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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1916

GOD AND THE WORLD: A THEODICY

Theism and Humanism. Gifford Lectures, 1914. By Rt. Hon. A. J. Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1915.)

God and Freedom in Human Experience. By C. F. D'Arcy, D.D., Bishop of Down. Donnellan Lectures, 1913–14. (Edward Arnold, 1915.)

A GREAT war makes men think deeply, because it makes them feel deeply. They think on questions which in ordinary times are considered abstract and remote. It is not likely that a large proportion even of thoughtful men would in ordinary times ponder carefully such questions as What is civilization? On what is it based, and is that which goes by the name the real thing? What is progress? Is mankind advancing: and if so, whence and—O heavens, whither? By what standards is such advance estimated, and are they sound and satisfactory? Society must be deeply stirred when men begin to ask, Are the foundations safe?

Especially is this true of religion. It is not in human nature to be seriously concerned about the problems of life in times of ease, comfort, and prosperity. But if the ground rocks beneath their feet the most careless will cry out. The cries are in various tones, ranging from anxious fear through grave concern or cynical nonchalance to utter despair. A deeply religious sense is aroused in some; as in the case of the

Guards officer of whom it is told that when comments were made on the hardships of the campaign, he said, 'I have learned in this war that there is only one thing that matters, and that is—GOD.' But religious inquiry is probably more general than religious confidence; and the questions raised in the face of a great international catastrophe take different shapes. Is there a God at all? If so, of what kind? Is He all-powerful, all-wise, all-gracious, or is it to be said of the Deity as Butler said of conscience, If He had might as He has right He would govern the world? If we maintain without doubt or hesitation, as orthodox Theists do, both the omnipotence and the benevolence of the Divine Ruler, what is the relation of His will to those of His creatures, especially of disobedient and rebellious man? If it is certain that His will must prevail, how does the accomplishment of His supreme purpose stand related to the freedom of the unruly wills of men? Or are these questions too bold for sinful men beneath the sky, and is it our duty to submit to any shock or catastrophe without asking them? It is sometimes easier to believe in a God of Grace than in a God of Providence; and it is always more or less difficult to understand how One Living and True God sways with perfect control both realms together.

The literature of the last twelve months bears witness to the prevalence of religious inquiry; more questions have been asked than have been satisfactorily answered. To some of these questions answers cannot be expected by the wise; especially solutions 'while you wait' of problems which have remained unsolved for millenniums. But just as a time of severe tension in a nation will brace the will and draw forth more energy of character in a month than had previously been shown in a life-time, so it may bring men to close grips with great questions, and provide an opportunity for mastering them, which times of routine and relaxation do not afford. If England is not awake it is awaking. Articles in newspapers, magazines, and reviews, or pamphlets

—two excellent series may be mentioned, the 'Oxford Pamphlets' and 'Papers for War Time'—as well as books great and small, have poured out in perplexing abundance. The two volumes named at the head of this article are not directly concerned with the practical perplexities of the times, and they are strictly limited in their scope, as the authors admit. But they may be considered together here as guiding religious thought on some of the deeper questions relating to God and the world. It is surely needless to add that no 'theodicy,' strictly speaking, can be provided by books, or reviews of books. But it may be possible within narrow limits to suggest thoughts as to the relations between God and the world, which will make it easier to realize what to expect and what not to expect, what to believe and what not to believe, in times when faith and hope are being more severely tried in this country than for centuries past, perhaps more than at any previous period in our national history.

I

Is the 'plain' man's belief in the existence of God justified in view of the science and philosophy of the day? This is the question raised by Mr. Balfour in his Gifford Lectures delivered in the spring of 1914, and he vigorously answers it in the affirmative. Of three great realities beyond the world of sense, God, freedom, and immortality, he says, 'I believe them all. But I only discuss the first, and that only from a limited point of view.' The point of view is that of natural theology, as prescribed by the terms of the Gifford trust, and Mr. Balfour's object is to counteract the Agnosticism and Naturalism still prevalent in many circles by arguments such as the plain man can understand and adopt, while such as neither metaphysician nor scientist can despise. Mr. Balfour modestly disclaims the rôle of the metaphysician, and he does not identify himself with any philosophical school. But there is no need to say that he is, as well as a statesman of eminence, a thinker and scholar well versed in

the methods of the schools, that he is unusually acute and 'subtle at tierce and quart of mind with mind,' or that he is master of a graceful and persuasive style which fits his thought with consummate ease and accuracy.

This is the third volume of the kind Mr. Balfour has published. Whilst maintaining the same general attitude, he has become more constructive and positive in his teaching. In his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*, the creeds of religion and of science were represented as equally baseless, incapable of rational defence, religion being no worse off than science in the matter of proof. The tendency of the book was to loosen the foundations of rational certainty. The *Foundations of Belief* was less sceptical in its tone, but it re-asserts that certitude is the child, not of reason, but of custom—and especially of 'authority.' Life is the product of non-rational causes; and at the same time the absolute necessity of the theistic postulate is asserted, the presence behind all of the Supreme Reason, in which we must believe if we are to believe anything. In the present volume the sceptical element is reduced to a minimum. It has not wholly disappeared, but the emphasis is different. Whilst in the earlier volumes it was urged that the foundations of religion and science are equally baseless, the Gifford Lecturer maintains that in all departments of thought certain 'inevitable' beliefs are justified, that they may be held with or without evidence, but in any case independently of evidence.

Three kinds of judgements are investigated in this volume —æsthetic, ethic, and scientific. These cannot be deduced from Theism, nor Theism from them. The kind of argument pursued by Mr. Balfour is not from external nature, but from the mind and soul of man; not from design, but from values. 'Value, we assert, is lost if design be absent. Value, you will ask, of what? Of our most valuable beliefs, I answer, and of their associated emotions.' Or, in other words used towards the close of the volume, 'My desire has been to show that all we think best in human culture,

whether associated with beauty, goodness, or knowledge, requires God for its support, that Humanism without Theism loses half its value.' The argument is a weighty one, though at first sight its foundations may seem to lie outside logic and its appeal to be made to feeling rather than to reason. Its outline runs thus:

In the investigation of origins in the world-process, Agnosticism asserts that they cannot be known. Naturalism traces them to blind forces, to natural selection—where 'selection' stands for 'any non-rational process, acting through heredity, which successfully imitates contrivance'—and it distinctly denies the presence of design and of a controlling mind. Mr. Balfour contends that 'selection' fails altogether to account for values, say in the appreciation of Beauty. Mere 'survival values' give no account whatever of the rise and preservation of our most precious beliefs in the highest departments of art and thought. Aesthetic emotions give glimpses of a world 'more resplendent and not less real' than that visible to sense and explained by science. Such values are not maintainable in a merely natural setting. Our admiration for natural beauty cares nothing for either physical or psychological theories, but it feels itself belittled unless conscious purpose can be found somewhere in its pedigree. 'It longs to regard beauty as a revelation—a revelation from spirit to spirit, not from one kind of atomic agitation to the "psychic" accompaniment of another. On this condition only can its highest values be maintained.' Is life 'a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'? Can either artist or moralist believe this? The line which separates ethics from aesthetics here is narrow. As Tennyson puts it,

> The good, the true, the pure, the just—
> Take the charm 'For ever' from them, and they crumble into dust.

Huxley in his Romanes Lecture has pointed out, and perhaps somewhat over-emphasized, the distinction between the natural and the moral world. In the natural

world it is measurable efficiency which wins, but not so in ethics. Mr. Balfour says, 'The "struggle for existence" between higher and lower ethical ideals has no resemblance to the struggle between the spinning-jenny and the hand-loom. It is a struggle between ends, not between means. Efficiency is not in question.' Honesty may be the best policy, but he who refrains from stealing only that he may gain by it is not an honest man. But where is the link between the higher ethical ideals and religion? On this point Mr. Balfour developes the outline of an argument which we should have been glad to reproduce at length. 'I find in the love of God a moral end which reconciles other moral ends because it includes them.' But moral values cannot be maintained if moral origins are purely naturalistic. If the most we can say for morality on the causal side is that it is the product of material, or at least non-moral agents, partly guided by selection and partly left to chance, 'a sense of humour, if nothing else, should prevent us wasting fine language on the splendour of the moral law and the reverential obedience owed it by mankind. . . . Ethics must have its roots in the divine; and in the divine it must find its consummation.'

Similarly in the department of knowledge. According to the theory of Naturalism human consciousness is the result of the operation of blind forces, which can create nothing, though through them has been evolved all that is. Among the inevitable beliefs attending consciousness is a conviction of the existence of an external world and of the uniformity of nature. On the basis of these convictions all our knowledge is built, all the discoveries and conclusions of science—yet no science or philosophy can prove them. Is it reasonable to suppose that the highest reason is based on unreason? How can purely unthinking processes result in the production of a mind capable of surveying the universe? How can principles 'without which no inference from experiences is possible be themselves inferred from experiences?'

The conclusion drawn is that all creeds which refuse to see an intelligent power behind the unthinking powers of material nature are 'intrinsically incoherent.' An investigation into the causes of our knowledge in the worlds of common sense and of science shows how impossible it is to accept a purely naturalistic account of its origin. Rational values are destroyed, as we have already seen that aesthetical and moral values are destroyed, by an attempt to rest them upon a non-rational basis. Mr. Balfour leaves severely alone those unfortunately numerous people who 'ignore God when they are happy, deny Him when they are wretched, tolerate Him on Sundays, but truly call upon Him only when life or fortune hangs doubtfully in the balance.' But he thinks that those who honestly accept an agnostic or naturalistic creed, because they think theism presents only a comfortable illusion, are equally mistaken. They search for 'proofs' in the existence of God as they would for evidence about ghosts or witches. Whereas belief in God is bound up with the whole of a reasonable man's conception of the world and life. All the highest values we recognize in human life would be lost if the hypothesis of Naturalism were accepted. God is the necessary and universal postulate for the thoughtful man. It is the fool who says in his heart that there is no God. In the eloquent words with which this series of Gifford Lectures closes, 'As it is only in a theistic setting that beauty can retain its deepest meaning, and love its brightest lustre, so these great truths of aesthetics and ethics are but half-truths, isolated and imperfect, unless we add to them yet a third. We must hold that reason and the works of reason have their source in God, that from Him they draw their inspiration; and that if they repudiate their origin, by this very act they proclaim their own insufficiency.'

In this bald outline we have done scant justice to Mr. Balfour's argument, the force of which is greatly increased by the charm of his style and the exact form in which he has presented it. A personal note is struck from time to time

in these lectures, which reminds us that we are not listening to a Dryasdust professor from academic schools, but to a statesman and leader of men, who from his Cambridge days half a century ago has made philosophy a subject of study, even amidst the exacting claims of a distinguished political career. He himself says that while the basis of his argument is wide the conclusion is narrow. It is necessarily so. How far the deficiency may be remedied in the second series of these lectures we cannot tell. The tremendous strain of this unparalleled war makes their delivery at present impossible. But many readers will be disappointed that these fascinating lectures stop where they do, and leave the inquirer planted at the end just where he would wish the lecturer to begin.

For what kind of a God is indicated by these inquiries, and what is the relation of the Creator to His creature man? No answer is forthcoming. True, Mr. Balfour in distinguishing between metaphysical and religious conceptions of God pronounces wholly for the latter. By 'God' he does not mean an all-inclusive unity, an Identity in which all differences vanish, but an ethical personality. He does not care to defend the existence of a Deity, devised as 'logical glue' to hold multiplicity together. He declines to worship the Absolute—which, it is true, has never moved men to appease it by bloody rites, because 'for the sake of such an Absolute no man was ever yet moved to do anything at all.' Mr. Balfour means by the sacred name of God 'a God whom men can love, to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between Himself and those whom He has created.' But there's the rub. It is precisely such a living and true God whose existence so many philosophers and scientific men strenuously deny. And it is in the working out of such a conception of God, One who lives and feels and acts, that difficulties arise for the theistic believer. These—quite

apart from specific questions raised by war—press hardly on the minds of thoughtful men in the twentieth century. The world being what it is, God is either not omnipotent or not benevolent: so J. S. Mill revived the old dilemma half a century ago. A Deity who 'takes sides' is finite and therefore unworthy of a philosopher's attention; while one who does not take sides, or distinguish between moral light and darkness, is unworthy of any true man's worship. Amidst the anguish of internecine war a Pope may think well to preserve a dignified neutrality between martyr and persecutors, between torturers and tortured, but he only draws discredit upon the religion he represents, and the Saviour whose vicar he presumptuously claims to be.

II

The endeavour to answer the difficult questions raised in the last paragraph is made partly by philosophy, partly by religion. The problems themselves lie on the borderland between the two. Philosophy will provide a mode of approach, but the real work of grappling with the difficulties belongs to the teacher of religion. No problem presents itself in theology, which has not first emerged in philosophy. Bishop D'Arcy, whose latest book is named at the head of this article, is an Idealist philosopher, and a previous volume of Donnellan lectures on 'Idealism and Theology,' published by him twenty years ago, sketched in outline the argument which is now more fully developed in a later series on 'God and Freedom in Human Experience.'

We cannot describe the book in detail, but we should like to draw attention to it, as more instructive for the theologian than some theological books which ignore the philosophical side of great religious problems. Like Mr. Balfour—may we not say like every 'live' teacher in these days?—Dr. D'Arcy begins with experience. He finds the living, moving *continuum* which constitutes each man's personal experience to be 'a unitary whole, in which feelings,

thoughts, purposes, decisions permeate one another. To possess such an experience is to be a spirit.'

From this standpoint Materialism and Naturalism are seen to be alike impossible as explanatory principles of the universe. Consciousness is not an *epiphenomenon*. By a process of reasoning familiar to all students of Idealism Dr. D'Arcy concludes that there is only one way in which the independent existence of the world can be secured—'by assuming the existence of a Universal Conscious Experience which gives being to the material world in all its elements and qualities, both primary and secondary.' We men, as conscious beings, share in the life and experience of this Supreme Being. In Him we live and move and are. That is the basal reason why we enjoy the vision of the world in all its splendour and variety. The principle which gives us a real world, independently of the individual human thinker, is to be found, not in the constitution of matter, nor even in the human mind, but in God.

In accepting this principle, Bishop D'Arcy follows Berkeley, the father of modern Idealism, though with modifications of his own. He accepts to some extent the teaching of T. H. Green, that the conscious experience of every man is 'the reproduction, in a gradual and partial way,' of the eternal consciousness. But he sees, as William James and others have pointed out, that many consciousnesses cannot be at the same time one consciousness. He rightly urges that Green's doctrine 'annihilates the individual,' that if the Absolute which reproduces itself in every man is a concrete conscious experience, 'then the man loses his own proper personal identity, the self in him is the Divine self and he has no distinct mind or will of his own.' The self of man is God. By way of reaction from these Pantheistic tendencies of Idealism, a number of able modern thinkers advocate the idea of a limited God. Pluralism, Pragmatism, and Personal Idealism are theories which agree in teaching that God must not be identified with the Absolute, but that

He operates on the universe in which He dwells under the limitations imposed by the essential nature of the universe. William James is one of the most outspoken advocates of Pluralism. He holds that the religious believer is 'continuous, to his own consciousness at any rate, with a wider self, from which saving experiences flow in'; that 'we inhabit an invisible spiritual environment from which help comes, our soul being mysteriously one with a larger soul whose instruments we are.' But this superhuman consciousness, called God, is not absolute, or omnipotent. This Being is not all-embracing; in James' own words, 'there is a God, but He is finite, either in power or in knowledge, or in both at once.'

Dr. D'Arcy has no sympathy with Pluralism. Nor is he much better satisfied with the Personal Idealism of Dr. Rashdall and others, who regard the universe as consisting of 'God, the Supreme but not all-inclusive Spirit, and a multitude of finite spirits who possess a limited independence of which the independence of the Deity is also limited.' It is true that these finite spirits owe their origin to the will of God. They exist by a self-limitation of the Divine Being, adopted for the accomplishment of a supreme beneficent purpose. But all theories which hold that God is limited are, Bishop D'Arcy urges, inconsistent with the idea of a universe ordered by perfect power and wisdom. Either this finite God is working under conditions imposed by an intractable environment, or He is dealing with a multitude of wills which by their freedom limit His power. And the God who is not infinite, and has not thus far succeeded in accomplishing His purpose, may ultimately fail.

Such a possibility is inconceivable, alike to the Idealist philosopher and to the devout believer. Dr. D'Arcy's solution is virtually this: Each finite self does not exist apart from, and independently of, the Supreme Self, but must in some sense share His Life. All these subjects experience one and the same external world because they

'share in one all-embracing conscious life.' The only possible interpretation, he says, of the phenomena of human experience is that 'the Universal Spirit, which gives being to this great world of things in time and space is, in some ways or in some sense, for us an all-enveloping life, a supreme, all-inclusive experience in whom all we lesser beings live and move and have our experience.' But can we at all grasp what is meant by 'in some way, or in some sense?' Dr. Rashdall contends that finite spirits and the Supreme Spirit are alike personal. Dr. D'Arcy agrees, after a careful discussion of the meaning of personality. But he goes on to say that personality as it exists in man is not a sufficient account of the nature of the Supreme Being. He is personal, but personality is 'unequal to the task of effecting a final unification amongst all conscious subjects.' The supreme principle must therefore be described as '"superpersonal"—higher in His Nature than we are, knowing us from within and including our whole being as we are in ourselves within His being.' This view, it is urged, is not necessarily Pantheistic; it admits Divine transcendence, whilst laying a needed stress on Divine immanence.

It is in this direction that Dr. D'Arcy looks for the reconciliation of all the contradictions, the solution of all painful riddles, of a world in which evil, pain, and death sadly prevail if they do not rule. He does not believe as Augustine did that evil is a mere privation, it is only too terrible a positive reality. He cannot accept a doctrine of the Absolute such as that of Mr. Bradley, in which personality and morality are both transcended and the opposition of good and evil is a necessary element. The reality of human freedom and the supremacy of the Divine will are, he holds, rightly maintained together in the orthodox religious teaching of the day, but there is no real endeavour to combine them in one system. Whether his own attempt will satisfy the conditions remains to be seen. He considers that, so long as the Divine Personal Will is viewed on the

same level of reality as human wills, the puzzle is insoluble. But 'there is a realm of Reality higher than that of human experience . . . and in that Reality the oppositions which perplex us utterly find a perfect solution. . . . The evil which on the level of our experience presents itself as a reality so tremendous that it seems to threaten the very existence of the spiritual universe, is revealed as an element which must, for the Highest Reality, be altogether subordinate. The fact that in the final unity all discords must cease involves the disappearance of evil in the last resort.'

In this, as at many other points of his exposition, Bishop D'Arcy shows the influence of Bergson. Forms and processes of thought which are perfectly applicable to mechanical things are not safe guides when applied to a higher plane of being. 'The reality which belongs to our human personal life,' he urges, 'is higher in degree than the reality in relation to which our intellectual logic has been shaped.' This logic, as Bergson has shown, is unable to deal with the movement of life. Much greater therefore are its limitations when applied to that highest Reality which transcends our experience. Evil, Bishop D'Arcy concludes, is for us an insoluble problem. But it does not follow that it cannot be solved on a higher plane of reality. We have reason to believe that it is solved in God. 'The whole course of natural and human development must be working towards an end in which evil will have no place.' It is impossible that a God of personal perfection can build His own happiness on the lasting misery of His creatures. 'It will surely be found at last that the good will be perfected and the evil utterly destroyed.' This is the expression of a personal faith which the author, in the latter part of his book, contends for as reasonable and sufficient. It is the faith of the poet that 'somehow good will be the final goal of ill,' based upon the Christian revelation, but ultimately upheld by the conclusion of Idealistic philosophy. Dr. D'Arcy expresses his conviction that 'we are on the eve of a new

statement in theology,' to be accomplished with the help of a transfigured Idealism, which, he thinks, will be realized when the influence of M. Bergson's teaching has been fully felt in current philosophic thought.

III

The attitude of the Christian believer to the problems of life and to the deep questions raised by the relation of God to the world, is neither that of the philosopher nor of the Theist. A Christian may be a philosophical Idealist, like the Bishop of Down, or he may distrust the methods of all philosophical schools, like Mr. Balfour. He will certainly accept the Theistic explanation of Ultimate Reality, as being in accordance with the fundamental views of God and the world which lie at the basis of all his thought. But Christian faith has a foundation of its own, and it leads the devout disciple to conclusions which neither the philosopher nor the Theist may accept, but which remain for him 'the fountain-light of all his day, the master-light of all his seeing.' In defending some aspects of his creed, the Christian may use the methods of natural theology and employ, for example, the arguments of the Idealist against the Materialist, or of the Theist against Deistic and Pantheistic habits of thought. But 'the victory that overcometh the world' is not won by the use of such weapons. 'Our faith' takes its rise from other springs and it has roots of its own which enable it to bring forth fruit of which the philosopher has hardly begun to dream.

The Christian's view of ultimate reality includes God who is Spirit and worlds of created spirits—finite, but with practically boundless capacities of being—limitless possibilities of union and communion with the Father of spirits and of service in all parts of His kingdom. These possibilities of good imply possibilities of evil. Into the race of man evil has made its way; evil which is not mere deficiency of good, unreality, a mere negation—'null and naught, silence imply-

ing sound.' Neither is it to be tolerated as a lower form of good, or as a necessary factor in the development of good. It arises from the perversion of finite wills; by their very constitution capable of erring, though made for glad, filial, unswerving obedience. Men were not intended to be automata; they were brought into being not that they might be as babes innocent of evil, but as men, victorious over it; good, not by compulsion but by choice. God, who is over all, is at the same time in all, guiding from within as well as controlling from without; but not compelling His children, though mightily constraining them by the strivings of His Spirit, the admonitions of conscience, the strong and gentle drawings of His grace. Man may and does resist; freedom to roam and err within limits is granted him. If it implies self-limitation in the Creator thus to allow the creature room to live, then He is self-limited. But in the moral and spiritual world such self-limitation for a great end is an excellent glory, not a defect. Omnipotence in God does not mean the power arbitrarily to impose His will on a subject (or rather abject) race, in a fashion that is considered to be an excellence by some European nations who have yet to learn the very alphabet of morals. God can do all that He wills. He does not will to do all that He can. And with infinite patience and long-suffering—attributes which the philosopher anxious for the all-inclusiveness of the Absolute holds to be altogether unworthy—He waits and strives and leads, where He could, but will not, drive. It is thus that His kingdom will by-and-by be established—as in other happier worlds, so also in this, where an enemy has sown tares and plotted mischiefs and sown discord and strife and hatred, leading to utter ruin and confusion. In spite of all, One alone sits upon the throne of the Universe, and He will in His own way and time realize high purposes far beyond our ken, bringing the race of man to a goal which is higher than our highest thoughts concerning it, as the heavens are higher than the earth.

Thus far the Theist; that is to say, a philosopher or natural theologian, who, like Dr. Martineau, interprets ultimate reality in terms of the will of such a God, explaining as best he may the presence of sin and pain and death in a God-ruled world, and seeking to show the various ways in which partial evil may be universal good. Is the solution of the problem to rest there? Is it left to man to study history by its own light and show if he can that light shines in the midst of darkness and that darkness has not overcome it, though the victory of light is still anxiously awaited? Are we in the twentieth century to gain what instruction we can from the methods of Evolution and guess at the future from the story of the past? May we say with Schiller (or rather, Hegel) *Die Weltgeschichte ist das Weltgericht*, and hold that such judgement of the world as we can find in the history of the world is adequate? The Idealist is confident of final issues, because he has assured himself from an analysis of experience that God is 'all-inclusive'; but all men are not Idealist philosophers, and the all-inclusiveness of the Deity is a keen weapon which may pierce the hand that wields it. A theodicy which depends upon an interpretation of history with nothing but the light of nature for a guide will always be uncertain and vacillating. A faith which rests in the discernible 'progress' of the race will toss like a frail boat on a stormy ocean, now rising to the crest of an optimistic wave, now lost in the troughs of pessimistic despair.

The Christian despises no process or conclusion of natural theology; he hears his Master say, Believe ye in God. But he hears Him add, Believe also in Me. In such faith he finds light of another kind. True, it is based on revelation and history, but the Christian trusts to God in Christ as the Supreme Revelation, a greater light to rule the day, in comparison with which other luminaries are but stars to rule the night—fair, but faint and far. God has not left Himself without witness in nature and history, but He has not left man with only such vindication of Himself as may be

gathered from a painful deciphering of the hieroglyphics in which the complicated history of mankind is written. The Father has spoken in the Son, as never before or since. Jesus of Nazareth was not one of a long line of servant messengers, superseded by successors. The events of His life are not mere incidents in history, which might have been otherwise. They are decisive, determinative, crucial, and final. The Incarnation, God manifest in the flesh, stands by itself; so also the Resurrection, in which death was swallowed up in victory; as Bishop D'Arcy is careful to point out. But he does not lay stress on that great event which ranks equally with these and is in some sense even more significant for the purposes of theodicy—the death of Christ on the Cross. This is central and supreme for our purpose; it furnishes the light in which history and all inferences from history must be judged.

The Cross of Christ is the manifestation of the Divine as Holy Love in uttermost self-sacrifice, as the only means of winning a lost, and saving a ruined world. It stands for the wisdom, power, and grace of God in judgement on sin and in the salvation of sinners. He who would read what God writes with His own finger amidst the scrawls and scribbles of men in history must first understand the mystic rune written on the Cross of Christ and interpret all the rest in the light of that. The deep meaning of the Will of God for men, contemplated in the beginning and before the beginning, prepared for under the Old Covenant, supremely shown in Christ and manifested ever since by His Spirit—what is it? It is the message of Holy Love in self-sacrifice—judgement in order to salvation; salvation by means of judgement; salvation to deliver from deserved judgement; judgement executed because salvation has been neglected. But in a sinful world never either of the two entirely without the other. The New Testament knows nothing of a love that is not holy, of holiness that is not loving. It knows nothing of a God who tolerates sin, or of

One who hates sinners. Here is the key to the whole complicated lock. The book securely sealed with seven seals is opened at a touch by the Lamb, who is worthy to take the book and to open its seals, because He has purchased all nations unto God by His blood.

For sacrifice is the essence of the Cross. Holiness is there, Love is there; Holy Love burns with whitest heat and clearest flame, but it is Love in uttermost Self-Sacrifice. No conception of God can be truly Christian in which this note does not sound above all the rest. The Christian idea of God is not that of an all-inclusive Absolute, or of a remote and exalted Deity 'without parts or passions,' but of a God who while above all is in all, and who has drawn nearer still to mankind in His Son—loving, yearning, sympathizing, suffering, agonizing, dying, that through uttermost sacrifice may come uttermost salvation. If in the Old Testament the prophet could say, 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted,' the Apostle of the New Covenant echoes the word with his tremendous *a fortiori*, 'He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?'

The End is the Kingdom of God; that new order which Holy Love reveals and rules. It is visible here, in germ and embryo. But the full manifestation of its meaning is not here, but yonder. A theodicy without immortality is impossible. The Divine designs cannot be worked out within a compass of threescore years and ten, under the conditions of earthly life. 'Otherworldliness' becomes a necessity to a spiritual being; not the striving for personal ease and advantage in another life instead of in this, but the assertion of a Life beyond life, that there may be ample room and verge enough for the deploying of Divine forces, the bringing to a full issue of Divine purposes. We are saved through faith, but as yet only by way of hope: the confident hope that this life with all its conflicts and disappointments, its ironies and inequalities, will prove to have been a

place of education and preparation, rather than of realization. Why is the Christian sure of this, and on what does his hope of immortality depend? Not on an investigation into the forces manifested in history, as to which has proved itself the mightiest; not on a fine balancing of the characteristics of life as it now is, leading to favourable conclusions concerning the Lord of life; not on reasonings concerning the constitution of man, or on a careful analysis of human experience, but on the light of the knowledge of the glory of God seen in a human Face. That one Face 'far from vanish, rather grows'—the face of Jesus Christ His Son, who for us men and for our salvation suffered to the uttermost in order that He might save to the uttermost—'the love that tops the might, the Christ in God.'

IV

The application of general principles to the bewildering conditions of our own time does not come within the scope of this article. But a religion that is to be a religion indeed, to say nothing of its being absolute and final, must be wide enough and deep enough to take in catastrophes. It must take in life: the life of the individual, the family, the nation, and the race; wars, earthquakes, plagues, and desolations as well as tranquil homes and haunts of ancient peace. So Christ Himself taught. Nation shall rise against nation, there shall be wars and rumours of wars, the end is not yet. These things are only the beginning of travail—birth-pangs that are to usher in the dawn of new and happier days. Paul discourses concerning the Man of Sin, the power that restrains and what will happen when that power is taken out of the way. John teaches that 'even now' is the judgement of this world and the casting out of its prince, but also that the crises of the present are preparing for an inconceivable crisis of judgement yet to come. When the great day of His wrath is come, who shall be able to stand? Yet the Lamb is on the throne; the Lamb as it had been slain, God 'emptied

of driving power,' in whom is no darkness at all, no hatred at all, except hatred of wickedness that hinders loving. And for two thousand years the age-long conflict has been proceeding; if our lot has fallen upon one of the nodes of the long curve, a great day of God into which is being condensed work that might have been spread over centuries, is it for us to complain, or to cry, Where is the God of judgement?

How far is a 'theodicy' obtainable at any crisis of the world's history? In one sense, not at all. If the phrase implies a full comprehension of the Divine modes of achieving His purposes—only a God can compass that. In another sense, a theodicy may be partially obtained; as the Psalmists and Job were the wiser for wrestling with the problems that troubled them and were enabled to see God more clearly, though they could not see Him face to face. But in another sense it may reverently be said that the needed theodicy is already complete, inasmuch as to the Christian is given the clue to the labyrinth, though it may more than tax the powers of the traveller to thread all the turnings of the mighty maze. 'The key to the riddle of the world is God: the key to the riddle of God is Christ.'

> The acknowledgement of God in Christ,
> Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
> All problems in this earth and out of it,
> And has so far advanced thee to be wise.

But this particular lesson is the hardest of all, and no solution of the problems it raises is conceivable. It is the hardest, and therefore the solution of its problems will be proportionately glorious. A leading American thinker who passed through the agonies of the Civil War of 1861-5 has left it on record that at first the horrors of that fratricidal struggle were maddening: that as time went on, its deep significance and issues began to clear; and within a decade of its close what had happened was 'like things fore-ordained before the foundation of the world.'

Faith, rather than reason, is needed if in face of the present cataclysmic war men are not to 'be confounded,' that is, put to intellectual, moral, and spiritual confusion. But it is a reasonable faith, one which takes into account, as far as mortals may, the tremendous nature of the task implied in racial salvation. 'The Boches are saving the world,' said the French officer, 'because they are showing it what evil is.' It is because evil is what it is, not a tame monster to be comfortably domesticated, but a wild beast of inconceivable malignity, passion, and fury, that the Saviour of men came, not with water only, but with water and blood. 'Without shedding of blood is no remission.' Doubtless the mere thinker who ponders these problems in his study apart is perplexed till his brain reels and his heart gives way in despair. But the toiler, the fighter, the sufferer, who are already workers together with God, are on the way to learn the secret which only conquest can explain. It is these who master the true theodicy, because it is theirs to

> Strengthen the wavering line,
> 'Stablish, continue the march,
> On to the bounds of the waste,
> On to the city of God.

W. T. Davison.

RUSSIA'S RELIGION OF SUFFERING

NIETZSCHE wrote of religion disparagingly as an intoxicant, and yet by his own religion he was intoxicated. No one ever acted more strangely or became more excited under the influence of personal religion than Nietzsche. It is no reproach to religion that it changes reasonable beings to emotional beings. And yet there is associated with religion a false emotionalism and sentimentalism that we call morbidity, a desire to be miserable and to make other people miserable, a wearing of weeds on festival days, pessimism, and 'God grant we may all be as well two months hence,' a living with death and a loving of the gruesome.

Gloominess is a danger for the Slav soul as with us it is for the Celtic. The bright energy of the Teuton is lacking. It is not worth while *making* things or working for *position*. The mind is free and questioning. There is no sense of

> Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws
> Makes that and th' action fine.

or of

> The trivial round, the common task,
> Would furnish all we ought to ask.

Nature is 'vainly sweet,' and the eye looks out on the recurring pageants of the seasons with unutterable ennui and sadness. And in life, the petty circumstances if congenial are but playfully pleasant, but if uncongenial seem surcharged with malice.

The river that runs through life is easily dammed, floods the whole being of a man, and becomes stagnant whilst poisonous mists lower over him. The joyful current ceases.

It is a common disaster in Russia, the falling into a morbid state. A Russian poet writes—

> All earthly perishes, thy mother and thy boyhood;
> Thy wife betrays thee, yea, and friends forsake.
> But learn, my friend, to taste a different sweetness,
> Looking to the cold and arctic seas.

Get in thy ship, set sail for the far Pole,
And live midst walls of ice. Gently forget
How there you loved and struggled,
Forget the passions of the land behind thee,
And to the shudderings of gradual cold
Accustom thy tired soul.
So that of all she left behind her here
She craveth nought whatever,
When Thence to thee floods forth the beams of light
celestial,—

which is a beautiful poem written for those who have become morbid. It is a beloved poem, and you may come across it written laboriously and exquisitely on tinted paper. But those who read it and love it will never 'step into the ship set sail for the far Pole,' it is not an invitation to join Shackleton, not even figuratively. It is for those who love and nurse their sorrows. They have not the power nor the wish to move. They are transfixed by mournful ideas, ideas that sing through the air as they come like arrows, and yet console us with music. As another poet writes, Brussof—

On a lingering fire you burn and burn away,
O my soul,
On a lingering fire you burn and burn away
With sweet moan,
You stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows,
Without strength to breathe,
You stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
In shoulder and breast.
Your enemies around you look on with mirth,
Bending the bow,
Your enemies around you look on with mirth,
Increasing the woe.
So burns the funeral pyre, the arrows stinging gently,
In the eventide,
So burns the funeral pyre, the arrows stinging gently
For the last time,—

which indicates a favourite mood in Russian poetry. Students say such poetry over to one another in their rooms of an evening, teachers in provincial towns say such verses to their women friends, local journalists talk of them, gentle souls of either sex take down the book from the shelf and turn to the familiar page and live with the poet's pain.

Such is the melancholy of the cultured, a morbid yet touching melancholy. It is refined. The thoughts are scented, and it is literature and not life which is lending some one expression. But lower down in society, where there is less reading, life itself gives the terms of this outlook. So the coffin-maker in that story of Tchekhof, called 'Rothschild's Fiddle,' has a ledger in which he records at the end of each day the losses of the day. All life expresses itself to him in losses, terrible losses, and although he is himself quite a normal human being he seems to arrive at the conclusion that it would have been better if mankind and the world had never existed. Smerdyakof, Dostoieffsky's most morbid conception, catches cats and hangs them at midnight with a ceremony and ritual which he had invented.

The old beggar pilgrim sings with cracked voice as he trudges through wind and rain,

I will go up on the hi-igh mounta-in
And look into the mi-ighty deep,
A-and see about me a-all the earth
Where I fre-et and ve-ex my soul,
Ah Eternity, it is but The-e I se-ek!
Little gra-ave, my little gra-a-a-a-ve
You are my E-verla-asting ho-ome.
Yellow sand my be-ed,
Stones my ne-ighbo-urs,
Wo-orms my fri-ends,
The da-amp earth my mo-other.
Mo-other, my mo-other,
Take me to e-eternal rest,
Oh Lord, have me-e-e-e-ercy [1]

Indeed, many such examples might be adduced to show the pre-occupation of the Russian with the idea of death. The funeral service music is favourite popular music. In the procession of moods in the soul of the young man he comes comparatively rapidly to 'worms my neighbours.' The excessive number of suicides in Russia may be explained by the extraordinary liability of the Russian soul to falling into a morbid state.

[1] Cited by the priest Florensky, who copied down the song as he heard it (*The Pillar and Foundation of Truth*).

But we are all of us, even the merriest hearts that 'go all the way,' subject to morbid moods, to fits of depression, black hours when we are ready to deny the world, our ambition in it, our own life, our greatest happiness, and live wilfully in an atmosphere of grief and pessimism, loving sorrow for its own sake, lamenting for the sake of lamentation. We love what Dostoieffsky calls self-laceration. We must every month or so deliver ourselves up to Giant Despair and be cudgelled.

> The darker the night the clearer the stars,
> The deeper the sorrow the nearer to God,

says a Russian proverb, but these recurrent moods are not really sorrow, they are a being morbid. They have nothing in common with the suffering that comes from destiny itself, nothing of the circumstances of going into the wilderness, or taking the road with the burden on one's back, nothing of the pangs of new birth, of the *podvig*.[1]

> Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
> Who never spent the midnight hours
> Toiling and waiting for the morrow,
> He knows you not, ye Heavenly Powers,

—who never ate his bread in real sorrow. Life is of this sort, that if you will stake all of it for a new life, you will get the new life. But when you really do give up all the old and dear, that is a dark and terrible hour, the hour of renunciation, of the *podvig*.

And on the road of life itself there is a great gulf between the vigorous and Teutonic 'welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough,' and the morbid and Oscar Wildian 'living with sorrow,' a great gulf between Father Seraphim kneeling a thousand days on a rock, and the sad 'intelligent' who reads to himself in the evening hour:

> To stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
> Without strength to breathe,
> To stand like Sebastian shot through with arrows
> In shoulder and breast,

[1] Podvig: a Russian word for a holy exploit, a denial of the world, an act of religious affirmation.

I suppose if the pyschology of Tolstoy were to be followed out we should be surprised at the frequent recurrence of morbid and despondent moods in the old man. Nothing seems more characteristic of his later years than fruitless quarrelling with the life of Yasnaya Polyana, threatening to run away, lamentations, self-lacerations. And now and again in relief Tolstoy did actually flee. He took the road to Moscow to live like a simple artisan, and earn his living by carpentering, or he set off for a monastery where some famous monk lived in his cell and sought relief by confession and Christian intercourse.

That going forth on the road, a-seeking new life, is characteristic. At times one would think half Russia is on the road. Utility has been flung aside, the chances of gain have been passed over, the so-called duty to work and fulfil your place in the State has been flung to the winds, and the Russian is out on the dusty road, wearing out his boots, thinking, trudging, praying, recognizing—finding what his soul wants. That is not morbidity, but a noble form of life.

And many promise themselves wholly to God and enter monasteries or convents, and there find happiness, the bright ray of destiny they sought with their eyes in a dark world,

> Every morning, noon and night,
> Praise God, sings Theocrite,

That is not a morbid life, though a life of denial. It does not mean that every one who would live well should enter a monastery or a convent, it only means that some one whose soul craved such a life has found his way. How we have suffered in England from the difficulty of giving one's soul to God in that way! Those who would have been monks and sisters have had to give themselves in other ways. There are thousands of other ways. Every one who is living well has found a way. The way meant renunciation, hardship, sorrow—but not morbid sorrow, the sorrow which leaves you as you were, as the cloud of gnats wailing by the

tree and the stream leave the tree, leave the stream, just as they were, just what they were.

The differentiation between morbid sorrow and real sorrow, between self-laceration and the tribulation that comes of destiny, is important if we would understand aright what the Russian means by the 'Religion of Suffering.'

The religion of suffering, of which so much is said, is a term easily misunderstood, meaning differently in the mouths of different people. The political propagandist holds that the Russian people are melancholy because their institutions are so bad, and that the religion of suffering is the religion of revolution, a growing resentment against the Government.

The morbid Russian will say that the religion of suffering is the knowledge of the truth that *only* in suffering and near to death can you understand anything about life. He will deny that anything else can teach you. The peasant pilgrim will interpret it as the religion of taking to the road and bearing the cross, being a beggar for Christ's sake, refusing a lift on the road to the Sepulchre, holding that where Christ walked it is not for him to ride.

Another will say it is the religion that helps you to face suffering, and point to Tolstoy's story of the death of Ivan Ilyitch. Ivan Ilyitch was a man who had no religion, and had never faced suffering in his life, an ordinary bourgeois of the type of lower *intelligentsia*, jovial, selfish, cynical, fond of cards and of his dinner, and having no other particular interest in life except an ambition to make more money. Suddenly he is stricken with cancer, and lives years in increasing pain till at last he dies in agony. He has no spiritual comfort; pain quite o'ercrows his spirit. The truth is, no pain really conquers the spirit, the spirit always triumphs at the last, even if the body is rendered useless by the struggle. But this truth is lost in the irreligion of Ivan Ilyitch. It would seem it would have been better if he had lived a more moral and healthy life in his youth,

but that is a false moral. The fact is he had never faced the solemn mystery of life, never taken his ordinary human share in suffering, and so was lost in the hour of pain. But perhaps there were more spiritual gleams in the end of Ivan Ilyitch than Tolstoy tells us of. Tolstoy was a moralist. But in any case Ivan Ilyitch presents a contrast to a religious Russian on his deathbed, in his last agony, gripping tight in his hand a little wooden cross, his eyes upon the ikon of his patron saint before which the candle is burning.

Another will say, the religion of suffering is that which helps you to face life, which is, perhaps, another way of saying that it is the religion which helps you to face death—the religion which prompts you to take risks, face danger, rather than to sit still and take no risks and face no dangers. The feeble modern young man of the west, encompassed by insurance societies and sitting in a safe job, takes no risks and will face no dangers. He is losing his soul. In a great war he wakens up and offers himself—and saves his soul. Or in the ordinary course of things in the 'weak piping time of peace' he resolves to make a leap in the dark and get life, he gives up the old for the new—he saves his soul, and out of his sufferings springs a glory.

Still, it is not for every one to make this leap in the dark. Villagers, the peasants of a countryside, have obviously no call that way, or seldom a call that way. They have not the need that the townsman has, they have satisfying visions of truth, from nature, in their way of life, in their traditional customs. Brand was probably wrong trying to lead his village flock up among the glaciers and avalanches to make a church of ice. He should have preached such sermons and made such appeals in towns; he would have led people from the towns. Nevertheless there has been a cult of Brand in Russia, especially since Ibsen's long drama was produced at the Theatre of Art, and many divinity students and young priests have been touched by his vigorous onslaught on the quiet lives of simple folk.

On the other hand, there have not been wanting vigorous opponents to Brand and the 'God of the Heights,' and I have even seen the scientist working to relieve pain put in opposition to Brand working to increase the pain and sorrow in the world. But in that opposition lies a misconception. Crucifixion under chloroform does not conquer death and sin, and there is no sleeping draught for the young man on the threshold of life who has yet to dare and suffer and die many times before he emerges at his noblest and richest.

Dostoieffsky voiced the religion of suffering for Russia; he suffered himself, and in his personal suffering discovered the national passion. He sanctified Siberia, redeeming the notion of it from that of a foul prison and place of punishment to a place of redemption and finding one's own soul. He did not find Siberia an evil place, but on the contrary found it holy ground. There men came face to face with reality who had lived till then in an atmosphere of unreality. The roads of Siberia were roads of pilgrimage. Dostoieffsky sent successively his two most interesting heroes to tread those roads, Raskolnikof and Dmitri Karamazof. Tolstoy develops and materializes the idea in the story of Katia and Neludof.

Then in his novels Dostoieffsky generally shows the suffering ones, never suggesting the idea that the suffering should be removed. He has no interest in the non-suffering, normal person. He prefers a man who is torn, whose soul is disclosed and bare. He feels that such a man knows more, and that his life can show more of the true pathos of man's destiny. Such people think, dream, pray, hope; they are infinitely lovable, they are clearly mortal. Hence a pre-occupation with suffering, a saying 'yes' to suffering when the obvious answer seems to be 'no,' and 'let this cup pass from me.' It is, perhaps, because the West has taken it for granted that suffering is an evil thing, and has set itself consciously the task of eliminating suffering from the world that the East has emphasized its acceptance of

suffering. Nietzsche noted what he called the watchword of Western Europe—"We wish that there may be nothing more to fear.' He despised that wish. The East does not despise the wish, but finds it necessary to affirm its own belief more vigorously. It accepts many things which the West considers wrong in themselves—war, disease, pain, death.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

WHY THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON PUBLISHED ONLY TWO BOOKS

WITH the exception of a few articles and poems reprinted in brochure form from encyclopedias and periodicals, Watts-Dunton may be said to be the author of two books only—*Aylwin* and *The Coming of Love*. The rest of his contributions to literature must be sought for in back numbers of the reviews, magazines, and critical journals, and as Introductory Studies and Essays prefixed to reprints. That a man of his enormous and many-sided knowledge should apply himself to the craft of letters practically from early manhood to extreme old age, and leave only two volumes behind him, establishes surely a record in these days of over-publication. One cannot wonder that his readers and admirers should ask that he be more adequately represented on their bookshelves by the collection into permanent volume form of his many incomparable articles and essays. Until that is done, I may perhaps be permitted to point out that in a sense such a work already exists. The literary harvest of Watts-Dunton's life has been reaped, winnowed, and garnered into one volume, which indeed is not only a volume but a Watts-Dunton library in itself.

I refer of course to Mr. James Douglas's *Theodore Watts-Dunton, Poet, Novelist, and Critic*, a work which with all its faults, and it has many, is in a literary sense of priceless worth to the student. I do not say this because Mr. Douglas has told us everything that can be told, and much that it was unnecessary to tell, about Watts-Dunton's life and work, his memorable friendships and his literary methods, but because Mr. Douglas has, with infinite care and pains, harvested, sifted, winnowed, and gleaned the whole field of Watts-Dunton's literary labour. The portion of the book

which contains the fine gold of Watts-Dunton's writings upon Wonder as the primal Element in all religion; upon the first awakenings in the soul of man of a sense of Wonder—or perhaps I should say upon the awakening, the birth, of a soul in man by means of Wonder; the noble exposition of the Psalms, the Prayer-Book, and of the Bible in its relation to the soul and to the Universe; the analysis of Humour; the portions that deal with Nature and Nature-Worship; with the methods and art of great writers in poetry and prose, and with First Principles generally,—these in themselves and by themselves make Mr. Douglas's book unique.

I am not sure indeed that it will not eventually do more for Watts-Dunton's reputation as a thinker than the publication of the whole library of his collected writings. For in his contributions to the periodical press Watts-Dunton is apt sometimes to be diffuse. He becomes befogged, as it were, with the multitudinousness of his own learning. His 'cogitations'—the word is more applicable to most of his work than 'essays'—were so prodigious, branched out into such innumerable but always fascinating and pregnant issues, as to bewilder the ordinary reader. In Mr. Douglas's book, with such judgement are the passages selected, that we get the best of Watts-Dunton in a comparatively small compass, clarified, condensed, and presented with cameo clearness. It contains, I admit, not a little with which I would willingly away. I tire sometimes of gypsies and gorgios and Sinfi Lovell, as I tire of the recurrence of the double-syllabled feminine rhyming of 'glory' and 'story,' 'hoary' and 'promontory,' in some of the sonnets.

I am led to speak of Mr. Douglas's book by the fact that he quotes Rossetti as affirming of Watts-Dunton that 'he was the one man of his time who, with immense literary equipment, was without literary ambition.' This may be true of the Theodore Watts of Rossetti's time. It is not altogether true of the Watts-Dunton whom I knew during the last quarter of a century.

The extraordinary success of *Aylwin*, published, be it remembered—though some of us had been privileged to see it long before—in 1898, when the author was 66, bewildered and staggered Watts-Dunton, but the literary ambitions which that success aroused came too late in life to be realized. Though a prodigious and untiring worker, he was unsystematic and a dreamer. The books that he intended to write would have outnumbered the unwritten volumes of Robert Louis Stevenson. Had Stevenson lived longer, his dream-books would one day have materialized into manuscript and finally into paper and print. He was one of those whom Jean Paul Richter had in mind when he said, 'There shall come a time when man shall awake from his lofty dreams and find—his dreams still there and that nothing has gone save his sleep.' Stevenson worked by impulse. His talk and his letters of one day were like too-plenteously charged goblets that brimmed over and ran to waste about stories he was set upon writing, but from which on the morrow he turned aside to follow some literary Lorelei whose lurings more accorded with the mood of the moment.

'I shall have another portfolio paper so soon as I am done with this story that has played me out,' he wrote to Sir Sidney Colvin in January, 1875. 'The story is to be called *When the Devil was well*: scene, Italy, Renaissance; colour, purely imaginary of course, my own unregenerate idea of what Italy then was. Oh, when shall I find the story of my dreams, that shall never halt nor wander one step aside, but go ever before its face and ever swifter and louder until the pit receives its roaring?'

But Stevenson worked of set purpose, and for the most part, sooner or later in another mood, went rainbow-chasing again, hoping to find—like the pot of gold which children believe lies hidden where the rainbow ends—his broken fragments of a dream that he might recover and weave them into story form. Sometimes he succeeded: sometimes he found that the vision had wholly faded or that the mood

to interpret it had gone, and so more often he failed. But Watts-Dunton was content only to dream, and alas, to procrastinate, at least in the matter of screwing himself up to the preparation of a book. In that respect he was the despair even of his dearest friends.

Francis Hinde Groome, whose father was the famous Archdeacon of Suffolk and a friend of Edward FitzGerald, wrote to me as far back as January, 1896: 'Watts, I hope, has *not* definitely abandoned the idea of a Life of Rossetti, or he might, he suggests, weave his reminiscences of him into his own reminiscences. But I doubt. The only way I believe would be for some one regularly day after day, to engage him in talk for a couple of hours, and for a shorthand writer to be present to take it down. If I had the leisure I would try to incite him thereto myself.'

I agree with Groome that that was the only way out of the difficulty. Left to himself I doubt whether Watts-Dunton would ever have permitted even *Aylwin*, ready for publication as it was, to see the light. Of the influences which were brought to bear to persuade him ultimately to take the plunge, and by whom exerted, no less than of the reasons (there was more than one) why the book was so long withheld, I shall not here write. Mr. Douglas says nothing of either matter in his book, and the presumption is that he was silent by Watts-Dunton's own wish. This, however, I may add, that were the reasons for withholding the book so long fully known, they would afford yet another striking proof of the chivalrous loyalty of Watts-Dunton's friendship. One reason—it is possible that even Mr. Douglas is not aware of it, for it dates back to a time when he did not know Watts-Dunton, and I have reason to believe that the author of *Aylwin* spoke of it only at the time, and then only to a few intimates, nearly all of whom are now dead—I very much regret I do not feel free to make known. It would afford an unexampled instance of Watts-Dunton's readiness to sacrifice his own interests and inclinations, in

order to assist a friend—in this case not a famous but a poor and struggling one.

If his unwillingness to see his own name on the back of a book was a despair to his friends, it must have been even more so to some half-dozen publishers who might be mentioned. The enterprising publisher who went to Watts-Dunton with some literary project, he 'received' in the words of the late Mr. Harry Fragson's amusing song, 'most politely.' At first he hummed and haw'd and rumpled his hair, protesting that he had not the time at his disposal to warrant him in accepting a commission to write a book. But if the proposed book was one that he could write, that he ought to write, he became sympathetically responsive and finally glowed like fanned tinder touched by a match under the kindling of the publisher's pleading. 'Yes, he would not deny that he could write such a book. Such a book, he did not mind saying in confidence, had long been in his mind, and in the mind of friends who had repeatedly urged him to such work.' The fact is that Watts-Dunton was gratified by the request, and did not disguise his pleasure, for with all his vast learning and acute intellect there was a singular and childlike simplicity about Watts-Dunton that was very lovable. Actually accept a commission to write the book in question he would not, but he was not unwilling to hear the proposed terms, and in fact seemed so attracted by and so interested in the project that the pleased publisher would leave conscious of having done a good morning's work and of having been the first to propose, and so practically to bespeak a book that was already almost as good as written, already almost as good as published, already almost as good as an assured success. Perhaps he chuckled at the thought of the march he had stolen on his fellow publishers, who would envy him the inclusion of such a book in his list. Possibly even he turned in somewhere, to lunch, and as the slang phrase goes 'did himself well' on the strength of it.

But whatever the publisher's subsequent doings, the chances were that Watts-Dunton went back to his library to brood over the idea, very likely to write to some of us whose advice he valued, or more likely still to telegraph proposing a meeting to discuss the project (I had not a few such letters and telegrams from him myself), perhaps in imagination to see the book written and published, but ultimately and inevitably—to procrastinate and in the end to let the proposal lapse. Like the good intentions, with which, according to the proverb, the road to perdition is paved, Watts-Dunton's book-writing intentions, if intentions counted, would in themselves go far to furnish a fat corner of the British Museum Library. That he never carried these intentions into effect is due to other reasons than procrastination.

It is only fair to him to remember that his life-work, his *magnum opus*, must be looked for not in literature but in friendship. Stevenson's life-work was his art. 'I sleep upon my art for a pillow,' he wrote to W. E. Henley. 'I waken in my art; I am unready for death because I hate to leave it. I love my wife, I do not know how much, nor can, nor shall, unless I lost her; but while I can conceive of being widowed, I refuse the offering of life without my art; I *am* not but in my art; it is me; I am the body of it merely.'

Watts-Dunton's life-work, I repeat, was not literature nor poetry, but friendship. Stevenson sacrificed himself in nothing for his friends. On the contrary, he looked to them to sacrifice something of time and interest and energy on his behalf. Watts-Dunton's whole life was one long self-sacrifice—I had almost written one fatal self-sacrifice of his own interests, his own fame in the cause of his friends. His best books stand upon our shelves in every part of the English-speaking world, but the name that appears upon the cover is not that of Theodore Watts-Dunton but of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Algernon Charles Swinburne.

He wrote no Life of either, but how much of their life and of their life's best work we owe to Watts-Dunton we shall never know. Their death was a cruel blow to him, but had he died first, the loss to Rossetti and to Swinburne would have been terrible and irreparable. Just as to Stevenson life seemed almost unimaginable without his art, so I find it hard, almost impossible, to picture Swinburne's life at 'The Pines' failing the sustaining and brotherly presence of Watts-Dunton. Often, when Watts-Dunton was ailing, I have come away from there with a sinking at my heart lest it should be Watts-Dunton who died first, and I can well believe that long ago a like dread sometimes possessed those who loved Rossetti. Cheerfully and uncomplainingly Watts-Dunton gave his own life and his own life's work for them, and his own best volume is the volume of his devotion to his friends.

The sum of that devotion will never fully be known, but it was as much at the service of the unknown or those who were only little known among us as of the famous. He had his enemies—'the hated of New Grub Street' was his playful description of himself, and some of them have not hesitated to hint that he attached himself barnacle-wise or parasite-wise to greater men than himself, for self-seeking reasons. Borne thither on their backs—it was sometimes said—he was able to sun himself upon Parnassian heights, otherwise unattainable, and being in their company and of their company, he hoped thus to attract to himself a little of their reflected glory. My answer to such statements is that it was not their abilities, nor their fame which drew Watts-Dunton to Rossetti and to Swinburne, but his love of the men themselves and his own genius for friendship. Being the men they were, he would have first been drawn to them, and thereafter have come to love them just as wholly and devotedly had they to the end of their lives remained obscure.

And so far from seeking the company or the friendship of

the great, he delighted in making friends in humble ranks of life. Any one who has accompanied Watts-Dunton on a morning walk will remember a call here at a cottage, a shop or it may be an inn where lived some enthusiastic but poor lover of books, birds, or children, and the glad and friendly greetings that were exchanged. If, as occasionally happened, some great person—great in a social sense I mean—happened to be a caller at 'The Pines,' when perhaps a struggling young author, painter, or musician, in whom Watts-Dunton was interested or was trying to help, happened to be there, one might be sure that of the two, it would not be the great man who would be accorded the warmer greeting by Watts-Dunton and—after his marriage—by his gracious, beautiful, and accomplished young wife. What he once said of Tennyson is equally true of Watts-Dunton himself.

'When I first knew Tennyson,' he said, 'I was, if possible, a more obscure literary man than I now am, and he treated me with exactly the same manly respect that he treated the most illustrious people.' Watts-Dunton, who, in his poems and in his conversation, could condense into a sentence what many of us could not as felicitously convey in a page, puts the whole matter into two words, 'manly respect.' Unless he had good cause to do otherwise, Watts-Dunton, no less than Tennyson, was prepared to treat others with 'manly respect,' irrespective of fame, riches, or rank. That is the attitude neither entirely of the aristocrat nor of the democrat, but of the gentleman to whom what we call 'snobbishness' is impossible.

One more reason why Watts-Dunton's contribution to 'Letters' in the publishers' lists runs to no greater extent than two volumes is that so many of his contributions to 'Letters' took the form of epistles to his friends. The writing of original, characteristic, and charming letters—brilliant by reason of vivid descriptive passages, valuable because used as a means of expressing criticism or conveying know-

ledge—is an art now so little practised as likely soon to be lost.

Watts-Dunton's letter-writing was possibly the outcome of his habit of procrastination. To put off the settling down in dead earnest to some work which he felt ought to be done, but at which he 'shied,' he would suddenly remember a letter which he thought should be penned. 'I must write So-and-so a line first,' he would say, which line when it came to be written proved to be an essay in miniature, in which he had carelessly, and free from the irking consciousness that he was writing for publication and so must mind his words —thrown off some of his weightiest and wisest thoughts. He protested throughout his life that he was a wickedly bad correspondent. None the less he wrote so many charming and characteristic letters that could they—and why not?—be collected they would add yet another to the other reputations he attained.

Swinburne, in recent years at least, did not share his friend's predilection for letter-writing. The author of *Atalanta in Calydon* once said to me, almost bitterly, that had he in early and middle life refrained from writing and from answering unnecessary letters—unnecessary in the sense that there was no direct call or claim upon him to write or to answer them—there would be at least twelve more volumes by him, and of his best, in the publishers' lists. One letter which arrived when I was a guest at 'The Pines' led Swinburne to expound his theory of letter-answering. It was from a young woman personally unknown to him, and began by saying that a great kindness he had once done to her father emboldened her to ask a favour to herself—what it was I now forget, but it necessitated a somewhat lengthy reply. 'The fact that I have been at some pains to serve the father, so far from excusing a further claim by the daughter, is the very reason why by any decent member of that family I should not again be assailed,' Swinburne expostulated.

'She says,' he went on, 'that she trusts I won't think she is asking too much, in hoping that I will answer her letter, a letter which does not interest me, nor concern me in the least. She could have got the information for which she asks elsewhere with very little trouble to herself and none to me. The exasperating thing about such letters,' he went on, getting more and more angry, 'is this. I feel that the letter is an unwarrantable intrusion. Out of consideration to her father I can't very well say so, in addition to which—as one does not wish to seem merely churlish—to say so reasonably, would necessitate writing at length—thus wasting more time, to say nothing of the chance of being dragged into further correspondence. It is one's impotency to make such folk see things as they are which irritates. I have to suppress that irritation, and that results in further irritation. I am irritated with myself for being irritated, for not taking things philosophically, as Watts-Dunton does, as well as irritated with her, and the result is the spoiling of a morning's work. She will say perhaps, and you may even say, "It is only one letter you are asked to write." Quite so. Not much perhaps to make a fuss about. But' (he pounded the table with clenched fist angrily), 'multiply that one person by the many who so write and the net total works out to an appalling waste of precious time.'

My reply was to remind him of N. P. Willis's protest that to ask a busy author to write an unnecessary letter was 'like asking a postman to go for a ten-mile walk'—to which I added, 'when he has taken his boots off.'

Swinburne had never heard the saying, and with characteristic veering of the weather vane of his mood, forgot alike his letter-writing lady and his own irritation in his delight at a fellow sufferer's happy hit. 'Capital!' he exclaimed, rubbing his hands together gleefully. 'Capital! The worm has turned and shown that, worm as he is, he is not without a sting in his tail!'

In his later years Swinburne wrote few letters except to

a relative, a very intimate friend, or upon some pressing business. The uninvited correspondent he rarely answered at all. For every letter that Swinburne received, Watts-Dunton probably received six, and sooner or later he answered all. The amount of time that went in letters which in no way concerned his own work or his own interests, and were penned only out of kindness of heart—was appalling. Had he refrained from writing letters intended to hearten or to help some friend or some young writer, or to soften a disappointment, the books that are lost to us—a Life of Rossetti for instance—might well be to the good. If a book by a friend happened to be badly slated in a critical journal—and no calamity to a friend is borne with more resignation and even cheerfulness by some of us who 'write' than a bad review of a friend's book—Watts-Dunton, if he chanced to see the slating, would put work aside and sit down then and there to indite to that friend a letter which helped and heartened him or her much more than the slating had depressed. I have myself had letters from fellow authors who told me they were moved to express sympathy or indignation about this or that bad review of one of my little books—the only effect of their letter being to rub salt into the wound, and to make one feel how widely one's literary nakedness or even literary sinning had been proclaimed in the market-place. Watts-Dunton's letters not only made one feel that the review in question mattered nothing, but he would at the same time find something to say about the merits of the book under review which not only took the gall out of the unfriendly critic's ink, but had the effect of setting one newly at work, cheered, relieved and nerved to fresh effort.

I do not quote here any of these letters as they are concerned only with my own small writings, and so would be of no interest to the reader. Instead let me quote one I received from him on another subject. A sister of mine sent me a sonnet in memory of a dead poet, a friend of Watts-Dunton's and mine, and having occasion to write Watts-

Dunton of another matter, I enclosed it without comment. Almost by return of post came the following note in which he, the greatest critic of his day, was at the pains, unasked, to give a young writer the benefit of his weighty criticism and encouragement.

'My thanks for sending me your sister's lovely sonnet. I had no idea that she was a genuine poet. It is only in the 7th line where I see an opening for improvement. "To a / great darkness and / in a / great light."

'It is an error to suppose that when the old scansion by quantity gave place to scansion by accent, the quantitative demands upon a verse became abrogated. A great deal of attention to quantity is apparent in every first-rate line—

The sleepless soul that perished in its prime—

where by making the accent and the quantity meet (and quantity, I need not remind you, is a matter of consonants quite as much as of vowels) all the strength that can be got into an iambic English verse is fixed there. Although of course it would make a passage monotonous if in every instance quantity and accent were made to meet, those who go in for the best versification give great attention to it.'

This is one instance only out of many of his interest in a young writer who was then personally unknown to him; but in turning over for the purpose of this article some of the many letters from him which I have preserved, I have found so many similar reminders of his great-heartedness that I am moved once again to apply to Theodore Watts-Dunton the words in which many years ago I dedicated a book to him. They are from James Payn's *Literary Recollections*. 'My experience of men of letters is that, for kindness of heart, they have no equal. I contrast their behaviour to the young and struggling with the harshness of the Lawyer, the hardness of the Man of Business, the contempt of the Man of the World, and am proud to belong to their calling.'

COULSON KERNAHAN.

OLD TESTAMENT IDEALS OF WAR AND PEACE

THE noise of battle sounds through the Old Testament from first to last. At the beginning we have in the Song of Deborah one of the oldest monuments of Hebrew literature. This is a magnificent ode of triumph, shot through and through with the conviction that Israel is the people of Yahweh, its enemies His enemies, and its victories His victories. To march to battle under His leadership is the highest duty, to be recreant to the call brings disgrace and curse. When the war is over—'Far from the noise of archers, in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of Yahweh, even the righteous acts of His rule in Israel.'[1]

At the other end we have the book of Daniel. This comes to us out of the great life-and-death struggle between the Maccabaeans and Antiochus Epiphanes. Here again the battle is the Lord's. Faith now looks forward to the time when the Kingdom of the Most High will be set up by the dramatic intervention of God, when the stone cut out without hands will smite into ruin all the nations of the world.[2] But the book was written to enhearten those who were so valiantly carrying on the unequal conflict against the Graeco-Syrian armies.

In each case we have the unwavering belief that by force of arms men are called upon to fight the battles of the Lord. We may go further, and say that in no human activity was the presence and guidance of God more implicitly believed in than in war. The war camp was a sacred place within which no defilements could be tolerated. Warriors

[1] Judges v. [2] Dan. ii. 44, 45.

were consecrated for the battle by special rites and taboos.[1] The Hebrew phrase for opening a campaign is 'to consecrate war.'[2] In Isaiah xiii., in the oracle against Babylon, the avengers who will destroy the proud empire are called God's 'consecrated ones,' mighty men to execute His anger.

Yahweh Himself was 'a Man of war,' 'mighty in battle,' and the devout Israelite could praise the God who taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight.[3]

The roots of this conception are not far to seek. We find them in the belief, common to every nation that has attained to consciousness of itself, that its fortunes are bound up with its God. The glory of the God rose or fell with the fortunes of his people. We read this thought in the pathetic appeal—'Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God?' as well as in the constant thought of Ezekiel that the disasters of Israel had brought dishonour on the holy Name of Yahweh.[4] Hence in war, which means the gathering up of all the forces of the nation and the direction of them towards a common end, the honour of the national God is specially involved, and His aid may be most confidently evoked. It is in accord with this when the leaders of the national armies are spoken of as endued with the spirit of Yahweh, when the presence of the Ark in battle was relied on as a pledge of victory, and when the war-cry of the deliverer could be—'the sword of Yahweh and of Gideon.'[5]

There is no need to dwell on these familiar facts. Our purpose is to show how the higher elements in the religion of Israel tended to purge these conceptions and to prepare the way for nobler ideals.

(*a*) First, then, we have a right to say that the fierce barbarities of war as practised, *e.g.*, by the Assyrians, were

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[1] *cf.* Deut. xxiii. 9 ff. [2] *e.g.* Jer. vi. 4, Mic. iii. 5.
[3] Ex. xv. 3, Ps. xxiv. 8, Ps. cxliv. 1. [4] *e.g.* Ez. xxxvi. 20, 21. [5] Judges vii. 20.

condemned by the conscience of Israel. From the first the bond between Yahweh and His people was, implicitly at any rate, an ethical one. He had chosen them of His own free and gracious will, and His character as thus revealed laid moral obligations upon them in return. Hence we find a deeper sense of what morality means, gradually working itself out until its full meaning was revealed in the teaching of the prophets.

We may see this even in the ruthless commands to exterminate whole communities, at first sight an entire contradiction of all that is humane and compassionate. Amongst other peoples the slaughter of the prisoners was regarded as a sacrifice well-pleasing to their gods. A striking illustration of this may be taken from the Moabite Stone, where Mesha sacrifices his Hebrew prisoners, 'a pleasing spectacle to Chemosh.' Where the gods were thought of as cruel and vengeful it was natural that they should delight in the sufferings and blood of their victims. But in Israel, whilst the ban was maintained, it was moralized by the teaching that it was to be used as a weapon to preserve and advance the true religion. It was never imposed from the thought that Yahweh took pleasure in the blood of the slain. So we read in Deuteronomy xx. 17 ff.—'But thou shalt utterly destroy them . . . that they teach you not to do after all their abominations, which they have done unto their gods; so should ye sin against Yahweh your God.'

There are other considerations which must not be forgotten. At the time of these commands the individual was lost in the community, and men who were charged with their execution could perform them without doing violence to nobler feelings or offending against their conscience. To make them, as has sometimes been done, a model for deeds of vengeance by Christian soldiers, who live under altogether altered conditions, is a sheer perversion meriting whole-hearted condemnation.

Other instances of the gentler spirit may be mentioned.

Amos denounces Syria because 'they threshed Gilead with threshing instruments of iron,' and Edom 'because he did pursue his brother with the sword, and did cast off all pity, and his anger did tear perpetually, and he kept his wrath for ever.'[1] There is a conscience of wrong here, not against war in itself, but against warfare that forgets the common humanity of the enemy, and overpasses the bounds that must be observed even in battle.

(*b*) In the second place we should note how the sense that all victory came from God checked military pride and ambition. This point is emphasized repeatedly in Deuteronomy—'Lest thou say in thine heart, My power and the might of my hand hath gotten me this wealth. But thou shalt remember Yahweh thy God.'[2] So Gideon was bidden to reduce his army lest the people should vaunt themselves against God and say—'Mine own hand has saved me.'[3] We meet the same thought when the two prophets Elijah and Elisha are called 'the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'[4] The real army of the nation consisted of the men of God, then as now a people's truest strength. Material force always counted for less than spiritual and moral power. But it is in Isaiah that this truth is most powerfully enforced. Against every heathen alliance he preached steadily the doctrine of simple trust in God who could defend His own. In chapter xxii. he reproaches the people that when the Assyrian terror drew near they turned to fortresses and diplomacy but forgot to turn to the One by whom the whole course of history was directed. And so when their worldly treaty with Egypt was concluded, they gave themselves over to wild revelling as though their future was now secure. In the day, says Isaiah, when Yahweh called to weeping and girding with sackcloth they turned to joy and gladness and the drunkards' song, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die."[5]

[1] Amos i. 3, 11. [2] Deut. viii. 17, 18. [3] Judges vii. 2.
[4] 2 Kings. ii. 12, xiii. 14. [5] Isa. xxii. 12, 13.

If we may not say that Isaiah denounces war altogether and preaches national disarmament, we can at least say that he teaches that the supreme force in history is the God of righteousness. The words of Jeremiah are an echo of his teaching: 'Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, but whose heart turneth aside from the Lord.' [1]

Cromwell's words after Dunbar reflect perfectly the spirit of Isaiah. He writes to the Speaker of the House of Commons—'This is the great hand of the Lord, and worthy of the consideration of all those who take into their hands the instruments of a foolish shepherd,—to wit, meddling with worldly policies, and mixtures of earthly power, to set up that which they call the Kingdom of Christ, which is neither it, nor, if it were it, would such means be found effectual to that end,—and neglect, or trust not to, the Word of God, the sword of the Spirit, which is alone powerful and able for the setting-up of that Kingdom; and, when trusted to, will be found effectually able for that end, and will also do it!'

We may sum up this first part of our subject by saying that the thought prevailed that the Lord would defend and protect His own people, fight with them and for them in battle, and be the unseen Captain of their host. War was waged at His command and must be controlled by reverence for His laws.

II.

This simple faith in Yahweh as the God of the nation and the conviction that His help was most visibly bestowed in battle was bound to be tested so soon as Israel became conscious of the larger world around it. In earlier days defeat in battle proved the withdrawal of the divine favour, and led to anxious heart-searchings as to the cause. The story of the defeat of the Israelites before Ai is a good example

[1] Jer. xvii. 5.

of this, where it is said, 'Thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the devoted thing from among you.'[1] The same thought still lingers on amongst ourselves, as may be seen from the many efforts to name some definite cause for the present war, strangely differing according to the particular ecclesiastical position of their authors. But this simple theory failed before the test of experience; and the advent of Assyria with its ambitions of a world-empire roused the prophets of the eighth century to a deeper reading of history. Amos declared that not only Israel but all the surrounding peoples were subject to the righteous rule of Yahweh, and were answerable to Him for all their offences against humanity. The greater privileges of Israel brought with them heavier responsibilities, hence the startling sentence—'You only have I known of all the families of the earth: therefore I will visit upon you all your iniquities.' The sentence of God is—'I will raise up against you a nation, O house of Israel, saith Yahweh, the God of hosts, and they shall afflict you.'[2] The Assyrian hosts are to be Yahweh's weapon of judgement against the sinful people.

Yet it was not long before this solution too raised doubt and misgiving. We find in Isaiah the horror at the sheer brutality and arrogance of Assyria. The sinful pride of militarism has never found more forcible expression than in his denunciation of the great heathen power. 'For he hath said,' declares the prophet, 'By the strength of my hand have I done it, and by my wisdom; for I have insight:[3] and I have removed the bounds of the peoples, and have robbed their treasures, and I have brought down as a valiant man them that sit on thrones: and my hand hath found as a nest the riches of the peoples: and as one gathereth eggs that are forsaken have I gathered all the earth: and there was none that moved the wing, or that opened the mouth or

[1] Josh. vii. 13. [2] Amos iii. 2, vi. 14.
[3] 'I have Kultur' is a suggesive modern interpretation of this phrase.

chirped.'[1] This is militarism *in excelsis*. The prophet's answer to this is sublime in its confidence, and, from one point of view, sufficient. Assyria, for all its pride, is nothing but a tool. 'Shall the axe boast itself against him that heweth therewith? Shall the saw magnify itself against him that shaketh it? As if a rod should shake them that lift it up.'[2] God, who has made the tool and used it at His pleasure, can break it in two and throw it away when He has done with it. Yet it is manifest that there is no finality here, and that a shattered and broken world cannot represent God's ultimate purpose. Isaiah himself was able to rest on his hope of the Messianic age, and on his firm conviction that Jerusalem, God's chosen seat, was impregnable. But there were others to whom the thought that Yahweh should use such tools at all was intolerable.

Notable amongst these is Habakkuk in the first two chapters of the little book that bears his name. To him also the Assyrians, according to the most probable re-arrangement of the book, were raised up to chastise the sins of Israel. Yet the remedy seemed worse than the disease. How could God look on and see those devastating armies swallowing up peoples less guilty than themselves? 'Thou, O Rock, hast established him for correction,' he said at first. But still the question pressed itself:—'Thou that art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and that canst not look on perverseness, wherefore holdest Thou Thy peace when the wicked swalloweth up the man that is more righteous than he? Shall he empty his net and not spare to slay the nations continually?'[3] The prophet hears the bitter curses of all the conquered peoples uttered against the oppressor and feels they are just. 'Behold,' he says, 'it is not of the Lord of Hosts that the peoples labour for the fire, and the nations weary themselves for vanity.'[4] This war-cursed earth cannot represent God's will for mankind.

[1] Isa. x. 13 ff. [2] *ib.* x. 15. [3] Hab. i. 12 ff. [4] *ib.* ii. 13.

In sore anguish of heart he turns aside and craves a further answer. Looking out as from a watch-tower over a world in ruins he asks what traces there are of a divine plan in all this chaos. Then light breaks in upon him. He sees that in all wrong-doing there are the seeds of death; that 'tyranny is suicide'; that the proud wrong-doer, though used for a time by God, has no permanence. Yet, in spite of all, since God is everlasting, 'the just man shall live by his faithfulness.'[1] This famous saying of Habakkuk is the unconquerable assertion of faith in the teeth of all denial. It comes from the generation which witnessed the downfall of Assyria, and yet almost at the same time the overthrow of Josiah at Megiddo, and the ruin of all the bright hopes that had followed the great reformation of his reign caused by the discovery of Deuteronomy. Isaiah's hope for Jerusalem had been shattered and the downfall of the city was in sight. What had happened to faith in God? There were indeed those like Nahum who could rejoice without further reflection in the overthrow of the tyrant city, Nineveh. In his short book there speaks one who gloried in war. 'Hark,' he cries, 'the whip, and the rumbling of the wheel, and horses galloping, and the rattling dance of the chariot. Cavalry at the charge, and flash of sabres, and lightning of lances: mass of slain and weight of corpses, endless dead bodies, they stumble on their dead.'[2] Here is a whole-hearted patriot who can delight in present victory and needs no long views of the future. But there were others who felt that the doctrine that righteousness meant success in warfare had received a deadly blow when Josiah fell at Megiddo. Hence when Babylon succeeded to the empire of the world, Jeremiah, greatest of all the prophets, saw no hope at all in armed resistance. The foe was sweeping on like a whirlwind, swift, pitiless, invincible. He counselled submission to Babylon and a time of waiting for a future deliverance which must

[1] Hab. ii. 4. [2] Nah. iii. 2, 3, Dr. G. A. Smith's translation.

come from God alone. Not until pestilence, famine, and the sword have done their worst, till the city has become a heap of ruins, and a haunt of jackals, will God's favour return.

Jeremiah no longer sees in war the means of establishing God's kingdom on earth. He goes back in thought to the far past, when God had traced His will for man on tables of stone. The one hope for the future is that He should intervene once more. But this time He must go deeper. Entering the dark recesses of the human heart He must inscribe His laws there. Then, set free from sin's defilements, all shall know Him, and the peaceful days of blessing be brought in. This is the famous prophecy of the New Covenant, uttered when the nation lay broken before its enemies and all physical means had failed.[1]

We have come, then, to a second stage in Israelite thinking about War. It was once a joyous activity, engaged in in the fullest sense of the divine approval. It has now become a problem, at any rate to the more thoughtful minds. Even though it may be an instrument of God's discipline, used against His own people, it cannot represent His final will for mankind. He must have some deeper and more effective way of dealing with men, and Jeremiah's chief glory is that he had vision enough to understand that this must be inward and spiritual.

III.

We must turn then to the Old Testament anticipations of the future and consider some of the forms under which this was conceived. Only then shall we understand what place war held in the deepest thought of the Hebrew writers.

(*a*) In the first place we find the dreams of a coming age of blessedness under the personal rule of the Messianic King. This hope, which was bound up with the fortunes of the house of David, found notable expression in the teaching of Isaiah.

[1] Jer. xxxi. 31 ff.

He looked beyond weak and faithless rulers like Ahaz, or even Hezekiah, and spoke of the coming of an ideal King, whose name was to be 'Wonderful-Counsellor, God-like-Hero, Father-Everlasting, Prince-of-Peace.' When he took his seat upon the throne every vestige of war was to be burnt up. 'All the armour of the armed man in the tumult, and the garments rolled in blood, shall be for burning, as fuel for the fire.'[1] This King is the ideal Israelite, whose sword is in truth the sword of Yahweh. We read of him again in the 2nd Psalm. Here the rebellious nations of the earth band themselves together against him. But strong in the power of God he breaks them with a rod of iron and dashes them in pieces like a potter's vessel, whilst he sits enthroned upon the Hill of Zion. In Ps. 110 this figure is drawn still more nobly. Now he is both King and Priest in one, after the order of Melchizedek. The young heroes of the nation, fresh and pure as the dew of the morning, surround him and fight for him. His enemies are made his footstool, and Yahweh Himself shatters his foes before him. 'The Lord at thy right hand shall strike through kings in the day of His wrath. He shall judge among the nations, He shall fill the places with dead bodies.' It is a picture of terrible vengeance and ideal rule at once. All these passages present a picture of a rule of force directed by righteousness. The ruler is one whose will is one with the will of God. He has no selfish interests to serve. He is the pure and unsullied channel through which the justice and power of God can express itself. Clothed in wisdom, understanding, counsel, might, knowledge, and the fear of Yahweh, he will protect the weak and helpless, and smite with terrible vengeance those that resist him. Then, as in Isaiah's idyllic vision, even the fierceness of the brute creation will be subdued, and there shall be none to hurt or to destroy.[2]

In a sense this is an external picture only. It sets

[1] Isa. ix. 5 ff. [2] Isa. xi. 1 ff.

forth a righteous and benevolent rule, but a despotic one. It hopes for a peace such as Rome gave to its conquered provinces; the peace of submission rather than of co-operation. It still contains the idea of the privileged nation, maintaining its place as God's representative, and ruling in His name over the rest of mankind. Its weaker side is reflected in the policy of any nation that dreams of conquering others, and then handing down to them from above its own gifts of culture and of knowledge. This thought runs through the closing chapters of the book of Isaiah, where alien kings become the servants of Israel, and the Israelites themselves succeed to the glory of the Gentiles, and are called the priests of the Lord.[1] We know that the world's peace can never be secured along such lines. The interest of this ideal is the contribution which it made to the hope which was perfected and spiritualized in the New Testament.

(*b*) In the next place we should consider the pictures of one great and final conflict wherein God Himself would intervene to destroy all resisting forces. The first clear exposition of this view in the Old Testament comes in Ezekiel cc. xxxviii., xxxix. There the vast and mysterious forces of the barbarians gather themselves together and come sweeping on in a great assault upon Palestine. But before action is joined these wild heathen hordes melt away and perish through the power of Yahweh. All that remains for the Israelites is to bury the dead. Then follows the era of peace and blessedness.

A similar picture is drawn in the later chapters of Zechariah. There, however, the people of Judah and Jerusalem share at first in the conflict, with varying fortunes, and at one time the holy city is taken by storm. Then Yahweh Himself comes forth to battle and scatters His enemies. As in Ezekiel, the country is transformed by great physical changes. Then the final kingdom of righteousness is

[1] *cf.* Isa. lxi., 5, 6, etc.

established. We can hardly speak of a world ideal here. Terrible penalties are decreed against those who refuse to share in the worship of Yahweh.[1] It is again a rule of the strong hand.

Within the Old Testament these pictures culminate in the book of Daniel. There the great heathen nations are represented as wild beasts, with all the cruelty and ferocity belonging to such natures. The hope for the world lies in the establishment of the kingdom of the saints of the most High, which is to be human in its characteristics, and divine in its origin. It is not to come up from the sea,—the home of evil, but with the clouds of heaven. It is not represented by a beast, but is to be like unto a son of man. It is to be established by God Himself, the Ancient of Days, who will Himself execute His terrible judgements upon the oppressors of the righteous.[2] Nothing is said of the co-operation of the righteous in the work of vengeance, though at the time when this book was written the great conflict with Antiochus Epiphanes was raging. It would seem that the final kingdom would be ushered in by God's own power, and not by any earthly violence or force.

When we survey this series of pictures we see that each was drawn when the national fortunes of Israel were at their lowest ebb, and when even the courage of the faithful failed in face of the tremendous hostile forces against them. They do not reveal a conscience of the evil of war, only of its hopelessness as against the strength of the heathen peoples. God Himself destroys the hosts with which the armies of Israel were too weak to cope. That His people should aid in this work, and do so with the certainty of final victory, seemed indubitable to each of the writers.

It would take us too far out of our path to consider the later results of this type of writing. Apocalyptic literature as a whole developed from it. The hope of an earthly

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[1] *cf.* Zech. xiv. 1 ff. [2] Dan. vii. *pass.*

Messiah ruling in Jerusalem became increasingly driven back before the expectation of a transcendent kingdom of righteousness. In the Similitudes of Enoch, written probably between 94–79 B.C., before the coming of the Romans, we find the portrait of a heavenly Messiah who had been pre-existent from the beginning, and who sits upon the throne of God and is called the Son of Man. He comes in judgement, and purges the earth of all evil.[1]

We cannot follow here the effect of this type of thought on the New Testament. Two remarks only can be made. In the first place there have always been those who have maintained that it is the duty of the faithful to wait in patience and endure all evil until the great decisive action of God delivers them. The new interest in the eschatological teaching of the New Testament has led some to assert that the ethical teaching of the Gospels can only be interpreted in this way, as counsels of patient and submissive endurance till the coming of the heavenly Kingdom. Similarly there have always been those, of a widely different school, who have abstained from all share in political action because they have judged it right to wait and let evil develop till it is ripe for the final condemnation and destruction of God. From both points of view war is definitely rejected as a means towards the establishment of righteousness. Without attempting any criticism of the grounds of these positions, it may be stated here that no justification for them can be found in the Old Testament. The belief that so long as any strength remained man was called upon to fight for God, even though no hope of final victory was present save in the ultimate interposition of God, was never given up. We may say further that the people restored from exile had a firmer faith than ever in the righteousness of their cause. Within the hedge of the post-exilic law they felt more intensely than ever their separateness from the sur-

[1] Enoch xlviii. 2–6, li. 3, lxix. 26–27, etc.

rounding peoples. The old martial note rings out in the words of Nehemiah—'Be not ye afraid of them: remember the Lord, who is great and terrible, and fight for your brethren, your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses.'[1] There is a deeper ethical note, a firmer grasp of the moral obligations entailed in the covenant between God and man; but there is the assured conviction that man in battle may fight for God, and that God will in the long run make the righteous cause prevail.

(*c*) One other picture of the future cannot be passed over, even in so brief a survey as this. In the sorrows of the righteous Servant of Yahweh the great prophet of the Exile caught at least a glimpse of a nobler way of overcoming the nations than destroying them.[2] The sight of the sufferings of the Servant, and the knowledge that they were borne for the sins of others, creates the spirit of contrition and brings in a new life. Then the Servant rises again to divide his portion with the great and to share the spoil with the strong. Here, again, the figures are taken from the field of battle. The Servant comes as a victorious warrior, with the scars of battle upon him, to take his share of the prizes that have been won. But his glory consists not in the wounds he has inflicted, but in those which he has borne for the sake of others.

It is probably right to say that these anticipations centred in an ideal Person whom the prophet saw rising above all the disillusionment and wrong of his day, taking up and completing the task for which Israel as a whole had proved unworthy. Yet we do not doubt that in the experiences of the nation he found much to suggest the great portrait which he drew. Israel had suffered much from others. Through the nations his land had been ruined, his freedom lost, his shrine destroyed. Yet he dreamed of giving to his

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[1] Neh. iv. 14.

[2] The 'Servant' passages are Isa. xlii. 1–4; xlix. 1–6; l. 4–9; lii. 13–liii. 12.

enemies the light of God's truth. For their sakes he gave his back to the smiter, bowed under wounds and insult, and went as a sheep to the slaughter. But in so doing he arrested an attention which nothing else could have gained, and won over to God's side that which had defied and denied Him. This is the deepest note of Hebrew prophecy, a note so deep that it was unheard or neglected by the generations that followed. The terrible picture of Isaiah lxiii., where Yahweh marches on from Edom with His garments drenched in the blood of His enemies, declaring—'I trod down the peoples in my fury. . . and poured out their life-blood on the earth'—is but one illustration to show how little the message of the Servant was understood. It was not until the One came who was the most real fulfilment of the truth it contained, the One who found in these passages the key to His own sufferings and death, that all their glory was revealed. But we regard them here as the proof that the profound truth that final peace can only be attained, not through violence, but through the moral and spiritual conquest of others, is not absent from the Old Testament. We may contrast this with the hopes of peace in such a passage as Psalm xlvi. There the voice of God sounds out over an awestruck world and proclaims to the warring nations—'Be still and know that I am God; I will be exalted among the nations, I will be exalted in the earth.' By His own supreme act He makes war to cease, breaking the bows and cutting the spears in sunder and burning the chariots in the fire. But in the Servant sections we approach the New Testament teaching of the peace brought by Him who reconciled the nations through the Cross, slaying by it the enmity, and binding the hostile peoples into one.

As we close this study we cannot claim that we have found any consistent Old Testament teaching on the subject of war, or even any clearly marked progress towards an ideal. Gleams of a fairer world appear for a time, and then are lost again in the dust and smoke of battle. Yet it is

true to say with Dr. Adler that the hope of peace runs like a golden thread through the Hebrew Scriptures, and that 'the one aspiration which at all times enthusiastically moved the Hebrew prophets of old was that the Almighty might speed the time when men would beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, when nation should not rise up against nation, neither should they learn war any more.' Those words, spoken at the Guildhall Peace Meeting in 1911, seem strangely remote now. Since then we have been compelled to ask again whether the world is fit for the higher teaching till it has been purged by the fiery discipline of war and pain. We seek to follow the gaze of the prophets as they look into the far future. The words of Francis Thompson at the close of the Hound of Heaven come back to us:—

'I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
From the hid battlements of Eternity;
Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.
But not ere him who summoneth
I first have seen, enwound
With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
Thee harvest, must thy harvest-fields
Be dunged with rotten death?'

We ask that question again and again. Must the harvest of the future grow from the stricken fields of Europe, nourished by the lives laid down in battle? We have not yet found the answer. But we turn back to the invincible hope of the Hebrew writers. 'Yahweh sat as King at the Flood.' Even in that great tragedy when all the fountains of the great deep were broken up His throne was unshaken. And so faith declares:—

Yahweh sat as King at the Flood,
Yea, Yahweh sitteth as King for ever.
Yahweh will give strength unto His people;
Yahweh will bless His people with peace."[1]

WILFRID J. MOULTON.

[1] Ps. xxix. 10, 11.

THE FALLACY OF NON-RESISTANCE

FOR people who pin their faith to theories founded on isolated texts or detached passages and single instances, nothing can be more tempting than the words attributed to Christ, 'Resist not evil.' Tolstoy and some fanatics and false mystics have built up their religion and morality on this sandy and precarious foundation. Standing by itself it means little or nothing. Indeed the whole section would be of small profit or value, unless taken with others that compete with and correct it. 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth. But I say unto you That ye resist not evil. But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow from thee turn not thou away.' Beautiful words, breathing a spirit of the sweetest wisdom, but full of peril to Western if not to Eastern minds. It seems sufficiently obvious that a literal interpretation and obedience would dissolve the very framework of society, and make life impossible on such terms. Non-resistance must be considered carefully in relation to other passages, and other precepts, that severely condition this particular saying by the true seeker comparing spiritual things with spiritual. But its epigrammatic conciseness, its ready and remembrable simplicity, will always prove fascinating and often irresistible to pietists and quietists or philosophasters. It seems to open a short cut to universal knowledge, to offer a happy precise summation of the whole gospel in four short words. But to trade on an epigram is to trade on insufficient

capital. The running reader, the thoughtless thinker, forget that mere brevity implies a sacrifice, and the conciseness has been usually purchased at a tremendous loss. It may be safely asserted that all epigrams are more or less false, and never contain at the utmost more than very partial truths. They break down at once when thoroughly examined and elucidated, and brought out into the light of honest, dispassionate inquiry. *Non tali auxilio, non defensoribus istis.* Homœopathic prescriptions in theology at any rate should be suspected from the outset. Microscopic tabloids of wisdom may suit microscopic minds, they are so handy and portable and convenient. But they will never satisfy the independent and unprejudiced student. Generalities of the kind before us, that assume the air of omniscience and practically beg every question, can only be taken as they are intended to be taken, in the spirit and not in the letter. Even the parables of our Lord, teaching so familiar to the Oriental intelligence and the vivid Oriental imagination, were never accepted literally, in defiance of all common sense and the necessary qualifications. The prosaic Occidental mind misunderstands their message.

Only a God or a fool would have ventured to say 'Resist not evil.' But in the mouth of Christ it sounds divine, the voice of one accustomed to speak and think in the language of universals or worlds. It is, in fact, a grand cosmic utterance, which He must have foreseen would provoke infinite questions and stimulate infinite debate. For the government of God, like our own, actuates as government by discussion. The words before us were and are a hard saying and a dark saying, and yet probably intelligible enough to Christ's disciples and hearers. Behind them stood the awfulness of the Roman power, and around them the majesty of the Roman Law. We must never forget that the time and place and people of the early Gospel were very different from ours. Clearness of definition and description was neither asked for nor understood. Pithy, comprehensive teachings, the

vaguer the better, were just what hearers demanded—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*. To define means to limit, to arrest research, and often to fossilize or petrify. In a certain way it seems to deny the right of freedom of speech and thought, to repudiate further investigations and stop any advance of organic growth. Definition may be fatal, may be death itself. It was therefore impossible for Christ to speak otherwise than in a general way. He must be, He was at once comprehensive and indefinite, formulating fundamental principles that were to be adapted variously to varying conditions in the particular cases that would hereafter arise. But, at the same time He made positive what was before merely negative, He superseded 'Thou shalt not' by 'Thou shalt.' He proclaimed virtually, if not in so many words, 'Know thy neighbour, and then and then alone thou wilt know thyself and know God, and in knowing wilt love both God and man.' *Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*. It has been said the British Empire was founded in a fit of absence of mind, and the Kingdom of Heaven is being now gradually founded in the service of unconscious sacrifice.

Christ took society as He found it, but He undermined the foundations of slavery and violence and sex oppression by certain large principles and lofty postulates, such as love and liberty and tolerance and reverence and catholic sympathy. 'Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' But the seeds He sowed were living seeds and powerful, and He could afford to wait for the harvest. *Deus patiens quia aeternus*. He gave the world and His disciples particularly credit for common sense, and regard for the preservation of ordinary safeguards for the security of property and life. He expected them to rise to His own height, and to expect the best of others is to attain it. Love elevates, love transforms. He expected His hearers to think as well as to listen and feel and obey, and therefore to supply the needed qualifications which obviously *sautent aux yeux*. Christ never preached revolution but evolution and subjection to established laws

and accredited authority. The precept of Non-resistance, so immensely valuable when properly understood and interpreted, was given to missionaries and pioneers of a new religion which proclaimed the falsehood of brute Force and the invincibility of Love. For the apostles of Christ, non-resistance was the sole programme possible. They stooped to conquer, just as we overcome and utilize the laws of Nature by yielding to them. *Natura non nisi parendo vincitur* (*Novum Organum*, 1, 8). Critics now too often call Bacon a bad philosopher, but he was pre-eminently a good Christian. Daring theologians, like Professor Kirsopp Lake, reject the infallibility of our Lord and offer their own as a substitution. Some of us prefer Christ's. He took for granted the given political framework, the settled bases of a strong and orderly Government. Sloppy sentimentalists can never extract from His words, which always advocate conformity to the ruling powers, anything like anarchy or antinomianism or pure passive submissiveness. Dr. Lyttelton should go to school again, or to some centre of sanity. *Naviget Anticyram.* For he does not understand the very first assumptions or elements of Christianity. His *testamur* reads rather like *ignoramus.* We all now, even in the midst of a murderous and diabolical war, agree to the spirit of Non-resistance, it is one of the *principia aeterna.* Only a pitiful pedagogism can translate a true and cosmic temper by an inane literalism. Violence never pays, Force is no remedy, because they are worse than the disease. Submit when possible, if the higher interests are not compromised. Let us always be ready and foremost to bear and forbear, so far as we ourselves are personally concerned. But let us be exceedingly careful and jealous for the rights and liberties of others, especially the weak and helpless, and for the honour of God. We must fight His battles at whatever cost, and fight against Teutonic Ahrimanism with all our might to the bitter end. It would be different perhaps if we accepted the Hindu's meaningless meaning of history,

for whom it carries no message, to whom it presents unredeemed Illusion. But in the objective record of events we see philosophy and the ethical process teaching by example. The very absurdities and improbabilities of belief, the apparent uselessnesses of life, and above all (we shall see later) the contradictions of so called facts and laws which are taken up into religion and transformed as spiritual values, the legends and myths and the splendid phantasmagoria of a cosmic symbolism, have given us more and done more for the race than all the iron syllogisms of logic. The heart has its own reasons. To yield at the right moment and in the right way is part of the general development, the rhythmical progress, and will ever win victories more than brute barbarism. Our mission may be submission to-day, and the fiercest antagonism our duty to-morrow. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' God's character never changes, but His conduct varies perpetually with varying conditions, and we therefore may well follow His guidance and pattern. 'Resist not evil,' when it is really no evil at all, but only a blessed good that assumes a bad aspect. For many so-called evils, such as sorrow and suffering, pain and the natural penalties of perverted action, are the very reverse of evils. 'Prosperity,' said Bacon, 'is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carries with it the greater benediction and is the clearer evidence of God's favour.' Learn to obey where obedience is due, and humour the aggressiveness of opponents, when charity advises. *Natura enim non imperatur nisi parendo.* (*Novum Organum* 1, 29.) 'Resist not evil,' when you can settle matters otherwise, amicably and kindly, after due consideration of well-balanced reasons. Temperament often intervenes unfortunately, and gives play to passions and room to the wrong instruments. 'Resist not' force by force, when you can honestly and honourably avoid it. For this should be the final and not the foremost appeal.

The pathway of procedure frequently lies wide open to peaceful methods. 'Resist not evil' unfairly or cruelly in an evil spirit, and do not reply to whips with scorpions. A soft answer turneth away wrath. Do not repay evil with similar coin, rudeness with rudeness, *verba* with *verbera*. Bludgeons went out of fashion when the Cross came in. We must accommodate ourselves to the time of occasions and events, to the temper of things, adjusting and readjusting our behaviour or responses to the loftiest ideals that we know. Rough actions need not always be met with the like reactions. Only false leaders and foolish philosophers fly into a rage. He will not fight, exclaims the superficial judge, he must be a coward. And yet it may require much more courage not to fight, which any mere animal can do. *Non aliunde dissidia in religione pendent*, wrote J. Scaliger, *quam ab ignoratione Grammaticae*. We now should be disposed to substitute for the last word *Caritatis*. The law of the Cross is Love. But still Love contains two antagonistic and yet complementary principles, namely Mercy and Justice. Both of these must be recognized, both reverenced, both obeyed. To honour Mercy alone is to set up a monstrosity, a religion of namby-pambyism, fit for milksops and logical mountebanks. No one spoke more severely than Christ, and no one ever delivered such terrible judgements, which fanatics calmly and conveniently ignore. Such men simply refuse to face the whole of the facts. They pick and choose from among them, and select just those that can be fitted into a starved theory which bears little or no relation to the truth. Love may and must be sometimes very cruel and seemingly merciless. And yet this may be the best sort of kindness. To lose a limb may save a life. We have in the case of Malchus a classical instance of love, with both its elements at work. Christ allowed Peter to cut off the right ear of the high-priest's servant, which was Justice, and then He healed it immediately—which was Mercy. A mawkish religionist of our day would drop the justice alto-

gether, and establish in its place a creed of grandmotherly coddling and feeble benevolence, a road of roses with all the thorns carefully pulled out. Such a castrated faith could but produce a race of contemptible degenerates.

For our Lord never contemplated a cessation of war. He does not condemn it in His parable of St. Luke xiv. 31 —'or what king going to make war against another king sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?' He speaks of an extreme penalty as the sentence upon the unthankful husbandman, St. Mark xii. 9. 'What shall therefore the Lord of the vineyard do? He will come and destroy the husbandmen, and will give the vineyard unto others.' So in St. Matthew xxiv. 51, we read the fate of the unwatchful servant. 'His lord shall cut him asunder (or cut him off), and appoint him his portion with the hypocrites: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' And again in St. Mark ix., where the judgement is three times repeated—'It is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched: where their worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched.' The iteration and reiteration of these penalties can hardly be surpassed in severity. They are of course metaphorical, but they must correspond to spiritual suffering of an awful kind. Love may be and often is, in order to be true love, perfectly pitiless. Harsh judgements, as milk and water sentimentalists would call them, abound in the New Testament. There we have the instructive parable of the blasted fig-tree and the miracle of the Gadarean swine and the parable of the ten pounds, St. Luke xix. 27. 'But those mine enemies, which would not that I should reign over them, bring hither and slay them before me.' And, we must remember that this awful verdict was pronounced by Eternal Love. But then Eternal Love is Eternal Justice. And in St. Matthew xxii. 7, we find the sternest possible punishment for apparently a

mere insult, or the refusal of an accepted invitation, associated of course with murder. 'But when the King heard thereof he was wroth: and he sent forth his armies, and destroyed those murderers, and burned up their city.' Again in the same chapter, a little farther on, we have what looks at first sight a most disproportionate judgement, in a case of non-conformity, when the guest came in without a wedding garment. 'Then said the king to the servants, Bind him hand and foot and take him away, and cast him into outer darkness: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth.' And we cannot forget the woes pronounced on the hypocrite, which seem of a singularly ruthless character.

That our Saviour foresaw no future of a preposterous Pacificism appears plain enough. Man is a fighting animal because God is a fighting God and Christ a fighting Redeemer. Thus in St. Mark xiii. 7, we read, 'When ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars, be ye not troubled: for these things *must needs be*.' Again in St. Matthew x. 34, 'Think not that I am come to send peace on earth. I come not to send peace but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.' The only permanent peace offered is not without but within, the peace of the heart in the midst of storm and strife. 'Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you.'

But by far the most salient and characteristic feature, the one outstanding fact of Christ's proclamations, is that they appear fundamentally to contradict each other. Had it been otherwise, He would not and could not have been such a great, wise, true Teacher—indeed 'The Way, the Truth and the Life.' All genuine philosophers, poets, and prophets, have invariably done so and will do so for ever—self-contradiction is the hall-mark of their genuineness. No second way, no different course, lies open to them. We all instinct-

ively distrust the mere logician, with his inexorable syllogisms. Christ recognized the divided psychology of the human mind, that we can only see things in this manner. Therefore, when He laid down a particular thesis, He laid down also the antagonistic and complementary antithesis. Christ came before Hegel. Only in the union of opposites, carried up and subsumed in a grander synthesis, can we really know anything. Tolstoy and Dr. Lyttelton decline to see both sides of a principle. On accepting the one they practically deny the other. They erect limits of their own for the illimitable.

> For the Love of God is broader
> Than the measures of man's mind;
> And the heart of the Eternal
> Is most wonderfully kind.

In St. Matthew xxvi. 52 we read, 'Put up again thy sword into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.' But this stands corrected and supplemented by St. Luke xxii. 36, 'He that hath no sword let him sell his garment and buy one.' So the essential truth is safeguarded by opposing statements, which we must and can easily harmonize. Once more, in St. John viii. 15, it is written, 'Ye judge after the flesh, I judge no man.' But in St. John ix. 34, it is also written, 'For judgement am I come into the world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.' If ever any teacher habitually spoke paradox, it is Christ, the Teacher of all teachers past and present and future. Accordingly, in St. Mark viii. 35 we have the greatest of all, 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it: but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.' It may fairly be asserted that our Lord began His preaching with paradox and died with paradox on His lips. And yet even a child can get light and life from His deepest sayings. Unfathomable in their deeps, they are obvious still. At their circumference they supply food for babes, while at the centre they tax the highest intelligence. And besides,

Christ never displaced any doctrine without replacing it with a better. He came to destroy, and at the same time He came not to destroy but to fulfil. And He never denounced innocent customs or superstitions. He would have accepted most graciously those very dear to the heart of man, such as the honour of ancestors, which survives in the Feast of All Souls' Day. He was perpetually qualifying the thesis by its natural and inevitable antithesis, that in the fullness of time we might realize the reconciling synthesis. He taught love to enemies and practised it Himself even from the cross. 'This is My commandment, that ye love one another, as I have loved you' (St. John xv. 12). But on the other hand, He honoured and required a good hater, and preached the complementary doctrine of hate, in St. Luke xiv. 26. 'If any man come to Me and hate not his father and mother and wife and children and brethren and sisters—yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.' Thus it was that He proclaimed the gospel of love and peace, and in the very next breath He contradicted all that He had said by proclaiming the gospel of the sword, and telling us to fight until the death. The Kingdom of Heaven that He announced was not a kingdom of Quakers or Non-resistance men, or 'Save-the-skin-at-any-price Barebones,' but that of Mercy and Justice, Righteousness and Peace, the union of opposites, the sword and the olive branch. Apart from the fact and letter of the Gospels, the ideas in themselves are fundamentally and eternally and universally true. Christ only published principles that were independent of history, though they submitted to the time process of history and actualized themselves therein. And much of so-called modern thought proves to be often mediaeval, when not really ancient. It goes back to the very beginning of things. The best theology, like the best philosophy, begins in wonder and ends in worship and adoration. The great final decisions and the curves of the cosmic movements, so to speak, lie on the knees of the gods. And the vastest

thoughts, the vastest creeds, the vastest adventures, as it were come up *against* the wind and the tide, out of the vast silences and the divine deeps. And the law of life, of development, always has been and always will be progress by antagonism, along the lines of most (not least) resistance. *Quo absurdius, eo verius.* The ultimates are just the impossibilities. And it is as true to say 'Resist evil' as to say 'Resist not evil.' The affirmation and the negation only mutually complete each other, because they contradict and therefore supplement each other. But for this there could be no continuance of life.

F. W. Orde Ward.

WOMAN'S SHARE IN THE WAR'S WORK

ON a wonderful summer's morning in mid-August, 1914, at about seven o'clock, I was one of a little group in the Square of Chelsea Barracks, when the Third Battalion of the Coldstream Guards were waiting to march out for a destination unknown. They were almost the earliest unit to go on active service, and their women folk—mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts—knew that the call of war, real war, as the first terrible stories from Belgium were telling, had come to the British Army. Farewells were said quietly and calmly, the babies and toddling mites were held up for a last kiss, girls braced themselves up to smile even as they said and heard the parting words. Every woman in that group bore herself with a superb self-restraint and a proud confidence that now, after more than fifteen months, one realizes was a true foreshadowing of the attitude of the women of the Empire during the War.

The wider word of Empire rather than the nation is used with intent. In Canada and Australia, in New Zealand and South Africa, the women have shown devotion and a readiness to help not one whit less than those of the Motherland. An awakening has come even to India's women, and the ladies of the ruling chiefs as well as those of the wealthy mercantile families of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras have supported Red Cross work for the Indian troops sent overseas, and have contributed comforts in money and in kind.

It is natural in any survey of the help that women have rendered in this country to give pride of place to the splendid services of the nurses. After the South African War it became quite evident that even with the system of a Reserve that the Princess Christian had brought about the old Army Nursing Service was inadequate for any huge

demand that should arise. An entire reconstitution of it took place early in the last reign, and it became Queen Alexandra's Imperial Military Nursing Service with a Matron-in-Chief officially installed at the War Office. Later there was linked to it in an elastic kind of way the nursing of the twenty-three General Hospitals which were part of the Territorial scheme of defence in the event of invasion. This service of Territorial nursing also had its Matron-in-Chief. Beyond that again came a system of Hospitals directed by the British Red Cross Society, which were to utilize the services of Voluntary Aid Detachments that had prepared themselves in peace time for the demands that war might make.

Soon after the war cloud burst, the regular Army Nursing Service numbered 24 matrons, 104 sisters, 156 nurses, and a large reserve who could be called up for active service. In these very early days, too, the Territorial hospitals were mobilized, and none save the matrons of the great civil hospitals will ever know the strain and difficulty those calls involved when, as in the case of the 1st London General Hospital at St. Gabriel's College, Camberwell, it was entirely staffed from St. Bartholomew's. Yet one and another adapted herself to the changed conditions, and each sister and each nurse who remained in the civilian wards cheerfully remained on duty for extra hours till readjustments could be brought about.

Even to-day we do not know what were the first calls made on the profession. One ship alone took away some 250 to a port in France, and before the end of September there were many large contingents sent out to reinforce them. Meantime various modifications of the original plans for the treatment of the wounded have been made. At this moment, the wounded or sick are kept no longer than is possible in the base hospitals in France, Alexandria, or Malta, but are transferred home to vast auxiliary military hospitals. The regular Army Service has been supplemented from many directions. Canadian and Australasian

nurses have come over by scores and by hundreds not only to tend their own kith and kin in the special hospitals maintained for them by private generosity, but to be unreservedly at the orders of the Matron-in-Chief to go wherever they are needed.

But even were it possible to give the actual numbers of women who are tending the sick and wounded, that would be a very formal and inadequate record of their work in this direction. Through the British Red Cross Society, through organizations like the French Flag Nursing Corps, through the hospitals equipped by special efforts, this has been a truly splendid phase of woman's work. It has been recognized in the dispatches of Sir John French; we have heard of Violetta Thurston calmly going on with her almost hopeless task of mitigating the wretchedness in the Warsaw hospital with the shells dropping in the street below; we have read of the wonderful exertions by which Sister Kiddle, from Guy's Hospital, and her co-workers, transformed and made ready in a few hours a great chateau near Versailles for the reception of the wounded; we have gained a glimpse of Miss Muriel Benington and the other nurses who endured the wretchedness of that wild night in October, 1914, when the hospital ship *Rohilla* went to pieces on the coast near Whitby, and who volunteered after a few days' rest to resume similar work on another hospital ship rather than accept less dangerous posts in a Naval hospital ashore; and we have bent our heads in humble tribute to Mrs. Percy Dearmer and those other noble women who succumbed to the epidemic of typhus in Serbia last spring.

These are the embodiments of the finely animating spirit that has run through the hundreds who have given their willing devotion. It has inspired the quiet little member of a Voluntary Aid Detachment in some humble or monotonous task in which she has served; it has led women of education to go into hospital stores and kitchens to do, if need be, the dullest of menial tasks.

We had had quite eight months of war before the Government recognized that women would have to take a much greater share in the organized industry of the country and the provision of war munitions than had hitherto been admitted. Let it be conceded to the leaders of the Suffragist movement, both Militant and Constitutional, that they had foreseen a much greater scope for women's collaboration than the heads of either Government departments or those in direction of Trades Unions. Within a very few days of the commencement of hostilities we had Women's Emergency Corps offering to supply women as lift attendants or ticket-collectors; as tram and omnibus conductors, or to take charge of delivery vans; as assistants in trades like that of grocery, hitherto reserved by men for themselves, or to act as porters, commissionaires, and so forth.

Such proposals were received at first with good-natured smiles of mild interest. But all these claims have been made good. These are the very tasks that women are fulfilling at this moment, together with many more like them. The messenger girl is bringing you the urgent communication that cannot wait for the post. In the Post Office itself there are between 500 and 600 women sorters employed in London alone, and in the suburbs are 200 post women engaged in the daily delivery of letters. The railways are availing themselves of feminine service in their various clerical departments as well as in the issue and the collection of tickets, while at the book-stall it will be from the hands of a girl that you receive your newspaper or magazine. We are quite accustomed now to seeing the milk or the bread or the meat brought to the door by a young woman, unless in the general shortage of supernumerary labourers we have had a polite request to call for and carry home these commodities for ourselves. The tea, the butter, and the cheese are no less deftly weighed and packed by the girl behind the grocer's counter than by her brother.

In farm and agricultural work they have been of real

help. Men over middle age and lads under seventeen have done the heavier labour of ploughing and manure carrying on the land, but women have shown themselves capable of managing the cows and the sheep. Many girls have learnt how to milk, and under the present system, by which practically all the milk is sent away to the towns, there is very little on a large dairy farm that women cannot manage. The factory system has, in fact, spread far and wide into dairying, and if the milk is not consigned to the dealers, it is taken to creameries, where in butter and cheese-making skilled women with technical knowledge are largely employed. Of course in the rearing of calves and in poultry management there is nothing that women cannot manage unassisted by men.

The schools of horticulture and gardening have never had a year so busy as this has been, and girls have wanted to learn the elements of fruit and vegetable growing in order to turn to the utmost account any ground at their disposal. Last spring such efforts made a useful contribution to the food supplies of the country; in the coming months they will do a great deal more, especially after the encouragement that County Councils have bestowed upon such efforts. The rural clergy of the Church of England, and the ministers of the Nonconformist Churches, have often had it in their power to advise that more attention should be paid to the garden and its produce, and right well it has been exercised. Viscount Milner's Departmental Committee at the Board of Agriculture has pointed out that pigs might again be advantageously reared in connexion with small holdings, and, for that purpose, the utilization of all land that will grow even coarse crops may well enjoy the consideration of women.

It was in April that the Board of Trade put forward its first appeal to women to register themselves, as willing to learn to make shell and ammunition, to do leather work and brushmaking—three phases of industry of special importance to armies in the field, and the last particularly so, from

the part that motor machinery is playing in the war. The response of women at first somewhat tarried. It was an initial mistake to utilize the Labour Exchanges as the only recording agency. The Board itself always set great store by them, but the average woman, and especially the better class domestic servant, the typist, the clerk, and largely the dressmaker, regarded them as a kind of last resource when all other means of finding employment had failed.

Some, however, of the more educated women, willing to do anything that would be of service, overcame their prejudices and went to them. Then came delays, due largely to the problems of securing the exquisitely fine machine-tools required in munition work, and also to the fact that the enormously enhanced demands for explosives and projectiles of all calibres meant also the erection of vast ranges of buildings when labour was constantly becoming scarcer. The great private firms as Vickers, Kynochs, Eleys, and so forth, secured women workers literally by the thousand, and those who had ministered to the 'luxury trades' had only to transfer themselves to the vocations that needed them, while various measures were taken to give the preliminary instruction. It is a splendid and inspiring record to hear of what they have done in this direction for the State. None are, perhaps, in a better position to estimate the real increase in the feminine army of industry than the Young Women's Christian Association, which from the outset of the call of the munition factories for women's labour set themselves to deal with the new problems of catering and recreation that would present themselves. Their latest returns point to the fact that something over a million more women and girls are engaged in industrial employ than was the case before the war.

Another very significant fact is that the Queen's 'Work for Women' Fund, started to meet the distress which it was expected would be felt throughout the dressmaking, millinery, and blouse-making trades, has been able to close

all its centres, save one or two in which elderly and somewhat unhelpable women are receiving some practical instruction that would make them useful as home helps to working-class mothers. The Fund last winter rendered very useful service in utilizing the labour of those who had not adapted themselves to the new conditions, and made clothing for the destitute Belgian refugees, while it taught to many the art of re-making partly worn garments, and how children's school wear might be made on lines that would be hygienic and comfortable to themselves and lessen the mother's labours at the wash-tub. It opened classes, too, for girls, in which to learn various skilled crafts, and the £170,000 or so that was subscribed undoubtedly helped greatly in the transition period when the old demands had passed, and the new openings had not yet been found.

So unexpected have been many of the actual results of the war, that wise people are not surprised now at any strange consequences. About thirty years ago the educationist of the day deprecated an insistence upon the teaching of needlework and knitting. We all know the line of argument. The factory has superseded handicraft; why, therefore, waste a girl's time on learning to make the things she can buy cheaper? Yet, by one of those astonishing examples of the irony of things, it has been precisely over these rather despised efforts that women have rendered help so entirely valuable that there has arisen a new department under the War Office with a Director-General of Voluntary Organizations, in the capable and genial personality of Col. Sir Edward Ward, in order that the country shall utilize to the utmost the goodwill and the stitchery of the women.

The Queen it was who first recognized that with some method and encouragement there was a latent field of energy in this direction that might be turned to the most valuable account. For many years past her Majesty has been intimately associated with the Needlework Guild. It was in fact a connexion that dated from her own girlhood, and

since her marriage, as Duchess of York, as Princess of Wales, and as Queen, no winter has passed without her actual supervision of the collection made in London, and its classification for the use of hospitals, poor parishes, such centres as the Bermondsey Settlement or the Crossways Mission, and other religious and philanthropic organizations. Thousands of useful garments were contributed year by year, and the Queen was therefore in possession of knowledge as to the capacities of women to collaborate in meeting the new needs certain to arise.

The appeal was put forward within ten days of the outbreak of the war. Queen Mary's Needlework Guild was to be the great clearing-house of all that women were prepared to make, and the first need was that of flannel shirts. The supplies were insufficient for the men being hurried out to France. Some three days later nearly every woman was struggling with the intricacies of 'band and gusset and seam,' and the range of sizes sent in would have enabled a pygmy or a giant to be fitted. But the average Englishwoman has the saving grace of common sense, and it occurred to not a few when they compared their amateur efforts with the shapely and well fitting garments of their husbands' or brothers' wear that it might after all be better either to buy them ready-made or to pay expert workers to make them. Thus was distress averted and suitable shirts came in to St. James's Palace, the head quarters of the Guild.

In the autumn of 1914 the fear of paralysed industries and want of employment, with consequent widespread distress, were gloomy anticipations that affected the character of the work sent in. Clothing for poor women and children it was thought would be widely needed, and as a fact, before the smooth working of the system of separation allowances, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association distributed something like 62,000 useful items of attire to wives and children of those called at short notice to the Front. In the months now concluding entirely changed

needs have had to be met. Taken all round, the working-class woman, including the soldier's wife, is better off than she has ever been before. In fact, the difficulty of the 'pushing' outfitters in populous districts has been that they cannot, on account of the shortage of women workers, get the smart little frocks and jackets, the velveteen suits and the coloured jerseys that mothers in their comparative affluence are wanting for the girls and boys. The marked improvement in the general standard of children's clothing has been noticed over and over again by experienced school teachers.

That does not, however, imply that the activities of the Queen's Guild have ceased. On the contrary, there are greater needs than ever, which are exercising women's skill in a wholly new direction. In January last it occurred to a little group of ladies and gentlemen living in Kensington that they might usefully undertake to supply bandages, night shirts, and similar hospital requisites. They made a successful start, and then the borough of Marylebone thought they could do something of the same character. In their midst lived Miss Ethel McCaul, R.R.C., one of the most experienced of war nurses, who had been all through South Africa, and who through Queen Alexandra's special intervention was attached to the Red Cross Service of Japan in the war with Russia. An influential committee was formed, and she was called in as honorary organizer. She knew, of course, all the subtleties of 'many tail' and 'T' bandages, she knew the lines that a night shirt for a helpless case should follow, she understood what was wanted in pneumonia jackets, or ward shoes to cover feet swollen and bandaged to perhaps four times the normal proportions.

Very gladly did a band of ladies at first work under her directions. More and still more, however, wanted to come and assist, until the fine mansion in Cavendish Square of Lord Crawford was none too large to take in the workers in the several departments. The Queen gave her recognition to this work by constituting it the Surgical Branch of

her own Guild, but out of it now has grown a colossal work of mercy. Up and down the country have sprung up something like fifty Surgical Supply Associations, all of which are in affiliation with it, and each one represented on the Central Council. More recently still, the British Red Cross Society has turned its attention to this branch of service, and the President and Council of the Royal Academy have set apart a number of the Galleries at other times devoted to the year's modern art, or the loan collections of the old Masters, for this beneficent labour of mercy. Both these bodies as well as the Order of St. John are working in the most complete accord with the new department of Voluntary Organization.

Obviously, if surgeons and nurses are to be practically assisted, it is necessary that everything made should conform to the standard patterns of the leading hospitals. Without central control, working parties would have made things on the lines and the proportions they imagined to be right, and when it came to the dressing of a shattered shoulder and chest, the 'many tail' might have proved just too short or too narrow for what was wanted. Moreover, should a call come from one of the bases for 500 pneumonia jackets or 10,000 of some particular shape of sterilized swab, the new department knows where any working party has specialised in those directions.

The final distinction that these women, working so quietly and without fuss or parade, have won is that of earning a war service badge. It will not be bestowed for less than three months of regular effort in connexion with one of the organizations officially recognized by the Director-General, and the worker must be recommended for it by the responsible head of the workroom committee, as the Mayor or Lord Lieutenant of the town or county centre. It is the tribute that the gentle, the more homely means of aid, have gained before many more showy and assertive efforts, and its significance is undeniable.

Medical women have rendered very valuable aid, and in so doing have advanced their own position in a marked degree. Their useful help in France under Dr. Louisa Garrett Anderson and Dr. Flora Murray led the Army Medical Department to recall these ladies to take up the greater responsibility of the Military Hospital of 520 beds in Endell Street, and this was their first triumph; their second was when the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit was stopped in the Mediterranean on the voyage to Serbia to take charge of the wounded who were being brought to Malta from the Dardanelles. But even among those now rendering the most devoted service to the victims of the war, there is a sense that this is but a passing phase of what they have accomplished. When the special calls on behalf of the sick and wounded have ceased, their real advance will be found in the opening—never to be closed again—that they have gained in the house appointments of the great hospitals. They have come to their own, by rising to the opportunity when it presented itself.

We shall never be able to reduce to cold figures and statistics the work of our women. There is not a parish up and down the land in which the clamant needs of our men have not brought all together, regardless of the church they attend, to work in the way that seemed most useful. Congregations have made themselves responsible for the comfort of perhaps three or four men who formerly worshipped with them, and who in the trenches, or more still in the prisoners' camps in Germany, have been thankful for the comforts in clothing or the welcome boxes of provisions supplied through feminine organization and goodwill. The Young Men's Christian Association enlisted the support of Princess Victoria in their truly great work of supplying huts at the railway termini here and at the camps in France, and new influences have been quietly at work that have led many a man to think far more seriously on those things which belong unto his peace.

It is no very alluring task, to come down night after night

to a buffet on a draughty railway platform or even in a hut to serve men with coffee and other refreshments. Yet for months ladies accustomed to comfortable and luxurious surroundings have done it. One recalls Mr. Kipling's mention of a French Countess whom he knew when she thought life impossible without two maids, a manicurist, and some one to look after her pet dogs. When he met her on his last visit to France she was spending all her days and a good part of her nights mending and disinfecting the clothing of soldiers.

Of the individual acts of heroism that the war has brought forward on the part of women there are enough to fill volumes. Not the least splendid have been some of those of the French Sisters of Mercy. They have won the distinction of mention in Army Orders, while other French nurses have done wonders. Quite recently the King conferred the Cross of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem on Mademoiselle Juliette Caron, who rendered the most valuable help to the wounded in the retirement after Mons, and who has linked her name with one of the British Army's immortal deeds of valour by saving the survivors of the dauntless L Battery of Royal Field Artillery. Further, the French War Office has mentioned the names of over twenty nurses for specially splendid services in dispatches, and has conferred the medal—only won for very exceptional care and devotion—for nursing infectious diseases upon fourteen dauntless women. An English nurse, Miss Florence Cross, who received her training at the Middlesex Hospital, has also earned a Medaille d'Honneur while with the French Flag Nursing Corps which has rendered such fine service to our Allies. It came to her with a diploma personally signed by M. Millerand, the French War Minister, and this refers to the devotion she displayed during an epidemic of diphtheria which she contracted herself almost to the loss of her own life.

The Empire may well thank God it has women of the type

of Edith Cavell, who for all time will take her place amid the noble army of martyrs. Less would one speak of the quiet calm of mind which could be grateful to her jailors for ten weeks in which to think, for the true spirit of faith that realized there was something even beyond patriotism, and that would not take a bitter thought to the grave and gate of death, than of the universal tribute of recognition of all these qualities. For this has shown that certain manifestations of cynicism, things that seemed to some a passing of the sense of reverence, a tendency, perhaps, to belittle the ideal and the spiritual, were mere bubbles on the surface. It is good to realize that as a people we still venerate a great example of duty well fulfilled in life and the Christian courage in death. When the noble memorial that Sir George Frampton is designing as a labour of love to be expressed in the beautiful marbles and metals that the 'Shilling Fund' of the *Daily Telegraph*—one of the most immediately successful that the paper ever had—is providing for his use, it will be one of the highest of the inspirations that will have come out of the suffering and sorrow of all the war.

There are, too, the many acts of self-denial and kindliness that never earn any record in writing. No fame and no distinction is to be earned by going to read the paper daily to some elderly folk who have a grandson at the front; it is quite commonplace to take charge of a group of boisterous youngsters in order that their mother may attend an intercessory service; it may be thankless work to act as a woman-patrol in the vicinity of a camp on dark and gloomy evenings. 'I am trying to do my bit' is the only explanation that you will hear if you comment on what may seem some particularly arduous and irksome task.

These are not yet the days to predict the social and economic results to follow the war. But we do know that many extravagances of dress and personal luxury and indulgence have been checked, and that the calls to avoid all waste in household expenditure have enjoyed the most intelligent

acceptance by women. They have realized with a clearness of vision that a few months before the war would have seemed impossible that the conservation of our food supplies may have very important bearings as the war goes on. The wise outlay of money that shall maintain the volume of trade that is desirable, and at the same time avoid what is useless and unnecessary, has led them to consider these problems from wholly new points of view.

'The women are splendid,' has been said by more than one observer of their work, whether in nursing or industry, in providing for the comfort of the men, and in keeping the social organization at its best efficiency. Some few have wished there had been a more outwardly marked religious revival as a result of all these weeks and months of strain. But in this direction people do not perhaps look sufficiently below the surface. The attendance at public worship is distinctly better; and there is most certainly a more thoughtful and inquiring feeling as to the deep things that matter. These are points that the more pessimistic will admit. Others, like Rupert Brooke, are satisfied—

> Blow! bugles blow! they brought us for our dearth,
> Holiness lacked so long, and Love and Pain;
> Honour has come back as a king to earth,
> And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
> And nobleness walks in our ways again,
> And we have come into our heritage.

As yet we do not know the fulness of the uplifting. But there has been a passing of much materialism, a truce to many factions not to be reopened again. Women have 'found themselves' as never before, in a world torn by stress and suffering on which they have looked with calm, sturdy perception to discover paths that are to lead them to yet greater service to humanity. They have responded to every call made upon them, and it will not be until we can measure their efforts in the full light of what they have meant in the final reckoning with our enemies that the work can be well and truly appraised.

MARY FRANCES BILLINGTON.

GETHSEMANE AND CALVARY

'GOOD THOUGHTS FOR BAD TIMES'

(1) IN the world-wide and overwhelming calamity which has come upon Christendom, to whom can we go for comfort and counsel? This is the question many Christians are asking themselves. If not all, yet, thank God! many are still able to confess that the failure of Christendom is not Christ's failure, and that He still has the words of eternal life. This tragedy for the world must be brought for its interpretation into the presence of the tragedy of His Cross. What He then suffered may enable us to understand what we now suffer, and may even give our suffering a worthier content and motive than our national patriotism or family affections or even human sympathy. But when we set side by side this war in which millions of men are engaged, and the strength and wealth of the nations are being wasted with inconceivable prodigality, and that solitary death, does it not seem disproportionate—the problem and the solution—the death and bereavement, misery and loss of nations, and the death of this man of Galilee, and Carpenter of Nazareth? And yet two considerations remove the sense of disproportion. (i.) In the first place we recall the person and work of the solitary sufferer on the Cross, and we confess that never was man like this man. He came from God, spoke and wrought for God, and men who knew Him confessed Him God. (ii.) And in the second place He has been mightier in His death for the higher life of mankind than in His life. His name is coming to be above every other name, because in Him alone have men been finding salvation. The death of such an One, and such a death, may have meaning for us to-day to relieve the gloom cast over us by the evils of the present crisis.

(2) Christian theologians in dealing with Christ's sacrifice have as a rule neglected a source of evidence regarding its meaning, which one would have supposed they would have drawn upon first of all. They have minimized the significance of what Christ Himself said, and have proportionately magnified the importance of what Paul wrote. We owe it to Herrmann that he has called attention to the inner life of Jesus as the channel of divine revelation and human redemption, although he has not himself made so fruitful an application of his own principle as one might have expected. It is through what Christ thought, felt, willed in view of and upon the Cross, as presented to us in His utterances that we can understand His sacrifice. It is to Gethsemane and Calvary that we must go then to watch with Him, if we are to learn what and how He suffered, and in what way His suffering can bring relief and help to us to-day.

I.

(1) The account of the agony in Gethsemane given in Matthew's Gospel contains sayings of Jesus which enable us to apprehend and appreciate His experience there. (i.) He was driven from the Upper Room and the society of the disciples there, from the eight disciples whom He left at the entrance to the Garden, from the three whom He took further into it, by *His need of solitude* for prayer to God. 'Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder,' He said to the others; to the chosen few, after confessing His sorrow, He made the request, 'Tarry ye here and watch with me' (Matt. xxvi. 36, 38); but even from them He withdrew. It has often been argued that man must withdraw from His fellows to draw near to God. But this is not what the record of Gethsemane suggests. If Jesus could have prayed with His disciples in the hour of greatest need He would have done so. It was their lack of understanding of, and their estrangement from His purpose that made it impossible for Him to share His experience with them. It

was because His soul so dwelt apart from them, that in prayer He had to withdraw from them. The penalty of His greatness was His loneliness. Had His spirit been more common, it would not have been so solitary. It was because His disciples could not rise to the height of His relation to the Father, that He was compelled against His inclination to withdraw from their companionship in order that He might enter into intimate communion with God.

(ii.) That the solitude was forced upon Him, and not desired by Him, is surely shown by the longing for sympathy which He confessed. His request to the three was, 'Watch with Me' (verse 38); His reproach when on His return He found them asleep, 'What, could ye not watch with Me one hour?' (verse 40); and His rebuke when the struggle was over, 'Sleep on now, and take your rest' (verse 45). Even although He had the Father's presence, yet so human was He in His affections, He wanted also the sympathy of His disciples. It was no ordinary demand of sympathy He made, for surely His need of man's sympathy may be measured and can be measured by nothing less than His sympathy with man. In His sacrifice He so identified Himself in love with man that He was capable, though sinless, of experiencing death as it is for the sinful. 'He tasted death for every man,' because He made Himself one in thought, feeling, desire, and purpose with all men. He confronted death and judgement on sin in death, not as the Son of God apart from man, but as the Brother of all men. Because He loved so much, He so much desired to be beloved. Because His love suffered so much with men, He wanted so much that men should not leave Him altogether alone, but should have a share in His suffering. Yet the sympathy He desired was withheld. When He was offering Himself in sacrifice for man's redemption, none of the race to be redeemed was found willing and able to watch with Him in that one hour of agony.

(iii.) What was the agony in the Garden? What

made His soul exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death? (verse 38). It was not, as has been suggested, the fear that He might die of bodily weakness in the Garden before offering His sacrifice upon the Cross. For there is no proof of such exceeding weakness; the death would have been no less a sacrifice in Gethsemane than on Calvary; and if death on Calvary was necessary for the fulfilment of God's will, Jesus had such faith in God's providence that He was sure He could not die till His hour came. It was not, as some have held, fear of physical dissolution; for the first of the Christian martyrs would not and could not lack the courage with which He has inspired the worthy succession, who have sealed their witness with their blood. Surely what Jesus feared was lest in His death on behalf of sinful mankind, death might be to Him even what the saints of old feared in death—separation from God, an interruption of His filial fellowship with His heavenly Father. He anticipated in Gethsemane what He experienced on Calvary, when He uttered the cry of desolation, 'My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me' (Matt. xxvii. 46)? To have feared death as physical dissolution would have been cowardice, but to shrink from even a temporary break in His fellowship as Son with God as Father was surely a 'godly fear,' altogether worthy of Him as showing that His only good was God, and the only loss He dreaded was any loss of communion with God.

(iv.) This shrinking from this loss was no challenge of the will of God, for He was not yet certain that this desolation of soul must be included in His sacrifice. He expresses this doubt regarding God's will in the prayer, 'O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt' (verse 39). A study of the Gospels should convince us that Jesus never had any doubt about the necessity of His death, no desire to escape from it. The only element of doubt concerned this feature of death —the separation from God which it might involve; but so

perfect was His obedience that He was ready to accept even this loss, if the Father's will so required. Should not Jesus' prayer rebuke the over-confidence of some of our theories of the atonement, in which there is certainty, when Christ Himself hesitated?

(v.) While there was submission to the will of God, Jesus Himself had a sense of weakness, for the warning to His disciples springs out of His own experience. 'Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak' (verse 41). His emotions were not yet completely under the control of His will to fulfil in all things God's will; and what He sought for Himself was such self-control, by surrender to God, as would enable Him without any faltering or failure to pass through the, to Him, worst ordeal of having His Father's face hidden in death.

(vi.) If the first prayer in Gethsemane shows doubt about God's will, the second expresses surrender to that will when the doubt has been removed. 'O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done' (verse 42). This surrender was not merely a passive resignation, so that the will as expressed in outer events passed over Him, but surely it was an active obedience; and so He Himself willed all He suffered. Although the hate and cruelty of man might furnish the conditions of His sacrifice, it was He Himself who not only willed to die, but willed, in this tasting of death, to pass through the soul's uttermost desolation. For there is a difference of immeasurable moral value between passive resignation and active obedience; and it was the latter which gave its moral content to the sacrifice of the Cross. In Gethsemane already was the perfect offering of the will made to God; and Calvary only saw the outward deed of which Gethsemane witnessed the inward choice.

(vii.) How marked a contrast there is between Jesus entering (verses 36-38), and Jesus leaving Gethsemane

(verses 45-46). There weakness, here strength; there a desire for sympathy, here the solitary resolve; there fear, here courage. His prayer was answered in the resolve of His doubt, and then in the renewal of His strength. The flesh lost its weakness in the willingness of His spirit. He gave Himself in obedience unto God; God gave Himself in the might of His Spirit to Him. The inward victory of Gethsemane made possible the outward triumph of Calvary.

(2) In the record of Calvary we are now concerned only with the revelation of the truth and grace of Christ in the seven words from the cross. (i.) As Jesus was being fastened to the cross by the nails driven through the palms and the ankles, He prayed for the forgiveness of His enemies. 'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do' (Luke xxiii. 34). It was fitting that the sacrifice which brings men God's forgiveness should be begun with this prayer for the forgiveness of all who were involved in the human crime of the Cross. We must not limit the scope of the prayer, as some have done, to the Roman soldiers, but must include all, even Judas, Caiaphas, and Pilate, in its range of yearning love. (*a*) The utterance may at first seem to us surprising, not because of the spirit of love it breathes, but because we might have expected rather simply a declaration that the sins were forgiven; for had not the Son of Man authority on earth to forgive sins? If forgiveness be actual only when the fellowship of God and man is restored, then human penitence and faith are not less necessary to its actuality than divine grace: and Jesus declared forgiveness only when His insight assured Him that these human conditions were fulfilled. His prayer now is a judgement; for He did not see in His enemies the penitence and faith which would have justified the assurance of pardon. (*b*) Yet His love cannot let them go, and finds a plea on their behalf. 'They know not what they do.' This is not a declaration

of innocence, for innocence needs no forgiveness; it is a recognition of guilt, but a desire that guilt may not be measured *objectively* as the crime of doing to death the Son of God must appear to the Holy God, but *subjectively* as the deed appears to those who are committing it. And surely the plea was in truth as well as grace. Did any of those concerned in Jesus' death realize what truth they were rejecting, what love refusing, what holiness resisting? Since judgement soon fell on Jerusalem, the prayer seemed unanswered, but who can tell how far it may have been answered in the individual experience of some who had a share in the crime of His death!

(ii.) How potent was Jesus' own presence even in His silence to awaken penitence and faith, the assurance He gave one of His companions in death showed. 'Verily I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise' (Luke xxiii. 43). The certainty in these words regarding His own vocation, authority, and efficacy as Saviour is surely His reply to the taunts of His enemies, 'He saved others, Himself He cannot save' (Matthew xxvii. 42). While this incident would be put to a wrong use as an encouragement of delay in deciding for Christ, in view of the possibility of a death-bed repentance, yet this abuse does not justify our minimizing the significance of this act of Christ's grace. We need not suppose on the one hand that the penitent had not been so bad as the crime for which he was being punished would indicate, nor on the other that he entered the unseen world a saint already perfected; we must neither minimize nor magnify the change in him. But his case is one of many instances in the history of religion, of much being accomplished in the soul of man within a short span of time. Slow development is not the only method of the soul's gain; swift decision may sometimes accomplish even more. In the presence of Christ, under the shadow of death, more than we can conceive may be accomplished in transporting the soul out of the death of sin into the life in God.

(iii.) A similar solicitude for others even in this hour of His own anguish, when many men would have been self-absorbed, is shown by Jesus' care for His mother in committing her to the beloved disciple (John xix. 26–27). But we should miss the full significance of the utterance if we saw in it only kindly foresight for her earthly good. Surely the words must be taken on the one hand as a declaration that the earthly relationship between Himself and her was once for all ended; and on the other a provision that it should be replaced by an enduring spiritual relation. She was no longer His mother, nor He her Son; but if she learned to know Him as the beloved disciple knew Him, the earthly loss might prove heavenly gain. As a previous utterance (Mark iii. 31–35) clearly shows, Jesus subordinated earthly relationship to spiritual relation; and regarded the first as temporary (Mark xii. 25) and the second only as permanent. And yet we may surely add, with the warrant of human experience, that the earthly relationship may be the husk in which the kernel of spiritual relation may grow, as in marriage, where husband and wife may be one in a common faith.

(iv.) After these sayings the soul of Jesus withdrew within itself, descending from depth to depth of anguish in tasting death for mankind, until the lowest depth of desolation was confessed in the cry: 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken Me" (Matthew xxvii. 46, Mark xv. 34). We need not try to reduce the experience of Jesus to the measure of the psalmist, whose words are here quoted, as no saint ever had such fellowship with God as Jesus had, and for no saint could an interruption of that fellowship mean as much as it did for Him. It is not the context of the Psalms, but the context of Jesus' experience which can be the clue to the meaning of the utterance. If we can trust the indications Jesus Himself gives of the purpose of His death and the interpretation of that death which the apostles offered, then the cry of desolation means nothing

less than that Jesus in dying for sinful man experienced all that sin has made death for sinners, a judgement of God, nay, even a separation from God. The vicariousness of love makes such an experience credible, as love does take, and cannot but take the loved one's place, sharing his sorrow, shame, and even the consequences of his sin. To show the necessity of this experience is what every objective theory of the Atonement attempts; but any such endeavour lies beyond our present purpose.

(v.) The soul's anguish was relieved when uttered, and so the sense of bodily need hitherto suppressed by the absorption of the soul reasserted itself, and Jesus said, 'I thirst' (John xix. 28). This utterance is valuable both because it shows how thoroughly Jesus shared human nature, and because it proves that He did not, like the Stoic, pride Himself on scorning and disregarding the needs of the body. He has given a warrant for the Christian service of care for the body as well as for the soul of man.

(vi.) Not only does the cry, 'I thirst,' prove that the spirit of Jesus had recovered from the extremity of His distress, but that He had recovered His sense of God's presence, favour, and succour is shown in His prayer of self-committal unto God in dying, 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit' (Luke xxiii. 46). Death's desolation was past, and the victory over death won before He died. He did not go into the Valley of the Shadow; for its darkness was already changed to the light of God's encompassing love.

(vii.). The last words, 'It is finished' (John xix. 30), are either a sigh of relief that the anguish was over, or more probably a shout of triumph that the struggle which had tried even His strength to the uttermost had ended in a complete victory.

II

(1) The interest of these self-disclosures of Jesus in the great sacrifice He endured for man's salvation is primarily personal, as revealing the inner life, but they also cast light

on many of our problems, as in His experience He was offering not a merely theoretical but a practical solution of them. (i.) What they yield us as regards Jesus Himself are the following truths, that while His love gave so generously He needed and desired love in return; that in the midst of His own sorrow He was not self-absorbed, but thought of and cared for others; that challenged as His claims were in deed as well as word upon His Cross, He did not lose His certainty of His Sonship or His Saviourhood; that as Son what He dreaded most in death was the interruption of His filial communion with His Father; that as Saviour He made Himself in His love so completely one with the race He came to save that He experienced as His own the doom of sin in such separation from God; that His faith bore Him through all that His absolute obedience to God's redeeming purpose involved in this uttermost sacrifice; and that He died assured of His Father's encompassing presence and of the fulfilment of His vocation. (ii.) If Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, yea and for ever, if we have still a High-priest who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities because He was in all points tempted even as we are, yet without sin, then in the present calamity which is upon the world, may we not claim that He is renewing His Gethsemane and Calvary? That Christendom has so failed in the fulfilment of His will must be a grief to Him even as was the denial by Peter, the betrayal by Judas, the flight of the other disciples. As the apocalypse of sin in the hate, cruelty, and scorn shown in the conditions of His death fell as a dark shadow over His spirit, so surely must the wickedness which has disgraced the methods of warfare of one of the combatants renew the travail of His soul. But as He prayed for the forgiveness of His enemies, so we may be assured that He is interceding for all the nations that their guilt, whatever the measure of it in His holy sight may be, may not be laid to their charge, inasmuch as they do not realize the greatness of the sin

against God they are committing in refusing to be ruled by His holy love. As in the very hours of His own death He gave the promise of a blessed immortality to the penitent companion of His suffering, so may we think of Him even now as very near to those who are laying down their lives, and giving a glimpse of Himself as Saviour even to those who have hitherto not confessed His saving name. Amid the sin, sorrow, bereavement, and death of this evil hour in human history, we may think of the loving Christ as still in the midst with the same heart to pity and forgive, the same will, and even greater power to save and bless.

(2) Dare we carry the analogy of His earthly and His heavenly life a step further, and maintain that as in Gethsemane He desired the sympathy of His disciples, so He still desires that our love should watch with Him as He is fulfilling His vocation as the Saviour and the Lord of men? If His love sought love's response then, can it be otherwise now? Surely He does want His body on earth to share His attitude and carry out His purpose at this time. Never have the Christian Churches in this land so identified themselves with the purpose, effort, and sacrifice of the nation as they are doing at the present moment, one may venture to believe and hope, not because carried away by patriotism, but because convinced that the interests of the kingdom of God are involved in the conflict. But without desiring them to think, feel, and do less for country, it does seem necessary to insist that the Churches of this nation must be on their guard against the error which the Hebrew prophets denounced, that our national cause must be necessarily God's cause, and that our methods of defending and advancing it must necessarily have God's favour. The Christian Churches must be reminded that first of all they exist to interpret the mind, heart, and will of Jesus Christ. Our chief concern as Christians should be to understand and judge all the passing events, all our present experiences, as Christ

does; with Him is to be our watch; He claims our sympathy.

(3) It is quite obvious that our sympathy with Jesus Christ must first express itself in a participation in His ministry of comfort and succour to all to whom this war is bringing need, suffering, anxiety, bereavement, death. We may gratefully acknowledge the abounding readiness to give and serve that the war has called forth, the laying aside for a time of class interests, prejudices, and antagonisms, the desire, sometimes ludicrous if not pathetic, of those who have not fitted themselves for usefulness, to be in some way useful to the nation. But the Christian Churches must not forget that the manifold forms of war service, making munitions, acting as special constables, do not represent the distinctively Christian ministry at this time. It is with the moral, spiritual, personal issues that Christ is concerned, and His Church ought to be also. It is strength for moral weakness, grace for religious need, hope in personal bereavement, which the Christian Churches should supremely care for. It has been suggested that till the war is over, the Christian Churches should reduce their distinctive activities, and should devote all their energies to the winning of the war. It may be even for the higher interests of humanity very desirable that we should win this war; but for the Christian Churches it is imperative that the war be won in a Christian way, and that the victory be used for Christian ends. Not less, but more, must we watch and work with Christ in this hour of testing.

(4.) Some of the problems of our thought and life for which a solution is suggested in the self-disclosures of Jesus may now be glanced at. (i.) And first of all we may consider His doubt regarding God's will. This was the burden of His prayer in Gethsemane. He, the Son who knew the Father, thought it might be possible that the cup might be removed. It has already been explained that it was not death from which He shrank, but that His death should involve for Him such

an apocalypse of the world's sin as would hide from Him His Father's Presence. When we are overwhelmed by the vision of all the evils which are now being inflicted on mankind, although we do not and dare not regard the crimes of men as willed by God, yet, as the death which was for the world's salvation involved such an exposure of human iniquity, so we may recognize in the present conflict the overruling providence of God. It may be that not otherwise could the sin of human hate and pride, and lust for power and fame, find its exposure and so its condemnation, and not otherwise could one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the Kingdom of God be taken out of the way. Our God, revealed to us in Christ as Father, doeth terrible things in righteousness; and even although with Jesus we do pray, if it be possible let this cup pass from us, yet let us, as He did, submit ourselves to the will of God, even when it appears to us an inscrutable mystery.

(ii.) Again we may consider what He most feared in death. It was separation from God, the loss of His Father's presence, which to Him as Son seemed the very greatest evil which could befall Him. What is it that we are fearing most in the present calamity? We cannot, and ought not to be indifferent to all the human suffering which in its extent and variety baffles even our imagination, and moves our emotions to the very depths. We cannot grieve too deeply for the human sin which is the cause of all this human suffering. And yet suffering and sin are not the worst; nothing worse could befall us than the loss of God, of the comfort and succour of His presence. Is this what the Christian Churches are at the present moment most concerned about? Are not some Christian men even regarding Christian worship and service as less important than 'war' work? Let us be quite sure of this, that we cannot minister to the sorrow, and we cannot succour from the sin, unless we are constantly seeking and finding the truth and grace of God in Christ Jesus. We want, under the solemn shadow

of His cross, to get the true estimate of what is the greatest evil which can befall us, and what is the greatest good for which we should strive.

(iii.) At Christ's cross we must renew the divine estimate of sin. It was because He who knew no sin was made sin on our behalf, that He endured the agony of Gethsemane and the desolation of Calvary. His sacrifice is God's measure of man's sin. And yet that sacrifice speaks not of judgement only, but of mercy. How significant is the prayer for His enemies! When hate is returned by hate then evil wins a double victory, only when sin is met by grace is it overcome. Jesus on the cross was not overcome of evil, but overcame evil with good. We want at present as serious an estimate of the sin in ourselves, as well as in our enemies, as His sacrifice requires of us. Even if their guilt be greater than ours, yet we must take Christ's attitude to their sin. The distinctive moral glory of Christianity is love unto forgiveness; and even war does not release us from the obligation of being Christian, difficult as may be the demand, and impossible to man without the grace of God. Not as an excuse of evil, but as a motive of compassion, let us keep our moral indignation from becoming personal vindictiveness by Christ's own plea. 'They know not what they do.' A mistaken and perverted patriotism has obscured their moral vision; a Church in bondage to the State has blunted instead of sharpening the edge of conscience; they have confounded the dominance of German 'Kultur' with the advance of the Kingdom of God.

(iv.) It is the same attitude to sin which is shown in the assurance which He conveyed to the penitent. For His enemies He could only pray for forgiveness, for even His kind insight could not discover in them the conditions of penitence and faith without which the divine pardon cannot become actual in human experience. He could assure the companion of His passion, however, of an abundant entrance into the Kingdom of glory because his was the prayer of

penitence and faith. How many young lives are being offered on the altar of country to-day! Of many we can be sure that, having confessed Christ in life, they will be confessed as His by Him on their death. But many a loving heart is racked with care for a dear one, regarding whose death there cannot be the same confident hope. May not Christ's assurance offer some comfort? We dare not say that their dying for their country is itself for them a redeeming sacrifice; but surely He is not far off from those whose death is after the manner of His. And surely the spirit of sacrifice has a cleansing and a quickening influence on the soul! The presence of death also must awaken the hallowed memories of the past, of a godly home, and of the teaching of Church and Sunday school. Who shall dare to measure what change may be wrought under such solemnizing and sanctifying conditions, if, as we believe, Christ is waiting to meet, with abounding grace, the feeblest prayer of penitence and faith?

(v.) In addition to such suggestions of truth and grace as the words of Jesus offer to us, His bearing in Gethsemane and Calvary is to us an ensample how we should bear ourselves in such a trial as we now are passing through, of which it is no irreverence to Him that we should speak as our Gethsemane and Calvary. If we hold fast our confession in word and deed by showing faith, hope, and love as He did, we shall know the fellowship of His suffering, being made conformable unto His death; and we, too, in God's own appointed time and way, shall also know the power of His Resurrection in a Resurrection of our life in the freedom and triumph of His Kingdom upon earth.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

A History of Modern Europe. By C. A. Fyffe, M.A. (Cassell & Co.) 1891.

The Development of the European Nations, 1870—1900. By J. Holland Rose. (Constable & Co.) 1914.

ALL thoughtful persons know by experience the mental and moral helpfulness of a retrospect of their own past life. Now history is a retrospect of national life, and of the life and various developments of the human race. In it we watch the outworking, on a much larger scale, of actions and motives, their results immediate and remote, and their abiding lessons. This wider view helps to lift us above the despotic limitations of the present hour, and affords both warning and encouragement of utmost value. It gives us a breadth of outlook otherwise beyond our reach.

Looking back for a hundred years, our eye rests on the battle of Waterloo, which closed the almost continuous series of wars which followed the French Revolution; and was itself followed by a long period of international peace, which evoked in many hearts a hope that war between the nations of Europe had given place to permanent peace and co-operation. After more than thirty years of peace, few suspected that the next decade would witness the beginning of conflicts which would change completely the political aspect of Europe; any more than two years ago we expected the great war in which we are now engaged. Some of the causes of these wars I shall in this paper endeavour to trace, and to draw from them their permanent lessons.

The period before us was introduced by the pageant of the Congress which in September, 1814, assembled in Vienna, to restore the map of Europe, which had been so

frequently and seriously altered in consequence of the victories of Napoleon. Such a gathering of monarchs and statesmen, with such a task, had never met before. To the Emperor Francis of Austria, and to Frederick William, King of Prussia, it might recall by contrast the gathering at Dresden, some two and a half years earlier, to pay court to Napoleon, at the head of vast armies which he was leading to the conquest of Russia. In that short interval, the great conqueror had become a helpless captive; and the Russian Emperor, against whom he was then marching, was now a victorious ally of the Austrian and Prussian monarchs. Each of these was accompanied by a leading statesman. England was represented by Lord Castlereagh, and afterwards by the Duke of Wellington, and France by the clever diplomatist, Talleyrand. The Congress was presided over by the Austrian statesman, Prince Metternich, a resolute supporter of the hereditary rights of kings.

At first sight it might seem that these monarchs, whose victorious armies had at last given peace to Europe, and these statesmen, were well able to achieve the task before them. Indisputably they gave to Europe a sorely-needed breathing-time after long and desolating wars. But they overlooked, or failed to remedy, three crying grievances; and condoned, and endeavoured to perpetuate, a great injustice. They thus left open burning questions which soon made their voices heard, gave rise to fresh wars, and to developments far from the thought of the wise men at Vienna. Some of these developments were good: but they were purchased at immense cost in blood and treasure, which might have been saved, in whole or part, if these questions had been dealt with at the time. To consider in outline these developments and the present outlook, is the purpose of this paper.

The above mentioned questions were, (1) The condition of the Christians under Turkish rule; (2) the division of

Italy and (3) of Germany into small States, and their consequent effacement as European Powers; and (4) the Partition of Poland.

The condition of the Christians in Turkey is well described in a quotation given on p. 156 of the second book at the head of this paper. 'The true Mussulman loves neither progress, novelty, nor education; the Koran is enough for him. He is satisfied with his lot, therefore cares little for its improvement, somewhat like a Catholic monk; but at the same time he hates and despises the Christian *raya*, who is his labourer. He pitilessly despoils, fleeces, and ill-treats him to the extent of completely ruining and destroying those families, which are the only ones who cultivate the ground; it was a state of war continued in time of peace, and transformed into a régime of permanent spoliation and murder.' Dr. Rose adds, 'Time after time the Sublime Porte has most solemnly promised to grant religious liberty to its Christian subjects; but the promises were but empty air, and those who made them knew it.'

This description, true in the main wherever the Turkish population predominated, was variously modified where the Christians were in a large majority. In such cases, a certain measure of Home Rule was granted. But the Turks never recognized any rights of Christians as against Moslems; or at best only tolerated them on terms fixed by the Turks. All this was known at the Congress of Vienna. But it was disregarded by all except the Russians, who, moved by kinship in blood and membership in the same Oriental Church, had frequently interfered to protect the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

For his own purposes, Napoleon advised the Tsar Alexander, at their interview at Tilsit in 1807, to take possession of Rumania, the most northern part of European Turkey. But all interference of Russia with Turkey was looked upon with suspicion in England; and for a long time nothing was done to ameliorate the awful condition of the Christians

under Turkish rule. This neglect was, in the general opinion, excused by the prevalent low estimate of the mental and moral character of the sufferers.

The earliest races to gain relief from this bondage were Rumania, adjoining Russia, and Serbia, westward of Rumania. But the earliest to attract the attention of Europe were the Greeks. When it became evident that the Congress of Vienna would do nothing for them, secret societies, aiming at liberation, sprang up. In 1820 the ferment was general. It began to show itself in Rumania; and looked up for help to the Tsar, Alexander, who had in various ways shown sympathy with the Christians in Turkey. But, under the influence of Metternich, he disavowed the movement, and it failed. The real revolt began in 1821, in the Peloponnese, which was and is wholly Greek; and, as the only means of liberation, it began with a massacre of the scanty Turkish population. The enraged Sultan took speedy vengeance. The Greek Patriarch, after officiating in divine service on Easter Sunday morning, was hung up at the gate of his own palace: and massacre ran riot throughout Turkey.

Russia was greatly moved: for its Government had always claimed to be a protector of the Christians in Turkey. The English Government was alarmed, lest Russia should gain some advantage; and used every effort to prevent Alexander from going to the help of the Greeks. But, in the agony of desperation, the revolt spread, and aroused much sympathy in England and elsewhere. The climax was reached in a great massacre in 1822. On the island of Chios there lived in peace an inoffensive Greek population. Greeks from another island urged them to revolt, but without success, and left the island. After this, Turks landed, and massacred, or took captives and sold as slaves, the entire population, some 80,000 persons. This awful massacre aroused, in England and other countries, an indignation which compelled a change of policy.

It is needless to tell the heroic yet painful story of the Greek war of liberation. Under the wise guidance of George Canning, England joined with France and Russia in a Triple Entente, and came to the rescue. The struggle was closed, in a single day, by the destruction of the Turkish fleet on October 20, 1827, in the battle of Navarino.

The story of Greece, thus liberated, was for many years disappointing. The first king, Otho, was a miserable failure. But the long reign of his successor, a brother of our Queen Alexandra, whose cruel murder at Salonica we greatly deplore, was a continued and great progress. Where there had been utter lawlessness, security and progress have long reigned; except near the Turkish frontier, now happily almost removed from Europe. And there is every prospect of still further development.

It is impossible to tell here, but very profitable to read elsewhere, the sad story of the partition of Poland, due to a shameful conspiracy of Frederick II. of Prussia and Catherine II. of Russia, into which unfortunately Maria Theresa of Austria was reluctantly drawn. The Congress of Vienna sanctioned the partition, and gave the greater part of Poland to Alexander of Russia, who promised to maintain its autonomy and constitution under his own protection. This promise, sincerely made, he for a time endeavoured to fulfil. But under Russian rule, especially after the death of Alexander and the accession of Nicholas, dissatisfaction arose, and culminated in an armed revolt in 1830, which was ruthlessly suppressed, and with it the Polish constitution.

Soon after the Crimean War, something was done for Poland by Alexander II., a sincere friend of liberty, yet unable to deal with a very difficult situation. The result was disappointment for the Poles, which in 1863 found expression in an insurrection. This was soon put down; and was followed by a resolute attempt to wipe out the Polish nationality and language. On the other hand,

Russian rule has given to Poland not a little material prosperity, both in agriculture and manufactures. And, in spite of all attempts to repress it, the Polish race survives, and shows no signs of extinction.

In the heat of the sudden outburst of a great war, the Russian Government has recently promised a restoration of Polish nationality, with full freedom of language and religion. This has already been given, and maintained for many years, in Austrian Poland, which has been fairly content and loyal to the Austrian crown. If the Russian Government will do for the Poles what Austria has already done it will find in Poland an immense accession of power. It is to be hoped that the alliance with Britain and France will support and help the Russian Government in the fulfilment of its promise to Poland.

The most conspicuous and important events of the last century are the marvellous unifications of Germany and Italy. These we shall consider in the order of time.

The Polish revolt in 1830 was preceded by a revolution in Paris which replaced the Bourbon king, Charles X., by Louis Philippe, duke of Orleans; also another revolution which separated Belgium from Holland, and movements in Italy and Germany, revealing widespread discontent.

Early in 1848 this discontent burst suddenly into flame with a violence which again overturned the throne of France, replacing Louis Philippe by a republic; and compelled the Austrian emperor, Ferdinand, to abdicate in favour of his nephew, Francis Joseph. A serious revolt in Hungary was put down by Russian troops. Revolts in Italy were crushed by the Austrian victory at Novara in March, 1849, over Charles Albert, king of Piedmont and Sardinia, who had put himself at the head of the popular uprising. A movement in Germany came to nothing: and the French republic was displaced by an adventurer whose chief claim was that he bore the name of Napoleon, and who was wel-

comed to a throne of autocratic power as a way of escape from anarchy. For many years he was the most conspicuous figure in Europe. After almost universal disturbance, matters seemed to settle down. But under the surface the germinating seeds of stupendous developments remained.

The long peace was broken by the Crimean War, in which England was allied with France, under Napoleon III., in order to prevent Russia from interfering in defence of the Christians in Turkey. This was made easy by their control of the sea. But, in order to prevent such aggression in the future, the allies resolved to destroy the important naval port of Sebastopol, and to forbid its erection in the future. So serious was this task, and so small were the military resource of the allies, that they were glad to accept the help of a small State of some five millions of inhabitants in Northern Italy which took its name from the island of Sardinia. A few years later, the motive of this offer of help to two great allied European Powers became evident.

Italy, although definitely marked off from the rest of Europe by geographical frontiers of sea and mountains, and united by a common language, history, and traditions, was excluded from the comity of European Powers by its division, since the break-up of the Roman Empire, into independent States, frequently hostile one to another, and controlled by foreign powers. The important northern provinces of Lombardy and Venetia were, at the time of the Crimean War, under Austrian rule, and Austrian influence was supreme almost throughout the country.

This practical effacement of the collective political influence of a great nation was strongly resented by all the worthiest Italians. Of this dissatisfaction, Napoleon, in his first campaign in Italy in 1796, made use, in order to strengthen his attack on Austria; he thus fanned a flame which continued burning long after his fall. It burst out amid the convulsions of 1848; but was crushed out by

Austria in the north and by the occupation of Rome by French troops.

All this was taken into account by a Piedmontese statesman of the first rank, Count Cavour. He saw plainly that there was no hope for the liberation and unification of Italy except by military victory over Austria, the powerful patron of the princes who divided the country between them. In search for a deliverer, Cavour turned his thoughts towards France and England, and was glad to become their ally in the Crimea. This brought him into contact with Napoleon III., whom he persuaded to strengthen his own position in France by acting the part of a liberator of Italy. The short war of 1859 was the result. Lombardy was rescued from Austria, and joined to Piedmont and Sardinia. This startling blow at the dominant foreign power roused the nation, and evoked a movement which eventually brought the whole country under the sway of the one Italian State which had proved itself to be a friend to liberty and constitutional rule. Thus was added to the family of European nations another Great Power.

At the time of the French Revolution, Germany also was divided into a very large number of practically independent States, under native princes of whom the most powerful was the Archduke of Austria, who was also king of Bohemia and of Hungary, and bore, as the Head of the German race had borne for a thousand years, the strange title of Roman Emperor. He thus claimed, as a long succession from Charles the Great in A.D. 800 had done, to be a successor of the ancient Emperors of Rome. A powerful second was the Elector of Brandenburg, who was also king of Prussia, which, like Hungary, was outside the limits of Germany. Then came the Electors of Bavaria, Saxony, and Hanover, and a multitude of minor princes. All these were bound together by a common language, literature, and history: which, however, did not prevent wars between

them, such as that in which Frederick II. of Prussia snatched from Austria the important province of Silesia, in defiance of a pledged promise.

This division practically effaced Germany as a European Power. The minor German princes were sometimes in alliance with France against the Imperial power of Austria. So complete was the disunion that at the time of the French Revolution the sense of German nationality seemed to be lost or dormant.

At first, many Germans looked with sympathy on those who in France claimed the rights of manhood as against the oppression of the privileged classes. This sympathy was crushed out by the terrible sufferings caused by Napoleon's frequent invasions of Germany. After his retreat from Moscow, the whole nation rose, in alliance with the unconquered Russians, against the Corsican: and in that brotherhood of arms, the German race recovered that consciousness of common interests which constitutes nationality.

The Congress of Vienna did something, but not much, to help forward the needed national unity. A German Confederation was set up, under the lead of the Emperor of Austria, the new title assumed by the Hapsburgs in 1806 instead of the obsolete title of Roman Emperor. The King of Prussia came next, then the kings of Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Wurtemburg, and other minor Princes, some thirty-nine in all. But this reconstruction failed utterly to give to Germany its true place among the nations of Europe.

These divisions were a serious hindrance to industrial development. In my own memory, when the railway was made from Frankfort-on-the-Main to Bad-Homburg, some nine miles, it had to pass through four States, with each of whom the railway company had to treat. And many were then living who remembered the time when there were custom-houses at each frontier. This great drawback the Prussian Government did something to remove by negotiat-

ing, in 1828-86, a customs union between itself and nearly all the minor States; excluding Austria, on whose frontier the custom-houses remained. This taught the minor States to look up to Prussia, rather than to Austria, as their head. This influence was increased by the fact that all the Prussians were German except perhaps two millions of Poles; whereas in Austria the German population was not more than a fourth of the whole.

This intercourse between the most German States strengthened the desire for still closer union which culminated in the widespread uprising in 1848. By a national assembly at Frankfort, the German crown was offered to, and refused by, the King of Prussia. But the whole movement passed, as in Italy and Hungary, without visible result. This desire for German union, real though latent, was quickened by the rapid unification of Italy in 1859-60; and at the critical moment a great statesman was found to do for Germany what Cavour had already done for Italy.

On the death of Frederick William IV., in January, 1861, his brother, who for some years had been acting as regent, became king as William I.; and at once, himself a born soldier, set to work to create, in spite of much opposition, a powerful Prussian army. In September, 1862, he placed at the head of his Government, Otto von Bismarck, who, like Cavour, was brought into public life by the revolutionary movement of 1848, and who had already represented Prussia in the Diet at Frankfort, and was afterwards ambassador in St. Petersburg and in Paris.

It soon became evident to Bismarck, as to Cavour, that for Germany no less than for Italy, there was no hope of national unity except by forcible ejection of Austria. This was brought about by a marvellous series of events. Austria was drawn into alliance with Prussia in order to settle an old dispute between the King of Denmark and his German subjects in Holstein and Schleswig. This was followed by misunderstanding, and then war between the two Ger-

man Powers. Nearly all the minor German States joined with Austria. But Italy, eager to win from Austria the Italian province of Venetia, took the side of Prussia. In what is correctly called the Seven Weeks' War, Austria and the smaller States were utterly defeated. This rapid victory taught the Germans that what Piedmont-Sardinia had been to Italy, Prussia was to them, viz.: their natural leader.

Another equally marvellous step soon followed. Fear of Napoleon III., who was ever seeking to strengthen his dynasty in France by extending its frontiers, moved the minor German States to ally themselves with the military power of Prussia as their best defence against his designs. And this alliance was soon further developed, through the folly of the French Government, which in 1870 needlessly provoked a war with Prussia and Germany. The total defeat of the French was followed by the consolidation of the whole of Germany outside of Austria under the leadership of the King of Prussia, and his assumption of the title of German Emperor. Thus the sudden addition of Italy to be the sixth Great Power of Europe was, with equal suddenness, followed by the rise of the smallest of these Great Powers to the position of the greatest military Power in the world. Within the short space of fifteen years, the political aspect of Europe was completely changed.

A few years after the Franco-German War, the condition of the Christians still under Turkish rule claimed attention. In the autumn of 1875, after intolerable oppression, the Christians in Bosnia and Herzegovina rose in revolt, or crowded across the Austrian frontier in order to escape barbarous cruelties. All this aroused sympathy and indignation in the kindred races of Serbia and Russia: and the starving refugees became a heavy burden to the Austrian Government. In consequence, the Austrian Chancellor, in concert with those of Russia and Germany, began to prepare a scheme of reforms to be pressed on the Sultan as a means

of conciliating the insurgents. This remonstrance would probably have been effective had not the Sultan known that he had, in spite of this terrible misrule, a powerful defender in the head of the British Government. The Turk made profuse promises: but the barbarities continued.

Remonstrance having failed, the three Imperial Chancellors drew up another note, threatening 'effective measures' to compel the Sultan to obey their commands. This proposal was at once sent to the British, French, and Italian Governments, asking their co-operation. The last two at once agreed. After some delay, the British Government sent a decisive refusal; without any alternative proposal. To make this refusal the more significant, a British fleet was sent to the Dardanelles, to the position taken immediately before the Crimean War. Thus the British Government broke up the concert of Europe, and prevented any definite action on behalf of the Christians in Turkey.

In May, 1876, Europe was startled by letters in the *Daily News* describing awful massacres of Christians in Bulgaria. This report was ridiculed by the British premier as 'coffee-house babble.' But other evidence compelled further inquiry: and the British Secretary of Legation at Constantinople, sent to investigate, confirmed fully its truth. Yet in spite of this confirmation, the British Government maintained its attitude of supporting the Turk against compulsion, the only influence for which he cared. Various negotiations followed; all rendered futile by this British support.

The widespread sympathy of the Russian nation made it impossible for their Government to leave their kinsmen, members of the same Eastern Church, in the murderous grip of their cruel oppressors. The refusal of England to co-operate in a forcible relief left for Russia no alternative except war. After a serious and costly struggle, the Russian army arrived in January, 1878, at the gates of Constantinople, and in March the treaty of San Stephano was signed, in which

Turkey surrendered, directly or indirectly, nearly the whole of its European possessions. Through the strenuous support of the British Government, part of the rescued territory was, at the Berlin Congress in July, 1878, thrown back into the clutches of the Turk.

The excuse for this support of a barbarous oppressor was a fear lest the rescued territory might fall under Russian authority. But the rescued Bulgarians revealed a fitness for liberty and for constitutional government for which no one had given them credit. They resolutely refused to become the slaves even of their liberators. Within thirty years, these down-trodden peasants, who until their liberation had gained for themselves nothing except pity, have created an independent, well-governed, and fairly educated State, a definite enrichment to the European family of nations.

In the recent Balkan War, Greece, Serbia, and Bulgaria, at last acting in concert after long suspicion and hostility, defeated utterly the Turkish armies, and threatened Constantinople. Unfortunately, in the hour of victory the allies quarrelled, and with disastrous results. But, in spite of all this, the last century has witnessed a transformation of the hopeless desolation of what was then European Turkey into a group of four progressive nations, viz., Rumania, Serbia, Greece, and Bulgaria; all full of hope for a prosperous future. And we have already seen that the same century has witnessed the union of Italy as an organized and independent State, and a transformation of the obsolete and impotent fiction of the Holy Roman Empire into the modern and very powerful German Empire. All this notes a definite advance in the constitution and well-being of Europe.

The above review reveals the importance of nationality as a powerful force in the aggregate life of men. Accurately to define this term is not easy. But undoubtedly the efforts of Cavour and Bismarck for the unification of

Italy and Germany were greatly helped and made successful by a national consciousness in each case of common interests which made political union very desirable for their highest development. Among these common interests, we note a common language, literature, and traditions. To these were added, in the case of Italy, geographical separation from other countries, by mountains and seas. The efforts of Cavour and Bismarck succeeded because they were in harmony with the interests of all parties concerned. The effort of Napoleon to make France the Overlord of Europe failed because it was an attempt to trample underfoot the great principle of nationality. On that rock his ship struck, and sank. This is a solemn warning to modern Germany not to try to bring reluctant Christian nationalities under its sway; and, to other Governments, not to attempt to separate from Germany any population which wishes to be under German rule.

In the Balkan Peninsula, the last century has given us a remarkable proof of the vitality and strength of small nationalities. But here the principle of nationality is surrounded and modified by special difficulties. In South-Eastern Europe the chief badge of nationality is language. And the various languages are strangely intermingled. Frequently geographical and commercial convenience seems to contradict the racial instinct. For example, all round the coasts of the Ægean Sea, the Greeks abound; but in some parts the country inland is Bulgarian. In all such cases, nationality must be taken into account, but must not always be allowed to decide. The only way of peace is for each Government to treat with scrupulous fairness subject populations of another race. Of such fairness, a good example is found in French Canada.

The absence of a common nationality is a conspicuous and serious weakness of the Austrian Monarchy. It embraces some millions of Germans, and some Italians; also some millions of Poles and other Sclavic races; and all

the Hungarians and the Bohemian Czechs. And I cannot doubt that in this chaos of nationalities, and fragments of nationalities, Austrian rule has in the past and on the whole been a benefit. Of this, a conspicuous example is Bosnia, where for many years it has given peace and progress in place of the awful desolation under Turkish rule.

Another proof of the strength of the principle of nationality is the continued vitality of the Polish race, mentioned above, in spite of persistent and powerful efforts to extinguish it. The most pathetic example is that of the Armenians, an ancient race and Church, the only distinctively Christian race in Asia; to whom the past year has been the darkest page of a terribly dark history. It is with deep remorse that we remember that these continued sufferings are due to the perverse policy of the British Government at the Congress of Berlin in giving up the Armenians to their cruel oppressors with a sham promise of protection which was never fulfilled. Their only hope now is the advance of the Russian army.

A marked feature of the last century is the immense development of the English-speaking race; with a sure prospect of further development in the century before us. The population of the United Kingdom has increased from some 20 to 45 millions; the United States of America from some 10 to more than 90 millions. To these must be added some seven millions in Canada, and more than five millions in Australasia. Nearly all these speak the English language, read English books, and are under similar social and religious influences. Naturally, different geographical conditions evoke, in different parts of the world, somewhat different developments. But, wherever the English language is spoken, there is an increasing consciousness of common interest and ideals.

This immense growth of one language is a most remarkable feature of the social condition of the human race. It

has been caused, in great part, by geographical and historical influences. The vast continent of North and South America was for long ages separated from the rest of the world by the impassable Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. This great house was thus kept comparatively empty, occupied only by scattered races possessing only a rudimentary civilization.

Its door was opened by Columbus and other navigators at the close of the fifteenth century; and the nations of Europe struggled for its possession. Spain was first in the field; then followed the English and the French. After various fortunes, the part of North America most suitable for Europeans fell into British hands. And, although the larger part of it revolted against, and broke away from, British rule, a vast domain within the temperate zone became the home of English-speaking people. This great domain contains already, in the United States, twice as many inhabitants as do Great Britain and Ireland; and it has room for many more. Practically this vast multitude speaks, or will soon speak, the English tongue.

Events in the eighteenth century gave to Britain the vast dominion of India, containing now more than 300,000,000 of inhabitants. Since that time, the control of the ocean has given to it South Africa and Australasia. Last of all a wonderful series of events, reaching up to the outbreak of the present war, has given to Great Britain control over the entire valley of the Nile, stretching for some 3,000 miles from the lakes of central Africa to the Mediterranean Sea. All this marks out for the English-speaking race, under whatever political conditions the future may reveal, the first place among the races of mankind. The vast domains of Russia, containing immense material resources, as yet only in part developed, also suggest irresistibly a great future for that race.

Another important feature of the last century has been

the impact of European civilization on the unprogressive life of Asia. Of this, the most remarkable case has been Japan, the earliest Asiatic race to discover the immense superiority of the Christian nations, and to appropriate its material elements. Educated in European and American schools, this brave nation recently defeated the colossal empire of Russia. We watch with interest for the tardy development of the immense resources of China, which with its splendid coast line, its grand rivers, its fertile soil, and good climate, and its immense mineral resources, has stood still for two thousand years while the Christian nations have gone forward. We also wait to see the effect on India of English thought and life.

Reviewing the whole century, since the battle of Waterloo, we note in all the Christian nations general progress, varying in degree; but in all non-Christian races stagnation or decay, except so far as, like India and Japan, they have come under the influence of Christian races. A very marked feature is the absolute incapacity for progress in all Moslem races. During the last century, the vast Turkish empire in Europe, Asia, and Africa, has fallen, or is falling to pieces. The Christian provinces which have broken from it have had, in spite of their awful degradation under Turkish rule, a fair measure of progress. The Moslem provinces, from Egypt to Morocco, gained little or nothing by their escape until they came under English or French rule. Algiers was an intolerable den of robbers until it was occupied by the French. In Egypt a remarkable adventurer, Mehemet Ali, set the Sultan at defiance, and founded a dynasty under which the country sank into deepening confusion until it came under British control, and entered at once a path of continuous progress unknown before in any Mohammedan country. India was in social chaos until it came under British rule. The immense resources of China are still undeveloped. And the marvellous uprising of

Japan is acknowledged by the Japanese to be due to lessons learnt from the Christian nations.

The sustained monopoly of progress by the Christian nations, in contrast to the stagnation or decay of all others, is the most conspicuous element in the history of mankind. It is a distinguishing feature of Modern as contrasted with Ancient History. For even the Roman Empire was erected on the ruins of Roman liberty, and contained from the first the seeds of decay. This great contrast must be due to the Christian religion: for this is the only element which the Christian nations have in common as distinguished from others. It cannot be explained by race or geographical advantages. For China, with every advantage, has stood still while Siberia, with every disadvantage, makes slow but real progress. The condition of the Christian and non-Christian nations to-day and during the past century thus reveals in Jesus of Nazareth an impulse which has turned the whole course of human thought and life, from the ruin into which in His day our race was helplessly sinking, into a new path of sustained progress.

This argument is no excuse for the many evils prevalent in all Christian nations. Indeed the material benefits which, as by-products, have followed the Gospel of Christ may do harm by concealing its real spiritual significance. The first task of the Church is to breathe the Spirit of Christ into all departments of our national life. Its next duty is, by all available means, to convey to all nations the material benefits and spiritual blessings which have given to the Christian nations their pre-eminence.

A century ago, Europe was rejoicing in peace after long and terrible wars. Until less than two years ago, a review of the past century was not only very favourable, but gave good hopes for the future. The struggles of Italy for liberty and national union were watched with sympathy by nearly all Englishmen. The consolidation of Germany was also

welcomed, as an element of apparent security for the peace of Europe. Suddenly all was changed by Germany's declaration of war against Russia. In a document published by that Government, the only reason given is that, in consequence of an Austrian attack on the capital of Serbia, Russian troops were being mobilized. This was immediately followed by a declaration of war against France, and by an invasion of Belgium, a small State whose integrity the Prussian Government had guaranteed, and in 1870 had scrupulously respected.

Whatever danger to Germany or Austria was involved in the Russian mobilization might have been securely guarded against by counter mobilization. Any sudden attack by Russia was made impossible by geographical distances. These declarations of war, followed at once by the invasion of Belgium, leave with the German Government the entire responsibility for the awful desolations and bloodshed caused by the present war. For this terrible crime, it must answer at the bar of history and of God.

In this unprovoked attack on France, the Prussian Government, now dominant in Germany, has followed the example of the national hero, Frederick II., whose first act, on ascending the throne, was an unprovoked invasion of Silesia, a province of a monarchy whose integrity his father had recently promised to respect. In so doing, he laid down the principle that a nation's promises are not binding beyond the present reign. The same king was a party to the conspiracy which led up to the first partition of Poland. But all this belongs to a century long gone by. It is a terrible disillusion to find that this policy of sudden violence is followed by Frederick's successor in our own day.

In spite of this deep shadow, and the serious consequences which in any case must follow the present war, we look forward to the future with confidence. Many indications point to great coming developments in Asia, Africa, and America. And the action of the British Government in

resisting at immense cost this unprovoked attack on Belgium and France will ever be honoured as a worthy sequel to the resistance of our fathers which culminated in the fall of Napoleon. The real object of pity to-day is the great nation which has allowed itself to be beguiled into a course of action which on the page of history will be an abiding disgrace.

On the whole subject I warmly commend the two volumes placed at the head of this paper. The former gives an accurate, clear, and interesting account of the history of Europe from the outburst of war which followed the French Revolution to the Congress of Berlin in 1878. The latter gives a vivid and correct account of the rise of the modern German Empire, the remarkable uprising of Bulgaria, the events leading to the English occupation of the valley of the Nile, and other events in the years 1870–1900. Also very useful are two volumes on Poland commended in this REVIEW for October last. These works will well repay careful study in the present great crisis in the history of Europe. While this article was in preparation, a volume appeared entitled *Forty Years in Constantinople*, by Sir Edwin Pears, who for many years was President of the European Bar in that city, and wrote the letters which, in the *Daily News*, called attention in 1876 to the Bulgarian atrocities. He remained there until, after the outbreak of war with Great Britain, he was arrested; and was liberated through the influence of the American Ambassador. The book is a most interesting picture of all the most interesting events in Constantinople during the last forty years.

JOSEPH AGAR BEET.

Notes and Discussions

THE JUDGEMENT OF COMMON SENSE

IN the Introduction to *Clue: a Guide through the Greek to the Hebrew Scriptures*, the very learned writer discusses the question of the right of the 'unlearned,' after the work of the translator has been done, to join in the verdict as to the precise meaning of the text. He likens it to a case of trial by jury and says, 'It seems intolerable that on points vitally affecting the religion and spiritual development of the multitudes the ultimate judgement should rest with a few linguistic or theological specialists. The truth is that what is called the higher criticism is simply scientific investigation submitted to the judgement of Common Sense.'

It is a striking statement, but it suggests the questions what is Common Sense? and what appeal does Holy Scripture make to this side of man's understanding?

About the middle of the eighteenth century certain philosophers were found questioning whether any of the so-called facts of life were capable of proof, and they thus brought all speculation to a deadlock. It was then settled that such things as were apparent to one or other of the five senses must be taken for granted; and 'the Common Sense' thus became an agreed starting-point. The expression then coined was quickly borrowed and made to stand not for facts, but opinions, upon the assumption that there are certain views which are so impossible of rejection that all men hold them in common. The claim of course is an absurdity, because it is well known that wherever opinion is possible, opinions will differ, and in merciful recognition of this incapacity for all men to see eye to eye, we are, in the things which really matter, permitted to walk by faith and not by sight.

What then is meant when one says that such and such is the Common-sense view? Does it imply that the speaker really believes that all men hold it? I think not! Does it even commit him to the view that anybody else agrees with him? No; the utmost we may assume is that it is the speaker's opinion, and if not yours also he holds that it ought to be. You may know also that he is at a loss to advance any real argument to sustain his claim or to justify his beliefs. It is not in fact Common Sense which is offered, but individual sense a little unduly projected; and this form of argument proves nothing, convinces nobody, and where successfully employed is a form of intellectual bullying which ought to be discouraged.

It is urged that strictly to submit a matter to the judgement of

Common Sense is an impossibility; the thing possesses no voice and in fact doesn't exist—nevertheless we will make the attempt.

It is a necessary preliminary that the translators should all be agreed as to the correct rendering, and it is believed that such agreement exists in the passage following: 'Again the devil taketh him into an exceeding high mountain and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and saith unto him All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me. Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan, for it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.'

Now it is claimed that the following are Common-sense views:—In no circumstances would our Lord have consented to accompany Satan anywhere, much less to fall down and worship him. There is no mountain in Judaea or elsewhere from which all the kingdoms of the world are visible. The kingdoms of this world were not Satan's to offer, and our Lord knew it, even as we know it. Common Sense recognises no such personality as Satan, and in this connexion the last word has been said by a learned French divine, the Rev. Dr. Réville, who proves conclusively that the world has not, and never had knowledge of any such being.

Common Sense in this case, it is urged, is completely destructive of the text. It will not do to say that the language is figurative, for we cannot so escape the argument, that with nothing to offer, no one to offer it, and with no possibility of acceptance in any event, *there was no temptation*. The whole thing is made meaningless. Common Sense thus may destroy, but can it here suggest any solution of the difficulties created, and make this story live? It is claimed that it cannot.

There is a way by which justice may be done to this narrative, but it involves the rejection of Sense as the standard of test and substitutes the comparison of fact with fact.

A fair trial must follow the approved lines, and in a Court of Justice the truth or otherwise of a charge is pronounced after the hearing of evidence, and evidence consists not of expressions of opinion, but of actual experience. The procedure which men in their wisdom have settled for the ascertainment of the truth in their own affairs is precisely the treatment which Scripture claims for the statements it makes concerning things spiritual, and it ought in common fairness to be conceded. The call is for 'Witnesses of the Truth,' and not for 'opinions,' and the comparison, as St. Paul says, is to be of spiritual things with spiritual things.

When all the evidence has been adduced, it will be pieced together by those having conduct of the proceedings, and will be accepted or rejected as the case may be. But concerning the verdict, who possesses the right to pronounce this? A jury is composed of the peers of the one on trial, that is, those of his own country and condition, and to whom a like experience is possible. Pending the constitution of a Court of sufficient standing to try the Holy Writers

it would be wise to suspend judgement, and leave the world with merely a presentment of the case.

We will attempt this procedure with the passage which has been quoted. It purports to be the statement of an experience of our Lord's on earth, and in His own words, for no one else was present. We are in doubt as to what the words mean and of what sort was the experience, and therefore would present it for trial in the ordinary way.

Now the main doubt centres round the personality of Satan, and his methods of operation. If reliable evidence of these things is procurable the problem is settled and the statement stands or falls. There are certain facts which are common ground, and we need not trouble to prove them. They are, that the world has no knowledge of Satan, and that he does not appear in physical form or act openly. It was never seriously claimed otherwise, and the case in point does not assert it, as will be argued later. Satan, then, could only be an unseen personality, acting in secret, and by mere suggestion to the mind, concealing his identity under the guise of the man's own thoughts. His function is to destroy the souls of men.

According to rule the evidence required must be sought from those who claim to have encountered him; but having made this claim we may challenge their credibility. The majority of mankind make no such claim, and have therefore nothing to prove, after the admissions above made. In this circumstance there is nothing surprising, for it may be there was no occasion for any such encounter. If the enticements of the world or the allurements of the flesh are alone sufficient to hold men's souls in bondage, interference would tend only to defeat its own ends, for it might result in disclosure, and even the wicked might be frightened if conscious of Satan's presence. When the other two forms of temptation have been conquered, then there is occasion for such interference, and a creditable witness must give proofs.

Such witnesses there are, and their evidence is conveniently collected in the Scriptures, and this evidence we may briefly recapitulate. At the outset we find that there were none who suspected any such influence at work in the world; but gradually a suspicion dawns. Men who were deeply concerned with spiritual matters and recognized the dangers of the world and the flesh, detected a third influence at work which they could not explain. In their ignorance they attributed it to Jehovah. It was God who hardened Pharaoh's heart; it was God who put a lying spirit into the mouths of the prophets of Ahab. This idea prevailed until the time of the Captivity. Men's spiritual instincts are quickened in affliction, and the Persian conception of an evil spirit at once laid hold of the Jewish mind. It was not God who tempted to evil, but Satan. The Satan of the Book of Job appears, but even there he is no more than the Ahriman of the Persians; and this was the conception at the time of Christ. It was an influence unseen, unknown, vaguely named Satan, concerning itself only with the few. With incomplete knowledge a fuller revelation was to be looked for from Him.

The revelation is offered in the text, and the evidence already at hand was sufficient to enable the jury to whom the fresh testimony was offered to decide for themselves whether what was said was true or otherwise.

After a forty days' fast in solitude, the world and the flesh were of no account; and if the battle were not to be lost it was high time for Satan's interposition. By the light of the knowledge the Church then possessed we will read the story of the encounter.

We can picture our Lord in this period of solitude, meditating over all the occurrences of His earthly life and the human mind considering and weighing, as it will, the chances and possibilities of success in any scheme undertaken.

Here was one of humble origin, solitary and almost friendless, but nevertheless possessed of ideals and ambitions such as no man before or since has ever conceived, aiming in His life, not to benefit one family or race, but the whole family of mankind. His sympathies embraced all men everywhere.

Most men, and more especially in early life, have exalted moments; and resolutions then made settle their aims and more or less influence their course of life—or even mar life! One man at such a moment will climb to an eminence from which the needs of the community in which he lives are laid out before him. Another climbs higher still and discovers the claims of those in distant lands. According to the eminence attained, and the resolutions then made, one becomes active in municipal matters or benevolent work in his own locality; another sees the needs of all his countrymen and becomes a patriot; and yet another from a higher point discerns the condition of those in heathen lands and becomes a missionary.

History records that one man climbed higher than all before or since, and from that eminence all the corners of the earth were visible, and the needs and possibilities of all men everywhere; and His heart went out in sympathy to all. In His own words it is fittingly stated that He climbed into an exceeding high mountain, and saw all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. At such a moment the thought must occur to the mind, 'How can I best accomplish my purpose? How can I win them? How can I secure the end upon which my heart is set, that of benefiting and bettering them?' The form of answer the human intelligence, and the best human intelligence, would make to that inquiry, is not difficult to imagine. Would it not be in effect, that there seemed no prospect whatever of accomplishing anything if the present course were persisted in? Of humble position, with few friends, and at variance with both the temporal and spiritual powers, what possibility is there of his exercising any lasting influence? The first step towards success in all good work is to make many friends and extend one's personal power—so says Common Sense! A king would stand a better chance and has greater opportunities than a peasant; is it wise to reject that offer?

Common Sense would undoubtedly have advised the accept-

ance of the kingship, but had on this occasion Our Lord bowed down to and worshipped Common Sense, even as the world does, we see now that the issue would have been far different. But this was not the standard by which these things are to be judged, and the question was not what is the sensible view, but what is God's Will (and those who accept this standard have the Will revealed to them); and it at once became apparent that although seemingly contrary to all reason, a refusal was God's Will. The suggestion not being God's Will, its origin became apparent, and the Man of Sin stood revealed

It is urged that there is nothing in the foregoing, though in the present-day language of the West, which violates the statement in the text. It was the deceiver who took Our Lord into the mountain —it was a deception! It was the deceiver who prompted certain thoughts—again it was a deception. As yet there was no revelation. The text does not claim that there was any visible or physical manifestation of a Satan; it allows there was not. There is nothing at variance with anything capable of proof to the contrary; only by the light of what subsequently happened the suggestions made are declared in advance not to have had their origin in truth. It is only when this proof is forthcoming that the statement is made, 'Get thee hence, Satan,' and we have the testimony that Satan was present.

By the light of the Temptation in the Wilderness it is urged that Common Sense possesses little value in the formation of Christian character, and that it is doubtful whether its influence in this connexion is not wholly mischievous.

By the light of the same story, and from the very nature of things, it is urged that when spiritual experiences are narrated Common Sense has no idea what is being said; and if formula is needed to direct the efforts of the 'Higher Criticism,' should it not be Scientific Investigation, submitted to the test of spiritual experience?

SIDNEY ANDREW.

'THE INSECTS' HOMER'

IN the passing of Jean Henri Fabre, the eminent French naturalist, at the advanced age of ninety-two, every true nature lover is conscious of a great loss. Rarely has there appeared a man so sympathetically one with nature, so well versed in her fascinating lore, so patiently observant, so persevering in research. He was singularly reticent, preferring the retirement of his humble Provençal home, in the village of Sérignan, to the strong light of publicity; but though he sought to escape publicity, he did not escape renown.

Fabre's publication of the *Annales des Sciences Naturelles* attracted the attention of the savants of France, and he was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. The distinguished naturalist is best known, however, by his great work, entitled, *Souvenirs Entomologiques*, published between the years 1879 and 1907, in ten volumes.

This work embodies the diligent research and careful observations of a life-time; and contains, by the way, some delightful autobiographical sidelights upon the author's chequered career. Attractive English translations have been published in recent years of portions of this rich storehouse of information upon the work, habits, characteristics, exigencies, loves and hates of the inhabitants of the insect world.

Fabre was called by Victor Hugo the 'Insects' Homer,' and by this title he will be known to the great and growing host of his admirers. Here was a man who could claim 'to stand face to face with nature and the unknown.' Darwin described the gifted French naturalist as an 'inimitable observer.' Abundant proofs of his keen powers of observation and his passion for scientific truth are to be found in his charming and poetical descriptions of the insect life of Provence. To take an example: Fabre investigates the life history of a species of fly known as *Anthrax*. He ascertains that the insect is parasitic on the Mason-bee. By his diligent observation, he discovers that the egg is laid on the mortar exterior of the bee's nest. A slender worm-like grub emerges from the egg, and insinuates itself through a tiny crevice into the chamber which shelters the bee larva. It now changes its form, and assumes an organisation eminently fitting it for feeding upon the larva of the bee. The parasite is careful not to bite the larva, for that would involve its own destruction. It requires its food always fresh. It therefore fastens upon its victim, and for fifteen days sucks its substance till nothing but the skin remains. 'Its attack,' says Fabre, 'is a mere kiss; but what a traitorous kiss!' The marauder at this stage passes through another change of form, and becomes furnished with strong armour, by means of which it is able to hammer down the walls of its prison house, prior to its final change. The creature that penetrated the masonry of the bee as a feeble worm lives upon its generous host, acquires weapons to batter down its hospitable refuge, and emerges as a perfect *Anthrax*, to hover in the summer sunlight in the ecstasy of its new found freedom.

Fabre had a rooted objection to the use of technical terms, and we may well agree with him that some are simply barbarous. He thinks it strange that good people are only too happy to serve science by saddling a paltry insect with such a name as *Monodontomerus*. 'They cannot christen you a midge,' he says, 'without striking terror into you.' With the instinct of the true naturalist, he did not hunt insects to collect them, but to study them. 'I am not at all an experienced, and still less a zealous hunter,' he admits, 'for the insect interests me much more when engaged in its work than when stuck on a pin in a cabinet.'

This great naturalist possessed the rare gift of being able to impart to his observations of insect life the magic touch of romance. It is here that his genius more especially reveals itself. He refers to the naturalist Dufour as the 'Wizard of the Landes.' May he himself not very truly be styled the 'Wizard of Provence'?

Fabre was a naturalist of the old school. He could not see his way to accept the views of Darwin on Evolution, and treated the theory of mimicry with contempt. He agreed with Darwin that animals have a special sense of direction which is denied to mankind. The question why this wonderful sense should be the portion of the humble few, and man, the culminating achievement of the zoological progression, should be deprived of the gift, is one he cannot take seriously. With a touch of subtle irony, he declares: 'Our precursors were very ill-advised to let so magnificent an inheritance go: it was better worth keeping than a vertebra of the coccyx or a hair of the moustache.' In reference to Darwin he says, 'Though facts as I see them disincline me to accept his theories, I have none the less the deepest veneration for his noble character and his scientific honesty.'

We are given to understand by the Savant of Provence that the marvellous ingenuity and wondrous skill displayed by bees and wasps in the construction and provisioning of their nurseries are the outcome of 'an inevitable unconscious prompting.' Yet Fabre by experiment shows us that the Mason-bee, when ready to put the finishing touches to her workmanship, will turn aside to repair a breach made in the walls of her cell in her absence. She arrives bringing cement intended for a different task, sees the broken jar, and soon puts the damage right. Fabre admits that he has rarely witnessed such a sensible performance. On the other hand, he denies to the Mason-bee 'the smallest gleam of intelligence,' because it fails to puncture a paper bag, after having tunnelled through its cell of hardened cement. What shall we say of the wasp that dexterously avoids the fangs of the spider she desires to capture for her young? As she drags her victim by the leg from its retreat, she stings it between the fangs, so as to render it harmless. In a state of death in life, the flesh of the spider is preserved fresh for the waspling's banqueting hour. Although in some cases insects seem to us to act foolishly, are we justified in denying to these lowly creatures the gift of reason? Is there no evidence of intelligence, judgement, foresight, adaptation, purpose, in such operations as we observe continually taking place under our eyes? If we cannot always accept Fabre's conclusions, yet, because he is a writer of great originality, giving us the fruit of painstaking observation, he claims our attention and respect.

The subjects that fall within the scope of Fabre's lucid pen are somewhat varied in their character, and include the life-histories of bees, wasps, flies, locusts, moths, ants, beetles and insect parasites; besides studies in the habits of spiders, scorpions, and cats. These are all described with the minuteness of detail of the keen watcher, and sympathetic interpreter of nature. 'What a mighty artist is Life,' he exclaims, 'shooting her shuttle to weave the wings of the locust.' In his descriptive writing, one hears the hum of the bees, the buzz of the blue-bottle, the chirp of the cricket, the beetle's 'droning flight.' One sees with the eyes of the fascinated enthusiast

into the very heart of the active intelligent little creatures under discussion. We follow them into their most sacred precincts, and read their most profound secrets.

Lord Avebury by his experiments lent a new charm to the life of the ant. In like manner, the many experiments that enliven the pages of Fabre shed much light on the subject of Insect Intelligence, and enchance our interest in the life of the bee, the spider, the wasp, and the sacred scarab of the Egyptians. We come under the spell of these life stories, which embrace within their scope both the curious and the beautiful: the praying mantis, the shrieking cigale, the grey locust, the pine chafer, the caddis-worm, the elephant beetle, the emperor moth, the Languedocian scorpion, and the tarantula of Narbonne. In these pages, we see, gathering around the Insects' Homer, 'a company both numerous and select'; we hear that voice that sings in his ear, 'an untranslatable voice, softer than any language, bewildering as a dream'; we walk with Fabre in his Eden of bliss, the happy hunting-ground of his 'dear beasts,' and the insect life of Southern France becomes vital before our mental vision.

R. A. Ellis.

'THE RENASCENCE OF JESUS'

This is the arresting title of a volume by the Rev. J. R. Cameron, M.A., of Helensburgh (Hodder & Stoughton), which deserves close study. Our age has set its stamp on every realm of human thought and feeling. Art, science, philosophy, as well as faith, have been lifted into a new relation to each other and to the world in which we live. Mr. Cameron seeks to describe this transformation from within, and to apply its constructive principle to the solving or simplifying of the problem of the personality of Jesus. It is the paramount duty of the Christian Church to present that personality in such a way as will appeal to the life and thinking of the times.

The science of historical criticism is 'making or helping to make a rediscovery of the personality of Jesus.' It has set it forth more clearly than ever before. 'It has presented it anew, clothed in the atmosphere and colour of the first age, commanding and creative, moving on a various background of failure, passion, and perplexity. It has swept aside the obstacles, or most of them, which were once a cause of stumbling, and has lifted up the face of Jesus to our nearer gaze. It has evoked a kind of second advent. It has revived the primitive sense of wonder.' The many-sidedness of Jesus and the vastness of the world unfolded by the books of the Canon have won ampler recognition. He is the centre of the New Testament world, exercising sovereign sway over thought and life. The scientific sense has examined those documents, the historic sense has given new life and meaning to them. All this is gain to the revelation of Christ.

From Chalcedon (451) and on to the Reformation the trend of theology was to suppress the human and absorb it in the divine.

There was no question of a return to the historical Jesus. In Reformation days the humanity gained a prominence which it had never had before. Thought swayed backwards and forwards, but it tended towards the absorption of the divine in the human. The eighteenth century regarded itself as the Age of Enlightenment, though no other age has 'aroused such scorn for its superficial principles and points of view, its mechanism masquerading in the room of life, its boast and blight of unbelief searing the soul of poetry and the religious sense; its general greyness and dim and cheerless theory of things.' The question of the person of Jesus lost its mystery, yet there were 'vigorous uprisings like Methodism at home and Pietism abroad which expressed the reaction from itself which the enlightenment provoked.'

In our own age, at the touch of the historical spirit, the past is yielding up its treasures. It has 'rediscovered Jesus.' He is seen to be no monopoly of one generation. From age to age His personality constrains the lives and minds of men. The New Testament is a swift and deepening flow of thought and doctrine which strives to expound the fact of Jesus as it showed itself to different minds. The main thing in the writings of St. Paul and St. John is their sense and conscience of Jesus. The New Testament is but a series of responses to the one revealing voice of Christ. But He is fuller of meaning and mystery than other days could apprehend, and as He 'took possession of the highest and most historic thought of the ancient world so He must take possession of the highest and most historic thought of the modern world.'

Mr. Cameron finds a new note of spirituality pervading modern literature, modern art, and modern music. Wordsworth's lines, 'A sense sublime of something far more deeply interfused,' might be written over this age. There was a Renascence of Wonder, a waiting for the promptings of the Spirit that haunts the meadows, groves, and streams as a 'Presence.' Millet may almost be described as the Wordsworth of France. The peasant painter has the same feeling for Nature, the same sense of fellowship between it and man. Beethoven's idealism, his optimism, and his mystic faith link him also to Wordsworth. Art thus bears witness to the immanence of reason and shows that it is part of one great spiritual system.

The chapter on Modern Philosophy gives special attention to Kant and Hegel, T. H. Green, Bradley, and Bosanquet. The conclusion is reached that only a thorough-going Idealism can ever appreciate the magnitudes of God and man which the historic personality of Jesus involves. The atonement of the world, as R. L. Nettleship put it, is 'God eternally living in His own Death, eternally losing and eternally returning to Himself.' In Jesus we see 'God coming to His own in man, and man coming to his own in God; two initiatives mingling to produce a greater than before.' He holds a central place in history and in the cosmos. Every writer of the New Testament recognizes the vast significance of Jesus and sees that it emerges from His own consciousness. Mr. Cameron asks how

we are to expound the mystery of Jesus, so that it may have the magnitude of meaning that it has in the New Testament. It must be done in the language of the age. 'Neither the messianic nor apocalyptic modes of speech are kindred to the modern mind, and indeed one scarcely thinks it possible for the modern mind to think itself back into them and their distant shades of thought.' But the personality of Jesus is bound to no age and no group of witnesses. Grace is 'the creative secret of Jesus and the Gospels, of His Sonship and His Saviourhood, and it is precisely that which the creed of immanence, as it is found in the highest art and thinking of our age, is most concerned to reproduce.' For St. Paul grace and Christ were interchangeable realities. In the New Testament Jesus is 'clad in the fullness of this grace and truth, going about His Father's business communicating life, the gift of God in person.' That is the keynote of the Fourth Gospel and its philosophy. St. John got home to the secret of the personality as did no one else in the New Testament. 'If he works upon the work of Paul, he nevertheless outstrips him in the power with which he blends the historical and mystic factors of the faith. He interprets the Jesus of history in terms of the Christ of faith, and the Christ of faith in terms of the Jesus of history.' He sets the unique figure of the synoptists in a setting more or less of Pauline theology. This is done with a rare combination of knowledge and feeling. The Gospel embodies the writer's extraordinary vision of the spiritual immensity of Jesus.' Yet he brings out 'his filial subordination and dependence on the initial will of God.' A great opportunity is before the Church of to-day. Our new historic and psychological interest, with our intimate views of Nature as akin to man, with our constructive type of philosophic thought—the rich inheritance of all the past—fits and impels us to re-interpret Christ. To re-translate the Fourth Gospel 'in terms of the modern principle of immanence, a principle which is rid of the dualism that harbours in the Logos,' helps us to gain 'the history and the mysticism which are the essential elements of the faith once delivered to the saints, and all that besides which belongs to the history and the mysticism, but which the Logos was unable to express. We gain a richer and a truer image of the personality of Jesus, more in keeping with the vision of His grace and truth, as that has grown not less but larger with the progress of the suns, "the Christ that is to be." . .' We can afford to lose nothing that augments our love of Christ. The Cross is the central and endless thing in Jesus, and His unsearchable riches are now needed in the battlefield and in the home of pain and mourning as they were never needed before. The servants of Christ are called on to glorify their Master by bringing Him in His matchless grace and truth to all the souls that He has purchased by His sacrifice of Himself.

THE EDITOR.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Conduct and the Supernatural. By Lionel S. Thornton, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

MANY will be grateful to Mr. Thornton for his Norrisian Prize Essay. Its object is to examine and criticize certain ethical systems which illustrate the modern reaction against Christian ideals, and to offer in apologetic form an argument for the supremacy of the Christian ethic. The survey of the causes that have led to this reaction is of great interest. Mr. Thornton says, 'As Christians we cannot admit, even in respect of the smallest detail of human conduct, that the Christian way of life is in the least degree inadequate, unpractical, or ephemeral; either that it fails to meet all the needs of human nature, or that it is rendered obsolete by the changes which time brings.' Nietzsche was the first thinker of modern times who deliberately advocated a return from Christian to pagan morality, and his teaching is subjected to acute criticism. 'He was exactly the sort of man who might have become a tower of strength to Christianity, if he had but once caught a glimpse of its power.' But he failed to 'see the gigantic stature to which the spiritual man may grow.' He did not really believe in ordinary human nature, yet it was the only material which he could get, and he took for granted that it could cut a pathway for itself to a supreme destiny. Mr. Thornton examines the method by which the superman is to be produced, and shows how in Nietzsche's own case, 'in spite of a brave attempt, the Natural Man failed to provide the hopeful solution which he desired.' Some pages are given to John Davidson, the poet, who uses the plea of being natural as 'the justification of every kind of cruelty, perfidy, and anti-social conduct.' Nor does 'Socialism' save the Natural Man from failure. This is proved by an examination of the teaching of Bernard Shaw and of H. G. Wells, who 'stands very much nearer to Christianity' than the other three writers. Mr. Houston Chamberlain has laboured to prove that the whole conception of a revealed moral law, external to ourselves and claiming our obedience, is foreign to Christianity. The failure of his attempt to base the Christian ethic on the Natural Man is forcibly shown and some features of his system which seem to be subversive both of religion and morality are pointed out. Our search for the foundations of conduct thus drives us from the natural to the supernatural. The gospel of Christ alone meets the need. By supplying a supernatural foundation for conduct, it empowers it

to become truly natural. Mr. Thornton describes the antagonism to sin as the ascetic principle which seeks not to suppress man's vitality but to quicken and direct it, and bring the Christ-self to its full development. The anti-Christian view of sex is discussed and condemned. 'Christianity takes its stand neither with the pagan worship of the natural life nor with Oriental nihilism; it comprehends the truth of both, while rejecting their errors.' This is a book for thinkers, a strong, sane, suggestive, and exhilarating discussion of the work of religion in making men.

The Holy Catholic Church: The Communion of Saints. A Study in the Apostles' Creed. By Henry Barclay Swete, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Prof. Swete's book gives the substance of lectures delivered to his students at Cambridge in 1913–14. The importance of such a study cannot easily be exaggerated, and the case for the Church of England could scarcely be put more clearly or more impressively. Those who do not accept the 'historic episcopate' will not be able to follow Dr. Swete in all his statements. The signs of the working of the Divine Spirit in non-episcopal Churches are ungrudgingly recognized, but it is held that they lack the note of unity which characterizes the historical Church. 'Churches, in the strict and Scriptural sense, they are not.' Churches that 'retain the great Sacraments, the doctrine of the Catholic Creeds, and the succession of the historical Episcopate' are Catholic, but that title 'must be denied to bodies which, however great their spiritual efficiency, do not fulfil these necessary conditions of genuine Catholicity.' The same conclusion is drawn from the note of apostolicity. It is when Dr. Swete comes to discuss the question of the ministry that his case breaks down. He practically admits the Nonconformist position when he talks of 'presbyter-bishops' presiding from the first at the weekly Eucharist, and acknowledges that 'in the New Testament, certainly, and in other early documents, "bishop" and "presbyter" appear to be almost convertible terms.' That is the very fact on which John Wesley and those like him who cannot accept the 'historic episcopate' as Dr. Swete understands it or 'the monarchical episcopate' as he calls it elsewhere, base their argument.

As against the Papacy with its claim for 'subordination to a supreme authority other than that of Christ Himself,' we are in entire accord with Dr. Swete. His words on missionary work also are wise and well-timed. As to the future state he says, '"With the Lord," although not as yet in the completeness of human nature. This is the furthest point to which the New Testament carries its revelations of the state of the dead in Christ.' An instructive sketch is given of the development which this received by the great Christian teachers of the second and third centuries. As to prayer for the dead he says, 'At the present day it is used by a large minority, or

perhaps even a majority of well-instructed Churchmen, who at the same time loyally acquiesce in the exclusion of prayers for the departed from the authorized forms of public worship until such time as it shall please God to restore them to us.' He refers to the subject also in his 'Foreword.' The invocation of the Saints, however, is earnestly deprecated. There is much, of course, in this exposition which we cannot accept, but it is full of instruction as to many points in the development of Christian teaching, and it will be eagerly read and discussed by members of all communions.

Church and Nation. The Bishop Paddock Lectures for 1914-1915. By William Temple. (Macmillans. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The chapters of this volume were delivered as lectures at the General Theological Seminary, New York. Mr. Temple's name is well-known as a leader in the younger generation of clergy, and what he says is assured beforehand of attentive hearing. His present topic is 'the place of Nationality in the scheme of Divine Providence, and the duty of the Church in regard to the growth of nations.' An excellent subject, indeed; though too large for treatment in the few pages here allotted to it. For Mr. Temple has found room for a study of Justice and Liberty in the State, Holiness and Catholicity in the Church, and the Citizenship of Heaven, as well as the pursuit of his main theme. The core of the whole argument is found in the second lecture, which has already appeared as No. 19 in that excellent series, 'Papers for War Time,' of which Mr. Temple is editor. His ideal of the Church is a high one, and he is content that for the present his picture of a definite international Society, which should have nations for its provinces, teaching them their duty and hallowing everything in national life, should remain an ideal only.

We cannot profess to share the author's views as to what constitutes *the* Church of Christ, or as to the sense in which the unity and the catholicity of the Church are to be understood. We cannot accept the position that 'we are Christians, if at all, not through any act initiated by our own will, but through our being received into the Christian fellowship' *i.e.* by baptism. Nor can we believe that Mr. Temple's mode of securing unity by establishing 'within the united Catholic Church different Orders,—an Order of St. John Wesley and oh, irony of ironies! an Order of St. George Fox—is either possible or desirable. But the line of thought in these difficult questions which commends itself to an able mind like Mr. Temple's is well worth considering, and readers of very different types will find in this small volume plenty to set them thinking.

Religion and Reality: A Study in the Philosophy of Mysticism. By J. H. Tuckwell. (Methuen & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Amidst many signs of revived interest in mystical religion it is interesting to follow the efforts of a clear thinker to provide it with

a rational basis. Mr. Tuckwell is a philosophical as well as a religious mystic with gifts of fresh and luminous exposition. His aim is to show how we may be one with the Absolute without being absorbed therein, and losing the identity of the finite, and how the Absolute may be in us without losing His essential character of the One. He has found himself 'by a sort of compulsion or immanent dialectical necessity steadily advancing from the strict orthodoxy of one of the evangelical Christian Churches into which he was born, to that universal and inclusive view of religion presented by what may appropriately be termed philosophical mysticism.' In the course of this journey through which his alluring exposition carries us he deals first with the essential nature of Religious Experience. This is the quest for the Perfect. Here he depends upon its psychological and evolutionary exponents. Part II. of the volume deals at considerable length with the nature of Perfect Experience and the possibility and means of realizing it. Although the discussions of this section are conducted leisurely and lucidly, we found ourselves constantly wishing that Mr. Tuckwell had given us a careful synopsis of his argument either chapter by chapter or at the beginning of his work. The meagreness and vagueness of the chapter divisions constitute the main defect in a treatise which in detailed discussion presents thoughtful readers with a valuable, brightly written, and well reasoned contribution to the Philosophy of Religion. Professor William James's empirical and psychological systems of Pragmatism and Pluralism are cogently criticized and the values of Professor Bergson's *élan vital* carefully discriminated, though the lines of the book are throughout constructive rather than critical. Both these fascinating writers must pass into the metaphysical region before their systems adequately account for the implications of common religious experience. They never give us ultimate truth. 'The Ground of the universe, the Ultimate Reality, if it is to be conceived of as a unity at all, not only may be, but must be conceived of as a Perfect or Absolute Self.' Consequently Mr. Tuckwell's main inquiry is as to the character of the Perfect Self; and as 'there is but one direct experience of the one in the many open to us, namely the unity or identity of our own ego or self amid the manifold changes of its experiences, on the analogy of this fundamental experience all other conceptions are necessarily based.' Here effective use is made of Fechner's theory of race-memory, and of Walt Whitman's principle of 'exfoliation.' But when Mr. Tuckwell must state his conception of the Absolute Reality, it is a Self, but not a Person. Consequently 'we find we have arrived at precisely the same conclusion respecting the fundamental nature of the Absolute as was long ago reached by the Vedanta seers of India' (p. 152); it is 'a perfect immediacy revealing itself creatively in the finite, and somehow including all finite existence within itself and including it harmoniously' (p. 76). Hence Mr. Tuckwell's inability to give any real ethical significance to sin, which is 'a discrepant element within the being and nature of the Absolute, and existing to be overcome,

not, however, by being destroyed, but by being transmuted, by being made contributory to a higher harmony like discords in music, and so converted into a medium for the further disclosure of the Absolute's Perfection.' We do not wonder that Mr. Tuckwell writes, 'Our reply here is, we fear, all too inadequate';—a fatal admission for his theory! Metaphysically we may resolve the Many into the One, but ethically Mr. Tuckwell fails as others have failed. On the metaphysical side Mr. Tuckwell's discussions are fruitful in suggestion. He states his case better than he defends it; his interpretations reveal, perhaps, keen thinking rather than wide reading. But he has given us a fine book worthy of careful study, and written in a style sufficiently exhilarating for us to say that we have read each of its 312 pages without weariness.

Miscellanea Evangelica (*II.*). Christ's Miracles of Feeding. By E. A. Abbott, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 3*s.*)

The latest instalment of Dr. Abbott's great work on the Gospels is only a chapter. But it is as long as many respectable volumes and more instructive than many which are known as 'theological.' The main object of this section of *Diatessarica* is to show that 'where Luke alters or omits what is in Mark, John as a rule intervenes to support or explain Mark.' But Dr. Abbott is here concerned with one subject only, Christ's Miracles of Feeding, and apart from questions of detail concerning the mutual relation of the Evangelists, he has an interesting theme in our Lord's Doctrine of Bread. In particular, the connexion between Christ's earlier teaching and His institution of the Eucharist at the Last Supper is brought out. The materials are scanty, and Dr. Abbott makes the most of hints and guesses. But he is surely right in his contention that our Lord taught the people at many times and in many ways lessons concerning the true food of man. What Dr. Abbott calls the 'altruistic' as well as the eucharistic meaning of meals as taught by Christ is indicated in other places than the narrative of John vi. In the forty-two sections of this interesting monograph many side-issues are also touched on, such as the meaning of the basketfuls, the 'one loaf,' the 'passionateness of the Eucharist,' the significance of Testament, and the 'kiss of love.' Readers not familiar with Dr. Abbott's larger works will find in this volume a good illustration of his methods.

Dogma, Fact, and Experience. By A. E. J. Rawlinson. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Rawlinson was one of the Seven Oxford men who collaborated in the preparation of *Foundations*. One of the five essays in this present volume, that on 'The Resurrection and the Life,' was prepared as a supplement for an enlarged edition of that work which was at one time in contemplation. Mr. Rawlinson begins with a Study of Religion and Temperament, which shows that religion is

not the characteristic of a special type of temperament though its manifestations vary as temperaments vary. 'If Christianity is to be a religion for all men, then we must be able to say that the soldier in the trenches, the shoeblack at the street corner, or the sweated seamstress in her garret, can be as religious as the Benedictine in his cell or the nun at her prayers in the convent chapel.' The second essay attempts to define some of the issues raised by the Modernist controversy. It holds that the divorce of dogma from history cannot be made absolute, as the Roman modernists desired. 'Christianity is, and must incorrigibly remain, an historical religion.' As to the precise manner of the resurrection, Mr. Rawlinson pleads that there is room for a wise agnosticism. That conclusion we at least cannot welcome. In 'Our Lord's View of the Future' Mr. Rawlinson reaches the conclusion that the prophets and Christ Himself express the certainty of the Coming of the Kingdom 'in terms of an assertion of its proximity.' He holds that our Lord's vision was not mistaken, but was a picture of the future which in spirit has been and is being fulfilled. The last essay, on 'Clerical Veracity,' deals with the subject in a liberal spirit. It seems to us to need guarding more carefully at various points.

Evolution and Spiritual Life. By Stewart A. McDowall, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s.* net.)

Mr. McDowall, who is Chaplain and Assistant Master at Winchester College, has attempted in this and his earlier volume on *Evolution and the Need of Atonement* 'to look at the human being as a soul closely connected to a mechanism.' He has sought so far as possible to see eye to eye with the doctor and the common-sense man, while keeping steadily in view the conviction that the mechanism exists because of the soul, and not the soul because of the mechanism. Stress is also laid on the fact that 'neither soul nor mechanism is fixed: the one is growing through the activities of the other, and both are changing.' His first six chapters seek to elucidate the thought that matter is intimately connected with the limitation both of man's freedom and God's. The rest of the book deals with the every-day, wonderful certainties of religious life—prayer, sacraments, faith, providence and revelation, and the Christian community. Prayer is regarded as consistent with the process of man's self-realization in the acquisition of freedom; sacraments are the natural expression of man's recognition of the spiritual nature of all life. The whole conception of providence is summed up in St. Paul's phrase 'fellow workers with God.' It 'in no sense limits man's freedom, or helps him further than he wills to go.' Mr. McDowall sees 'reason to believe that the basis of the ideas of Providence and Revelation—both true ideas and full of deep meaning—is to be sought not in the intermittent action of an external God, but in the progressive movement of the human personality from the hopes of communion with a Great God to the certainty and knowledge of

communion with a God who is transcendent, yet also immanent, whose purposes are loving, and who is Himself Love.' The argument requires careful study, but it well repays it.

Studies in the Psalms. By the late S. R. Driver, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.*)

This volume, edited by Dr. Burney, the Oriel Professor, has been published in accordance with the late Dr. Driver's wish. It opens with an article on the Prayer-Book Version written for the *Prayer Book Dictionary*. That translation by Coverdale is 'wonderfully attractive; its style is bold and vigorous, and at the same time flowing and melodious; and its diction, while thoroughly idiomatic and of genuinely native growth, is dignified and chaste.' It has serious inaccuracies, but it has endeared itself to many generations.

Some lectures on the method of studying the Psalter follow. The first essential is an exact translation, the next is to discover the historical situation out of which a Psalm sprang, the third is to interpret the Psalm so that its unity may be preserved. These canons are applied in detailed discussion of the Messianic Psalms (2, 45, 72, 110, 11, 22, 16). Psalm ii. is Messianic 'through its describing an *ideal* rule, which, in a larger and more spiritual sense than the Psalmist's words actually suggest, was fulfilled by Christ.' The study in every case throws much light on the language and the meaning of the Psalm under consideration and will open the way to further personal study. Five sermons follow, based on Pss. 109, 8, 15, 72, and 78. The first, which deals with the questions presented by the imprecatory Psalm, and the last, which discusses the view which the Israelites held of a future life, are of special interest and importance.

A Voice from the Crowd. By George W. Pepper. (Milford. 1$ 50 net.)

This is the new volume of Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching, and for the first time the Corporation of Yale College has committed the duty to a layman. He is a lawyer who is able to look at the subject from the side of the congregation as well as the preacher. In his first lecture, on 'The Man in the Pew,' he has much to say about formalism and a mechanical method of address, and it is wisely and effectively put. He knows some men who profess themselves to be sermon-proof, but very much doubts whether they really are. 'The right preacher and the right moment may never have happened to be in conjunction.' The second lecture deals with preaching as speech intended to reveal God to men. The preacher must be convinced that he has something to offer which will mean light and leading to his hearers. The other lectures on Revelation through contact and through teaching, on the vision of unity and the Man in the Pulpit, are marked by sound sense and a high conception of the preacher's office and opportunity. It is a book for which every preacher will be grateful.

The New Infinite and the Old Theology. By Cassius J. Keyser, Ph.D. (H. Milford. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Keyser is Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University, and holds that Theology only needs to avail herself fully of the dispensations of advancing knowledge to regain her place of power and influence. He thinks that his own Science of Mathematics is especially qualified to assist in the restoration. Theology gets little encouragement or support compared with the physical sciences, which are able 'to vindicate their worth in the eyes of a tinkering and huckstering world,' but her domain is broader and grander than theirs and mathematics will help her to rule it. When theology 'learns to contemplate the innumerable infinitudes that science can understand, she will find that the hierarchy they constitute is a ladder for her, an endless ladder by which she may ascend higher and higher into a better and better sense of what she ought to mean by her own Infinitude, which at once o'ertops and includes them all.' The argument needs close study, but it is worth it.

The Church and the New Knowledge. By E. M. Caillard. (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Miss Caillard's object is to show the attitude which Christians should maintain towards the flood of new knowledge which is pouring in from every quarter. Her observations are confined to modern knowledge bearing directly upon man, physical, psychical, and social. The Church has to salt the results of secular culture with the salt of Christian understanding and leaven them with the leaven of Christian faith. The writer thinks that as states of mind are so intimately connected with conditions of health and disease, more attention should be paid to mental therapeutics, 'which has fully established its claim to be a great and successful curative agent.' It is characteristic of the higher animals to turn over an increasing number of functions to the control of the higher nerve centres. Mental habits of courage, initiative, and self-possession set man free to face the higher issues of life. Christ's claim to be the Ideal Man and the Divine Empowerer of man to attain that ideal is considered. The chapters on the Life of Prayer and on the Sacraments will help many. The goal of human evolution is the realized sonship of the race to God, and in that faith the Church has to work and overcome. If she is to accomplish her mission, her faith in the present enabling power of the Divine Spirit must be increased a thousandfold. It is suggestive and stimulating.

Messrs. Morgan & Scott's new publications appeal strongly to devout readers. Dr. Thirtle's study of *The Lord's Prayer* (5*s.* net) covers every side of the subject and gleans much illustration from contemporary sources. Canon Girdlestone has prepared a richly evangelical *Book of Prayers for the Home Circle* (2*s.* net), which will help forward that revival of family prayer on which Earl Roberts

set his heart. *Half Hours with Isaiah*, by J. P. Wiles, M.A. (*3s. 6d.* net), combines exposition and devotion in a way that has won the approval of the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Charles Brown seeks in *The War and the Faith* (*2s. 6d.* net) to relate the war to the facts of the Christian Faith, and to point out the present duty of the Christian Church. It is a suggestive and stimulating book. The Rev. E. Shillito, M.A., in his papers *Through War to the Kingdom* (*2s.* net), indicates the lines along which Christian service should move. The world is waiting for the values of Christ. The glorious inheritance and the eternal worth of the average man must be set forth with new earnestness. This study will encourage all who read it.

The Expository Times. Edited by the Rev. James Hastings, M.A., D.D., vol. XXVI. (T. & T. Clark. *7s. 6d.*) *The Expository Times* grows more indispensable every year. Its notes of Recent Exposition keep a busy preacher in touch with everything that throws light on the Bible, and its articles deal with the problems of the day in the most helpful and suggestive fashion. The 'Great Text Commentary' is as fresh and full as ever, and the notices of books supply a guide to the theological literature of the time and indeed to books of all kinds that a preacher wants to know about.—*Weapons for Workers.* By J. Ellis. (R. Scott. *2s.* net.) There is an astonishing amount of matter in this volume with its 822 outlines and illustrations, &c. Those who have to talk to children will find it very suggestive. They will also do well to get *Talks to Boys* by James Logan, M.A. (R. Scott, *2s.* net). They are weekly addresses given to schoolboys, and are full of wise and helpful counsel.—*Ten Minutes with the Bible.* (Stock. *1s. 6d.* net each.) This series is intended to guide the devotions of busy men and women. One volume is for Saints' Days, the other gives readings from St. John's Gospel and Epistles. They will help many.—*To Boys: Talks on Parade.* By J. Williams Butcher. (Allenson. *2s. 6d.* net.) There is the right ring about these addresses. They are the words of a real lover of boys who has long studied their ways and has got the key to their minds and hearts. They are full of home thrusts and lit up with happy incidents which make a strong appeal. The book will help all who have to talk to boys.—*New Tabernacle Sermons.* By T. de Witt Talmage, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. *6s.*) There are thirty-two sermons in this volume and they are all racy and full of allusion and incident. There is much plain speaking, much earnest appeal, and though we feel disposed to prune some of the preacher's periods he always keeps one's interest alive. Here is one word: 'Out of this audience to-day, how many will get to the shore of heaven? It is no idle question for me to ask, for many of you I shall never see again until the day when the books are open.'—*Meditations upon Christian Doctrine, Worship, Duty, and Experience.* (Kelly. *1s.* net.) The Rev. W. H. Heap has secured separate writers for the four sections of this little book, and each has provided thirteen meditations. The book is intended for class-leaders, but all speakers

will find much suggestive material put in a compact and suggestive form.—*The Credentials of the Cross.* By N. Deck, M.B. (Morgan & Scott. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) A doctor's words full of Christ and the saving efficacy of the Cross. Old truths are put in a fresh and forcible way. —*The Life Everlasting*, by Wilfrid J. Moulton (Kelly, 4*d.*), is a Christmas message to one who has lost a son in the great war. It dwells on the better home and the love of God in a very comforting and helpful way.—*Follow the Christ.* By George C. Leader. (Allenson. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Sixteen talks to boys about 'Jesus the boy, the patriot, the Saviour,' &c. They are full of good things, and will help boys to be followers of Christ.—*The Comrade in White.* By W. H. Leathem, M.A. (Allenson. 6*d.* net.) Four charming little sketches which show how Christ helps and comforts in human extremity. They are all tender and helpful.—*When God Came.* (C.M.S. 6*d.*) Studies of the Franciscan Movement, the Friends of God, and the Evangelical Revival lead up to the situation to-day. God will visit His people again, and they must be ready to yield themselves wholly to Him. It is a message for the times.—The Rev. T. S. Bond's Sermon before the New York Conference on *The Humanity, Royalty, Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ* shows that a hundred years ago New England was shaken from centre to circumference by those who denied our Lord's divinity. 'Orthodoxy seemed doomed. Every Congregational Church in Boston except the Old South and Park Street became openly Unitarian, and King's Chapel, the first Episcopal Church in New England, revised the Book of Common Prayer, eliminating every reference to the Holy Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.' Methodism did more than any other human agency to check this apostasy. We have read this sermon with admiration and gratitude.—*Immortality and the Future: The Christian Doctrine of Eternal Life.* By H. R. Mackintosh, Ph.D., D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.) This guide to the problems of Eschatology combines the interests of history and of faith. The historical development is sketched in five chapters. The first deals with the ethnic ideas of death and the future in primitive races, of whose 'universal and unfaltering assurance that death is not the end, there can be no question.' A passionate interest in the future life inspired the Greek Mysteries, and many elements of Orphic and Dionysian religion appear in Plato, in nobler form. The beliefs of Egypt, India, and Persia are briefly discussed. Eschatology in the Old Testament and Judaism is treated in the second chapter. 'When Jesus came the Pharisees perpetuated much of the loftiest faith attained in the long rich past, and it was natural that many of them should pass into the Christian Society.'

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Recollections of a Bishop. By the Right Rev. G. F. Browne (lately Bishop of Bristol). With Portraits. (Smith, Elder & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the record of 'a long and varied and happy life.' It is frank and intimate as befits such a chronicle, for it admits the reader into Dr. Browne's family circle, where his youngest daughter deliberately rolled up his trouser to see if the calf would look well in bishop's gaiters. We get even closer to the family life when Khama is entertained to luncheon at 2 Amen Court, by Dr. Browne, then Canon of St. Paul's, and is introduced to the Canon's wife and daughters. As the four tall ladies moved off to the dining-room, Khama took the lawyer son on one side, held his hand about the level of his head, and broke out into English: 'Sisters, ee-long.' The visit made a lasting impression, for when Queen Victoria asked Khama what had struck him most in England, he said, 'The ladies in a gentleman's house. If he and his people could have such an influence as that in their households it would indeed be well for their race.' The bishop was born in York in 1833, and has many pleasant things to tell us about his old school and the life of the city. For some time he was a master at Glenalmond, where he showed his mettle by restoring discipline to the Upper School. That meant thrashing the chief culprit round the room with his hockey stick, but the boy knew that he deserved it, and became one of his master's best friends. Ice problems and salmon-fishing filled many delightful little holidays, and one struggle with a monster salmon which, after ten and a half hours of excitement, broke the line with his tail and bore off the hook in his jaw, is a real epic. Mr. Browne went to Cambridge in 1868, and there as Proctor showed his art in managing undergraduates. His reputation as an archæologist was established by much ingenious work on inscriptions and crosses, of which a singularly interesting description is given. He did notable service as Secretary to the Cambridge University Commission, 1877–81, and for twenty-one years was secretary of local examinations. In 1891 Lord Salisbury offered him a Canonry at St. Paul's, and in 1895 he became Bishop Temple's Suffragan. His relations with his fine old chief were most cordial. He even ventured to talk to Dr. Temple about the stories current as to his sayings. At last came the question, 'Is the "just beast" story true?' He asked Mrs. Temple to fetch the letter, and Canon Browne read it but found no such expression. 'This isn't the letter,' was the obvious remark. 'Yes it is!' was the rejoinder. 'Y'r making the mistake the man made! You've not turned over the page.' At the top of the fourth page were the famous words: 'Temple's a beast, but he's a just beast.' No

doubt the father never saw them. The wealth of anecdote in the book is remarkable, and many a sidelight is thrown on leading events of the time and the celebrities with whom Dr. Browne was brought into intimate relations at Glenalmond, Cambridge, St. Paul's, and Bristol. It is the book of a true Englishman, full of humour and eager delight in life, and it cheers one's heart to read it in war time.

Charles Baudelaire: His Life. By Théophile Gautier. Translated with an Essay by Guy Thorne. With four photogravures. (Greening & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Gautier's friendship with Baudelaire began in 1849, and to him the poet's *Flowers of Evil* were dedicated. Sainte-Beuve told Baudelaire that he had taken Hell as his theme, and tried to wrest their secrets from the demons of the night. He had done his work 'with subtilty, with refinement, with a careful talent, and an almost meticulous surrender of expression,' in playing upon what is horrible. Sainte-Beuve invoked the angel which was in his friend and urged him to cultivate it. Gautier describes Baudelaire's appearance and his polished manners, and gives a sketch of his early life and travels before he settled as a literary man in Paris. His *Flowers of Evil* raised a storm of excitement and rumour. Gautier says, 'In painting the evils which horrified him, Baudelaire knew how to find the morbidly rich tints of decomposition, the tones of mother-of-pearl which freeze stagnant waters, the roses of consumption, the pallor of chlorosis, the hateful bilious yellows, the leaden grey of pestilential fogs, the poisoned and metallic greens smelling of sulphide of arsenic, the blackness of smoke diluted by the rain on plaster walls, the bitumens baked and browned in the depths of hell; and all that gamut of intensified colours, correspondent to autumn, to the setting of the sun, to over-ripe fruit, and the last hours of civilization.' His paintings of Drunkenness are hideous and terrible, but without the morality of Hogarth. Gautier says that impiety was not in his nature, but that he 'believed in the superior law established by God for all eternity, the least infraction of which is punished by the severest chastisement, not only in this world but in the future.' Poe's weird imagination strongly appealed to Baudelaire and he almost naturalized him in France. Guy Thorne's translations of some selected poems and prose passages will give English readers some conception of his work, but such pieces as 'The Murderer's Wine,' 'The Game,' and 'The Marksman' are far from pleasant reading. He appears to advantage, however, in the letters to Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert. Mr. Gull's estimate of Baudelaire's influence on Swinburne and other English writers will be read with interest even by those who agree with M. Guérard that Baudelaire's 'imagination was one-sided and wholly diseased.' Mr. Gull's own description of him as 'the rhapsodist of emotional life divorced from any moral or unmoral impulse,' will show what an evil influence he has exerted both in France and England.

The Personal Life of Josiah Wedgwood, the Potter. By Julia Wedgwood. Edited by C. H. Herford. (Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* net.)

This is a precious legacy from Miss Wedgwood. She had long wished to make the life of her great-grandfather better known, but death found her with her task unfinished. She asked Professor Herford to complete her work, and this he has done with a taste and skill she would have delighted to acknowledge. Some chapters had to be reconstructed and some pages rewritten, but the object which the writer had in view has been gained. We get a new conception of Josiah Wedgwood through his letters to his partner Bentley and such friends as Dr. Erasmus Darwin. We learn much about his work, but still more about himself and his married life at Burslem and Etruria. He took an active interest in the improvement of the roads and the introduction of canals. A letter to his brother John, in 1765, shows how bitter was the antagonism of the people of Newcastle to the turnpike: £2,000 was wanting and the Wedgwoods subscribed half of it. In 1765 Josiah Wedgwood dined with 'Mr. Brindley, the Duke's engineer.' He pays him this tribute. 'I always edify full as much in that man's company as at Church.' Five years later he met James Watt, whose brooding and pessimistic genius was a strange contrast to his own genial optimism. Wedgwood wrote him in 1782: 'Your mind, my friend, is too active, too powerful for your body, and harasses it beyond its bearing.' He says that if it was a machine Watt would soon find a remedy and suggests 'a more ample use of the *oil of delegation* through your whole machinery.' The book is full of such touches, and they make the great potter very attractive. Nor are we less grateful for the too brief memoir of Miss Wedgwood which the editor has given. She was the daughter of Hensleigh Wedgwood and his first cousin, Frances Mackintosh. James Martineau opened to her the door of intellectual life, and Maurice first encouraged her to write. Her *Life of Wesley* has a place of its own among Wesley biographies. In later years, 'without abandoning her critical attitude towards traditional orthodoxy, she became a devoted Churchwoman, and contributed largely to the building of churches.' The book has some very interesting portraits and other illustrations.

'*J. B.*,' *J. Brierley: His Life and Work.* By H. Jeffs. (James Clarke & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Jeffs was one of Jonathan Brierley's colleagues on the staff of *The Christian World*. Ill-health had driven the gifted preacher from his pulpit at Balham and had ushered him to a wider sphere of influence as essayist and journalist. He came from Wesleyan stock, and studied for the Congregational ministry at Nottingham under Dr. Paton and at New College, Hampstead. After five happy years at Great Torrington in North Devon, he came to London for his four years' brilliant pastorate at Leytonstone. There his strength

failed, and he was for a time co-pastor at Croydon. In 1882 he took charge of the newly-formed church in Balham, where his ministry closed in 1887, when he was forty-three. He settled for a time at Neuchatel, and gradually found his sphere on *The Christian World*. At first his essays smacked a little of the pulpit, but gradually he perfected his methods and entered with almost boyish zest into his kingdom. He was a wide reader, and the pages which Mr. Jeffs quotes from his note-books show that he was constantly on the look-out for material. Deep thought and wide sympathy marked all his work, and he had a rare gift of expression. Letters poured in from those who were perplexed, and he delighted to minister to these troubled spirits. He was no hermit but was ready to interview callers at Fleet Street and to glean all that he could from them. He dined two days a week at the National Liberal Club, where he delighted to have a congenial circle to listen to him. His love of cycling and of travel, his eagerness over a game of chess, and other sides of his life are brought out in his colleague's sketch. Mr. Brierley suffered much from ill-health but he had no small share of that indomitable spirit that burned bright in R. L. Stevenson at Vailima. He once rebuked a pessimist by declaring that he was an optimist through and through, though he never knew when he got up in the morning whether before the end of the day he should not been sent to bed for a week or a fortnight. All who prized 'J. B.'s' essays will want to read this book, and it will not disappoint them.

Memoirs of the Duke of Saint Simon. An Abridged Translation with Notes. By Francis Arkwright. With four Illustrations in Photogravure. Vols. 3 and 4. (Stanley Paul & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net per volume.)

These volumes cover the period from 1707 to 1714. They are as full of movement and spirit as ever, and as entertaining. The record begins with the arrival of Marlborough at the Hague whilst the Duke of Vendome was at Mons undergoing a course of milk diet. The French general's carelessness and sloth nearly cost him dear when he refused to listen to warnings that the enemy was at hand. Later in the campaign he was taken prisoner 'because he would persist in thinking himself safe wherever he found himself comfortable.' Court intrigues and gossip are interwoven with military news. Madame de Maintenon fills a large place in the memoirs and shows herself a woman of strong sense and discernment. Considerable space is given to St. Simon's intrigue for the marriage of the Duke of Berry, which was entirely successful, but which afterwards he deeply regretted. The memoirs are very brightly written and full of familiar details about the chief figures of the Court which give life to the French history of the time. The translation is flowing, and the four photogravures in each volume, portraits and views of towns and famous mansions, are very well produced. There are two more volumes to come, and every one who gets the memoirs on his shelves will find them a source of never-failing interest.

Rudyard Kipling. By John Palmer. (Nisbet & Co. 1*s.* net.)

Mr. Palmer regards *The Jungle Books* and *The Day's Work* as the height of Mr. Kipling's achievement. He speaks somewhat slightingly of the Indian stories and *Soldiers Three*, but regards *Kim* as 'the best of all Indian tales by virtue of qualities which have little to do with India.' 'It is the final merit of Kim to be first cousin of Mowgli, the child of the Jungle.' In *Soldiers Three*, we find the ferocity not of a man who has killed people, but of a man who sits down and conscientiously tries to imagine what it is to kill people. We fancy that our men in France and at the Dardanelles would stand by Mr. Kipling rather than his critic. Whatever may be said about the Indian tales, they have brought that world nearer to English readers than it had ever been brought before. Mr. Kipling's verse is regarded as much inferior to his prose, but there also he ha ssometimes caught the fancy and the mood of the moment as others have failed to do. Nor does Mr. Palmer do justice to the children's stories such as 'Wee Willie Winkie.' We have enjoyed Mr. Palmer's critique, though he does not always convince us that he is right in his estimate.

The Last King of the New France. By Alexandre Dumas. Now first translated. Edited by R. S. Garnett. Illustrated with Pictures after famous artists. 2 vols. (Stanley Paul & Co. 24*s.* net.)

Dumas had been in the service of Louis Philippe whilst he was Duc d'Orléans, and was personally familiar with the circumstances of his life and reign. Mr. Garnett says that he probably never undertook an easier or more congenial task than the preparation of this work. Much in the king's extraordinary vicissitudes and adventures appealed to him, and he had received many kindnesses from him and his family, but he felt that Louis Philippe was a wholly unromantic and even a sordid person who occupied the throne to the detriment of France. In these volumes it is France, not her king, that inspires him. The work was written when Dumas was at the height of his literary reputation in 1851–2, shortly after Louis Philippe's death at Claremont. It was three times reprinted, but has not been re-issued since 1858, and this is the first translation into English. Mr. Garnett acknowledges much assistance received from Mrs. Andrew Lang, Miss Clementina Black, and Miss Agnes Platt in the translation. It is careful work, and has not allowed the spirit of the original to evaporate. It brings the France of the king's youth very near to us. He and his brother were trained by the famous Madame de Genlis, who speaks of their growing feeling for religion, modesty, and serious thought. M. Dumas adds that every trace of this simple piety had vanished by the time that he became king. Dumas has a memorable story to trace, and he makes his readers share his keen interest in his characters and situations.

One illustration of his political foresight is given in Mr. Garnett's Introduction. Dumas lost his position as a deputy in 1848 by this outburst: 'Geographically, Prussia has the shape of a serpent, and like a serpent it seems to sleep and prepare to swallow everything around it: Denmark, Holland, and Belgium; and when it has engulfed them all, you will see that Austria will pass in turn and perhaps, alas! France also.'

American Methodism: Its Divisions and Unification. By Bishop T. B. Neely, D.D. (Fleming H. Revell Co. 1$ 50 net.)

The Methodist Churches are 'the largest ecclesiastical family of the Protestant type in the United States of America,' and from colonial days Methodism has been in touch with all stages of the national development and has exerted a marked influence upon every grade of society. Bishop Neely says: 'While it held strategic positions in the cities, it ministered also to the rural regions, and its pioneer preachers followed those who sought homes in the wilderness, and, by their religious services, they saved the frontier from lapsing into barbarism.' Wesley's followers have had much to do with the making of the great American Republic, and those who wish to understand that history need to know something of Methodism. They will find such information in this comprehensive survey, which covers a century and a quarter and touches on some twenty Methodist bodies. The reasons for the various divisions are clearly and concisely stated. Canadian Methodism was granted its independence in 1828 on the ground that it was a foreign country. Slavery was a disturbing influence and led to the formation in 1841 of the 'Wesleyan Methodists' in Michigan and of the Methodist Episcopal Church South in 1845. It included the bulk of the slave section of the country, and was the largest secession ever made from the original Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Neely describes the various projects for reunion, the Pan-Methodist Conferences, the books on Union, the fraternal addresses, the attempts at federation, and the way in which federation has worked. The pending suggestions of union are set forth and the practical difficulties are lucidly stated. The bishop is not disposed to hurry union forward, but to cultivate such a spirit that 'union, if proper and desirable, will come spontaneously and the combining Churches will be truly one.' The book is eminently judicial, and gives abundant material of the most reliable kind which will guide all who wish to study the subject.

Rosalba's Journal, and Other Papers. By Austin Dobson. (Chatto & Windus. 6*s*.)

A portrait of John Law, of Lauriston, by Rosalba Carriera, the once-celebrated Venetian pastellist, was among Horace Walpole's treasures at Strawberry Hill, and of the lady and her art Mr. Dobson gives a charming study. Then we move on to Streatham Place, where Dr.

Johnson had his headquarters with the Thrales from 1766 to October, 1782, when he bade it good-bye: 'I read St. Paul's farewell in the Acts, and then read fortuitously in the Gospels.' Only a master of the eighteenth century could have given us such a delightful paper as this. Falconer's 'Shipwreck' is the subject of another study, and 'Prior's Peggy,' the Duchess of Portland, emerges indistinctly as a shadowy but beneficent presence, 'with a genius for friendship and a taste for collecting.' 'The Gordon Riots' furnish material for an interesting paper. The early years of Madame Royale, whom Bonaparte described as 'the only man of her family,' is a sympathetic and touching study of the daughter of Marie Antoinette. The sketches of John Nichols, 'A Literary Printer,' and of 'Aaron Hill,' with his projects and plays and his well-known lines on grasping a nettle, are full of pleasant glimpses of the past, and the delightful volume closes with 'A New Dialogue of the Dead,' in which Henry Fielding points out the mistakes of his biographer, Arthur Murphy.

Heroes of the Empire, by John Lea (Kelly, 3*s*.), condenses the life story of our famous sailors, soldiers, and explorers into a few graphic and well-illustrated pages. Captain Scott, Livingstone, and Gordon keep company with Drake, Raleigh, Nelson, and Wellington. The twenty-four sketches are divided into two volumes.—*Battle Scenes Ashore and Afloat* and *Pathfinders of the Empire* (1*s*. 6*d*. each), into three sets of eight (1*s*.) and into eight sets of three (6*d*.). Each hero's work is told in a way that will arouse the interest of boys and girls and give a bird's-eye view of the building of the Empire. Every home and school will have a warm welcome for such delightful and instructive volumes.—*To the Uttermost: An Old Minister's Memories*. By David Smith, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s*. net.) Many will be grateful to Professor Smith for these three stories told by his venerable friend—the Rev. Erasmus Gow. Two of them are stories of losses at sea, the third describes a soldier's death-bed at the front. They touch a very tender chord and are full of the mercy that saves to the uttermost.—*Lord Roberts: His Life Story told for Boys*. By A. J. Costain. (Kelly. 2*s*.) The story is told with skill and spirit and will give young patriots a picture of the matchless soldier to whom the Empire owes so deep a debt. The book has a good portrait and a striking cover. Boys will find it fascinating from first to last.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

With the Russian Army. By Major Robert R. McCormick, First Cavalry, Illinois National Guards. With Maps, Charts, and 24 full-page illustrations. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.)

Mr. McCormick, whose father had been American Ambassador in Petrograd, received permission from the Grand Duke to visit the Russian armies, not as a war correspondent, but as a distinguished foreigner, personally known to the Commander-in-chief. He reached London last February and had an interview with Mr. Asquith, to whom he gave his views on American public opinion. The small 'Society' element was strongly pro-Ally, the German section was pro-German, the bulk of the nation was strongly pro-American and inclined to be critical of all the nations involved in the war. The last statement, he says, was a great surprise to the Prime Minister. Mr. McCormick also saw Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Churchill. Then he set out for France, where he actually found his trip to the front 'funny from beginning to end.' But he left the British army with the feeling that he had been associated with very gallant gentlemen. He got to Petrograd safely in April, had a brief interview with the Czar, and was allowed to move freely among the Russian armies. Many interesting details are given of his visits to the battle line, and there is an illuminating chapter on the military history of the war till the end of April. He saw Ossowetz, which has stood much more punishment than Liège, Namur, Maubeuge and Antwerp, and his account of modern fortifications is of special importance. Mr. McCormick believes that 'a six-inch steel plate on top of the brick of Brialmont's forts would have kept out the shells.' There is much to be learnt from this study, and it has many pointed applications to the United States, whose unreadiness for war, both by land and sea, is emphatically exposed. Mr. McCormick kept his eyes open and used his camera well. His book will be read with interest on both sides of the Atlantic.

Eleftherias Venizelos: His Life and Work. By Dr. C. Kerofilas. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. (Murray. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

M. Jonesco, former President of the Council of Roumania, writes an Introduction to this Life of Venizelos. He met the Greek minister in London in January, 1918, and was attracted from the first. 'That head, like a Byzantine saint straight from a church fresco, that gentle and penetrating glance, that subtle smile, the irresistible sympathy which radiates from all his being, the almost girlish

modesty, all the more charming when combined with a will of iron—all that strikes you the moment you see him.' When asked the secret of his power, Venizelos replied: 'I have always told my fellow countrymen the truth and the whole truth, and I have always been quite prepared to lay down my power without regret.' Venizelos was born in Crete in 1864, and studied at the University of Athens. In 1886 he became a lawyer, and next year entered the Cretan Assembly. He was the moving spirit in the revolution which finally separated Crete from Turkey and joined it to Greece. In 1910 he was called to Athens to reorganize the whole public life of the country. Financial, educational, military, and naval reforms were set in operation which transformed the country. In the Balkan War he won large accessions of territory for Greece and showed himself a master in the difficult negotiations with Turkey and the Balkan States. His letters to King Constantine, urging that Greece should take the part of the Allies in the present war, show how clear-sighted he is and how warm a friend to England. Some interesting particulars of his family life and methods of work are given in this illuminating study of one of the outstanding figures of Europe. We hope that M. Venizelos will by and by return to power, though Greece can never regain the position which she has lost through failing to follow his counsel.

The Kaiser: His Personality and Career. By Joseph McCabe. (T. F. Unwin. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. McCabe says that no one since the days of Napoleon has been able to read so many books about himself as the third German Emperor. We wish he could read this. It is studiously fair, but it plays like a searchlight over the Kaiser's life from his schooldays at Cassel down to the present war. Mr. McCabe believes that for many years he desired peace, but only for the purpose of developing his resources. Englishmen who were handling German literature every day now look back with amazement on their colossal ignorance of German sentiments. 'The astute amenities of the Kaiser were seriously considered, while the German nation at large was being most assiduously instructed in hatred of England and expectation of war.' To the end the Kaiser was hypocritical. 'He quibbled and equivocated, trying only to gain time for his grand plan for devouring his opponents in succession, instead of meeting their joint attack.' Mr. McCabe thinks that the Allies cannot leave him on his throne, for he would 'expend all his remaining vitality on stupendous, subtle, utterly unscrupulous effort to secure revenge.' Nor could the Crown Prince be permitted to succeed, for he has less intelligence than his father, with 'an even larger allowance of national conceit and military unscrupulousness.' Mr. McCabe regards the notion that the Kaiser is insane as foolish, though his congenital nervous disease may explain some features of his character. He is 'coldly and deliberately responsible for the brutalities which have disgraced Germany, even if the conception of them is due to others.'

'He has defended everything, from the burning of Louvain to the sinking of the *Lusitania*.' He has steadily fostered the conceit and ambition of Germany, whilst the bulk of his people always applauded his worst acts and utterances, and quarrelled especially with his more temperate or more humane declarations. As a study of German politics as well as of the Kaiser's deeds and words this book is of intense interest and importance.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. (Nelson & Sons. 1*s.* net per volume.)

Volume Seven of this fine history begins with a thrilling account of the Second Battle of Ypres. It was less critical than the first, for it was not fought to defeat any great strategical intention. We lost heavily, yet the moral gain was ours. 'The Germans had a wonderful machine—a machine made up of great cannon firing unlimited quantities of high explosive shells, an immense number of machine guns, and the devilry of the poisoned gas.' Yet whenever we could get near them as man to man we destroyed them. The battle brought home to the British people the inferiority of our machine, and led indirectly to the reconstruction of the Government. Our troops came out of the battle, 'silent, weary, bereaved, but unshaken in the faith.' They knew themselves the better men in all that makes for human worth, and understood also that they were fighting the enemies of the human race. Poison gas and the sinking of the *Lusitania* did not inspire them with hatred, but with a resolve that the unclean thing should altogether disappear from the world. Mr. Buchan visited Ypres during the last stages of the battle. It was like a city from which an earthquake had driven the inhabitants shivering to a place of refuge. The political situation in Britain and Italy is described in a most interesting chapter. Then we follow the Allied defensive in the West up to the British attack from Festubert. Two illuminating chapters are given to Russia's terrific conflict with von Mackensen, and the volume closes with the struggle in Gallipoli. Sir John French's seventh and Sir Ian Hamilton's first dispatch are gives as appendices. Volume Eight opens with a survey of the first year of war. Its military results might seem an indisputable German triumph, but this was largely due to the German machine and the long preparation that had perfected it. Wherever individual qualities were demanded there the Allies were conspicuous. 'It was only in material, in the scientific aids to war, that we were excelled, and then only in one class of weapon, which, however, happened to be most vital.' On the Western Front the Crown Prince's summer attack failed; in Africa General Botha's single-hearted devotion and brilliant statesmanship saved his country from division, and laid the foundation of a great and coherent South African nation. 'The Summer's War in the Air' includes a tribute to Sub-Lieutenant Warneford's exploit and his sad death ten days later. The story of our national organization for war is told in a special chapter. The

battles on the Warsaw salient and the abandonment of Warsaw are described with skill and insight. The history is as vivid and discriminating as ever.

France at War. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co. 6*d.* net.)

This is a book that will give Frenchmen a thrill of delight. Mr. Kipling has found the whole nation devoted to its task. Men and women alike share the burden with a reasoned calm and a superb confidence in their arms. A French officer said, 'Our national psychology has changed. I do not recognize it myself.' The Boche is 'saving the world.' We had begun to doubt the existence of evil, but he has shown us what it is. Every Frenchman feels that it rests on him to uphold the honour of civilization against the German barbarian. We see the tragedy of Rheims, we watch the soldiers in camp and trench, and everywhere we find France resolute, united, full of hope and courage. Every sentence of this little book is full of life and spirit.

Under the Red Cross Flag. By T. L. B. Westerdale. (Kelly. 1*s.* net.)

This is a most interesting account of ambulance work in France. Mr. Westerdale helps us to see the corps both at rest and in action. He had to bury an inspector of native police from the Malay States who was killed the first day he was in the trenches, and the enemy's snipers got to work as soon as he switched on the electric torch, so that he had to finish in darkness with an extemporary prayer. Some grim incidents bring out the horrors of war and show that only a peace 'made over the grave of "Kultur"' can save the world. The story is written with real force and feeling.

Germany in Defeat. By Count Charles de Souza and Major Haldane Macfall. (Kegan Paul. 6*s.*)

This is a most interesting contribution to the literature of the Great War, one, moreover, eminently calculated to stimulate thought. Any detailed discussion would be impossible here; though some indication of the main thesis upheld by our authors may be not out of place. Briefly put, it is to the effect that the apparent failure of the Allies to hold up the German advance through Belgium, far from being the result of unreadiness or inability, was a deliberate refusal on the part of General Joffre to walk into a German trap; and by declining to be drawn into Belgium, the French generalissimo upset the calculations of the German staff, and forced upon them a change of strategic plan which eventuated in the defeat upon the Marne, a defeat which Count de Souza and Major Macfall represent as having been decisive of the issue of the war. Germany, it is augured, was defeated then, and has remained a defeated nation ever since. That this thesis will command universal assent we do not for

one moment suppose; nor are we yet convinced that an advance upon Paris via Belgium—the easiest route, be it remembered—formed no part of the original German plan. In view of the facts, so far as known to us, it is a little difficult to credit that the great advance of the invaders was forced upon them by the superior strategy of the defence. It does, however, appear to us that the authors have fairly established their contention that the apparently futile operations in Alsace were no mere frittering of forces which might have been more usefully employed further north, but an undertaking based upon sound strategic principles, and justified by the event.

Though one may hesitate to give unqualified assent to every proposition advanced by its authors, it is but just to say that *Germany in Defeat* should not be overlooked by students of the strategic aspects of the Great War. It is a work which the thoughtful reader will find both illuminating and suggestive; and the very fact that it at times calls his critical faculties into play does not detract from, but rather adds to its usefulness. It is one of those books which amply repay study, at the same time demanding the exercise of independent judgement. As for ourselves, we have read this volume with much interest, and look forward to a careful reperusal at an early date, which we have no doubt will be even more profitable than the first reading.

The Mistakes of Pacifism. By Frank Ballard, D.D. (Kelly. 3*d.* net.) Dr. Ballard thinks that 'since the Christian era began, there has never been so critical an hour as the present for religion, even as for politics and sociology.' He shows how Pacifism plays 'into the hands of the immoral Prussian militarism which is now cursing humanity by its disciplined might,' and brings out the true Christian attitude in a forcible and persuasive way. Many will be grateful for so clear and so carefully reasoned a statement as this.—*The Great Sacrifice, or The Altar-Fire of War.* By John Adams, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 1*s.* net.) Mr. Adams feels that the pressing need of the time is to link man's sacrifice with Christ's. The human sacrifice may be closely akin to the divine in the true spirituality of its origin. This is brought out by some touching incidents from the writer's experience. This war gives each the chance of proving himself heroic, and those who simply consult their own well-being will make the grand refusal. That and much more is forcibly brought out in this choice set of studies.—*All's Well.* By John Oxenham. (Methuen & Co. 1*s.* net.) These 'helpful words for the dark days of war' are full of faith and courage, and pay fitting tribute to the heroes who are fighting our battles. They are very tender and strike chords that will thrill many souls. 'Road-Mates' pictures Christ at the side of the soldier:

> I am bereft; my soul is sick with loss.
> Dear one, I know. My heart broke on the Cross.

GENERAL

A.B.C. of Heraldry. By Guy C. Rothery. (Stanley Paul & Co. 5*s.* net.)

The latest addition to the A.B.C. Series is a handsome volume of nearly 400 pages with 18 illustrations in colour and 314 in half-tone and line. It covers the whole ground in a clear and readable way, and the illustrations have been largely selected to show the diversity of heraldic decoration in different periods and countries. Mr. Rothery advises artists and collectors to study the subject not merely in books and manuscripts but in the rich examples of contemporary work seen in our cathedrals, churches, and domestic buildings. His introduction gives some interesting particulars as to the origin of heraldry, then the three principal branches of coat armour are described with the divisional lines of the field and the various tinctures. The first chapter is on the Ordinaries, the horizontal, perpendicular, diagonal bands and their combinations. The Cross and its variations, the animals, fishes, insects, fabulous creatures, plants and flowers of heraldry are explained and illustrated in a very instructive way. 'Canting arms' chant or sing out, so that even the uninitiated may connect a coat-of-arms, crest, and badge with their owner. The Troutbecks had a charming arrangement of trouts, the Whalleys shield bore three whales, the Salmons had three salmon. Amusing instances are given of punning coats, and chapters are devoted to the royal arms of England and the United Kingdom, the arms of the Overseas Dominions and Colonies, the flags of various nations. A full glossary and an ample index add to the value of this cheap and attractive book. Every one who wishes to know something of heraldry will find all his wants well met here.

A Short History of English Printing, 1476-1900. By Henry R. Plomer.

The Binding of Books: An Essay in the History of Gold-Tooled Bindings. By Herbert P. Horne. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

This is a very cheap popular re-issue of *Books about Books*, edited by Mr. A. W. Pollard. The second volume has nine full-page illustrations of fine bindings from a Caesar, printed by Filippo di Giunta at Florence in 1514, down to two beautiful pieces of work by Mr. Cobden Sanderson, who left the Bar to be a bookbinder, and by Mr. Douglas Cockerell, one of his earliest and most successful pupils. The history of printing begins with Caxton and his contemporaries and comes down to the nineteenth century. Book-lovers once complained that the work turned out by the Clarendon Press was 'so good as to be

uninteresting, but under the controllership of Mr. Horace Hart, while the old excellence has been maintained, the work of the press became distinctly richer and more individual.' Messrs. Clowes were the first to print books by machinery and the first to print cheap periodical literature. Mr. Plomer has enriched his work by diligent research at the Record Office, and it is of great value and interest. Mr. Horne writes on bindings 'not merely as an antiquary and a critic, but as an artist; for the art of bookbinding is yet a living art, capable of new motives and new forms of expression.' The subject is divided into The Craft of Binding, Early Italian Bindings, French Bindings, English Bindings. Our modern bookbinders have set their craft free from the narrow conventions and banal taste of the Middle Victorian period, and the printer is seeking to make his work worthy of our literature.

Christian Literature in the Mission Field. By John H. Ritson, D.D. (Edinburgh.)

This modest little volume represents a survey made under the direction of the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference. Dr. Ritson points out in a foreword the importance of literature as a means for propagating the Christian faith and building up Christian character on the mission field. He describes the lines on which the investigation was conducted, the general features of the problem, the existing organizations at home and in various mission fields. This survey is briefly but clearly made, and three lines of development are sketched. Existing agencies in the field may be consolidated, co-operative work may be begun in missions where it does not yet exist. The third and most important line of development is co-operation at the home base. The book will guide thought and direct effort in a very practical and fruitful way.

The Meaning and Value of Mysticism. By E. Herman. (James Clarke & Co. 6*s.* net.)

Those who know Mrs. Herman's gift of incisive criticism and her skill in exposition will open this volume with much expectation, and they will not be disappointed. She considers Mysticism from a variety of aspects, and relates it to cognate fields of life and thought. It 'is not the pearl of great price for which the wise merchantman of the spirit is ever searching; it is rather a wide and stony field wherein he must dig diligently to find goodly pearls and where the deceptive and worthless lies nearest the surface.' It is only 'as dominated by specifically Christian convictions that Mysticism can bring an inwardness which carries within it no peril of delusion, a spirituality which does not menace our spiritual life, and an absorption in the Divine which does not destroy the sacredness of our personality, the reality of our freedom.' The pearl of great price hid for us in the field of Mysticism is 'simple devotion and humble, loving intimacy with Jesus as the secret of the mystic knowledge

of God and communion with God.' The great Christian mystics had that experimental knowledge of God for which our generation is athirst, and it was due to their personal intimacy with Jesus Christ. 'The mystic not only lives with Christ, he lives by Him and upon Him.' Mrs. Herman's study of 'the psychic phenomena of Mysticism' is acute and discriminating. She criticizes Miss Underhill's description of 'such physical disabilities as are the outcome of visionary experiences' as 'mystic ill-health,' and cannot accept her account of St. Paul's thorn in the flesh, 'as an example of the penalty the body has to pay for the painful delight of a spirit caught up into the third heaven.' No such hypothesis is needed when we remember the apostle's wanderings and privations. There is a great deal to be learned from this sane and judicious study of a subject that lays itself open to much misconception and even to no small peril of fanaticism.

Mushrooms on the Moor. By F. W. Boreham. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Forty-five essays of rare charm and flavour. We begin with books, we are soon thinking of 'ready-made clothes.' We get new lights on nature and the Bible, and on life in almost every phase. Everything is looked at in a new light and we are set thinking and dreaming all through. How much philosophy there is in the little paper 'On getting over things.' Mr. Boreham describes that as 'the most amazing faculty that we possess. War or pestilence; drought or famine; fire or flood; it does not matter. However devastating the slaughter, however total the eclipse, we surmount our sorrows and find ourselves still smiling when the storm is overpast.' That is certainly a message for war-time. Even over the grave we sing 'Rock of Ages' in token of victory over death itself. We hope that many more books will come from this fertile brain in Tasmania.—Messrs. Constable have published an edition of Kingsley's *Water Babies* illustrated by W. Heath Robinson (6*s.* net). The book is unique, and these coloured plates and black and white drawings catch its essence and add materially to the delight with which older folk will turn back to renew the joys of their youth. They have an element of surprise in them and keep pace with Kingsley's wonderful turns of fancy. The illustrations are profuse and even the smallest have their own appeal. Children will find this an edition after their very hearts. The same firm publishes a cheap edition of *Bill the Minder* (6*s.* net), both written and illustrated by Mr. Robinson. The tales are marvels of ingenious oddity well matched by the illustrations. The volume is a wonderland in itself. Bill, who minds the children with such consummate skill, The King of Troy, The Triplets, and all the sixteen stories will keep little folk in a glow of excitement from first to last.

The Research Magnificent. By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.*) Benham's research magnificent does not do more than make

shipwreck of his own life and that of his young wife, yet there is a thrill about his plan for setting right the wrongs of the world which lays hold of a reader's imagination. The most displeasing figure in the book is his college friend, Prothero, whose pitiful lapse into carnalism is told with painful realism. Benham himself is a dreamer who wanders in Russia and the Balkans, in China and South Africa, gathering material for the great book which he does not live to write. Mr. Wells makes the wanderings wonderfully vivid, and fires us with some of his hero's spirit, but there is not much in these pages to encourage a world reformer. The forces in possession are too mighty to be cast out by such means as Benham dreams of.—*Eighteen-Fifteen*, by J. W. Hart (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*), is a romance of Waterloo. Major Colbeck lets loose 'the Bees' on the left flank of the French Guards and overwhelms them in a way that wins the warmest acknowledgements from Wellington. Colbeck is the ideal of a brave and modest soldier, and Toinette de Ruvigny's love crowns his good fortune. It is a fine story, which will be read from first to last with eager interest.—*The Lavender Hedge*. By Florence Bone. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*) Elizabeth Bosanquet is the heroine of this fine story. Her lovely cousin, Denise Diancourt, comes between her and her old suitor, but only to open her eyes to the merits of Peter Frankland, who has long worshipped her. The peaceful Yorkshire scene in which the story begins forms a striking contrast to the Paris of the Revolution where Denise is in deadly danger of the guillotine. But her peril brings out the heroism of her friends, and two happy marriages crown a thrilling and charming story.—*Chatty and Cheerful*. By Uncle Reg. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.*) The fun and good humour of these stories and the sage counsel which they manage to fit in at the most unexpected corners will greatly attract Uncle Reg's big circle of friends. He is as amusing as ever in his twists and turnings.—*The Story of Julia Page*. By Kathleen Norris. (Murray. 6*s.*) It is almost inconceivable that a girl like Julia Page should go astray in the way that is here described, but the penalty of life-long regret and shame was a heavy one, and all her prosperity fails to blot out the bitter memory. This is not a book for family reading, and here and there it lacks reticence, but it is a skilful handling of a difficult problem, and Julia herself is a woman of rare charm and force of character.—*The Hunted Treasure Hunters*, by Ernest Protheroe (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.*), is one of the best boy's books of the season. It is full of hair-breadth escapes and adventures—a fine, healthy book which boys will find enthralling from first to last.—*Zerah*, by Montanye Parry (Abingdon Press, New York. 10*c.*), is a story of Old Bethlehem. Zerah welcomes Mary to the khan, sees her newborn Son and finally becomes His disciple. The story is told with befitting grace and tenderness.—*Tourbillon, or the King of the Whirlwinds*, by Estelle R. Updike (Abingdon Press, 35 *cents.*), is a fairy tale with a little French boy as its hero. Tourbillon befriends him after the shipwreck and gets him restored to his grandparents. It is an altogether charming tale.

The S.P.C.K. stories for boys and girls are better than ever. *The King's Double* (2*s*. 6*d*.) is a lady who does much to aid in the escape of Charles the Second after the fight at Worcester; *My Lord of Reading* (2*s*. 6*d*.) is a lively tale of Reformation times; *The Mystery of Castle Veor* (2*s*.) tells how some clever girls unmasked a dangerous German spy; *Plain Deb* and her sister (2*s*.) with their love stories will appeal much to girls; *Three in a Bungalow* (1*s*. 6*d*.) is about three girls who want to live a quiet life in the country and find delightful friends and not a few adventures; *The Siege of Mr. Johnson* (1*s*. 6*d*.) shows how a soured old gentleman is transformed by the love of two children; *S. Winnifred's Troop* (1*s*.) will be dear to the heart of every boy scout; *Queen Caroline* (1*s*.) is a story that girls will love. All the books are cleverly illustrated. The S.P.C.K. also publish *The Mystery of Life* (6*d*. net), by Bishop Mercer, which treats the problems of biology in a scholarly and lucid manner. It is suggestive and helpful. Dr. Thorburn, in *The Historical Jesus* (6*d*. net), discusses in some detail the historical evidence for the life of Christ, and quotes the views held by representative modern scholars, such as Sir James G. Frazer, who says, 'The doubts which have been cast on the historical reality of Jesus are, in my judgement, unworthy of serious attention.'

The Boy whom Everybody Wants. By G. Beesley Austin. (Kelly. 1*s*. 6*d*. net). Twelve addresses which make great truths impressive and attractive to the young. Mr. Austin appeals to boys and girls who think, and invests familiar subjects with new charm. Such a book will help other speakers to interest their young hearers and will be read with much pleasure in the home circle.—*The Book and the Sword* (Bible House). This popular report is full of facts, and splendidly illustrated. It will win friends for the Bible Society wherever it goes. The Rev. T. H. Darlow has edited it with great skill and there is not a dull page in it.—The Methodist Publishing House issues a very neat vest Pocket Diary, pocket Diaries for Ministers and laymen, and a Desk Diary interleaved with blotting paper. All are well got-up, skilfully adapted to the needs of those for whom they are intended, and cheap as well as good.

It speaks well for the reading public to find that Mr. Fifield has just issued a third and popular impression of *The Note-Books of Samuel Butler* (5*s*. net). It has a photogravure portrait, a preface describing the way Mr. Butler prepared his notes, and a biographical statement which gives dates and incidents of his life. Here is a note that sets one thinking. 'To love God is to have good health, good looks, good sense, experience, a kindly nature and a fair balance of cash in hand. "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God." To be loved by God is the same as to love Him. We love Him because He first loved us.' Another is worth pondering: 'The world will, in the end, follow only those who have despised as well as served it.' There is much wit and wisdom in this volume.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The Edinburgh Review (October).—Mr. Steed writes on 'The Quintessence of Austria.' He says that attempts to understand her from the outside are sure to fail. Francis Joseph himself has seemed to be everything by turn, and his most intimate counsellors have never felt sure of having gauged his mind. One who had worked with him in close and almost affectionate intercourse for a quarter of a century told Mr. Steed that neither 'he nor any human being has ever been allowed to catch a glimpse of what goes on behind the veil that shrouds Francis Joseph, the monarch, the collaborator of the Deity, from the gaze of those whose work brings them into contact with Francis Joseph the man.' Pride is the strongest characteristic of the Hapsburgs, and has inspired most of their blunders. 'They cannot place themselves in the position of others or treat them with that imaginative tact which smooths away obstacles and wins hearts.' Mr. Steed holds that the Hapsburgs have had their opportunity and have misused it. In 'Christianity and War' Miss Petre discusses the attitude of Benedict XV. to the war. It seemed to many if any one on earth could do so, the Pope should be the one to uphold the cause of justice and rebuke those who had violated it. The case of Belgium presented a clear moral issue. A Catholic country had been outraged in her religious feelings, insulted in the persons of her clergy, yet the Pope confined himself to expressions of sorrow for the misery of mankind. The feeling of the Catholic world as to its head is shown in the coldness with which his exhortations to peace have been received, and the scant welcome granted to the prayer whose recital he urged. 'For the first time in Catholic experience a prayer composed and enjoined by the Pope has remained almost unknown to a large mass of the faithful.'

The Quarterly Review (October) also has its article on 'Modern Austria,' by Lord Cromer, who asks whether the Dual monarchy can survive the crisis through which the world is now passing. She has generally sought to secure the predominance of German culture by the inexorable suppression of the culture of her subject races. Where racial affinities threatened an amalgamation of semi-conflicting interests, the aim of the Government has been to foment rivalries in order to keep the separate nationalities apart. 'Trialism' is the scheme of re-adjustment most in favour at Vienna. It would add a third kingdom, that of Illyria, to the Dual Monarchy. Bosnia and Herzegovina, Dalmatia, Croatia and Slavonia would

constitute that kingdom, and by it 'some means might be found to balance the strong and at times even arrogant pressure which Magyar influence exercises on the Central Government.' The war has, of course, changed the situation, and only an independent Southern Slav State may now meet the case. The creation of such a State would 'almost necessarily involve the independence of the Northern Slavs and the gravitation of the Austrian Germans towards Germany. In other words, Austria would cease to exist.'

The Dublin Review (October).—Mr. Wilfrid Ward, in 'Prussianism, Pacificism, and Chivalry,' shows that if Prussianism prevails many elements must be developed which make war relentless and cruel. 'Pity and mercy are despised. Treachery is no longer opposed to the code of honour which respects only animal courage.' Chivalry is visible still in Tommy Atkins, but the Prussian theorist is busy in rooting it out of war. And he has succeeded remarkably well. 'The National Temper and the Press' pays high tribute to Mr. Balfour's speech at the London Opera House, 'in which the attitude of the nation was truly mirrored.' There is a timely article on 'The Teutonic Knights and the Kingdom of Prussia,' by Mgr. Barnes, and one on 'Religion in the French Army.' Priests serving in the ranks become known and respected by those who have been brought up outside the Church. 'You may see a Colonel or a General bowing low to receive the blessing of one who ten minutes afterwards will be a common soldier under his command. Such a soldier preaches, expounds the Gospel, teaches his hearers to examine their conscience, gives them advice and rebukes their sins; and all, no matter how high they be in the service, listen with respect and reverence.' The Bishop of Nancy says it is in the highest and noblest civilians and in the army that this religious rebirth is most manifest: 'Privates, officers, and generals-in-chief every day are praying to God with a pious fervour never seen before.'

Hibbert Journal (October).—It is instructive to compare the varying standpoints of eight several articles on the war. The Editor, Dr. Jacks, comes to the conclusion that 'no doubt the German intellect is equal to almost anything; but even the German intellect will hardly be able to vindicate the self-respect of humanity in a world where the moral attainments of Germany, illustrated by her recent action, are alone entitled to admiration.' In another article Dr. Epstein unconsciously points the same moral by copious quotations from recent German War literature. Mr. Lowes Dickinson rather pathetically tries to produce a different impression by quoting some passages from a pamphlet by Professor Förster, of Munich. Yet he is obliged to acknowledge that Dr. Förster discusses the rights and wrongs of the war without making any reference of any kind to Belgium! A fourth article contains extracts from a private letter written by Professor Royce, of Harvard, to the Editor, in which he acknowledges that he has been compelled to break his carefully

maintained neutrality of speech and declare to his college classes that Germany 'is now the declared and proclaimed enemy of mankind,' proclaimed such not by any 'lies' of an enemy press, but by her own 'deliberate choice to carry on war by the merciless destruction of innocent, non-combatant passengers.' Lord Bryce, in commenting on 1915 as *Annus Mirabilis*, also *Annus Deflendus*, raises a number of searching questions for the answers to which he declares the generation must wait. 'Before some of them can be answered, most of us who are met here to-day will have followed across the deep River of Forgetfulness those who are now giving their lives that Britain may live.' Professor M'Gilray, of Wisconsin, and President Thwing, of Western Reserve, deal respectively with 'The Warfare of Moral Ideals,' and the effect of the war on higher learning in America, while, from another standpoint, 'The War: a Quaker Apologia,' by J. W. Graham, should set others thinking besides members of the Society of Friends.

The Round Table (December).—The opening article is on 'The Harvest of the War.' Nationalism, in its modern bigoted form, is the enemy to be destroyed, for it justifies the use of armaments and war mainly for ignoble or worthless ends. It is, therefore, the chief parent of war. The real cure is to dethrone the idol of selfish nationalism and put in its place the service of humanity.

The Church Quarterly (October) in 'The Issues of the War' points out that 'we are fighting 75,000,000 Teutons, who are mad against us from hatred and spite and jealousy.' England is hated because she is the one power that stands in the way of their supremacy by land and sea. They believe themselves to be morally and intellectually superior to all nations, yet they are precluded from the world-empire for which they feel pre-eminently fitted. 'We have a very strong and very able nation against us—a nation which will make every sacrifice and exert every effort to win, which has very large resources of men, of equipment, of material; which is in the habit of working twice as hard and twice as systematically as we are.'

The Moslem World (October).—This valuable periodical has now completed its fifth year. Its object has been to press home the fact that evangelization is the true solution of the Moslem problem, and to awaken sympathy, love, and prayer on behalf of the Moslem world. The first place in this number is given to Dr. Weitbrecht's 'Islam and the War from the German Missionary point of view.' Prof. Troeltsch holds that the alliance of Turkey with the Central Powers involves the recognition of Islam 'as one of the great acknowledged religious world powers, which can no longer be a missionary objective, but must be left, just as is the Christian world, to its own inner religious development.' Fortunately there are other powers than Germany which will feel the war a new call to Christian witness-bearing.

AMERICAN

American Journal of Theology (October).—Prof. Kirsopp Lake, now of Harvard, discusses a subject that has hardly received sufficient attention—'The Theology of the Acts of the Apostles.' We can only partly agree with his conclusion, though it is reached by means of such lucid and temperate reasoning as we are accustomed to associate with the writer's name. Dr. Lake considers that the book of Acts presents 'in its earliest and simplest form the common intellectual basis of two divisions of thought, the interaction of which produced Catholic Christianity.' The struggles of the fourth century represent the contest between the attempts of theologians to commend the Johannine Logos doctrine and the popular theology which made 'a new god' of Jesus. Both of these are found, says Prof. Lake, in the Acts in rudimentary form. The whole article is instructive, whether it carries with it complete conviction or not. An article by J. R. Brown on 'The Character of Jesus' is notable because it examines the portraiture of our Lord in the Gospels from an unusual standpoint—that of will. Character springs from will; is, as Novalis said, 'perfectly educated will.' And in seven or eight separate sections the writer of this suggestive essay examines the relation of the human will in Christ to the Divine; and, as he says, 'it is the reactions from these evidences of will which show us how complete the character of Jesus really was.'

In the **Princeton Theological Review** for October there are two articles, each of which forms a small treatise in itself. One, by Dr. B. B. Warfield, is entitled, 'Jesus' Mission, according to His Own Testimony.' In it he examines all those passages in the Synoptic Gospels in which our Lord expressly testifies to the purpose of His coming, and the reasons why He was sent into the world. Prof. Harnack has led the way in this study, and Dr. Warfield's article is avowedly critical and controversial. He vehemently dissents from Harnack's 'Liberal' pre-suppositions, and endeavours to furnish a more 'objective' understanding of these cardinal utterances of Christ than the Berlin Professor gives, pursuing what Dr. Warfield describes as a 'thoroughly vicious' method. Another article, by Prof. Vos, is not completed in this number, though it extends to nearly fifty pages. It deals with 'Hebrews, the Epistle of the *Diatheke*,' and contains an elaborate and most interesting inquiry into the meaning of 'Covenant' as the central idea of Hebrews. Massive theological disquisitions, such as this Review from time to time contains, are all too rare in these degenerate days.

A melancholy interest attaches to the October number of the **Methodist Review** (Nashville, Tennessee). After it had been prepared for the press, but before its actual appearance, the Editor, Dr. Gross Alexander, passed away suddenly, at the comparatively early age of 68. An excellent portrait is prefixed to this number, by way of memorial. The blank caused by Dr. Alexander's quite unexpected

death will be widely and deeply felt in the Methodist Episcopal Church South, of which he was a distinguished ornament. He was also a very genial and attractive man. This last number of the Review he so ably edited for many years is characteristically 'alive' and interesting. It contains an original article on the war by Prof. Eucken, of Jena, and an able plea for an Alliance between Philosophy and Theology by Dr. H. W. Clark.

In the Harvard Theological Review (October) there is an article of outstanding value on 'The Position and Prospects of the Roman Catholic Church.' Its author is the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, M.A., an English clergyman and a contributor to the 'Cambridge Modern History.' In this work and in his 'Studies in Modernism' Mr. Fawkes has given an account of the last three pontificates, those of Pius IX., Leo XIII., and Pius X. With the present Pope a new period opens, but the works of his predecessors follow them. 'Benedict XV. will reap what they have sown. Also—and this is the real key to the position—he will have to meet the situation created by the European war.' He is described as representing 'the inevitable reaction against reaction. His policy will be one of reserve; he will be prudent. But should the times call for other than the prudential virtues—for initiative, adventure, spaciousness of outlook—he may fail.' Obviously these are the qualities essential to a leader of men in the European situation of to-day. Dissatisfaction at the silence of Rome in the face of the unprecedented horrors of the present war is not lessened by saying that 'the Pope, being the common Father, cannot take part against any of his children.' Mr. Fawkes replies: 'Not so did the great Mediaeval Pontiffs conceive their calling.' The French press expresses its surprise that the Pope has not been 'a warmer champion of a Catholic country and a Christian cause.' The conclusion is irresistible. 'Were the Pope to speak out boldly, "Thou shalt not," the conscience of the world would be with him as it has never been even with his greatest predecessors. He will not, and in consequence the conscience of the world is falling from him and from the conception of religion for which he stands.'

The first article in the October number of Bibliotheca Sacra is by the young Oxford scholar whom Dr. Rendel Harris has recently brought into prominence, the Rev. E. S. Buchanan, M.A., B.Sc., of Oxford. His subject is 'A New Bible Text from Spain'; Beatus, a Spanish presbyter, born whilst Bede was still living, used in his Commentary on the Apocalypse the local Spanish text, and would have nothing to do with the Vulgate. The result to which Mr. Buchanan's comparative study has led him is that as late as the tenth century there was a local Spanish text, opposed in many important readings to the Vulgate which was the local Roman text. Experts will decide whether or not his inference is justified: 'there is good reason to believe that the Western text of Ireland and Spain holds the more primitive form of the Sacred Writings.'