
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

Founded 1853 OCTOBER, 1919 Fifth Series
No. 56 No. 56

The London Quarterly Review.

Contents.

London
THE EPWORTH PRESS
J. ALFRED SHARP
25-35, CITY ROAD, E.C. 1.

PRICE 2s. 6d. NET. ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION, 10s. POST FREE.

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1919

THE HOPE FOR RUSSIA

IT is still darkest night in Russia; and in that night, as in Richter's dream of Atheism, two great dissonances clash. Holy Russia, which in time past was the dream of the poet and artist, the substance of most Russian political eloquence, the wonder of travellers and of the Western sceptical mind, has been submerged. It is as if it no longer existed. It is silent to this world. In Moscow, in Kief, in Novgorod, it has been proclaimed from the housetop that 'there is no God.' The great religious masses are mocked by a new type of ruler which says 'Religion is poison for the people.' Christians of all sects suffer persecution as in the first centuries of Christ, and people of a simple child's faith have that child's faith cast down. 'The Christ-loving Army' has become the Red army, red with negation and hate of Christ. The first army melted away at the betrayal of the Tsar; the second came into being to execute the revenge of those who hated the old Russia. Those who had raged impotently against traditional Russia obtained their opportunity to use their teeth. Rightly speaking, there is not a Red Russia. The red is the red of the Jews who hated their segregation, the red of the intellectual arrogance of Paris and Geneva, yes, and of London, where the Kropotkins and Stepniaks found good ground for the cultivation of hate. The fall of Russia caused an immense Western jubilation. Although to-day hypocrisy has again

thrown its veil over reality, it is well to call to mind how in London in March, 1917, the Court paper, the most blue of blue *Morning Post*, was turning the malevolence of Milyukof into blank verse, and on the day of the news of Revolution it congratulated Russia on having become a nation. On the other hand, the *Nation*, owned by the Quakers, professed that now it could hope for a good issue from the war. Members of Parliament shook hands with one another in self-congratulation. Mr. Bonar Law misquoted Wordsworth, and Mr. Lloyd George said that the first of the great objects for which we entered the war had been attained. It is curious how to-day there is a different opinion concerning the Revolution, and many millions of pounds are being paid to fight it. What is it that has happened? It is not, alas, that we are filled with horror for the extinction of Holy Russia; it is not that the murder of the gentle and pious Tsar has enkindled pity; it is not because we are less Red ourselves; on the contrary we are more Red and stand ourselves upon the brink of revolution. It is because the financiers of the West have lost an enormous amount of capital and the traders have lost their trade. When the Bolsheviks repudiated the debts to France and England, and confiscated the foreign possessions in mines, the West was at once ready to restore the Tsardom which it had helped to bring down. If not a Tsardom it would at least bring into power a business bourgeois State, which, as the price of power, would re-acknowledge Russia's debts and restore the mines to their owners and place no restriction on 'Allied' trade. Hence the counter-revolutionary force to-day which the Allies themselves have called into being. Without French and British and Japanese help, that force would be altogether a *quantité négligible*. But they have fed it and clothed it and encouraged it, reinforced it, armed it, financed it, instructed it. Thus the two dissonances which still clash in Russia's night.

The Revolution, it is true, has spiritualized itself some-

what. Or rather, Russia has spiritualized the Revolution. There has come to be an idea in it, something beyond blind hate and the lust of revenge. It has made a new beginning on the positive side. Bolshevism has become Communism. The old aristocracy, which was the most cultivated and least corrupt in Europe, has been deprived of all power, and an aristocracy of workers has been set up. The bourgeois or pseudo-aristocracy has fallen with the real aristocrat. The real ones bore their fall in silence, or even, as in the case of the Grand Dukes, voluntarily surrendered their power and estate with a good grace when they saw that the time had come. But the others, those arrivists in the 'purple of commerce,' made a terrible squealing. They generally thought themselves so advanced, so liberal, that they never dreamed of sacrificing their powers for the general good. How bitterly they resented the familiarity of the unwashed when the latter addressed them as 'Comrade.' 'Comrade, indeed,' I heard one say, 'What comrade am I of yours?' It was certainly rather alarming to find tram-conductors and porters and cabmen and carpenters and what not as the ruling class—the last become first as if suddenly the Kingdom had been established upon earth.

Two movements throve side by side, themselves contradictory the one of the other. One was the revenge movement which gave one class power and desire to ruin and torture another, the movement which at the same time denied religion, turned churches into theatres, and persecuted the Christians; the other was the communistic movement which, deep in itself, was Christian. One movement has brought on Bolshevism an odium which it will not easily throw off: the other has given a new voice to the world-hope of democracy.

The negative aspect of Bolshevism expresses itself purely in destruction. The land has been taken from the rich land-owners, who were often very good men, and they have not even been given a share but have been left penniless,

Their houses, containing often historical and cultural treasure, have been ransacked by mobs as ignorant as Hun or Goth. Men also of peculiar gifts and skill have been allowed to starve because they did not work with their hands but with their minds. Beautiful and delicate women have been assaulted, and men of noble bearing and conduct have been brutally murdered or imprisoned just because they strove to defend what was good. Authors, poets, painters, have all more or less been banished in favour of illiteracy. Onslaughts have been made on traditional customs of life and of religion. Relics which the people counted holy have been brutally exposed to view, unwrapped. All that is materially precious, such as gold and precious stones, has been ravished from the ikons and the churches. Instead of Christianity there has been sought to be set up in many places a religion of reason, which indeed is no religion at all.

The positive aspect of Bolshevism, however, is deeper founded and less accidental. One could say the former was a disease but the latter is a creed. It is affecting the imagination of all the people in the world, and consequent upon a material and spiritual ruin of modern civilization in the war, it is more than probable that it will overflow all countries and nations. It is the positive aspect which ought to be called Bolshevism, and the negative disregarded as accidental. The negative, though so strong, is largely the work of the Jews, who, after centuries of gnashing of teeth, have at last got power to revenge. It is also the expression of a hard and narrow agnosticism which grows well in France or Switzerland. Agnosticism, however, will not remove mountains, and one is bound to believe that Russia will be exorcised of her devils in time.

Bolshevism is a slaves' movement. Those who have thrown down the mighty from their seats are the grandchildren of the serfs. One must not forget that hundreds of thousands of the peasants and workmen of to-day were

actually born in slavery. There is a very pathetic and popular Russian play which tells how the child of a released serf takes possession through mortgage of the estate of those who owned his father.[1] Who would have thought that that child's child would take all into his hands! The myriads who famished with the Sobakeyevitches and Pluishkins, being free, have devoured their owners. But it is not only in Russia. All over the world the 'slave' is becoming master. The movement which gave victory to the Allies in Germany was the Spartacus movement. Spartacus led an insurrection of slaves against Rome, and was himself a slave. The Spartacus movement in Germany was the insurrection of the Army slave and of the Navy slave against the most brutal discipline of the world. Germany wished to go forth with her fleet and do or die in one great effort against England, but the slaves refused to go; and she wished to sell the end of empire dearly, but the military slaves refused to fight any more. In France, in Italy, in England and America, it is the proletariat as a whole which has the slave consciousness and wishes to make war upon authority. In short, the great world ferment which threatens Crowns and Presidencies and Parliaments and Companies and Churches and Institutions is one and the same at bottom with Bolshevism.

Lenin, who has something of genius, is associated with the positive aspect of Bolshevism and the world movement of the proletariat. He is said to discountenance the 'hates' of Trotsky and to regard the 'atrocities' committed by subordinates as perhaps natural but not important. He has said 'Revolutions come when they are due,' and they cannot be stopped. He has recognized that the new order which he has set up in Russia cannot be simply Russian order but must become a world order. Thus the purely Russian cry of 'All power to the Soviets' became merged in the world-wide cry of 'Proletarians of all countries,

[1] *The Cherry Orchard*, by Anton Chekhof.

unite!' He has reversed the common view of 'Progress,' which usually assumes a bettering of the lot of the individual and a gradual working up toward the improvement of a nation and then of mankind as a whole. Lenin envisages humanity as a whole, universal society in a new order, and proposes to get that first and then work back to the individual. The former notion of progress was the working from a centre: the new is a working from an outermost circumference of civilization as a whole. That outermost circumference, which includes innumerable concentric circles or halting-places, is the perfect round of human unity and real genuine universal brotherhood. Whilst it implies on the positive side certain vague consummations of ideals, it implies on the negative the destruction of various substantial institutions. There is to be the universal family, but the individual family is to be broken. All the nepotism and family favouritism from which humanity has suffered more than from the divine right of kings or the parasitism of courts has to go. 'Protection' and 'influence' and 'privilege' pass. The community takes greater cognizance of and responsibility for the position of children. Even marriage loses a good deal of its legal exclusiveness, and there is so much truth in the propagandized atrocity of the socialization of women that it is the exaggeration of a tendency. It should be remembered that the new Russians strongly object to the use of the word 'nationalization'—what we call 'nationalization' they call 'socialization.' They would not nationalize the coal mines but socialize them, make them be run not for the good of one nation solely but for the good of humanity as a whole. The socialization of wealth is the destruction of private ownership. It has been truly said: 'Make men lose the sense of property and they will gain the sense of the ownership of the whole world.'

The struggle of the new forces and the old may be called the struggle of property versus no property. In Great

Britain especially there is an endeavour to make the nation a nation of property owners and small capitalists. The governing class views with complacency the broad appeal of War Loan and Victory Bonds, because they have given the comparatively poor a material stake in the stability of the State. We emerge indeed officially as the champions of the bourgeois order. How far that official attitude is representative of the people as a whole is another matter. But we have so far understood the significance of Bolshevism that we refuse to regard it as a local and accidental phenomenon, and it is commonly understood that in fighting for Denikin and Kolchak we are fighting not for ourselves or the Russians alone but for humanity as a whole—'to rid humanity of the curse of Bolshevism,' as it is styled in current phrase.

It cannot, however, be said that the heterogeneous army of the counter-revolution is purely one of capital fighting labour, or of masters fighting insurgent slaves. In the ranks of Denikin and Kolchak and supporting them with their energies are many upholders of the old régime, many who love the army for its own sake and war for its own sake, some idealists, some place-seekers, a great number of gallant gentlemen who do not know what they are doing, and a great number of Russians and English who have been forced into a fight in which they have no interest. The British and French support is so unpopular with the democratic masses of Great Britain and France respectively that it is only given clandestinely. Whilst officially supposed to be withdrawing, the troops are cynically ordered to advance and attack. In this respect no king, not even Charles the First of England, showed such a contempt for the will of the people being governed. That contempt, however, is not unmarked by the masses of the people, and strikes the red leaven yet deeper into the common body of our working classes. The question is asked: What are we fighting for? To destroy

Bolshevism? but what to put up in its place? Jealous labour, with an unreasoning hate of the very name of Tsar, assumes that it is to resurrect the Tsar. 'The Tsar is not dead; at the right moment he will be produced,' says Labour, not knowing that, though the thousand-year-old tree may be cut down in a day, it cannot be grown again in less than a thousand years.

The curious thing is that whilst Kolchak is generalissimo and has the power of dictator he is not responsible to any civil power. The British Government has paid and supported a Russian embassy in London all the while—but an embassy of what? An embassy primarily of Imperial Russia and secondarily of the Provisional Government. But Kerensky, the latest and supreme representative of that Government, was thoroughly cold-shouldered by the British and French Governments. Strictly speaking, M. Nabokof was M. Kerensky's chargé d'affaires at London. But he does not fulfil that rôle. He is instead the chargé d'affaires of M. Kolchak, it must be presumed.

Kolchak, however, should he win through, cannot govern as an autocrat. It is presumed he would call some sort of Parliament on a basis of property-owning franchise, and some one would come back to power. Monarchists like Mme. Novikof or Count Spiridonitch look to the rise of some scion of the Imperial house. Cadets like M. Milyukof and Sir Paul Vinogradof look to see their own peculiarly bourgeois party in power. M. Briantchaninof and his circles look to the establishment of a white Internationale and a sort of Christian communism instead of the materialism of the Soviets. And the British will back anybody who stands for British business. But an election in Russia on a basis of universal franchise would certainly not bring the Cadets to power, for they have nothing in common with the masses. And it would not bring in a Government favourable to the re-establishment of monarchy, nor one ready to accept the obligation of Russia's enormous foreign debts. There is

every reason to believe that even should it vote against Bolshevism it would bring in Bolshevism under another name. The second Bolshevism would, however, be probably openly Christian, would shed the murderous aspect of Red Bolshevism and become a more credible and creditable expression of human ideals.

Whatever happens in Russia will happen again in the rest of Europe. If the pan-human ideal wins there, it will win through the world and the new order will come. But if the 'property-owners' triumph there, they will triumph elsewhere also, with their eternal quarrellings and envy and fear and strife. The old pre-1914 order will be re-established with its bitterness and narrowness, its wars and chances of wars, its huge armaments to protect property, its tariffs, customs-barriers, bureaus of propaganda, and international hate and rivalry. All change is ugly and disconcerting, and Bolshevism in many of its aspects is ugly, but in the struggle is something which is the hope of the world. It is an accepted phrase that millions have suffered and died in order that there might be no more war. We all started off gaily on the 'war to end war,' but we hardly dared to affirm it as the war to secure brotherhood. The war, however, which by no means ended on November 11, 1918, goes on to affirm that end. It seems an insane paradox that in order to affirm universal brotherhood we must indulge in universal slaughter.

Still struggles darkest night in Russia, and in that night the dissonances clash. There is no rational hope of a new day. Russia is the same as despair. And yet, as she has always been saved by miracle and not by reason, will it not happen so again? I look for a miracle and that Bolshevism may become Christian.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

JESUS AND THE COMMON PEOPLE

THE earliest tradition of the gospel tells us that the common people heard Jesus gladly. It was difficult for Him to escape the crowds. 'He could not be hid': and this was not only because of His gift of healing, but also because of His strange powers of speech. (For the people all hung upon Him, listening.) It was His foes who said of Him, 'Never man spake as this Man' (John vii. 46). It was written of those who afterwards led Jesus to the brow of the hill that they might cast Him down headlong, 'And all bare Him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of His mouth' (Luke iv. 22). Even the desert could not give Him solitude. 'But He was outside in the desert places. And they came to Him from all sides.' In Galilee and in Judaea both friend and foe crowded to listen to Him. Why? That is the question we ask. What are the qualities which are found in the speaker who wins the ready and attentive hearing of a nation's thousands? Sometimes a charlatan claims this for a time, and in that case his popularity is a serious reflection upon his hearers. But here we are face to face with a true appraisement by the common people. The many centuries have confirmed their judgement. Who are these common people? Dr. Swete says that they are the mass of the people as distinguished from the priestly and professional classes. Now each man can give his answer to the question, Why did the common people hear Him gladly?—and each one can make his own contribution to a question which will never be fully answered. I simply wish to give a few distinctly human reasons which give a partial answer to this question.

He was One of Them.—He had 'the view from the cottage window.' He looks at life through the window of the

poor man's home. He had a knowledge of the hardships and anxieties which invade the lives of the poor. We do not wonder that the Spirit of the Lord was upon Him to preach the gospel to the *poor*. He was not of the priestly nor professional classes, nor of the schools. He was the child of a Nazarene peasant woman: one of a large household. It was said by Mr. Chesterton of Charles Dickens that 'he had the key of the street,' and every reader of his novels will know that this verdict is true. He could unlock the door which gave entrance to the many-roomed house of the soul of the people—that is why the common people read him gladly. No one can be familiar with his stories without realizing that the writer knows their *life*. His literary form is fiction, but he convinces of reality more than many writers of history. When we step down into the territory of the gospels, we hear Him who speaks in their own language of the sorrow of the people, and who sympathizes with their truest aspiration. Jesus has the key of the street. We feel that ourselves as we read—but what must it have been to the crowd who heard the tender tones of His voice, who saw His gestures, who gazed upon One whose every action and emotion was in perfect harmony with the spoken word? We do not wonder that they realized that 'He taught with *authority*, and not as the scribes.' When He spoke they knew that He was talking about real sorrows, and real needs—that He was a revealer of real *life*. I remember once listening to a well-known speaker, he was interesting until he reached a certain point in his speech, and then he passed into the highest reaches of true oratory, an oratory not of periods and flowing sentences, but one in which the soul of the speaker was like a flame which rested upon all his hearers. He was describing the agony of a man who seeks work from town to town, and finds that nothing but refusal and starvation await him. He said—'Why do I speak so feelingly? Because I have been through it all myself.'

When Jesus speaks, we feel just that,—He has been through it all Himself. He is not gazing at things from a distance: He has seen and experienced the sorrow and tragedy of life. Jesus had that extra something which made men say, This man knows our sorrows and joys, our laughter and our tears. Matthew Arnold sings of Shakespeare:

> And thou who didst the stars and sunbeams know—

but that is not what we say of Jesus: we rather cry, 'He knew what was in man.'

We need not go to St. John's Gospel for those words; they lie written in flaming letters across the synoptic record, for we have only to read of His dealings with men to know that His diagnosis was always unerring.

> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear;
> And struck His finger on the place,
> And said, Thou ailest here and here!

He has the view from the cottage window. He saw the dark and heavy clouds which roll in the sky over the homes of the poor: He knew the wearying tale of sickness and disease. He was of the people; therefore He is not ashamed to call them brethren, for He is their brother. We do not wonder that an early sect claimed Him as the Founder of the religion of the poor, or that the Church hails in the Poverello of Assisi one of His truest followers. We must learn to see Him again as a Galilean peasant, without nimbus or aureole, but with the kingly attestation of His lofty character. He was no play-actor: he never masqueraded as man. For us He can never be perfectly God—unless He is truly man. To see Him as Man is not to rob Him of His divinity—for the paradox is true: 'Jesus, divinest, when Thou most art man.' He was of the people, and not of the schools. To reckon Him as a rabbi is a rank blasphemy, but He was highly schooled, as every one is who keeps close to Nature, Man, and God.

Jesus never Saw a Crowd.—He never thought in thousands:

He was not a statistician. When He spoke of numbers, it was with a fine disregard for the tyranny of numbers. He once propounded an addition sum, but no one has ever 'added it up'—'Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I in the midst'—but these do not equal three, nor four. The numbers of the crowds are not the reckoning of Jesus, but of the narrator. Jesus could never have thrown in as a kind of make-weight the women and children—as in the words, 'And they that did eat were 4,000 men, *beside women and children*' (Matt. xv. 38). If He speaks of one hundred sheep, He quickly leaves ninety-nine of them, and the dramatic interest of the story is in the one lost sheep; He tells of ten pieces of silver in order that we may think of the one lost coin; and when He speaks of two sons there is a story for each—for the prodigal and for the elder brother. He had compassion on the multitude, for they were faint and scattered abroad. He yearned to become their Shepherd. But a shepherd does not think merely about flocks, but rather of the individual sheep—at least, it is the way of this Shepherd—Jesus. 'He calleth His own sheep *by name*, and leadeth them out.' He never thought in crowds and multitudes. All His sermons were sermons to individuals. He had that greatest gift of the speaker—He made each one in the thronging press forget the crowd, and have, in some strange way, the belief that Jesus was speaking to that one in some private and lonely place. It was not only at the Last Supper that men said, 'Is it I?' They were often saying this when Jesus spoke—sometimes with a variation, when they said, '*It is* I'—just as men say the words to-day when they *hear* Him speak. He knew how to speak to the heart of the individual. Surely the story of the Prodigal Son must have been often told by Jesus—it is a transcript of life. He would tell it again and again, because it awoke memories, and always made some prodigal in the crowd say, 'I will arise, and go to my Father'; because it never failed to make some old

man with a far-away look in his eyes say, 'He is talking about me: He knows my story: I believe that my lad will come home to waiting love'; because it rarely failed to make some elder brother (who is in every crowd, and in each one of us) say, 'I was foolish to be angry, and to refuse to be glad; I too will welcome back my lost brother.' Jesus had no message for the specialist as specialist; His message is to the common denominator of human need which is in us all.

Jesus never said that He was the Son of the crowd, or of the masses. He used instead that most perfect title of all—one which was to be found in the common speech of the people of that day—Son of Man. What a mercy He did not use the abstract term which is so often used, and means so little, Humanity or Proletariat! How the phrase would have grated on our ears! We wonder whether any one could love the Son of humanity or the Son of the proletariat.

Surely there is no term more musical than Son of Man. It is full of echoes when we really know its meaning; it has the power of sounding back to us the words, Son of God. Jesus respected individuality. When He speaks we are not merged in the mass, nor lost in the crowd. He never spoke of some 'bovrilized' entity, the average man, or of the Hebrew equivalent of Hodge or John Smith —(would it have been Solomon Ben David?). It was not His way to degrade personality by hiding it behind a decimal point, or lowering it to a mere place in a percentage column, or 'pigeon-holing' it under some scientific classification. He was never guilty of the refined brutality of treating a man as a 'psychological study,' or as a 'case.' He loved each and every man in the crowd, and was thus the Son of Man—not the Son of *Men*. His knowledge was not of some hitherto undiscovered entity called 'the man in the street'; but of a man—each man in the street. He acquired the universal language of help because He knew

each individual tongue of need. He is the Saviour of the world, because He is the Saviour of each. We can be sure that He counted not in our way: He would not reckon 'heads,' but rather broken hearts. He held a mirror to the heart of man; this was why one said after a conversation with Him, 'Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did. Can this be the Christ?' It is not only the tribute of the woman at the well; we hear it again and again in the Gospels. There is the same under-refrain in the house of Zacchaeus, for no man says, 'Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor, and if I have wrongfully exacted aught of any man I restore fourfold,' until his past life has been laid bare, and the story of his years has passed in rapid procession before his eyes.

Jesus spoke with directness, certainly with homely phrase and picture, with that fixed gaze (to which the Gospels often refer). He spoke in such a way as to make each man say, 'He is talking to me, and to no one else.' When Jesus spoke He was at close grips with His hearers, and many a one antedated by centuries that experience of George Fox, 'I perceived that Jesus Christ did speak to my condition.' What the Risen Lord did for Fox, the earthly Jesus wrought upon His hearers. That is why through His speaking He made friends and foes; no one could remain the same after hearing Him. He loved crowds by loving the individuals in them: He spoke to crowds by addressing Himself to each one in them, and thus to all.

He had the Mind which is full of Pictures.—'Everything'—to quote the words of an old Father of the Church—'was to Him double; everything earthly had to Him an heavenly meaning.' Some one has defined mysticism as 'that habit of mind which discerns the spiritual in common things.' He certainly had that rare quality, and also that rarer gift of thinking and speaking in pictures. It was Lord Macaulay who said, 'Bunyan is almost the only writer who ever gave to the abstract the interest of the

concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not a jealous man, but jealousy.' Jesus does not lead us into the dark and entangling words of the abstract. He certainly never reduces men to personifications. He talks of real men whom men in all the ages have met in the world, and often in their own hearts. In His portrait studies He draws common men in no common way. As Dr. T. R. Glover says in *Poets and Puritans*, 'To such men the barest hint of experience is more full of revelation than a lifetime of incident and habit to most human beings. They live among common scenes and common men, and nothing is common, everything is wonder.' He awoke men from dullness to wonder because He was a poet, and lived in a world more wonderful than fairyland—in God's world. The vogue of the picture palace need not surprise us; the heart of a man leaps out to a picture and to a story. It did then: it does now: and Jesus knew it. He had not that indifference to the temper of the minds of His audience which gives a stone when the hearers ask bread, or a scorpion when they beg for fish. He thought of both message and hearers—of the truth and how to convey it. He is like the great sculptor who while chiselling is mindful of the niche in which his work is to be placed. When He mused upon His discourses—in the open air, of course, for the breezes are blowing through them all the time—there came trooping before Him men and women with broken hearts and tired minds; and as He thought of His message He thought of them too. When He likened Himself to anything, it was always to something near to Him and to His age—near to all men and to all ages. I am the door—bread—water—the road. Each is a picture, and a familiar picture too. Jesus saw that the people loved pictures, so He sketched the Pharisee and publican; Good Samaritan, Priest and Levite. He never overcrowds His canvas. Just a few lines—for He is the black and white artist of the spiritual

world; and the pictures of these men when once seen are never forgotten; every line is so firm, so clearly defined—there is never one too many, nor one too few. He knew they loved stories; so He told them of the lost sheep, the lost coin, the lost lad—three of the greatest stories in the world in one sermon. His pictures were all of home scenes. The Gospels show us that Jesus draws many of His pictures from the memories of His childhood; such as the leaven which the woman hid in three measures of meal; the new patch on an old garment. 'We have piped unto you and you have not danced' is a reminiscence of the child's old and modern game of 'Funerals and Weddings.'[1] We all know that He never takes the special illustration which is only known to those with a peculiar technical knowledge. Although a carpenter, He only twice illustrates from that craft; and then He speaks, as Justin and an old Syrian writer remind us, of that which is known to all—yokes and ploughs. Jesus reminded His hearers of things which were round about them in the common haunts of life—of seed-time and harvest, of farmers and traders, of bridesmaids and bridegrooms, of lilies and sparrows. He knew that it is the function of the speaker not merely to inform but to awaken echoes, and to bring things to the remembrance of His hearers. It was His work to stab their spirits broad awake—to open their eyes to a world where God's footprints can be clearly seen; and one of His ways of doing this was by picture, by story, by the arresting word. 'To what shall we liken the kingdom of God?' is a familiar gospel refrain, and that to which it is likened is something known to all. We meet with homely pictorial

[1] *cf.* Wordsworth's description of the child, 'a six years' darling of a pigmy size'—

> See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
> Some fragment from his dream of human life,
> Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
> A wedding or a festival,
> A mourning or a funeral;
> And this hath now his heart,
> And unto this he frames his song.
>
> —*Ode on Immortality.*

language in nearly all great speakers—cf. Luther, 'As the meadow is to the cow, the house to the man, the nest to the bird, the rock to the chamois, the stream to the fish, so is the Holy Scripture to the believing soul'[1]: we understand why Bunyan printed on his first page of the *Pilgrim's Progress* the passage: 'I have used similitudes.' The appeal of Hosea is in its tender imagery and its homeliness. Dr. G. A. Smith says of that prophet: 'For the love of Hosea was as the love of that greater Galilean. However high, however lonely it soared, it was yet rooted in common life below, and fed with the unfailing grace of a thousand homely sources.' The tremulous tenderness of John Bright's most famous speech teaches us the power and appeal of inspired imagery: 'The angel of death has been amongst us: we can almost hear the beating of his wings.' There is much that is timely in the following passage from Boswell's *Johnson*:—Boswell: 'I talked of preaching, and of the great success which those called Methodists had.' Johnson: 'Sir, it is owing to their expressing themselves in a plain and familiar manner, which is the only way to do good to the common people.' Jesus used similitudes so unerringly. There is a timeliness about His illustrations; He never turns creation upside down in order to find them. It is all done so easily, so artlessly. We note this especially in Luke xiv., where Jesus is in the house of a Pharisee during the time of a feast. He tells three stories, which all arise out of the circumstances of that situation, and each one is clothed with the drapery of the feast. We read that when Jesus stood up for to read the eyes of all were steadfastly fixed upon Him; and it was ever so when He stood up for to speak.

Jesus never treated the *common* people as common. It is an easy transition from the common to low-minded.[2] Jesus never 'talked down' to His hearers. It was rather

[1] Quoted by Lindsay (*History of Reformation*, Vol. I, p. 211).

[2] Compare the saying in *The Sayings of the Jewish Fathers*, 'No boor is a sin-fearer; nor is the vulgar pious.' Here vulgar is the common rabbinic translation of 'am ha-arez—the people of the land.'

His way to appeal to them and say, Is not this so?—if it is not, please, tell me. We hear it in the words, 'What man of you having an hundred sheep, and having lost one of them, will not leave the ninety-nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is gone astray?'—or 'And which of you that is a father shall his son ask a loaf, and he give him a stone?' He saw the best in people, valued them Himself, and rejected other people's artificial values. He never saw strata in society: His eyes saw men with human needs. He was the friend of publicans and sinners; but *they* said that of Him. He never said it: it never struck Him that they were other than His friends, and that they needed Him. He was always making what the world calls mistakes, because He did not cringe before conventions; as a matter of fact He did not defy them, for He did not see them. He knew, to quote Dean Inge, 'that all labels are libels,' so He heeded them not. He had a strange way of not seeing notices. There was one on the door of the house of Zacchaeus, but He passed it without seeing it; but the critics saw it, and they murmured that He had gone to lodge with a man who was a sinner. Jesus grasped the outstanding fact—that Zacchaeus was yearning to see Him. He had not a touch of condescension in Him; the world was to Him just a large group of individuals who, though lost, might be found. For Him need blotted out all distinctions. We see that in the house of Simon, the Pharisee. The host thought Jesus had blundered, and that badly, and said within himself, 'This man, if he were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is which touched Him, for she is a sinner.' That was in the foreground of the picture to Simon; it was not on the canvas at all to Jesus. Her sin, the scarlet woman's past life, had been blotted out from His vision; He saw the flowing ointment, felt her warm tears and kisses, His eyes were full of the vision of the deathless love of this forgiven and penitent woman.

She hath wetted my feet with her tears
And wiped them with her hair;
Since the time I came in
She hath not ceased to kiss my feet:
And she hath anointed my head with ointment.

How could He talk about the woman being a sinner when He saw that the sinner was a woman with a tender, yearning love? Jesus really loved the common people; He was passionately interested in them. Robert Browning was once asked if he cared much for nature, and answered, 'Yes, a great deal, but for human beings a great deal more.' Jesus was able

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of His hand,
And eternity in an hour.

But He could do more than that—He could see a glory in the common man, and a heaven in a young child's heart.

To-day we know something about this. We are all talking about the extraordinary heroism of ordinary men. The war has discovered this for us: it was, and is, a working axiom with Jesus. Jesus was ever on the look-out for the uncommon and extraordinary in seemingly common people. He saw that even in the outcast there is a spontaneity, a large-heartedness, which one fails to find in quarters where it is most advertised.[1] He dared to say to the leaders of His day, 'The publicans and harlots shall enter into the kingdom of heaven before you.' He had the eye for things and for people. Nothing escaped that searching glance. He saw the widow timidly cast her little coins into the treasury. He saw it all, and said that she was the greatest philanthropist in Jerusalem. There are many difficulties in the story of the Syro-

[1] The large-hearted man flings away many conventions in his judgement of others. There is much that is revealing in this passage from that charming book of John Bailey's, *Dr. Johnson and his Circle*: 'It takes one's breath away at first to hear the grave moralist of the *Rambler* saying to Mrs. Thrale and Fanny Burney, "O, I loved Betty Flint!" just after he had frankly explained to them that that lady was habitually a slut and a drunkard, and occasionally a thief and a harlot.'

Phœnician woman; but this, I think, is clear—it was Jesus who made her utter that brilliant repartee, 'Yea, Lord, for even the little dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table.' She spoke better than she knew, as people so often do in the Gospels when in the presence of Jesus. Jesus knew the heroism of the people, and to Him they were not common. He saw wanderers who yearned for home, fathers who longed for their sons, publicans who prayed with penitential tears, beggars who would find their way to Abraham's bosom, women of doubtful past who would have a glorious future. The most 'common' man He knew was the man who failed to see the glory of God's gift and who made the common remark, 'To what purpose is this waste?' He called that man with a fine fitness a son of waste.[1] All this is clearly related to our subject, for the crowd despises a man who holds them cheaply: but lends its ears to listen to the man who appeals to the highest and best in his hearers.

The Touch of Surprise.—There was always the touch of surprise in the message of Jesus. R. L. S. says, 'I have been reading lately some revolutionary books, amongst them the New Testament.' There is all the freshness of the revolutionary about Jesus. No wonder that they said, What is this? a new teaching! He claimed the attention of the crowd: they never knew what He would say next. The challenge in His voice, His proclaiming of a new kingdom, and the overthrow of the usurper, made a crushed people listen to Him with a pathetic eagerness. He spoke their dialect, told their apocalyptic stories and their scriptures, and gave a new spiritual value to all that He quoted. He had a way of showing that the darkened streets of daily life are made light by the stars of eternity. He spoke of something the men of that age, and every age, need—Rest. William Watson in 'Wordsworth's Grave' sings—

Thou had'st for wearied feet the gift of rest.

[1] *cf. Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, Article on 'Waste,' by W. W. Holdsworth.

—the crowd felt that of Jesus when He spoke. Poet as He was, He gave to everything the touch of eternity. He spoke about those things which always demand a hearing: of birds, flowers, children—tears, laughter, hopes, fears, aspirations, daily bread, and heavenly manna—Life, Love, Death. He spoke without fear of the last and called it sleep. He speaks of life: of that which now is, and of that which is to come. He has that sincerity which gives emphasis to every word—and without which a speaker is as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Trevelyan, in his *Life of John Bright*, tells us that after he gave his famous Crimean speech, Disraeli said to him, 'Bright, I would give all that I ever had to have made that speech.' 'And I just said to him,' says Bright, 'Well, you might have made it, if you had been honest.' It is the witness of His foes which did not agree; of His own Jesus could say, 'but the witness which I receive is not of man.' His words always ring with honesty and conviction. He has that tone which makes all that He says tingle and vibrate, and find a resting-place in the hearts of His hearers. Then He is so daring, and the crowd loves that: He rebukes the Pharisees when they are in the crowd. Again, the people welcomed Him because He did not whittle down His sayings until they were almost meaningless; they knew that He did not fear that type of saying which is like a two-edged sword—being made for the slaying of the enemy, but sometimes cutting the hands of the man who wields it. Think of the fearlessness of a teacher who can say, 'To whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little.' He was always at the centre, and never talks about things which do not count in life's daily round, or in eternity's wide-stretching circle. All these things tell us some of the reasons why the common people heard Him gladly. He had the view from the cottage window. He never merged man into the mass: He respected individuality. He had the Picture mind—and word. To Him all people were

interesting—none common. His message was timeless, therefore for all time. But there is one reason which gathers into itself all others, and gives point and meaning to each—He LOVED them.

With this key Jesus unlocked their hearts. In Jesus there is not a touch of the professional: He did not help people from a distance by committee, or resolution, but always by a present tenderness. Cowper calls him, 'The Everlasting *Lover* of our unworthy race,' Charles Wesley hails him, 'Jesu, *Lover* of my soul,' Francis Thompson sings of 'That tremendous *Lover*.' He loved a man simply because he was a man with aspirations unsatisfied, and with deep sighs and needs. The crowd is often surprisingly foolish in its judgements, but it has a keen eye for love, and a strange faculty for finding out whether the speaker loves his hearers or seeks to exploit them. He loved them: their life, their joys as well as their sorrows—for surely Jesus was not only the Man of sorrows, but the Man of joys also. There must have been in His heart a spring of the clear and pure waters of humour. Of this we are sure, for there are many noteworthy illustrations of it in the Gospels. As we try to picture Him speaking, we see the smile which was more beautiful than light playing on a mountain side, we see the merry twinkle in His eye, or that strangely tender look of His, or we hear laughter which is hearty and health-giving. When we think of Jesus we have not glimpses of a speaker who was always serious, sombre, and unrelieved—rather when we see Him speaking to the people He pipes as well as mourns, He speaks of joy as well as sorrow. Sometimes the tears run down the faces of His hearers, but often they are chased away by rippling laughter. He loves the common men in the common crowd in such a personal and individual way as to make it possible for each one to say, He loved me, and gave Himself for me. Of their other teachers they said, 'They seek to exploit us; but this man, He is not as they are, He loves us.' A well-known writer,

while discussing the question of another person's ability, said to a friend of mine, 'He will be a great man, maybe, some day. I can best,' said he, 'tell you what I mean by an illustration. If he saw a deserving poor person who wanted help, he would empty his pockets to give relief to his poverty; but if the poor man told him the story of his sufferings, he would pretend to listen, but he would have no ear for the poor man's words, and none for his tale of tragedy and tears. He will not be great until he has seen and listened to the tragedy of humanity.' Does not that illustrate a truth for us? Jesus was the perfect listener. He listened with rapt attention to the tales of the suffering and sorrow of the common people. Because He was the perfect listener, He was the perfect talker. That is why He understood the people and they heard Him gladly. Jesus had a message, and a love that made it vocal—a message to the primal, basal, and elemental life of the soul—one which speaks to the 'common man' in each of us. The message of Jesus does not appeal to what is formal and accidental or shallow in the life of a man: it is a call to something greater than even our education and civilization, that may become one with Nineveh and Tyre: it is a cry which comes forth from the depths of a heart of love and speaks to a heart of need.

It is this quality which makes His message so central and so catholic. There is one story that reveals the reason for the greatness of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. He was standing on the touch line with a master of the school, and watching the boys play football. He saw a little boy running to the 'scrum' and said, 'If that boy goes wrong, it will break my heart.' When the crowd listened to Jesus, and when we read the gospel, there is that cry of love to a heart of need, 'If you go wrong, it will break my heart.' It is one thing to hear Him gladly, it is another to obey Him gladly. But He asks both from us—a glad hearing and an heroic response. Herein again He saw something that

the war has written in letters of blood, that the common man will respond to the heroic challenge. There are hard sayings in the gospel record. There is the mystery of the kingdom of God; there are the strange words, 'All things are done in parables, that seeing they may see and not perceive, and hearing they may hear and not understand.' But when we have considered such sayings, we still know that the message of Jesus is as fresh as the breeze, as glowing as the sunshine, and as clear as a limpid stream. That message may become darkened and polluted by our lusts, prejudice, and old age, but of the child-like in heart Jesus still says, 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes: yea, Father, for so it was well pleasing in Thy sight.' There is not only a literary sequence, but also an eternal relation, betwixt these words and those that so closely follow, 'Come unto Me, all that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest'—for little children know when they are tired, and they seek rest, and find it in Jesus.

W. Bardsley Brash.

GEORGE ELIOT

WE are keeping one by one the centenaries of the great Victorians, and now that of George Eliot has come our attention is once more fixed on a great woman, who in her lifetime was placed by the side of the greatest men and women of any age, and to-day is subject to the impertinence and sneers of all the young upstarts in literature. It is worth while to recall the history of George Eliot's fame. *Scenes of Clerical Life* appeared in 1857. It was not a popular success, but called forth enthusiastic letters from Charles Dickens, Mrs. Carlyle, and Froude, and was warmly admired by Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, and others.

Adam Bede was published in the following year, and the applause became general. 'The finest thing since Shakespeare,' cried Charles Reade, and henceforth like things were proclaimed by French, German, and American critics. Each successive work, with the exception of *Felix Holt* and *Daniel Deronda*, was reckoned a masterpiece. *The Mill on the Floss* maintained the high level of *Adam Bede*. *Silas Marner* was a perfect and matchless work of art. *Romola* was the best historical novel ever written. *Middlemarch* gave to George Eliot the right to stand by the side of Shakespeare. This praise, excessive as it was, was not unmixed with critical insight. The reprieve of Hetty and the marriage of Dinah were inartistic blunders. The tragedy in *The Mill on the Floss* was inadequately prepared. *Romola* was laboured, and *Felix Holt* in bad taste. *Daniel Deronda* was almost universally pronounced a dead failure. George Eliot's books were not the only source of her fame. It was discovered that she had a marvellously wide and deep culture. Her novels were merely *jeux d'esprit*. She might have been, had she chosen, a philosopher, a historian, a sociologist, or almost anything else. When she had become

a cult, herself the goddess or at least the sibyl, and Lewes the hierophant, she was expected to utter the last word of wisdom on any subject that came up.

Such extravagant praise must provoke a violent reaction. The reaction began thirty years ago, and it has not quite run its course. The extreme view held by Ford Madox Hueffer, Gilbert Cannan, George Moore—who once was a fervid admirer—and many other nameless followers of a literary fashion, is that George Eliot was no artist, no genius, and merely a dull, learned woman who wrote didactic treatises: the more moderate opinion is that she had a breath of inspiration which lasted as far as *Silas Marner*. After that the moderate critics speak with stupid disrespect of *Romola* and *Middlemarch*, and mere ignorance of *Daniel Deronda*, which they probably have not read. Now and then a voice is heard with the sincere ring of deep admiration like that of Henry James, Abbé Brémond, Signora Bassi; but even this last shows no fresh insight in dealing with the later books, and we must say that for many years criticism on the whole has been sterile, prejudiced, insincere, and marked by no originality.

To appreciate George Eliot's works fully it is necessary to turn again to her life. This is all the more necessary because there is a prejudice against the woman, which was partly started by Swinburne, in his *Note on Charlotte Brontë*. His picture of George Eliot 'sprawling' on her 'galled and spavined' Pegasus has given the impression that she was a self-confident woman who deserved to be thrown. His antithetical picture of Charlotte Brontë, standing out in the light against George Eliot's shade, has seized the popular imagination, and few have paused to detect the fundamental insincerity of the criticism. The truth is that George Eliot suffered all her life from a wretched diffidence, which was only overcome by outside stimulus usually supplied by George Lewes. Without him she would have done nothing at all; with him she accomplished first or second-rate work

according to the direction in which he propelled her. But let us turn again to the life, and see how the works grew out of the inner life of a great woman who was even greater than her works. We shall then perhaps gain the indispensable sympathy for a right understanding of the works.

Mary Ann Evans, born in the heart of England in Warwickshire, received all her earliest influences from the lap of mother-earth. Like little Maggie Tulliver, in the companionship of an adored brother just two years older than herself, she imbibed all sweet, natural, human influences, supremely unconscious herself of what was happening. When Isaac went to boarding-school she was thrown upon herself, and her own resources; and her intellectual life was born while she devoured the novels of Sir Walter Scott. The religious influences were all of an evangelical type. She received them passively at first, and only as her reading increased in range did she begin to feel uneasy under the repressive and harsh character of the evangelical formula. There were deep stirrings in her that urged her to music and poetry. At the age of seventeen she was ardently religious and hungry for the beautiful. Religion and art were, she thought, wholly apart, and it appeared that the choice must be made between one or the other. With such a serious nature religion was chosen without hesitation, and art sacrificed.

But the art could not be repressed without causing inward torment to Miss Evans. When she was twenty-one and her father took her to live in Coventry she was taken up by the Brays and Hennells, in whom she saw for the first time lives of moral earnestness, wide culture, and theoretic feeling for art. The new friends were Unitarians. Miss Evans at once assumed that since their outlook was wide, their religious formula must be broad, and throwing off her evangelicalism as an outgrown garment she embraced the naturalistic explanations of Christianity supplied her by her new friends. For the next fifteen years she was gaining a

panoramic view of the universe and filling the gaps in her knowledge. When in 1851 she came to London and undertook the sub-editorship of the *Westminster Review*, she already impressed Herbert Spencer and other new friends with a sense of massive power and many-sided knowledge. Her attainments were truly prodigious.

Religion remained her first interest. Her religion, of course, was not orthodox. It was divorced from dogma and also from mysticism, and hence her interest was concentrated on the question of conduct. This preoccupation with morality was never to leave her. It was the supreme, burning passion of her life, growing in intensity with the years. In another age she would have been a Luther or a Savonarola or a great Hebrew prophet.

Yet Miss Evans had not attained to unity with herself during her London life. The repression which for many years had stifled her romantic and aesthetic instincts was now withdrawn, and the repressed instincts flared up and drove her into a rebellious mood during which she was inclined to do little justice to the things she had left behind. The moral passion remained, but it led her to question all the old moral sanctions. German theology took the place of her evangelicalism, and she translated Strauss and Feuerbach. The theology spread to philosophy. She gave twelve solid years to the study of the world's great philosophies. Like Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, she turned from Calvin to Goethe, and still desirous of a religious vesture for her new reading of the universe, followed the tract indicated by Goethe till she reached Spinoza, and adopted his pantheism as most likely to give her broad horizons and enlarge her human sympathies.

But there were other influences at work besides the German. The French Revolution, Rousseau, and George Sand were like fire in her veins, and gave her no rest until with her usual thoroughness she had revolutionized her politics and sociology.

In London Miss Evans met the most advanced men and women of the day. She was not greatly attracted except by Herbert Spencer. Harriet Martineau attracted and repelled her. The *Westminster* staff showed their advanced views by substituting a new set of intolerant prejudices and narrownesses for the ones they had left behind. Miss Evans' moral passion had forced on her the conviction that human feeling was the substance of morality, and she observed that the pantheistic vagueness of her own and her friends' philosophy was not enlarging their sympathies, and that her own, as in the articles she wrote for the *Westminster*, were becoming marked by bitterness. All this tended to provoke a reaction. But to what? The old evangelicalism was impossible. The gospel criticism of Charles Hennell and Strauss told equally against any other form of Christianity, including the Catholic. Here was a deadlock. She turned again to France, and specially to Comte, and took refuge in his idealization of human relationships as best able to preserve her human sympathies. Just then she was introduced by Herbert Spencer to George Henry Lewes, who appealed to her by his story of his domestic wreck, his Positivism, and his versatility. The new friendship ripened into love, and Miss Evans, longing to practise some of her theories, consented to defy the law of the land and live with a man who was not divorced from his legal wife.

With Lewes she attained to unity with herself as far as was possible. The disembodied spirit of Christianity lived on in her side by side with the new atheism. They could not mingle and neither would give place to the other. Complete inward rest could be reached only by return to Christianity, or by a still more determined rebellion that would silence the persistent still voice of the spirit.

Let us sum up her attainments at this period. She had mastered the languages and literatures of the world's chief nations. She had a grasp of the world's great philosophies.

She was abreast with the science of her day. She could give a reason for her political faith. She understood music and was a first-rate amateur performer on the piano. She knew sufficient history to connect vitally the world's great periods. She cared much for Dutch, Spanish, and pre-Raphaelite art. All this wealth of knowledge was penetrated and lifted up into the realm of feeling. Centrally, as ever, was the moral passion; then, in order, came literature, philosophy, science, poetry, music, art, and, last of all, politics. Each was warmed by feeling, but politics were wandering too far from the sun of her feeling to become much more than tepid.

Miss Evans' union with Lewes, while it caused painful collisions with her family and friends, yet gave her sufficient happiness to sweeten her. Most of her antagonisms died, and the few that remained were kept for the erring, conceited kind of the Buckle type. She had made up her mind that lack of sympathy condemned one to a corresponding stupidity, and she was determined to strive after a sympathetic understanding of all sorts and conditions of men, so that everything truly human should call forth from her an instantaneous response.

A woman of such manifold power must find or create an outlet for her energies. Lewes suggested fiction, though not quite sure whether she had humour and dramatic capacity. Ever amenable to masculine suggestion she tried, and produced *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton*, and followed it up quickly with *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story*, and *Janet's Repentance*. The three stories, under the title of *Scenes of Clerical Life*, were reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* and published in 1857. *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Silas Marner*, followed in 1859, 1860, 1861, and George Eliot completed what the moderate critics call her inspired period, and her feminine contribution to English Literature. These early books are sufficiently secure to need no apology. Yet they contain nearly all

her worst faults; and the first, which some critics still extol as her best work, is the most offending of them all. *Amos Barton*, short as it is, is the fount of all George Eliot's 'polysyllabic humour.' Instead of saying, The townsman may prefer his tea without milk, she writes: 'Perhaps, from a presentiment of calves' brains, you refrain from any lacteal addition, and rasp your tongue with unmitigated bohea.' There is nothing so bad as that even in *Daniel Deronda*; but this sort of thing, which is usually quoted against George Eliot, is almost entirely confined to *Amos Barton*: it is absent from *Adam Bede* to *Felix Holt*, and only reappears in a milder form in *Middlemarch* and *Deronda*, where 'dynamic' once gave mortal offence, and such words as *epidermis* and *vertebrae* appear like matter in the wrong place. Against the *unmitigated bohea* may be placed a beautiful passage of high imaginative quality in *Mr. Gilfil*: 'How dreary the moonlight is! robbed of all its tenderness and repose by the hard, driving wind. The trees are harassed by that tossing motion, when they would like to be at rest; the shivering grass makes her quake with sympathetic cold; and the willows by the pool, bent low and white under that invisible harshness, seem agitated and helpless like herself.' Such passages abound more and more, and her prose steadily increases in imaginative power, till it attains to its eloquent height in the proem of *Romola*.

It would be gratuitous to point out the other defects in the early novels to a generation that knows more about them than the beauties. It is more to the point to discover to what order George Eliot's art belonged. We have a truer understanding to-day of what produces the highest art than the Victorians. High art, in a word, is the outcome of imaginative passion. Imaginative passion may pierce to the inner reality, and become idealistic, as in Blake and Michael Angelo; or it may transfigure the homely facts of everyday life like the great Dutch and Spanish artists. George Eliot never learned to appreciate Michael Angelo.

So far she loved Teniers and Rubens. But her informing spirit was moral and not imaginative passion. The moral was passionate enough to create its own kind of beauty, and it used the imagination rather than was used by it. Reason, feeling, imagination, have an ascending scale of value. George Eliot possessed all three; but feeling predominated and enabled her to understand the whole past and present; but her imagination was not free and strong enough to create the future. Blake called the four great ones that are in every man Los, Urizen, Luvah, and Tharmas. Blake was Los, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill, Huxley, were Urizen, and George Eliot was Luvah.

George Eliot's wealth of feeling was truly marvellous. It enabled her to recall the Evangelicalism of her youth, the Methodism of her aunt, and sundry forms of lax Churchmanship, with an understanding and sympathy that no one else has ever approached. She gets at the souls of her people because she loves them, and for the same reason her books are alive. But what feeling cannot do, or can only do with great difficulty, create and mould a good story, was not required while George Eliot was living in her memories. There were good stories there; and when she brought out the things that had lain long and sweetened in her storehouse, the glow of her early Christian faith revived vicariously too, and induced a wholesome and sweet savour that she could not capture again in her latest books. This effect is best seen in *Adam Bede*. The fastidious critic to-day finds the novel too long, and he objects to the notion of a harsh nemesis which follows on a sin that he regards as necessary to salvation. Yet *Adam Bede* is one of those rarest books that make a special and universal appeal. It was written out of the surging memories of George Eliot's deepest spiritual life. During the upheaval of her adolescence she had stayed with her Methodist aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, and found that she could speak to her with perfect frankness. The aunt was a large, loving soul living

a life of impassioned service. George Eliot remembered her with deep feeling when portraying Dinah Morris, and succeeded in presenting a Christian saint that for truthfulness, Christliness, and beauty has never been surpassed, I think, by any writer, non-Christian or Christian. It was the vital memory of Dinah's beauty of holiness that lay at the root of the abundant humour and pathos which captivated the great reading public. Besides the popular testimony, *Adam Bede* has that of many men and women of refined tastes who have loved it; but what is not so generally appreciated is that it makes an irresistible appeal to the simple, unlettered poor. In a small village in Surrey a lady read it aloud as an experiment to a working party of old women. They listened enthralled and dropped their work. The book finished, they begged that it might be read to them again. Even after the second reading they were importunate for a third. A book that can hold Thackeray, Dickens, Tolstoi, Alexander Dumas, Viola Meynell, and village mothers, is surely immortal. The same must be said of *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*, which are probably even better books.

The heart of controversy begins with *Romola*. Here one becomes aware that there are two George Eliots. There is the real George Eliot, of large heart and understanding and a certain child-like simplicity. There is the 'made' George Eliot, the outcome of ten thousand theories, of deliberation, and a stern sense of duty. The real woman speaks in the interview between Savonarola and Romola, when he commands her to go home to her husband, speaks in chapter after chapter with a noble simplicity, speaks in the proem with an impassioned beauty, power, and music which compel us to the recognition of a strong, compassionate, loving soul. Then, clogging the action and always getting in the way, is the 'got-up' science, describing but not feeling the tumultuous street life of old Florence, giving samples of artists, politicians, scholars, more or less successfully. The

scholar is felt and presented in Bardo and Baldasarre, and they live. The artist who should have been Michael Angelo is Piero di Cosimo. He is an artist in the book, no doubt, and one of the right sort in real life; but nowhere does one perceive the spirit that burned in Buonarotti, and gave to the Renaissance its perennial fascination. And so there remain two orders of readers. The one will fasten on to the fabricated parts of *Romola*, and throw it away; the other will not be deterred from seeing the real George Eliot shining through every obstruction, and in gratitude for that vision will forgive a thousand times the faults.

Felix Holt is on a lower level than *Romola*. It abounds in fine things—the introduction, Rufus Lyon, Esther, Felix, Mrs. Transome; but the political machinery of the book is still machinery. George Eliot was inspired to continue her story amid much diffidence and depression, not because Felix was a Radical expressing some of her views, but because she foresaw that Esther would refuse Harold and riches, and marry Felix and poverty. There is a fine flavour which really emanates from the capture and transmutation of old Catholic things—asceticism, vision, self-renunciation, poverty—and their application to modern life.

Middlemarch I find myself unable to criticize. Love has received a mortal blow when the lover begins to criticize. Let me get my confession over. I am a lover. The two George Eliots are present, I admit. The 'made' will warn off a class of readers. But the 'real,' tempered with a fine large philosophy, is grappling with a large subject on a large canvas. I have seen the notebook with its jottings for Middlemarch. It contains a map of Middlemarch and its neighbouring places accurately marking the distances. The families are treated as family trees. The chief historical events leading up to and from the Reform Bill of 1832 are noted. I seemed to get within sound of the pains that preceded the birth. She really brought forth twins—the story of Dorothea and the story of Lydgate. But as the

twins would go together and refused to be separated, George Eliot defied the coming critic, who if any must have one child and not two. The eventual destiny of *Middlemarch* will depend on whether the twins keep their health. There are men and women who can do small things beautifully, there have been a few men who could do massive things grandly. George Eliot is the one woman in this select gathering of men.

Daniel Deronda is George Eliot at her best and worst. From the day it appeared it has been subject to the rudest criticism, lightly dismissed by men who had not the remotest understanding of its subject matter, from Swinburne to Chesterton sneered at in a phrase, 'analysed dust-heaps,' says the journalist, in barren imitation of the poet's 'rag-and-bone shop.'

Yet George Eliot's selection of the Jews was in nowise a *faux pas*. Her genius and moral passion gave her kinship to the Hebrew prophets. When she turned from pantheism because it was immoral, she returned not to Christianity but to the rock-bed of Judaism out of which Christianity was hewn. Her glorification of the bonds of family and race drove her to study the history of spiritual Judaism during the Christian centuries, and she discovered, with deep joy, that the truths by which she did not live were the daily bread of the mediaeval Spanish Jews. That is an unknown page of history to the critics, and therefore they have not earned the right to judge the book. The only people who really understand the inner life of Judaism have been Jewish experts with a touch of the prophetic fire, and their verdict on *Daniel Deronda* has been unanimous.

The English part palpitates with life. Gwendolen is seen, felt, and known, from every possible point of view, and this all-comprehensive vision is condensed, as far as may be, into words. She is a text for the artist, moralist, biologist, sociologist, physician. In her earlier days George Eliot saw less and expressed herself with glaring lucidity. Her

later manifold vision clogged her utterance. Gwendolen, Grandcourt, Klesmer, Mordecai, are difficult triumphs of a moral genius: the story as a whole is the inevitable failure where moral passion strives to do the work of the creative artist.

George Eliot's work is an exact index to herself. The final word must be personal. We must know how far she succeeded with her difficult self, and whether she rose sufficiently above the spirit of her age to become a universal. The real George Eliot, as I have hinted, was a large, simple soul. In her early impressionable youth she was oppressed by the narrowness of the people around her. The instant she saw a way of escape, she threw off her Christianity from a stern sense of duty, and then feeling her limbs for the first time, tossed them over her arm-chair in her lodgings at Chapman's, let down her hair, and quoted Rousseau and George Sand to the contributors of the *Westminster Review*. But this new freedom was not altogether to her taste. Duty was still her watchword. She longed to practise her new opinions, and she still yearned for a life of service. At any time she reckoned that the highest vocation was the redeemer's.

When Lewes asked her to defy the law, and unite her lot with his, she consented, not because she was driven by an overmastering passion, but because she deliberately believed that the call of duty had come to her to save a man whose domestic life was wrecked. It was a false step, as her deepest self could have told her, but she never learned to trust herself. A crammed brain and deep-seated diffidence always crippled her just at the moment when clear and swift action was demanded. This is why one perceives a lack in her truly great books. If she could have rushed to Lewes, driven by a spontaneous instinct, and carried through the consequences carelessly, her art would have reached a higher level. The alternative was to fall back on Christianity of a Catholic type, which would have unified her by

the Royal Way of the Cross; then, too, her art would have gained. Actually she went back to the ethics of Judaism, and found the great moral sanctions in the ties of family and race. 'Honour thy father and thy mother' was the central command, and it could be fulfilled only by a rigid obedience to parents that allowed of no exception. That is George Eliot's ethical position in all her books. Christ broke through this stern moralism, when He would not allow His mother to hinder Him from following His divine birthright. George Eliot, too, broke the family ties, and a free Christianity might even have defended her action; but her true, persistent self did not approve, and to the end one sees her the victim of a tormenting and crippling dualism.

Yet the true George Eliot will live. She speaks wholly in *Silas Marner*, *Adam Bede*, *Amos Barton*, and the early chapters of *The Mill on the Floss*. These stories are full of poetry, loving humour, and a sad music. She speaks in even deeper tones in *Romola*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*, but too often as it were behind a curtain. Those who hear the true voice will snatch the curtain aside, and continue to listen to that voice as of many waters which came from a painful, tumultuous, and discordant inner life.

CHARLES GARDNER.

SPIRITUAL AND LITERARY LEGACIES OF THE WAR

'THE Policy of Beer and Bible' was the obsolete nineteenth-century reproach brought by political factions against each other. A recent reference to it in one of the discussions about brewing showed how completely meaningless it had become. The Book happily is as much in evidence as the beverage.

Of all diplomatic successes continued from the last into the present reign, none was so decisive or steadily maintained as that of Lord Bryce, a master in the science of international law as well as author of the two most famous prize compositions produced in his Oxford period; for he wrote not only the essay that soon grew into the universal handbook on the Holy Roman Empire, but a translation in Theocritean hexameters of Tennyson's 'May Queen' that filled Tennyson himself with admiration.

The works subsequently inspired by his embassy at Washington reflect with the penetrating fidelity of unique experience the spiritual and the intellectual not less than the social and political life of the United States. On both sides of the Atlantic he noticed a declension of Bible knowledge in all classes of the community. His regret at this experience was shared by the most independently representative of American politicians and thinkers. Looking at it only from the educational side these were agreed that it would be a national loss if generations grew up knowing little or nothing of our Bible.

Since then at least one university in the world, that of Columbia, has told undergraduates that before matriculation they must show some acquaintance with ancient history in its primaeval and most authentic source. The new and

universal impetus to natural philosophy and material science in all their branches is steadily dislodging Greek and Latin from their traditional place in all Anglo-Saxon seats of learning, to say nothing of others. The Bible is the one Book whose store of morals, manners, imagery, and allusion can make it in any degree a substitute for the exiled classics. We shall all await with interest the result that may follow from the Yankee experiment of dealing with the Bible as an ethical and historical handbook in a purely secular educational system. The same notion commended itself to some of the mediaeval popes, who ceased, however, to see much educational value in the volume when its readers refused all sacerdotal aids to its study.

This self-sufficiency of the Scriptures and the implied right of private judgement was the ground of Calvin's quarrel with the contemporary successors of S. Peter, from Leo X, whose indulgences produced the Reformation (1513), to Pius IV (1565).

Where, these pontiffs indignantly asked, were the effects to end of the intellectual tonic and stimulant common men were already deriving from the writings that had defied so many priestly restraints? In the twentieth-century New World, as to a less degree in the old country, the number of church or chapel goers has fallen off since 1914. On the other hand the circulation of Bibles for home reading has increased in each separate communion by ten or fifteen per cent. 'Serious books' grow in demand with the general reader, though their special votaries of the student class have been absorbed in military service. Andrew Carnegie lived long enough for the gratifying intelligence from many representative librarians that of the books placed by him within their reach soldiers appreciated none more than those throwing any light on the problems of peaceful reconstruction. Five years before he had the satisfaction of seeing the complete failure of a suggestion to convert the literary treasure-houses with which he had dotted the land to more or less

military uses. The cry, 'Shut up the libraries,' had only been raised to awake no approving echoes.

The question, 'What can I do to help?' asked by everyone everywhere during the late summer and autumn of 1914 soon received for answer the inspired words of the Hebrew prophet, 'In returning and in rest ye shall be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength.' Those who had been disposed to look upon storehouses of printed matter as inopportune incumbrances in such a time completely changed their note. Whatever the sort of reading that might be done, sacred or secular, works on applied science, Greek or mediaeval art, history or fiction, must, it was now found out, have a sedative, a disciplinary, or in some other way a wholesome effect.

To the great good of the community, as well as a decisive improvement in the national temper, the Carnegie 'Temples of Peace' remained inviolate. Not that, so far as could be judged from appearances, literature had become the handmaid of religion. The great events then in progress and the agony of suspense in which so many of us lived imparted no spiritual bias to the selection of the books taken out by householders and ratepayers in quantities quite unprecedented. Hence one of the chief superficial differences between the public mind during the twentieth-century war and the last great European struggle before that in which, sixty years earlier, England bore the leading part.

The close of the Crimean War was marked by the disappearance from the brilliant and exclusive system then constituting 'society' of a remarkably shrewd, thoughtful, and clear-visioned lady, mother of Lord Clarendon, the Foreign Minister in 1853, who lost his office as a consequence of Mr. Roebuck's motion. This was Mrs. Villiers, who died on January 12, 1856; she had been brought up at the court of the third George. From that time till the second decade of the Victorian age there was no incident, social, religious, or political which she had not closely watched; she had noted

in their social aspect each successive stage of the Oxford movement and of the Evangelical ascendancy promoted by Palmerston's Low-Church Bishops that followed. Of all the changes she had witnessed the most remarkable, she said, was that in Sabbath observance. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century Queen Charlotte used to have her drawing-rooms on Sunday after church. All who attended them had previously been to the Chapel Royal in full dress, that fresh from the service they might go on to the palace. 'Now,' she continued, 'we are Judaised, and the whole idea of the Sabbath is brought back from the Christian holy day to the Mosaic observance. The Sunday bands have been stopped in the park, a motion to open the museum and the picture galleries after morning service has been defeated in the House of Commons by 376 to 48.' In the ferment of thought, sentiment, and speculation caused by, or at least following, the war, Sunday observance has once more become a question of the hour.

The sobering effects of our costly effort to protect the Sultan and his realm from the aggressive ambition of the Russian Tsar Nicholas were universally visible during the second half of the nineteenth century. This was followed in 1860 by Queen Victoria's proclamation against immorality and vice; it included a reference to the Lord's Day which produced an impression scarcely less profound at home than abroad. The High Anglican revival of the ''thirties' brought about many improvements in the conduct of church service, but did not really touch the heart of the masses. Its origin, associations, and appeals were insufficiently Catholic, were indeed too exclusively the product of the Tory Oriel common-room to do that. The spiritually-gifted R. Hurrell Froude, fellow and tutor of the college, had inherited, more even than his brother the historian, the aristocratic prejudices of his father the archdeacon; he had heard that a little Homeric quotation fell flat on and was not even intelligible to the recently reformed House of

Commons. 'Fancy,' was his plaintive comment, 'gentlemen not knowing Greek!' The Sabbatarian renascence, which came in almost with Queen Victoria in England, encouraged the Abbé Mullois to do what he could towards reproducing the movement in his native land. The enterprise had its headquarters in Paris at 33, Rue de Verneuil; its influence, however limited the results, survives to the present day. The organization soon spread itself across the Atlantic, commanding a success in New York that would have been almost universal but for the noisy opposition of the German quarter. The chief argument against it was its disastrous influence on national industry and trade. 'Have the English no concern with arts and manufactures, are not their business transactions enormous, yet they do no work on the Lord's Day. Look at the banks of the Thames, its walls and dockyards extending miles in length, covered on weekdays with an industrial army. The Lord's Day arrives; all these workmen rest, not a blow of the axe is given. The productiveness of British labour is the greater because of the twelve hours' pause.' 'Plain Jock Campbell,' Lord Chancellor (1859), personally investigated the whole question during two vacations spent abroad; he brought home with him the conclusion that the 'Continental Sunday' was less a national institution than a product of Rome, whose Church, in order to raise the importance of other festivals, lowered the Lord's day to a mere Church ordinance, not specially binding on the individual conscience. Had Lord Campbell's life been prolonged and his travels repeated during the next decade he would have seen in Rome as well as in Paris a practical reaction in favour of the 'English Sunday.' In both capitals he would have found all the best shops shut, the theatres, perhaps, still opened, but systematically shunned by play-goers of the better sort; these at any rate in the 'Metropolis on the Seine' had then got in the way of restricting their sabbatic amusements to an occasional look in at the Hippodrome, then the home of horsemanship in reality as

well as in name. Dr. Hessey's 'Bampton Lectures for 1860' remain the most abundant and authentic encyclopaedia of everything that concerns the relations borne by the Hebrew seventh day to the Christian Dies Dominica. In that matter, however, no practical end can be gained by much addition to what the late Dr. R. W. Dale says on the subject in his book, *The Ten Commandments*. Physical rest and nothing more, not a word about public or private worship, was the law of the Jewish Sabbath. The Christian Sunday not only celebrates the Resurrection, but secures an opportunity for religious thought, thanksgiving, and prayer. The penalty for breaking the Sabbath was death. The New Testament says not a word about any punishment for violating the sanctity of the first day of the week. The Lord's Day and the Sabbath so far resemble each other that they are religious festivals coming once a week, the more ancient at the end, the less ancient at the beginning. The one celebrates the Almighty's completed work of creation; the other commemorates the Resurrection of His Divine Son. The earlier of the two was proclaimed by God Himself, when the newly-made earth had become ready to receive man, the later began generally to be observed during the first or second century of our era, and by men of the same religious views was observed in very different ways.

The Sabbath was made for man, but in the twentieth century, as he had done four or five hundred years earlier, man, even when at his best, has kept and enjoins the keeping of the Sabbath according to the dictates of his conscience or the conditions of his ordinary life. Neither John Knox nor Calvin will be accused of laxity. But Knox chose the first day of the week for entertaining his friends at dinner, Calvin could scarcely find words strong enough to denounce the gross and carnal superstition of sabbatism. Luther preached to the same effect, and condemned whatever in Sabbath keeping might encroach on the Christian spirit of liberty. The State recognition of the first day of the week as dedicated

to tranquillity and repose was the Emperor Constantine's edict in 321. Two hundred and seventeen years afterwards the Church Council of Orleans condemned the tendency to episcopal prohibitions about the Lord's Day observance as savouring of Judaism rather than Christianity. In 1548 our own Cranmer proved that he was as little sabbatarian as had been Luther himself. Those now mentioned found the Christian sanction of the fourth commandment in an identity between the laws of God and the laws of nature; from that point of view man was a six-day clock needing to be wound up by refreshment and rest at the close of each weekly period. Consequently the 'Tenth-day Sabbath' of the French Revolution failed sufficiently to reinvigorate him for his diurnal duties. That experiment has not been repeated, and the distinction between night and day is not more likely to be ignored in future than marking off the world's rest days from its work days. At the same time it is not less true that Sunday observance must be affected by the social and political conditions of a nation's life.

Alike in respect of these and of its higher associations Sunday as we know it now may be regarded as the expression of a natural law, but abstractions of the kind are less great and general than the facts of concrete life. Elasticity in the keeping of Sunday corresponds also to the conception of the Creator that has been brought out more clearly than any other by the experience of the war. Not a Being whose operations are performed with fixed mechanical precision; but rather a Spirit, all pervading, infinite, not rigidly immobile but continually responsive to the changing needs and circumstances of those who believe and obey Him. That is the one hypothesis on which prayer is reasonable, or on which we may all cordially agree with the Bishop of Durham as well as with other of *The Spectator's* recent correspondents, and attribute to a superhuman agency the German retreat from Mons, and the many other incidents that rolled back the tide of war not only from Paris but from London.

The Duke of Wellington had more than one narrow

escape of being made a prisoner of war at Waterloo. 'If,' he said, about these experiences, 'the finger of God was ever upon any man it was upon me that day.'

It is something to have lived to see the day when the popular mind spontaneously recognizes a providential control actively exercised at the turning-points of the colossal conflict. In this way the least reflecting have attuned their thoughts to the simple truths of Divine reality revealed to human experience. No one at least can doubt the existence among the most secularly preoccupied of a disposition to consider whether these things are so, and in any case not to ignore the extent or reality of the links connecting the visible and material with the not less real, if the impalpable and unseen.

Any religious revival bequeathed by the war can only come in the fullness of time, which is not yet. The work of spiritual preparation has begun; one by one, always very gradually, its results may be expected to show themselves. So, too, in other departments of thought and expression. The English, it is said, can only think of one thing at a time. Equally incapable are they of assimilating at the same moment more than one philosophy. Preoccupation with Pragmatism leaves neither space nor time for digesting other schemes of thought explained in the innumerable surveys of our intellectual position, not by writers of Oxford or Cambridge fame but by earnest thinkers as well as undoubted searchers after truth, for the most part engaged in tuition at some of the new local universities, now surely effecting nothing less than a silent revolution in the mental and spiritual life of our entire middle class.

As regards general reading there is little ground for complaint in the conditions and tendencies left and promoted by the war. The novel is still much the favourite, even in the proportion of five to one. That was the last discovery made from much investigation among librarians by Andrew Carnegie. Being of an optimist turn, he had the satisfaction of knowing that the masters of Victorian fiction

still furnished models for the craft. Generally, however, the evidence given by the innumerable varieties of romance and romancelet now published seems to show that the twentieth-century novel in relation to the deeper issues of the time and to the great novelists of our past is not yet finally fixed. It is much the same with the literature of the stage, French not less than Anglo-Saxon. The steadily increasing interest in the theatre is thought by some to come from the fact that authors write and actors play down to the level not of the best part of their audience. But the thousands filling every available inch before the footlights see in these temples of the drama an unfailing storehouse of pictures of, and comments on, contemporary life, character, incidents, and situations. The aggregate of these, amusing, instructive, or both together, may be apt to strike the cultivated critic as shapeless and ill-knit. It is, however, no small thing that the war has created for us, whether in the drama or literature, a quickening abundance of ideas, for the most part highly ingenious and often comparatively new. In due course, one may be sure, Peace will find for these the form that they may lack.

It used to be a complaint of the first Georgian era that the periodical press had usurped the place of books in moulding literary style. The fourth Lord Orford, when still Horace Walpole, did not consider this, as might have been expected from his accomplishments and tastes, to be an unmixed evil. To those consulting him, as an authority on the subject, he would say, 'Style is it that you want? Oh! go and look into the newspapers for style.' Others equally confident to speak dwelt on the evil impressed by journalism on style. 'A dire monotony, they said, of bookish idiom, has encrusted and stiffened all native freedom of expression, introducing a worse evil in the structure of vast sentences involving clause within clause and so *ad infinitum*.' Criticism of this sort has long since become not only obsolete but unintelligible. In fact, the tendency deplored by Walpole could not to-day have a better correct-

ive than the terse, clear, well-balanced diction, characteristic indeed of writers trained in the school of Delane, when at their best, but more universally practised and even perfected by the penny newspapers of the Victorian age. *The Daily News* has reduced its price, *The Standard* is dead; there still flourish, however, two journals created by the cleverest men of their generation and inheriting the very best traditions of the periodical press. These are *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Morning Post*.

A famous honour coach for the old Oxford Law and Modern History school used to tell his most promising pupils, 'Write your answers just as if you were trying to write a *Times* leader.' The broadsheets just mentioned will supply aspirants with the best models for imitation to be found in the whole world of printed matter. The study of these will also leave them little to learn from any new journalistic 'school' that may be set up.

The assailants of compulsory Greek at 'Responsions' may plume themselves on their sympathy with the modern spirit. Any literary influence exercised by them may not prove to be on the side they would wish. Whatever the after-life is to be, the language of Demosthenes and the Attic dramatists will be the best preparation for it. This if for no other reason than that it is incomparably the hardest and most intellectually bracing portion of classical study. Latin prose, even unseen Latin translation, is more or less of a trick, to be mastered by any one who gives it the necessary time and trouble. Unseen Greek, prose, or verse translation implies genuine intellectual power. So perhaps in a less degree does Greek prose composition. Anything, therefore, that may go in the direction of discouraging these branches of study is, not so much on grounds of scholarship as for reasons concerned with the discipline of mind, to be deplored. It is, too, always to be remembered that in the structure of its sentences Greek has much more in common with English than Latin. The long sentence with its dependent clauses, winding up with the verb, was imitated by our early seven-

teenth-century writers from Latin. To that we have bidden farewell. The classic original of the independent, short sentences of modern English is purely Greek.

On the other hand, experts of such classical eminence and so intimately in touch with the best exemplars of all periods, as Professor Gilbert Murray, may say, perhaps with perfect truth, that the Greek grammar paper of Littlego takes the youth who crams for it no appreciable distance on the road to the study of Greek as an instrument of culture. Still, the drudgery of accidence and syntax must be gone through before the oracles of the language can be approached. At the university, of course, no discouragement to real Greek study can possibly result.

At secondary schools throughout the country it may be otherwise, and Greek, now neglected really for its difficulty, may take its place in the eyes of the rising generation with black letter and other mysterious lumber that has passed into the portion of outworn weeds and faces. The zeal for science may or may not be the cause of this. In other respects the effect of the war upon Oxford and Cambridge has been good. The undergraduate to-day is encouraged before he comes up to form some idea of what he would like to be, and not to expect the place to ensure him a congenial career without too much exertion on his part. Again, the success of Oxford and Cambridge men achieved in various capacities during the struggle will extend and deepen the appreciation of the training that the universities provide.

Finally the Workers' Educational Association, presided over by Canon William Temple, has introduced very many working men to university teachers, has diffused among them a good opinion of each other and a desire to improve their mutual acquaintance. Communications like these are exercising, as the librarians have already found out, just the influence one would wish on the choice of books not only for systematic study but for intervals of relaxation.

 T. H. S. Escott.

TORU DUTT

TORU DUTT belongs to the class of those whom Shelley called 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown.' Among the stories of genius cut off before consummation, hers is one of the most touching. This young Indian girl, who died at the age of twenty-one, has left a memory which will last in the history of English literature, partly for the real merit of what she did finish in the brief but crowded day of her life, but still more for the greatness of future achievement that she seemed to promise. Mr. Gosse spoke with pardonable enthusiasm when he said: 'Literature has no honours which need have been beyond the grasp of a girl who at the age of twenty-one, and in languages separated from her own by so deep a chasm, had produced so much of lasting worth.' And, again: 'Mellow sweetness was all that Toru lacked to perfect her as an English poet, and of no other Oriental who has ever lived can the same be said. When the history of the literature of our country comes to be written, there is sure to be a page in it dedicated to this fragile exotic blossom of song.'

Toru Dutt was born in Calcutta on March 4, 1856. Mr. Gosse's memoir, prefixed to her posthumous volume, is so beautiful that it seems better to use his words than to find my own. 'She was pure Hindu, full of the typical qualities of her race and blood, and, as the present volume shows us for the first time, preserving to the last her appreciation of the poetic side of her ancient religion, though faith itself in Vishnu and Siva had been cast aside with childish things'—this, by the way, is a misunderstanding; Toru's family were Christians—'and been replaced by a purer faith. Her mother fed her imagination with the old songs and legends of their people, stories which it was the last labour of her life to weave into English verse.' In her thirteenth year, Toru's father took his two daughters to

Europe, and Toru for a short time went to school in France. It is very noticeable that to the end 'she was a better French than English scholar.' Her love for France was a very passionate one, a second patriotism. After her death, a romance written in French was published. As extracts from her correspondence with Mlle. Clarisse Bader, a French authoress, show, she wrote French with sweetness and skill, and she has a place in French literature. In 1873 she returned to Bengal, where she died four years later. These last four years were years of feverish activity. The amount of work she accomplished is astonishing. One can only think of Chatterton and Dr. Johnson's remark about his productivity. Her story reads like a painful fairy tale. She came back to her native country with a surprising knowledge of English and French literature, and proceeded to master Sanskrit 'with extraordinary swiftness.' At the same time she wrote, and wrote fast. Like most poets, she had an instinctive knowledge of the span of life allotted to her, and she worked accordingly. In 1874 her gifted sister Aru died at the age of twenty, and Toru, with death's shadow resting upon her path, fought as brave and forlorn a battle as Time has ever seen. She saw that, if she wished for a wide hearing, she must use some other medium than her own tongue, so she wrote in English and French. After some studies of French poets contributed to Indian periodicals, in 1876 she published her first book, *A Sheaf Gleaned in French Fields*, a collection of translations from the French romantic poets, with comments. This book attracted a little attention in France, and in England drew wondering praise from Mr. Gosse, who after Toru's death contributed a generous preface to her original poems.

The fact of Toru Dutt's achievement may be quite simply stated. So far as actual performance goes, her fame rests on two books, neither of any great size, and one published posthumously. Each of these, judged by any fair standard, represents, in differing ways, a really astonishing measure

of actual, undeniable success. But, further, both are affected by the number of indications they contain of possibilities of development, often in directions where the poet's real achievement was slight. There are outcroppings of veins that were never, during her brief day of work, touched to any considerable extent. It is the knowledge of this that compels diffidence and hesitation in criticism of her verse. It is easy to feel that, in the work done, she never escaped from the influence of her favourite English poets, such writers as Mrs. Browning, whose work did not furnish satisfactory prosodic models. The metres used by Toru Dutt are nearly always of the simplest, and her use of them is marred by much crudity. Against this must be set the many signs of haste and lack of opportunity to finish. The punctuation of the 'Ballads,' for example, is chaotic. She heard, as Lowell surmises that Keats did, a voice urging: 'What thou doest, do quickly.' Especially after Aru's death, she plunged into work with energy and restlessness. Yet, even amid the many marks of immaturity and haste, there are signs that she would have escaped before long from many of her prosodic limitations. 'Our Casuarina Tree,' surely the most remarkable poem ever written in English by a foreigner, shows her already possessed of mastery over a more elaborate and architectural form of verse. In any case, there is enough to show that experience and practice would have brought release from the cramping and elementary forms that she used; which is, perhaps, what Mr. Gosse means by his not very clear statement that 'mellow sweetness was all that Toru Dutt needed to perfect her as an English poet.'

And, with regard to shortcomings far more serious, there is, again, evidence that a few more years would have brought emancipation. Her work, as it stands, is not deeply rooted. It is usual to say that her Indian 'Ballads' are that portion of her poetry which has most chance of permanence, for its own sake. This, I am convinced, is an error. I am not

blind to their scattered beauties, the noble picture of Savitri in her following of Death, the touches of Indian scenery which spread a kind of woodland shade over 'Buttoo'; nor can the most casual reader fail to feel the presence of power, careless and diffused, yet binding the whole into unity. But the facts remain, of carelessness, and, what is more serious, lack of sympathy in the author. She stands outside her themes, and does not enter deeply into them. Nor can I consider these themes as of anything like first-class value. Some have a rustic charm which strikes the mind pleasantly enough, but not deeply; others had been handled, ages before Toru took them up, by writers whose minds were primitive, as hers emphatically was not, and in sympathy, as hers, again, was not. These 'Ballads' do not adequately reveal her poetic gift. Yet, since Mr. Gosse and practically every one who has written on Toru's work has rested her fame chiefly on these, we must notice them. In the very first of them, 'Savitri,' we open upon a beautiful image:

> Savitri was the only child
> Of Madra's wise and mighty king;
> Stern warriors, when they saw her, smiled,
> As mountains smile to see the Spring.

But such verbal felicities are few. 'Savitri' is diffuse; but it is a lovely story, beautifully told. Through all the shortcomings of the poem, as of those that follow it, is apparent a very remarkable narrative gift. Death is finely put before us, and the picture of Savitri following him is a haunting one. Part III, the description of Death in his court, is the most condensed and best-wrought part of the poem.

'Jogadhya Uma' is a version of a popular Hindu myth, connected with many places, and Toru's excuse for writing it is a sufficient one:

> Absurd may be the tale I tell,
> Ill-suited to the marching times.
> I loved the lips from which it fell,
> So let it stand among my rhymes.

Even in these fragments, the reader cannot fail to notice the neat turn of the octosyllabics, and wonder at this Indian girl's easy command of our tongue.

'Buttoo' is a story of heroic selflessness, with some fresh scenes of Indian jungle:

> The Indian fig's pavilion-tent
> In which whole armies might repose,
> With here and there a little rent,
> The sunset's beauty to disclose,
> The bamboo-boughs that sway and swing
> 'Neath bulbuls, as the south wind blows,
> The mango-tope, a close, dark ring,
> Home of the rooks and clamorous crows.

It would be ungracious to dwell upon such slips as the occasional introduction of references distinctively Western —such as, for instance, in the lines just quoted, the quite unnecessary and untruthful 'rooks'—even though, with one who knew as well as Toru did, these are not slips but carelessness; ungracious, too, to stress the occurrence of such a line as:

> Worried, and almost in a rage.

At any rate, what other Indian has used our language so freely and so colloquially? And all these poems are experimental.

Of far higher value, and deserving of much more attention than they have received, are the half-dozen intensely personal poems which follow the 'Ballads.' I have spoken of 'Our Casuarina Tree.' One of the stanzas drops into conventionality, and uses adjectives and thought that are secondhand and otiose. But the poem's strength is independent of this. The dying girl turns to the memories of her childhood, memories now shared with the dead, and sees them symbolized in the tree. The blending of pathos and dignity of spirit, the stretching out of ghostly hands to those other haunted trees of Wordsworth's in Borrowdale, the conclusion—so recalling the last work of another poet, far inferior in genius but dying equally young, Kirke White, in the touching close of his 'Christiad,'—all this forms a

whole of remarkable strength and beauty, and should achieve her hope of placing the tree of her childhood's memories among those immortalized by

Mighty poets in their misery dead.

'Near Hastings' is a lyric which brings a lump to the throat, and should convince the most careless and supercilious of the grace and wisdom, the political expediency even, of receiving with kindness these strangers with whom God has so strongly linked us, and who so often find our manners, like our northern climate, cold.

These last poems have a boldness and imaginative vigour which had not appeared before in Toru's work. Nothing could be finer or more vivid than the line on the simuls in blossom, in the 'Baugmaree' sonnet:

Red, red, and startling like a trumpet's sound.

The whole sonnet is beautiful, and should be in every sonnet-anthology. Her poems on France and French affairs misread the political situation, but are a most interesting personal revelation. Her love for France leads her to scorn for 'Levite England,' who stood aside in the 1870 agony. But no one to-day is likely to quarrel with her enthusiasm for the generous nation that has so long and so signally served civilization. Her letters show how the Franco-Prussian War stirred her sympathies; no Frenchwoman could have felt more poignantly for her bleeding country. It is interesting to compare Toru's verses with those written by her contemporary, Christina Rossetti:

She sitteth still, who used to dance.

But the verses grip most for their pictorial power, especially the lines beginning:

Wavered the foremost soldiers—then fell back,

and for the vehement soul that they reveal, a soul which has had few fellows throughout time. Toru Dutt remains one of the most astonishing women that ever lived, a woman whose place is with Sappho and Emily Brontë, fiery and

unconquerable as they; and few statements, one feels, can more triumphantly sustain fair examination. The remarkable verses, 'The Tree of Life,' of deep pathos and beauty, though their meaning is obscure, chronicling the dream which foreran death, strengthen this same conviction of power and fire. These verses, intensely personal all, and by that intensity breaking loose from convention and fetters, show her feeling her way to freer rhythms, and even handling blank verse—of which no Englishwoman has given a satisfactory example—in a way that promised ultimate mastery, or at least a very great degree of strength and adequacy. These poems are sufficient to place Toru Dutt in the small class of women who have written English verse that can stand.

The Sheaf is remarkable after another fashion. Merely to have translated so much and so well from one alien tongue into another must be a feat hardly paralleled; and the book contains much that is individual and beautiful. In this connexion it is of interest to note that some of the very best work is Aru's; in particular, the lines quoted by Mr. Gosse, as exemplifying Toru's early mastery of English verse, and since then in constant quotation for the same purpose, have the initial A (Aru) against them:

> Still barred thy gates! The far East glows,
> The morning wind wakes fresh and free!
> Should not the hour that wakes the rose
> Awaken also thee!
>
> All look for thee, Love, Light, and Song—
> Light in the sky deep-red above;
> Song, in the lark, of pinions strong;
> And, in my heart, true Love.

But the Notes are astonishing beyond anything in the text. It seems impossible that an Indian girl, at such an age, should have had such a knowledge of French literature. And in the Notes, while never merely foolish, even when boldest, she deals with French masters as one assessing the work of equals, and it seems hard to tell which to admire

more, the range of reading or the independence and masculinity of criticism. These Indian girls—though the gentle Aru, one knows, had no share in the writing of these surprising Notes—knew their own minds, and could express those minds with precision and a strength which compels respectful attention. I remember speaking to Dr. Brajendranath Seal of these Notes and the way they found me; and he told me they made the same impression on him when he first read them, many years ago. If there were no merit in the text, for the Notes alone the *Sheaf* merits republication.

Toru's letters, hitherto unpublished, are valuable for the way they enable us to see the home-life out of which her life and work sprang. It is impossible to read them without seeing how beautiful and noble that home-life was, with its encyclopaedic interests, its playfulness and knowledge, its affection. The father, bereaved of such comrades and children in quick succession, yet keeping a scholar's gentleness and a saint's resignation through all sorrow; father and child, though Death came not as a visitant only but as inmate and constant shadow over all events, preserving their love of 'the things that are more excellent,' of books, and pets, their care for dependants, and clinging the closer to each other as everything in their perishing world grew dim but love—these form a picture no feeling reader will be slow to take or quick to forget. Her excellent friends, her kind relations, Baghette the cat, the horses, the servants, all combine to form a family circle little like the kind of family the West has been told to look for in the East. The publication of these letters, as of everything relating to Toru Dutt, is nothing less than an Imperial service and must awaken to closer fellowship and understanding all that is best in the races so linked and now so often estranged. Toru's life and work rested upon a character patient and uncomplaining, Christian in faith and fortitude. If for a time her circumstances were such as to leave her, in

a sense, between two worlds, neither truly hers—so that the 'Ballads,' to refer back, have no deep roots in the Indian sentiment from which they profess to spring—yet her mind was too independent and too truly indigenous for this to have continued long. There is abundant proof that this girl, so amazingly and so richly at home in two alien literatures, was growing into her own nation and its thought, and would have shown us Christian thought and feeling, not as something alien, but as truly belonging to Him in whom there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, English nor Bengali. What Michael Dutt was too shallow to have done, our other Christian poet would have accomplished, and in a measure actually did accomplish. Mr. Harihar Das, who with patience extending through many years has gone over the ground exhaustively, is shortly putting his *Life of Toru Dutt* before readers in this country.

The essential thing to be said about Toru Dutt can only be said, after all, when we remember her not solely in herself, amazing (it seems impossible to avoid this adjective, in connexion with her) in her combination of intellect and knowledge and character, but in the race she represented. Indian women in legend have long been familiar to the West; and all will concede that such figures as Sita and Savitri cannot be unrelated to the race whose imagination produced them, but must have had their prototypes in real life. It will be remembered what a line of heroines the Rajput nation have shown till, almost within living memory, in Krishna Kumari the old-world stories of Jephtha's daughter and of Iphigeneia gained a deeper pathos with that figure of a child-martyr dying in the sunset of a noble race. But the peoples of the Indian plains, each in its way endowed with gifts for that larger India, have seen too little of the unrealized power of their womanhood. The story of these gifted and heroic sisters, whose brief lives found fulfilment in the liberty which Christ had brought, were the first dawn, in the Bengali Renaissance, of the day which

has brought to light such possibility and such achievement as the names of Kamini Sen, Sarajubala Dasgupta, and Sarojini Naidu represent. It is natural to think of Sarojini Naidu when Toru Dutt comes to mind. Mr. Gosse considers Mrs. Naidu's the greater achievement. It is undeniable that Mrs. Naidu has a metrical accomplishment and a skill in words beyond anything that her predecessor's hasty effort attained. But in strength and greatness of intellect the comparison is all to Toru's advantage. And all these, the two whose fame rests on their work in English and the others who used their own rich vernacular, sprang from the narrow circle of families emancipated from old social wrong by Christian and Brahmo influence. If the scanty plot can bear, in so brief a space of years, so promising a harvest, what an enrichment of their nation would come, if the same possibilities of development were given to the whole of Bengali womanhood! To one who loves the Bengali people and believes in their future, it seems hardly credible that so much should have been said, and so much should, from year to year, continue to be said, yet so little should be done. Whatever reasons may have existed for the introduction of the *purda* system, those reasons have long ceased to be operative; and with a freer life for the mothers of the people not only would the misery of seclusion through the intolerable heats of summer pass from them, but the nation would gain a healthier manhood. Every one who has had experience of schools and colleges in Bengal must have felt that in no other country is teaching accompanied by so many cruel disappointments, and in no other country is there so much sickness and physical feebleness. Part of this weakness is inherited; and in a land where natural conditions are of themselves so hard, the generations, as they come to birth, should be given every possible chance of success in the battle which is to be so unequal in any case. But this is one side only; and woman's suffering outweighs man's. Much has been spoken against

child-marriage, little done. Maidenhood, at the years when it should naturally be most delightful and winning, ceases to be maidenhood. Had Toru been a Hindu, the burdens of premature wifehood, probably of premature motherhood, would have made her story impossible. As regards its girls, the Bengali people loses at least five years of childhood, and the loss is one for which nothing can offer any shadow of compensation. When I made this comment to Bengal's greatest poet, he replied: 'I quite agree with you, and it is the saddest thing in our lives.' Again, much has been said against the monstrous dowry-system, which renders self-respect an impossibility for the women, whose worth is weighed against the rank and attainments of the men who take them, which makes education an affair of the market-place; but little has been done. When Snehalata, heartbroken at the ruin which her marriage was bringing on her family, who were impoverishing themselves to meet her future father-in-law's demands, burnt herself to death, Bengal was stirred, and meetings beyond count were held, and students beyond count vowed that, in their case at least, this thing should not be. Rarely can there have been such a display of profound emotion in any land, never can there have been so little result. All things continued as they were. One would think that never among any people can there have been so degrading an episode; nothing has ever happened which was more depressing for those of us who have loved this people and defended them through all evil report. Here we are left without an answer when our friends are defamed, and can only assent in humiliation and despair. And, first of all the many things that must be done and sought, this elementary justice must be rendered, and woman be free to expand and find herself. Then Toru Dutt, in her greatness of soul and her greatness of mind, will no more be a solitary and astounding phenomenon, but the first-born star in a heaven of many lights.

EDWARD J. THOMPSON.

XENOPHANES THE ICONOCLAST

APART from those who have a definite interest in Greek literature and philosophy, comparatively few preachers are acquainted with the verses and opinions of the philosopher-poet Xenophanes; in fact, his very name is often confused with that of the historian Xenophon. And yet in view of the vigorous nature of his protest against the false religious conceptions of early Greece he should not be forgotten. All our appreciation must not be bestowed on Euripides and Plato and the other revolutionary thinkers of later times.

He was born about B.C. 570 at Colophon in Asia Minor and lived to a great age. When twenty-five years old he left his native land, then subjugated by the Persians, and thenceforth wandered from place to place—Greece, Sicily, Italy—as a rhapsodist, earning his living and disseminating his views by the recital of his own poems. Finally he settled at Elea in Italy, and founded the famous Eleatic school of philosophy. He wrote poetry of all kinds—lyric, epic, elegiac, and iambic—of which we have about 30 fragments, less than 120 lines in all, no doubt choosing verse as the medium for expressing his views because at that early period it enabled him to reach a wider audience prose writing as yet not being fully developed and popular.

In this article an endeavour is made to bring out his religious teaching and ethical ideals, and we shall find Xenophanes a fearless warrior in the battle against religious tradition and superstition, a penetrating original thinker and theological pioneer, and a simple unaffected lover of truth and righteousness, altogether an extraordinary phenomenon in early Greece.

Without doubt Xenophanes was a revolutionary religious

teacher. True, he speaks of 'holy water' (29),[1] of God as the Giver of honey (25), and lays down the injunctions that 'men making merry should first praise God' and pour out the libations, and exhorts the people that 'it is good always to fear the Gods' (i. 13f. 24) exactly as his fellows might have done. But, in view of that age, he was no ordinary man who enjoined prayer, not for material blessings, but only 'for strength to do that which is right' (τὰ δίκαια, 1, 15). This view is strengthened by the way he roundly condemned the Orphic priests and ridiculed Pythagoras and his doctrine of metempsychosis :—

> Once he was moved to pity—so men say—
> Seeing a dog rough-handled by the way,
> 'Forbear thy hand : housed in yon cur doth lie
> A friend of mine : I knew him by his cry!' (6. Adam's trans.)

And again, what a noble utterance is this! 'Not all things have the Gods revealed to mortals from the beginning; but in course of time by seeking men find the better' (28). Advance in knowledge is the sure reward of those who diligently search for it. Revelation is progressive and slow. As men seek the truth—and truth concerning the Divine seems to have been in the mind of the poet—they receive from God a knowledge which becomes ever more clear and deep as the search continues.

That the teaching of the Colophonian rhapsodist was that of an uncompromising protestant against popular religious views is further seen as we consider other utterances which for the sake of convenience are here gathered together. 'She whom men call Iris is a cloud, purple and scarlet and green' (24, cf. Stobaeus, *Eclog.* i. 514, 'The objects which appear to those on vessels like stars, which some call Dioscuri, are little clouds which have become luminous by a certain kind of motion.') 'But mortals suppose that gods are begotten (as they themselves are) and possess dress and

[1] The references are to Bergk's edition of the *Anthologia Lyrica* revised by Hiller and Crusius MCMXI.

form and voice like their own' (30). 'Yes, and if oxen or lions had hands so as to draw with their hands and produce works of art as men do, they would draw their gods giving them bodies after the fashion of their own—horses like horses, oxen like oxen' (77). 'The Ethiopians make their gods black and flat-nosed; and the Thracians make theirs blue-eyed and red-haired' (quoted by Clement of Alex. vii. p. 841). 'Homer and Hesiod have ascribed to the gods all things that are a shame and reproach among men, thieving, adultery, and mutual deception, and they told of the gods many lawless deeds' (16). 'One God, mightiest among both gods and men, not like mortals either in body or mind' (12). 'The whole (of God) sees, the whole perceives, the whole hears' (13). 'But without toil he (God) rules all things by the power of his mind' (14). 'He always abides in the same place, not moving at all; nor is it fitting that he should go about now this way and now that' (15). 'No one has attained complete certainty in respect to the gods and what I call universal nature (Drs. J. Adam and Burnett translate, 'Concerning what I say about gods and all things,') nor will any one ever attain to it. Nay, even if a man happened to light on the truth, he would not know that he did so, for appearance is spread over all things' (19, Gomperz). Adam gives the last clause, 'but Opinion presides over all things'; Fairbank, 'but every one thinks he knows.')

It will be convenient here also to quote sayings and opinions recorded by the doxographers and others.

(*a*) 'Now of these philosophers, to go back to the ancient ones, Xenophanes the Colophonian appears to have been the only one who admitted the existence of gods, and yet utterly denied the efficacy of divination' (Cicero, *de Div.* i. 3). 'Xenophanes and Epicurus abolished the prophetic art' (*Aetios*, v. 1). (*b*) 'Xenophanes first taught the unity of these things (Parmenides is said to have been his pupil), but he did not make any clear statement, nor did

he seem to get at the nature of either of these things; he simply looked up to the whole heaven and said: 'The One is God' (Aristotle, *Metaph.* i. 5). (*c*) 'Xenophanes said that those who assert that the gods are born are not less impious than those who say that they die; for in both cases it amounts to this, that at some time or other the Gods are not' (Aristotle, *Rhet.* ii. 23). (*d*) 'When the people of Elea asked Xenophanes whether they should sacrifice to Leucothea and mourn for her or not, he advised them not to mourn if they thought her divine, and not to sacrifice to her if they thought her human' (ibid., cf. the end of Plutarch's essay on Superstition). (*e*) 'With regard to the Gods, he (Xenophanes) declares that there is no rule of one God over another; for it is impious that any of the Gods should be ruled; and no God has need of anything at all, for God hears and sees in all his parts and not in some particular organs' (Pseudo-Plutarch, *Strom.* 4). (*f*) 'And he (Xenophanes) says that God is eternal, and one homogeneous throughout, finite, spherical, and percipient in all his parts' (Hippolytus, i. 14). (*g*) 'The being of God is spherical, and bears no likeness to man; he sees all over, and hears all over, but does not respire' (Diogenes, *Laert.* ix. 19). (*h*) '. . . Xenophanes, who has his doubts as to all things, except that he holds this one dogma: that all things are one, and that this is God, who is limited, endowed with reason, and immovable' (Galen, *Hist. Philos.* 7). (*i*) [Xenophanes] 'asserted that the first principle is one, and that being is one and all-embracing, and is neither limited nor infinite, neither moving nor at rest. . . . This all-embracing unity Xenophanes called God; he shows that God is one because God is the most powerful of all things; for, he says, if there be a multiplicity of things, it is necessary that power should exist in them all alike; but the most powerful and the most excellent of all things is God. And he shows that God must have been without beginning . . .' (Simplicius, *Phys.* v., on the authority of Theophrastus). (*j*) 'Nikalaos

of Damascus in his book, *On the Gods*, mentions him (x.) as saying that the first principle of things is infinite and immovable' (ibid.). (*k*) 'Farther he (X.) says that all men will be destroyed when the earth sinks into the sea and becomes mud, and that the race will begin again from the beginning; and this transformation takes place for all worlds' (Hippolytus, *Philos.* i. 14). (*l*) 'The sun serves a purpose in the generation of the world and of the animals on it, as well as sustaining them . . .' (Stobaeus, *Eclog.* i. 566).

The examination of these utterances and opinions proves the keen interest of Xenophanes in religious problems. And certainly he was an iconoclast. It may be, as suggested by Bury, Gomperz, and Adam, that the poor resistance to the Persian invader by the Ionian Greeks led him to reject their religion and ideals, and this antagonism increased as he reflected upon his experiences as he wandered from place to place as a rhapsodist.

Discussions such as those of Adam (*The Religious Teachers of Greece*), Zeller (*Pre-Socratic Philosophy*), and others make it almost certain that the Colophonian was a monotheist and not a henotheist, as maintained by Freudenthal, Bury, and Gomperz. 'One (is) God, mightiest among both Gods and men,' is a better translation than 'One God (is) greatest among Gods as well as men.' It is not to be wondered at that Xenophanes should attack not only the Homeric anthropomorphism but also the Homeric polytheism. He had patience with neither. 'Xenophanes taught that God is one and incorporeal,' is Clement of Alexandria's introduction to fr. 12, for the preservation of which we are indebted to him. He desired to teach the Unity of God as opposed to the prevalent polytheism, and to make a clean sweep of the lower conceptions of Deity then in possession in Greece and elsewhere. He has been rightly called the first Greek monotheist. To Him God was the One, All-ruling Deity.

True, besides the four passages indicating the oneness of God (12, 13, 14, 15) there are eight others which refer to Gods in the plural (i. 24; 12; 16 *bis*; 17; 19; 28; 30), but we shall not go far wrong in regarding the three instances where Xenophanes is not referring to the commonly-accepted deities, as examples of accommodation to the ordinary language of his hearers (i. 24; 19; 28). Dr. Adam's explanation is that when he uses the language of polytheism he is speaking from the standpoint of opinion, not of knowledge (p. 206). Further, as Zeller, Burnett, and Adam have shown, the statement quoted by the pseudo-Plutarch (*e*) as to there being no rule of one God over another, is equivalent to the rejection not only of henotheism but even of polytheism altogether, inasmuch as the Greek mind could not have conceived of a number of wholly independent deities without any degrees of rank. Note, too, the quotation from Simplicius concerning the opinion of Xenophanes in (*i*). Again, as Adam also argues, henotheism—belief in many gods under a single supreme god—is just the position of Homer, and if one thing is plain it is that our philosopher is anti-Homer. The phrase 'mightiest among Gods and men' is but the expression for the thought that there is none like God anywhere, as is the case with the similar language of Scripture we monotheist Christians use in our prayers to-day ('God of gods and Lord of lords"—Deut. x. 17; Ps. cxxxvi. 2, 3; Dan. xi. 36).

But whatever may be said as to the monotheism or henotheism of the poet, there is no mistaking his revolt against the anthropopathic and anthropomorphic conceptions of deity current among his contemporaries. The Homeric and Hesiodic gods are treated with scant courtesy. Though Hecataeus, the contemporaneous logographer, was attacking the Greek mythology, Xenophanes was the first directly to assail popular anthropomorphism. The gods of Homer are a great lie. Neither Iris nor the Dioscuri are deities, only clouds (24). Mark the contempt for the current

low views of the gods in fr. 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 30, and the utterance concerning the Ethiopians. The satires in the last-named passage and in fr. 17 are extremely acute; racial and individual characteristics inevitably show themselves in a nation's objects of worship; just as the gods of beasts, if they had such, would be theriomorphic, so the deities of human beings are anthropomorphic. The Deity is not like men in body or mind or voice or dress (12, 30). The God of Xenophanes, who thinks, hears, and sees throughout his whole frame (13, *f. g. e*), who without effort directs all things by the power of his mind (14), who ever abides immovable in the one place (15, *h, j*), is a totally different Being from the gods of the Homeric theology, who toil and moil, change and pass from place to place, who are often deficient in wisdom, who dress and feast, and whose faculties are confined (see *e*) to particular organs—all just like human beings. To the poet the thought of God in the image of man was extremely irrational and abhorrent.

Further, there is a fierce attack on Homer and Hesiod (16) for attributing to the gods the things that all good men were ashamed of—thieving, adultery, deception, and lawlessness. That he was justified readers of these ancient classics will admit. Gods must be pure, good, and truthful, and so act that men in following their example shall do what is right. Xenophanes, as Adam points out, was the first of the Greeks to emphasize this last thought. He was as keenly alive to the wickedness of ascribing licentiousness, falsehood, theft, and cruelty to the Deity as were the early Christian Fathers such as Justin Martyr (*Oratio ad Graec.*, 3; *Cohortatio ad Graec.*, 2; *De Monarch.*, 6; *Apol.*, i. 4), and Tertullian (*Apol.*, i. 14; *Ad Nat.*, i. 10; ii. 7). Far better to recount noble things than the 'fictions of the men of old' (i. 19 ff). These tales degraded God. And thus we find the ethical instinct regarded as superior to religious traditions in the formation of true conceptions of

the Divine. This is a most wonderful achievement in the history of theology.

It is also clear from the answer given to the question of the people of Elea concerning mourning for, or sacrificing to Leucothea (*d*) that he rejected Orphism and its doctrine of a suffering God. He also cut at the root of both the Orphic and Hesiodic theogonies in his repudiation of gods who are born, die, suffer, and strive with one another (30, c. i., 21 f.). Such conceptions revolted him. We have already noticed his rejection of the Orphic-Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration. The new Orphic mysticism was no less opposed than the older teachings of the epic poets.

Further, he was at issue with the whole religious world, and indeed far ahead of his time, when he altogether denied the efficacy of divination and the prophetic art (*a*). Some writers have thought that Xenophanes denied all divine revelation, and in support have quoted not only (*a*) but even fr. 28. But I do not think that his thought in this fragment is that *men by themselves* gain the knowledge as they search; rather he means that to the men who earnestly seek the truth, *God* progressively reveals the object of their strivings. The argument is:—Not all—some things only—did God reveal at the beginning to men, but as time goes on He reveals more and more of the truth to those who search. Otherwise the passage means that the Deity revealed a little of the truth at the beginning, and then left mortals to shift for themselves. This is not a likely interpretation.

But what are we to say concerning fr. 19? No matter which rendering we prefer, the idea expressed is that no certain knowledge is attainable. How is this to be reconciled with fr. 28 just considered? There is no real inconsistency. The reward of the diligent seeker after divine knowledge is the progressive revelation of it; but Xenophanes also knew that the knowledge of the truth so attained is never sure and certain, i.e. with a demonstrative certainty that none can gainsay. Religious truth is never axiomatic,

never absolutely convincing and conclusive to every one. A thinker may seem to have grasped the truth, but, after all, his theology is only an Opinion: his doctrines are merely guesses something like the truth (26). Has not the history of theology proved the acumen of this ancient sage? The whole passage is a repudiation of religious dogmatism, whether that of himself or any other teacher. And there harmonizes with this the answer that Diogenes Laertius (ix. 20) asserts that Xenophanes made when Empedocles said that the wise man was not to be found: 'Naturally, for it would take a wise man to recognize a wise man.'

We may then sum up our poet's conception of God. He is One, supreme in power, ruling all things without effort by the purpose of his mind, unbegotten, eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, unchanging, indivisible, the whole of him conscious, entirely free from finite characteristics and suffering, pure, true, good, not to be known with certainty, but revealing his truth by degrees to the earnest seeker, giving to men food and the power to do the right, and One to whom careful respect must ever be paid by men.

But when we come to examine the opinions of Xenophanes more closely we find that this supreme Deity is nothing other than the physical universe, as the consideration of frs. 18, 15, *b*, *f*, *g*, *h* proves. God is all that exists, the One and the All; He is the soul of the whole material cosmos, governing, penetrating, and animating it, and indeed identical with it, not external to it. All things are One, and the One is God.

Was this World-Deity regarded as personal? Farnell writes (*Enc. Rel. and Eth.* vi. 41 Oa), 'If one or two of his quoted utterances seem to proclaim monotheism, it is clear that for his higher thought godhead was not a person but a cosmic principle or a noetic idea.' But as Dr. Adam points out (op. cit. 210) it is hardly likely that such an uncompromising foe of anthropomorphism as the Colophonian would have used of the Deity the personal language that he did (i. 13 ff. 24. 12–15, 25. 28) unless *he* had conceived

him as a personal Being, even though to *us* he seems to lean to a pantheistic interpretation of the universe.

The fact is that we can find inconsistencies in his thought. His utterances may be easily interpreted as henotheism or monotheism or pantheism. His physical and religious theories do not agree. How can a changing universe be the manifestation of, and identical with, an unchanging God, or the One be limited and unlimited or neither? But such inconsistencies are to be expected from a pioneer theologist feeling his way after conceptions of the Divine not only truer but radically different from those he and his contemporaries had imbibed with their mothers' milk. Even many of our later thinkers, with all the history of theology and philosophy and its lessons behind them, leave systems full of glaring contradictions.

One other point. Mark in (*k*) and (*l*) his theories with respect to the destruction of the earth and the human race upon it, as well as the purposiveness of the sun in the generation of the world and the animal life upon it and their sustenance.

. . . . .

Xenophanes was as keen a critic of the ethical standards and ideals of the people as he was of the religious. He pours scorn upon the luxurious living of the Ionian Greeks which had proved so enervating to their spirit (3); although at the same time he can appreciate the value of material prosperity to a city (ii. 22). The evils of an excessive attention to athletics are dealt with in a trenchant fashion. 'Our wisdom is better than the strength of men or of horses.' Success in such contests does not lead to the better government of the State nor increase its prosperity. (2) Evidently he regarded intellectual gifts as doing both. Tyranny he thought hateful (3), and Diogenes Laertius (ix. 19) quotes him as saying, 'Have intercourse with tyrants as little as possible, or as agreeably as possible.' (Plutarch, in his *Life of Solon*, however, records this same

remark of Aesop.) He sees nothing useful in discussing violent seditions (i. 23) and knows as well as Hesiod that by hard labour is virtue attained (i. 20). Such sins as theft, adultery, and deception are a shame and reproach (16), and a reference in Aristotle (*Rhet.* i. 15) shows the high moral significance which he attached to an oath. 'Nor is this (an oath) an equal demand to make of an impious man as compared with a pious.' We cannot but admire the moral courage of the man who, when Lasus called him a coward for refusing to dice with him, said, 'I confess I am a very dastard in those things that be lewd and naught, and I dare do nothing at all' (Plutarch, *de vit. pud.* p. 530).

Finally, like his contemporary Anacreon, he would reform the feasts of the people (frs. 1 and 9). But while the Teian voluptuary would have feasters to cease from tales of war and strife in order to worship at the shrine of Venus and the Muses, Xenophanes strikes a higher note, though he is no ascetic. Remembering the age in which he lived, we cannot but be charmed with his description of an ideal party. Clean floor and hands and cups; woven garlands, fragrant ointment, mild wine, and water that is cold, pure, and sweet; yellow loaves and table laden with cheese and honey. 'The altar in the midst is covered with flowers on every side; singing and mirth fill the house. It befits men who make merry to first praise God with auspicious tales and pure words; and when they have poured out libations and prayed for the strength to do the right—for this is to be preferred before insolence—to drink only so much that you can walk home without a servant's aid, unless you are very old. And the man is to be praised who drinks and tells of noble things as his remembrance and his struggle for virtue suggest. Let there be no discussing of the conflicts of Titans and Giants and Centaurs, fictions of the men-of-old, or violent seditions—in these things there is nothing useful. But it is good to fear the gods always' (7).

HARRY RANSTON.

THE TREASURES IN HEAVEN AND UPON EARTH

I

'LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust doth consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal' (Matt. vi. 19 f.). Such teaching, if properly understood, surely touches the root of social evil and injustice. The historical interpretation of the passage shows us the development of human aims and ambitions. The doctrine that treasures upon earth are transient, as easily gained as lost, is of purely Jewish origin. The commentaries on the Gospels have failed to emphasize the real source of this conception. Noteworthy in this connexion is the story of Monobazus, the king of Adiabene, mentioned in the works of Josephus (*Ant.* xx. 2, 1). This king was the husband of Helena, who, with her son Izates, changed their course of life by embracing Judaism. Helena supplied the poor with corn when there was a great famine at Jerusalem. Two kinsmen of Monobazus, Monobazus and Kenedeus, were killed among the twenty-two lost by the Jews in the battle against Cestius (*Wars* ii. 19, 2). Rabbinical historiography has preserved in its *very significant lapidary* style a few other details not found in other reports. Thus with reference to the conversion and circumcision of Monobazus and Izates, they are falsely described as brothers, and as the children of Ptolomaus. They read the book of Genesis, we are told, and when they read as far as chapter xvii. 11 they made up their mind to be circumcised. Their mother, Helena encouraged them in their efforts (Genr. Rab.

lvi. 8). The writer seems to have been aware of the fact that the father, the ruling king, was not in favour of the conversion of the two princes to Judaism. Other customs peculiar to the Royal household in Adiabene were also known to the rabbis (v. b. Nidda 17a). The presents and gifts which Helena and Monobazus sent to the temple were always gratefully remembered in the schools (b. Joma 37a); although the gifts were lost and the donors were dead the memory of the pious and noble deeds survived. We are especially interested in one charitable work which is ascribed by the Talmud to Monobazus, by Josephus to Helena, by the Jewish historian Graetz to Izates (*Monatsschrift*, Vol. 26, p. 243, and 28, p. 452). Long ago it was recognized that the story which we are about to consider had a very important bearing on the meaning and explanation of the words of the Gospel, quoted at the beginning of this paper. We are told that Monobazus distributed all his property to the poor at the time of the great famine in the year 48. His brothers appear to have been amazed at such folly, and reproached him, saying: 'Your fathers took such pains to gather these treasures, they spent all their efforts to increase their wealth, and you, unworthy son of such worthy fathers, you have distributed them among the starving poor.' Monobazus rejoined: 'Verily! My fathers stored up treasures on earth below, I store them up in heaven above. They stored up treasures in a place where the hand can rule over them, I do so where no hand can rule over them. They stored up treasures which can bring no fruits, mine shall bear fruits. They did it for this world, I do it for the future world.' (*Tosefta Pea*, ed. Zuckermandel, p. 24, 11; 15–25 pal. Pea 15 B. b. Baba Bathra 11a, Pesikta rabb. p. 126B). The similarity between this story and the saying in Matthew vi. 19 is described by G. Friedlander (*The Jewish Sources of the Sermon on the Mount*, London. Routledge, 1911, p. 169), where he says: 'Two expressions, mammon and treasures in heaven, are common

to the Sermon on the Mount and the Rabbinic narrative.' There is, however, a third, and by no means unimportant parallel between them, hitherto unnoticed. This is the expression: 'My fathers stored them up in a place where the hand can rule over them, but I do so in a place where no hand can rule over them.' The Hebrew phrase is: '*Bemaqom shehajjad jekholah lishelot bah.*' What does that mean? We must search for a parallel to this expression 'Shalat Yad.' Lightfoot did not grasp the exact meaning of the phrase, when he translated: 'My fathers treasured up where power was in their hands,' but I where it is not, as it is said: 'Justice and judgement is the habitation of His throne' (v. *Horae Hebr. Talmud.* English ed. ii., p. 137). Lightfoot did not pay sufficient attention to the word 'Shalat Yad,' otherwise he would have noticed the closer affinity between the Talmudical story and the Gospels. The author of the *Pulpit Commentary*, Matthew i., p. 239, who refers to this interesting Haggada from Talm. Jer. Pea 15b and T. Bab. Baba. Bathra 11a, could have pointed out, besides the idea of the 'treasures,' common to both, also the teaching *of the uselessness* of wealth. *Shalat yad* means exactly what the Gospel sermon says: 'treasures which are consumed, or stolen, over which we have no power, no control. They change from day to day.' Monobazus meant this, and accordingly said: 'My fathers stored up wealth in places,' not as Lightfoot suggests, 'where power was in their hands,' but just the reverse, 'where the hand or power of thieves or of rust or moth can overpower them.' Does this not teach that wealth has no real value at all? One may ask for proof? There are parallels, which leave no doubt as to the meaning of '*shalat yad.*' In the Palestinian Talmud Baba Mezia x. 1, we read: 'If two men (A and B) possessed a house (belonging to A), and an upper-chamber (belonging to B), and both house and upper-chamber were demolished, then they divide among themselves the wood, stones, &c. If one of them—either A or

B—know which stones or materials belong to him, he may take them, and the value thereof will be reduced from his account.' So far the Mishnah. A teacher of the third century C.E., *R. Hoshaja*, infers from this Mishnah that 'the hand rules' from one side (in Hebrew, *shesholeteth hayyad mezad echad*), i.e. B can take for himself his stones, without the consent of A. '*Shalat yad*,' therefore, means '*take away*.' Monobazus says: 'My fathers gathered their wealth, and stored it up in places *whence they can be taken away*, but I have my treasures in a place *where they are quite secure*.'

The idea of sudden change in worldly fortune was proverbial in Jerusalem in the first century. We can illustrate this by the following example. Rabban Jochanan ben Zakkai walked once in the market-place, where he saw a woman gathering barley beneath the feet of the animals of the Arabs. The rabbi asked her: 'Who art thou, my daughter?' She kept silent. He repeated his question. Then she said: 'Wait a moment.' She covered herself with her hair, and sat down before him, saying, 'Rabbi, I am the daughter of Nicodemos, the son of Gorion.' Jochanan was astonished, and said: 'Where is the mammon of thy father's house?' She replied: 'Rabbi, do you not know the proverb, so well known in Jerusalem: "Salt, Mammon, Need!"' (Aboth of R. Nathan, ed. Schechter, p. 65.) A proverb at times contains more wisdom than many a learned dissertation. According to this proverb, quoted by the impoverished daughter of one of the richest citizens of Jerusalem, worldly treasures may be lost as quickly as they are stored up.

The same idea has also found its place in the Alphabet of the son of Sirach in the following terms: 'A man shall not marry for the sake of money. He marries an unworthy woman, and although she has silver and gold, a month comes, and a month goes, and the mammon is no more, as it is said: "They have dealt treacherously against the

Lord, for they have begotten strange children, now shall the new moon devour their *portion*" ' (Hos. v. 7, Alphabethicum, ed. Steinschneider, p. 8a).

The sudden change in life alternating between poverty and riches was symbolized by the teachers of the synagogues in the figure of speech about the wheel, which rolls round the world (v. also Legge, *Rivals and Forerunners of Christianity*, i., p. 135). A few instances will illustrate this. R. Eleazar Hakappar remarks with reference to Deut. xv. 11 ('for the poor shall never cease out of the land'): 'A man should always seek mercy on account of this law, for if poverty did not come to him, his son might become poor. If not his son, then his grandson, as it is said, 'because of this *thing*' (Deut. xv. 10). In the school of R. Ishmael it was taught: 'There is a wheel revolving around the world.' R. Hiyya said to his wife, 'When a poor man approaches your door, make haste to let him have some food, in order that others may satisfy your children.' The wife grew indignant, and said: 'Do you curse me?' The rabbi replied: 'By no means, I merely repeat the words of the text: "Because of this thing."' (B. Sabbath 151b.) R. Nahman, the son of R. Samuel ben Nahman, said in the same spirit: 'This world is like a wheel of the well, it gets full and afterwards empty, empty and full, again and again' (Lev. r. xxxiv. 10). From an anonymous teacher we learn: 'There is a wheel in this world. He who is rich to-day is poor to-morrow, and he who is poor to-day may be rich to-morrow' (Exod. r. xxxi. 2). In the Midrash *Haserot we-Yeterot* (ed. Marmorstein, London, 1917, p. 62) we read: 'If one has merit, the wheel will revolve about the middle of his life; if not, then there will come a day when he loses all his wealth.' And finally the Rabbis warned their audience in the schools to do charity, whilst they have wealth, before the wheel revolves.

II

The teaching about the treasures in heaven is twofold. First of all the Rabbinical writings convey the ideas of treasures of snow and hail, dew and wind, stored up in heaven (B. Hagigah, 130, and cf. the present writer's article, 'Fragment of the Visions of Ezekiel' in the *Jew. Quart. Rev.* N. S. iii. p. 372, n. 26). This conception, attributed to Rabban Jochanan ben Zakkai, is also referred to in 1 Enoch xli. 4 ('And there I saw closed chambers, out of which the winds are divided, the chamber of hail and winds'), likewise in 2 Enoch v. 1, and vi. 1. R. Simon ben Lakish knew of treasuries in heaven containing good and bad things (Deut. xxviii. 12, Gen. r. li. 5). The treasurer is Enoch, the son of Yared (s. Midrash Othioth of R. 'Akibah, ed. Wertheimer, p. 10, Pirkê of R. Eliezer, chs. iii. and xxxii.). Besides these treasuries of the material world, there are also spiritual treasuries. The apocryphal and pseudoepigraphic writers taught that the righteous people have a store preserved in treasuries in heaven (2 Baruch xiv. 12). The same writer had a vision of the treasuries of all those who have been righteous *in creation* (xxiv. 1). 'Work righteousness,' say Naphtali and Levi in their Testaments 'upon the earth, that you may have it as a treasure in heaven' (Test. Levi xiii. 5, Test. Naph. viii. 5). Tobit, just as Monobazus, is aware (v. Graetz, l. c. xxviii. p. 452), that charity is a treasure (iv. 9; xii. 8). The origin of this peculiar doctrine has been investigated long since. Some scholars came to the conclusion that the doctrine of a treasure of good works, gathered in heaven, and serving for an atonement for others, especially for one's descendants, was borrowed by the Jews from the Persians (v. Spiegel, Eranische Altertumskunde ii. 151, Zeitschrift f. Wiss. Theol. xxvii. 356). We do not object to allow the Parsis the preference, in this case. Nevertheless, one objection must be made to this suggestion, namely, that the oldest sources do not refer, as far as Judaism

is concerned, to the power of atonement for the one who did charity or for his friends and descendants; this fact seems to suggest therefore a more recent development.

Besides, there is no substantial evidence for the fact that the central part of the doctrine is older in Eran than in Judæa. There is, as we said before, no evidence which could justify the assumption that the abundant wealth of good deeds, stored up in heaven in the name of the righteous, is used by themselves, by their posterity, or by others. It is considered only as the individual reward of the one who performed good works, charity, righteousness, and observed the Law. This soul of such a person will find a resting-place in the heavenly treasury, i.e. near the Throne of Glory (Sifrê Deut. § 344, v. also R. Jose ben Chalafta and Matrona, Eccl. R. iii. 27). The Rabbis invented a legend in which God shows Moses all the heavenly treasures. Moses inquires: 'For whom is this?' God says: 'For those who observe the commandments.' Moses: 'And for whom is that?' God: 'For those who brought up orphans.' And so on. They come to the last treasury, the greatest of all. Moses repeats his question. God says: 'It is for those who have no claim to any of the previous treasures, who cannot be rewarded. What am I to do with them? I have to supply them from my own' (Exod. r. xlv. 6, Tanh, ed. Frkfrt. a, O. p. 127a, Aaron of Lunel, Orchot Hayyim p. 21d). The real source of the legend is the Hebrew version of the 'Ascension of Moses' in the full text, as will be seen in the forthcoming edition (prepared by the writer of the present article). God's mercy, this legend teaches, is not limited. Every one, whether rich or poor, high or low, bad or good, has got a treasure in heaven. This treasure is God's immeasurable mercy and infinite love. R. Abba bar Kahana said: 'You observe for my sake the commandments, and I guard and gather for you the most valuable treasures.' His son, R. Judah, added: 'God's treasure is the greatest!' (Cant. r. vii. 18).

'Treasures of heaven' meant, therefore, to the early Christians what it meant and means to the Jews. By performing good works of all kinds, by observing the law of God, by unselfishness and charity, our soul, after all the toil and trouble, the disappointments and shortcomings in this world, acquires a resting-place in heaven, in God's treasury.

III

The higher the estimation of the 'treasures in heaven' is, the lower is the value of the treasures on earth. Both the Sermon of the Mount, as well as the words of Monobazus, king of Adiabene, teach us the worthlessness and vanity of wealth. As a matter of fact there is to be observed in the Judaism of the first century A.C. a trend of mind inclined to despise all treasures of this world. R. Yeshebab, who disposed of all his property by dividing it among the poor, could not have been the only one who did so (Pal. Pea 15B,—B Ket. 50a). This scribe was a contemporary of Rabban Gamaliel II and R. Akibah, and lived before 130 A.C. He must have acted thus, before the scribes decreed at the synod of Usha that a man should not give away his entire property to the poor. He might, however, give one-fifth, if he liked (B. Ket. 50a, ibid. 67b, Pal. Pea 15b, b. Erachin 28a, Pesikta Rabbati, p. 126b). This decree, as well as others promulgated at the synod of Usha, undoubtedly endeavoured to abolish or prevent certain abuses, which had developed in the period following the destruction of the Temple. Had there not been a considerable movement on foot tending towards a kind of economic communism, that synod would surely not have taken any trouble to counteract it. Therefore there must have been some inclination in that direction. Do we find any other traces or signs of such a movement at this time? What may have been the motives for such a development of the economic life? R. Eliezer ben Hyrkanos, a very wealthy landowner (v. Büchler, *Economic Conditions*, p. 35), teaches that a man

is not permitted to hand over all his flock, all his slaves and fields to the Sanctuary. He may, however, devote a part thereof (M. Erachin 28a). R. Eleazar ben Azaria, who was similarly situated in worldly matters (v. Büchler I, c. p. 35), draws hence the conclusion that a man should be very careful with his money (Mishnah Erachin 28a, Tosefta, chap. iv.). The tendency of the contemporaries of those who taught thus in the first and second century cannot be questioned after all these pronouncements. People tried to get rid of part of their property and money. Why? We from our own modern standpoint may be at a loss to understand the purpose of those rich, unhappy men, yet they certainly knew what they were about. In face of the crushing burden and the dangerous insecurity of wealth many a landowner may have desired to be released from his unprofitable responsibility and exempted from his onerous duties. To many a man, who saw the great upheaval in political and social life, following on the loss of national independence and the destruction of the Temple, with the land under the heel of foreign invasion—wealth could mean little or nothing. Moreover, in the Judaism of that period no man was estimated socially according to what he possessed, but according to what he was. A poor charcoal-burner or needle maker occupied the first places in the synagogues and at the feasts, in case his intellectual wealth was greater than his worldly fortune (cf. the case of R. Joshua ben Chanania b. Ber 28a, Pal. Ber. 7d). We have also to bear in mind that the provisions for the poor were of a nature whereby social injustice was impossible. There were adequate arrangements for the poorest of the poor. When the latter came to a place where a Jewish community existed, he was entitled to receive not less than what was regarded as sufficient for his board and lodging. In case he arrived there for the Sabbath, he had to be provided with three substantial meals (M. Pea viii., 7). In such a case the needy did not wait till the crumbs fell from

the tables of the rich. They regarded the support received as their due, and the owner who gave it, as his duty. 'Greater,' say the rabbis, 'is the charity the poor does to the rich, than that which the rich does to the poor' (Lev. v. 34).

The compilers of rabbinical traditions thought it important to report of some of the well-known scribes that the latter honoured rich people. The well-to-do class were not despised. There must have been some reason for this. It cannot be merely accidental, when the Talmud found it necessary to inform us that 'Rabbi was showing honour to rich men,' or that 'R. Akibah honoured the rich' (B. Erubin 86a). The story refers to a man called Bunaios ben Bunaios, who is supposed to have possessed, according to R. Ishmael ben Jose, 1,000 ships and as many cities. They gave this man the first place. Why should there be something extraordinary in this honour shown to the rich? The policy of these rabbis of the second century must have been to disparage the teaching of the Gospels that 'it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter Paradise' (Matt. xix. 24). 'No,' said they, 'that is not so; before God there is no difference between poor and rich, only between bad and good.' Another passage confirms our interpretation. The same scribes, i.e. Rabbi and Ishmael ben Jose, were discussing the question 'What merits have the rich men of Palestine?' (i.e. can they hope to enter the kingdom of heaven?) R. Ishmael said: 'Yes, because they duly contribute their tithe.' And those in Babylon, what merits have they? R. Ishmael says: 'They honour and support the students of the Torah.' And those who live in the Diaspora? (i.e. where they cannot give the tithe, and there is no Torah to support). R. Ishmael: "They honour the Sabbath' (B. Sabbat 119a). We see that this problem as to whether the rich can acquire merit or not agitated the minds of the scribes a great deal. Incidentally we learn, as an important detail of the economic conditions of the Jews at the end of the second century,

that there were rich Jews in Palestine, in Babylon as well as in the Diaspora. Even rich people, they taught, are not lost in the future world, as long as they tithe their produce, support teachers and scholars with their wealth, or if they observe the Sabbath, where both other duties are impossible. By tithing their produce they meant to imply the acknowledgement of the owner as merely the trustee appointed by God. As to the support of a student of the Law it was an old belief in Israel that those who cross the seas to earn their daily bread and those who stay at home in the places of learning, work for each other, and should share their merits here and hereafter. In illustration of the last point we have many instances, such as that of Joseph, the Sabbath observer (B. Sabb. 119a), and of a rich butcher in Laodicea, given by R. Hiyya ben Abba (b. Sabb. 119a).

Considering these and other similar passages in their true light, there can be no doubt about the motive underlying the two following sayings of R. Jochanan ben Nappacha, 'To become a prophet one must be strong, *rich*, wise, and modest' (B. Nedarim 38a). Further, he tries to prove from various passages in the Bible that all the prophets were *rich* men. He shows that this was the case with Moses, Samuel, Jonah, and Amos (BN. 38a). He wanted to urge, according to our reading, that wealth is surely no hindrance to, and poverty no recommendation for the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The prophets were rich people; and who can suggest that on this account they shall not rest in the bosom of Abraham, or have no share in the future life? (This explanation, made some years ago by me, I find now also expressed, similarly, in a letter to the late Chief-Rabbi, Dr. Nathan N. Adler, in London, by Jacob Reifmann, a Rabbi of the last century, preserved in Manuscript Adler No. 4129).

The second Rabbi, who honoured the rich, was the famous R. Akibah! We know from rabbinical sources that he was very careful to choose for his son Joshua the daughter of a

well-to-do m .n (Tos. Ket. iv., 7, Pal. Ket. 29d). This scribe, who had drained the cup of wretched poverty (v. Aboth. of R. Nathan, ch. vi.), is, the most competent authority to enlighten us on the attitude of Judaism towards the rich. He addresses the poor as well as the rich, when he says on the one hand, 'a man who receives charity, without being in actual need of it, will not depart from this world as a rich man' (Aboth. R. Nathan, ch. iii.), and on the other hand, as a manager of communal charity, he did his best to collect money from rich people for the poor, sometimes even against their will (v. Kallah, chap. ii.). He preached: 'Poverty adorned Israel, like a red bridle a white horse' (Cant. R. 1, 27). 'Poverty was the best gift God could give Israel' (B. Hagiga 9B). A man who held such views and acted in such a way must have had some special reasons for honouring rich men. The same is the case with R. Jochanan, who speaks of the prophets as being *rich* men. This teacher, who sold all his property, in order to be able to devote all his time to the study of the Law (Pesikta), remarks, 'Wherever the psalmist speaks of the poor, Israel alone is meant' (Midr. Psalms 10b).

In the fourth century we find a very important change of mind and feeling with regard to this question. Nothing is so bad to the teachers as poverty. Job had a choice be-between illness and poverty, and he chose the former, and not the latter (Exod. r. xxxi. 12, *Mayyan* Ganim p. 81). R. Eleazar says: 'Poverty is worse than hell' (Jellinek's Bethha Midrash v. p. 51). R. Pinehas ben Hama teaches: 'Five plagues are to be preferred to poverty' (B. Baba Bathra, 116a). 'The poor man is like the dead,' was a proverb frequently quoted (B. Ned. 70 Bal. Ned. ix. 2 *inter alia*). Of these people Jerome says rightly: 'Search all the synagogues of the Jews, and you will find no Jewish preacher or teacher who emphasizes the curse of wealth and the blessing of poverty' (on Is. iii., 14, v. *Jew. Quart. Rev.* vi. 288). In this instance Jerome was a true observer

(v. Midrash Haserot p. 56, note 253 and *London Quarterly Rev.*, 1916, p. 233). Can a reason be found for this revolutionary change of feeling? Maybe, that they arrived at a different aspect of the whole problem by the conclusion that no rich man is rich in the eyes of God, and no poor man is poor in the sight of Him, who giveth everything and taketh away what He likes (v. our edition of Midrash Haserot, &c., p. 56). They had learnt by that time, as the Jews experienced so often during the Middle Ages, that in this world, money was the only weapon of defence against the tortured and homeless. The curse of mammon was a tragedy as well as a blessing for the Jew. Mammon killed them in one place and revived them in another. Great have been the sacrifices which the false god, mammon, has devoured, but greater still was the number of those who sacrificed mammon on the altar of justice, truth, and religion!

A. MARMORSTEIN.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

The History of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. By NORMAN MOORE, M.D. Two Volumes. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1918.)

THESE massive volumes cover eight hundred years in the life of one of London's noblest institutions. Its story has never before been told at length, but it is part of the history of England. Dr. Moore has much to tell of the work of healing that has never ceased on this very site since Rahere founded the hospital in 1123. The work throws much light also on 'the city of London and its inhabitants, the social life of successive periods, particular events in the reigns of our kings, the organization of the several parts of the profession of medicine, the growth of medical education, the increase of medical knowledge, the lives of a long series of men concerned in the practice and teaching of medicine.' St. Bartholomew's has a great wealth of original charters, which were copied into a register with others of which the originals are not now extant, by John Cok, a brother of the hospital in the reign of Henry VI. They are chiefly ancient title-deeds or leases of hospital property, but among them are two Papal documents, and some licences in mortmain issued soon after that statute came into force. Dr. Moore has read all the original charters, and has printed two hundred and thirty-four in full, besides extracts from two hundred and seventy others. All these he has copied with his own hand. He has also examined charters preserved at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Public Record Office, the British Museum, and Wells Cathedral. He intends to print a calendar of all charters preserved at St. Bartholomew's as an Addendum to the history. Among the charters is one executed by Rahere himself in 1137, with the seals affixed to it in his presence. A brief of Thomas Becket as Archbishop of Canterbury is

copied into the cartulary, and a charter of his opponent, Gilbert Foliot. The first Lord Mayor of London, Henry Fitz Ailwin, appears in twenty-four original charters, now printed for the first time. In twelve of these he is named Mayor, and in twelve Henry of Londonstone, or Henry, son of Ailwin or Eilwin.

Dr. Moore is not merely a distinguished physician who was chosen President of the Royal College of Physicians of London in 1918, but a practised writer who was responsible for 450 lives chiefly of medical writers in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He knows how to select and arrange his matter as well as to make it attractive. Since 1872 he has been identified with St. Bartholomew's, and is now consulting physician. He says, 'The hospital has formed so great a part of my life that it has been impossible for me to write impersonally. I love the place, and feel a regard for all who have served it, or studied in it, or been relieved by it.' The history has filled up the hours that he could spare from his professional duties for the last thirty years, and is a gift from the author to the hospital. Every one who turns its pages will feel, with Lord Sandhurst, the Treasurer of St. Bartholomew's, that the gift would have been incomplete without the striking portrait of the author from a painting by Mr. Reginald Grenville Eves, which appears as the frontispiece.

Rahere's London was surrounded by a high wall with several towers and seven fortified gates. St. Sepulchre's church was outside Newgate, and to the north of it lay the open space of Smithfield with pastures and tilled fields stretching beyond, and forest lands lying to the north. Every Friday a horse-fair was held here. Earls, barons, knights, and citizens came to look on or buy, and the paces of nags, colts, and coursers were tried. Sometimes there was a lively gallop which horses and riders alike enjoyed. Country people sold their agricultural produce or stock in another part of the market. Rahere's tomb is on the north

side of the choir of St. Bartholomew's Church. His effigy, carved not long after his death, shows the recumbent figure in monastic habit, with tonsured head and hands in the attitude of prayer. The forehead is 'ample, the eyes large and expressive, the mouth and chin suggestive of temperance, decision, and firmness.' Two small kneeling figures of Augustinian canons, one on each side, are reading from Latin Bibles: 'For the Lord shall comfort Zion' (Isaiah li. 3). A vellum manuscript of 86 leaves preserved in the British Museum has supplied the facts about himself and his foundation. This MS. once belonged to the famous antiquary, Sir Robert Bruce Cotton, of Westminster, who allowed free use of his library to Bacon, Camden, Raleigh, Selden, and Usher. It escaped the fire of 1731 which destroyed part of the collection, and came to the British Museum in 1753. The writer was one of the canons of the Priory who died in 1174. Rahere was born of humble folk, but as a youth frequented the houses of nobles and princes and made himself liked at the Court by his witticisms and flattering talk. He made a pilgrimage to Rome in order to obtain pardon. He visited the places where Peter and Paul were said to have suffered martyrdom, bewailing his sins and resolving to forsake them. Then he fell ill, and thought his last hour had come. He burst into tears, and vowed that if spared to return to England he would build a hospital for the recovering of the poor and would serve them in all their needs. On his way home he had a vision. A winged beast bore him to a high place overlooking a deep pit into which he thought that he would be cast. A stately personage appeared. 'Oh, man,' he asked, 'what would you do for him who in such danger helped you?' Rahere replied that he would do all that he could. It was St. Bartholomew, who told him that he had chosen a place in Smithfield 'where, in my name, thou shalt found a church, and it shall be there a house of God, a tabernacle of the Lamb, a temple of the Holy Ghost.' He was not to be

anxious about means. 'Of this work know that you shall be the servant and I the lord; do you do the part of servant, and I will discharge the duty of lord and patron.' When Rahere reached London he consulted the barons, who told him that the site chosen was within the king's market-place. Rahere secured the support of the Bishop of London, and in his presence presented a petition to Henry I, who at once granted the land. Rahere immediately began to build church and hospital. He got youths and labourers to help him to draw stones; preached in various churches, 'and moved his hearers by his sermons to applause when he spoke of joyful things, and when he spoke of sad things compelled them to sighs and tears.' He gathered brethren round him and became their prior. Enemies plotted against him, but the King gave him a charter which conferred many privileges and the right to hold a fair. Miracles also began to be reported, which made a deep impression on the credulous age. Rahere lived to see both hospital and priory finished, and died on September 20, 1145, after being prior for twenty-two years and six months. 'The clay howse of this worlde he forsoke, and the howse everlastynge he enterid, that foundid this howse in to the laude and honoure of the name of Cryst, that in the howse of his fader he myght be crownyd yn his myildness and yn his mercyes.'

For four hundred years, the hospital, though it owed certain duties to the priory, had its own separate seal and administration, and this saved it when the Priory of Augustinian canons was dissolved, and its buildings, except the Norman Choir, were sold. Richard de Beaumes, the bishop of London who helped Rahere to secure land from Henry I, took his name from a village in Normandy. He acquired large estates in Shropshire and used his wealth wisely. He rebuilt great part of old St. Paul's, and bought the houses crowded round it, which were pulled down. We owe the fresh air of the open space around the Cathedral to this generous benefactor. He died four years after Rahere

begun to build. His successor, Gilbert the philosopher, called the Universal from his varied knowledge, was another friend to Rahere. The royal charter was granted in 1133. The hospital foundation was for eight brethren and four sisters tending the poor and the sick and observing the rule of St. Augustine. Thomas of St. Osyth, Rahere's successor, was 'a man of jocund company and fellowly cheeriness, a man of great eloquence and varied knowledge, versed in philosophy and deep in the Holy Scriptures. He was able to set forth what he wished to say in measured periods, and it was his custom on every feast day to pour out the words of God to the people.' In 1147 he appointed Adam the merchant to be master of the hospital, with authority to do all he could for the needy, for orphans, for foundlings, and for the poor of the district, for every kind of sick person, and for homeless wanderers. No one was to be admitted to the hospital society and habit without the consent of the prior and convent. Church and hospital were to help one another without grumbling. Thomas improved the hospital and gave it power to elect its own master; increased the number of canons from thirteen to thirty-five, and secured Papal bulls confirming or augmenting the privileges of the Priory. He was almost a centenarian when he died in 1174.

Dr. Moore has relished his work on the charters. 'So many things become clear to the mind as these charters are carefully considered, that the appetite for them once acquired is difficult to satisfy, and the historian is apt to think that every reader will like to enjoy the pleasure which he himself has felt in tracing men once famous, but now long forgotten, and in ascertaining the topography and inhabitants of London in the twelfth century.'

Men of many stations and occupations, from the Archbishop of Canterbury to tradesmen and carters, pass before us as we study these old deeds. Figures on the seals show the robes worn by bishop and archdeacon; the warden of the bridge of London stands in his sacerdotal vestments

at the altar. Knights on horseback are here clad in chain mail with conical helmet, sword, and shield. 'Richard of Prestune is on foot armed with bow and arrow, dressed in a tunic coming to his knees and with his head hooded. Ladies are in long gowns with sleeves close-fitting to the wrist and dependent manches, with broad girdles and cloth-draped head-dresses, or with long cloaks and leggings sometimes: in either dress with hawks on their hands.'

Andrew Bukerell, sheriff of London in 1172, granted to the hospital for a yearly rent of six shillings the orchard 'on the east side between the aforesaid hospital and a certain small street over against the Church of St. Bartholomew.' He received a besant from the brethren of the hospital for the concession. In later life he made another arrangement, 'for the love of God, and for the welfare of the soul of my father Stephen, and of my mother Sabella, and for the welfare of my own soul, and of my wife Ydonea, and of our children and of all our friends, I have granted and given in the days of my prosperity and before I start on my pilgrimage, to the hospital of St. Bartholomew, and to the brethren of the same, six shillings of rent in perpetual and free alms if I die in this journey of my pilgrimage.'

By the time that London had its first Lord Mayor the hospital had already won a reputation for its works of mercy. Its fame had spread into some of the counties. Henry III gave an old oak from his forest at Windsor for the patients to burn on their hearth. The beds were in a single hall where they could watch the cheerful blaze. In 1215, Alexander of Norfolk gives his house outside the gate of St. Paul's, and opposite the brewery of its canons, that its rent may supply clothes for the poor staying in the hospital at night. Anything that is over is to be spent in linen cloths and other garments for the infirmary. Each brother or sister admitted to the foundation had to swear before the prior and the master fidelity to the priory and obedience to the master of the hospital. Isabella of Bray made her

contribution to the hospital estate when admitted as a sister, and had home and sustenance there and a share in its work.

Dr. Moore's first volume is concerned mainly with the charters, of which he gives many beautiful reproductions. They are the real authority for the story of the hospital, and show what hold it was taking on the affection of generous benefactors.

John Mirfield's *Breviarum Bartholomei* may be regarded as the first work on medicine connected with the hospital. In 1362 he was granted a chamber on the south side of the priory church with a yearly pension of £4 8*s*. His treatise begins with a calendar for 1387, and covers the whole art of medicine and of surgery. The hospital brethren had no watches, but measured the time for heating fluids or making decoctions by reciting certain psalms and prayers while the vessel was on the fire. Mirfield was well read, and had enough knowledge of medicine to judge whether a patient had fever, plague, or ague. He was familiar with epilepsy, and dwelt on the bad effects of excessive potations and of over-eating in the case of gout. 'He knew how to use opium, and employed a great variety of drugs, the reputation of which did not rest on experiment. He was not inattentive to the details of nursing, and he understood the wisdom in practice of remembering the effect of the mind on the body. He was equal to the physicians of our own time in his consideration for the feelings of his patients, in his desire to alleviate suffering, and in his eagerness to master all the learning of his time. He was their inferior in method of observation as well as in every part of science. Like a large part of the public of our day, he was satisfied as to the value of a remedy when patients could be found who said they were better after employing it, and like such people he often omitted to consider whether the diagnosis had been accurate.'

We owe much of our knowledge of St. Bartholomew's

in the Middle Ages to John Cok, who spent the greater part of his life within its walls. He was born in 1392, and apprenticed to a goldsmith in Wood Street, whose house was called The Goldsmith's Rent. He was present at the coronation of Henry V in 1413, and in 1418 began to copy charters for Robert Newton, who had been Master of the hospital. In 1421 he became a brother, and took part two years later in the election of John Wakeryng as Master, who held office for forty years. Cok put down in writing all Wakeryng's famous works. 'For the wondrous acuteness of his extraordinary discretion ought to be recorded.' He recovered various properties of the hospital from the executors of the citizen in whose house his predecessor had died, including a great Bible with Psalter, worth £16, a cross with gilt base worth £12 13*s.* 4*d.*, a great antiphonary, with musical notation, worth £8, a great Breviary worth £10, and another worth £13 6*s.* 8*d.* He fed the hungry, gave drink to the thirsty, received the guest, clothed the naked, visited the sick and the prisoner, redeemed the slave, buried the dead. Not least of his boons was that he brought water in leaden pipes from Canonbury to supply priory and hospital. Cok worked under him attending the sick, and diligently labouring as a scribe. As Renter he recorded all rents due to the hospital, and the lands from which they were drawn, and the tenure on which they were held.

In following Cok's list of the property Dr. Moore lingers lovingly over Doke Lane outside the hospital gate. Duck Lane, then called Duke Street, was his home for twenty-one years. 'I lived there as a student and as House Physician, and then as Warden of the College of St. Bartholomew's. The Warden's House on its south side was my first house in London, and to be elected to the office to which it belongs was my first important professional success, and while I lived in it I was elected on to the permanent staff of the hospital. It was the home of my early married life, and here my eldest child was born.' In his time a few early

seventeenth-century houses with projecting upper storeys were still standing, which Dryden must have seen when he walked down to his printer's in Wellyard. Addison also must have passed through the lane to the office where the *Spectator* was printed.

In 1535 the hospital had an annual income, according to Speed, of £371. The Savoy hospital had a revenue of £529. St. Bartholomew's was third in the list; and St. Thomas followed with an income of £347. Next year brought the Act of Dissolution when the property passed into the hands of Henry VIII. The sick and destitute excited public compassion as they appeared in the streets. The Mayor and aldermen and commonalty presented a petition to the King praying that the hospitals of St. Mary, St. Bartholomew, and St. Thomas might be placed under the order and governance of the Mayor and his brethren. On June 24, 1544, Henry issued letters patent reconstituting the hospital for its original uses. In 1546 a new covenant was entered into with the King, who is thus regarded as its second founder. The Mayor and citizens were to find some one 'sufficiently learned in the science of physic, and one other person having sufficient knowledge in surgery, to be continually attendant upon the sick and sore people at the said late hospital.' Physician and surgeon each received £20 a year; the Mayor and citizens provided 'all manner potecary ware and other things most necessary and convenient for the making of salves and all other things touching physic or surgery for the help or healing of the said poor sicke and impotent people.' The hospital and its endowments thus became vested in the Mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London. 'The Order of the Hospital of St. Bartholomewes in Westsmythfield in London,' of which Edward VI's copy is in the British Museum, was issued in 1552 by order of the Lord Mayor, to give the public information and to silence 'the wickedness of reporte' against the scheme for its maintenance

The duties of governors and officers are clearly set forth. The hospitaler is to minister 'the moste wholesome and necessary doctrine of God's comfortable worde, as well by readyng and preaching as also by ministering the sacrament of the Holy Communion at tymes convenient.' He is to receive the food provided by the steward, see that it is properly dressed by the cook, and to get two of the surgeons to examine those who applied for admission. The matron had to receive such patients and bestow them in convenient places. She also had charge of the twelve sisters. No poor person was to be allowed to sit and drink in the house, nor was drink to be taken into the wards. The chirurgiens were to do their utmost 'for the poore of this Hospitall, settyng aside all favoure, affection, gayne or lucre.' No physician was appointed for some years. The hospitaler receives £10 a year, the cooke £6 'for his meate, drincke, and wages.' The matron and twelve sisters had £27 6*s*. 8*d*. in wages. The matron was also paid 1*s*. 6*d*. a week for board wages and the sisters 16*d*. The matron was allowed 18*s*. 4*d*. for livery, the sisters 10*s*. each. Prayers were said three times a day, and when a patient was about to leave cured he had to kneel in the hall before the hospitaler and at least two of the masters, and to offer a prayer of thanksgiving. Then he received a passport to show where he had been and that he was no wandering beggar or knave. Sometimes he was given money to help him home.

The ledgers of the hospital have been preserved since it began to admit patients in the reign of Henry VIII. Shoes were often given to the patients, but the cost of a pair in these favoured times was only eightpence. A child was boarded out for five weeks at eightpence a week. A smock from the pawnbroker's was 'bought being at gage, 6*d*.' The three surgeons received stipends of £15 with a further reward of £1. One grim item is the payment of two shillings 'for going to Mile End to cut off a leg.' The receipts for 1549–50 were £1,245 17*s*. 4*d*. and the outlay

£1,107 15*s.* 4*d.*, so that the treasurer was able to hand over £138 2*s.* to his successor. The income rose steadily till in 1621 it was £5,388. The monthly diet bills ranged from £80 to more than £100. In the year of the Great Fire the income first reached five figures. It was £10,976 16*s.* 9*d.* A special heading now appeared in the accounts: 'The Rental hereafter mentioned is for the Rents of howses lately burnt downe who have made contracts to rebuild their howses.' In 1674 the monthly diets ranged from £125 to £148, fuel cost £224 19*s.* 2*d.*, candles £47 6*s.* 1*d.* The apothecaries' bills were £330 18*s.* 2*d.* Katharine Ingram received £46 for curing scald heads. Dr. John Radcliffe, who died in 1714, left £500 a year for mending the diet of the patients. The income of 1716–17 was £30,758.

The journals of the hospital supply many interesting details of the meetings of the governors. In 1578 'leave was given to Mr. Hawkyns to go to Oxford for one year to have further light in the Greek tongue.' In 1552 it was 'ordered that Philip Grene shall be dismissed for that his leg is incurable, and for that he might have it taken off to be eased of his pain and for that the said Philip hath reported that his leg can be healed for the value of forty shillings, and that the said forty shillings is granted to be given unto the surgeon that will undertake to heal the same Philip's leg.' Next day John Bott of Tichurst brought 'two pots of half "sovaryns," bearing with it a piece, an angell and six "testo-," which was the money of Richard Golden and of the patient that died May six last past, and the bringer thereof had for his pains 6*s.* 8*d.*' In 1554 beef and mutton were supplied by William Abraham at a penny per pound. Next April he charged three halfpence, but in August his price was five farthings and he was willing to pay back the odd farthing which he had received since midsummer. The Great Fire was prevented from reaching the hospital by the pulling down of houses, but the losses of its property were computed at £2,000 a year.

Dr. Lopus was the first physician appointed to the hospital. He lived within its precincts, and in 1575 his parlour was ordered to be 'boarded forthwith in consideracon that he shalbe the more paynful in lookinge to the poore of the hospitall.' He afterwards moved into the city 'where better eyre is.' His end was tragic. In 1586 he had been appointed physician to the Queen's household. Then he was involved, on the evidence of two Portuguese, in a charge of high treason, and on June 7, 1594, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn. He had asked 50,000 crowns from the King of Spain for poisoning Queen Elizabeth, but pleaded that he was cozening the Spanish King.

William Harvey is the most famous doctor of St. Bartholomew's. In February, 1609, he applied for the office of physician when it should next become void, and in October he was duly appointed. His salary was raised from £25 to £33 6*s.* 8*d.* in 1626, when he gave up the grant of a house in the hospital precincts. The notes of the lectures which he delivered on anatomy and surgery in the College of Physicians in 1616 are preserved in the British Museum. They show how he examined his patients, and performed autopsies with his own hands. He had already gained a clear idea of the circulation of the blood. Twelve years later he published his great discovery. He was appointed physician-in-ordinary to Charles I in 1639, and at the battle of Edgehill had charge of the young princes, Charles and James. He ceased to be physician at St. Bartholomew's in 1643, and died at Roehampton in 1657. Every physician at the hospital has felt proud to be one of Harvey's successors. The first surgeons were appointed in 1549. William Clowes, who became one of them in 1575, wrote an account of his life in *A Proved Practise*. He treated 'Mr. Crippe's leaf-tenant to Sir Philip Sidney's horsemen' and other officers. One had a bullet wound in the shoulder-blade which would not heal. 'A foreign practiser' was called in who held that the bullet had been poisoned, and that the treatment

must be arranged to counteract the poison. This was done and the wound healed. His grim account of the way in which he amputated a limb makes one bless the name of Simpson.

In 1745 the surgeons separated from the barbers and formed a corporation of their own. Percivall Pott was the first surgeon elected from that company. His portrait by Reynolds is the finest work of art in St. Bartholomew's. He often came to the hospital in a red coat and sometimes wore a sword. Pott's disease and Pott's fracture keep his name alive to this day. He himself sustained the fracture by falling from his horse in Kent Street, Southwark, in 1756. In his lectures at Bartholomew's he spoke of injuries of the head with illustrations which throw light on the life of the times. A girl was tossed by an ox in Smithfield, a man thrown from a horse on to the rails there; another man was injured in a mob at Tower Hill whilst trying to rescue a sailor from a pressgang; a young man playing at cudgels in Moorfields was stunned by a stroke on the forehead. He was a fertile writer and had a large practice, numbering Johnson and Garrick among his patients.

John Abernethy was elected assistant surgeon in 1787, surgeon in 1815, and retired in 1827. He was a noted lecturer, who gave an impetus to medical teaching not only at Bartholomew's but throughout England. 'He never forgot that a lecture is to be valued not by what the lecturer puts into it, but by what the hearer can carry away from it. He told nothing but what might be remembered. He told it sufficiently slowly and sufficiently often for it to be remembered with ease.' Apt illustrations from practical surgery fastened the facts in the memory of students. Despite the stories of his abrupt speeches to private patients, the tradition of his invariable kindness to his hospital patients proves that consideration for others and invariable generosity were in the highest degree his personal characteristics. 'Eager in the pursuit of knowledge, making through-

out life the utmost use of rare and splendid powers of speech and exposition, Abernethy, by the impulse which he gave to the school of St. Bartholomew's, was its greatest benefactor. To him was largely due that enthusiasm for St. Bartholomew's which is to be found throughout the world wherever its students practise medicine and surgery.'

Sir William Lawrence was apprenticed to Abernethy in 1799, became surgeon in 1824, and resigned in 1865. He was thus connected with the hospital for sixty-six years. His father had been the chief surgeon at Cirencester, and Lawrence became lord paramount of surgery at Bartholomew's. Sir James Paget did not appreciate his lectures very highly when he heard them, but when he began to lecture himself he followed their method and thought it the best method of scientific speaking he had ever heard. 'Every word had been learned by heart, and yet there was not the least sign that one word was being remembered.' They were 'admirable in their well-collected knowledge, and even more admirable in their order, their perfect clearness of language, and the quietly attractive manner in which they were delivered.' Lawrence wrote more than any surgeon who had preceded him at St. Bartholomew's.

Sir James Paget became a student in 1834. When he wanted a microscope he found there was none in the hospital. He built up his reputation as lecturer, became assistant surgeon in 1847, surgeon in 1861, and resigned in 1871. Mr. Henry Power, the ophthalmic surgeon, considered him the best lecturer he ever heard: 'Perhaps Huxley equalled him in ease and familiarity and lucidity in exposition. He had not the majestic, stately delivery of Lawrence, nor the colloquial style of Faraday, nor the measured diction of Savory, all of whom had, like him, charming voices; but it was perfectly easy and fluent, never having to pause for the choice of a word. The language he used was always appropriate and well-considered.' For some years he had probably the most lucrative surgical practice in London. His income

rose from £700 to £10,000 a year; after he gave up operating it fell to £7,000 and then gradually decreased. After Abernethy he was the greatest benefactor of the School of St. Bartholomew's, and he stands equal to Percivall Pott among the surgeons of the hospital.

Paget's successors have their place in Dr. Moore's gallery of portraits, and various branches of medical or surgical work carried on at the hospital are luminously described. Tribute is paid to the anaesthetist, who 'has to undertake the same trust as the surgeon: the patient's life is in his hands. The patient, whose pain he prevents, has only time to say "Good-morning" before he becomes unconscious of the benefits he receives, and ere consciousness has completely returned the benefactor has departed.' The matron, sisters, and nurses have a chapter of their own which traces their work from 1551 to the present time, with warm appreciation of its value. The systematic instruction of all nurses began in 1877, and there are now 38 sisters and 268 nurses working under Miss MacIntosh, the matron. Nurses' quarters are now to be erected, at a cost of £150,000. The School of St. Bartholomew is justly famous. 'In the service of scientific discovery, of geographical research, of every kind of learning, of mankind in general, of the poor of London in particular, of our King and country, the School of St. Bartholomew has played a great part and earned everlasting fame.'

The last chapter brings us to the patients. When a student first enters the wards he is struck by the accumulation of pain and misfortune, but he gradually learns 'that the aggregate of pain from disease is less than the talk of the luxurious and the writings of those who have not observed it closely have made him think.' 'To a physician the medical wards are delightful.' He instructs students, and knows that patients will be well nursed and carefully observed in the intervals of his visits. There is constant variety in his work. An old man was brought into a surgical

ward who had been knocked down by an omnibus whilst selling nuts from a barrow. He had come from a remote part of county Cork thirty years before, and spoke little English. He was in distress about his coat, which had been taken away. It had £170 in notes and gold sewn into it. He lived in a ground-floor room and slept on sacks. He made a will leaving his money to three grown-up children, of whom he had seen little, settled his spiritual affairs, and died. Another patient with a splinter in his finger had recently been making a bow and steel-tipped arrows to shoot wild boars in Africa. A family brought their old father in a donkey-cart, and pressed for his immediate admission. He died the next day, when it was found that they had gone off to the Derby and had not returned. A cabman said to Dr. Moore as he set him down at the door of the warden's house, 'I shall never forget St. Bartholomew's, for they cured me there of a pleurisy fifteen years ago.' The doctor says, 'Assuredly joy and gladness have often been found in St. Bartholomew's with thanksgiving and the voice of praise.' Rahere was moved by a great compassion for the sick poor of London, and his spirit has shaped the work of the hospital for eight centuries. In the general receiving-room 150,000 patients were seen every year for many years, and Dr. Bridges, the poet laureate, who was casualty physician 1877–78, saw 30,940 patients in one year, and gave 200,000 doses containing iron. There are 759 beds, and 8,600 in-patients and 67,800 out-patients are treated annually. The income is about £70,000. The desire to relieve suffering has lifted physicians and surgeons to heights of skill and devotion of which the founder never dreamed, and has called forth the gifts of nursing in a way that has soothed pain and hastened recovery for a vast multitude of patients who can never repay the debt which they owe to one of the most beneficent institutions on which the sun ever shone.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

STRIKES: THEIR ETHICAL ASPECT

I. SIMULTANEOUSLY with the conclusion of international peace there appear all over the world ominous symptoms of the outbreak of industrial war. Never before within the era of recorded history have strikes been so numerous; never have they arisen on pretexts so manifestly trivial; never have they been conducted in so malignant a spirit; never have they shown themselves so hardly amenable to reasonable settlement; never have settlements when achieved given so little promise of permanent tranquillity. One curious phenomenon which these lamentable social and economic conflicts present is that they are generally organized and led by men who made themselves prominent during the recent world-war as pacificists, who refused to render military service, who defended the extreme individualism of the conscientious objector, and denied the authority of the State to exercise the coercion of conscription. I call it a curious phenomenon, because the industrial strike is essentially an act of war. It is a belligerent attack upon the employers; it embodies a resort to force, as opposed to reason, for the determination of the points at issue; it involves the employment of militant methods—such as the elimination of non-unionists, the terrorization of blacklegs, and the picketing of dissentient workers—which are indistinguishable from conscription or martial law, and that without any concession to conscientious objection. To say this is not necessarily to condemn strikes, any more than it is necessarily to justify war. The conscience of the community held that both the deeds and the designs of the Germans in 1914 made it a matter of duty to resist them even to the death. It may well be that the same communal conscience may find in the deeds and designs of capitalists and profiteers a similar justification for an industrial war. All that I urge is that there should be a clear recognition of the fact that the problem of war and peace is the same in the two cases. All the arguments for international pacification apply with full validity to the prevention of the class war. It suggests a strange incapacity for coherent thinking to find the same persons advocating the formation of a League of Nations and the compulsory settlement of all disputes between States by means of arbitration, and simultaneously repudiating the authority of the Government in economic affairs, and insisting on the retention by each individual trade union (even in nationalized industries) of the 'right to strike' in order to maintain its own interests, against the employers, against other groups of workers, against even the community at large.

II. The explanation of this anomaly is, I take it, that the paci-

ficism of the labour extremist is not the pacificism of Christ, but of Karl Marx. The devotee of Marx objects, not to war as such, but merely to war waged for national purposes. He advocates arbitration, not as a universal substitute for violence, but only as a device applicable to disputes which he regards as of little importance. He opposes conscription, not from any abhorrence of the principle of compulsion, but solely because he wishes to coerce the conscripts himself into a different kind of army. He denounces war between States because it interferes with that war between classes on which his heart is set. The deadly Marxian dogma of the 'class-war' is the root from which has sprung, and is springing, that fatal crop of industrial disputes that threaten schism to the nation and ruin to its prosperity. It is a dogma essentially anti-Christian, instinct with ethical error and economic fallacy. It proclaims the necessary antagonism of employees to employers; it asserts the uselessness and corruption of the capitalist order as a whole; it declines to recognize the importance of the parts played in production by captains of industry, inventors, organizers of markets, and the thrifty multitudes from whose careful savings the material for future enterprises are provided; it demands for the proletariat the whole of the wealth in the creation of which it performs but a subordinate function. Those who have been infected with the poison of the Marxian creed —atheistic, materialistic, irrational, inhuman—are necessarily revolutionists. Whether they call themselves advanced Socialists who wish to capture the Government, or whether they call themselves Syndicalists who aim at the total destruction of government, they logically and avowedly aim at the subversion of existing society and the appropriation of the wealth of the world. The chosen weapon of their warfare is the strike. By means of it they hope to make the present organization of industry impossible. They foster it and employ it on every available occasion. They make it as destructive and widespread as they can. They intend to develop it ultimately into the grand 'general strike' which in one vast catastrophe shall bring all established institutions to the ground. To Syndicalists like M. Georges Sorel in France, Signor Labriola in Italy, and Mr. Tom Mann in England, the 'general strike' has become a mythological obsession, a sort of Armageddon which is to inaugurate in a field of blood the proletarian Paradise. It is dangerous dreamers of this type, full of misguided enthusiasms and perverted zeal, who have captured the machinery of the great trade unions, and have employed it as the engine of their anti-political purposes. They have succeeded in transmuting the trade unions from peaceful benefit societies into industrial armies permanently mobilized for war. Their purpose is not the securing of conditions of labour which shall make for a stable tranquillity, but the fomenting of a chronic unrest which shall culminate in a revolutionary upheaval. The original object of trade unions was collective bargaining; under the deplorable influence of the new leaders this has been abandoned in favour of the organization of strikes.

III. In the early days of trade unionism strikes, of course, were not unknown. The *ultima ratio* of regimented labour was from the first its power of withholding its services, and thereby of stopping the processes of industry. It was a power which it was necessary for the manual workers in corporate groups to possess; for experience had shown, particularly during the transitional period of the industrial revolution (1750–1850), that the isolated workman was economically weak, and was not in a position to hold his own in conflict with an unscrupulous employer. But the fact that this reserve of power was in existence was usually sufficient to adjust the economic balance, and to secure an equality in bargaining between employer and employed which facilitated settlements and ensured their observance. Both the trade union leaders and the representative masters were agreed in the acceptance of the general organization of industry. None of them had any quarrel with the so-called 'capitalist system,' which is, indeed, the natural and proper method whereby the vast and generally beneficent world-economy of modern times has developed. It was a comparatively rare thing for collective bargaining to break down and for a trial of brute force to be instituted by means of the strike of the workmen or the lock-out on the part of the masters. These industrial wars were recognized as mortally injurious to both the sides that were involved in them, and the sober leaders of the great societies had recourse to them only in the last resort. Their habitual reluctance to appeal to the arbitrament of the strike was increased by the disastrous failure of several of the great industrial struggles into which, against their better judgement, they were from time to time dragged. All this, however, was changed when, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, the 'new unionism'—at first ultra-Socialist, then Syndicalist—began to supplant the old. The trade unions came to be regarded as convenient engines ready to hand for the enforcement of political programmes and the realization of social utopias. The strike, from being the weapon of last resort, was advanced to the forefront as the instrument of universal and instantaneous application. Hence the epidemic of 'lightning strikes' with which the world is at present afflicted.

IV. That working men still have their disabilities and their grievances no one will deny. In spite of the unparalleled progress of the past century the conditions of labour, especially in our great industrial centres, are but too often intolerable to enlightened intelligence. I have no room here to discuss causes or apportion blame; suffice it to say that the causes are not simple, and that the blame is by no means to be laid all on one side. Even conditions which seemed satisfactory a generation ago are quite properly regarded as unsatisfactory now, owing to advance of knowledge and to a rise in the standard of living. The question then is: 'How can conditions be improved, and improved most rapidly and most generally?' There is an immense temptation to answer this question by saying: 'through the agency of the strike.' The temptation is strong,

because many great strikes in recent years have appeared to achieve notable success. Again and again, miners, railwaymen, transport workers, engineers, and finally (in August, 1918) even the police, have gained by means of strikes large increases of wages, reductions of hours, privileges and prerogatives, concerning which they had long and vainly negotiated with employers and petitioned Parliament. It is a matter of deep regret that, if the demands of these groups of industrial workers or public servants were just, they were not granted more speedily and in the course of constitutional procedure. It is a matter of still deeper regret that, if they were unjust and excessive, they were secured at all, at the expense of other sections of the community, by means of violence and terror. For it is the fatal defect of the method of progress by means of the strike—as it was of the old method of deciding judicial issues by means of single combat or trial by battle—that it is indiscriminate in its operation. Might takes the place of right, and the most flagrant iniquity can be enforced by the same means as the most reasonable equity. Moreover it is a method open only to the comparatively small sections of the community that are capable, in virtue of their occupation, of high organization. It thus tends to benefit the few at the cost of the many, and to impose the will of the minority upon the majority This is bad enough when it is limited to the sphere of economics; for it means that the community as a whole tends to be taxed to pay an unearned increment to favoured monopolists. When, however, the strike method is extended from the economic to the political sphere, and when a general stoppage of essential industries is threatened in order to compel the country to accept the programme of a particular party (heavily defeated at the polls), the position becomes impossible: the very existence of national democracy is at stake.

The successes of the strike method, however, though spectacular, are illusory. They resemble the successes which the Germans obtained in the early months of the war. They are due to superior preparation and to surprise. Just as the overwhelming onslaught of the drilled and well-equipped Teutonic hosts called forth from the victims an answering and in the end victorious counter-organization, so in the case of strikes the suffering community, working and middle class alike, will be driven to regiment and arm itself in order to save itself from exploitation and destruction, unless the Government, i.e. the League of Classes, is strong enough to curb the aggressors and to enforce social and industrial peace. If Government is weak and allows its functions to be usurped by Triple Alliances and Soviets, then the circumstances of conflict and anarchy in which mediaeval feudalism arose will be repeated, and modern civilization will go down in a ruin of misery and social war similar to that which overwhelmed the ancient world.

This brings us to the crux of the situation. Is modern civilization so hopelessly rotten and corrupt that it is beyond redemption? Is it necessary to sweep it all away and replace it by some

such new ideal as Lenin and Trotsky are trying to realize amid the ruins of Russia? Yes, says the Marxian revolutionary, and he seeks to destroy what he calls 'capitalist society,' with all its Churches and its States, by means of a shattering series of strikes. No, says the Christian democrat, who sees in the social and political evolution of the last two thousand years a steady movement towards the good. He refuses to believe that all this time the world has been wandering unguided on wholly wrong lines. He holds that the same Christly principle of brotherly love which has transformed so many lives and purified so many institutions during the era of salvation is sufficient for the continued redemption and reform of modern society. He maintains that the modes of self-government provided by the modern democratic State are the proper and adequate means by which wrongs may be redressed and rights secured. Just as he looks to the super-State authority, or the League of Nations, to prevent future conflicts of peoples, so does he look to the authority of the national State, or the League of Classes, to obviate industrial war. He condemns the strike method as barbaric, and declares it to be as little justified in a duly constituted democratic State as would be an armed conflict between States in a properly ordered and federated world. F. J. C. HEARNSHAW.

METHODISM AND MODERNISM

MODERNISM is an ambiguous and therefore misleading term. Originally it was applied to a movement for reform within the Church of Rome, represented by Loisy, Tyrrell, and others, which was first caricatured, and then condemned by the Papal Encyclical *Pascendi*. The ferment of thought and feeling among intelligent priests which the movement expressed was driven in and suppressed, not cast out, and in one form or another it will be heard of again. At present a certain opprobrium attaches to the name Modernism amongst ecclesiastics within and outside the pale of Rome, who live in the past and to whom all that is 'modern' is anathema.

But the name deserves to be maintained on a higher plane and with a wider meaning. Like the terms 'Christian' and 'Methodist,' given at first as a nickname conveying reproach, 'Modernist' ought to live as an honourable title, and to indicate the attitude in Church thought and life of one who adequately appreciates the spiritual, intellectual, and moral conditions and needs of the age in which he lives and who believes in the power of the religion he professes to cope with those conditions and to meet those needs. He is therefore continually seeking to establish a real synthesis between religion in the form in which he accepts it and all that is vital and abiding in 'modern' thought, and he possesses accordingly a wide outlook, a generous spirit, and sympathetic temper, expressing itself in fruitful forms of activity, without which no Church can adequately fulfil its calling in this or in any age. A 'modern' spirit will prove wholesome

or mischievous, constructive or destructive, according to the bias and direction given to it, partly by those who lead it and partly by those who resent and oppose its activities. For every Church will include within itself such a spirit and form of 'Modernism' as it deserves to have. A Church of Christ by its very definition has its own peculiar charge to keep, its sacred traditions to preserve, its truths to maintain, to propagate, and to transmit. At the same time, if it is to live it must grow. As a living organism it modifies its environment and is modified by it. As a teaching community it must assimilate and use the best knowledge of its own time, under penalty of failing to influence its contemporaries and itself becoming fossilized and obsolete.

There is nothing new in such an attitude except the name given to it. The history of the Christian Church abounds in illustrations of the principle, beginning even with the New Testament. The Pauline and Johannine writings are remarkable examples of the way in which the Holy Spirit guided the Apostles and their followers during the latter part of the first century in the development and living application of truth, 'as truth is in Jesus.' The Greek Fathers and the Roman bishops of the second and third centuries 'modernized' tradition. Athanasius, that pillar of orthodoxy, was assailed by the Conservatives of his time for his use of the new-fangled term *Homo-ousios*, not found in Scripture. Thomas Aquinas, for centuries the bulwark of scholasticism, was in the first instance a Modernist, who with admirable subtlety and skill welded into one compact system the traditions of theology and the prevailing conceptions of Platonist and Aristotelian philosophy. Luther and Calvin were Modernists when they returned to the simplicity of early Christian faith and denounced those who made void the word of God to keep the vain traditions of men. John Wesley was a Modernist when he emphasized the cardinal doctrines of salvation ignored or neglected by the representatives of orthodoxy, and refused to be fettered in his evangelistic work by the forms and conventions of eighteenth-century Anglicanism. Tyrrell and his coadjutors did well in their rejection of the mediaeval interpretation of Catholicism, but their attempt at its reinterpretation failed, largely because those who agreed in their claim to be emancipated from the intolerable bondage of outworn formulae could not effectively agree in anything else.

It is a truism which needs constantly to be repeated and applied afresh, that a Church must learn how wisely to combine continuity with progress. Faithful to the sacred and abiding elements of its faith, it must be prompt to discern and meet changes in modes of speech, habits of thought, and the conditions and requirements of modern life—ethical, economic, and social, as well as religious. Such a statement ceases to be a platitude when a Church sets itself to discover what are the essential verities in which there should be unity and what are the important but secondary matters in which it should concede liberty and leave room for its teachers and members to think, advance, and grow. It is necessary that a living Church

should understand the new knowledge as well as the old faith. Merely to denounce 'the modern mind' is as easy as to vilify the ancient—and as futile.

> The old need not be therefore true,
> O brother man—nor yet the new.

It is most mischievous of all to try to pull down the old, while the new is blank or formless. Tyrrell's definition of his own school is instructive: 'By a Modernist I mean a Churchman of any sort who believes in the possibility of a synthesis between the essential truth of his religion and the essential truth of modernity.' The essential truth of the Christian religion may readily be found, though it may be very variously expressed. But 'the essential truth of modernity' what sage is competent to declare or define?

The Wesleyan Methodist Church has probably been less disturbed by doctrinal difficulties and controversies than most other religious bodies—for reasons more or less assignable. But difficulties there are, perhaps never more acutely felt than during and after the convulsions of war. The Conference and the Connexion are to be congratulated upon the tone and spirit of the doctrinal discussion at the recent Conference in Newcastle and the way in which the twin principles of fidelity to the past and liberty of thought and action in the present were manifested and combined. No other Christian Church that we know of acknowledges 'standards' of doctrinal belief in such an unscientific shape as a collection of sermons and a body of notes on the New Testament, neither the one nor the other having been written with the slightest thought of their serving in such a capacity. And there is perhaps no other religious community which so fully combines fixity of belief in great central verities with a large measure of latitude and elasticity in relation to subordinate articles of faith. The much more numerous Methodist Churches of the United States have adopted as 'standards' in their Book of Discipline the twenty-five articles which Wesley selected from the well-known Thirty-Nine of the Church of England. But Wesley himself, in determining the test of loyalty to his teaching among Methodist preachers, judged more wisely. He knew what he was doing. He meant the Scriptures to be the rule of faith for his followers, as they were his own. But the fidelity of each preacher to 'our doctrines' was not to be decided by subscription to a brief creed, in which every word had been weighed a hundred times before insertion, but by the general tenor of a body of diversified writings, in which the curious may find some portions not wholly consistent with the rest. The tie which may seem to be lax and feeble holds very firmly. 'Our doctrines,' as Wesley calls them, are those which concern the fundamental principles of the gospel of Christ and the personal experience of salvation. To these every Wesleyan minister is bound by ties as strong as the life of religion itself.

The Conference of last July asserted no new principle and made no changes in method of procedure with regard to the doctrinal

beliefs of its ministers. But the reaffirmation of time-honoured principles, in view of the special needs and difficulties of these times, was most valuable. It declared afresh that positive teaching on the great truths of Redemption is the chief thing—'first, last, midst, and without end.' But it also recognized that great questions are raised in these days of which the fervent and splendid evangelists of the eighteenth century knew, and could know, nothing. The 'modern mind' is concerned with new issues raised by historical and literary criticism, by physical science and new views of the universe, by generally accepted theories of evolution and Divine immanence, as well as a host of practical problems in the regions of psychological, ethical, and social science. To these issues must be added the new point of view set up by the young science of Comparative Religion, which, like so many other young sciences, was at first pronounced dangerous and subversive of faith, till it began to prove itself a sure foundation for faith of a broader and more stable kind than was possible before its advent.

In the discussion of such questions as these there is surely abundant scope for 'modernism,' in the best sense of the word. There is ample room and verge enough for theologians who loyally maintain a central core of evangelical and evangelistic doctrine to bring that truth to bear upon a thousand urgent questions of faith and practice to-day. They will not all agree; they ought not all to agree in the first instance. For here is the divinely appointed field of education for the Christian Church, set as it is in the midst of the world. Love of truth, patience, charity, tolerance of diversities even in the heart of unity, will prepare the way for a wiser, more comprehensive, and more socially efficient Church of Christ in days that are to come. Ministers who have been troubled because they could not see their way to pronounce definitely on a multitude of difficult modern questions are shown, in the Report adopted by the Conference, that for their final determination time, frank discussion, and mutual forbearance are necessary and will, as far as possible, be given. God has 'more light yet to break forth from His Holy Word.'

It will be said that such an attitude shuts out all finality of judgement upon a number of important issues, and instead of providing clear-cut definitions and dogmas leaves the way open for great variety of opinion. To a great extent such a result is pure gain, and it is according to the mind and method of God in the education of His children. He knows that for the attainment of knowledge, and especially for the training of mind and character, experiments and efforts are necessary. But one of the chief gains accruing from the action of the last Conference is the reaffirmation of the principle of decision by 'the living Church.' The phrase has been freely criticized, but it means that if the Church be faithful it may expect and rely upon the judgement and guidance of the Holy Spirit Himself. Doubtless the clause 'if faithful' implies a very large 'if.' But, whether for the individual or the community, the principle laid down by the Master is 'he that is willing to do God's will shall know of

the doctrine.' The Church of Rome, in spite of history, claims the complete infallibility of the Church and—under certain conditions—of the Pope. The Protestant may go to an opposite extreme and find the counterpart to the Apostolic, 'It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us,' in a narrow majority of an excited and perhaps prejudiced assembly. It remains for the true Church of Christ, whatever its style and title, to maintain as nearly as possible the divine standard of fidelity to gospel truth and then to believe that the living Lord will not leave His disciples 'orphans,' but that the Spirit of truth will prove Himself a perpetual Way-Guide into all the truth they need to know. The words

> By Thine unerring Spirit led,
> We shall not in the desert stray

have been confidently sung for generations past. Is the most important sphere of all the only one in which a believing Church, gathered in Christ's name and agreed as touching His kingdom, will be allowed to 'miss its providential way'?

Guidance from above is sorely needed. The teacher who strives to be a 'modernist' in the sense of interpreting afresh the faith delivered to the saints and applying it to the anxious questionings of (for example) the times in which we live, has a tremendous task before him. There are those who use very lightly such phrases as the 're-statement' of old doctrine. Do they consider what wisdom is needed for even the initial stages of such a process? Bishop Westcott used often to remind his pupils that accurate translation of Greek and Hebrew words is but a small part of the work of interpretation of Scripture—and there are many 'priests' who cannot even, as Tennyson said, 'read their own sacred books in the original.' Far deeper than the translation of words is the translation of thought into what we may call the 'vernacular' of to-day. It is largely for the lack of such power in the occupants of modern pulpits that churches become more and more sparsely attended. Here is one field of infinite promise—and infinite difficulty—for the 'Modernist' who, assured of his own hold upon the central truths of the gospel, essays by means of them to solve the difficulties of modern thought and life. Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλά. 'great is the glory, for the strife is hard.'

'A scribe who has become a disciple of the Kingdom,' said the One Master of all Christian teachers, 'is like a householder who brings forth from his storehouse treasures old and new.' Adequately to understand the old is not easy, completely to master the new is much harder; but to be able to understand and expound both and the relation between them needs insight and mastery which only the Spirit Himself can give. 'He who leaves the old paths for the new,' says an Italian proverb, 'knows what he leaves, not what he may find.' But why leave the old for the new? In the spiritual realm each sheds light upon the other, each is incomplete without the other. *Nove, non nova* is a saying of Vincent of Lérins seldom quoted in comparison with his famous phrase concerning *Quod*

semper, ubique, ab omnibus, creditum est, but it is much better worth remembering. The Spirit of truth, who takes of what is Christ's and makes it known to the disciple, enables him to find the old in the new and the new in the old. In Christ are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge for every new generation, but 'hidden.' The true Modernist is he whose eyes have been opened to discern and his lips opened to reinterpret the old words, which are now, as when first spoken, 'spirit and life' for all mankind.

W. T. DAVISON.

UNITY OF DOCTRINE IN THE WESLEYAN CHURCH

ON p. 375 of the Minutes of Conference for 1917 we read that 'The Conference appoints the following Committee to seek to secure in brotherly consideration a true and abiding unity of spirit and doctrine.' A Report was presented to the next Conference: and on p. 247 of its Minutes we read that 'the Conference receives the Report and reappoints the Committee for further consultation during the year, and to report to the Conference of 1919.' At this last gathering a Report almost the same as the above was presented and substantially adopted.

All this reveals, in the Wesleyan Church, some lack of a 'true and abiding unity of spirit and doctrine'; and is an effort 'to secure' it. This difference of opinion is evident, and is to many ministers and laymen a source of mental unrest.

A chief cause of all this is a widespread change about some secondary but important doctrines, which has taken place during the last sixty years. The only way of escape is a plain statement of the doctrines still universally and confidently held, of the doctrines modified in some minds and not in others, and some statement of the reasons for the change. To make such statement as will relieve the present unrest is no easy task. To contribute to it, by the help of God, is the purpose of this paper. The Report itself I in the main accept. But I wish to make an important addition to it.

The Report sent back 'for further consultation' appropriately 'recognizes with thankfulness the deep and heartfelt unity of belief among our ministers on the great central truths of the Gospel concerning the redemption of the world through our Lord Jesus Christ and salvation through Him, which are revealed in the Scriptures, our accepted rule of faith and practice.' The above 'central truths' seem to me to need further specification. Moreover, in times of doubt, it is always helpful to state plainly matter about which there is unanimous and confident agreement. So far as I know, all Wesleyan ministers will accept the following statement.

We firmly believe that, with the Supreme Creator and Ruler of all, is One Other than Himself, His Own and Only Son, who for our salvation took upon Him the limitations of human bodily life and

afterwards laid down His life; that His Body, laid dead in the grave, was raised to life and afterwards to heaven; and that He announced salvation, through faith and through His own death, for all who believe in Him; and a new life of victory over all sin and of unreserved devotion to God, breathed into His adopted sons by the Spirit of God, and leading up to Life Eternal.

Along with this fundamental agreement there is a difference of opinion touching a matter of serious yet secondary importance. Our fathers believed that all the narratives of the Bible are, at least so far as they bear on morals or religion, correct statements of actual facts; and that its moral and religious teaching, direct or implied, is a correct expression of the mind and purpose of God. As an example I may quote Archdeacon Lee's *Inspiration of the Bible*, 5th ed. (1882), p. 388: 'Thus far I have endeavoured to lay down principles from which the divine authority, the infallible certainty, the entire truthfulness, of every part of the Scriptures must necessarily result.' So on p. 393: 'I repeat that if we fully and entirely believe in the divine origin of Holy Scripture, to assert that its statements do not harmonize is a contradiction in terms.'

This theory, when applied to the Old Testament, lies open to a most serious objection. In 1 Sam. xv. 3 we find an express command of God to 'smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they have and spare them not; but slay both man and woman, infant and suckling': cp. Num. xxxi. 17, Josh. x. 28–40, and especially the closing words, 'he left none remaining, but utterly destroyed all that breathed, as Jehovah, the God of Israel, commanded.'

Against these wholesale massacres, whatever in us is best is in stern revolt. No evidence for the infallibility of the whole Bible can convince us that these murders, so brutalizing to their agents, were commanded by, or were pleasing to, God. A moment's conception of little boys and girls from six to ten years, crying for mercy to savages deaf to their cries, settles the question to all but the most hardened readers. Other passages might be added, e.g., Ps. cxxxvii. 9: 'happy shall he be who takes and dashes thy little ones against the rock.'

The force of these and other similar passages cannot be set aside by reference to calamities caused by natural forces. For these are part of the divinely ordained discipline of life, and have often developed high moral character. If rightly received, they do not demoralize. But we cannot accept as from God a command which inevitably degrades him who obeys it.

The above passages are only spots on the sun. The writers of the Old Testament stand, as religious teachers, immeasurably above all ancient writers, in their clear knowledge of One intelligent Creator of Heaven and Earth, the righteous Ruler of all men, and the Friend and Helper of all who obey Him; and in their expressions of trust and joy in God. Even to those who have learnt most in the School of Christ these earlier writings are of immense value. Much in them appeals to us irresistibly as the Voice and Word of God. Yet

in them there are here and there a few passages which our moral sense compels us to reject.

This mingling of truth and error demands explanation. For light we turn to the New Testament. Passing from Malachi to Matthew, we at once find ourselves in a new and higher world of thought. As before, we have various writers, but the whole is dominated by One Supreme Personality, before whom they all bow in lowly homage, as to One infinitely greater than men or angels. Their teaching about Him and His relation to the One God of Israel is, in different degrees of development, absolutely harmonious. So are their reports and expositions of the teaching of Christ about the Way of Salvation through Faith and through His Death, and about the purposes of God for His adopted children.

This remarkable agreement, amid differences in phrase and in modes of thought, and its contrast to the Old Testament, are decisive proof that in the New Testament we have a correct reproduction of the actual teaching of Christ. It is confirmed by the powerful appeal of His moral teaching to whatever is best in the best of men. And, in the effect, on multitudes of men and women, in all races and ages, of His promise of salvation for all who believe in Him, raising them into a higher life, we have absolute verification of His stupendous claim to be in a unique sense the Son of God.

The New Testament narratives, and various casual references to matters of fact, taken together, afford abundant evidence, except in a few trifling details, of accurate historical truth. In it we find everywhere the highest morality. Its teaching about Christ and God and the Way of Salvation affords secure ground for intelligent and saving faith. This sufficient supply of our deepest spiritual need reveals the guiding and controlling Hand of God. In it we recognize a gift of our Father in Heaven; and, after the supreme gift of His Son to die for man's salvation, it is His second greatest gift.

All this is independent of any theory of Infallibility. For all that we need to know rests securely on decisive evidence, documentary and experimental. The infallibility of Christ is not in question. For we know nothing about His teaching and the facts of His life except through the New Testament. The only question open is about the truth of the Records. And these must be tested as we should test any other ancient documents. This I have done in my *Manuals of Theology* and in two small volumes on the New and Old Testaments.

Turning now to this last, and testing it as we should any other ancient books, we find in it a history of Israel bearing abundant marks of substantial historical truth, and a reliable account of a preparatory covenant given only to Israel. This reproduces the mental and religious environment of the writers of the New Testament, and thus enables us better to understand Christ's message to men. The contrast between the New and the Old is a measure of the immense change wrought by Christ in the thought and life of

men: and the remarkable anticipations of the New, so far surpassing everything in Gentile literature, reveal in the Old Testament a special revelation from God.

Yet, in further contrast to the New, the Old Testament attributes to God, in a few places, commands utterly unworthy of Him. Even these have their value, for they reveal an imperfect conception of God under an earlier covenant, destined to be superseded by the Supreme Revelation given in Christ. But we must carefully avoid any theory which makes God responsible for these imperfections. For this reason, it is safer, in controversy and in teaching, to appeal to the New Testament only rather than to the Bible as a whole. Appeal to the latter exposes us to unprofitable controversy.

In view of the whole case, we may say that we accept the New Testament as a divinely-given Record sufficient in extent and accuracy for all our needs; and the Old Testament as a divinely-given and substantially correct Record of a preparatory Revelation given only to Israel, so far as is needful for intelligent comprehension of the New Testament. So far we can go safely.

This implies practically the Inerrancy of the New Testament, not as a theory which we bring to it, but as a result of careful study of its contents. The Old Testament also, in spite of a few passages which we cannot accept as expressing the divine mind, is an invaluable gift of God, through the agency of fallible men, needful for a full comprehension of the Gospel of Christ. It is, therefore, in Rom. i. 2 justly called a collection of *Holy Writings*.

In this paper there is nothing which conflicts with the Wesleyan Standards. These do not discuss the Authority of the Bible. This was no part of Wesley's mission. In his note on Matthew i. 7 he says that the Evangelists 'act only as historians, setting down these genealogies as they stood in those public and allowed records. Therefore they were to take them as they found them. Nor was it needful they should correct the mistakes, if there were any. For these accounts sufficiently answer the end for which they are recited.'

Here then we have a secure basis for Unity of Doctrine, a Firm Foundation for the Christian Faith. In all other matters we may and must tolerate differences of opinion, in sure hope that, in patient and reverent research, the Spirit of the Truth will in due time guide us into all the truth.

In Sermon 43, on 'The Scripture Way of Salvation,' we have a compact and admirable summary of Wesley's mature thought, in contrast to some of his earlier sermons, about the doctrines which evoked the Methodist Revival. I commend it to all devout readers.

J. Agar Beet.

'1914'

The British Empire and its Allies owe a lasting debt to Viscount French, and his account of the opening months of the Great War (Constable & Co. 21*s*. net) is recognized as of first-rate significance

and importance. He had long regarded a general war in Europe as a certainty. Seven or eight years on the Committee of Imperial Defence and three years as Chief of the General Staff strengthened that conviction. The assassinations at Serajevo brought an instinctive foreboding of evil, but it was not till the end of July, 1914, that a short conversation with Prince Lichnowski, with whom he was taking lunch, made him feel that the storm was about to burst. The Ambassador plainly said that he feared all Europe would be in a blaze before they were a fortnight older. On July 30 Sir John was privately informed by the Chief of the Imperial General Staff that if an expeditionary force were sent to France he was to command it. On August 5 he attended a council of war under the presidency of the Prime Minister, at which it was decided to send out one cavalry division and four divisions of all arms. That meant about 100,000 men. It was also decided to adhere to the original idea and concentrate the British force on the left flank of the French between Maubeuge and Le Cateau. Lord Kitchener thought that position would be too exposed, and rather favoured a concentration in the neighbourhood of Amiens. Sir Douglas Haig suggested that any landing should be postponed until we could judge where co-operation would be most effective. Sir John French was anxious to adhere to the original plans. He had been present at the great cavalry manœuvres near Berlin in August, 1911, when the Kaiser told him that the German cavalry was the most perfect in the world. He added, 'It is not only the cavalry, the artillery, the infantry, all the arms of the service are equally efficient. The sword of Germany is sharp; and if you oppose Germany you will find how sharp it is.' Now came the day to test that prediction. Sir John says, 'I knew perfectly well that modern, up-to-date inventions would materially influence and modify our previous conceptions as to the employment of the three arms respectively; but I had not realized that this process would work in so drastic a manner as to render all our preconceived ideas of the method of tactical field operations comparatively ineffective and useless.' We cannot help wondering why none of the leaders realized what the most modern rifle, the machine gun, motor traction, the aeroplane, and wireless telegraphy would bring about. The modern rifle and machine gun add tenfold to the relative power of the defence as against the attack. That has driven the attack to seek covered entrenchments after every forward rush of at most a few hundred yards. Sir John undertook his command in a somewhat troubled frame of mind. But he hoped for the best and rather believed in it when he landed at Boulogne on August 14, 1914. President Poincaré, whom he saw in Paris, was optimistic. 'He said the attitude of the French nation was admirable, and that they were very calm and determined.' Paris itself showed a grim determination to fight to the last franc and the last man. Next day Sir John was at Joffre's headquarters. His first impressions of the French Commander-in-Chief were confirmed throughout the eighteen months that followed. 'His stead-

fastness and determination, his courage and patience, were tried to the utmost and never found wanting. History will rank him as one of the supremely great leaders. The immediate task before him was stupendous, and nobly did he arise to it.' Sir John French established his headquarters at Le Cateau, and on August 21 the British Expeditionary Force waited in the highest spirit for its first great trial of strength with the enemy. Two days later all hope of an offensive had to be abandoned and an immediate retreat arranged. Anxious days followed. Lord French's severe criticisms of Lord Kitchener, General Smith-Dorrien, and others are greatly to be regretted, and it is evident that much remains to be said on the other side. They show, however, how difficult the whole situation was. Had he yielded to the demand to stand and fight he believes profoundly that the whole Allied Army would have been thrown back in disorder over the Marne, and Paris would have fallen an easy prey into the hands of the Germans. By September 6 reinforcements had arrived, and deficiencies in armament and material had been partially made good. France had also made great changes amongst her military commanders. All were in the highest spirits at the prospect of an immediate advance against the enemy. The result was glorious. The German army was driven back pell-mell from the Seine to the Marne with enormous loss. Our 'rapid passages of the various river lines in face of great opposition, and our unexpected appearance on the lines of retreat of the forces opposing the 5th and 6th armies were practically decisive of the great result.' General Foch impressed French as one of the finest soldiers and most capable leaders he had ever known. 'He appreciates a military situation like lightning, with marvellous accuracy, and evinces wonderful skill and versatility in dealing with it.' 'Of all the generals in this great struggle he most resembled in audacious strategy his great master—Napoleon.' On October 15 the first battle of Ypres began. Sir John French did not expect that he would have to fight a great defensive battle. He believed that Germany had exhausted her strength in the attempt to smash our armies on the Marne and to capture Paris. But that was a mistaken estimate, and Viscount French looks back to October 31 and November 1 as days for ever memorable. 'One thin and straggling line of tired-out British soldiers then stood between the Empire and its practical ruin as an independent first-class Power. Right, centre, and left our men were tried and pressed as troops never were tried and pressed before.' All our troops were 'doggedly tenacious; all were superhumanly brave.' The authorities at home were far from happy about the situation on the Western Front, and asked the Commander-in-Chief to come over to consult with them. Lord Kitchener met him at Folkestone on December 20, and they motored to Walmer Castle, where Mr. Asquith was staying. They had a long discussion, in which the Prime Minister showed the utmost calmness and deliberation in the face of the most difficult and trying circumstances. On the way to London the two Generals spent an hour at Kitchener's

country house at Broome. Next day the War Cabinet met, and Sir John French was instructed to see Joffre and put the views of the War Cabinet before him. He was back in France on the 24th. The situation at the end of 1914 had many hopeful features. 'We had scored one great offensive and another great defensive victory, and we had suffered no severe defeat.' The Germans were bound down behind their entrenchments, and the Allies had proved their ability to hold their actual lines inviolate. Our Fleet had driven the German flag off the sea, and the spirit of the allied nations was high and confident. Had the Germans shown more skill and intrepidity and the Allies less watchfulness and keenness, we might have seen Paris and the Channel seaboard in the enemy's hands, and the British Army irretrievably separated from its allies. Russia also was inspiring the utmost hope and confidence by its splendid deeds. 'It was good to end the year with courage born of hope and confidence in the future. Time works wonders in all directions. Just as we could not foresee the utter collapse and failure of our great Eastern ally, so we could not discern the hidden forging of that sword of justice and retribution whose destined wielders were even then stirring from their fifty years of slumber and dreams of everlasting peace, to rise like some giant from the shores of the Western Atlantic and, with overwhelming force, to stride eastward and help lay low the German dragon once and for all time in the dust.' Lord French's last chapter deals with the disastrous lack of ammunition and the efforts which as commander-in-chief he made to procure an adequate supply. He gave information to Colonel Repington which, he holds, led to the formation of the Coalition Government and made Mr. Lloyd George Minister of Munitions. 'The successful solution of the problem came when he applied to it that matchless energy which has enabled him to come through the great ordeal as England's most valued leader in her direst hour.' The book will rank as one of the classics of the war, and though some of its criticisms cannot yet be fully answered the account of the first months of the war will never lose its dramatic interest and its value for the future historian.

JOHN TELFORD.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Idea of Immortality: Its Development and Value. By George Galloway, D.Phil., D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 9*s*.)

Dr. Galloway's Baird Lectures follow a line of their own which makes them a welcome addition to the growing library on this inexhaustible subject. Human immortality, if it be a fact, profoundly affects the meaning and value of life in this world. Belief in a life hereafter has fluctuated greatly, 'but since the advent of Christianity it has formed an essential element in the religious life of Western peoples. Christians stood on common ground in their conviction that God in Christ had brought life and immortality to light.' In the broader tolerance that followed the Reformation men felt the difficulties of belief and were not ready to give unhesitating acceptance to the old teaching. Last century evolution tended to draw man within the naturalistic scheme of things. His demand for immortality was thought to rest on a supreme exaggeration of his own importance. Dr. Galloway discusses these phases of thought in his first chapter. The dominant temper of our age has been selfish and worldly, and that has caused a lack of interest in the ultimate destiny of the soul. But the subject cannot long be ignored, and the Great War has given it new prominence. The existence of a mysterious entity called the soul is 'a pure product of philosophical abstraction.' 'The soul is just the self: it is the self-conscious principle which is the basis and condition of rational thought and action.' The second chapter traces the development of the idea of immortality. The upward movement of human thought in this direction through the ages makes us feel that the idea is something more than a casual and fugitive desire or a fond imagination. 'May not this growing vision be a part of a development, divinely ordered, in which man has gradually come to know the meaning of his life and the greatness of his destiny?' Science can supply us neither with valid grounds for rejecting nor sufficient reasons for accepting the doctrine of human immortality; nor can philosophy do more than develop suggestions and indicate possibilities. The ethical argument has more force. The doctrine of personal immortality is an answer to difficulties and a fulfilment of needs which are interwoven with the texture of human experience. The world of experience becomes more reasonable with this postulate. It throws light on many moral perplexities of this life, and though the claim to an existence after death is a great claim, 'human personality is a great

and supremely important fact.' The last chapter, on 'Immortality and the religious view of the world,' shows how the 'progressive moralization of the conception of God and the religious relation has gradually purified and elevated the conception of the world to come.' Faith in the moral character of the Universe is really faith in the moral character of God. Mr. Fiske described immortality as 'a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work.' Dr. Galloway traces the development of the doctrine in the Old Testament, and shows that our Lord's teaching on the life hereafter was marked by deep insight as well as by reserve. He spoke with perfect confidence on the fact that human existence was not annihilated by death, and with unerring discernment. He brought the hope of a blessed immortality into living relation with the character of God. The study closes with the thought that amid the present world-travail and anguish the spiritual forces are being revived and quickened, and by and by they will emerge triumphant. 'Reverence and love will return to us again with faith in God and the eternal vocation of man.' This book will be found a true aid to faith. Its reasonableness and freedom from undue assumptions add weight to its argument and leave us with a stronger confidence in the doctrine which fills life with untold comfort and inspiration amid its sternest toils and sorrows.

Towards Reunion. Being contributions to mutual understanding by Church of England and Free Church writers. (Macmillan & Co. *7s. 6d.* net.)

Fourteen members of the conferences held at Mansfield College, Oxford, in 1918 and 1919, have supplied the material for this comprehensive volume. The writers do not desire outward unity or uniformity, but they have 'seen a vision, with ever-growing distinctness, of a great spiritual and visible unity, which gives glad recognition and welcome to every variety of spiritual form that has proved its value to the world.' They feel that this unity can only be reached by the power of the Holy Spirit, but when once it is 'achieved, new ranges of power and glory will open out before the Church and before the world.' That is the impulse under which the volume has been prepared. The first four writers deal with the subject on its spiritual side, five papers are devoted to the general historical and doctrinal positions, and the rest discuss practical aspects of the subject. Dr. Lidgett's 'Reunion and the Advancement of Christ's Kingdom' opens the volume. He asks how a divided Church can witness effectually to a united brotherhood of mankind, and reaches the conclusion that the cause of Christ is at stake and can only be saved by the answer of His own prayer 'that they all may be one.' The Bishop of Durham has a congenial subject in 'Evangelicalism and its Revival.' He brings out the distinctive evangelical attitude on some great matters of historical controversy. Evangelical Churchmen 'would probably agree with the greatest Anglicans

of the seventeenth century (I may name Andrewes, Hall, Cosin, and Laud himself) in holding that a constitutional Episcopacy comes down from Apostolic times, and makes powerfully, so it be wisely and godly administered, for the *well-being* of the Church, but that it is not vital to its *being*.' Dr. Forsyth insists that unity must rest on faith and on its saving element in the Cross. Dr. Carnegie Simpson writes on 'Grace in Sacrament.' He holds that the crucial question about any man's coming to the Holy Communion is whether he really wants to have Christ to be intimately near him. It should be frankly recognized that 'our' Communion Tables are the one Lord's Table, and that to all of them He invites His people. According to Dr. A. J. Carlyle the Historic Episcopate in its Anglican form is a mixed government of bishops, clergy, and laity. To accept it 'would not mean the acceptance of the arbitrary, unrepresentative authority of the bishops, but the acceptance of a system of government representative of all orders in the Church, clerical and lay alike, in the parish, the diocese, the province, and the nation, of which the bishops would be the representative heads, representative of the judgement and will of the whole community, representative and therefore powerful and effective.' Dr. Garvie says a survey of the history of *The Reformed Episcopate* justifies the conclusion that no form of polity can claim exclusive validity on the grounds of Apostolic doctrine and practice. We must not make too much of the problem of reordination. If the Churches go on seeking unity, the Spirit of God will come down and no one will dare to challenge the Holy Unction. Prof. Peake, in his paper on Universal Priesthood, maintains that 'the ministry possesses no priesthood which does not belong to the laity, and there is no function of the ministry which it is illegitimate for the layman to perform, provided he does it at the call of the Society.' Dr. Bartlett finds a hopeful feature in the 'Second Interim Report.' 'By agreement to combine in the forms of appointment and ordination the authority of all the reuniting communions, there would result a *fully valid* and regular, a truly catholic, type of ministry, with a correspondingly enlarged sphere of jurisdiction, that of the Church from which it would then receive its commission.' Canon Burroughs suggests that on great occasions the existing practice of common worship should be extended from the circumference to the centre. 'All recognized conferences of representatives of different Churches to discuss reunion should include, if only as a witness, a united Communion.' The Rev. J. G. McCormick regards division as a weakness to Christianity, and points out the desiderata of a Christian conscience on reunion. The Bishop-Suffragan of Warrington, Dr. Linton Smith, views the subject in relation to the democratic movements of the day; the Archdeacon of Sheffield, in 'Reunion East and West,' finds in the transcendent significance of what Christ is to us for all eternity that which swallows up all lesser differences. The Rev. T. Guy Rogers brings his experience as a chaplain to bear on Reunion, and pleads for courage in dealing with its problems. Dr. Horton detects the

Spirit's presence in the longing for unity and even reunion. 'In proportion as we desire not to resist the Spirit, not to quench the Spirit, nor to grieve the Spirit, we become sensitively eager to search and find out whereunto the Spirit is impelling us, that we may co-operate in His holy purpose.'

The Atonement and Ourselves. By P. L. Snowden. (S.P.C.K. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Vicar of Hepworth thought out his subject whilst engaged in war-work among the tree-fellers near York. He draws attention to those claims of divine justice to which the war has given new emphasis, and the reality and profound nature of the union with Christ which the New Testament involves. The nature, status, and requirements of divine holiness are first considered, then the problems of the permission of evil, free-will, and punishment are faced, and it is shown how our Lord satisfied the requirements of divine holiness and how His sacrifice concerns us. Mr. Snowden's theory of the atonement returns in many respects to earlier conceptions of the doctrine. Divine holiness requires the full moral and spiritual restoration of the sinner, and contrition for sin alone is not sufficient. Reparation is also required, and our Lord suffered the penal consequences of sin in achieving a perfect obedience. 'By virtue of their union with Him, Christians are involved in Christ's sacrifice for sin, with all that such an identification involves of personal sanctification and complete reparation made to Almighty God, in this way satisfying all the law of holiness.' That is the line taken in the book. Mr. Snowden defines salvation as 'assimilating Christ Himself; not in accepting His doctrine merely, but in union with His personality—His life and death. This is our religion, our Gospel. Christianity needs to be rebuilt upon the Cross of Christ.'

Jesus as they saw Him. By J. Alexander Findlay, M.A. Part I. The Gospel according to Mark. (Epworth Press. 2*s.* net.)

Here is a book which scholars will welcome and which all thoughtful readers of the Gospels will find full of suggestion. The first chapter, on The Synoptic Portrait of Jesus, draws together the material scattered through the first three Gospels. Mark tells us something of Christ's looks and tones but little of His habits and appearance. 'The broad impressions were so overpowering that His friends could not trace the details of His features. They hint at the light on His face, and Peter, who was closest to Him in the Galilean days, could tell of His gestures, His sighs, His manners with little children.' St. Mark's Gospel 'impresses the reader with a sense of intimacy, of a face and voice so freshly in the memory of the Apostolic circle that description was not needed; but our second impression is one of an overmastering awe, as though any detailed delineation was a profanation.' No one can study this chapter without feeling

more deeply the spell which Christ cast around Him. The chapter on the general characteristics of St. Mark's Gospel is a rich field for detailed study. The paragraph on the cushion on which the head of Jesus rested in the fisherman's boat is suggestive, and each page has its treasures. The final chapter on the order and arrangement of the Gospel has some illuminating notes on Judas the traitor. The book is to be published in three parts, and this first section will make every one eager for the other two. The father's mantle manifestly rests on the son's shoulders.

Religion and Intellect, A New Critique of Theology. By David Graham. (T. & T. Clark. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Graham thinks that Theology has been more or less misunderstood by its professed votaries, who have treated it to a large extent as though Reason had nothing to do with it or were inadequate to deal with it. His object is to promote 'the uncompromising subordination of religion to reason; to separate the true, the intrinsic, and holy in Christian theology from the false, extrinsic, and profane.' The rational consciousness is the only possible standard of knowledge—that is his starting-point. To deny this is to commit intellectual suicide. It is also the ultimate authority in religion, which claims our belief because of its reasons, evidences, proofs; every statement claiming to be of a miraculous or supernatural character must be tried by the laws of evidence. Scripture itself must be tested by reason. If not, Mr. Graham asks, how can you reject transubstantiation or other errors? Mr. Graham sums up his position in ten axioms, the last two of which set forth the finite character of the human mind and the majestic potentialities with which it is endowed. The grand objects of ministers of religion should be 'to awaken the people to a living sense of their spiritual needs, and to a clear comprehension and realization of their spiritual potentialities and of the splendour of their calling.'

A Gentle Cynic. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D. (Philadelphia: Lippincott Co. 9*s.* net.)

Professor Jastrow seeks to present in popular form the results of the critical study of the Old Testament as applied to the Book of Ecclesiastes. He furnishes a new translation 'stripped of subsequent interpolations, sayings, and comments.' The larger part of his book is given to a discussion of the origin, growth, and interpretation of the words of Koheleth. His contention is that 'the author had been dead for several centuries before his production was thus canonized, or he would have smiled at finding himself in company with prophets and psalmists, and then after a closer inspection, upon seeing how his work had been altered to adapt it to a group to which it did not belong, he might have grown indignant. At all events, he would have had difficulty in recognizing his offspring.' The teaching of the book ran counter to the beliefs of the time, and phrases or

sentences were introduced at critical points of the discussion, and larger additions made amounting to more than one-fourth of the book. Prof. Jastrow has much to say on the authorship of those times and the beginnings of literary compilation among the Hebrews. As to the additions to Koheleth, the commentator's object was to make the picture of Solomon accord with the traditional figure of the wise and God-fearing king, and to lend the weight of his name to counteract the dangerous conclusion reached by Koheleth. Those are the tests used to detect the additions made to the original. We do not think that the professor makes out his case. The results arrived at are far from satisfactory, but they are worked out suggestively. Koheleth is regarded as 'a free lance and in turn a pessimist and a *bon vivant*, a sympathizer with human suffering and a belittler of human ambition, but he is always in good humour. He smiles at the world.'

(1) ***The Style and Literary Method of St. Luke.*** The Diction of Luke and Acts. By Henry J. Cadbury. (H. Milford. 5*s.* 6*d.* net.) (2) ***Christianity according to St. Luke.*** By S. C. Carpenter, B.D. (S.P.C.K. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

(1) This is a thesis submitted for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy in Harvard University. The second and larger part is on Luke's treatment of his sources, Mark and Q, especially from a literary point of view, and on the style of Luke as illustrated by parallels in the Gospel and Acts. Mr. Cadbury discusses the size of Luke's vocabulary, its literary standard, Luke's alleged medical language, and the medical terms in Lucian. He thinks that the Greek of Luke's Gospel and the Acts is no more medical than that of Lucian, 'the travelling rhetorician and show-lecturer.' As to the size of his vocabulary, the words peculiar to Matthew, Luke, and Acts are respectively about 116, 260, and 429. Tables are given to show that 'the words peculiar to Luke are more numerous than those peculiar to any other New Testament writer, unless the Pastoral Epistles, with their great number of words not occurring elsewhere in the New Testament, be included in the Pauline canon.' Scholars will appreciate the laborious learning revealed in this study. (2) Mr. Carpenter's volume has grown out of lectures delivered at Cambridge to the Vacation School of Biblical Studies. St. Luke's Gospel came out of the Pauline circle, as the two sections indicate. There is ample evidence that St. Paul was familiar with what we may call the traditional portrait of Christ, and it is unlikely that his friend and companion would have prepared a written Gospel without his approval. An important chapter deals with the Apocalyptic background. The second part, 'The Portrait,' is a study of the contents, credibility, and sources of the Gospel. Then we have a four-fold study of its workmanship—St. Paul the psychologist, the artist, the democrat, the universalist. St. Luke's Gospel was a new book based on the best authorities and wherever possible on the testimony of eye-

witnesses. Mr. Carpenter puts his points clearly, and treats the subject in a fresh and suggestive style.

The Old Testament: Its Meaning and Value for the Church of To-day. By R. H. Malden, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) This is a short general survey of the contents of the Old Testament, intended to help those who are perplexed as to some things included in it. Mr. Malden holds that it is rightly called *The Word of God*, and possesses a claim to inspiration which is shared by no other writings in the world except the New Testament. He welcomes all light which scholarship can throw upon the various books. His treatment of the prophecy of Jonah is a good illustration of his method. As to Genesis he holds that we are 'justified in regarding the outstanding characters of any traditional story as, at bottom, historical personages.' Abraham, he thinks, is 'probably more "historical" than Lot.' The treatment is very suggestive, and though opinions will vary as to many points discussed, the writer has a clear grasp of the fact that the Old Testament prepared the way for the coming of Christ.—*The Christian Doctrine of Faith.* Edited by James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* net.) This is a companion volume to that on *Prayer*, which has been the means in many cases of restoring the Bible-Class and the Prayer-Meeting to something of their old interest and influence. It is divided into eighteen parts, which may supply material for a winter's course in Bible-class, prayer-meeting, or church, and there is no lack of material for such a use. If each chapter is read till its ideas and their order are grasped the preacher will be well repaid by the interest and profit of his hearers. There are many in every congregation who are waiting for guidance on the great questions of Christian doctrine, and no subject is more fundamental than faith. Dr. Hastings gives a list of the 'Literature' used for each chapter, and describes Percy Ainsworth as 'a thinker who might have matched Carlyle had he lived longer. Yet he lived long enough to show how much fairer are the fruits of believing than of unbelieving thought.' It is a book that will bear fruit in many pulpits.—The Epworth Press is issuing a series of booklets on *The Watchwords of Methodism* (2*d.* and 8*d.*), which deal with such subjects as *The Kingdom of God*, *The Meaning of the Atonement*, *Fellowship*, and *Discipleship*. The writers, Dr. Scott Lidgett, Dr. Maldwyn Hughes, R. Winboult Harding, and Harry Bisseker, know how to handle difficult subjects in a way that is both informing and interesting. It would not be easy to find a more suggestive treatment of the Atonement than that given by Dr. Hughes. Fellowship lies at the root of Methodist life, and that subject is well presented by Mr. Harding. There is philosophic breadth about Dr. Lidgett's too brief discussion of the Kingdom and its relation to the Church, and Mr. Bisseker's *Discipleship* brings out clearly our Lord's marks of the true disciple. Every preacher and teacher will find rich material here in small compass. With them may be grouped the Manual of Fellowship, No. 7, in which M. A. Cornish and H. Tomlinson write of *Corporate Prayer*. (Epworth Press. 4*d.* net.) Wherever there is fellowship among Christians prayer is possible, desirable, inevitable.

No one can read this little manual and attempt to answer its string of questions without a new conception of what 'the Church at prayer' really means.—*The Dream that Comes True.* By J. Napier Milne. (Epworth Press. 5*s.* net.) Many will be thankful to have a small book on this great subject. It is a good one, too. The argument for the immortality of the soul is clearly put, with illustrations that help one to grasp it, and a quiet confidence in the teaching of Christ and His Apostles which will strengthen faith in others. Mr. Milne dwells on the sobriety of the Christian expectation. 'There is not a single element in the Christian faith that can be described as wild, fantastic, or immoderate.' Our Lord did not condemn the curiosity of His disciples, but He did not satisfy it. The Incarnation and the Atonement are inconceivable apart from immortality. Mr. Milne's criticism of Spiritualism is timely, and his argument is cumulative and impressive.—*Gifts in Store,* by Walter Sackett. (Epworth Press. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) The teaching of the four Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles as to the riches of divine grace is here set out in the most attractive way, and many illustrations are given of the gifts as displayed in Christian character and service. It is a refreshing little book.—*The Nazareth Programme for the Life Worth Living.* By Marcus Warrener. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Our Lord's programme, unfolded in the synagogue at Nazareth, is discussed and expounded in a series of letters to the writer's son and daughter. They show how the programme meets all the needs of the individual and the world and do it in a very suggestive and persuasive way. Young readers will be greatly interested and helped.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is issuing a great variety of books which will be of service to students.—*Philosophic Thought and Religion,* by D. Ambrose Jones, M.A. (2*s.* net), is an exposition of the attitude of the great philosophers towards religion. It begins with Anselm's *Prologion,* with its ontological argument, and passes to Francis Bacon, Locke, Butler, Kant, Hegel, Bergson, Eucken, and the Pragmatists. It is compact and lucid, and shows that Christianity alone discloses such a view of God as meets our need.—*Rationalism and Historical Criticism,* by H. G. Wood, M.A. (1*s.* net), is a critique of the Right Hon. J. M. Robertson's writings. Mr. Wood holds that Rationalism is burdened with a dead-weight of prejudice which makes it largely antagonistic to the cause of truth. The little study also seeks to popularize some elementary principles of historical criticism. It is both cogent and timely.—*The Inspiration and Authority of Holy Scripture,* by G. D. Barry, B.D. (4*s.* 6*d.* net), passes in historical order the views on this subject held by the chief schools of Biblical exegesis during the first five Christian centuries. The testimony is clearly stated and its significance pointed out in a very instructive fashion. It is most impressive to have the whole body of testimony thus brought together.—*The Early Christian Books,* by W. J. Ferrar, M.A. (3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a valuable introduction to the Christian literature of the second

century, with a useful bibliography and table of dates. Its account of the 'Apocryphal books' is excellent. We hope the book will be widely read.—*The Creeds and Modern Thought*, by Charles Harris, D.D. (2*s.* net), asks an important question. Can theology be progressive while the faith remains unchanged? Dr. Harris holds that in spite of the present unsettlement of opinion the modern world, so far as it remains Christian, will continue to accept the traditional creeds of the Church in their strict traditional sense. 'There will be endless progress in theology, the result both of internal development and of the appropriation of new and valuable ideas from outside; but the whole development will continue to be *true to type*. Every stage of the process will be controlled in the future, as it has been in the past, by the original *deposit of faith*, which has not changed yet, and, as I believe, will never change.'—*The Church, the Empire, and the World* (3*s.* 6*d.* net) is a series of addresses on the work of the Church abroad by Sir Arthur Hirtzel, K.C.B. He thinks that the Church of England is entering on a stage in her history which may be known as the Layman's period. To prepare for that the great problems of the Mission field must be studied as part of the general conception of Churchmanship, as well as in their particular local bearings. He discusses the task of the Church, Imperial Christianity, Christian Empire, India and the Personal Christ, The Church and the World, Union in the Mission Field. Great Britain is called to Christianize the British Empire, and this broad-minded and far-sighted little volume ought to be studied with special care.—*The Greatest Relationship*. By the Rev. A. C. Bouquet, B.D. (2*s.* net.) A little book which deals with the case for religion, the God sense, how to know God and what is His character. It is just the thing to put into the hands of those who are perplexed by doubt and need a clear and helpful discussion of this fundamental question.—*Utopia according to Moses*, by M. D. R. Willink, S.Th. (6*s.* 6*d.* net), is a novel and arresting study in the social teaching of the Old Testament in the form of a discussion between a young officer and his friend. The officer finds many of our modern problems would be solved if the law of Moses were perfectly carried out. The idea is well worked out, and the reader's interest is maintained throughout.—*Tertullian's Treatises Concerning Prayer, Concerning Baptism*. Translated by Alexander Souter, D.Litt. (3*s.* net.) Prof. Souter's Introduction gives the chief facts of Tertullian's life and work. His *De Oratione* is the earliest surviving exposition of the Lord's Prayer; the *De Baptisme* is the only Ante-Nicene treatise on any of the Sacraments. Both are of peculiar importance, and this translation has been made without reference to any other version. It is a workmanlike volume.—*The Early Church and the Ministry*. By C. F. Nolloth, D.D. (4*d.* net.) Dr. Nolloth holds that 'the Monarchical Episcopate did not come about by common consent, but by force of local needs and circumstances. If early at Jerusalem, Antioch, and Smyrna, it was late in Rome.' From about 150 A.D. it was everywhere established. The discussion is scholarly and catholic in spirit.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Falklands, Jutland, and the Bight. By Commander the Hon. Barry Bingham, V.C., R.N. With Illustrations and Plate. (Murray. 6*s.* net.)

Earl Beatty says in a brief Introduction to this volume that Commander Bingham's destroyer attack in the Battle of Jutland 'will be passed down to history as one of the most striking examples of fine leadership seen in the Royal Navy during the war.' His vessel was sunk, and he and the survivors of his crew were taken as prisoners of war. He spent twenty-three months in Germany, where he had to answer so many questions about the part which the destroyers had played at Jutland that he resolved to give a lecture on the subject. Its success exceeded his wildest expectations, and out of it his book has grown. At the beginning of the war he was lieutenant-commander ('A' turret) on the *Invincible*, a battle-cruiser of the Dreadnought type, and had his first engagement in the Battle of the Bight of Heligoland. The German ships were hopelessly outnumbered and outgunned, and the nearest thing the *Invincible* had was one German shell which fell some hundred yards short. They were twice nearly torpedoed. One torpedo shot past about fifteen yards under her stern, another passed down the side of the ship but failed to touch her. On November 6, the day after the news of the disaster at Coronel reached England, the *Invincible* and *Inflexible* were ordered to proceed forthwith to Devonport, and on the 10th the two vessels started for the south under secret orders. When clear of home waters, Admiral Sturdee told them that their business was to seek out and annihilate von Spee's squadron, and on December 8 that was accomplished in the Battle of the Falklands. The German squadron was outmatched in weight of guns and numbers, but fought a very gallant action until their ships sank beneath them with colours flying. The only casualty on the *Invincible* was a slight splinter wound which kept her commander on the sick list for a few weeks. Mr. Bingham was promoted to the command of the *Hornet*, an ocean-going destroyer, of 850 tons. She was attached to a flotilla whose base was the Firth of Forth. They had to report any sign of the enemy's ships and submarines, and to examine every vessel that passed to ascertain whether she was carrying contraband. If there was ground for suspicion the vessel was ordered into harbour for further examination. The patrolling was very tedious and exhausting in the best of weather, but in winter it was still more exacting. During sixteen months of such service Commander Bingham never saw a ship that provided the smallest excitement, nor did he even see the periscope of an *unterseeboot*. There was no lack of exciting incidents, however. When he took command of

the *Nestor*, a new destroyer, of 1,000 tons, he was almost run down by the *Inflexible* in a dense fog, and was only saved by hearing the ship's brass band. In the Battle of Jutland the destroyers were ordered to attack the enemy's battle-cruisers with torpedoes. The *Nestor* had two boilers put out of action by direct hits and whilst lying helpless was destroyed by a deluge of shell fire. Her commander managed to get into the motor-boat which was carried off by the Germans as a prize. It is a great story, told with many details that make it live before a landsman's eyes and help him to understand something of the debt we owe to our Navy for their vigilance and daring throughout the war.

James Hope Moulton. By his Brother. (Epworth Press. 5*s.* net.)

This is a beautiful tribute. There is no attempt to give a complete chronicle of Dr. Moulton's life. His brother has chosen rather to provide an estimate of his life, work, and disposition, and to supplement his own view by that of those who saw him from other angles. Bishop Ryle's Foreword is the impression of an old friend at King's College, Cambridge, who had a great affection for him and 'watched with deep regard and admiration his steady advance into the front rank of modern New Testament philologists; and the enthusiasm of his investigations into Oriental religious thought,' which has been the means of inspiring many a younger student. He found his true sphere at Didsbury College, where he showed his unique power of breathing life into the dry bones of grammar. His work on the grammar of the Greek Testament and his research in the field of papyrology won him a foremost place among New Testament scholars, but his modesty, his enthusiasm for all moral principles and social reform, his earnest evangelism, and his ardent love of missionary work all heighten the estimate of his character and influence. He was almost a Quaker in his hatred of war, but Germany forced him to reconsider his position and to realize that 'if one party determines to use violence the other party may have to choose between resistance and extermination.' The tragedy of his death in the Mediterranean in 1917 will never cease to thrill all who loved him. Mr. Fiddian Moulton has not had an easy task, but he has done it in a way that will increase his own reputation as well as that of his noble and gifted brother.

Australian Social Development. By Clarence H. Northcott, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 2$50.)

This is one of the 'Studies in History, 'Economics and Public Law,' edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. The writer was University Tutor in Sociology at Sydney, and has lectured on the subject of his volume at Columbia. He found Australia intolerant of special privileges, with a general equality of opportunity, increased by a liberal scheme of education that opens

a career to ability, initiative, and merit. The qualities gained in the pioneer struggle against drought, fire, and flood are still manifest in the people. Versatility, resourcefulness, initiative are marked characteristics. The population is estimated at about five millions. In 1911, 591,000 of these were returned as born in the United Kingdom. Social development began to assume a new importance in 1890. Increased wages, leisure, better conditions of health and recreation were included in the social programme. Mr. Northcott analyses the struggle in its economic, political, and social phases, and describes the legislation provided for the protection of children and the reform of criminals. This has led to a large decrease in serious crimes. The humane treatment of first offenders results, in a large majority of cases, in their being saved from a career of crime. Few are found to relapse. The system of old-age and invalidity pensions is arranged on a generous scale, and women have full rights as citizens. Mr. Northcott is compelled to say that the struggle to create a social democracy where social justice would be realized, has not succeeded in realizing the national purpose with a minimum of loss in time and social energy. 'It has produced a wasteful and bitter class struggle, wherein social energy and political activity are consumed, and whereby economic advance is hindered.' Nevertheless he looks on the democracy of Australia with 'hope and confidence of a glorious destiny.' The study may be warmly commended to the attention of all who are concerned in setting social development on lines that will promote well-being and good-will among all classes.

The Freedom of the Seas Historically Treated. **By Sir Francis Piggott. (Oxford University Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

This study is confined to the historical side of the subject. It gives in outline the story of the different periods when England's action at sea was challenged by combinations of the Neutral Powers. 'Interference with neutral trade is justified wherever the premiss on which the neutral claim rests—unconcern with the war—is negatived by the facts. When the neutral has established relations with the enemy his claim of absolute right is vitiated.' England's action has always been guided by this fundamental principle, and it was not until the pressure of her power upon the sea became so great as practically to annihilate those relations that the neutrals had recourse to the formula 'Freedom of the Seas' to destroy it. The enemy followed his lead. The foundations of the dispute were laid in the time of the Armada; it grew in strength in 1756 at the time of the Seven Years War, it was further developed with the War of American Independence, and reached its zenith in 1805. History has lately repeated itself. Sir Francis reviews the various stages at which the problem has become acute. Neutrals who have clamoured for the freedom of the seas have deliberately abandoned it when themselves engaged in war. The work is published for the Historical section of the Foreign Office.

n
d
t
d

Abraham Lincoln. By J. Alfred Sharp. (Epworth Press. 3*s.* net.)

This is a small biography, but it lacks nothing in symmetry or in interest by the limits set to it. Indeed it may be said to gain by compression, for in an hour or two we can survey the whole career of the second founder of the American Republic. In that respect the book may challenge comparison with any in the great library devoted to Lincoln. Mr. Sharp describes his early quest of knowledge, his home life and religious views, his zest as lawyer and politician, his hatred of slavery, and his unconquerable purpose amid all the anxieties and discouragements of the Civil War. There is an excellent chapter on his power as an orator, and the dramatic scene of his assassination is described with deep sympathy. A brief bibliography, a list of dates, a good index, and many tributes to Lincoln in prose and verse add to the value of the best short life of Lincoln that we have seen.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vol. XXIII. The Dawn. Vol. XXIV. Victory. (Nelson & Sons. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

Volume XXIII begins with the breaking down of the whole system of trench warfare in July, 1918, through Foch's combination of the tank, the tactics of surprise, and the strategy of complete mobility. By August 4 the first flush of the dawn of victory could be discerned. Mr. Buchan surveys the situation at the end of the fourth year of war and then describes the last battles of the Somme, Arras, and the Aisne. Before Foch was ready for his final stroke Bulgaria made peace and Turkey surrendered. The breaking of the German defences followed. The Siegfried zone was smashed. 'Ludendorff's strategic position was so desperate that no local stand could save him.' That closes another notable volume of this illuminating work. Volume XXIV brings the great history to an end. Due praise is given to famous leaders, but the hero of the war was the ordinary man. 'Victory was won less by genius in the few than by faithfulness in the many.' Mr. Buchan's work will be a treasure for many years to come.

A Last Diary of the Great War. By Samuel Pepys, Junr. Illustrated by John Kettlewell. (John Lane. 6*s. net.*)

The last diary is as racy as the first, and it is easier to laugh over our experiences now that they are receding into the distance. Pepys Junr., seems to miss nothing that will serve his purpose. A visit to the Zoo makes him sad to see the birds and beasts that the Defence Act made it penal to feed. The elephants prove themselves the most sagacious of beasts, for they no longer 'seek bunns with their trunques. Speaking of which with their groom, a very sober, sensible man, he did profess that they do read the proclamations on

the walls, so will not transgress the law, nor assist the enemy, being British bred.' The inconveniences of rationing give the diarist much scope for sparkling comment. As 1918 moves on, victories begin to fill a large place, till at last the Armistice is signed and the most wonderful year since the world began comes to a glorious close. It is a record of the war which it will be hard to match for fullness and reality, and it brims over with quaint things.

History of Zionism, 1600-1918. By Nahum Sokolow. Vol. II. (Longmans & Co. 21*s*. net.)

This volume is mainly concerned with the history of Zionism during the war, but nearly 250 pages are taken up with appendices which throw light on many sides of the movement. Documents dealing with the history of the Jews in the seventeenth century are also included. A tribute to Sir Charles Sykes, 'one of the most valiant champions of Zionism,' is accompanied by a photograph. The history of the way in which the war carried the movement on to an assured position is told with full particulars. 'The Jewish masses, all those who want to live their own life, the clean, free life of farmers and settlers, will be enabled to cultivate all the possibilities of their nature. Industry, art, and science are to join hands in this great work. The long-desired goal of the Jewish people, the rehabilitation of the old national home in the land of their fathers, is nearing realization.' It is a great historical event, and this comprehensive work enables us to trace the movement through all its stages to its approaching triumph.

Prowling about Panama. By George A. Miller. (Abingdon Press. $1.50.) The writer regards Panama as the great American curiosity shop. It was the first city founded by explorers in the New World, and is the oldest in America inhabited by white men. 'The most conglomerate mixture of humanity' is to be found at Panama. Mr. Miller's survey goes back to the days of Columbus, and dwells on the doings of the pirates, Balboa and the Spanish governors, and pirates of the sixteenth century. To-day the place is wonderfully picturesque. It is a human kaleidoscope which gives a different result every time it is shaken. The Canal has its own chapter, and the tasks of the future are faced. An open Bible and a living Christ must bring new life to the country which so sorely needs a pure and vital faith.—*The Pilgrimage of Etheria*, by M. L. McClure and C. L. Fettoe, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 6*s*. net), belongs to the 'Liturgical Texts' series. An eleventh-century MS. of the *Pilgrimage* was discovered at Arezzo and first published in 1887. It is now generally agreed that the pilgrim was the abbess Etheria, who visited the East about 395 A.D. She was provided with escorts of Roman soldiers when passing through a dangerous district between Sinai and Egypt, and was received and entertained by bishops, clergy, and monks. She probably went through Antioch to Jerusalem, but that part of her

narrative is lost. It begins in sight of Sinai, which she had to ascend on foot, as it was impossible to ride up it. From Egypt she returned to Jerusalem, Edessa, Haran. Her vivacious narrative is brought to a close at Constantinople, where she has visited all the churches and martyr-memorials, and is contemplating a journey to Ephesus. Her detailed account of the order of services at the holy places is of special importance.—The S.P.C.K. send three other of their publications. *The Inscription on the Stele of Mesa*, commonly called *The Moabite Stone* (6*d.* net), gives the text in Moabite and Hebrew with a translation by H. F. B. Compston, M.A.—*Tractate Sanhedrin, Mishnah and Tosefta.* Translated from the Hebrew text with brief annotations by Herbert Danby, M.A. (6*s.* net). The Mishnah contains the regulations which governed the legal Jewish courts, and the Tosefta repeats, occasionally contradicting and constantly supplementing the more authoritative code. Sanhedrin is the title given to the fourth tract in the fourth of the sixth orders or series which make up the Mishnah, and from its rules Mr. Danby concludes that 'our Lord's trial was no trial at all, and His condemnation was illegal.' The Introduction is of great interest, and the learned volume will be highly prized by students.—*Select Extracts from Chronicles and Records relating to English Towns in the Middle Ages* (9*d.* net). Prof. Hearnshaw has given Latin extracts from Fitzstephen's *Description of London* (*c.* A.D. 1118), the Siege of Exeter, the Massacre of the Jews in York, and other old records, with brief introductions, notes, and glossary. It brings us into living touch with town life in the Middle Ages.—*The Land of Promise.* By H. G. Harding. (Church Missionary Society, 2*s.*) The writer has been a missionary in Palestine for thirty years, and gives a most instructive sketch of the land and people, the city of Jerusalem, and the three great religions which claim Palestine as their own. It is the best short account that we have seen. He has much to say about the Jerusalem bishopric and the C.M.S. Missions before the war and whilst it lasted. There is now a splendid opportunity before the Church. The people have learned to associate the name of Englishman with the ideas of righteousness and mercy, of compassion and help for the suffering and oppressed. 'We have to live up to a great reputation.'—*Hildebrand.* An Historical Play. By R. P. Downes. (Hove: Combridges, 2*s.* 6*d.*) This is a fine subject for dramatic treatment, and Dr. Downes has known how to realize its possibilities. The scene at Canossa is the central point, and Hildebrand is the commanding figure. His friend and counsellor, Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, has been the guardian of his niece, and Pia's love story gives a gentler touch to the drama. It is a subtle study of character, and there is not a halting phrase or line. The little songs are very beautiful.—*Francis Asbury.* (Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents net.) Four addresses given in connexion with the centenary of Bishop Asbury's death. Judge Rogers surveys the whole course of his work, and pays high tribute to his courage and devotion. Bishop Berry contrasts 'then and now.' It is an apostolic record.

GENERAL

The Lure of the Pen. A Book for Would-be Authors. By Flora Klickmann. (Religious Tract Society. 7*s.* net.)

A LADY who reads nine thousand stories, articles, and poems every year is entitled to write about the lure of the pen. She has suffered much from countless contributors, but is full of sunshine and sound sense. She tells us that she never has an over stock of the right thing or of matter that is certain to sell. Literature is the most elusive business in the world. No one can quite say what it is. 'Some new genius is sure to break out in a fresh place.' Some glimpses into the editor's room explain why certain manuscripts are rejected. Then she dwells on the observation, reading, and writing which go to make up a good manuscript. We are not sure that she is right when she advises 'those who aim for a good prose style to practise writing verse,' but she abounds in practical suggestions from which young writers may learn many a good lesson. The hints as to what makes a taking story are excellent. Her criticism of Richard Jefferies as 'a poor writer' is wide of the mark, and many will want to break a lance with her as to the average girl's acceptance of her first offer of marriage. But it is a racy book from first to last, and full of wisdom also.

The Equipment of the Workers. (Allen & Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is an inquiry into the adequacy of the adult manual workers for the discharge of their responsibilities as heads of households, producers, and citizens. It was begun in the autumn of 1916 by five workers, who secured the co-operation of many others who shared their views. The Y.M.C.A. Settlement in St. Philip's, Sheffield, was their centre, and through this work the St. Philip's Settlement and Education and Economics Research Society was formed. It is proposed to publish in the next few years a volume on 'The Education of the Workers' and another on their environment. The investigators reached the conclusion that the well-equipped men and women workers, about one-fourth of the whole, will be intelligently determined to secure extremely far-reaching changes in the existing civilization, and that the inadequately equipped workers, comprising the bulk of the remainder, will violently react against a continuance of the pre-War industrial and social order or any approximation to it. They want not merely a wage, but an occupation that is an art and a house that inspires the woman in her work. The hungry child needs not merely a gratuitous dinner, but a meal under civilizing conditions. 'There is no item of social betterment that cannot be made a spiritual force. And no social betterment betters anything if it does not, in its ultimate effect, better the human being

in his inmost self.' Sheffield has a population of about half a million, and inquiry had to be made as to 104,600 men and 107,000 women. Helpers were few, and one highly-skilled man investigated more than three-quarters of the 408 typical cases of men, and a woman took in hand more than three-quarters of the 408 typical cases of women. The method pursued is fully described, and details of great interest are given as to the various cases investigated.

The Ministry of Women. (S.P.C.K. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the report of a Committee appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the early part of 1917. The report is followed by sixteen appendices of the highest interest and importance. Canon Mason writes on The Ministries of Women in the New Testament; Miss Alice Gardner on St. Paul and Women, and on Authorized Women Teachers in the Early Church. The Dean of Wells shows the place given to deaconesses in the Apostolic Constitutions; Dr. C. H. Turner describes the ministries of Women in the Primitive Church; the late Bishop of Gibraltar's early history and modern revival of deaconesses is a masterly survey. The position of deaconesses in the American Church and the Established Church of Scotland is also described, and much attention is given to forms of ordination and documents bearing on the various sides of the subject. There are fifteen collotype illustrations of abbesses and canonesses in their robes. It is a singularly complete and instructive survey, but we miss any reference to the deaconess movement in Nonconformist Churches. That would be a very useful addition to any later edition.

Our Backdoor Neighbours, by Frank C. Pellett (Abingdon Press, $1.50 net), is a delightful set of studies of screech-owls, polecats, bees, squirrels, and other creatures that lived around the farm-house where the naturalist had his home. It is illustrated by photographs that are as vivid as its word-pictures. We have never seen such a description of the horrible odour which is the skunk's weapon of defence.—*Fighting for a New World* (Abingdon Press, 75 cents) is a set of addresses given by Charles W. Dabney which enraged the pro-Germans so greatly that they tried to depose Dr. Dabney from the Presidency of the University of Cincinnati. The subjects are well chosen and treated very suggestively.—*Training the Christian Reserves*, by G. F. Ream (Methodist Book Concern, 50 cents net), is a handbook of elementary methods for the work of a local church. It is full of hints on education, recreation, and other subjects, and suggests books for further study.—*A Hundred Years in the Homeland*, by Emma A. Robinson (Methodist Book Concern, 25 cents net), gives the story of Home Missions in a racy fashion. It will be read with zest, and will teach its readers a great deal about the way in which Methodism has spread over the States.—Many readers of *The Green Mirror* and *The Secret City* will welcome the uniform edition of Mr. Hugh Walpole's books which Messrs. Macmillan are issuing in

neat red cloth at 3*s.* net per volume. The first two are *The Wooden Horse* and *Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill:* A Tragi-Comedy dedicated to *Punch*. The latter is the story of two schoolmasters who love the same girl. Perrin's jealous disappointment almost leads him to murder, but at last he 'makes good' by saving Traill's life at the cost of his own. It is a clever story, though it cannot be called a pleasant one.—In *The Wooden Horse*, the heir returns after many years in Australia to find his old father dying and his son growing proud and idle. It is a dramatic situation, and Mr. Walpole knows how to make the best use of it in this capital story.—*The Measure* and *Down Stream*. Two Plays. By Graham S. Rawson. (T. F. Unwin. 4*s.* net.) The first play revolves round a father and his three daughters, and has some dramatic situations which are skilfully worked out. Rosina, the beauty among the sisters, wins a lover of whom she can be proud, though the elder sister makes not a little mischief. *Down Stream* shows how the prime minister of a small State in south-eastern Europe sacrifices his honour to feather his nest, and yet comes out of the ministerial crisis with a new lease of power. Both plays are very much alive, and their interest is well sustained.—*The Problem of Gambling*, by E. Benson Perkins (Epworth Press, 2*s.* net), is the best book on the subject that we have seen. It shows the extent to which this deadly habit has spread and the ruin it is working all over the country. Dr. Neave deals with the legal aspects in a masterly way. We hope that the little book may get into the hands of all who are concerned with the best interests of working men and women and young people.—*Mr. Wells' Invisible King. A Criticism.* By L. E. Binns, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The Vicar of Christ Church, Plymouth, discusses the defects of character and training which he thinks unfit Mr. Wells for the task undertaken in his volume. The criticism of various statements is just and searching, but he thinks that there is much in *The Invisible King* of great value.—*The Centenary at Old First.* By H. R. Catkins. (Methodist Book Concern. $1.50.) Dr. Locke, the pastor of Old First, is busy with preparations for its centenary. He wins over the hard-headed bankers and merchants, and saves the chief cashier of the City National Bank from disaster. Christian Science has made the banker's wife leave Old First, but she is won back. The pastor's love story gives a charm of its own to a book that is full of good things.—*Germany's Moral Downfall.* By A. W. Crawford. (Abingdon Press. $1 net.) Professor Crawford traces the moral downfall of Germany to its materialism. The war was the culmination of a decline that had been going on for about half a century. The German army of 1870 was more cruel and brutal than any other European army of that period, and that of 1914 was still more inhuman. The German conception of the State as power, of Government by violence, the views of history and of war are considered, and the conclusion is reached that 'civilization cannot be built upon force, greed, materialism, the ethics of the jungle, and the religion of war.'

—*How to Teach Religion: Principles and Methods.* By G. H. Betts. (Abingdon Press, $1 net.) Prof. Betts, of North-western University, bases his book on the assumption that 'children can be brought to a religious character and experience through right nurture and training in religion.' He shows the importance of the teacher's personality, and insists that the development of the child's powers and capacities is the real object to be achieved. The book is full of practical wisdom.—*Personal Ideals and Social Principles* (S.P.C.K., 6*d.* net) and *The Church and Industrial Problems* (4*d.* net) are criticisms of the report by the Archbishops' Committee on Christian and Industrial Problems. In the first Dr. Cunningham thinks that the report ignores Economic Science as contrasted with Christian principles, and that the social principles of Christianity, as indicated in the report, give little help in settling the difficulties of the subject. Professor Headlam holds that the report contains 'much doubtful economic history, confused thinking, and hazardous politics.'—*The Stolen Man.* By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. (Everett & Co., 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Annie Roach's lover is stolen from her by her pretty but selfish sister, but Guillaume Masterman proves a worse than worthless husband. He is a brandy-drinker of the most dangerous sort, and wrecks the happiness of his wife and all about him. The story has a strong vein of tragedy and is a powerful argument for temperance.—*Attention! Soldiers' Talks to Boys and Others.* By Leslie F. Church, B.A. (Epworth Press, 2*s.* net.) One of the best set of talks to children that we have read. There is freshness, point, and unconventionality in it from first to last.—*Missions Overseas.* (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) The Rev. Wietbrecht Stanton, the new editor, has supplemented reports from the bishops by a general survey of the field, setting forth the new conditions due to the withdrawal of German missionaries and the shifting of the world-position of Islam through the defeat of Turkey.—*Cloud and Sunshine: Songs of many Moods.* By H. W. Shrewsbury. (Epworth Press. 1*s.* 8*d.* net.) There is much variety in these songs, but all are sweet and gracious, full of faith and hope in the midst of sorrows. The little book will be welcomed by all who wish to see how a brave heart faces life.—*International Labour Standards*, by the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson (Epworth Press. 2*d.*), shows how the bad old social and economic conditions are giving way to a new conception of the claims of labour. The Labour Charter accepted by the International Political and Trade Union Conferences held at Berne last February is given at length and the provision made by the Paris Conference for the establishment of a permanent International Labour Bureau is described as an important step forward. Mr. Henderson regards Labour's acceptance of these proposals as necessary in the interests of the new internationalism and of the workers themselves.—*China's Position in International Finance*, and *China and the League of Nations* (Allen & Unwin. 8*d.* net each), are full of material for forming a judgement on many great problems of the Far East.—The Ministry of Reconstruction sends two pamphlets on *Sea Fisheries* and *Scientific Business Management* (2*d.* each). Both intensely practical.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (July).—Prof. Alison Phillips, in an article on 'Peace Settlements, 1815 and 1919,' holds that wise statesmanship will make a serious effort to secure for the Germans the hope of a tolerable existence within their narrower limits. They cannot receive back the oversea power which they abused, 'but no artificial barriers should be erected against the legitimate restoration of her foreign intercourse.' 'Conceptions of War in 1914' is based on the volumes by Viscount French and Major-General Maurice. The writer holds that empiricism—the 'doctrine of no doctrine' was a serious danger to the British Army in 1914, and that if the Allies were fortunate in having their left flank covered by the British army we were doubly fortunate in the fact that the fate of our cause as a whole and the future of civilization 'depended not on the decisions of Sir John French, but on the brain, the educated, indoctrinated brain, which conceived the battle of the Marne.'

Church Quarterly (July).—Prof. Headlam's article on 'The Ecclesiastical Commission' urges the need of a well-thought-out scheme for the union of benefices and the creation of new benefices, a Diocesan Finance Board which would work with the bishop and the Diocesan Conference for the uniting and dividing of parishes, endowments, &c. He dwells also on the need for revision of episcopal dioceses, houses and incomes, &c. There are three great needs—some form of self-government for the Church, financial reform, and home reunion. Dr. Darwell Stone discusses the present prospects of reunion with the East. Despite the reality and greatness of the obstacles he is full of hope. Help in securing St. Sophia for the Greek Church would do much to further the cause of reunion.

Round Table (Sept.)—The first article, on 'The Harvest of Victory,' holds that if the world is to progress, the Western nations must not only improve their own society and system of government, but must combine to bring enlightenment and assistance to the rest of the world. 'If they live up to the standard they themselves have set in the last five years, there is little doubt that in half a century they could change the world. Dire poverty might be almost unknown, education might reach a new standard; law and order might be established everywhere.' Other important articles deal with 'The Economic and Financial Situation,' 'Constitutional Reform in India,' 'Nationalization as a Remedy,' &c.

Hibbert Journal (July).—Two articles on immortality stand in the forefront of this number—one by C. D. Broad on 'The Antecedent Probability of Survival,' the other, by Miss Marker, on Isaac Taylor's 'Physical Theory of Another Life'—neither of them fruitful, though both are interesting. It is well that our hopes of life beyond the grave do not rest on 'the identity of the γ factor in personality and the traces that it has kept from the φ (C,γ) combination,' which Mr. Broad discusses with so much scientific learning. Dr. Israel Abraham's defence of casuistry, as it ought to be and not as it has often been, is sound and good. The casuist, we are told, ought to 'safeguard and uphold the great principles' of morality, not by making *rules* for penitents or politicians, but by preserving eternal principles of right and wrong amidst the complexities and confusions of social life. Mr. Edmond Holmes' article on 'Freedom and Growth' is perhaps the best in the number. It cannot be summarized, but goes to show that the apparently irreconcilable ideas of freedom and growth cease to be incompatible when viewed from the right standpoint. Mr. Garrett Horder's description of 'The Fetter on Protestantism' depends on views of the Bible which were commoner a generation ago than they are to-day. The article on 'Prayer and Natural Law' touches one corner of a vast subject. Other articles are 'Modern Judaism,' by C. G. Montefiore, 'Ethics of William Blake,' by Richard Roberts, and 'Goethe Restudied,' by Sir G. Douglas. The section of the Review which includes discussions, surveys of literature, and reviews of books increases in interest and importance. The value of 'quarterlies' nowadays depends largely on the apt cultivation of this field.

Science Progress (July).—Every side of scientific work is included in this Review. In 'Some Palaeolithic Problems,' Henry Bury deals with our knowledge of the succession of industries and their relation to the changes that have occurred in river-level. The graves in which most of the early palaeoliths are found rest on shelves or terraces on the slopes of our river valleys, and were for the most part laid down under water. The valleys have been excavated by rivers and the higher terraces are normally older than the lower. With these considerations in mind Mr. Bury examines the different archaeological industries and sees what is known of their logical position and distribution. The relation of human industries to the glacial deposits is difficult to determine, but 'the frequency of occurrence of the various palaeolithic industries in this country is practically in inverse proportion to their age.'

Constructive Quarterly (June).—Prof. Bréhier writes on Saint Sophia, in which there is not a corner or a stone which does not evoke the glorious past. It has been a captive since 1453, and the Christian peoples of the whole world ought to claim its liberation, for it has always been for them one of the greatest of their sanctuaries. The Rev. E. J. Brailsford, in 'The New Power for the New Age,'

says that no one who has followed the Church's history can doubt that she can respond to the new occasion, and reveal some new feature, or wield some new force. The supreme duty of the Church is to wait upon the Lord. 'Her health, her growth, her activity, her very continuing to be, depend upon it.'

Jewish Quarterly Review (January and April).—'Some Leaves of an Egyptian Jewish Ritual' is an account by Romain Butin of thirty-four Hebrew fragments obtained in Cairo. They had presumably come from the Ezra Synagogue of that city, where Schealter obtained such great treasures. Twelve of the fragments are printed leaves containing passages of the Bible, twenty-two were in manuscript and were mostly liturgical. Dr. Duschinsky's account of the Herschel Lewen, chief rabbi of Berlin in 1777, is of special interest. He had a great reputation as a scholar and writer, but his son's literary falsifications embittered his life.

The Holborn Review.—Is imagination 'the specific organ of mysticism'? This thesis is the subject of an article by J. Murphy, B.D., and readers who do not agree with the conclusions of the writer will be interested in his discussion of the subject. Everything depends on the definition of imagination. A brief article on Charles Kingsley, by J. C. Mantripp, does justice to the memory of a writer who prepared the way for many social movements and improvements of to-day. The paper entitled 'Shelley and Browning,' by Mr. Handley Jones, presents a thoughtful comparison and contrast between two great poets, the Pagan note in Shelley being as marked as the Christian note in Browning. Dr. A. S. Peake writes an 'In Memoriam' article commemorating two previous editors of this Review, H. B. Kendall and J. D. Thompson. Other articles are on Selous, the well-known traveller, 'Union with God through Prayer,' and 'The Patriotism of the Old Testament.'

Expository Times (July and August).—Dr. F. R. Tennant continues his illuminating studies of what may be called fundamental Theism, dealing in these numbers with the problems of suffering and of moral evil. These articles are not only valuable in themselves but timely for many readers just now. Prof. J. M. Shaw, of Halifax, N.S., writes in the July number on 'The Christian Hope,' and Dr. H. J. Wicks on 'The Possibility of Temptation in the Life of our Lord.' In the August number, leading articles are: 'Suggestions toward a new Liturgical Credo,' by Prof. Hogg, of Madras Christian College; and 'Religion and Reality,' by Mr. Stanley A. Cook, recognized as a high authority on the study of religion. We wish that Prof. Hogg's distinction between a 'Credo' and a 'Creed' could be realized in practice. The value of this periodical depends, however, only in part upon its solid articles. The Editor's notes of Recent Exposition, the reviews of books and the homiletical notes and hints are important items in its varied and attractive bill of fare.

The Churchman (July).—A paper on 'The Episcopate and Reunion,' read by the Rev. J. R. Cohu at the Cheltenham Conference, is given in this number. He insists that nothing is essential to a Christian Church, however expedient it may be, which is not found in the New Testament, and strongly supports the Bishop of Carlisle's suggestion that there should be immediate reunion without any attempt 'to intervene in the organization, laws, or institutions of the existing Churches.' It is the ripe thought of an expert and broad-minded student of the subject of the Christian ministry.

The Calcutta Review (July).—Mr. Gilchrist discusses the question of caste and nationality and describes the various theories of caste. He thinks the idea of spirit emanation or magic is the fundamental idea of caste.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review (July).—The first article, 'The Validity of non-Episcopal Ordination,' consists of the Dudleian Lecture delivered at Harvard by the late Dr. George Hodges. The subject is treated under two headings, with clear and cogent reasoning. The hesitation of good Churchmen to acknowledge the validity of non-episcopal orders is due not only to a confusion of inspiration with direction, but also to a confusion of validity with regularity. In the first place, a fair-minded examination of the New Testament evidence leads to the rejection of the theory that 'the Church was made by special creation, that is, by the personal and definite direction of Jesus Christ,' and to the acceptance of the alternative that 'the Church was made by processes of evolution. The primitive Christians had no directions derived in detail from Jesus Christ. What they had was inspiration, by which we mean that guidance into truth and right which God gave them, and still gives to those who honestly desire to do His will.' In the second place, the evolution of the ministry in the second century is explained as necessary, owing to several conditions which 'emphasized the importance of regularity.' When Cyprian declared that irregular ministries were also invalid, he 'introduced a new definition of the Church. Nothing so revolutionary was said again till the Reformation.' After expanding the statement that 'Cyprian's doctrine has no standing in revelation, in reason, or in experience,' Dean Hodges closes his able lecture by saying that the difference between episcopal and non-episcopal ordination is 'not in the matter of validity but in the matter of regularity, according to the standards of the canon law.'

American Journal of Theology.—This number opens with an informing article on 'Church Union in Canada,' by Ernest Thomas. The account given is instructive in its record both of successes and failures in the attempts now being made towards the reunion of Churches. Prof. D. C. Mackintosh, of Yale, deals with a subject which has great attractions for close students of theological movements—'Troeltsch's Theory of Religious Knowledge.' The interest of the article depends not so much upon the exposition of Troeltsch's

own views—for his name is little known to English-speaking students outside an inner circle—but in the present search for a more satisfactory theory of religious knowledge than some that are prevalent and popular. Prof. Mackintosh presents the views of the leaders of the 'religionsgeschichtliche' school, and intelligently criticizes them. The article on the 'Synoptic, Pauline, and Johannine conceptions of Jesus,' by F. Palmer, is suggestive, especially the remarks on the trustworthiness of the portrait of our Lord in the Fourth Gospel. The Christ in this Gospel is 'the connecting link between the outward and the inward, between the historic and the spiritual.' The writer of the article has an eye for resemblances as well as differences between the pictures of the Evangelists, and his article is constructive rather than destructive. Other papers are on 'The Conservatism of Early Prophecy,' by J. M. Powis Smith, and 'The Relation of Religion to Instinct,' by A. S. Wordbourne.

The Princeton Theological Review (July).—Prof. W. Brenton Greene discusses the 'Crises of Christianity and their Significance.' There can be no doubt that we are now passing through one of the severest crises of history, and its bearing upon the Christian religion has yet to be made clear. Thus far we can agree with the writer, but some of his premisses and conclusions on a great subject seem to us very doubtful. An excellent article follows on 'Thomas Chalmers,' by C. E. Macartney. The papers entitled 'Scientific Biblical Criticism,' by R. D. Wilson, are continued, and 'A Study in the Ethics of Shakspere' is begun, with good promise. Dr. B. B. Warfield, one of the contributors to Vol. II of Dr. Hastings' *Dictionary of the Apostolic Church*, examines at considerable length the merits of his colleagues in the work, Professors F. Platt and W. F. Lofthouse among the number.

The Atlantic Monthly (July).—Miss Willard is now added to the 'Portraits of American Women,' by Gamaliel Bradford. 'She was a woman of noble character, of splendid and enduring power, one who left the world a legacy of accomplishment which is to-day maturing into the widest and most fruitful results; but she was neither a martyr nor a saint, and, heavens, how she did enjoy herself!' She had the gift of eloquence and could make her message seducting or commanding as she wished. 'The spoken word, with a life and character back of it, the spoken word, sped home by earnest voice, conversational tone, and punctuating gesture, is the final human factor in the progress of reform.'

Bibliotheca Sacra (July).—Dr. Griffith Thomas answers certain criticisms made by Dr. Warfield on the Keswick movement, as involving 'a fatally externalizing movement of thought,' and 'with it a ruinous under-estimate of the baneful power of sin.' He thinks the doctor is apt to see Arminianism and Pelagianism and free-will (in the wrong sense) where they do not really exist. A good article sums up the fundamental differences between pre- and post-millennarians.