present this living, spiritual Christ in His larger social relations as the inspiration and the goal of progress.' In future we hope to direct attention to the most important articles in a review which promises to be of exceptional interest to progressive thinkers. The following reference to Wesley is quoted from an able article on *Bishop Butler and Cardinal Newman on Religious Certitude*, by Prof. George E. Horr, of the Newton Theological Institution: 'A study of the Evangelical theology as represented by Romaine, Simeon, and Scott will be apt to leave the impression that the party had the zeal and devotion of the Wesleyans but that its theological position had not been thought through. . . . It is useless to attempt to describe the theology of the Evangelical party in the English Church. It was neither Calvinist nor Arminian. It took something of Wesley's doctrine of the Witness of the Spirit, but fitfully and partially. Its attitude towards the question of certitude was that of Butler. The main reason for believing in the Christian revelation was that the balance of probability was in its favour.'

FOREIGN.

In the **Revue des Deux Mondes** for November 1 there is one of a series of studies by M. Charles Benoist on *The Crisis in the Modern State* that has been appearing in this great cosmopolitan Review since 1900. The writer's aim is by a number of explanations and definitions to make clear the twofold movement, political and social, by which the modern state is being transformed. He is now dealing with the Organization of Labour. The State has organized property, why should it not organize labour? It has both the power and the right to do so, and M. Benoist, who believes in evolution rather than revolution, urges upon statesmen the duty of opposing 'social politics' to Socialism. The articles are full of illumination and guidance, and may be commended to the members of the W.M.U.S.S.

Theologische Rundschau.—In the October number one of the editors, Dr. Bousset, reviews Wendland's important work, entitled, *Hellenistic Culture in its Relation to Judaism and Christianity*. The chapter on 'Hellenism and Christianity' receives special praise. 'The preaching of Christ has no relation to Hellenism' is the striking sentence with which it begins. The soil in which Christ's teaching is rooted is contemporary Palestinian Judaism. In Hellenism tendencies of thought characteristic of the age appeared, and some of these tendencies also manifested themselves in Christianity.

But all that can be positively asserted is a general parallelism, not dependence. It was as the result of a twofold process that Christianity became a universal religion, for it not only assimilated ideas that were congenial, but also rejected those that were uncongenial. Of the early Apologists Wendland writes more sympathetically than Geffcken, whose severe judgement is due to his testing them by an absolute standard and not in relation to the culture of their own times. They inaugurated a movement which led to the formation of a Christian view of the world—a Christian philosophy which triumphed over Hellenism by incorporating its noblest conceptions. Concerning the significance of *Gnosis* in the history of Christianity, Wendland regards Gnosticism as one phase of a tendency which had already begun in Oriental religions. 'To this period the saying applies: *ex oriente lux*. . . . Before its Hellenization the teaching of Jesus had been Orientalized, and in this connexion the work of St. Paul is of decisive significance.' Dr. Bousset is not always in absolute accord with Wendland, and certain omissions are noted. But the work, as a whole, is commended as a valuable contribution to the history of religion in the epoch-making period between the age of Alexander the Great and the triumph of Christianity over Gnosticism.

Theologische Literaturzeitung.—Attention may here be called to an American work which receives high commendation from Dr. Bousset in Number 23. *The Ancestry of our English Bible* gives an account of the Bible versions, texts, and manuscripts, and is published at Philadelphia by the Sunday-school Times Company (6*s*.). It contains popular lectures delivered to Sunday-school teachers, and presents, 'in an exceptionally thorough way,' a complete history of the text of the Old Testament and of the New, with especial regard to the history of the English Bible. A book deserves to be known in England of which Dr. Bousset can say: 'It is a model of popular presentation.'

In the same number Dr. Alfred Zillessen gives an interesting account of a recent work on *Apologetics*, by Pfarrer Wilhelm Ernst. The primary task of the Christian apologist at the present day is not so much to defend religion in general or particular dogmas, but to vindicate the Christian view of the world, and above all so to state the Christian doctrine of God as to make clear His transcendence and His personality. The author regrets the tendency to separate science and religion, but he deprecates the identification of theology and metaphysics. The Christian Apologetic must show, on the one hand, that Deism has no religious value and is illogical, and on the other hand, that Pantheism is insufficient from the religious point of view and fails to account for the facts of life. Such an Apologetic may not directly convert, but it can remove stumbling-blocks from the mind of the doubter, and reveal the weakness of the naturalistic position. It should also emphasize those elements in the rational view of the world which point towards the Christian solution of the problems of the universe.