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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

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THE FOURTH GOSPEL[1]

IT is presumptuous to try to speak of the Fourth Gospel in one hour's address: there are so many critical questions connected with it: and, apart from critical questions, its depths are so profound, its truths and its influences so manifold. 'We do it wrong, being so majestical,' to offer it the least show of haste. Here are three descriptions of it from one of its most recent critics: 'The interpretative climax of New Testament literature'; 'Religious insight and aspiration have never risen to higher flights than those of the farewell discourses and the high-priestly prayer'; 'The great Christian product of its age, perhaps the greatest of any age.'[2] It would not be difficult to find even more striking descriptions of it; but I quote these as coming from one who denies the Johannine authorship and the historical character of some of the incidents; for it is well to remind ourselves how much remains, even when these are denied; how great is the intrinsic appeal of its spiritual teaching; we may almost say that every fresh century which brings testimony to its spiritual value diminishes *pro tanto* the relative importance of the problem of the authorship and many other critical problems.

To-day I shall speak as little controversially as possible; I shall try to draw out a few lines of thought that seem to me to run through it and incidentally to examine the exact

[1] An address given to ministers of religion at Birmingham by the Rev. Walter Lock, D.D., Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity.

[2] B. W. Bacon, *Jesus and Paul*, pp. 199, 230, 247.

exegesis of a few verses. My aim will be to show that the Gospel, though coloured by the circumstances of the time at which it was written, is yet 'the utterance of one of those rare souls who speak with timeless voice to the permanent needs of man.'[1]

I. I start, then, with the assumption that the Gospel was written late—at least later than the whole time covered by the Acts of the Apostles—and I submit that one purpose that guided the writer in his careful choice of narratives and discourses was to show that the Church had, under the guidance of the apostles, developed rightly along lines indicated by the Lord's own actions and teaching.

(*a*) The simplest instance is the *order* of development. The stages are clearly marked in Acts i. 8—Judea, Samaria, the ends of the earth. Turn back to the Gospel; we find an early Judean ministry, a conversion of a Samaritan village, a visit of Greeks wishing to see Jesus, the saying 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring'—every one of these an addition to the Synoptic narrative.

(*b*) So with regard to worship. The Acts show us a worship which has broken down all Jewish barriers, which has the sacraments of baptism and the breaking of bread, and an organized ministry. We turn to the Gospel and we find two new sayings of the Lord pointing to the destruction of the Temple: ii. 19–21, 'Destroy this Temple and in three days I will raise it up,' and when the evangelist adds the explanation 'But He spake of the Temple of His Body' he probably means by His Body not merely the Resurrection Body of the Lord, but (influenced by St. Paul's language) the Church which, as the Lord's Body, had become the home of true worship; and iv. 20–24, where again I suggest that in v. 23 'The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in Spirit and in truth' the sentence

[1] J. Drummond, *The Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel*, p. 23.

'and now is' is a parenthesis by the evangelist, pointing out that the Lord's prophecy had come true.

So, too, it is essentially the Gospel of the Sacraments. The teaching about Baptism comes to its climax in the interview with Nicodemus, that about the Eucharist in chapter vi. But the thoughts of cleansing and satisfying spiritual hunger and thirst run through the Gospel. The Lord's baptism is to be something different from John's; water prepared for the Jewish cleansing is changed into something richer; on the last night He is still cleansing His disciples—partly by symbolic action, partly by teaching. 'Now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you' (xv. 3); and perhaps there is an implied contrast between the many who went up to Jerusalem before the Passover to purify themselves (xi. 55) and the disciples cleansed by Him before the Passover (xiii. 1). Again, He is always satisfying spiritual hunger or thirst. This is symbolized at Cana of Galilee (chapter ii.); it is emphasized with the woman of Samaria (iv.); it finds its fullest expression in the Feeding of the Five Thousand (vi.); His blessing on Mary's devotion is given at a supper at Bethany (xii.); His deepest teaching at the Last Supper[1]; there is the final meal by the Lake of Galilee (xxi.). The true shepherd has to find pasture for his flock (x. 9; cf. *infra*). The Gospel ends with the command to feed both sheep and lambs. Cleansing and feeding—these were two marks of His work; these are the two functions of the Church's life.

Side by side with this stress upon, this spiritualizing of, the sacraments, there is a gradual training of the apostles to take His place; they are associated with Him in His teaching (iii. 11)—'*We* speak that which *we* know' (but this allusion

[1] The farewell discourses and the high-priestly prayer represent the thoughts which were in the Lord's mind when He instituted the Last Supper; and it would be an ideal preparation for our Communions to take each thought in turn and dwell upon it—His love, His peace, His joy, His truth, His intercession.

is doubtful, as 'we' may here perhaps represent 'John the Baptist and myself'); they are sent out to reap the harvest (iv. 38); they are His agents in the Feeding of the Five Thousand; they collect the fragments that remain (vi. 12); they with Him must work the works of the Father (ix. 4—'*we*' not '*I*'); to them He gives His deepest teaching (xiii.–xvi.); to them He shows the true type of intercessory prayer (xvii.); to them He leaves the power to remit or to retain sins (xx. 23). There is one verse where the special reference to them is often overlooked. In x. 9 'I am the door; through Me if *any man* enter in he shall be saved and shall go in and out and find pasture' is generally explained as referring to any believer; but the primary reference is almost certainly to the shepherds, not to the sheep. 'If any shepherd enters the fold in the right way—through Me—he will be saved and will become *a true leader* of the flock, and will find pasture *for them*.' This suits the context best, and the analogy of Numbers xxvii. 17 seems decisive. If so, what a searching test, what a splendid promise for us ministers!

But this characteristic of the Gospel goes deeper still; it affects the teaching of the Lord. The Acts has been called the Gospel of the Holy Spirit; in it that Spirit guides each decision, now of individuals, now of the whole society; correspondingly the farewell discourses are almost entirely devoted to teaching about the Spirit which is to be their advocate in persecution and their guide into all truth. And here it is not only the history of the Church that is illustrated, but the doctrines of St. Paul. St. John has been called 'the oldest and greatest interpreter of St. Paul.'[1] All the application which St. Paul had made of the work of the Wisdom of God to Jesus lies behind the Prologue of St. John. When we realize that the technical terms 'grace' and 'fullness' are not used elsewhere by the writer, we can scarcely be wrong in seeing in the contrast between grace and law in

[1] Deissmann, *St. Paul*, p. 6.

i. 17 a reflection of St. Paul's teaching, perhaps a conscious reference to the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, or in the stress on Christ's 'fullness' and the communication of that fullness to Christians a similar reference to the Epistles to the Colossians and Ephesians. Throughout the whole Gospel the *writer* is thinking of the Christian society, not simply as it was in the Lord's lifetime, but as it had grown to be; and he is thinking of the Lord Himself, not only as He was then, but as Christian experience has shown Him still to be. He is describing the *living* cleanser, feeder, intercessor.

Now I feel that we must admit that this fact has affected at times the report of Christ's words. At times the writer tells us that he is giving his own explanation of the Lord's sayings; at other times it is fairly easy to separate a note of his own from the preceding words of the Lord (cf. iii. 16–21); but in other places a further step is taken, and the words of the Lord seem adapted to the subsequent history without any such warning. Thus iii. 11, '*We speak* that which we know,' seems to anticipate future teaching; iv. 38, 'You *have entered* into their labour,' to anticipate future work in Samaria. Again, both in xvii. 20, '*Those who believe* through their word,' and in xx. 29, 'Blessed are those *who have not seen*,' the future would seem much more probable in the Lord's own mouth. So the farewell discourses represent, I believe, the real substance of what the Lord said in the night; they exactly suit the occasion; they are what a teacher would say to intimate disciples on the last day of His life; yet the form seems coloured by subsequent events. The high-priestly prayer, too, doubtless, represents the lines of the prayer of that night, but the form is partly that of the same prayer, as the Intercessor is pictured as still offering it behind the veil.

II. Secondly, I submit that the Gospel is written in the face of, and with the intention of meeting, particular dangers of the time at which it was written. This is brought out in perhaps an exaggerated form by Professor Bacon (*Jesus*

and Paul) and by a writer in *The Expositor* for January, 1922. These assume that the opponents were Jews and Docetic Christians. I would put it rather differently—that they were Jewish Christians and Docetic Christians.

(*a*) The writer's own words, 'These were written that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ' suggest at first that he was writing for unbelievers, that it was a missionary's appeal to the heathen; but when we remember the many and the deepening senses in which the word 'faith,' 'belief,' is used in this Gospel, it is practically certain that it is an appeal to half-believers, to those who already believe in a Christ after the flesh, whom the writer wishes to draw upward to a higher level of faith. The real analogy to the Gospel is the Epistle to the Hebrews. Each begins with a high Christology, each represents the Son as the creative Word, as the climax of past revelations; each contrasts Him with the angels, with Moses, with the Levitical high-priest; each tries to draw its readers onward to perfection; each traces rejection of the truth to moral causes; each is—one by argument, the other by appeal to history—'a word of exhortation,' not an appeal to heathen but a sermon to professing Christians. This aspect of the controversy leads our evangelist to choose incidents connected with the Jewish festivals, hinting at the way in which they find their fullest meaning in Christianity, and to lay stress on Christ as the true Paschal Lamb. It leads him to show how the Lord fulfilled the function of Prophet (iv. 19, vi. 14, vii. 40, ix. 17), of High-priest, interceding for His people—and a definite contrast seems to be suggested between Caiaphas, the high-priest of that one year, caring for his own nation and its political interests, and Jesus, the 'High-priest for ever,' caring for all the children of God scattered throughout the world and pleading for their spiritual needs and their unity—and lastly of King, but again no political, no earthly king, but one who has come to witness to the truth and to reign over men's hearts.

Here, too, it is quite possible that the bitterness of the

later controversies has coloured the reports of the Lord's words. Many have thought that the terrible language of viii. 37–47 is scarcely consistent with the 'meekness and gentleness of the Lord'; but was the controversy of His time less bitter than that of a later date? Is the Lord's language in the Synoptists less stern, less terrible? Is there anything here inconsistent with the true feeling of one who is sure that He has a message of Salvation to give and that He must use every form of appeal to prevent His hearers from rejecting it to their own loss?

(*b*) On the other side are those who deny that 'Jesus Christ has come in the flesh,' that He was really crucified and died. The First Epistle of St. John is our witness to this, and gives us our chief guidance to the motives that were in the writer's mind, possibly even referring to the writing of the Gospel in the triple 'I wrote unto you' of ii. 14. Hence the reality of the Incarnation is expressed in the strongest possible way. 'The word became flesh'; the evidence for the reality of the death is quoted; the expression of true human feelings—the weariness after travelling, the thirst, the personal affection for friends, the welcome to devoted loyalty, the tears at a friend's death, the depression in the presence of treachery, the troubled spirit—all are more prominent even than in the Synoptists. We have, then, in the Gospel a narrative 'written primarily for contemporaries,' with the writer's eye on the history of the Church and on the opponents of the moment; and these have probably coloured the form in which the events of the Lord's life were portrayed.

But I have little doubt that the nucleus of all the incidents and discourses run back to the incidents of the Lord's life and to the substance of His teaching. Nearly all the incidents —the healings, the Feeding of the Five Thousand, the raising of the dead—have their analogies in the Synoptists; the central thoughts of all the discourses suit the moment of delivery; they nearly all of them have corresponding utterances in the Synoptists. It is perhaps the chief debt

which we owe to Dr. Sanday's first book, *The Authorship and Historical Character of the Fourth Gospel*, that he brought this fact out into such clear light.

Again, the real value of the Lord's work, His real nature, could not be known only by His earthly life; to understand that it was necessary to see its influence in subsequent time, to see what He proved to be as an abiding power. This the writer feels that he has seen. Every miracle has become a sign of some eternal process; every promise that He made to His followers has been fulfilled. The great legacies of His peace, His love, His joy, have been received; the spiritual cleansing and feeding have been perpetuated; His intercession has been carried on in the Church's Liturgies; His message of forgiveness has been brought home to sinners. Consequently the Gospel lets us see even deeper into the real mind of the Lord than the Synoptists. Nor can I doubt that the writer felt that he was writing for more than his contemporaries, that he was writing also for all time. There is no poem so obviously 'written primarily for contemporaries' as Dante's *Divine Comedy*; yet who can doubt that he felt that he was dealing with eternal issues which would be true for ever? So doubtless it is with our evangelist; he has passed himself from stage to stage of faith; he has gone from strength to strength, from insight to insight, from vision to vision, till he has seen facts *sub specie æternitatis* and longs that others should share his vision and his joy. There are two lines of thought in the Gospel itself which support such a statement.

(i.) The first is the constant stress laid on the necessity of growth in faith and knowledge. The disciples are at once led to expect to see greater things (i. 50, 51); the Samaritans are not content with hearing at second hand from the woman until they themselves have heard and know (iv. 42); the crowds are not to be satisfied with eating of the loaves, they are to go on to watch the signs (vi. 26); to watch the signs is a lower level than believing the Lord Himself (xiv. 11);

those who already believe must abide in the word, if they are to know the truth (viii. 31); there must be a constant progress in knowledge (x. 38); what He is doing at the end even Peter knows not, but he will know hereafter (xiii. 7); the Spirit will in the future guide into all the truth (xvi. 12, 13). There is a great sense of an inexhaustible treasure still to be drawn upon, a looking forward to a future, an anticipation of unending advance.

(ii.) Even more striking is the stress laid on truth, and in this respect the contrast with the Synoptists is very marked. This is best seen by contrasting the number of times in which ἀλήθεια and its cognates are used:

	St. Matt.	St. Mark.	St. Luke.	St. John.
ἀλήθεια	1	3	3	25
ἀληθής	1	1	0	14
ἀληθινός	0	0	1	9

Note further that while often these words correspond to our English 'True' and 'Truth,' yet in many places they have a deeper meaning; they correspond to 'real' and 'reality.' The contrast between the law given by Moses and 'truth' coming by Jesus is the same as that in the Epistle to the Hebrews between the shadow and the reality—the true light is the perfect, the ideal, universal light which lighteth every man; the true worshippers are those who correspond to the ideal; the true bread is that which really satisfies spiritual needs; the true vine is that which is spiritual, not natural, that which is universal, not like the Jewish symbol local and national; the only true God is the contrast to unreal idols. We probably have all of us felt at times in our lives that we have touched *reality*. Some word spoken to us has opened an eternal vista; under some influence life has suddenly become real; we have seen some truth which we are sure is of universal and abiding application. Now our writer felt, and wished his readers to feel, that the life of Jesus was always touching reality; everything connected

with Him was real, universal, eternal. There were literal facts done before the eyes of the disciples, but they all opened out eternal views, and it is this stress on fact, as against Docetism, which is the strongest argument for believers in the historical character of the incidents.

Do these considerations solve the problem of the authorship? That cannot be said, because they are only a part of the arguments that have to be weighed; we should also need to consider the points of contact with Greek thought and with the language and ideas of the mystery cults. I will therefore say but little on this point. But I think it may be said that critical opinion is more and more inclined to see in the Gospel somewhere the mind of the loved disciple—the alternatives seem to be between 'the disciple whom Jesus loved' and 'a disciple of that disciple,' one who had heard his teaching—to treat him as the authority if not as the author. Perhaps the strongest argument for this is the structure of the Gospel, commencing almost with a diary of the first week, ending with something like a diary of the last week, while between these diaries we have incidents separated by months from each other. This does seem to point, as Dr. Scott Holland was so fond of pressing, to the fact that those two weeks were of vital interest to the author; they show how first he came to believe that Jesus was the Christ, and afterwards how he was confirmed in that faith in spite of the Crucifixion.

If this is true that the loved disciple is at least the authority, the tradition that he was John the son of Zebedee may have been correct. In estimating it we have to take into account the later history of his life. We must allow for personal intercourse with St. Paul, and that with the indebtedness not only on one side; we must allow for a mystical intercourse between that disciple and the Risen Christ, such as St. Paul speaks of in his own case (2 Cor. xii. 1–10, esp. v. 9: 'He has said to me'); we must allow for the sense of union with Christ which came from the fact that he himself had been

doing the Lord's work in cleansing by baptism, in feeding at the breaking of bread, in interceding in the Church's liturgy, in remitting and forgiving sins. Here is one of the best descriptions of the book that I know: 'The personal stamp is so strongly impressed upon John's whole work that the book seems woven of one piece throughout. . . . The facts are inserted into theological interpretations which illumine them . . . at times the interpretation and the discourse are so intimately united that it is hard to discern where Christ's speech ends and the Apostle's reflections begin. One has the impression that the words, like the acts, of Jesus have been long and lovingly meditated by the writer; they are wholly penetrated by his life and thought, even as they would seem to have modelled John into their own image. It were superfluous and perhaps impossible to discriminate the discourses of Jesus and the reflections of Jesus. . . . The revelation comes authentically from Jesus, but it is across the soul of St. John that we behold it. John's Gospel is Christ's seamless robe; only in its entirety can it be grasped, else were its texture rent. Yet though seen only across John's soul, it is Christ's self we see; He is not John's creation.'[1]

The Gospel, we may then claim, is 'the utterance of one who speaks with timeless voice to the permanent needs of man.' Of this at least we may be sure: with its outlook over all creation and all time, with its longing for unity, with its sense of the combination of mysticism with institutional religion, with its stress on reality, on love, on peace, it has its special message for the needs of this present moment.

WALTER LOCK.

[1] Le Perè Lebreton: *L'Histoire du dogme de la Ste. Trinité*, p. 877, quoted in Martindale's *John the Evangelist*.

THE APPEAL OF THE SUPERNATURAL.

SPIRITUALISTS carry with them the general goodwill of mankind in their scientific expedition to the regions beyond the grave; the most hopeless materialist would gladly be converted from his gloomy creed that death involves extinction, the most devout Christian would welcome a scientific demonstration of the immortality of the soul. It is idle, therefore, to suggest that prejudice provokes the incredulity with which the results of spiritualistic research are commonly received.

Attracted by the names of the eminent men who have undertaken the inquiry, and who have convinced themselves of its success, I have read, not merely with a mind open to conviction, but with a strong desire to be convinced, the voluminous *Proceedings of the Psychical Research Society* and the works of such distinguished spiritualists as Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Barrett, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. As a result I have reluctantly been forced to the conclusion that the so-called science of spiritualism is based on the trickery of the medium and the credulity of the observer.

For the ability and scientific attainments of Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Barrett I have the most profound respect; Sir Arthur Conan Doyle I regard as one of the most brilliant writers of modern fiction. But a careful study of their works on spiritualism has convinced me that they, like many other men of conspicuous honesty and ability in mundane affairs, are as little children in the hands of the cunning charlatans who pose as mediums between this life and the next.

The question obtrudes itself, How comes it that men of such brilliant intellect as Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor Barrett, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and a number of others give

implicit credence to stories so grotesque, fantastic, and absurd? The answer appears to be that to some minds, singularly sane and acute in normal affairs, the supernatural makes irresistible appeal. Hence it is that we find superstition lodged in the most unlikely quarters. Many intelligent men have a devout faith in a mysterious supernormal entity called 'luck,' and adopt the most childish devices to propitiate the good or avert the evil. The virtue of the mascot is believed in by many who believe in nothing else. Some men dread the spilling of salt, others the sight of the new moon through glass; some could not be induced by any consideration to walk under a ladder or sit down thirteen to table, others are filled with dread at the sight of a solitary magpie.

It is impossible to reason with superstitious man as with the spiritualist; it is no answer to either to prove the thing is absurd or impossible. A very intelligent friend of mine is obsessed by the magpie superstition. He insists that he has proved its validity. 'I have never yet seen a solitary magpie,' he declares, 'but bad luck has followed.' 'So many coincidences,' he argues with the spiritualists, 'are outside the region of chance.' Like the spiritualists, he makes no attempt to explain the phenomenon.

Let me take a very striking example of the force of superstition. By universal judgement the late Mr. Parnell was a man of keen intellect and cool judgement, not easily deceived in the ordinary affairs of the world, yet to my personal knowledge he gave implicit credence to the most childish superstitions. In a very interesting article by Mr. T. M. Healy, published in the weekly *Westminster Gazette* shortly after Mr Parnell's death, there is a vivid description of his absolute faith in lucky and unlucky numbers, his firm belief that green was a colour of ill omen, and the embarrassments to which he, as the Irish National leader, subjected himself by his refusal to tolerate the national colour.

So far I had written when I ran across an illustration still

more convincing. Even the most distinguished spiritualist will not object to be compared in strength of intellect with Dr. Johnson. Yet Dr. Johnson was a prey to the most childish superstitions. Commenting on Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* Macaulay writes:

> No man was less likely to be imposed on by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact; but if, while he was beating down and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudice, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been *admiring* its amplitude and force were now as much astonished by its strange narrowness and feebleness as the fisherman in the Arabian tale when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea coast and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.
>
> Johnson was in the habit of sifting all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd but miraculous his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe both in his writing and in his conversation the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he relates the wildest stories relating to the invisible world.

Mutato nomine, all this might be written of some of the most distinguished scientific apostles of spiritualism. In every spiritualist work I have read I can discover the same predilection for the supernormal. Those distinguished writers are of course entitled to give their faith to the most absurd and incredible marvels, but they are not entitled to lecture the less credulous for refusing to share their delusions.

I have the warmest admiration for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, to whom I owe very many delightful hours, but when he writes, 'Words cannot express the stupidity of the religious bodies' in refusing to give their support to spiritualism, I venture to suggest that religious bodies may possibly know their own business as well as he can teach it

to them, and when he proclaims that the time has come when the refusal to accept the fantastic and grotesque phenomena as genuine 'shows either culpable ignorance or gross imbecility,' I would remind him that 'begging a question is not the way to settle it,' and 'when an objection is raised it ought to be met with some answer more convincing than "Blockhead."'

So much stress has been laid on the *scientific* investigation of spiritualism that it is necessary to emphasize the fact that, in a field where trickery and fraud must confessedly be encountered, scientists are the least reliable investigators. Their proper traffic is with nature, which does not trick nor lie. Nature's evidence can always be accepted as accurate and honest, but scientists are prone to forget that it may be quite otherwise where human testimony and human action are involved. They also fail to realize that the stranger the phenomenon the stronger the evidence needed to compel belief, till a point is reached at which no evidence, however strong, will suffice.

Let me take a commonplace illustration, disclaiming any disrespect to the distinguished scientist. If a single credible witness swore that he had seen Sir Oliver Lodge walk from Westminster to St. Paul's I should accept the statement without difficulty. For the assertion that he ran from Westminster to St. Paul's I should require stronger evidence. But if a score of (otherwise) credible witnesses swore that he hopped the distance on his head I would refuse to believe; and I am sure Professor Barrett and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would share my incredulity. Yet such an occurrence is at least conceivable, and is commonplace in comparison with the marvels which the spiritualists ask us to accept, often on the evidence of a single witness, under penalty of being stigmatized by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle as 'ignorant' or 'imbecile' if we are constrained to refuse our belief.

Professor Barrett quotes Laplace for the statement that

'events may be so extraordinary that they can hardly be established on evidence.' Sir Arthur Conan Doyle quotes, but without approval, the opinion of Faraday, 'that in approaching a new subject we should make up our mind *a priori* what is possible and what is not.' If such a rule were adopted it is certain that many, if not all, the alleged miracles of spiritualism would be summarily dismissed as unworthy of investigation.

I find it difficult to discover at what point, if any, Sir Oliver Lodge considers that the impossible should be recognized as the incredible. On page two of his work on *The Survival of Man* he seems to condemn 'that unbalanced and comparatively dangerous condition of so-called "open-mindedness," which is ready to investigate anything not manifestly self-contradictory and absurd.'

From this I would have assumed that things manifestly self-contradictory and absurd should *a fortiori* be excluded from the belief, but on the very next page I read 'that no phenomenon is to be unhesitatingly rejected because at first sight incredible.' It would, then, appear that it is a duty to investigate the incredible, though not the absurd. To which category, it may fairly be asked, do spiritualistic phenomena belong?

Let me at once enter my protest against the doctrine laid down by Reid in his *Essay on Mind*, quoted with approval by Professor Barrett, 'that no counsel would venture to offer as an argument that we ought not to put faith in the sworn testimony of trustworthy eye-witnesses because what they assert is incredible.' In my opinion, fortified by a long experience, judges invariably refuse to credit the incredible on the testimony of any number of (otherwise) trustworthy witnesses. For example, no judge would admit to probate a will which any number of 'credible' witnesses swore was duly executed a year after the death and burial of the testator.

The fallacy which underlies the position assumed by

the spiritualists is the omission or the refusal to realize that witnesses cease to be credible when they testify to the incredible. The spiritualists regard human testimony as infallible even when opposed to the laws of nature. It is an axiom with them that the witness whom they choose to regard as trustworthy can neither mistake nor deceive. Lord Angelo in the play was universally regarded as a man to whom deceit was impossible; yet was Isabella right in her caution to the duke:

> Make not impossible
> That which but seems unlike?

The 'trustworthy' Angelo was convicted of the grossest deception. So may it be with mediums.

Mr. D. D. Home was unquestionably the most successful of all mediums. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle writes of him as one of 'the most remarkable personalities of whom we have any record,' and adds that 'the union of all qualities would seem almost to justify those who, to Home's great embarrassment, were prepared to place him on a pedestal above humanity.' Hereafter I may touch on the character of Mr. Home; at present I confine myself to his exploits. I first read of them in an article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, published in 1860, under the heading of 'Stranger than Fiction,' in which an anonymous writer describes the astonishing gymnastic display of performing tables, sofas, and chairs under the influence of Mr. Home. It is right to add that Thackeray, the then editor of the magazine, clearly indicated to his readers that they were in no way bound to accept the astounding statements in the article as true.

In the séance described there were first the usual taps and whacks, the blasts of spiritual trumpets and the squeaks of spiritualistic concertinas which are the commonplace of such a sitting, but I will, for brevity's sake, restrict myself to the description of the exploits of a particular table which appears to have been the star performer of the troupe:

The table [we read] seemed to have been inspired with the most riotous animal spirits. I confess with the utmost solemnity of intention I know no other way to describe the impression made upon me by the antics in which it indulged. . . . Turning suddenly over on one side, it sank to the floor. In this horizontal position it glided slowly towards a table which stood close to a large ottoman in the centre of the room. . . . Using the leg of the large table as a fulcrum, it directed its claws towards the ottoman which it attempted to ascend by inserting one claw in the side and then turning half way round to make another step, and so on. It slipped down at the first attempt, but again quietly renewed its task. It was exactly like a child trying to climb a height. At last, by careful and persevering efforts, it accomplished the top of the ottoman, and stood on the summit of the column in the centre, whence in a few minutes it descended to the floor by a similar process.

I will not inquire how spirits contrive to tap tables or shift furniture, or why spirits indulge in antics so puerile, for these are questions to which spiritualists disdain to answer, but I may observe without offence that these miracles were all performed in the dark. 'We must have been in utter darkness,' the writer continues, 'but for the pale light and the flickering glare thrown fitfully over a distant part of the room by a fire which was rapidly sinking in the grate.' We are further informed that the mysterious power succeeded after several attempts in pulling down the blind, and the room was thrown into greater darkness than before.

Professor Barrett seems to have witnessed similar marvels at a sitting to which red light was allowed. He gives lengthy description of his experiences, from which a brief extract may be made:

Suddenly the knocks increased in violence, and, being encouraged, a tremendous bang came which shook the room and resembled the blow of a hammer on an anvil. A tin trumpet, which had been placed below the table, now poked out its smaller end close under the top of the table where I was sitting. I was allowed to catch it, but it dodged all my attempts in the most amusing way. . . . No one was touching the trumpet as it played peep-bo with me. Sounds like the sawing of wood, the bouncing of a ball, and other noises occurred which were inexplicable.

I will pass, however, from the table-tapping, banging the ground and lofty tumbling of furniture and the automatic performances on musical instruments which are the customary programme of a spiritualist séance. I will not pause to inquire why a spirit 'control' should rap or bang, why furniture should frolic or a little tin trumpet 'play peep-bo' with Professor Barrett; I will come on to still more astounding feats of Mr. Home of which the records are supplied by the professor. These phenomena are recorded in the testimony of the Master of Lindsay, given in 1871 and corroborated by two other spectators, the late Earl of Dunraven (then Lord Adare) and Captain Wynne, regarding an occurrence alleged to have taken place in 1868, in Lord Adare's rooms in Ashley Place:

> During the sitting [we read] Mr. Home went into a trance, and in that state was carried out of the window in the room next to where we were, and was brought in at our window. The distance between the windows was about seven feet six inches. . . . *The moon was shining full into the room; my back was to the light.* I saw the shadow on the wall of the window sill, and Home's feet about six inches above it. He remained in this position for a few seconds and glided into the room, feet foremost, and sat down.

The witness on his own showing had his back to the window. We are not told whether the medium or his control required that he should assume that position, but the fact remains that the observer never saw the actual performance. He saw only what he believed to be the shadow of Home outside the window, and from this the miracle is deduced and proclaimed. There is a simple parlour game of 'shadows' which indicates how easily such illusions can be produced. It is not necessary here to decide whether Mr. Home did or did not come in by the window; the evidence is interesting as showing how an honest and intelligent but credulous 'eye-witness' is to depose to an occurrence which confessedly he has never seen.

This window dive is, I think, generally regarded by specialists as the most wonderful exploit of Mr. Home, but

his trick with the red-hot coal is hardly less famous. 'Mr. S. C. Hall,' writes Professor Barrett, 'was present on one occasion when a white-hot coal was put on his head and his white hair gathered over it, but he told me that he felt no heat, and his hair was wholly uninjured.' I will not pause to inquire how Mr. Hall knew the coal was white-*hot* if he felt no heat; the evidence of Mr. W. M. Wilkinson, who wrote to Prof. Barrett in the winter of 1869, claims attention:

> I saw [he writes] Mr. Home take out of our drawing-room fire a red-hot coal, a little less in size than a cricket ball, and carry it up and down the room. He said to Lord Adare (now Earl Dunraven), 'Will you take it from me? It will not hurt you.' Lord Adare took it from him and held it in his hand for about half a minute, and before he threw it back into the fire I put my hand close to it and felt the heat like that of a live coal.

There is no explanation why Mr. Wilkinson should feel the heat and Mr. Hall and Lord Adare not unless we attribute the feeling to Mr. Wilkinson's inflamed imagination. Professor Barrett is above such sordid details.

> Now these phenomena [he writes] are too gross to be explained by misdescription or lack of attention on the part of the observers. They must have thought they had seen what took place. . . . All attempts to explain the occurrences as due to clever conjuring on Home's part have failed.

Even Professor Barrett—in theory at least—concedes that a supernatural explanation should not be adopted while a normal is possible. The possible normal explanation is skilful accomplices, clever trickery on the part of the medium, and credulity and self-deception on the part of the observers; these are the elements of all successful conjuring performances. The coal handling of Mr. Home is not one whit more wonderful than the fire-swallowing of the professional juggler. We have all seen tricks as wonderful and as inexplicable as Mr. Home's at conjuring entertainments, but we do not accept them as miracles. There is the still stronger argument that tricks of the same character as Mr. Home's have been performed, professedly through the agency of

spirits, by fraudulent mediums like Eusapia, Slade, and a host of others who were subsequently detected and exposed. Is it an unreasonable explanation that Home was merely a more clever or more fortunate conjurer than the others? Why should we believe that their tricks were tricks and his miracles?

Anyhow, we are entitled to ask this plain question: Granting the intervention of spirits in these purposeless performances, how do Professor Barrett and his co-believers explain them? Admitting for a moment that Mr. Home had a 'control,' do they contend that it was in the power of the control to dispense with natural laws of universal application to suspend the operation of gravity and to abstract from fire the property of heat?

Turning from the stunts of performing furniture, suspended mediums, and heatless 'white-hot coals,' to which Professor Barrett applies the dignified title of '*telekinetic*,' let us examine some still more astounding spiritualistic phenomena. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle commends what he calls 'The Cooke Episode' to our special amazement. 'A small book,' he tells us, 'exists which describes the facts, though it is not so accessible as it should be.' As no title nor reference to the small book is given I have not been able to examine the record, but I take the astounding story second-hand from Sir Arthur. Here it is:

In those wonderful experiments, which extended over several years Miss Florrie Cooke, who was a young lady of from sixteen to eighteen years of age, was repeatedly confined in Professor Crookes' study, the door being locked *on the inside*. The spectators assembled in the laboratory, which was separated by a curtained opening from the study. After a short interval, through this opening there emerged a lady who was in all ways different from Miss Cooke. She gave her earth name as Katie King, and she proclaimed herself to be a materialized spirit whose mission was to carry the knowledge of immortality to mortals. She was of great beauty of face and figure and manner; she was four and a half inches taller than Miss Cooke, fair, whereas the latter was dark, and as different from her as one woman could be from another. Her pulse rate was markedly slower;

she became for the time entirely one of the company, addressing each person present and taking delight in the children.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives implicit credit to this incredible tale. 'If any man is not convinced of its truth,' he pronounces, 'his brain is out of gear.' 'What answer except belief,' he demands, 'can be made by any fair-minded inquirer?' In my humble judgement fair-minded inquirers, to which category I trust I belong, are entitled to refuse to accept a palpable absurdity as true. They may regard the story in the 'little book' as inaccurate, exaggerated, and wholly misleading, or they may suggest a commonplace solution to the mystery.

The medium may have had accomplices amongst the spectators; there may have been a secret passage to the study, the door of which was locked only on the inside; the transformation from Miss Cooke to Miss King was not beyond the power of a quick-change artist of ordinary skill; the difference was not so great as the difference between the Hamlet, Falstaff, Caliban, and the Private Secretary as played in turn by the late Sir Herbert Tree. Nor is the fair-minded inquirer, as Sir Arthur seems to think, bound either to give full explanation of the occurrence or to accept it as a miracle. He may regard it as a clever conjuring trick, which, like many other conjuring tricks, he cannot explain.

May I, in my capacity of fair-minded inquirer, put in my turn certain questions to Sir Arthur. Assuming for a moment that the instantaneous materialization of a spirit, with all organs and functions of humanity, is credible or conceivable, where does he suggest that Miss Katie King got the full materials for her charming face and figure? Did she borrow the brain, heart, liver, and lungs of Miss Cooke intact, or work the constituent elements into organs of her own? By what process did she remould and recolour the features of Miss Cooke? The fable of Frankenstein and the monster is a mere commonplace in comparison with this inexplicable and incredible story.

It may seem hypercritical to point out that even if Miss Cooke gave all she had or was she could not supply material for the taller Miss King, but there is yet another difficulty worth mentioning. We may assume that the tall and beautiful Miss King was appropriately dressed to meet the distinguished company. It is not suggested that Miss Cooke supplied the clothes, or that clothes can materialize like spirits. It would be interesting if the 'little book' had supplied us with the name and address of the milliner and modiste, spiritual or mundane, who produced and provided the becoming costume of the charming Miss King.

But we have not even yet reached the limit. In Appendix A of the *Vital Message* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle furnishes his readers with marvels still more astounding.

> Nothing [he writes] could be more fantastic or grotesque than the result of recent experiments of Professor Geley in France. Before such results the brain, even of the trained psychical student, is dazed, and the orthodox man of science who has given no heed to those developments is absolutely helpless.

This language is not too strong; on the contrary fantastic and grotesque are, as we shall see, mild words to describe the alleged results of these experiments.

Sir Arthur supplies us with a summary of the 'grotesque' phenomena:

> A peculiar whitish matter exuded from the subject Eva, coming partly through her skin, partly from the orifices of her face, especially her mouth; the stuff, solid enough for one to touch and photograph, has been called *ectoplasm*. It is a new order of matter, and it is clearly derived from the subject herself resolving itself into her system at the end of the experiment. It exudes in such quantities as to entirely cover her sometimes as with an apron. It is soft and glutinous to the touch, but varies in form and even in colour. Its production causes pain and groans from the subject, and any violence towards it would appear also to affect her. A sudden flash of light, as in a flash photograph, may or may not cause retraction of the ectoplasm, but always causes a spasm of the subject. When reabsorbed it leaves no trace upon the garments through which it has passed.
>
> This is wonderful enough [he goes on], but far more fantastic is what has still to be told. The most marked property of this ectoplasm,

very fully illustrated in the photographs, is that it sets or curdles into the shapes of human members, of fingers, of hand, of faces which are at first quite rudimentary, but rapidly coalesce and develop until they are indistinguishable from living beings. Is not this the strangest and most inexplicable thing that has ever been observed by human eyes? These faces or limbs are usually the size of life, but they frequently are quite immature; occasionally they begin by being miniatures and grow into life size. On first appearance in the ectoplasm the limb is only on one plane of matter, a mere flat surface which rapidly rounds itself off until it has assumed all three planes complete. It may be a mere simulacrum, like a wax hand, or it may be endowed with full power of grasping another hand with living articulation in perfect working order.

In extreme cases the ectoplasm curdles into a 'very beautiful young woman of a truly spiritual cast of face.'

Sir Arthur's words, 'grotesque and fantastic,' are inadequate to describe this astounding story, by which, as he confesses, the brain even of the trained psychical student is dazed. But if we fancy that the limit of his credulity is reached we are doomed to disappointment. Dazed it may be, but dauntless Sir Arthur accepts this grotesque absurdity with a whole-hearted belief, and imperiously demands the same from his readers.

Dr. Geley writes to Sir Arthur, 'I do not merely say there has been no fraud; I say there is no possibility of a fraud,' and Sir Arthur concludes that 'there is no use deceiving ourselves with the idea that there may be some mistake or deception; there is neither the one nor the other.'

He even finds in the new experiment a satisfactory solution of the Katie King miracle already alluded to.

We can suppose [he writes] that during those long periods when Florrie Cooke lay in the laboratory (study?) in the dark the ectoplasm was flowing from her as from Eva. Then it was gathering itself into a viscous cloud or pillar close to her frame, then the form of Katie King was evolved from this cloud in the manner already described, and finally the nexus was broken and the complete body advanced to present itself at the door of communication, showing a person differing in every possible attribute, save sex, from the medium, and yet composed wholly or in part from the elements extracted from her senseless body.

'So far,' he adds, 'Geley's experiments throw a strong explanatory light on those of Crookes!' His point of view appears to be that one incredible absurdity may be explained by another which is, if possible, still more grotesque.

It may here be fairly asked if there is any marvel to which Sir Arthur Conan Doyle would refuse belief. If Dr. Geley informed him that he, with other 'trustworthy' witnesses, had seen the statue of Nelson turn to flesh and blood, drop from his pillar in Trafalgar Square, land on his feet, and leap the Thames, pursued by the lions, would Sir Arthur accept the assurance that there was no possibility of mistake or deception? Any question of the reality of Dr. Geley's phenomena he pronounces, *ex cathedra*, to be 'absurd.' Our sole duty is implicit belief.

To comment on the details of a story whose absurdities are 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable,' would be indeed to waste argument on unresisting imbecility. It may, however, be pointed out that these experiments were conducted in the dark. The medium and the ectoplasm found even the briefest light inconvenient. There were photographs of the transformations of the ectoplasm, we are told, but Pepper's ghosts can be photographed, and many apparent miracles are daily and nightly faked by the cinema. Marvels as inexplicable to the outsider have been produced in the Egyptian Hall. Mr. Maskelyne undertook to duplicate any miracle of the spiritualists, and succeeded whenever his challenge was accepted.

With the utmost respect for Sir Arthur I cannot swallow the ectoplasm. I cannot explain how the performance was faked; how much was trickery and how much credulity and self-deception, but neither can I explain the extraordinary feats of the Indian jugglers. I cannot even explain how the everyday conjurer takes a live rabbit from an empty hat, but I do not on that account feel constrained to believe that the rabbit materialized in the hat from the ectoplasm of the conjurer.

M. McDonnell Bodkin.

THE FAITH OF A PHILOSOPHER.[1]

'THE world in which we live to-day,' writes Bishop Gore in the first sentence of his book *Belief in God*, 'can only be described as chaotic in the matter of religious beliefs.' These are hard words and represent a needlessly severe judgement, though most will recognize the measure of truth which underlies them. If the phase of serious unsettlement of faith through which we are passing is to be in any sense compared to chaos, dark and rude, it should be emphatically added that the Spirit of God is brooding on the face of the waters. The measure of confusion and uncertainty which obtains is not 'waste and void,' but rather the result of a ferment, which means the rapid infusion of ill-regulated and unassimilated new thought and life. As we understand the position, it is with the most fundamental questions of religion that thought and controversy are now mainly concerned. Christological questions, such as have recently been discussed in the Cambridge Conference of Modern Churchmen, are no doubt important—to Christians they are always vital. But it is futile to discuss whether Jesus Christ is God, when so many are not sure what they mean by the name God, or whether such a Being is active in human affairs at all.

Faith in God is in one sense the beginning and foundation of all religion; in another, its crown and consummation. The starting-point is also the goal, after the course has been traversed; for the Christian, of God, through Him and unto Him are all things. But there is urgent necessity at present for a clearer answer to the question, What does the word God mean? in the light of all that science and philosophy have to teach us and in view of the new-old difficulties

[1] *A Faith that Inquires.* Gifford Lectures, 1920-21. By Sir Henry Jones. (Macmillan & Co., 1922.)

presented in modern life. It is possible, as William Arthur —a name that should surely not be forgotten—showed a generation ago, to have a religion without God, like Comte, or to acknowledge a kind of God without religion, like Herbert Spencer. But rightly understood, God and religion are correlative terms. The character of the religion enjoyed depends upon the character of the God worshipped in it.

The all-important borderland of thought thus lying between religion on the one hand and philosophy, science, and poetry on the other, has been often traversed of late. Great help towards its elucidation has been rendered by the rapidly multiplying series of Gifford Lectures, issued during the last thirty years. The brothers Caird, W. James, H. M. Gwatkin, James Ward, Sorley, Inge, Pringle-Pattison, and Clement Webb, are only a few names from among the large company of distinguished Gifford lecturers, and it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the contributions made by them to the philosophy of religion. The founder of the lectureship made it a condition that the subject of religion should be treated 'as a strictly natural science, considered just as astronomy or chemistry is.' Lord Gifford regarded the science of religion as 'the greatest of all possible sciences, indeed, in one sense, the only science. . . . Such knowledge, if real, lies at the root of all well-being.' The lecturers appointed by the four Scotch Universities have responded nobly to the high call implied in their appointment, and the greatest of all themes has been handled from very different points of view by some of the ablest of contemporary thinkers.

The latest volume of the brilliant series deserves a place among the foremost. It was published early this year, almost simultaneously, alas! with the death of the author. The whole career of Sir Henry Jones was a remarkable one, from the time when he worked with his father at the shoemaker's bench, to the period when he ranked with the most influential philosophers in the land. He himself said, 'I

was born at Llangernyw and born again in Edward Caird's class-room.' He was a reverent and enthusiastic disciple of that distinguished Hegelian, and when Caird became Master of Balliol, Henry Jones succeeded him in the chair of moral philosophy in Glasgow University. For twenty-seven years he upheld the high traditions of his office and proved himself a stimulating and inspiring teacher, becoming, as time went on, a recognized leader of great personal influence. He is best known to the general public by his books on *Browning as a Philosophical and Religious Teacher* and *Idealism as a Working Creed*. During his later years he battled with rare fortitude against severe attacks of painful disease, and heroically held on to his public work to the very end. There is no trace of weakness in this final volume, which is carefully finished in every detail, though the author did not live to see its actual publication. It forms a fitting memorial of a noble life, animated by lofty moral aims and high religious endeavour, breathing as it does in every page the spirit of a fearless thinker and earnest teacher, whose religion was based on his philosophy, while his philosophy was to him in itself a religion.

The whole course of two years' lectures falls into three parts. In the first part, covering seven lectures, the importance of full and free inquiry into the validity of a religious creed, carried out by the severest methods of science, is insisted on, and an attempt is made to remove the obstacles which exist in the way of such inquiry. The second part deals with the relation between the religious and the secular life, 'the apparently irreconcilable opposition of morality and religion,' and the method by which the merely apparent contradiction can be removed. The last six lectures, with which the present article is chiefly concerned, deal with the relation between the God of religion and the Absolute of philosophy, the lecturer accepting and seeking to establish the virtual identity of the two. It must be borne in mind that Sir Henry Jones was a thorough-going Absolute Idealist.

As an Idealist, he held that consciousness cannot be explained by matter, that matter exists only for consciousness, and that in the relation between mind and matter mind is the formative and regulative principle. Further, for him as for the Neo-Hegelian school of Idealism to which he belonged, nothing is real except the Absolute, defined as a single all-comprehensive system; everything else is appearance only. The Universe—that is, all existence—is, in spite of all its divisions and antagonisms, a unity, because it is spiritual, or the revelation of spirit—'a spiritual unity which differentiates itself, in order that through opposition and conflict it may reach a higher unity.' Sir H. Jones, like his master, Dr. E. Caird, was a convinced Monist, believing, not as Spinoza did, in one Substance; but, as Hegel did, in one Subject, the one head and ground of all existence—*principium essendi et cognoscendi*. The bearing of the lecturer's philosophy on his religion will appear as we proceed. We may say, however, that in the British Neo-Hegelian school—who did not profess to follow Hegel closely in the details of his elaborate and rigid system, but accepted his main Absolutist principles—Sir H. Jones belonged to the right wing, which included T. H. Green and the Cairds, rather than to the left section, with Wallace, Bosanquet, and Bradley. All such classifications, however, can only be made very loosely and generally; each philosopher must be held to speak for himself alone.

The title of the book indicates an aspect of the subject on which the lecturer lays somewhat special emphasis, but it calls for only a brief comment here. Sir H. Jones announces as his main purpose 'the awakening and fostering of a spirit of research in questions of religious faith.' He believes that the fullest use of the most severe intellectual methods does but support the belief upon which a religion worth having ought to rest, and he desires that the articles of religious creeds should be regarded not as authoritative dogmas, but as the objects of unsparing intellectual inquiry. On this

two things may be said. One is that to a great extent this plea represents the needless forcing of an open door. Modern Protestantism, which Sir H. Jones often rebukes, recognizes both the right and duty of free inquiry, and its more thoughtful leaders freely use all fresh light furnished by modern physical and metaphysical science. In the last resort a religion which cannot bear critical inquiry cannot stand. But that is not to admit that Christian communities hold no fixed doctrines. Faith answers questions, as well as asks them. If it only inquires it is not faith. Christians do not merely 'prove all things,' they 'hold fast that which is good' in religious doctrine, as well as in the principles of moral conduct. For true progress, continuity is as necessary as advance. The faith which is to overcome the world is one which does more than inquire—it is a faith that *grows*.

The second point is of still greater importance, though it cannot be argued here at length. The philosophy of which Sir H. Jones is an exponent exalts the operations of the intellect in religion as the one legitimate basis and method of inquiry, sufficient for all investigation and admitting no rival or sharer of its throne. 'Let man seek God by the way of pure reason and he will find Him,' he says in his Preface. No; not by pure reason alone. Reason is itself a great gift of God, and it will carry a man far on intellectual lines. Full and free scope should be given to it in the search for religious truth, as well as in the attainment of other kinds of knowledge. But the statement that of itself it can find God is not borne out by history; we might say that it is not borne out by highest reason itself. 'The world by wisdom knew not God' is no arbitrary dictum of St. Paul; it is a text on which many commentaries have been written in the histories of nations and of individuals. Periods of intellectual brilliance have not always been distinguished by religious insight; things hidden from the wise and prudent have not seldom been revealed unto babes. Reason may reach to 'the Absolute,' but the metaphysical Absolute is not the

living God. Further, the knowledge thus gained is for the few, not the many. The philosophers themselves are far from agreeing with one another, and the tenets of their schools change in as rapid and bewildering a fashion as the generations they seek to instruct. At this time Idealists are happily growing in influence, and a wave of Idealism has been for some time passing over Europe. But half a century ago they could hardly lift their heads, and even now they form only one section of the wise men. Absolute Idealists are only a section of a section, and their numbers have dwindled of late. It is their rigid intellectualism which has provoked into opposition William James and the Pragmatists on the one hand, and James Ward and the Pluralists on the other. Sir H. Jones protests against the dogmatism of the churches, but who so dogmatic as the Absolute Idealist, when his initial premisses are granted? The 'faith that inquires' lays down its own infallible axioms, and rules out of religion all miraculous revelation and all providential intervention. It disdains to recognize the deity acknowledged by another distinguished Gifford Lecturer, now Earl Balfour, 'a God whom men can love, a God to whom men can pray, who takes sides, who has purposes and preferences, whose attributes, howsoever conceived, leave unimpaired the possibility of a personal relation between Himself and those whom He has created.' But this is to anticipate issues which will meet us later.

The second portion of the book, dealing with the relation between religion and morality, is full of interest in its place, but we may leave it on one side with the remark that essentially it renews the age-long controversy between faith and works. For most people this has been ended by the conviction long since arrived at that if faith without works is dead, works without faith never had any life to lose. Faith working by love is the only competent architect of a lofty character, and the only sufficient motive-power in a fruitful life. 'Morality and religion,' Sir H. Jones well says, 'are

found to be complementary and inseparable aspects of the good life. The former is inspired, guided, and controlled by the latter, and the latter achieves reality in its moral incarnation.'

The deepest questions raised by Sir H. Jones are not reached until in his closing lectures he deals with the relation between the Absolute of philosophy and the God of religion. Have we a right, he asks, to identify the two, or must we distinguish between God and the Absolute, and if so, how? The issue here raised may appear to be remote, a mere empty abstraction of the schools, but it is of fundamental concrete importance, as has been proved by the recently fashionable doctrine of a 'finite God,' advocated alike by philosophers such as William James and Dr. M'Taggart, and by a popular writer like Mr. H. G. Wells. More depends on the decision than at first sight might appear.

As a matter of fact, the difficulties of answering the above questions are greatly increased by the vague and various ways in which the religious word 'God' and the philosophical phrase 'the Absolute' are used. Professor Pringle-Pattison has said that 'if we are to reach any credible theory of the relations of God and man, the traditional idea of God must be profoundly transformed.' Whether we will or no, that idea is being transformed; and much of the religious unrest, which is often felt but seldom acknowledged by educated young people, springs from the changes in the meaning of that sacred name that are silently going on within and around them. On the other hand, philosophers are not agreed as to the employment of the phrase 'the Absolute.' It used to mean the Unconditioned, the Unrelated; now it is usually synonymous with ultimate, self-existing reality. But the word 'reality' has no definite universally accepted meaning, and most philosophers of this century—notably Lord Haldane in his *Reign of Relativity*—have much to say concerning 'degrees' of reality. Some writers make Absolute equivalent in meaning to Infinite, but that is an abuse of

terms. There are two chief uses of 'the Absolute' as a substantive. In one of these it implies the all-comprehensive or universal, which includes all possible distinctions; in the other it indicates the negation of all possible definitions or distinctions. These two meanings, which are at opposite poles of significance, are too often strangely confused.

In the writings of the Neo-Hegelian school, to which Sir H. Jones belongs, the former of these meanings is always to be understood. 'Reality,' he himself said in an article published in the *Hibbert Journal* in 1903, 'is a coherent system—a concrete, organic whole—all of whose parts and elements exist in and through a supreme principle which manifests and embodies itself in them. This principle philosophy calls the Absolute and religion God.' The 'principle' is explained to be not a bare oneness, which destroys particular existences, but a concrete unity, through which the particular maintains its own significance and reality. 'The relation of finite and infinite is not that of mutual exclusion, but that of mutual inclusion—a conception familiar, and even essential to the religious consciousness.' Or, as another writer of the same school expresses it, 'The Universe is a Cosmos. Absolute Reality is not a mere Beyond, nor again a mere Substratum, but a rational system, whose character is the ground of, and is in part revealed in, all finite reality and all actual experience.'

It will be said at once, This is Pantheism. To identify God with the Absolute as a 'principle' which gives unity to the vast system which we call the Universe, or the Entirety of things, is Pantheism undisguised. But the writers represented for the moment by Sir H. Jones do not acknowledge themselves to be Pantheists. The aim of their whole philosophy is to attain and emphasize a unity which is above all dualisms, not destroying either of the two factors, but taking up both apparently conflicting elements into a oneness which preserves and embraces both. Thus it becomes possible to transcend the distinction between

Subject and Object, the One and the Many, the Infinite and the Finite, and the distinction between Theism and Pantheism disappears, as the human is lost in the divine.

It is not easy to illustrate these views by extracts. The whole of the Lectures must be read by those who would do them justice. The following passages, however, reveal the standpoint of the author. 'To him who would know God, the answer of philosophy would be: Observe this never-resting Universe, as it moves from change to change, nor forget the troubled, tragic, sin-stained, shameless elements in the world of man, and you will find God working His purpose and manifesting Himself through it all. Identify Him with the power that sustains the processes of this natural-spiritual world, and you identify Him with that which makes for fuller spiritual excellence. You identify Him with something that is better than any static perfection' (p. 270). It may be said that this is to explain away the deity of immutable perfection, unchangeably gracious and righteous and merciful, and to substitute for the living God a perpetually changing process, whose sole continuity consists in an imaginary advance towards unattainable perfection. In reply, we are told elsewhere that 'the reality is the process and there is no other reality except the active process . . . the Universe is not a unity of correlated, and more or less fixed, separate objects, but the scene of a constant process, endless in the variety of its activities, which yet so fit into one another as to constitute and maintain the unity of the whole' (p. 242). 'The main problem of philosophy and the central concern for theology is the possibility of identifying the world-process, as we know it, with our conception of the Absolute or of God' (p. 302). 'The God of religion is the same as the Absolute of philosophy, and for both alike the Universe in the last resort is the scene of a self-manifesting perfection' (p. 244). Yet once again: 'To me the idea of God as *the perfect in process*, as a movement from splendour to splendour in the spiritual world, as an

eternal achievement and never-resting realization of the ideals of goodness in human history, is endlessly more attractive, and I believe more consistent with our experience in the present world than the idea of a Divine Being who sits aloof from the world-process, eternally contemplating His own perfections. Love, at any rate,' is directly and finally inconsistent with such an aloofness' (p. 360).

Impossible as it is to do justice to Sir H. Jones' philosophic and religious teaching by excerpts, it seemed desirable to let him speak for himself in a few characteristic quotations, and we may refer our readers to the author's book on Browning, as well as to these Lectures, for a fuller exposition of his views on Good and Evil, Love and Knowledge. In one sentence near the end of the volume he expressly distinguishes his position from Pantheism: 'Pantheistic optimism asserts that all things *are* good, Christian optimism asserts that all things are *working together for* good. . . . It is the deification of evil as it is in itself and apart from all process which destroys morality.'

The views of our author are more distinctly Christian in tone than those of other leaders in the same philosophical school. For some of them religion is a secondary and practically negligible consideration, as readers of Lord Haldane's *Reign of Relativity* will have noticed. Mr. Bradley says, 'For me the Absolute is not God. God for me has no meaning outside of the religious consciousness and that is essentially practical.' That is, if we worship the Absolute, or the Universe, in that moment it becomes less than the Universe. As Mr. Bradley expresses it elsewhere, 'God is not God till He is All-in-all. When He is All-in-all, He is not the God of religion.' Dean Inge points in the same direction when, following Eckhart, he draws a distinction between the Godhead and God. 'Our knowledge must be of God, not of the Godhead. The God of religion is not the Absolute, but the highest form under which the Absolute can manifest Himself to finite creatures in various stages of imperfection.'

That means that God is less than the Absolute. But the Christian worshipper is convinced that the living God to whom he prays is unspeakably greater than any abstract metaphysical Absolute, while he readily acknowledges that the Object of his worship is far greater than he can conceive. The distinction between God and the Godhead, on which Dr. A. Fairbairn often dwelt, is not between an inferior finite deity and a greater metaphysical idea. The subject is one on which it is impossible here to enlarge, but some aspects of it are well expounded in Mr. W. H. Moberly's essay in *Foundations* (pp. 426–524), where it is sought to identify the God of religion with the Absolute of philosophy.

These Gifford Lectures do not present the whole case for Absolute Idealism, and we are not called upon to examine into the security of its metaphysical basis or the adequacy of its provisions for man's religious needs. Its fundamental positions—that the Rational is the Real, that the Real is the Rational and the Good; that the idea of God is necessary for the explanation of the ideas of Self and the World, and that all three combined are necessary for the explanation of experience in general; that the Universe is a Spiritual Unity, in itself combining and transcending the differences which are organically necessary to one another and to the whole—have all been challenged and denied by other schools of philosophy, while the ordinary reader finds it difficult to find any meaning at all in some of them. Dr. Edward Caird's *Evolution of Religion*, Professor John Watson's *Interpretation of Religious Experience*, and Principal John Caird's *Fundamental Principles of Christianity*, all of them lectures delivered on the Gifford Foundation, contain a fuller exposition of the philosophical system than the volume before us.

On the claims of Absolute Idealism to provide a basis for a final and perfect religion there were much to be said. Some scholarly Christian teachers have been attracted by it, and in addition to those already mentioned, Dr. D'Arcy,

Archbishop of Armagh, in his Donnellan Lectures on 'God and Freedom in Human Experience,' has given an attractive presentation of a Christian philosophy on an Idealistic basis. But on such cardinal subjects as the Personality of God; Divine Transcendence, as well as Immanence, in relation to the world; the reality of sin and the significance of moral evil; human personality and freedom and individual immortality, this type of religious philosopher too often speaks in doubtful tones. He rejects entirely the idea of miracle, the doctrines of Incarnation and Redemption in the Christian sense, 'our own nature's bent is toward goodness' (p. 254); whilst as a Theist he may hold, as Sir H. Jones held, the validity and importance of certain Christian ideas. Hegel taught, and Dr. E. Caird after him, that the essentially Christian doctrine of dying to live —self-realization through self-renunciation—is no mere epigrammatic phrase, but that it expresses the very nature of spiritual life. It is to be borne in mind, however, that Christian phraseology may be used by those who reject all the presuppositions and characteristic doctrines of historical Christianity. For the thinker, ultimate reality is impersonal, but to the worshipper it must be experienced as personal, or the very heart and life of religion is gone. When Hegel described Christianity as the absolute religion, he meant a Hegelianized Christianity, which selected a few phrases from the New Testament and read into them an esoteric meaning, such as a philosopher could accept. There is some danger lest the process should be repeated to-day, one which Martineau vehemently denounced half a century ago in the present writer's youth, as an attempt to provide 'Ideal Substitutes for God.'

Sir Henry Jones did not intend to do this. He was a philosopher, but there was in him a strain of the poet, the mystic, and the devout believer. He was brought up in a Christian household, and was in the very core and fibre of his nature a religious man. He felt compelled to relinquish

the beliefs in which he had been trained, and which for some years he preached, but his early education influenced the whole bent of his mind and a considerable part of his philosophic teaching. It is recorded of him that when as a distinguished professor he revisited his native village, he joined again in one of the fellowship meetings characteristic of the Calvinistic Methodism in which he had been brought up. When it came to his turn to say something as to his religious experience, he said, 'I too hope, like my old friend who has just spoken, that my name may be found written in the Lamb's book of life.' And Lord Haldane describes the humble believer 'with a pictorial creed,' who on his death-bed believed that he was passing 'into the presence of God,' as possessing a deep spiritual insight, 'differing in form only from that of the profoundest thinker.' The philosopher does not descend in spirit, he rather ascends to the very summits of religious knowledge and surveys the broad landscape of a far-stretching land, when, after his loftiest speculations, there comes to him once again the heart of a little child.

It is interesting to note that while Sir H. Jones' arguments are addressed to those who do not accept any special Christian revelation, the influences of that revelation largely mould his views of God and of man's vocation and destiny. On the subject of personal immortality, for example, he goes far beyond the teaching of his philosophical school. 'If a man's whole career ends with death, then I cannot justify the existence and destiny of that man, nor retain my religious faith. . . . To me, as to Browning, the hypothesis of the ultimate failure of Divine Power and Goodness is more improbable than that of human life continued after death. . . . It is not possible to maintain the limitless love and power of God if the soul be not immortal. There are men, so far as we can see, who die in their sins. If their death ends all, then their lives can be called nothing but failures. The failure of their lives is, so far as they are concerned, the

failure of God's purpose. The imperfection of God implies a breach of purpose, and therefore of order, somewhere in his Universe. Sheer unreason has found an entry.' And there the Absolute Idealist leaves the reader to conclude the argument in Euclidean fashion—'which is absurd, incredible, impossible.' We do not underrate the strength of this argument of natural religion, when we say that the doctrine of a God of 'limitless love' is Christian in its origin and inspiration. It was so with Browning. As poet he could not subscribe to the formulae of a creed, but he showed himself at times to be possessed and wholly swayed by Christian ideas and ideals. So also with Henry Jones, who, whatever his metaphysical doctrine of the Absolute, agreed heart and soul with one of his predecessors, Prof. Pringle-Pattison, and sometimes adopted almost his very words, as when he describes that deepest insight into human life which reveals the open secret of the Universe—'no God, no Absolute existing in solitary bliss and perfection, but a God who lives in the perpetual giving of Himself, who shares the life of His finite creatures, bearing in and with them the whole burden of their finitude, their sinful wanderings and sorrows, and the suffering without which they cannot be made perfect. And thus, for a metaphysic which has emancipated itself from physical categories, the ultimate conception of God is not that of a pre-existent Creator; but, as it is for religion, the eternal Redeemer of the world. The perpetual process is the very life of God, in which besides the effort and the pain, He tastes, we must believe, the joy of victory won' (*Idea of God in Modern Philosophy*, pp. 411–12).

But this picture is essentially Christian; in it we see the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. The main inspiration of sentences like these does not come from Hegel's Absolute Idea, and the heart of this eternal Redeemer is not stirred and moved by the frigid rationalism of a philosophical dialectic. It is not by perfect syllogisms, not by subtle reasonings, that men have learned to believe that 'God is

Love.' The writer who first penned those words—twice in the same chapter—wrote also in the same chapter, 'Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.' Men do not worship a cosmic process, but they adore the suffering and glorified Saviour who loved them and gave Himself for them. It was an emperor-philosopher of the fourth century who exclaimed when dying, '*Vicisti O Galilaee*,' 'Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!' The finest philosophy of to-day uses unconsciously the same words. It does not oppose Christianity, but borrows from it and exalts it, so that the doctrine of the Cross and the Resurrection is proclaimed by men who never were, or have long ceased to be, Christian believers. The wisdom of this world is learning that 'wisdom in a mystery' which the rulers of this world knew not, for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. Wisdom is nearer when we stoop than when we soar. 'Where reason fails with all her powers, there faith prevails and love adores.' As yet we know only in part, and when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. But there abideth faith, hope, love, these three; and the greatest of these is love. Dante closes his monumental poem with a vision of the Love that moves the sun and the other stars. 'Farewell! we lose ourselves in light.'

W. T. Davison.

JOSEPH COMPTON-RICKETT[1]

WHEN so true a poet and so unerring a judge of poetry as Mrs. Katherine Tynan says of Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, 'One wonders he was not more widely acclaimed as own brother to Christina Rossetti and Keble,' she seems to me to leave her seat on the bench and to stand at the advocates' table; to be no longer delivering judgement but to be holding a brief. Nor, when she interpolates of Christina Rossetti, 'How very quickly she has been forgotten!' am I sure that the facts are as Mrs. Katherine Tynan thinks. Neither Christina Rossetti nor Katherine Tynan herself is likely soon and lightly to pass from memory. The volumes of very few recent or contemporary poets will, twenty, fifty, or a hundred years hence, be seen upon reading-table or bookshelf, but so long as the best of their work survives in anthologies 'forgotten' they cannot be accounted. If only for the sake of a single sonnet, 'To Night,' which has again and again been reprinted, Blanco White lives to-day. Not all flowers of song included in anthologies are *immortelles*, but a few there are the petals of which will not fall and fade; and among those few are songs and lyrics by Katherine Tynan and Christina Rossetti.

No poem by Joseph Compton-Rickett will thus survive. Music, metre, poetic thought, are not wanting from his work, but the incommunicable magic of poetry is not there. Even in Katherine Tynan's prose something of this incommunicable magic there is. Her tribute to Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter), prefixed to the last and posthumous work, *The Sad Years*, of that tragic genius, is one of the loveliest wreaths of tender memories ever laid on a poet's grave. And the chapter which Mrs. Katherine Tynan contributes

[1] *Joseph Compton-Rickett: A Memoir.* With a Foreword by the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George. (Bournemouth: Ernest Cooper. 1922.)

to *Joseph Compton-Rickett: a Memoir*, by Arthur Compton-Rickett, is singularly beautiful. Reputation as a poet, she says, he might have had, 'if he would but have reached out his hand for it. That he refrained proved the sincerity of his impulse that his poetry was, like the tears of St. Augustine, only for the sight of God. She wonders why no lines of his are to be found in the *Hymnology*, and she adds: 'If he had affinities with Keble he had affinities with the best of the English hymnologists; and he had the clear and measured diction necessary for the making of hymns.' I agree. Not all our hymns are high poetry, but Compton-Rickett has left behind him songs of the spiritual life as worthy of enshrinement in the hymnals as some of those which are sung in churches to-day.

But, as Rossetti once said of Sir Hall Caine, the swing of his arm is freer in prose than in verse. In prose Sir Joseph was, I venture to think, at his best as a critic and essayist. His phrasing was often admirable, his imagery illuminating. I do not share his view that Tennyson was a deep thinker. In music, in lyrical loveliness, in purity of thought and splendour of imagery, Tennyson stands almost unrivalled, but his thought seems to me often to go no deeper than the quicksilver backing to a beautiful mirror. It glances back from the mirror's surface, faithfully and felicitiously reflecting the accepted thought of his generation, but it rarely strikes deep. Few great poets have written, or, if so, have included in their later editions anything quite so obvious and conventional, excellent though the sentiment be, as

> Howe'er it be, it seems to me
> 'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith than Norman blood.

But, that consideration apart, could anything be happier in imagery than this passage from Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett's criticism of Tennyson: 'The freshness and purity

of Tennyson's English are apt to deceive us as to the depths of his thinking. In clear water we count the pebbles at the bottom, and think them far nearer than they are. There is much worthy of criticism in the dramatic and other subordinate pieces of Tennyson. With an inferior poet these would attract far more attention, but his central towers soar so high that the lower buildings are unduly dwarfed.' Compton-Rickett's prose vibrates with thought which is fresh, suggestive, and original, but his romances, though singularly dramatic, seem to me to lack constructive art, and his characters do not live. On this last point Dr. Arthur Compton-Rickett throws light when he says, 'His imagination was of the dramatic order. But it was not the usual dramatic imagination of the story-teller or playwright. He did not excel in dramatizing people but in dramatizing ideas.' Dr. Compton-Rickett feels this so strongly that, in effect, he repeats himself (it is the only repetition in his admirable memoir) on another page. 'If the human characters in the story are less satisfying,' he says, 'this is largely because my father was less interested in them than in the dramatizing of the central idea.'

Of one of Sir Joseph's romances Katherine Tynan writes: 'I remember hearing the book discussed in the Meynells' drawing-room, a discussion in which Francis Thompson took part. They were all profoundly impressed by the book.' Francis Thompson I have 'met'—no more—and so may hazard no conjecture concerning what I should have imagined to have been his attitude to the romance in question. But I should not have supposed that it would have appealed strongly to Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, whom it has been my privilege to know personally since the end of the eighties, and, by correspondence, before then, for when I was a young and unknown fellow, just 'beginning author,' as they say in America, Mr. Meynell accepted work of mine for a magazine of which he was editor. That Mr. and Mrs. Meynell and Francis Thompson should, as Mrs. Katherine Tynan tells

us, have been 'profoundly impressed' by Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett's romance makes criticism of mine almost an impertinence, but I am none the less of opinion that the book comes under the ban which Mr. Dion Boucicault once laid upon similar work. Speaking of novels and plays, he said, as nearly as I can remember, 'First and foremost, the characters must be of living flesh and blood. Too often they strike one as no more substantial than much of our stage scenery. Were I, in my work as an actor, so to forget my surroundings as to lean against the canvas, painted to represent the side of a house, in a play, it would give way under my weight. So with many a character in plays and novels—it strikes one as cut out of cardboard, elaborately painted to resemble a human being. Were I to lay my hand heavily upon the thing's shoulder my hand would pass through it, as through stiffened paper, and illusion be destroyed. A wall against which you may not lean may serve its purpose in stage scenery, but a character which has so little of flesh and blood in it that, were you to brush against the thing, it would topple over, is a poor semblance of human life.'

That is the feeling I have about the characters in Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett's romance. They are skilfully constructed puppets for the dramatization, not of life, but of an idea. They are not real men and women whose arm one could take, still less upon whose shoulder one could lean in a moment of physical weakness. They are no more than cardboard characters painted to look like life, and would crumple up were one to lean against them.

Not in Compton-Rickett's romances, nor in his poems, is the element of lasting value to be found, but (to those who knew him personally) in his personality, and (after those of us who knew and loved him are ourselves dead) in his work for God and his fellows. Who did that work few, if any, will for long remember, and for the reason that no great measure nor any great movement was identified with his

name. Men who did infinitely less for their generation are to-day remembered for the reason that it so chanced that the public continues to associate their name with what was done. The work at which Compton-Rickett toiled, and which he lived to see achieved, will endure, though he himself be forgotten. The work we do in this world, as well as our acts for good or ill, are like children born to us, and passed at last out of our control. When we are gone they will play their large or small part in leavening the life of those with whom they come in contact; and before they pass they will beget children of their own acts and work, to leaven humanity after they, too, are no more. It has been said that 'Man is immortal, till his work be done,' but we bequeath something of our own immortality to our work and acts before we go hence.

To the memoir a chapter on Compton-Rickett's work as a public man is contributed by his friend, the Rev. Dr. J. Scott Lidgett, whose own record of public work, apart from his heroic labours at the Bermondsey Settlement, entitles him to speak with authority and knowledge. Dr. Scott Lidgett claims for Sir Joseph that he was 'a public man who, taking the deepest interest both in the ecclesiastical affairs and in the politics of his time, did more than most men to bring them together.' In those three words, 'to bring together,' Dr. Scott Lidgett truly indicates the chief end and aim of his friend's life. Just as a surgeon skilfully and tenderly draws together the gaping edges of a wound, so Compton-Rickett strove to heal the wounds that had been inflicted on the life of the nation. Socialism was to him a sore on the body politic for which classes, other than Socialistic, were, by their indifference, misunderstandings, and sometimes by their misgovernment, in no small way responsible. His remedy was not to assail or to abuse either Socialists or Socialism, but by removing the cause of the sore or the grievance (in his opinion not seldom a real grievance) to close up and finally to heal the wound. In the business life of the

nation he saw, too often, the Christianity for which he stood wounded, or else entirely from that business life estranged; and he did what one man could to heal the wound, to end the estrangement, by demonstrating in his own business life that absolute compliance with the principles of Christianity is compatible with even more than ordinary success in business. Otherwise, as those who had business relations, and some even of those who have been in his employ, would acknowledge, it would have been Compton-Rickett's success in business, not the handicap of his Christian principles, which would have gone by the board. The singular beauty and happiness of his home life is known to all his intimates. 'His care,' writes his son, 'and unremitting affection increased rather than diminished with the years. . . . Few who had known him only as the masterful man of affairs and the keen critic would have given him credit for such solicitude and tenderness as he invariably displayed towards our mother. She was always his first thought; the first to be considered in the home, the first to be thought of when he was away; and however busy he was he never neglected to write or wire to her each day of his absence, during later years, when his work called him into different parts of the country.'

In his public life, to close, never to widen, the breach between the Anglican and the Free Churches (he had many personal friends, including some of the Bishops, in the former) was his aim, just as, in politics, he strove to bring the contending parties together in friendly conference. He was the better able to do this for the reason that, never a 'party' man—some of his political friends thought him too willing to see both sides of a question—his turn of mind made it possible for him 'to put himself in the other man's place'; and for the reason also that he respected what he believed to be honest conviction even when most opposed to his own. Of what his wise counsel and efforts towards reconciliation achieved, the outside world was often unaware,

if only because, like his charity, it was never by him advertised.

To the memoir his chief, Mr. Lloyd George, a member of whose Government Sir Joseph was, prefixes a tribute in which, speaking for himself and his colleagues, the Prime Minister says, 'We valued him greatly for the integrity of his character and the sagacity of his counsel.' Believing, as I do, that wisdom in counsel and integrity of personal character are of greater worth in politics, and, in a member of the Government, are a greater asset and safeguard to the country than the secret diplomacy, the subtilties, and the speech-making which some take for statecraft, Mr. Lloyd George's tribute seems to me weighty.

A great statesman or a powerfully persuasive speaker on politics (the latter by no means implies the former, as so many suppose) Compton-Rickett was not, and his limitations were apparent. But, as Miss Irene Vanbrugh once said to me, 'We must do our work with the gifts which we actually possess, just as a workman cannot use tools which are not in his box.' Napoleon said that it was no use for a commander who is forced to join battle to bewail that he has not more battalions. He must win with those he has. To the service of his country Joseph Compton-Rickett faithfully dedicated such gifts as he possessed. They were solid rather than showy; they were of the businesslike rather than the brilliant order. He made no memorable speech in the House, and, when high tournaments of oratory were held, no herald proclaimed Sir Joseph's entry—as good and true a knight as any there—into the lists. Nor was his name ever mentioned in connexion with political excursions and alarms. His activities were more concerned with silent 'collar-work' than with crises or *coups*, and for the most part with wise home Government. The wonder is that he succeeded in politics at all, for as an ex-President of the National Free Church Council, the Rev. George Hooper, rightly says in the chapter he contributes to the memoir,

success in politics is only achieved by those who make politics their 'alpha and omega,' or, as Stevenson would perhaps have worded it, 'who court politics as one courts a mistress.'

When Mr. Hooper says, 'Undoubtedly Sir Joseph had high ambitions in the world of politics,' he may or may not be right. Something of a friendship, by correspondence, had existed between Sir Joseph and myself since the time, many years ago, when he wrote to me—spontaneously, not in reply to a communication of mine—one of the kindest of letters, and proposed a meeting. Only towards the end of his life did we actually meet, and then, at least, he gave me no impression of being ambitious. Ambitious socially he certainly was not, for to my knowledge a peerage could have been his had he so chosen. If ambitious he were—I do not know—it was, I think, as Mr. Hooper himself says, because 'office meant to him larger opportunity of serving the great causes for which he stood.' To Compton-Rickett office was no more than a means to an end, not an end in itself, and least of all was that end personal advancement. I do not know that I ever met a man more truly humble-minded. As one of the Yorkshire coal-miners said of him, 'We might ha' been coal-owners by t' way Sir Joseph treated us.'

It is true that these men were his constituents, and one remembers that Mr. Labouchere, who at other times made no pretence to the smallest sympathy in the work of the churches, once spoke of his having come from opening a Primitive Methodist bazaar, adding cynically, 'To such things do we come when wooing a constituency,' or words to that effect. But Compton-Rickett's cordiality to the miners was for their own sake, not because they were constituents, to whom, on occasion, and when asked whether he would support some measure of which he did not approve, he could be bluntly outspoken. So at least I was assured by one of the miners themselves, among whom he was

vastly respected, even by those politically opposed. Failing one of their own class, there could not have been a more suitable representative of such a constituency. Go among the miners of Yorkshire or Lancashire to 'put on frills,' or thinking to instruct them in politics or other matters, and your reception will be of the surliest. Go among them simply, naturally, to talk straightly, as man to man, and you will find them as quick to respond, as kindly, and as ready of homely hospitality as any class in the kingdom. Joseph Compton-Rickett was a man after their own hearts, if only because he was always his natural self. He was quietly, never effusively, cordial and courteous to every one with whom he came in contact, whether a Great Personage or the humblest of his constituents; but, for some end of his own, deliberately to seek to ingratiate himself, or to lay himself out to please, was foreign to his nature.

That Sir Joseph was not always understood I was recently reminded by a letter—not from a mediocrity, but from a man of high attainments whose own name and writings are well known—asking whether I did not find Compton-Rickett 'dull'? On the contrary, I found his conversation singularly suggestive and stimulating, for he was abreast with modern thought, and on scientific and metaphysical, even on psychic, subjects, was not only exceptionally well informed, but often had new and illuminating theories of his own. Of anecdote he had an inexhaustible store, and so keen was his sense of humour that, in reading the letter of which I have spoken, I took for 'droll' the word which, when reading on, and looking again, I found to be 'dull.' Dull he never was; droll often. In an anecdote of his about Ian Maclaren I need hardly say that no irreverence was intended—for irreverence lies mainly in intention—either on Ian Maclaren's part, or on Sir Joseph's in repeating the story. The latter did, in fact, preface it by remarking that, so compelling was Ian Maclaren's sense of humour, that humorous suggestions occurred to him even concerning

serious subjects. Here is the anecdote as Sir Joseph told it:

'"Enoch walked with God," said Ian Maclaren meditatively. "A great and holy man was Enoch, beyond a doubt." Then, with a twinkle in his eye, he went on, "But I find myself wondering sometimes whether there was a Mrs. Enoch, and, if so, what like she was. I have known good women before now, the wives of saintly men, who grudged the time their husbands gave to others and to their devotions. Enoch walked with God. Yes, as I say, a great and good man was Enoch. But I would like to know Mrs. Enoch's views of her husband, missing his company perhaps now and then, and whether she ever fashed herself about being a wee bit neglectit."'

If Joseph Compton-Rickett, so far from being 'dull,' was the best of good company, he not seldom held back more than he gave. He had, as it were, reserves of friendship in hand. Thus some one known to me went to see him in a crisis in that somebody's life—to receive generous and unexpected help in practical form. One's first impression was that here was solid worth of the shy and silent man order—until he began to talk. Some shyness there may still have been, but once he felt his way—for, like most shrewd judges of character, he was cautious in making advances towards a new friendship—he talked frankly and freely as well as informingly. Yet with all his frankness, and with nothing to conceal, in general conversation he kept well within the barriers (though not all present so suspected) of a certain reserve. 'What I like about Compton-Rickett,' said some one whose host Sir Joseph had been, 'is that he is open as sunlight. One can read him, even on a first meeting—and I have known him for thirty years—like a book.'

Possibly 'one,' in the numerical not in the impersonal sense, and that one his wife, might so 'read' him. That his eldest son, the editor of this model of a memoir—for Dr. Arthur Compton-Rickett writes of his father not only with

deep filial reverence and love, but also with something of the remarkable judicial detachment, so manifest in Mr. Edmund Gosse's great work, *Father and Son*—could so read his father's mind is equally likely. By his own family and by a few intimate friends the inner working of Sir Joseph's somewhat complex personality was, I doubt not, well understood. But that any one, still less the good man whose words I have quoted, could 'read him like a book' I very much question, for I repeat that Sir Joseph was by nature reserved. Few of our fellows are more on their guard and more observant than those of whom everybody speaks as frankly ingenuous. Just as, to use a homely illustration, all eyes are centred on the figure of Punch in the puppet show, while the man inside the canvas keeps, through a chink in the curtain, a wary eye on the onlookers, to sum up their contributory value when the hat goes round, and to decide whether to close down or to carry on, so some men put up a puppet figure to talk and to hold attention, while they themselves are resting or observing behind the screened-off recesses of personality.

There is no cunning, no intent to take others unaware, in this. It means no more than that, were men who hold a position which they owe more or less to public favour, to appear to burke discussion, umbrage would be taken. But, were they to throw themselves unreservedly into every discussion, the energy needed for their work would be gone. So, as I say, they put up a puppet self to talk for them, often to do little more than to repeat certain stock and convenient formulas, while they themselves, as the slang phrase goes, 'lie doggo' below. In course of years this becomes a habit, in private as well as in public life; but, talking sometimes with Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, one knew by the sudden kindling of the soft dark eyes that the poet side, the political side, the religious side, or the human side of the real man was watchfully awake and listening intently to what was said.

In the pulpit, a gravely dignified presence, he revealed

another aspect of his many-sided personality. In quiet, considered, measured tones, the effect of which was much more eloquent than rhetoric, and as if he were gently thinking aloud—preaching to himself,' he described it to me—he threw such new light on questions of life and death, on belief and on conduct, that I, for one, listened and looked up to him as to a father in God, if unordained as a minister. But if in the pulpit he stood to me in the relationship in which a commanding officer stands to his subaltern, and so as my spiritual superior officer, out of the pulpit he gave one such sense of brotherly ease and comradeship as I have felt in the company of few men who were my seniors. Other guests were present during the first part of the last evening I spent with him—all, like myself, his juniors in years, and in other respects—but to me he seemed the youngest, as well as the life of the party. But when the time came to part, and he and I were alone, his mood changed, and he was another and a different man. I do not know whether he had a perception that, in this life, we were not to meet again, but, for some reason—a man who, if not unemotional, was not given to manifesting emotion—he seemed not a little moved. Perhaps it was—I hope so—that he knew intuitively how deep was my regard for him. Perhaps it meant no more than that he remembered and was touched by the friendship between his eldest son, the writer of this memoir, and myself. Be that as it may, as, with his two hands clasping mine, he looked me intently in the eyes to say, 'God bless you, my friend!' the light of so rarely beautiful a spirit looked out of his own eyes, and so illumined his whole face, that I felt I was directly receiving a benediction from one who was, in the truest sense of the words, a man of God.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

IS A CREED NECESSARY OR DESIRABLE ?

THE 'weeping philosopher,' Heraclitus, would have found in the intellectual conditions of our day a conclusive proof of his doctrine that all things are in continual flux. His 'primordial element,' fire, has been at work on the complacent certainties of the age preceding ours, with the result that the minds of men are everywhere 'on the boil.' Opinions which were held as assured have been displaced. Things good and bad, worthy and valueless, permanent and passing, are mixed together. Even prejudice, that last refuge of the timid mind, is giving way under the fiery trials of our day, and men are found upholding tenets which, ten years ago, they would have pronounced anathema. Not till time has cooled down the seething mass of thought will it be possible to skim off and reject the floating alloys. A re-setting of faith is, as yet, difficult, if not impossible, for very many.

If this is true in matters political and economic, still more is it true in theology. The outcry against 'organized religion' is a phase of the restlessness which many of the younger generation feel under the pressure of moulds made by hands long dead. The conflict between life and theory, between actual experience and ancient dogma, tends to become an unreasoning struggle between Now and Then, between youth and age, and for the moment it seems as if the latter would be swept away, and all things, for better or worse, become new. Our fathers, who had with difficulty assimilated the doctrines of evolution, believed in ascending progress. Our children, disillusioned by war and savagery, think of the race as descending a spiral stairway whose head is broken in mid-air. Can one be surprised that so many in our day say with bitterness to the age just passed, 'Where is now *thy* God?'

Of all this ferment and change, the Conference of Modern Churchmen, held at Girton last year, is symptomatic. In effect its members said, 'How can statements about God and His relation to the world, made 1,500 years ago, adequately meet the needs of this time? Even the Psalmist who, beholding God's heaven, the moon and the stars which He had made, cried, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?" was more up to date than the framers of the creeds, who held that this is the world around which all the universe revolves, and for which it was created.' Yet, though Copernicus may appear to have reduced man to insignificance, modern thought has restored him to a place only a little lower than God. Whereas older theology said that there was a Fall, and that God had stooped to man in the Incarnation of His own Son, some modernists are saying that Jesus was the fairest flower of human nature, and that, given certain conditions, all men might be divine as He was. So why use such unintelligible phrases as 'begotten, not made,' 'of one substance with the Father,' 'very God of very God'?

Here, then, are theories held, at one and the same time, which in their logical issues posit both the littleness and the greatness of man, the far distance and the intimate nearness of God. The ultimate difference between what may, for convenience, be called the Nicene and the Modernist views is concentrated in their divergence of thought about Jesus Christ. In Him are we to see God, 'for us men and for our salvation' coming 'down from heaven,' or is there no need of such 'salvation,' because Jesus has shown men how to climb to God? Has sin made a gulf so great that only the grace of God—in the full Pauline sense—can bridge it, or will an evolutionary development of a *πανουργία* of nature, already there in germinal fact, bring man and God together? As for God Himself, was the last word said by the Jew who formulated the national Confession of the Shema—'Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is one God,' or

is there something of further truth in the Nicene and Trinitarian interpretation of the New Testament?

That questions like these are being raised causes no surprise to the student of the Church's growth. It is, on the other hand, matter for satisfaction that some of the leaders of thought are abandoning the uncompromising position of St. Vincent of Lerins, the author of that fatal test of orthodoxy—*Semper, ubique, et ab omnibus.* The attitude summed up in this dictum is the more dangerous when the standard of the universality of agreement is found only in the Church of the first six centuries. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty; and the protest of Girton is at least an indication of a desire that spiritual liberty should not be crushed by the weight of merely traditional expression.

But when all is said there remains a peril on the other side. We should be no better off if we escaped from the tradition of the elders, only to fall into a tradition of the young. That tradition is already forming, and is in many quarters accepted without question. The form it assumes is that whatever is new must be true, or, at least, truer than what is old. Hence arises the outcry against the historic creeds.

In considering the position, we find facing us, first, a question, and, second, a fact. The question is, Does belief matter? The relation between creed and conduct has often been discussed, but the question settles itself when that which is believed is a matter of vital interest. When one is walking in London, one's belief that the pavement is the only place of safety causes one to run across the traffic-line. If a man hears, and believes, that one of his investments is coming to grief, he sells out. If a man believes that God rewards for deeds—good or ill—done in the body, he will seek a way of peace with Him.

The answer to our question leads us to our fact, which is, that every man already has some sort of working creed, formulated or vague. Do what you will, you cannot escape believing in something or some one, even if your creed stops

at the first word of the apostolic symbol, 'I.' Professor Macalister, in his *Text-book of European Archaeology* says, 'It is now believed that just as there is no race of people, however low in the scale of civilization, without language or without social order, so there is no tribe or race, however low, without some form of religion. A completely religionless community does not exist, and probably never has existed.' It is not safe to argue from this that every individual has a religion. But we may say that every man believes something about God. Even the 'unbeliever' has his creed of negation.

If, then, one cannot escape from some sort of belief, should it be formulated, and expressed in definite terms? If the individual only were to be considered, the answer would be easy. But is the Church in the same position? That our Lord expected that His followers would form some kind of Christian society is evident from a careful study of the four Gospels. Some, indeed, argue that His eschatological outlook precluded any conception of what we mean by the Church. The fact of that outlook is not proved. To make our Lord a mistaken dreamer, who thought that the end of all things was to come within forty years of His death, is to destroy His authority at the root, and thus to render the foundation of the Church so shifting that creed or no creed matters nothing. There is evidence enough that He thought of His followers as forming a society, within the life of the world, which should bear a special relation to Himself, and through Him to God.

Such a society, if it reached down through years, and even centuries, could only preserve its relation to Christ on the basis of belief about Him. The belief would be, at first, acceptance of what was told by eye-witnesses. Then as the time-distance between the Lord and His followers increased, it would be necessary to enshrine in definite form the facts first received, for diverging individual beliefs would soon disintegrate any society.

There is a great deal to be said for the view that the

sources which underlie the first three Gospels embodied teaching which was intended for the use of catechumens—candidates for admission into the Christian society by baptism. If this were so, the Fourth Gospel would have a double object; first, to show the spiritual significance of the facts already taught, and second, to defend the faith of Christian men against the insidious attacks of pagan mysticism and philosophy. From this point of view it has been well said that this Gospel is itself a creed.

The teaching of the Gospels is founded upon certain facts about Jesus, the acceptance of which determined a man's belief about, and relation to, Him, and through Him to God. We find that these facts bear upon three subjects. First, they tell of the relation borne by our Lord to God as His Father. They go on to tell us something about Christ in His own personality. And finally they show Him in relation to man, as Mediator, Redeemer, and Bestower of the gifts of salvation. It was wholehearted acceptance of the implications of these facts about Christ, and about God in Him, that made a man a Christian.

Those who framed the historic creeds understood all this. They lived in days when, from one quarter or another, the integrity and purity of faith was threatened. On a matter so vital it was essential that the faith should not be vitiated by any admixture of fable cunningly devised, or of speculation that would place a wall of partition between Christ and God, or Christ and man. Hence when one was exhorted to believe in God, he went further than the theism of his day, for in Christ he learned to believe in God the Father. If he was asked to believe in the almightiness of God he must read that attribute in the light of Christ's redemption from sin—sin which arose from the divine bestowal of freedom for the human will, a freedom by which God set limits to His own power. And if he confessed that he believed in the resurrection of the body, he did so because Christ risen is the first-fruits of them that sleep. Considerations like these

show that the Girton modernists are right when they speak of the centrality of Christ.

The historic creeds, then, epitomize essential facts about Jesus, and present them as the basis of faith in Him. But this shows that faith is not primarily a matter for the intellect. 'Not many wise' were 'called' in those early days. The taunt of Celsus that Christianity was the religion of slaves was the glory and boast of the primitive Church. The basis of faith lay in experience. The facts were not simply history; they were a history that was re-enacted in each true believer. Of course, the intellect had its part to play in testing the validity of the facts, but it cannot be too strongly urged that into the test there entered the witness of a man's own heart. Paul spoke of 'my gospel,' received not from man, but by revelation from the living Lord. The 'things wrought in' him 'by Christ' went far to form and confirm his acceptance of Jesus as Lord. The same would apply, perhaps in a less degree, for the humblest of the early Christians, and to this day it remains true that each real believer in Jesus has materials in his own experience that might enable him to write a gospel for himself.

In passing, we may at this point deal with two criticisms which have been directed against all the creeds. In a gathering of thoughtful young people the remark was recently made that we certainly need a new creed, for the old ones say not a word about love. But if the formulas we accept are a product of past, and an expression of present, experience, surely the point is answered. It is only the fact of the living Christ that enables us to say, 'I believe in God the Father.' And we cannot really believe in Christ, and through Him in God, without love. If the creed is the joint product of intellect and experience, we might just as well feel obliged to say, 'I believe in mind' as 'I believe in love.'

The other criticism is implied in a proposal made at Girton that any new creed should be in the main ethical. In reply, we may pass over the fact that the accepted symbols affirm

belief in the forgiveness of sins. But it must be pointed out that if the new, or any other, creed is to be founded on historical and personal experience, that very fact implies that the will of the believer is brought into harmony with the known character of the God in whom he believes. The criticism is in reality only another form of the false antinomy between St. James's 'works' and St. Paul's 'faith.' In the order of thought, and probably in the order of life, a right belief in God precedes right conduct before Him, and the difficulty of reversing the order is shown by the failure of the Modernists to draw up any form of ethical creed that is satisfactory.

We may return now to the point from which the last paragraphs are a digression. The accepted creeds are founded on historic fact and verified by experience. The important question arises, Are they verified by present-day experience? Are they even intelligible to it? The earliest expressions of belief were very simple. The most familiar is in the Authorized Version of Acts viii. 36, 37, 'The eunuch said, Lo, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. . . . And Philip baptized him.' Although the best textual evidence is against the insertion of the eunuch's confession, there is no doubt that he spoke some such words, and that they embody a very early form of creed. But having said so much, any baptized person would be obliged to go farther. What light does the Sonship of Jesus shed on the nature of God? In what sense is He Son? Was He pre-existent? How was He incarnate? How does He redeem, and how does He defend, from sin? Here are questions which imply some definite decision about the Holy Trinity. The questions were bound to arise as the convert's faith in Christ met and clashed with the pagan conceptions of the world in which he lived.

In the first age of the Church, say down to the Council of

Nicaea (325 A.D.), it was found that these questions imperiously demanded settlement. It was of no avail to try to shelve them because they were difficult. By this time Christianity had long been established as a missionary and militant religion. It was now at grips with the organized force of pagan Rome. Persecution was a minor matter. Indeed, the Church prospered under its searching test. But the infiltration of non-Christian thought, such as Gnosticism, or the polytheism which lay at the heart of the teaching of Arius, was much to be dreaded. It was essential that thought should be clarified in definite statement. So, taking their stand on the facts of the New Testament, and keeping in view the redeeming purpose for which the Son of God had been manifested, the Councils evolved what is now our Nicene Creed. They used metaphysical terms, because they were engaged in conflict with a metaphysic which was anti-Christian. They could use no other language which would adequately meet the complex needs of their time.

But the point is that it was absolutely necessary that the faith of the Church should be defined. We may deplore the violence of the discussions of that age. Much of the spirit of the Councils was not of God. But in the main the vehemence of Athanasius and his helpers was the vehemence of men who saw what tremendous issues were at stake. They were like mighty smiths forging a trusty weapon, and it is the manner of smiths to make the sparks fly. When all is said, a formulated creed was vital to the continued existence of the Christian society.

The agitation in our day against the historic creeds is, *mutatis mutandis*, a reproduction of the agitation in the age of the Councils. Leaving aside the honest desire for intelligibility, and the equally honest desire that no man should be compelled to confess faith in what he conceives science declares impossible (e.g. the *resurrectio carnis*), we find ourselves face to face with a challenge against the true deity of our Lord. It is not for us to accuse this or that person as taking sides

with the challengers. But that the challenge is in the air no one can doubt. If the New Testament conception of Christ as being God and man in ideal unity is overthrown, we have no guarantee that God is approachable, no hope of salvation that rests on His interest in men. This is that for which these creeds stand.

Ours is an age of concession and compromise. It is good that a man should recognize that he has no monopoly of truth. The true learner will always be ready to accept correction. But it must be *correction*. He will never learn if he is so anxious to oblige that he will part with ascertained truth for the sake of peace. And there is no peace to the man who never comes down from the fence. The danger is that the Church should be so terrified by the challenge issued in the name of science, and especially of psychology, that she will give up what in her heart of hearts she believes is the ultimate truth. She holds that in the Incarnation, in the Cross, in the Resurrection of His Son, God has proved that He exercises liberty to intervene in the course of history for a redeeming purpose. She must not hand over the keys to any who would lock God out of His own universe.

The mission of the Church is to proclaim good news to a world that has lost its way—whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear. The good news is all summed up in Christ. About Him, and His relation to God and to humanity, she can be no other than dogmatic, for her 'facts' are verifiable by experience. In the flux of thought so characteristic of our time how can this true dogmatic assurance be maintained by other means than by some form or creed? The Spirit was given to guide us into truth, not into vacuity.

Some creed, then, is necessary, and, if necessary, desirable. It is not within the scope of this article to discuss its precise form. Most of the members of the Girton Conference agreed that they thought a revision of the present symbols was urgent. They did not agree on the way to accomplish that

revision. But let it be granted that the metaphysics of Nicaea and Chalcedon are unintelligible to most men now. Very well; let these creeds stand as monuments in the Church's history. The 'Apostles' Creed is, in origin, older than these. It is simpler, and reads like a confession of the faith of ordinary men. Moreover, its earliest form was probably intended to meet the danger with which Docetism threatened the teaching about the true humanity of our Lord. It is therefore more in line with the temper of our time than either of the later statements of faith. Some would ask for modifications here and there; but, even with secondary questions still at issue, can its present form be improved upon as a *propugnaculum fidei*—a defence and bulwark of the faith?

R. Winboult Harding.

POST-WAR ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.[1]

THE appalling poverty of the English child's vocabulary was what chiefly struck Matthew Arnold during the two years more than half his life given to school inspection (1851–1886). A much briefer experience of a less inquisitorial kind some years before Arnold's time had impressed in a more august quarter the same homely truth. Our national elementary schools received their first grant of public money in 1833. Six years later the sum thus paid was conditioned by the results of State examination. During the spring of 1839 the training of the Queen's youthful subjects began to be controlled by a Privy Council committee, with Lord Lansdowne as chairman. That body prescribed State inspection as a condition of the State grant, previously given without specific evidence of school efficiency. The Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, on February 18 in the year just mentioned, when explaining the new duties devolved on the President of the Council, emphasized Her Majesty's 'concern at the want of instruction among the poorer classes of her subjects, most unbefitting a civilized and Christian nation.'

The two essential objects of the Royal suggestion were the religious training of the rising generation and minute respect for the rights of conscience. To the memory of a distinguished man and the honour of a learned and beneficent profession, it is due to mention that outside the Court circle the initiative for reform had been taken by Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, a thoughtful and accomplished medical man whose professional experience of our great local capitals

[1] *The Teaching of English in England* (London: His Majesty's Stationery Office); *Studies in Literature and History*, by Sir Alfred C. Lyall (London: John Murray); *The Slang Dictionary* (London: Chatto & Windus); *Les Origines de la Guerre*, par Raymond Poincaré (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.).

had shown him the deplorable ignorance in which the poorer classes from their birth grew up. Numerous and searching were the conferences held by the sovereign's responsible advisers with this shrewd, sagacious, widely experienced representative of his profession. He had scarcely begun medical practice when he perceived that the training and strengthening of the mind were as necessary to the popular welfare as care for the body. One after another the great cities of the Queen's dominions illustrated and confirmed that view, as well as suggested to him the outlines of a scheme in whose details, at first with no great hope of success, he laboured to interest the governments of his day. Meanwhile, there were in progress events destined to provide Kay-Shuttleworth with an unexpectedly valuable executant and ally. Lord Lansdowne, a sympathetic observer if not a personal intimate of Thomas Arnold, had in 1847 chosen his eldest son for his private secretary. The President of the Council possessed in a high degree the faculty of personal discernment pre-eminently characteristic of English statesmen. He saw in the young man of twenty-five just attached to his person the combined qualities of training, of social, intellectual interests, and elastic sympathy pre-eminently qualified to promote the enterprise which his personal chief not less than his sovereign had at heart. Thus it was that Matthew Arnold first took his place in 1851 among an early batch of Her Majesty's school inspectors. That useful and distinguished career need not be retraced here. Its best influences were not confined to the national objects of its official supervision; they crossed the Atlantic and made themselves felt quite as powerfully in the United States as in the old country. Indeed, as writer and thinker, the Rugby head master's eldest son became, as was the case with Thomas Carlyle, a literary favourite and intellectual force in the United States before being appreciated in these capacities on his own side of the Atlantic.

Modern English prose has been under no continental

influences more powerful than those of Paul Louis Courier and Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. The former of these found the most gifted and faithful of his disciples on our side of the Channel in one among the chief masters of mid-nineteenth century journalism, Albany Fonblanque; while the French vein thus introduced to the Press of this country showed itself with more power in no subsequent writer for the Press than in James Macdonell, who passed from the *Scotsman*, when edited by Russel, to the *Daily Telegraph*. Here he gathered entirely fresh experience under Thornton Hunt and the present Lord Burnham's grandfather and father, before his migration to *The Times*.

Ten years separated the journalistic work of Courier from that of the greatest among his successors, Emile de Girardin. That nineteenth-century father of the French Press had for his contemporary, and in the department of pure literature his co-equal, the greatest master of modern French criticism, Sainte-Beuve, whose disciple, and to Anglo-Saxon letters interpreter, by a series of opportune coincidences Matthew Arnold became. Among the early nineteenth-century travellers, after the playgrounds of Europe had been opened by the close of the Napoleonic Wars, none were more indefatigable or ubiquitously observant than the head master of Rugby and the future Dean of St. Paul's. The lay nomad of that period, known to our Foreign Office and the sovereign's representatives abroad as the T. G. (travelling gentleman), drew up in the old grand style at the Embassy, whose guest he became. His carriage, designed primarily for light and quick movement, was always freighted with more or less precious gifts not only for his host but every member of the household. Even Arnold or Milman travelled in scarcely less state, taking with them their entire families, with all juvenile as well as adult belongings. These were packed into a conveyance chosen less for celerity than for ease of movement. It was in a caravan of this description that, as a comparatively new boy at Rugby, Lord Lansdowne's future private secretary

made his earliest observations of French scenery, language, and character (August, 1827). That, however, did not form Matthew Arnold's first acquaintance with continental life and literature. It would have been contrary to his father's idea of the fitness of things that his eldest son should have come under any variety of Gallic influence before a preliminary discipline in German thought, language, and history. Matthew Arnold had indeed not completed his sixth year before making in the same family carriage his acquaintance with the country ever regarded by his sire as an intellectual Fatherland. The first occasion, therefore, for the family coach being requisitioned for a tour beyond seas had been in 1828. This trip was destined to stand in close relationship to the literary life and work of Dr. Arnold's eldest son; for one of its incidents suggested to him at least the name of the rugged, angular, disputative Teuton who figures so prominently in the writings which followed the *Essays on Criticism*.

On June 9, 1828, the Arnold caravan, taking on the way the scene of what Thomas Arnold ever used to call one of the world's two most important battles, reached Cologne. Its only or chief stoppage on the way had been at the town of Detmold, in the province of Lippe. Here the travellers were close to, if not immediately at, the scene of the German destruction in the Teutobergian forest of the Roman legions, which in Arnold's words 'confined Italian civilization to the western side of the Rhine, and preserved the Teutonic nation, as the regenerating element in modern Europe, safe and free.' The champion of that influence in the first decade of our era bore the name, originally heard by Matthew Arnold from his father, which he was to bestow on his own primitive Fatherland, apostle of 'sweetness and light.' The intellectual memories or associations of earliest youth are often linked with details of personal endearment, transmuting them years afterwards into creative influences of heart or mind.

At any rate, apropos of these early tours, in one of his

rare autobiographic moods Matthew Arnold once said to the present writer, 'I left England an islander and schoolboy. I came back to it, to use your own word, a cosmopolitan.' Arnold died in 1888, a little more, that is, than a quarter of a century in advance of the War. A now forgotten and long out of print little magazine piece by him entitled 'Floreat Etona' forms a stirring tribute to the great qualities of our public school youth in a tight place. To what extent would he have recast his opinions concerning German culture, sweetness, and light had he survived even to the earlier portion of the great struggle? What, also, would he have thought of the social, political, intellectual ground-swell which has followed those world-wide convulsions, still, as it almost does, sweeping the nations off their feet? Addison, in his poem 'The Campaign,' has lightly touched the social humours and fashions brought back to England by the soldiers who had fought in Marlborough's wars. Those armies that had 'sworn terribly in Flanders' had brought back some of their strange oaths and droll, broken French to England. Any record of those experiences was delayed usually till they had become dim recollections even to the memoir-writers who had collected them first-hand. Those were the authors who at once furnished information so valuable to the historians of their time that the popular interest in contemporary fiction experienced a temporary but, while it lasted, almost a total eclipse. While these lines are being written, the official record of the twentieth-century war is announced as having made such progress that its first volume may shortly appear. Pending its actual publication, national, cosmopolitan, or rather world-wide and perennial interest attaches to all that concerns this colossal feat in English letters. It is therefore worth while to recall from the official statements on the subject that the great work began on February 17, 1916, that up to the end of last March £11,000 had been expended on it, that the annual cost of the various staffs, with their accommodation, had

been about £2,200, £1,500 of this sum being rent for the premises where the work went on, and its materials for store.

English literature probably contains only one precedent for an enterprise conducted and completed on such a scale, as well as giving continuous employment to so many varieties of workers. Samuel Johnson's Dictionary was the work of seven years (1747–1754). During that time the methods pursued for conducting and completing the work were not less strenuous and incessant than those adopted during the six years already occupied by the official record of the 'greatest of all wars.' To recall other literary enterprises on something like the same scale as that for which England and the world are now waiting, Alison's monumental work, of which the French Revolution only forms an incident, was described by Disraeli in his first great novel as 'Mr. Wordy's history of the late war in twenty volumes, showing clearly that Providence was on the side of the Tories.' That serviceable and enduring record of a momentous period occupied sixteen years. Alison's contemporary, Sir William Napier, took twelve years for his record of the Peninsular campaigns. Thomas Carlyle toiled and moiled in 'the dark valley,' as he called it, 'of Frederick,' for seven long winters and as many summers before his pen completed its counterfeit presentment of the Hohenzollern whose fraud and violence deluged the world with the blood of the Seven Years' War. The most fastidious and minute of nineteenth-century stylists in English letters, A. W. Kinglake, was more than once on the point of giving up as a bad job the Inkermann volume of his Crimean history. During some years before its appearance, the private friends who asked him about its progress always received the same answer: 'Oh, that is a question which of all persons in the world I am the least fit to answer!' The entire work, begun as it was in 1863, occupied him only twelve months less than a quarter of a century. Its completion even within that liberal limit

of time surprised rather than relieved its octogenarian author, who, the longer he lived, wrote, not indeed with less ease or mastery, but with a fastidious self-dissatisfaction increasing to the last, and finding its justification in the nervous dread of the otiose or commonplace for which to the close of his life he thanked his old Eton head master, the terrific Keate, whose word-portrait he himself left behind, with 'the red, shaggy eyebrows, so prominent that their owner habitually used them as arms for directing attention to any particular object; the fancy dress partly resembling the costume of Napoleon and partly that of a widow-woman; little more, if more at all, than five feet in height, but with the concentration into this space of the pluck of ten battalions.' It is as well that twentieth-century war historians are less vigorous masters of 'the greatest art, the art to Blot,' than he who related the invasion of the Crimea; for in that case time, if not paper and ink, would have failed not only the official compilers now making such good progress with their task, but the various self-appointed chroniclers of various nationalities from whom the world has already profited.

Lord Morley of Blackburn graphically describes the bewildering confusion of international affairs, personal and political rivalries, during the period of the Seven Years' War. The most lucid and instructive of the works whose titles are given on an earlier page is that of the former President of the French Republic, now its Prime Minister, M. Raymond Poincaré. The masterly thoroughness of his treatment and the minute exhaustiveness of his retrospects cannot, however, but recall the standing perplexities and the bewildering permutations of personal interest or rivalry, political and national partisanship that crowded, obscured, redistributed at short intervals the sympathies, in the council as in the battle-field, that make the period 1756–1763 the most difficult to follow in early Georgian record. The chief and quite the latest revelation made by the French

statesman is the uncertainty during at least the decade preceding the war as to the intentions and sympathies of the most important among the subsidiary combatants; especially whether Austria and Prussia, instead of being allies, might not find themselves in opposite camps. Thus in 1878 Russia's complaint of German bad faith raised issues, some of them personal to Austria, which went near to identifying her diplomacy with that not at Berlin but Paris. The social sympathy of the Austrian with the French capital, and the resemblance in popular taste and temper between the two, went very near more than once to identifying the two nations in the battlefield, as well as in the council-chamber, and in the feelings with which they looked forward to the coming struggle.

Impartial and accurate observers visiting at the outset of the war the capitals both on the Danube and the Seine were struck by the multiplication of British shops like the well-known ' Old England ' drapery establishment, whose familiar superscription has seemed a touch of home in a strange land to whole generations of British trippers on the Parisian boulevards. Everyday agencies of this sort did something towards preparing on both sides of the Channel the popular mind for the Anglo-French Entente Cordiale, shortly afterwards (April 8, 1904) developed into the Anglo-French Agreement. This was the more internationally welcome because it so soon followed the strain to which the Fashoda incident had subjected the relations between the two countries. It was the last Anglo-French transaction of the Victorian age, was personally promoted by the Queen herself as well as by the then Prince of Wales, and by the then French Ambassador to London, Monsieur Paul Cambon, who during his stay at Albert Gate did much to commend himself and his colleagues at home to the British sovereign and her successor.

The period now recalled was the second in modern history to witness one of those little Anglophil outbreaks periodically illustrating the disposition of our nearest continental

neighbour to the flattery of imitation. The first Lord Lytton during his short but repeated Paris sojourns set his son, the Ambassador, the example of collecting the British colloquialisms which within his own experience had found their way into the polite Gallic vernacular. Thus he lived long enough to witness the naturalization on the Seine of the afternoon refection just popularized on the Thames, and himself to hear fashionable Gauls of both sexes asking each other to 'five-o'clock' with them. So, too, 'footing' (=walking), 'knock-out,' 'upper-cut,' have all become naturalized, and among other English words which have crept into the language are 'tea-gown,' 'jersey,' 'steamer,' and 'stick.' The earliest record of an international compliment at all like this dates from the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts. Under both those reigns quite a foreign vocabulary was brought back to their native land by British soldiers who had served in the Low Countries, and sailors recently returned from the Spanish Main (*The Slang Dictionary*, p. 21). These, long after regaining their native shores, gave their casual talk a panglot garnish which, it may be gathered from the slang lexicographer, included a transformation of the Dutch *buysen* into the British *booze*, however familiar at a much earlier date the reality thus indicated may have been on these shores. About the same time the Spanish monosyllable *don* first came into English use as a synonym for superiority, physical or intellectual, though its academic associations do not seem to have been acquired till long afterwards.

During as well as since the Elizabethan age, linguistic innovations have coincided with or closely followed in the wake of our national wars beyond seas. Those associated with the first of our great Queens recall also the connexion of pipe with sword. Whether Hawkins, Drake, or Raleigh may have first brought tobacco across the Atlantic, there seems no doubt that the earliest long clay smoked in London was at a military house of call, the Bull Inn, Islington, the

primitive predecessor of the martial St. James's coffee-house, itself the germ of the Army and Navy Club in the contiguous square. The life pen-and-ink pictures of that resort given by the most vivacious war-novelist of his time, Hawley Smart, served a little historic purpose of their own in their war-phrases spicing the social small-talk of their period. Anglo-Indian operations in war or peace introduced into social and Parliamentary talk during the nineteenth century's first half many new phrases, among them Disraeli's pungent felicity, '"looting" the Treasury.' Our South African operations of less ancient history incidentally illustrated the adaptability of the Dark Continent's war-words and phrases to the peaceful experiences of home-life. A famous statesman of the period with a turn for fantastic paradox facetiously deplored the closure of his favourite club against him because the bishops '"commandeered" his umbrellas,' and more than one parent who had paid a flying visit to his son at school found himself 'requisitioned' for some coin of the realm, from the now extinct half-sovereign to the half-crown.

The periodical literature of our own day has enshrined for posterity certain verbal memorials 'of the greatest war of all time.' The 'contemptibles' of Lord French were crowned with a new honour when the Imperial recluse of Doorn applied to them the most unfortunate of all possible epithets. A French author, M. François Déchelette, showed more felicity of title and comment when recalling, in his *L'Argot des Poilus* (Paris, 1918), 'Marie-Louise' as the popular synonym for the earliest recruits raised by France against the common enemy; that description was first applied to the conscripts raised under the seal of Marie-Louise in 1814 when acting as her husband's regent. Other instances of the same kind were collected by a writer in the *National Review* (November, 1917), who also reminded his readers that our last continental conflict coincided with the western vogue secured by

'Blighty' (*bilati*) as a synonym for the old country, and 'getting a packet' as an *alias* for being disabled by wounds. Among the war's verbal survivals those in frequent evidence are such substitutes for 'being scared' as 'having the wind up' or 'cold feet.' The chief if not the only addition to their daily speech revived rather than created for war uses was a word about which, whether in its verbal or other forms, no trustworthy account seems so far to have been given. During the war the French secured currency for their *camouflage*. The word itself, however, seems long before that to have had a place in theatrical and schoolboy slang, as well as in the argot of the thieves' quarter. Etymologists more profound go a little farther, and have discovered that *camoufler* came original y from the Italian into French. Neither the Peninsular nor the Crimean campaign left any particular mark upon club and drawing-room vernacular, and in each case for much the same reason. The argot both of officers and men about the Sebastopol trenches was nearly what it had been forty years earlier in the Torres Vedras lines, and the snatches of popular melody at Alma or Inkermann bore a close family likeness to those heard by Thomas Hood's Bob Battle when about the same time that 'soldier bold' left both his legs 'in Badajoz's breaches.' The rhymes most in vogue during the twentieth-century conflict differed from those of any preceding wartime in frequently being not only the delight but the composition of Thomas Atkins himself. Nothing distinguishes more impressively the fighter of the rank and file of to-day than the spirit, force, and freshness with which his unpretentious but singularly effective lines have commemorated his comrades' deeds. This is the more noticeable from the contrast of these compositions as regards expression and temper to some of the language encountered by him in more pretentious battle-bards of his era, and heard by him, but not always understood or appreciated, since returning to his native shores. A. W. Kinglake, whose monumental work contains

little, so far as may be, that did not come under his own eye or ear, has said something about the mystery of the soldier's nature as discerning and applicable to twentieth-century experiences as if it had a place in some recital of events preceding November 11, 1918. Rudyard Kipling's strains entitle him to a literary place immediately after that of Tyrtæus. Kinglake showed himself a prophet as well as historian when he contrasted the private soldier as imagined in the popular view with the reality which he himself had witnessed, and to which many others could testify. The touching beauty of the soldier's letters from the seat of war impressed Kinglake as only matched by the 'sentiment of noble courtesy and gratitude, when sick or wounded in hospital, towards the high-bred gentlewoman who deigned to be his kind nurse. Such feelings allied themselves dimly with at least a pious tone of thought and speech, even though it sprang from no settled doctrine but from the worship of the gracious lady beside him' (*The Invasion of the Crimea*, Vol. VII., Appendix, p. 481). The nineteenth-century stylist now recalled would have had nothing but praise for the simple, idiomatic English of the private soldier's home-letters already referred to, whetting the popular appetite for the official record of the campaigns about which some particulars have been already given. Kinglake might not have found so much matter of congratulation in the condition of his native tongue awaiting the warrior's reappearance in the social haunts affected by him to-day. There, too, it might almost seem Matthew Arnold's 'Arminius,' brought to life again, had cast some of his cynical glances and burst into one of his disagreeable laughs. Never before in newspaper writing was there so much terse, vigorous, unaffected English, such an avoidance of pretentious, esoteric phrasing, and such fidelity to simple, unaffected Anglo-Saxon vocabulary, as at the present time. Whence, then, the affectations of vocabulary, the appalling use of pedantic epithets, artificial comparisons, and false metaphors? Where

but, as the answer must surely be, not in the literary but in the purely commercial columns, not of the daily but the weekly Press, especially that of the provincial centres, chiefly in the home counties, where the highfalutin of our grandparents' time finds its last and only refuge.

The twentieth-century vernacular of the pavement has grown out of, and is inspired by, the euphuism conveying the praises of Pomphrey, 'the specialist in pork,' or the 'world-famous' makers of an entirely new marmalade patronized by all the crowned heads of Europe; and so on, and so on. After all, it really is not quite a laughing matter. The mischief thrives by what it feeds upon, and grows into a jargon as vicious as it is universal, polluting from its very popularity those of every age to whom street-talk is the only school of conversational English, and the lesson inculcated by that seminary is the universal use of the adverb 'absolutely.' Hence, too, the condescending willingness below-stairs shaping itself in words to execute a household request if the necessary 'initiative' is given. Nothing could be of greater promise for the conversational need of the time, or more consonant with the advice and retrospect of the little blue-book already mentioned, than a movement largely indebted for its existence and organization to a former Lord Chancellor, as well as before that the best Secretary of State for War with whom King Edward VII, in his own words, had to do. English as she is, and as she ought to be, spoke, will be a special feature in the British Institute of Adult Education under Lord Haldane's presidency. Its programme includes practical training in the grammar and diction of their native tongue for those who have left school too early to bring with them into their daily work an understanding of the parts of speech correctly and intelligibly conveying the thoughts of everyday life.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE GOSPEL WITH WINGS[1]

THE Seven Wise Men of Gotham are said to have built a hedge round the cuckoo, that they might have spring all the year. Does not Christianity as popularly expounded often do very much the same thing? But forms and institutions will not and cannot confine within any ring fence the young and the new and the true. Ideas, as Plato said, have wings, and refuse to recognize limitations. They move, they expand, they fly perpetually, like the cuckoo, because they are in their nature boundless. Ideas are infinities. It would be monstrous, indeed blasphemous, to suppose that God could be circumscribed by any church or the most magnificent cathedral. He may be peculiarly honoured there, and peculiarly present there, if consecration possesses a meaning, but no more. Thank heaven, we can neither shut Him in nor shut Him out. Cowper knew this well, and gave expression to the thought in one of his best hymns.

> For Thou, within no walls confin'd,
> Inhabitest the humble mind.

The only way in which to domicile and domesticate the

[1] We have lost a much valued contributor by the death of the Rev. F. W. Orde Ward at Eastbourne, last March, in his seventy-ninth year. His gifts as poet and religious essayist were widely recognized, and after his death his family received a letter addressed to him by a working man at Newcastle, who felt that his article on 'The Sweet Unreasonableness of Christianity' in our number for July, 1921, had solved all his difficulties. He strengthened faith and courage in many hearts. He wished this article to appear after his death. He added to it this list of his 'constructive work': 'The World's Failure the World's Foundation,' Oct., 1918; 'The Coming Christocracy,' July, 1914; 'The Kingdom of God,' July, 1915; 'The Fallacy of Resistance,' Jan., 1916; 'The Christ Quest,' Oct., 1916; 'The Judgement of the Cross,' Feb., 1918 (in this REVIEW); 'The Great Retrieval,' *Homiletic Review*, Feb., 1918; 'The Suffering God,' *Churchman*, Jan., 1918.

cuckoo or the young fresh creation is to throw open wide all our doors and windows, to give it space in which to work and spread and a healthy atmosphere in which to breathe and grow. The new idea has no idea to be absolutely new, but it must be at any rate a new form, a revised rendering of the earliest phase or fancy. Imitation has been styled the sincerest form of flattery, but plagiarism, as all know to their cost who have published books, is more sincere and more affectionate. Even when it realizes its mistake, or admits it, as it rarely does, it seems a poor excuse to exclaim '*Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerint.*' Shakespeare, of course, was a mighty and successful thief, and he certainly improved immensely on his materials. He turned pebbles into precious stones and dazzling jewels; he transfigured and transubstantiated them, and gave them immortality. Boccaccio, no doubt, has supplied plots for thousands of plays and stories, and he could afford it out of his wonderful wealth. He was one of the immortals himself.

Serene creators of immortal things.

But the originators on a humbler scale and a lower level must feel somewhat aggrieved and embittered when they find their new dynamic ideas, their scanty stock of gems, ransacked and often misrepresented or misunderstood by the honest literary burglar. But the principle of honour, that should be a sufficient safeguard, evidently provides no security against a man destitute of the most rudimentary conscience.

The beginning of what we would venture to call the *Reformatio Evangelica* was in the *Hibbert Journal*, under the title of 'The Lord is a Man of War,' a felicitous title due to the gifted editor. From this preliminary essay followed a little book called *The Keeper of the Keys*. In these prolegomena were laid the foundations of an attempt at constructive theology, or a consideration of the grand cosmic hendiadys. The unit of consciousness was restated as 'subject *contra*

object' instead of the precious 'subject *plus* object.' The writer showed that the opposition of such an antithesis, as for instance Catholic and Protestant and many more, was transcended and explained in a higher unifying synthesis. We are all, whether we know it or not, whether we like it or not, both Catholics and Protestants, Whigs and Tories, Liberals and Conservatives, believers in authority and tradition and disbelievers, and so on in all antitheses. This view seemed to necessitate the psychological interpretation of 'Progress by Antagonism,' along the lines of most and not least resistance. Nothing could be obtained worth having that was not thought for, sought for, wrought for, fought for. And nothing cost nothing. But beneath the principle of universal competition lay the opposite and completing principle of universal co-operation. Psychology and science, history and personal experience, demonstrated these facts *sine ulla controversia*, in 'confirmation strong as Holy Writ.' The fundamental law of polarity and the action of electricity add accumulated and overwhelming testimony in their favour. The facts are matter of common observation, and any one who chooses can verify them by the ordinary criteria. Only ignorance or the refusal to examine such patent phenomena presented everywhere by the records of religion, and even of science, stands aside and is blind. *Ignorantia docta* or *ignorantia docens* does not count at the last audit. Induction cannot wait for its arousing from sleep—sometimes it looks like the drunken sleep of senile *otium sine dignitate. Edormi crapulam atque exhala!* Like the great forerunners of advancement, like Roger and Francis Bacon, we must go on multiplying instances of 'progress by antagonism.' The old Duke of Argyll, the philosopher and scientist and statesman, though he never quite grasped the principle, paid homage to the dynamics of resistance when he prophesied many years ago that the air would only be conquered by bodies heavier and not lighter than the air. Napoleon expressed his fervent belief

in the power of resistance when he uttered his famous epigram, '*Il n'y a point d'appui que sur ce qui résiste.*' Paradox, or apparent paradox, seems to govern all the worlds of physics and metaphysics, of thought and theology. Leonardo da Vinci knew this, and Bruno philosophized about this, and no really great seers or sages were ever persuaded otherwise, from the very earliest Chinese speculators. Unstable equilibrium, as Herbert Spencer saw clearly, means life, and unstable equilibrium death.

Accordingly, we find, at the very heart of religion, abundant corroboration of this elementary and universal law. The passionate paradox of our dear Lord's life and death, Christ the world's failure and the world's foundation, is a sufficient proof. Contrariety, what looks like mere, sheer, clear contradiction, should never discourage us in our researches for a scintilla of reason. Love and faith and patience, closer and deeper scrutiny, in time reveal a solution of every problem. And the greatest crux of all still remains the *Crux Christi*, and that we shall ever fathom all the depths of this divine and unplumbed mystery seems impossible. But there is no reasonableness like the sweet *un*reasonableness of Christianity, with its suffering God, its crucified Redeemer, its defeated conqueror, its victorious victim, its eternal incarnation, its everlasting atonement and dying, its vicarious sacrifice of innocence and purity. We may, we do resent the Cross we find established, but we cannot revolutionize it, and it is the height of insanity to resist it. Our very limited eyes can only see light waves of a certain length, and are unable to see the ultra-violet and infra-red rays, but these are known to exist, and the nocturnal creatures undoubtedly perceive the latter. And they remain facts. No scientific proposition looks more certain than that every cell must have a like predecessor, and no hallucination is more easily demonstrable than that of spontaneous generation. And yet, in the far distant geological periods, the aboriginal cells must have been born without parents—

at least, according to the excellent authority of Gustave Le Bon. And that is what the Master was always trying to inculcate on His disciples—the universality of paradox, with its continuity and discontinuity, the *subita conversio* for ever breaking on its opposite. When He made any statement He proceeded afterwards not merely to qualify it, but to contradict it, without a withdrawal of the previous antithesis. This any one can prove for himself by seeking out the elemental utterances of Christ, and endeavouring to harmonize the rival and even repugnant declarations. They invariably only agree to disagree. Consistency was never a part of Christ's teaching. He announced His revelations, but not as a rule for a moment did He attempt to explain them. He knew the results would work themselves out satisfactorily and successfully in the long run, in the end. He did not endeavour to probe, like Paley and the palaeontological divines. He gave the world a fluid and not a fixed gospel, a gospel that would in the future development gradually accommodate itself to the time and place and individual, in answer to the requirements of each. Even the most certain and solid of His proclamations turn out at last to be no more stable than matter, which science knows to be in a state of perpetual motion, whether gases or liquids or rocks. The separation between these is really very slight—πάντα ῥεῖ. A more beautifully inconsistent teacher never lived than our Lord, but nevertheless He delivered to us such finalities, such ultimates, as mortal man could not by any process of prevision anticipate. At the centre of reality He rose above the ordinary restrictions and had no room for mere temporary definitions and dogmatisms. He spoke for eternity in a spacious language of His own. His dogmatism was undogmatism, though, on the other hand, He said with equal truth, 'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but My word shall not pass away.' There was a compelling power in His catholic statements which appealed to every soul, whether Jew or Gentile, Greek

or Roman, bond or free. His parish was and is the world. He made Himself the rallying centre that could and would and did embrace all differences and distinctions, cultured barbarism, in spite of class and creed. He took the heart of man as His divine laboratory, and wrote there the experiments of His experiences. It was all so wonderfully spiritual, and yet so intensely and immensely human, so matter of fact, so commonplace and common-sensible, and still sublimely idealistic—therefore His *littera scripta manet*, because the letters were of fire and burnt into the very life. The poor Mohammedans have got hold of the stick by the wrong end. They are stumbled by the humanity of our Lord, and so at present Christianity has not captured Islam, as it assuredly captures in different degrees all ranks and races. Its enthusiasm, its altruisms, awaken in other religions a response which soon becomes a consuming, conquering fire.

The penetrating energy of the Christian paradox, its unexpectedness, its glorious inconsistencies, find an answering echo in all human hearts. There is the *testimonium animae naturaliter Christianae*. And the gospel, with all its inconsistencies and even glaring contradictions, finds itself at home in every mind. The weakness of Buddhism lies in the fact that it has no antitheses ; it is far too logical. *Homo est ens irrationale*. Buddhism approaches us as a morality rather than a religion, while Brahmanism appears to be more of a religion than a morality. This last principle in popular Hindu primers, if we may believe the stories of missionaries, actually praise and glorify the most squalid vices, such as cheating and stealing. Buddhism is too much of a philosophy, a system. Its veins run with cold-blooded wisdom and not with burning fire. And the human mind is naturally Christian, but not metaphysical. As the Shekinah was believed, or maintained, by the rabbis to have been brought to earth by the merits of seven righteous men, of whom Abraham was the chief, so might Buddhism have been. It became a matter of merit, of works of supereroga-

tion. But so long as man admires himself, flatters himself, praises himself, he cannot lay hold of the one religion. Buddhism in its morality bears a striking resemblance to Christianity, especially in St. John's Gospel. But when we turn from its ethical side to the speculative side they part company at once. The extinction of all desire, instead of its conquest and transformation, seems such a monstrous negativity, and it replaces with better truth nothing that it displaces; while, on the other hand, Christianity is splendidly positive and exquisitely practical, at once human and preterhuman, with the addition of that infinite '*Plus*' that makes all the difference in the world and supplies a dynamic which in Buddhism is conspicuously wanting. The one preaches 'Thou shalt not,' and the other 'Thou shalt.' And a prohibitive creed stands self-condemned to a hopeless sterility. This has a message, no doubt, for multitudes, but it only hypnotizes them, paralyses them, like drugs or anodynes, which stupefy the nerves and kill the pain for a time without curing it. As a palliative, as an anaesthetic, it will always hold its own, and claim its votaries or victims, but it cannot really or permanently benefit mankind, or increase the world's happiness, or add anything to the stock of spiritual knowledge. As a rule it makes its conquests among Orientals, and not among Occidentals, rather on account of what it is not than because of what it is. It has usually been classified as one of the great religions, and Dr. Paul Carus, in his fascinating book, has said all that can be said in its favour, but from our point of view it operates, not as a religion at all, but as a makeshift for religion, an apology for the true thing. The doctrine of Karma, so overwhelmingly conclusive, and at the same time so irresistibly inconclusive, has certainly scientific pretensions, but it conveys no comfort, it possesses no lovely surprises, no captivating paralogisms. It has no shocks, no arresting impacts, that convince the more the more they confound. Its plausibility grows monotonous. Like the law of evolution,

minus the qualifying and completing fact of mutation or variability, it palls upon the highest faculties and drags aspiring human nature down to a dead level of mediocrity. It offers the solution of proof, whereas Christ offers solution by resolution or even dissolution, thereby capturing the imagination at once and throwing open new continents of thought for a creative faith. The accumulation of mere merit appears a prosaic idea and ideal and eventually commits suicide.

> For merit lives from man to man,
> And not from man, O Lord, to Thee.

But even the first line of Tennyson's famous couplet cannot be accepted as a right belief. There is something fundamental, eternal, deep down in the human breast, which forbids our taking the least credit to ourselves for our least selfish and most altruistic actions. We own and feel the truth of our Lord's words, 'When ye shall have done all those things that are commanded you, say we are unprofitable servants, we have done that which was our duty to do.' Can we get beyond duty? May we ever do more than we ought? The ultimate moral obligation, which we all acknowledge at bottom, demands our uttermost all and asks no repayment. To the loftiest natures praise has a sickly and cloying effect. A fine deed is soiled by it. Our life belongs to others even more than to ourselves. And the Cross of Christ will be perennially our best symbol, the last word in religion. To reverse the saying of Sebastian Castellis, '*Semper pendebit inter latrones crucifixa Veritas.*'

One of the chief beauties of our faith is its wonderful allotropy, that which appears so characteristic of all metals. It perpetually changes its front, and yet remains perpetually the same, and the more it changes the more it endures in its ultimates. It presents us with a thousand thousand aspects of truth, which appeal to every time and every place and every individual. Always it seems ahead

of our most advanced progress, ready to meet us where and when we choose. It always goes one better than our best. As we move, whether fast or slow, there are the footprints of Christ before us, that break out in the most unexpected directions at all the watersheds, at all the cross roads, at all the turnings in our temporary retrogressions, the divine symbolism of the everlasting Cross. We discover we are going on when we seem only to fall back. We find our worst failures the most brilliant successes, our defeats the most splendid triumphs, our sacrifices overflowing gains and harvests. We soon begin to distrust appearances and the fallacy of phenomena; we soon begin to discount or deny the importunate testimony of our feelings and the evidence of our senses. And in the end we invariably arrive at the conclusion, ever old and ever new, 'As dying and behold we live.'

Christ comes to us with a cross in His pierced hand, but Buddha brings just the lotus. And the religion of creed—though the latter seems rather a neurotic compulsion than a creed—that does not call on men to suffer calls in vain to the highest purpose. Christ demands the impossible, and therefore He wins all hearts; Buddha requires only the difficult, and therefore he fails to satisfy, except in a drugging of the mind. Christ awakens and inspires to deeds of enthusiasm and glory; Buddha only inebriates and stupefies. He preaches an intellectual gnosis which has nothing human about it, and Christ gives us a spiritual epignosis which stirs the reason and will and feeling and the whole man. The smallest facts of Christianity are atomic universes and infinities. They are simply unfathomable. 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the Love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Saviour.'

F. W. Orde Ward.

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER MAIDS OF HONOUR[1]

MISS WILSON has given us a fascinating volume. It is not merely the Maids of Honour who have come to life again, but their royal mistress is here in her radiant youth and amid the shadows of old age and loss of friends that cast a sombre cloud over a reign of extraordinary good fortune and historic achievement. The Queen was justly proud of the ladies of her Court. She once asked a French nobleman what he thought of them. The adroit courtier professed his inability 'to judge stars in the presence of the sun.' That answer gratified Her Majesty, for it aptly defined the position occupied by her maidens, 'whose duty it was to set off their mistress's glory, but in no wise deflect it unto themselves.' Elizabeth surrounded herself 'with all the pomp and circumstance of splendid palaces, rich furniture, elaborate dresses, and magnificent jewellery. In this handsome background the Maids of Honour occupied a conspicuous and highly decorative place. Beautiful, well born, highly educated girls, they were fitted both by birth and accomplishments to be the intimate companions of their royal mistress. Dressed in white and silver, they grouped themselves round the Queen, and were essentially a part of a well-arranged picture designed for the enhancement of regal majesty. Unfortunately they evinced considerable disinclination to remain in the background, and individual stars twinkled so brightly that they seriously distracted the young courtiers from their rapt contemplation of the Elizabethan sun.' Her Majesty would discourse in her privy chamber on the merits of virginity and ask the Maids of Honour for their opinion.

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Those artful young ladies expressed their abhorrence of the wiles of the other sex, and then went away promptly to embroil themselves in intricate love affairs.

Bohun describes Elizabeth at the age of twenty-five as 'a lady of great beauty, of decent stature, and of an excellent shape. In her youth she was adorned with more than usual maiden modesty; her skin was pure white, and her hair of a yellow colour; her eyes were beautiful and lovely. In short, her whole body was well made, and her face was adorned with a wonderful beauty and majesty.' She had been well educated, for in Tudor times women were trained in the same way as men. It was an age of romance, when new lands were being discovered by intrepid explorers and new luxuries were coming into general use. Books were being multiplied and read with eager interest by men and women. Elizabeth appointed a librarian at her palace of Whitehall, and he filled the shelves with volumes bound in coloured velvet, stamped in gold with the royal arms, and with clasps encrusted with precious stones. Foreign books were well represented, for the Queen 'could address the Universities in Greek, trounce a malapert ambassador in vigorous Latin, or fish for compliments with equal facility in French, Italian, or Spanish.'

Her ladies shared her interests. They were good linguists and musicians, clever needlewomen, graceful dancers, proficient horsewomen. They were also keenly alive to the duties of the kitchen, and learned under the French cooks to make sugar plate, kissing comfits, gingerbread, sugar meats, and marchpane.

The intimate terms on which her ladies stood with the Queen made the courtiers anxious to gain their favour, and bribes were sometimes offered for their gracious offices. Some were ungallant enough, however, to declare that, 'like witches, they could do hurt, but they could do no good.' Elizabeth was eager to know all the gossip of the Court, and Sir William Cecil and other members of the

Council were frequently chagrined to find that the Queen was intimately acquainted with matters of which they had hoped to keep her in ignorance.

When she became Queen in 1558 Elizabeth did not forget those who had been her staunch friends in her sister's reign. Mrs. Ashley, her governess and her closest confidante, who had suffered imprisonment for her mistress's cause, received an honourable appointment in the royal household; Mrs. Blanche Parry, who had rocked her cradle, became chief gentlewoman of the Privy Chamber and keeper of the jewels. She was a close friend of Dr. Dee of Mortlake, who was thus consulted as to the most auspicious day for the Coronation. Dee was sent for in haste when some one walking in Lincoln's Inn Fields found a waxen image of the Queen stuck through the vital parts with pins. The courtiers were in a panic at what betokened witchcraft of a most malignant type. Dr. Dee confirmed their estimate of the danger, but assured them that he could counteract the spell. He went through many mystic rites, and it was in consequence of these, so it was maintained, that the Queen's health remained unimpaired. Dr. Dee's reputation was thus established. Elizabeth and her ladies cantered from Richmond to Mortlake to gaze into his magic mirror, where it was said that a lady might see the features of her future husband. Mrs. Dee had been buried four hours before, and when Elizabeth found this out she refused to enter the house of mourning. She asked Dee to bring his magic glass and to show her some of its properties. She was taken down from her horse by the Earl of Leicester at the church wall of Mortlake, and 'did see some of the properties of that glass, to her Majestie's great contentment and delight.'

Mrs. Parry, who thus befriended Dee, was a clever palmist, and on winter evenings the girls sat round her on gay-hued cushions and got her to tell their fortunes. When Lady Catherine Grey's turn came Mrs. Parry warned her of the perils which surrounded one who stood so near to the throne:

'The lines say, madam, that if you ever marry without the Queen's consent in writing, you and your husband will be undone, and your fate worse than that of my Lady Jane.'

If Elizabeth died without issue Lady Catherine and her elfish little sister, Lady Mary, were next in succession. By the will of Henry VIII the crown passed to his own children and then to his younger sister, Mary, the ex-Queen of France. He passed over his elder sister Margaret, Queen of Scotland. 'This deposition caused endless dissension; it made the three Grey sisters the centre of intrigue; caused the death of the eldest, Lady Jane, the nine days' Queen, and created two rival parties, who supported the claims of the Greys or their cousin, Mary, Queen of Scots.' Elizabeth did not love her young relatives, but gave them posts in the privy chamber where they would be directly under her very vigilant eye. 'Lady Catherine, small, red-haired, with a spice of Tudor temper which flamed up and frequently got her into trouble with the Queen, regarded the position of Maid of Honour as derogatory to her rank. She, however, found consolation in the fact that it gave her the close companionship of her greatest friend, Lady Jane Seymour, another of the Maids.'

Lady Jane's father, the Protector Somerset, had wished to marry her to Edward VI, but he was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1552. His daughter was said to be one of the most learned ladies of the day. When only ten, she and her two elder sisters had written four hundred 'Latin distichs upon the death of the Queen of Navarre.' At Court she was still a lover of books, but devoted much time to music and singing. After an illness Jane went to her mother's house at Hanworth, taking Lady Catherine as her companion. There Lady Catherine met her friend's brother Edward, whom it had been proposed that she should marry. The young people were much drawn to each other, and their attachment was confirmed a year or two later, when the Earl of Hertford was in residence at Cannon Row,

Westminster. Lady Jane arranged that the young folk should meet in her private sitting-room, which opened out of the larger one used by the Maids of Honour. The Earl there declared his love, and Lady Catherine admitted 'that she liked both him and his offer, and thereupon they gave one to the other their hands.' Lady Frances Brandon gave her approval to her daughter's marriage, but she and her husband insisted that the Queen's consent should be secured before matters went farther. The Earl quailed at the prospect of a personal interview with his sovereign, and it was resolved to make the request by letter. Meanwhile the mother died, and the letter was never sent.

The young folk met in Lady Jane's room for a consultation, but saw no way of gaining Elizabeth's consent. They therefore seized the opportunity of the Queen's visit to Eltham for a few days' hunting to get married in secret. Lady Jane's frail health gave her an excuse for staying in London; Lady Catherine feigned toothache and tied up her cheek with a large handkerchief. Half an hour after Elizabeth left Whitehall the girls slipped unobserved out of the palace and walked along the muddy shore to Westminster. They entered the Earl's house at Cannon Row by the kitchen door. The bridegroom had sent his servants abroad on different errands, had got the ring and refreshments, but had forgotten all about a clergyman. Lady Jane hurried out and found a short, elderly man with a fur-trimmed black gown, whom she brought back to Cannon Row, where he performed the ceremony. Lady Jane gave him ten pounds and warned the newly married pair that Lady Catherine and she must get back with all speed lest Mrs. Ashley should ask inconvenient questions. The tide had risen, but one of the Earl's watermen took the girls to Whitehall, where they were in their places at dinner, without any one suspecting what had happened. Lady Jane fell ill and died on March 20, 1561, before any approach had been made to the Queen. The poor young wife could only whisper

the truth into the ears of her little spaniels and Maltese pets.

Elizabeth now ordered the Earl abroad. He and Catherine had a stolen interview in the orchard at Greenwich, where the girl whispered a fear that it might soon be necessary to acknowledge their marriage. He promised to return immediately that she sent word that she needed him. Lady Catherine accompanied her royal mistress on a progress through the eastern counties, where things went wrong and worked Elizabeth into a fever of irritability. At this unlucky moment Lady Catherine made a confidante of Lady Seintlow, an old friend of her mother's. She was aghast at the secret and dared not intercede with the Queen. After a sleepless night Lady Catherine ventured to Lord Robert Dudley's room, and, kneeling by his bed, besought him to plead for her with the Queen. He begged the young wife to go away at once lest Elizabeth, whose room adjoined his own, should overhear them. Next morning he told the Queen, whose anger knew no bounds, for if Lady Catherine gave birth to a son her claim to the succession would be materially strengthened. Lady Catherine was sent the same afternoon to the Tower, where her sister had been beheaded, and the Earl of Hertford was summoned to return to England, and was at once put into the same grim prison. Lady Catherine's girl friends dared not show their sympathy at Court, but they persuaded the Lieutenant of the Tower to let Lady Catherine have her pets. One day, therefore, the door of her cell opened, and her little dogs and monkeys leapt exuberantly on their mistress, who found relief in their affectionate greeting. Her son was born on September 24, and husband and wife were allowed to meet occasionally. When a second son was born Elizabeth's anger was inflamed. The Earl was fined £15,000 by the Star Chamber, both his children were declared illegitimate, and all further meetings between him and his wife were sternly prohibited.

When the Plague broke out the Earl was sent to the charge of his mother at Hanworth and Lady Catherine to the care of her uncle. When she arrived with her baby and her pets he was pained to see how worn she looked. 'Good madam, eat something to comfort yourself,' he begged. The poor lady shook her head: 'Alas, uncle, what a life is this to me, thus to live in the Queen's displeasure. But for my Lord and my children I would I were buried.' She endeavoured to win Elizabeth's forgiveness 'for my disobedience and rash mating of myself without your Highness' consent,' but unfortunately a pamphlet appeared at this time setting forth her right to the throne after Elizabeth's death. This added fuel to the fire. The Earl went back to prison; Lady Catherine was sent to the charge of Sir William Petre; her uncle was put into custody.

Lady Catherine died on January 27, 1568, and as her children had been declared illegitimate her sister, Lady Mary Grey, became heiress presumptive to the throne. She also made a clandestine marriage. The keeper of the Queen's water-gate at Whitehall was a widower in high favour with the Maids of Honour. Sergeant-porter Keyes was the biggest man about the Court, standing six feet six inches in his socks. He fell in love with the little Lady Mary, who was only four feet high, and they were married in his room overlooking the Thames. The secret was only kept for a week or two; then the Court was convulsed with merriment over the match between the biggest gentleman and the smallest lady of the royal household. Elizabeth was furious. Keyes was committed to the Fleet Prison; his bride was sent to the care of Mr. Hawtrey at Chequers, now the home of the Prime Minister. Lady Mary sought comfort in her sombre Puritan books, and entreated Sir William Cecil to use his influence to secure Elizabeth's forgiveness 'for my great and heinous crime.' After a year at Chequers Mr. Hawtrey brought her up to the Minories to the care of her step-grandmother, the Duchess of Suffolk, who was deeply

annoyed at having the girl suddenly thrust upon her by the Queen's warrant. Then she grumbled that the unwelcome guest had brought no goods and chattels with her, and sent round to friends in the Minories begging the loan of any spare pieces of furniture. When Lady Mary's 'stuff' arrived the Duchess wrote to Sir William Cecil: 'She hath nothing but an old livery feather bed, all torn and full of patches, without either bolster or counterpane, with two old pillows, one longer than the other, an old quilt of silk, so tattered that the cotton comes out.' She begged for 'some old silver pots to fetch her drink in, and two little silver cups for her to drink out of, one for her beer, the other for her wine. A silver basin and ewer, I fear, were too much; but all these things she lacks, and it were meet she hath, but she hath nothing in the world.' The girl's appetite suffered from the strain. 'All she hath eaten now these two days is not so much as a chicken's leg.' Lady Mary eventually settled down happily, but on her sister's death she was committed to the care of Sir Thomas Gresham, who detested the charge, and whose wife regarded Lady Mary as her 'bondaige and harte sorrowe.' Sergeant Keyes died at Lewisham in 1571, just after his release from the Fleet Prison. Sir Thomas told Sir William Cecil: 'His death she very grievously taketh.' She wanted permission to bring up her step-children, and Sir Thomas asks whether she shall be allowed 'to wear any black mourning apparel or not.' It is pleasant to find that eventually she became her own mistress, with a house in Aldersgate Street. She attended the Christmas festivities at Hampton Court in 1576, giving Elizabeth 'four dozen buttons of gold, in each of them a seed pearl, and two pairs of sweet gloves.' The Queen gave Lady Mary a silver cup and ewer. On April 20, 1578, the luckless girl died at the age of thirty-four.

Some years after the death of Lady Catherine the Earl of Hertford married Frances Howard, who was one of Elizabeth's favourites. They entertained her Majesty at

Elvetham in 1591 with great festivity, but soon after, when the Earl attempted to establish the legitimacy of his sons by his first marriage Elizabeth sent him to the Tower, whence his wife's persistence and her friendship with the Queen secured his release on payment of a heavy fine.

Mary Radcliffe, another Maid of Honour, was the granddaughter of a London merchant. This Mr. Harvey and his daughter Isabella had gone to visit friends at Kensington when the Earl of Sussex, with his son Humphrey and a party, rode through the village on their way to a tournament. Isabella leaned out of the window to see the sight, and accidentally let her glove fall just as Sir Humphrey Radcliffe rode by. He dropped his lance, picked up the glove, and returned it to the lady, who blushingly thanked him for his courtesy. Her face made such an impression on him that he contrived to leave the company and escorted the Harveys back to Cheapside. He represented himself as a squire to the Earl of Sussex, and was invited to supper with the merchant's family. The young people fell in love, and were married some time before Isabella learned that her husband was really the son of Earl Sussex, the Lord Chamberlain. Their daughter Mary was beautiful and accomplished, and on New Year's Day, 1561, when the Sovereign received gifts from her chief subjects, Sir Humphrey laughingly presented her as a gift to the Queen. Elizabeth had lost three of her maids by the death of Lady Jane Seymour, the imprisonment of Lady Catherine Grey, and the marriage of Lettice Knollys, and replied that she would take Mary as one of her Maids of Honour. The girl shared the Queen's views on marriage, and became a prime favourite. She had one tepid love affair, but it came to nothing, and for forty years she served Elizabeth 'honourably, virtuously, and faithfully.'

Another girl, Mistress Arundell, confessed to the Queen 'that she had thought much about marriage, if her father would give consent to the man she loved.' Elizabeth replied,

'You seem honest, i'faith, I will sue for you to your father.' When Sir Robert came to Court the Queen taxed him with his daughter's love affair. He had not heard of it, and was considerably annoyed, but reluctantly gave his consent when pressed by the Queen. 'Then I will do the rest,' she said. Mistress Arundell had feared her father's displeasure, but took heart when Elizabeth announced that the matter had been left in her hands. 'Then I shall be happy, an' please your Grace.' 'So thou shalt,' replied the Queen, 'but not to be a fool and marry. I have his consent given to me, and I vow thou shalt never get it into thy possession. I see thou art a bold one to own thy foolishness so readily.'

The Plague of 1563 drove the Court to Windsor, where all intercourse with London was prohibited, 'upon payne of hangynge without any judgement.' A new pair of gallows was erected in the market-place, 'to hange up all such as should come ther from London.' The Maids of Honour found the Castle cold and draughty, but Elizabeth got cart-loads of furniture from the other palaces. 'Tapestry gave warmth to the large rooms, painted cloths took the chill from the unused bed-chambers, silk hangings, together with fur-lined quilts of gold and silver, gave comfort to four-post bedsteads.' Out of doors the pleasant terrace was planned for days when the rougher walking in the parks did not attract the ladies. Elizabeth and her maids spent much time hunting and hawking in Windsor Forest. Meanwhile the Queen found time to rub up her Latin and Greek for a visit to Cambridge, where she showed off her learning and 'talked very much with divers scholars in Latin.' She enjoyed the visit so much that she said plainly that 'if provision of beer and ale could have been made her Grace would have remained till Friday.'

When Ann Russell, one of the most popular of the Maids, married Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, there was a great tournament, and the wedding took place in the private chapel at Whitehall. The bridesmaids wore green velvet

and silver lace, over kirtles of yellow satin. The bride's dress was cloth of silver shot with blue, and an overdress of purple velvet richly embroidered in silver. The tournament lasted three days and was followed with the keenest interest by the Maids of Honour.

Another event caused much delight. The Queen paid a state visit on January 28, 1571, to the Royal Exchange built by Sir Thomas Gresham. It was sorely needed, for the middle aisle in old St. Paul's, known as Paul's Walk or Mediterranean, was a haunt of merchants, lawyers, and rogues. The Bishop of Durham preached at St. Paul's Cross in 1561, after the Cathedral steeple had been destroyed by lightning. He held that this was a judgement: 'The south aisle for Popery and usury, the north for simony, and the horse fair in the midst for all kinds of bargains, meetings, brawlings, murders, conspiracies, and the font for ordinary payment of money, as well known as the beggar knows his bush.' Inigo Jones added a classic portico to the west end in order to divert this rabble from the Cathedral. It was a festive day when the Exchange was opened, and after the banquet the Maids of Honour inspected the treasures of all kinds spread out on the stalls, and were loath to leave when their horses were brought for the ride to Whitehall.

Ann Cecil, a very accomplished and learned lady, married the Earl of Oxford, with whom nearly all the ladies had been in love. There had been some thought of a marriage between her and Philip Sidney, but Lord Burleigh wished his daughter to see more of the world and not to marry before she was sixteen. When the Earl proposed she regarded it as a personal triumph. It proved an unhappy marriage. The Earl was recklessly extravagant and thought Lord Burleigh should do more for him. In revenge he spread abroad lies concerning his wife and her father. Ann withdrew from the Court in distress. Elizabeth sometimes rated the Earl soundly, and then flirted with him so openly that Burleigh's wife urged him to interfere: 'But at all

these love matters my Lord Treasurer winketh, and will not meddle any way.' The Earl forsook his wife, who wrote him a pitiful letter, but though there were occasional reconciliations they never lasted long.

Philip Sidney fills a place of honour in this volume with his sister Mary, who studied Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and won high praise from Edmund Spenser:

> Into whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
> All heavenly gifts and rules locked are.

She made a great marriage with the Earl of Pembroke, and when her brother wearied of the Court they studied together at Wilton. It was at Mary's wish that Philip wrote his *Arcadia*. He had suffered much from the loss of Ann Cecil, but when he visited Sir Francis Walsingham there grew up a 'joyful love and a great liking' between him and his host's young daughter Frances, whom he afterwards married. Philip's death in 1586 overwhelmed the Queen and the Court with sorrow, but the blow fell heaviest on his wife and his sister. He was buried in St. Paul's, and as Camden foretold, 'Sidney shall live to all posterity.'

Walter Raleigh made such headway in Elizabeth's favour when he came to Court that the Earl of Leicester brought up his stepson, the Earl of Essex, in the hope of supplanting the new favourite. A year after the Armada the friends of Essex were boasting that he had chased Sir Walter from the Court. Elizabeth came to regard Essex with 'the self-centred love of old age.' The lonely Queen leaned upon her brilliant young favourite, who treated her with wilful caprice. He married Sidney's widow, but neither wife nor queen could hold his vagrant fancy. He treated Elizabeth 'with careless indifference, withholding the tokens of affections for which she craved, whilst lavishing them freely on the younger ladies. Elizabeth in consequence suffered tortures of jealousy; she loved so much, gave so much, yet received nothing in return. Scenes between them were of frequent

occurrence, for Essex, fretted and irritated by the restraints her fondness put upon him, took ready offence. When he could not get his way he sulked and went to bed, sure that anxiety for his health would soon cause the Queen to give way. Once the tussle between their wills lasted a fortnight, to the great interest of the Court.'

Essex played the fool to his own undoing. When at last he sent the Queen her ring, which was to be the sign of his penitence and the pledge for his pardon, it came by mischance into the hands of the Countess of Nottingham, who kept it from Elizabeth and allowed Essex to go to the block on February 25, 1601. Two years later, as she lay on her deathbed, the Countess confessed what she had done. Elizabeth, 'beside herself with rage and grief, seized the dying woman by the shoulder, crying as she shook her, "God may forgive you, but I never can."' This was the last stroke. All interest seemed to fade out of her life, and on March 24, 1603, Elizabeth closed her brilliant reign, a broken-hearted, lonely woman who had out-lived her vanities and ceased to believe her flatterers. The Maids of Honour were scattered, and the sapphire ring dropped by Lady Scrope to her brother, Robert Carey, sent him flying northward to greet the rising sun in Scotland.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

WAS THERE A FIRST GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE?

IMPORTANT inquiries are on foot regarding St. Luke's Gospel which are of interest to the general reader as well as to students. In the *Hibbert Journal* (October, 1921) Canon Streeter has suggested that our Third Gospel was preceded by an earlier edition, compiled probably by St. Luke himself at Caesarea about 60 A.D. In different forms the idea of an earlier edition has been mooted by earlier writers, but Streeter's theory is distinctive. The 'first edition' was shorter than the present Gospel, and, with the exception of the first two chapters, it consisted of those parts of the Gospel which have not been taken from St. Mark (i.e. the 'Non-Markan sections').

If I may postpone for a moment any further account of Streeter's theory, it may be well at once to point out its importance. Perhaps most British scholars of to-day would date the Third Gospel about 80 A.D. Some prefer the date 95–100 A.D., because they think that the author had read the *Antiquities* of Josephus; others follow Harnack, and hold that the whole Gospel was written within St. Paul's lifetime. The reason why the latter view has not been more widely adopted is that it is certain that St. Luke used St. Mark's Gospel as a source, and it does not seem possible to date the Second Gospel until after St. Paul's death. But the greater difficulty is the fact that the passage Luke xxi. 20–24 seems to imply the fall of Jerusalem.

The importance of Streeter's theory will be seen at once. If it is sound, we may accept about 80 A.D. as *the date of the finished work*. But there is nothing to prevent us from going back twenty years for the earlier edition when St. Luke was with St. Paul at Caesarea, and probably came into contact with those who knew, in many cases at first hand, the facts of the life of Jesus. Nor is the advantage only a matter of early dating. Streeter himself well states the case when he says: 'We must recognize in Proto-Luke the existence of another authority comparable to Mark,' and, moreover, 'entirely independent of Mark.' Streeter's final sentence is so important that no apology need be made for a further quotation. 'Far more weight will have to be given by the historian in the future to St. Luke's Gospel, and in particular to those portions of it which are peculiar to St. Luke.'

How, then, does Streeter build up his case? His view is that St. Luke expanded an early copy of that document containing the sayings of Jesus, which is commonly known as Q, and which our First and Third Evangelists used, in addition to St. Mark, as a source. St. Luke enriched Q with traditional material, oral and possibly written, which he obtained whilst at Caesarea. Some twenty years later he 'expanded his own narrative' by adding the stories of the birth and infancy, certain extracts from St. Mark, and minor improvements.

But what ground, it will be asked, is there for such a theory as this? Briefly stated the answer may be summarized as follows:

1. In the Third Gospel 'Markan' and 'Non-Markan' materials are distributed in 'alternate stripes.' Any one who underlines those parts of the Third Gospel which obviously depend upon St. Mark will see this at once.

2. The 'Non-Markan' portions are greater in extent, and appear to form the *framework* of the Third Gospel.

3. Luke iii. 1 reads 'as if originally it stood at the beginning of a book.' Note also the position of the genealogy in Luke iii. 23–28.

4. In several cases we can see that St. Luke has omitted a section as it appears in Mark, because he possesses a parallel account in a completely different context. As examples may be mentioned the Beelzebub Controversy, the Parable of the Mustard Seed, the Rejection at Nazareth, the Anointing, the Great Commandment. The presumption is that St. Luke prefers his own earlier source.

5. The Passion Narrative (Luke xxii. 14 to xxiv. 11) 'looks more like an originally independent version of the story enriched by certain additions from St. Mark than like a modification of Mark's version.'

6. The Gospel begins and ends with 'Non-Markan' material.

It is clear that in this theory there is presented a problem for study. It is worth studying, for if Streeter is right the gains are immense. Obviously no considered judgement can be given until the whole Gospel of St. Luke has been patiently reviewed. The present writer may perhaps be permitted to say that, so far as the Passion Narrative is concerned, careful investigation goes to show that Streeter's contention is sound. If we bracket a few pendents and touches afterwards added from the Second Gospel, *we have in St. Luke's Passion Narrative an entirely independent account, written probably while St. Paul was still alive.*

VINCENT TAYLOR.

THE CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE OF HISTORY

WE owe much to Mr. Hilaire Belloc for his books on *The Path to Rome*, *The Old Road*, and a whole library of similarly instructive and entertaining volumes. His latest work, *Europe and the Faith* (Constable & Co., 17*s.* 6*d.* net) represents the Catholic view of history, and is dedicated to 'My Colleagues of St. Thomas's Historical Society.' Its spirit and object are well summed up in its closing sentences: 'Europe will return to the Faith, or she will perish. The Faith is Europe, and Europe is the Faith.' Mr. Belloc maintains that Protestants look on Europe from without whilst the Catholic sees it from within. 'As a man in the confessional accuses himself of what he knows to be true and what other people cannot judge, so a Catholic, talking of the united European civilization, when he blames it, blames it for motives and for acts which are his own. As a man can testify to his own motive, so can the Catholic testify to unjust, irrelevant, or ignorant conceptions of the European story, for he knows why and how it proceeded.' This is a remarkable claim, and we sit at Mr. Belloc's feet with keen interest as he unfolds the

record. He chooses two examples to illustrate his meaning. The first is the Great War. 'Where lay the roots of so singular a contempt for our old order, chivalry, and morals, as Berlin then displayed? Who shall explain the hesitation of the Pope, the anomaly of Ireland, the aloofness of old Spain?' The Great War, he holds, 'was a clash between an uneasy New Thing, which desired to live its own distorted life anew and separate from Europe, and the old Christian rock. This New Thing is, in its morals, in the morals spread upon it by Prussia, the effect of that great storm wherein three hundred years ago Europe made shipwreck and was split into two. The war was the largest, yet no more than the recurrent, example of that unceasing wrestle; the outer, the unstable, the untraditional—which is barbarism—pressing blindly upon the inner, the traditional, the strong, which is ourselves; which is Christendom, which is Europe.' Mr. Belloc's other illustration is drawn from the story of Thomas à Becket. 'The spirit in which he fought was a determination that the Church should never be controlled by the civil power.' 'The Catholic sees that the whole of the à Becket business was like the struggle of a man who is fighting for his liberty and is compelled to maintain it (such being the battle-ground chosen by his opponents) upon a privilege inherited from the past.'

Mr. Belloc next considers 'What was the Roman Empire?' He regards it as an institution affected from its origin and at last permeated by the Catholic Church. 'As the empire declined the Catholic Church caught and preserved it.' European civilization, which the Catholic Church has made, is, however, 'suffering from the grievous and ugly wound of the Reformation.' Europe might quickly have righted herself from that disaster 'had not one exception of capital account marked the intensest crisis of the storm. That exception to the resistance offered by the rest of ancient Europe was the defection of Britain.' It is interesting to see how a strong Catholic layman regards the Reformation. It cut asunder the united body of European civilization and 'by what a wound! The abomination of industrialism; the loss of land and capital by the people in great districts of Europe; the failure of modern discovery to serve the end of man; the series of larger and still larger wars following in a rapidly rising scale of severity and destruction, till the dead are now counted in tens of millions; the increasing chaos and misfortune of society—all these attach one to the other, each falls into its place, and a hundred smaller phenomena as well, when we appreciate—as to-day we can—the nature and the magnitude of that central catastrophe.' Mr. Belloc admits that the incapacity of the external organization of the Church at the moment 'to capture the spiritual discontent, and to satisfy the spiritual hunger of which these errors were the manifestation,' made 'the period unique in the whole history of Christendom (save for the Arian flood).' That is a notable admission. It is followed by a disparaging reference to Wyclif, who 'was no more the morning star of the Reformation than Catherine of Braganza's Tangier Dowry, let us say, was the morning star of the modern English Empire.' Mr. Belloc sees that there was 'a widespread discontent and exasperated friction against the existing, rigid, and yet deeply decayed temporal organization of

religious affairs.' All would have come right. 'We should, within a century, have been ourselves once more—Christian men.' But one master tragedy changed the whole scene. 'The breakdown of Britain and her failure to resist disruption was the chief event of all. It made the Reformation permanent. It confirmed a final division in Europe.' It is somewhat startling to find Ireland set off as a foil to Britain. She 'preserved the tradition of civilization' by her loyalty to Rome. That illustration does not commend Mr. Belloc's argument. England with the Reformation and Ireland without it—who does not realize what a contrast there is between the two, and who would not prefer to take his stand with Britain?

Mr. Belloc's depreciation of the Bible is remarkable. At the beginning of the seventeenth century 'The new generation for authority could find nothing definite but a printed book: a translation of the Hebrew Scriptures. For teachers, nothing but this minority, the Reformers. . . . Britain was utterly cut off from the unity of Christendom, and its new character was sealed. Its Catholic faith was dead.' At a later page he speaks of 'an irrational attachment to a particular printed book.' Britain had shown its wisdom in preferring the Bible to the Church as its guide in faith and morals, and she reaped a glorious harvest from her choice. Mr. Belloc thinks that she suffered for her decision by 'the isolation of the soul,' which led to the setting up of unfounded external authority. Ireland was loyal to 'the soul of Europe which is the Catholic Church.' 'Men—under the very influence of scepticism—have come to accept almost any printed matter, almost any repeated name, as an authority infallible and to be admitted without question. They have come to regard the denial of such authority as a sort of insanity, or rather they have in most practical affairs come to be divided into two groups: a small number of men who know the truth, say, upon a political matter or some financial arrangement, or some unsolved problem; and a vast majority which accepts without question an always incomplete, a usually quite false statement of the thing, because it has been repeated in the daily press and vulgarized in a hundred books.' This revelation of the Catholic mind does not tempt a Protestant to abandon his religious and intellectual liberty. Nor is our conviction weakened by Mr. Belloc's praise of 'that weapon of steel, the Society of Jesus, which Ignatius formed, and which, surgical and military, saved the Faith, and therefore Europe.' He speaks also of the false historians whose hatred of Roman tradition and the Church showed itself in a hundred ways: 'the conquest of Spain by the Mahommedans was represented by them as the victory of a superior people over a degraded and contemptible one, the Reconquest of Spain by our race over the Asiatics as a disaster; its final triumphal instrument, the Inquisition, which saved Spain from a Moorish revenge, was made out a monstrosity.' Any one who can praise the Inquisition is far beyond argument.

Britain has gained immeasurably by her loyalty to the Bible and her emancipation from Roman tradition and practice. There is no hope of a return to what Mr. Belloc calls 'the Faith.' Nor would religion gain if such a disaster came over the world as the undoing of the work of the Reformation. We can only hope that Rome may at last have

grace and courage to reform herself and enter on a new era of power and of usefulness by abjuring her old-time errors and reshaping her policy and her life in the light of New Testament teaching. Mr. Belloc may be assured that the cause of true religion is as precious to Protestants as to Catholics, and whilst they gladly recognize the zeal and devotion of that Church they long to see her shake herself free from much that mars her work and hinders her from uniting with those who are not less zealous for the triumph of Jesus Christ and the leavening of all human life with His spirit.

JOHN TELFORD.

THE REUNIONS OF ISRAEL AND JUDAH.

IT is generally supposed that from 722 B.C. onwards Israel remained separated from Judah for ever. An impartial examination of the relevant evidence has satisfied me that this view is erroneous. In point of fact two reunions took place at different times, and the predictions of the prophets were fulfilled in a most remarkable manner. Under Josiah the pre-exilic Jews enjoyed their last taste of independence. Dr. Hall writes of this as follows: 'But a blow had been struck between 628 and 626 which brought Assyria to her knees. The barbarian Scyths, led by Madyes . . . poured over the empire in resistless swarms, ravaging it even to the borders of Egypt, where King Psamatik was fain to buy them off with rich bribes. . . . The village of Skythopolis in later times was the sole permanent relic of their invasion. . . . The great raid lost the whole West to Assyria. After the waters of the invasion had subsided Josiah of Judah established an independent dominion.'[1]

It is very important for our purpose to notice that Josiah extended his rule over at any rate some of the territory of the former northern kingdom, for Bethel (2 Kings xxiii. 4, 15 ff.) and some unspecified 'cities of Samaria' (19) formed part of his kingdom, while the Chronicler particularizes with the words 'cities of Manasseh and Ephraim and Simeon even unto Naphtali' (2 Chron. xxxiv. 6.). In accordance with this we find two hundred and twenty-three men of Bethel and Ai in the list of those that returned from the Babylonian Exile (Ezra ii. 28; Neh. vii. 32). In Jer. xli. 5 ff. we read of men from Shechem, Shiloh, and Samaria coming to offer at Mizpah. A few years after the reunion came Josiah's great reformation, based on the finding of the Book of the Law (628 B.C.) with its declaration, 'Ye are children of the Lord your God' (Deut. xiv. 1), and its emphasis on the relationship of God and the people. Thus were fulfilled the prophecies of Hos. ii. 1 ff. (i. 10 ff.), iii. 5.[2]

Some writers (in my opinion rightly) attribute Zech. ix.–xi., to which xiii. 7–9 belongs (as was seen by Ewald), to an elder contemporary of Isaiah's. On this view the prediction of the foolish shepherd

[1] *Ancient History of the Near East*, 5th Ed. [1920], p. 512.

[2] Stade failed to realise that in Hosea Israel means the northern kingdom. Hence he misinterpreted viii. 4 to apply to Saul's kingdom, though it clearly refers to the schismatic kingdom of the ten tribes (*Geschichte des Volkes Israel*, i. p. 177). Then he inferred that Hosea disapproved of all monarchy, and declared the words 'and David their king' in iii. 5 spurious (p. 577n). The sole foundation for this view is his error as to Hosea's meaning.

(xi. 15–17, xiii. 7–9) is one of which the supernatural character can be proved up to the hilt. The 'flock of slaughter' is the northern kingdom, the foolish shepherd Pekah. 'And it shall come to pass, that in all the land, saith the Lord, two parts therein shall be cut off and die; but the third shall be left therein. And I will bring the third part through the fire, and will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried: they shall call on My name, and I will hear them: I will say, It is My people; and they shall say, The Lord is my God' (xiii. 8 f.). The two parts that were cut off are the two sections deported to Assyria in 732 and 722 B.C., and the third is the remainder left in the land, which, after many sufferings, was rejoined to Judah under Josiah and participated in his reformation.

It is, however, to the later event that most of the predictions refer, and to this we must now turn. The archaeological evidence is explicit. Cyrus makes the following statement: 'From . . . to Ashur and Susa, Agade, Eshnunak, Zamban, Meturnu, Deri, to the border of Gutium, the cities [beyond] the Tigris, whose sites had been founded of old,—the gods who dwelt in them I returned to their places, and caused them to settle in their eternal shrines. All their people I assembled and returned them to their dwellings.'[1]

The fact is that the Persians reversed the policy of the Assyrians and Chaldeans not for the Jews alone but generally. Once this is firmly grasped there is not the smallest ground for doubting the Biblical passages that speak of the return of Israel. So long as we only knew of the return of the Jews, it was necessary to force a strained meaning on them. The monumental evidence, however, has changed this, and permits us to adopt the natural interpretations. It should particularly be noted that Cyrus says 'From . . . to Ashur and Susa,' so that the emancipation was expressly extended to the peoples settled, like Israel, in Assyria's old territory. Zech. viii. 13 is expressly addressed to the house of Judah *and the house of Israel*, which is quite unambiguous. Nor is there any ground for questioning the text. Some Israelites, therefore, had returned. Often 'Israel' may mean nothing more than Jews, but in some places this is either improbable or impossible. Thus Ezra vi. 16 f. is quite clear. Its meaning is emphasized by Ezra vi. 21 f. The meaning of 'king of Assyria' in this passage is discussed below.[2] Here we must note that it was Israel, not Judah, that had been carried into captivity

[1] G. A. Barton, *Archaeology and the Bible*, 386. That this would happen had been perfectly well known to the prophets. Jeremiah prophesies returns for Moab (xlviii. 47), Ammon (xlix. 6), and Elam (xlix. 39). That Elam and Edom came to grief as foretold by Jeremiah appears from Ezekiel xxxii. 24, 29. Of Moab we have no information, but there is no reason to doubt that this was fulfilled like the other predictions. The restorations are proved by the inscription of Cyrus, and it is worth noticing that in the case of Elam Darius had to face revolts (F. H. Weissbach, *Die Keilinschriften der Achämeniden* [1911], pp. 23, 29, §§ 16 f., 23 f.).

[2] The expression 'king' was applied in Hebrew to many who in modern parlance would be denoted by other terms, such as viceroy, regent, or associate king. That the expression 'king of Assyria' in our passage does not mean Cyrus is shown by his titulary, 'I am Cyrus, king of the world, the great king, the mighty king, king of Babylon, king of Sum ɔ and Akkad, king of the four quarters of the world, son of Cambyses,' &c. (Barton, *op. cit.*, 385). On the other hand it does mean his viceroy. He had appointed Gaubaruva (Gobryas) to this office. He was a Persian prince who already enjoyed royal prerogatives (J. v. Prášek, *Geschichte der Meder und Perser*, i. [1906], pp. 203 f., 227.) His correct Hebrew title would therefore be 'king of Assyria.'

by Assyria, and consequently it is Israel, not Judah, that returns. When Ezra iv. 3 speaks of the heads of the fathers' houses of Israel, there seems no reason to doubt that it means what it says.[1]

From the facts we turn to some predictions. Amos ix. 8–15 had foretold the destruction of the kingdom and the sifting of Israel among the nations, and also a return under a Davidic prince. This was fulfilled. With this is coupled a prophecy of their possessing the remnant of Edom, which was in fact fulfilled in 130 B.C. Two points should, however, be noted. The expression 'in that day' used in ix. 11 requires further investigation in connexion with the time element in prophecy. For the present we can only notice that to a modern reader it gives the impression of the grouping of events which were widely separated. And again, the prophets and other canonical writers sometimes express permanence in terms that we should apply to perpetuity.[2] This is the case in verse 15, for ultimately the people were plucked up, though not till after the lapse of many centuries. It may also be noticed that there is a poetic element (e.g. verse 13) which must not be taken too literally.

Isa. xi. 11–16 brings us to some of the most remarkable fulfilled predictions that can be found. Here we must again notice the curious use of 'in that day' and the grouping of events widely removed in point of time which was observed in Amos. Subject to that, and to the poetic phraseology, we have no difficulty in recognizing the truth of his forecasts. Judah and Ephraim did return, but there was no further rivalry between them. In the Maccabean age they conquered the Philistines (96 B.C.), Edom, Moabitis (under Alexander Jannai, *circa* 94 B.C.), and Ammonitis (under Judas Maccabaeus, 1 Macc. v. 6; Jos. Ant. xii. 81). In verse 15 we again meet poetic phraseology, but it remains true that the Jews enjoyed the facility of travelling in peace and without molestation from the lands of their dispersion to Palestine.

It is difficult to read Jer. iii. 12 ff. without feeling that the prophet was in touch with the exiled Israelites. In any case, it is to be noted that his predictions were completely fulfilled. The return appears, as we have seen, to have been on a small scale—'one of a city and two of a family' (verse 14). As he anticipated, after the return the ark no longer existed (iii. 16), and a time was to come when converts from all nations were gathered unto Jerusalem.

HAROLD M. WIENER.

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[1] In this connexion it is interesting to note that archaeology has recovered what may be traces of the Israelites in exile. A number of contract tablets that were written between 606 and 606 B.C. at Kannu, called Canneh in Ezek. xxvii. 23, near Haran, in Mesop tamia, contain names compounded with the name of a God Au; and one of them speaks of the treasury of the God Au who dwells in Kannu (S. Schiffer, *Keilinschriftliche Spuren der in der zweiten Hälfte des 8 Jahrhunderts von den Assyrern nach Mesopotamien deportierten Samarier* [1907], p. 10; G. A. Barton, *op. cit.*, 2nd. Ed., 450 ff). The form Au is thought to represent the God of Israel, which points to the men being Samaritans. It is also probable that some of the cults of which we catch a glimpse in the Elephantine papyri were due to Israelite admixture.

[2] See *Bibliotheca Sacra*, January, 1921.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Introduction to the Study of Christianity, A.D. 590–1814. By F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 20*s*. net.)

Professor Foakes Jackson has a vast subject, and he surveys it in broad outline, so that it may tempt his readers to search more fully into the story of the Middle Ages, which he rightly describes as an important epoch in the development of mankind. He applies the term mediaeval to the civilization created after the break-up of the earlier Graeco-Roman society. Pope Gregory I had no hankering after the beauties of antiquity; to him they are pagan and nothing more. His outlook is that of a Christian born and bred. To men of that age the monastic life represented the highest goal on earth. With its appearance the clergy tended to come under some sort of ascetic rule. 'For nearly a thousand years the monastic ideal was in a sense to dominate the Western Church, and it is hardly too much to say that thereby Christianity was saved from being utterly overwhelmed by the constant inroad of the barbarians.' All this is brought out in Dr. Jackson's opening chapter on 'The Pillars of the Mediaeval Church.' We turn next to 'The Church and the Empire.' Two fundamental ideas of the Middle Ages had come into being by the close of the ninth century. These were a world federation of Christians as expressed in the Empire, and the sovereign authority of the Church embodied in the Papal States. Despite the decay, disorder, and confusion of the Dark Ages, the light of reason was by no means extinguished. The Church showed inextinguishable vitality from the opening of the ninth to the middle of the eleventh century. It entered the Dark Ages 'semi-pagan, and emerged wholly Christian.' Suffering endured at the hands of the State made the Papacy resolved never to allow the secular power to dominate it. The strength of the Church in the tenth and eleventh centuries lay in the monasteries, which alone afforded any security for the pursuit of Christian virtue. Their reform supplied the men and the spirit requisite for reviving the honour of the Church. 'Canossa was no more than a highly dramatic episode in the long struggle between the Papacy and the Empire on the question of investiture.' Dr. Jackson holds that Gregory VII was supporting a reality. The disunited and disorganized Empire by no means represented humanity, whilst the influence of the Church was felt by every man in Europe. 'Gregory VII indeed stood for a great cause, and it was for the good of the world that, at any rate in those days, it should prevail.' After a suggestive chapter on the Crusades we come to 'Learning and Heresy in the Early Middle Ages.' The mind of the Middle Ages found its best expression in stone. Out of barbarism a new civilization was thus built in castle and cathedral. Anselm, saint and doctor of the Church, was the pioneer of a new philosophy and even

of a new theology which rejected the explanation that the death of Christ was a ransom paid to the devil and substituted for it the idea of satisfaction to the claims of divine justice. Dr. Jackson says of Abélard that 'the turpitude of his conduct has been unduly emphasized.' The chapter on 'The Mediaeval Church as a Disciplinary Institution' gives a shocking account of the severity of its penances. We find a pleasanter subject in the story of the friars, the schoolmen, and the Universities. The chapter on 'England' has much to say of Becket, whose story thrilled the whole Christian world, though it had little real effect. The Pope 'could not afford to risk the very existence of the Papacy for a domestic quarrel in so distant a country as England, especially when the Church itself was hopelessly divided on the question at issue.' The closing chapters, 'A Survey of Society' and 'Dante and the Decay of Mediaevalism,' are not the least valuable and interesting in a book marked throughout by wide research and true insight.

The Beginnings of Christianity. Part I. The Acts of the Apostles. Edited by F. J. Foakes Jackson, D.D., and Kirsopp Lake, D.D. Vol. II. Prolegomena II; Criticism. (Macmillan & Co. 24*s.* net.)

The first volume, which appeared in 1920, was devoted to the Jewish, Gentile, and Christian background of the Acts of the Apostles. The present volume is concerned with the composition and purpose of Acts; the identity of the editor of Luke and Acts; and the history of criticism. The first chapter deals with Greek and Jewish traditions of writing history. Josephus 'edits the unrhetorical records of the Bible, inserting long rhetorical speeches invented to suit his own tastes, and compiles an *Antiquities* of the Jews in twenty volumes to match the work of Dionysius of Hallicarnassus.' The writer of the Third Gospel is perhaps not so Hellenized as Josephus, but his prefaces and dedications suggest classification with the contemporary Hellenistic historians. Comparison with Mark shows how he paraphrases, corrects, and recasts in his own style material taken from the earlier evangelist. 'In Acts the elaborate, homogeneous, and schematic speeches suggest, if not the rhetoric, at least the free composition of the speeches in Greek and Roman histories, while the "we passages" raise the insoluble problem of the use, unitation, or incorporation of autoptic records or the participation of the author in the events which he records.' The question is still unsettled, and the editors think that much more can be done by considering how far Luke was Greek and how far Jewish in his methods of writing. Professor de Zwaan investigates the Greek of Acts. He is inclined to 'revolt slightly from the extreme view of Deissmann and Moulton, who minimize the Semitic or Biblical or Jewish element in the New Testament, and ascribe such phenomena to the vernacular Greek of the time.' Much of Luke's post-classical vocabulary seems to him to be due to a distinctly Jewish-Christian language. His Greek is essentially living. The picturesqueness and dramatic power of his style are generally recognized, as well as the movement in the narratives which makes it sometimes proceed by leaps and bounds. 'He

undoubtedly is the most Greek of New Testament writers, perhaps also in this regard, that he has a fine sense of humour and a certain reserve of power.' Mr. Lowther Clarke deals with the use of the Septuagint in Acts, Professor Burkitt with the use of Mark's Gospel in St. Luke's. The editors discuss the internal evidence of Acts, and attempt to indicate the stages by which it has arrived at its present form. The second part is a study of the tradition which ascribes the Third Gospel and the Acts to Luke the physician, with the internal evidence for and against that tradition. Mr. Emmet holds that apparent contradictions at certain points 'do not affect the general credibility of Acts, or destroy the possibility of its coming from a companion of the Apostle.' Professor Windisch argues against the tradition, but seems to us to misrepresent Paul as disavowing his debt to Ananias by his claim to independence in Galatians i. He accepts the position of the Tübingen critics that Acts cannot have been written by Luke, but his argument does not carry conviction to our mind. The discussion of the medical language of Luke and Acts is of great interest, and so is Professor Cadbury's commentary on Luke's preface. A very valuable and helpful survey of the history of criticism is a special feature of the volume, but we do not think the Appendices showing the growth of the St. Francis legend and much less the story of Margaret Catchpole are entitled to their places as 'literary analogies,' though they are of great interest, and that by Mr. Coulton will greatly appeal to students of St. Francis. The editors think that the great majority of British scholars would accept Acts as a product of the first century, and regard the writer of the 'we sections' as author both of the Acts and of the Third Gospel; that the writer possesses a great deal of knowledge of St. Paul's journeys, some of it being first hand; and that he gives a picture of the march of events which is at any rate correct in outline. The subject invites the closest investigation, and for our part we believe that such study will go far to confirm the traditional view.

A History of the Church to A.D. 461. By B. J. Kidd, D.D. 3 volumes. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 58*s*. net.)

The Warden of Keble College feels it rather a rash thing to publish another Church history after the memorable work done by Dr. Gwatkin, Dr. Bigg, Dr. Bright, and Mgr. Duchesne in the same field. But none of them covers the whole field in English, and none gives references in any fullness. Dr. Bright in his lectures taught him the value of references, and they are here supplied in a way that will put students into direct contact with the sources and enable them to use the originals for themselves. His own *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Church to* A.D. 461 are published in convenient form by the S.P.C.K., and students will find them of great service. Dr. Kidd has studied the subject since 1866, and for the last twenty years has been lecturing upon it for the Honour School of Theology. Each volume is complete in itself, and can be had separately for a guinea. The first covers the period down to A.D. 313; the second carries it to 408; the third to 461. It is a scholar's masterpiece, which avoids all rhetoric and states facts and arguments clearly

and without prejudice. Each volume has its own full index. The theories as to persecution under Diocletian, 303–313, are discussed. He may have been led to this action by Galerius, the younger and the stronger man, and the final resolve was probably taken in consequence of a plot in which Christians of the palace were concerned. The account of the Council at Nicaea in 325 is very full, and the objections taken to its proceedings then and now are clearly stated and well answered. The 'long tragedy' of Athanasius is vividly described, and the plots of his enemies show the lengths to which they were ready to go against the champion of orthodoxy. Constantine, towards the end of his days, had been spoilt by power, and not improved by association with courtly prelates. Yet 'when people passed to the yoke of Constantius they may well be pardoned for looking back on his father as Ἰσαπόστολος; and the prince who was the first to see in Christianity the basis of a new social order may, if greatness be to know a great thing when you see it, be justly allowed his name of Constantine the Great.' The story of Chrysostom is told with much illuminating detail. 'His sorrows were due to the patronage of the State over the Church. The moral triumph was his by the testimony of all succeeding ages; but the material victory rested with the State.' In the third volume we see the relations between Jerome and Augustine. Throughout their correspondence Augustine proved himself the true gentleman, which Jerome never was. Augustine learned the reverence due to the original in the interests of truth, and Jerome learned the superior claims of truthfulness in the same cause. 'They parted wiser men, and—wondrous to relate of a quarrel to which Jerome was a party—better friends.' Much attention is paid in this third volume to Pelagianism, the Catholic Doctrine of Grace, Nestorianism, and Eutchyianism. The work of the Church in the West and the East is fully described, and a closing chapter is devoted to 'the Churches beyond the Empire.' The history is the fruit of many years of close attention, and, whatever other works are on the student's shelves, he will find this an important and most reliable addition to his treasured masterpieces.

A Manual Greek Lexicon of the New Testament. By G. Abbott-Smith, D.D., D.C.L. (T. & T. Clark. 21*s.* net.)

The Professor of New Testament Literature in the Montreal Diocesan College has supplied a long-felt want. In one convenient volume he has embodied the results of the lexical study of the last quarter of a century. Thayer's Lexicon has been the standard work for the last thirty years, but it had to be supplemented by later works, and it is no small gain to have a Lexicon which gathers all the new material into one handy volume. The research of recent years has made it clear that the New Testament is written in the common speech of the Greek-speaking world of the first century. Moulton and Milligan's Vocabulary of the Greek Testament gives invaluable material drawn from the papyri, and their evidence has brought about a growing sense of the value of the Septuagint to the student of the New Testament. The new Lexicon has skilfully availed itself of this material, and has taken for the text the standard adopted in Moulton and

Geden's Concordance. The Preface pays tribute to 'Dr. J. H. Moulton, the genial master-craftsman of that science to which I have sought in a humble way to contribute what I could.' The Lexicon covers 528 pages. It shows at a glance the derivation of each word and what Hebrew word it represents in the Septuagint. The various uses in the New Testament are given in a way that makes it a complete Concordance for ninety-five per cent. of the New Testament Vocabulary and a complete Concordance to the LXX with respect to nearly forty per cent. of the words. There is an appendix of the irregular verbs of the Greek New Testament; and another containing an Alphabetical List of Verbal Forms. The printing is clear, the paper good, the binding strong and neat. It is a Lexicon greatly needed, and close examination will yield an increasing estimate of its value to students.

The Modern Reader's Bible for Schools. The Old Testament. By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. (Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* net.)

Dr. Richard Moulton has seen many hundreds of University and other students turned from prejudice to enthusiasm for the Bible simply by its presentation in literary form. He advises teachers to concentrate their efforts on the simple and straightforward reading of Holy Scripture, unhampered even by explanation, in the way most other books are read. 'When this has been secured the Bible may be left to take care of itself.' His work on these lines has laid all Bible students under lasting obligation. The new volume on the Old Testament offers even a wider field for such treatment than that which Dr. Moulton has already given us on the New Testament. 'Schools' in the title is intended to cover a variety of readers, from classes of young people to students at a University, besides Bible students in general. It is divided into six sections: History interwoven with Story and Song; Transition from History to Collected Literature; Collected Books of the Prophets; Collected Psalms and Lyrics; The Poem of 'Zion Redeemed' (Isa. xl.–lxvi.) as Climax of the Old Testament; The Books of Wisdom: Intermediate between the Old and the New Testament. Each section has its own brief but suggestive Introduction. The division into chapters and verses is omitted, but a special index connects the selections with the arrangement of the ordinary Bible. The headed paragraphs are a great aid to the reader, and valuable notes are given to particular passages and to more general subjects such as verse in the Bible, metrical and rhetorical figures, imagery and symbolism, &c. Dr. Moulton has won a world-wide reputation by his literary presentation of the Bible, and this volume will increase the debt that we all owe to him for his skilful and reverent setting forth of the untold treasures of the Old Testament.

Paul: Luther: Wesley; A Study in Religious Experience as Illustrative of the Ethic of Christianity. By Thos. F. Lockyer, B.A. (The Epworth Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

In this work Mr. Lockyer makes a valuable contribution to the study

of Christian ethics, triumphantly refuting the frequent assumption that evangelical religion is loose in its ethics. He unfolds the implications of Christian experience, and finds that its 'central dynamic . . . is not any archetypal experience of God that was present in Jesus of Nazareth, but consists rather in the living presence and power of Christ in the heart.' This being his purpose, the significance of the combining of the three names in the title is evident; between them, notwithstanding the intervening centuries, a 'lineal succession' can be traced. 'We see Luther catching the flame from Paul, and Wesley taking fire from the twofold source, as though the three were in actual personal touch.' The method adopted imparts a freshness to these sketches and gives a unity to the volume. For example, the chapter on 'the conversion and personal experience of the Apostle Paul' is preceded by careful summaries of the types of ethical teaching in the Graeco-Roman world of Paul's time, the ethic of the Hebrew religion, and the ethic of contemporaneous Christianity. The comparison reveals the distinguishing principles of the ethic of Christianity, admirably summarized thus: 'Redeeming grace, universal in its range, but individual in its application, on God's part, with living faith, individually appropriating the grace, on man's part, effects that great renewal of man's nature which results in the new life of love and service.' In the Epistles of Paul the vital factors of ethical Christianity are seen to be everywhere prominent. In the studies of Luther and of Wesley a similar outline is followed, and although Mr. Lockyer treads familiar ground, he has chosen his own path and exercises his own judgement. The result is to establish the intimate relationship between the evangelical experience of these two great religious leaders and their devotion to the service of mankind. In the Appendix Mr. Lockyer has conferred a boon on students by printing direct translations from the German original of Luther's *Freedom of a Christian Man* and his *Prologue to the Epistle to the Romans*. Mention should also be made of the excellent paraphrase of the first hymn written by Luther for congregational use. It is in the metre of the original and in its title was described as 'setting forth the unspeakable grace of God, and the true faith.'

The Evolution of the New Testament. By J. E. Symes, M.A. (John Murray. 18*s*. net.)

The very title of this book is significant of the advance that has been made in the study of the New Testament, and when we compare its method and point of view with those of similar introductions which appeared a generation ago, the sense of progress in the direction of general agreement in critical conclusions is real, though many problems still await solution. The gifted author died before his work received his final revision, but this does not detract from the value of the study as a whole; it remains a solid, helpful, and scholarly résumé of the order and conditions in which the New Testament books—here treated in chronological order—were produced. The writer has theories of his own—in respect, e.g., of the Epistles of James, 2 Peter and Philippians, and the Apocalypse—but he is absolutely fair in setting forth the grounds on which opposing theories

rest. His whole attitude is that of a reverent and judicial mind. The work is thorough without being too technical, and, while not to be neglected by students, will be of considerable value to all who bring an intelligent interest to the study of the New Testament literature. Perhaps a fuller treatment of such subjects as the character of the mystery cults and Gnosticism, in view of their modern prominence, would have been useful, but what is given is sufficient to stimulate inquiry on the more technical aspects of the literary evidence for both. With regard to the Fourth Gospel, the author writes, 'It is easy to talk vaguely of a scholar of Ephesus of the Johannine school who may have produced the Gospel, but the more we try to realize the actual situation, the more likely are we to be driven back to the traditional view, in spite of all the difficulties that surround it.' And he believes that the authorship of both the Gospel and the Epistles by the Apostle John towards the end of his life is a view that at least fulfils the required conditions. There is a useful chapter on 'Some Rejected Books,' treating of the *Epistle of Barnabas*, the *Didache*, *I Clement*, and *The Shepherd of Hermas*—an addition which many readers will welcome. With regard to St. Paul's Epistle to the Philippians, he inclines to the view that the arrangement of the matter is non-chronological, the first section being iii. 2 to iv. 9. An acknowledgement of the first and second gifts was not preserved, but this first fragment was kept because of its valuable teaching. Later came the second section—iv. 10–20—referring to a third gift, and lastly Paul wrote the main part of the Epistle as we have it, the existing arrangement being due to some scribe who inserted the fragments before the final benediction. But while arguing for the composite character of Philippians, he declines to accept the view of advanced critics that Paul did not write the Epistle to the Ephesians; he holds it to be the most general of all Paul's letters, addressed, if not actually delivered, to all the churches of the Empire. The author's independence of judgement is a refreshing feature in a book of undoubted ability.

The Gospel in the Old Testament. By C. F. Burney, M.A., D.Litt. (T. & T. Clark. 12*s.* net.)

It is unusual to find a volume of twenty sermons with only two that have texts chosen from the New Testament, and these taken for their reference to the Old Testament rather than for their own sake. But Dr. Burney is the Oriel Professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture and a Canon of Rochester, and he felt that that which formed his professional work at Oxford ought rightly to form the substance of his preaching. So we have a masterly volume of interpretations of some of those great incidents and teachings which give to the older Scriptures their permanent value and significance. He is sure that one of the greatest needs of to-day is a presentation of the spiritual teaching of the Old Testament, and that not simply to set it in its relation to the teaching of the New Testament, but for its own sake, for the spiritual illumination and impulse which it holds for every sincere heart. He is not at all afraid of the higher criticism as such when it is an instrument in the hands of men who are reverent

and wise, and these sermons show that it has enhanced rather than depreciated the value of the things of which he speaks. Moreover, there are some very fine sermons, as witness the one on 'The Responsibility of the Individual' and that on 'Communion with God,' which treat of those great themes which never can be exhausted as long as men nurse imperishable ideals and are disturbed with the great elemental spiritual hungers. The whole book is marked everywhere with a fine scholarship, a sensitive appreciation of the subtler aspects of the Christian life, a great sense of man's spiritual nature and capacity, and a true realization of the adaptation of the word of God to all human life. In some passages, as he touches the deepest, truth stands out with an arrestive clearness. We see it in its beauty; we feel it in its power. This book will do far more than expound a few passages of the Old Testament; it will create a temper, an atmosphere, in which the whole book may be studied, and should be studied, and so will enhance the whole book as a progressive disclosure of the will of God.

The Gospel of the Manhood. By John H. Skrine, D.D. (Skeffington. 5*s.* net.) Dr. Skrine holds that a doctrine of the Incarnation-fact which brings out the unique moral greatness of our Lord's earthly career, His sacrificial death, the return of His human personality after death to intercourse with His human friends, the continued and limitless activity among men of the force of His still human personality, is a true gospel of Christ and a power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. That is what he means by the Gospel of the Manhood. He dwells on 'the abiding manhood that lives and acts as in heaven so on earth,' and on the atonement by the gift of life. Christ's action on the souls of followers who walked close at His side he describes as telepathic, 'though the interval was no wider than that distance which no instrument can measure that divides every personality from every other.' In His manhood, now freed from the mortal limitations, He was seen and heard of His disciples during the forty days, 'and by the same exercise of that manhood's powers has in all the days been present to His disciples in an intercourse of thought and act.' On Paul's testimony, supported by the experience of a thousand thousand less articulate testimonies of holy and humble men of heart such as Sadhu Sundar Singh, 'we rest our assurance that Christ works life in the will as in the mind of men, and works it by the powers in Him of the manhood which is eternal and infinite.' It is a study which will interest and help all devout readers.—Messrs. Skeffington also publish *The Glory of Redemption*, by the Rev. H. W. Workman, M.A. (3*s.* 6*d.* net). He thinks that in the quest of the Christ-consciousness lies the secret of the joy, enthusiasm, and power of faith which shine forth so clearly in the pages of the New Testament. The body is a school for faith, and redemption from sickness is discussed in a chapter to which readers will eagerly turn. 'There are thousands living to-day who can testify to the power of Christ in the redemption of the body no less than the soul.' 'There are signs that the study of faith is coming into its own again, and may it not well prove a vital force in that reunion of Christendom so deeply to be desired?' It is a timely and

helpful study.—*Presentations of Christianity*, by the Rev. J. E. Roscoe, M.A., B.Litt. (1*s.* net), dwells suggestively with the spiritual, the sacramental, the scholastic, the Modernist, the musical, the art, and other presentations of Christianity. Such a grouping is fresh and full of interest. As the Bishop of Manchester puts it in a brief Preface, the method effectively displays the fact that there are many ways by which the one faith commends itself to men's souls.—The Rev. W. Tron writes two booklets: *Confirmation; or, The Gifts of the Holy Spirit* (6*d.* net) and *Why Should I go to Church?* (4*d.* net). That on confirmation puts the case from the Churchman's side in a very impressive way.

The Abingdon Press, New York, sends us *The Mother-Teacher of Religion*, by Anna F. Belts ($2 net), which begins with 'The Mother's Creed and Prayer' and shows with rare insight how to teach a child to pray and to form religious habits. The possibility of linking the child's activities and experiences of the day with the thought of God is clearly pointed out. Recreation at home is not overlooked, and pictures, stories, and songs are dwelt on as three magic keys to the mind and heart of a child. Bible stories, Religion through Songs, Foundations of Character, and Children's Problems are dealt with in other chapters in the most practical way, and choice illustrations and music add to the attractions of a valuable book.—*Organization and Administration of Religious Education*. By John Elbert Stout. ($1.50 net.) His first sentence is arresting: 'Whatever we would have in our national life we must first put into our programme of education.' The book devotes special attention to the aims of religious education, the selection and training of teachers, and the administrative management of pupils. The writer's position as Professor of Administration of Religious Education in North-western University has enabled him to survey the whole subject from the most practical point of view.—*Shorter Bible Plays*, by Rita Benton ($1.25 net), gives instructions for children to represent Bible subjects such as the story of Noah's ark, Moses in the bulrushes, and the nativity, with some short plays interspersed with music and lighted up by a set of illustrations of costumes, &c. It will be in great request for schools that wish to bring home the Bible stories in this way.—*Parents and their Children*. By Mary E. Moxcey. (75c. net.) A very useful study of family training, discipline, play and recreation, and religious nurture of the home. Sound sense and practical experience are manifest in every page.—*Students' History of the Hebrews*. By Laura A. Knott. ($2 net.) A thoroughly interesting account of Bible history prepared for the use of secondary schools, with a set of questions at the end of each lesson and some excellent maps and illustrations. It is based on the best authorities and conveniently divided into paragraphs.—*Unfinished Rainbows and other Essays*, by George W. Anderson ($1.25 net), are beautiful in style and rich in suggestive thought. The writer is well known as a pastor and evangelist, and he certainly deserves to be.—*Fundamentals of Faith in the Life of Modern Thought*. By Horace B. Williams. ($1.25 net.) Important facts of our Christian faith are here presented in terms of the ethical and scientific concepts of our time. The demand for a

religion, history's testimony to Jesus' claim, the problem of evil, and other problems, are lucidly and helpfully handled in this timely book. —*An Easter Disciple*, by A. B. Sanford (85c. net), is the story of a young Roman knight who hears Christ in Jerusalem and becomes His disciple after the Resurrection. It is very well conceived and gracefully told.—*Pageantry and Dramatics in Religious Education*. By W. V. Meredith. ($1.25 net.) America has awakened to an appreciation of the beautiful, and this volume seeks to guide teachers as to ways in which they may present religious truths in dramatic form. Drama makes the knowledge and culture of the past come home to the individual, but should only be used where it will be the most suitable and effective mode of teaching. Such a book will guide many in their work.—*The Christian in Social Relationships*, by D. F. Dieffendorf (75c. net), shows that the Christian religion is a constructive force which must be applied to society more fully than ever in this new era. It is sane and practical throughout.—*The Cradle Roll Manual*, by Jessie E. Moore (Methodist Book Concern, 65c. net), describes a child's toys, its early training, the nursery, the mother's duties, and the cradle roll class in the happiest vein. It will be a real help in homes and in schools.

The Student Christian Movement issues *The Social Implications of Christianity*, by John Lee, M.A. (*4s. 6d.* net). Mr. Lee has had large experience as head of a big Government business, and holds that our present system needs radical transformation. His idea is that all services should be rendered open and frank, and rewards arranged on an exact valuation. 'Once we pour upon the complex system of capitalism the light of thorough understanding and the Christian consideration which draws a distinction between the legitimate reward of loaning and the grip of power which aggregated capital seems secretly to possess, we shall be able to Christianize the wages system.' The social implications of worship are impressively set forth, and Mr. Lee finds in the fusion of all men together, and in the conception of a spiritual Kingdom underlying all the relationships of man, the social implications of Christianity. It is a sane and hopeful view of the whole subject.—*The Authority of Jesus*. By R. Winboult Harding, B.D. (*5s.* net.) This book goes behind the teaching of Jesus to His inner mind and personality as a teacher, and there finds the secret of His authority. The letters of the New Testament make little reference to His words and deeds, but they show how deeply His personality had influenced the writers. Our generation is all at sea in the sphere of morals, and needs to see love in action, working out in every part of a life passed under human conditions. Jesus is that example. The silent years at Nazareth were not barren of the finer things of life. Jesus did not neglect the furbishing of the soul, and He found time and opportunity for the study of human nature. As Master the secret of His power was that He knew more about God than any other of whom men had ever heard. Yet with all His challenging authority Jesus never used His mastery to break men's wills. That is finely brought out in the chapter on 'The Education of the Disciples.' Then Mr. Harding studies 'The Friendship of Jesus' in its demands and its gifts. His conception of God is seen in

His view of the world, His conception of duty, and His habits of prayer. With such a view of God in the life of Jesus, and then 'brought home to experience through the gift of the Spirit, is it any wonder that the New Testament is the freshest, most joyous, most triumphant book in the world?' The last chapter shows that he 'who can forgive sins has the authority of God. In the last analysis this is the very heart of the authority of Jesus.' This is a book rich in suggestion and full of illumination.—*Studies in Historical Christianity*. By A. E. J. Rawlinson, B.D. (4*s*. net.) Five chapters of this book were given as lectures to undergraduates at Cambridge; two have appeared in *The Pilgrim*. Mr. Rawlinson believes that the future lies with a constructive 'modernism' of the Liberal Evangelical Catholic type, and he deals with Catholicism, Episcopacy, sacraments, and other subjects from that point of view. He holds that it is on the basis of the historic episcopate that the problem of Christian reunion, as far as ministry is concerned, will 'eventually, without prejudice to the conscience of anybody, be solved.' The chapter on 'New Testament Criticism' will be studied with special interest, though not with entire agreement at all points. It is a broad-minded scholarly treatment of subjects of vital concern to us all.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge publish *The Canon Law of Church Institutions*, Vol. I., by Oswald J. Reichel, M.A. (10*s*. 6*d*.). The writer began to study this subject fifty years ago when he set himself to inquire what were the laws of the Church in relation to the sacraments, Church discipline, and Church institutions. He has found the province of Canon Law invaded and wellnigh swamped by the Civil Law of Rome, and also invaded by feudal ideas. His Introduction deals with the Apostolic College and the Church's constitution and membership. Then the study passes to Legislative Government—Synods, Provincial Councils, Canons, and Canon Law. The subject is one of special importance, and this luminous and well-documented study will be of great service.—*The Temptation of Our Lord*. By H. J. C. Knight, D.D. (5*s*. net.) The Bishop of Gibraltar's Hulsean Lectures in 1905–6 were highly prized on their appearance in 1907 by Dr. Swete and Dr. John Wordsworth, and Bishop Montgomery's Introduction gives some facts about the writer, who died in November, 1920. The lectures show the place of the temptation in the life of Christ, the influence they had on the principles of His ministry, and the light they throw on His Person. This convenient reprint will be of great service to all students as a fresh and suggestive interpretation of the temptation in the wilderness.—*Readings from the Apocrypha*, selected and annotated by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. (1*s*. 6*d*. net.), gives forty-nine extracts intended to familiarize readers with the treasures of these books. Some useful notes and a brief account of authors and dates are added to a very acceptable little book.

The Story of the Passion. By the Very Rev. Henry Wace, D.D. (Murray. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.) Dean Wace has given these addresses in Holy Week during the nineteen years he has been in Canterbury. There are twenty-seven of them, and there is not one that does not

bring out some new view of the various stages of the Passion. They are simple, exquisitely simple, full of deep feeling and rich in application to the spiritual life of his hearers. The evidence for the Resurrection grows stronger as we read such a study as the closing address on 'The Sepulchre.' 'Gethsemane' throws light on the conflict in our Lord's soul, and 'The Mount of Olives' has its own significance brought out in a new fashion. The addresses are brief, but they are full of matter for devout meditation.—*The Romance of Eternal Life.* By Charles Gardner. (Dent & Sons. 5*s.* net.) This book is concerned with man's romantic quest after God, and his romantic life if he finds Him. Our Lord spoke to the Jewish nation as their King; to the sympathetic individual as the Stranger from heaven. To find Him in this last aspect and gain from Him eternal life is the soul's chief quest. St. John's Gospel shows how Jesus, the Eternal Life, drew all kinds of men and women around Him. That is beautifully brought out in a chapter on 'The Friends of Jesus.' The second part of the volume links birth, the new birth, confirmation, marriage, age, and immortality to eternal life in a novel and suggestive way. It is a Churchman's book, but it is one from which Nonconformists also will gain much help and guidance, though they cannot accept all its teaching.—*A Handful of Stars.* By F. W. Boreham. (Epworth Press. 6*s.* net.) The stars are a galaxy of twenty-two texts that have left an abiding stamp on the lives of men and women. It is a companion volume to *A Bunch of Everlastings*, and it has the same delightful wealth of observation and illustration, the same art of repetition, and the same joy in tracing the power and grace of Scripture truths. The closing illustration, borrowed from Sir Harry Lauder, is a gem, and the volume is full of similar felicities. Such a book will be an inspiration to all who turn its pages.—*The Assurance that God is Love.* By Frank Ballard, D.D. (Epworth Press. 2*s.* net.) This is the fourth and concluding part of a vigorous and well-timed answer to publications of the Rationalist Press Association. It brings out the meaning of our Lord's supreme revelation of the divine Fatherhood which is the very heart and soul of Christ's mission to humanity. Dr. Ballard shows how it affects the vast world of mankind outside actual Church fellowship, and sums up the subject under five distinctive truths which invite reverent thought. It is a piece of evidential work which will be of real service to many.—*Essays in Christian Thinking.* By A. T. Cadoux, B.A., D.D. (Swarthmore Press. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.) The writer of these essays starts from the severely critical standpoint of modern thought and history and works his way to a new appreciation of Christian truth. We do not agree with his treatment of the Virgin birth and the preexistence of Christ, nor with his idea of 'sex-selection as a factor that made Jesus possible,' but he is a fearless thinker who believes in the uniqueness of Jesus, though he cannot persuade us that 'just because He was whole man, and mere man, He was very God.' There is no divinity there.—*Full Salvation and Spiritual Healing.* By Sheldon Knapp. (Epworth Press. 4*d.*) A view of the relation between religion and health which will provoke thought and discussion.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Legacy of Greece. Edited by R. W. Livingstone. (Clarendon Press. *7s. 6d.* net.)

It would not be easy to gather more riches together in a single volume than Mr. Livingstone has succeeded in doing in this wonderful book. The essays are by experts whose names guarantee the value of their work. Professors Gilbert Murray, I. Burnet, D'Arcy Thompson, Arnold Toynbee, A. E. Zimmern, Percy Gardner, Sir T. L. Heath, Charles Singer, Mr. Livingstone, and Sir Reginald Blomfield are almost a unique bevy of contributors, and it is hard to say which essay is most illuminating. The ordinary reader will perhaps find Sir T. L. Heath's 'Mathematics and Astronomy' the most technical, but it will richly reward close attention. It introduces us to that marvellous achievement of three hundred and fifty years, 'within which the Greeks, starting from the very beginning, brought geometry to the point of performing operations equivalent to the integral calculus, and, in the realm of astronomy, actually anticipated Copernicus.' The unique greatness of Aristotle is shown in Mr. Singer's study: 'The huge figure of that magnificent naturalist completely overshadows Greek as it does much of later biology.' Mr. Singer's chapter on 'Medicine' is of sustained interest, with its account of Hippocrates and Galen, the two outstanding masters of the school. Dr. Toynbee's 'Lamps of Greek Art' has a charm of its own. He points out that 'it is to the New Testament that apostles like John Wesley and George Fox made their appeal, setting up in opposition to the convention and worldliness of the Church in their times the spirituality and simplicity of the apostolic age, just as Goethe and Lessing turned men's minds from what was contrary to reason and good taste in their surroundings to Greek beauty and simplicity.' Sir Reginald Blomfield's discussion of 'Architecture' shows that 'instead of repudiating the work of his fathers, the Greek carried it on to its perfection, and built his palace of art on a sure foundation, because he turned neither to the right hand nor to the left, but steadily set his face towards the light.' Mr. Livingstone's discussion of Greek literature dwells on its singular freedom from 'the artifice and mannerism which lend themselves to mimicry and seems like Nature, with her many voices, speaking.' 'History' and 'Political Thought' are worthily treated by Dr. Toynbee and Professor Zimmern. Professor Gilbert Murray says in his introductory essay on 'The Value of Greece to the Future of the World' that 'the conception of freedom and justice, freedom in body, in speech, and in mind, justice between the strong and the weak, the rich and the poor, penetrates the whole of Greek political thought, and was, amid obvious flaws, actually realized to a remarkable degree in the best Greek communities.' Dean Inge deals with 'Religion' in a way that will stir thought. 'Faith in honest seeking is the heart of the Greek view of life.' He believes that 'the unflinching eye and

the open mind will bring us again to the feet of the Christ, to whom Greece, with her long tradition of free and fearless inquiry, became a speedy and willing captive, bringing her manifold treasures to Him, in the well-grounded confidence that He was not come to destroy but to fulfil.' Professor Burnet's sketch of 'Philosophy,' a brief presentation of one of the glories of Greece, will be of real service to students of the subject.

A Short History of British Expansion. By James A. Williamson. (Macmillan & Co. 25*s*. net.)

The object of this volume is to trace not merely British colonization and the administration of tropical dependencies, but the movements of foreign trade, the rise and decline of economic theories, emigration, and broad changes in national character and outlook. Mr. Williamson has availed himself of material gathered together by many authorities during the last quarter of a century. He divides his work into five parts: Overseas Commerce in the Middle Ages; The Tudor Period—Experiments in Oceanic Enterprise; The Foundation of the Mercantile Empire; The Zenith and Fall of the Mercantile Empire; The Britannic Commonwealth. The survey opens with the beginnings of that sea-power on which the British Empire is based. At the time of the Norman Conquest there was undoubtedly some small traffic with the Continent, but it was limited to the casual export of scanty supplies of lead and tin from the English mines and the corresponding import of French wines and fine apparel for the wealthy. The trade was largely in the hands of foreign merchants, who were fully trained and organized, whilst the English were in the stage of apprenticeship. For at least two hundred and fifty years after the Conquest Englishmen had little share in their sea-borne trade. Jews and Florentines were the financiers. With the Tudors England entered on a new stage of national expansion. In the latter half of the sixteenth century our enterprise extended itself in a determined manner to the oceans of the world. Discovery led to a widening field of commerce between 1547 and 1558. After that date England grew steadily in power, till at the close of Elizabeth's reign she stood forth tried and proved in conflict with the greatest world-power, and ready now to become a world-power herself. A luminous account is given of colonization under the Stuarts, and of the East India Company's origin and development. The last part describes with a wealth of detail the changing world between 1788 and 1850 and the growth of the British Empire in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and India. This is followed by a closing chapter on 'Imperial Policy and Constitutional Development' from 1850 to 1920. During Disraeli's ministry of 1874–80 colonial affairs assumed an importance they had long lacked in English politics. The new imperialism had as yet no great driving force behind it, but historians and political writers carried on the work of propaganda. The growth of the imperial idea and the work of the Imperial Conferences are clearly set forth. 'The immediate task is the rounding-off of the revolution of the past few years and the harmonizing of the new claims and conditions.' The volume claims close attention from statesmen and men of

business all over the Empire. The list of authorities appended to each part, the splendid set of maps, and the full index, add greatly to the usefulness of a work which embodies the result of much research on a subject of growing interest and importance.

International Relations. By James Bryce. (Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Viscount Bryce delivered these lectures at Williams College, in the United States, in August, 1921. His audience included professors of history and public law from many Universities, but was mainly non-professional. He dealt with a few of the broader aspects of his subject, and gave his lectures a practical aim which was at this moment much in the minds of thoughtful men everywhere. Economic relations between nations have been growing closer and personal intercourse between their members more frequent, yet political friendliness between States has not increased. 'Why is it,' men ask, 'that before the clouds of the Great War have vanished from the sky new clouds are rising over the horizon? What can be done to avert the dangers that are threatening the peace of mankind?' Viscount Bryce seeks to provide material for answering these questions by throwing upon them the light of history, which is the best guide to a comprehensive study of the facts as they stand and to a sound judgement of the means by which suspicions and enmities may give way to the co-operation of the States in many things and by their goodwill in all. The first two sketch the character which relations of nations and States have borne in the past. Incessant bloodshed and plunder characterized everywhere over the world the first period of international relations. The Roman Empire brought a second period of comparative peace, but a new force appeared in the influence of monotheistic religions. Islam was militant and intolerant from the very first, and all through the Dark Ages there was 'practically as much fighting between those who called themselves Christians as there had been in any previous age.' During the third period, which covered five centuries, an attempt was made to apply Christianity to the betterment of political relations. It became part of the functions of the Pope to prevent, as far as possible, international as well as private wars. The fourth period opens with the Reformation; the fifth comes down to the end of the Great War in 1918–20. Five prominent figures who typify the diverse tendencies at work from 1789 to 1914—Bonaparte, Bismarck, Cavour, Kossuth, and Mazzini—are sketched. 'Had there been no Bismarck and no Mazzini we should have seen to-day a very different Europe.' The second lecture is on 'The Great War and its Results.' It has left one unprecedented feature. The victors bear as much resentment against the vanquished as the vanquished do against the victors. Various sources of danger to the peace of the world are indicated, and these call on all men of goodwill to try to bring about a better peace, by removing the dangers and injustices which bode future wars. The conclusion of the third lecture on 'The Influence of Commerce' leads to the conclusion that the less an executive government has to do with business and with international finance the better for the

people. Viscount Bryce then considers the forces and influences making for war or peace, such as lust for territory, religious hatred, injuries inflicted on citizens, commercial or financial interests, sympathy with the oppressed, and fear. How far can principles embodied in law and applied in concrete cases by Courts be made to command a respect and exercise an authority before which all States will bow? That leads to a consideration of the morality of States. Viscount Bryce thinks that in some cases the whole body of citizens will show a fairer and broader spirit than has hitherto been usual in diplomacy. Democracies, however, can be grasping and unjust, like other forms of government. Various methods have been suggested, such as an Arbitration Tribunal or a Council of Conciliation. If these fail, what means of protection can States use to save themselves from attack? Those who see strong objections to the plan of safety through alliances conceive that peace can only be secured by the creation of an authority including and standing above all existing States. The difficulties that surround the attempt to create an organization capable of preserving a general peace are considered, and the lessons of the Great War are brought out. The world is now one in a sense in which it never was before, and every civilized nation is bound to take an interest in the welfare of the rest. What is needed is a public opinion which in every nation would give keener attention to international policy, and lift it to a higher plane. America is well fitted to set an example in this matter, and as Viscount Bryce says in his concluding sentence: 'Your help, your powerful and disinterested help, will be of incomparable service in every effort to rescue your brother peoples from the oldest and deadliest of all the evils that have afflicted mankind.' The lectures are a legacy to the thinkers of all lands, and will not be without effect on earnest and candid minds. Their manifest reasonableness cannot fail to deepen their impression.

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sir Sidney Lee. With Portraits and Facsimiles. Third Edition of the Revised Version. Rewritten and Enlarged. (John Murray. 15*s.* net.)

This *Life* was first published in November, 1898, and was based on the article which Sir Sidney Lee contributed to the *Dictionary of National Biography*. After it had reached a sixth edition it was rewritten and enlarged, and this third edition of the revised version has a few corrections and some fresh information which add to its completeness and value as the standard biography of Shakespeare. The bibliographical notes have been brought up to date and particulars given as to the latest research and the latest sales of Shakespearean treasures. Sir Sidney thinks it would be narrow-minded to grudge the United States some of the richest treasures, though he adds a warning as to 'the accelerated pace at which rare Shakespeareana —on which Shakespearean scholarship is founded—are passing from this country to America.' He would like to see some enactment requiring that photographic copies of unique MSS. and books should be deposited with the British Museum and other libraries before they

leave this country. Special tribute is paid in the new preface to the unswerving fidelity of the 'Old Vic' in London to Shakespeare's plays, of which thirty-nine have been produced in the last eight seasons. The expert criticism of theories about Shakespeare's punctuation, &c., will be of much service to students, and the account of the pecuniary estimation of early copies of his work is of great interest. The work has grown from 500 pages in the first edition to 820, whilst each page has now nine or ten more lines. Such a work can never be complete, and other revised editions will follow the present masterpiece, for which Shakespeare students are under an immense debt to Sir Sidney Lee.

The Victorian Age. By W. R. Inge. (Cambridge University Press. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Dean of St. Paul's has made the Rede Lecture for 1922 a call to the younger generation to see that the fortunes of this country are not sacrificed during the next thirty years. He has no doubt that the Elizabethan and the Victorian Ages will appear to the historian of the future as the twin peaks in which English civilization culminated. He takes Tennyson as his example of Victorian literature, because he is the greatest and most representative name. He is thoroughly English. 'Browning is more cosmopolitan, but his method of facing the problems of life like a bull at a fence is characteristically English.' Dean Inge puts the palmiest days of English novel-writing in the fifties, when Dickens, Thackeray, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Trollope, Kingsley, Disraeli, Bulwer Lytton, and Meredith were all writing. He thinks the main cause of decay in that realm is due to 'the pernicious habit of writing hastily for money.' The Industrial Revolution, which began before the accession of George III, ushered in a period of more rapid change than any other which history records, and the reign of Queen Victoria covered the latter half of the most wonderful century in human history. There was a literature of complacency of which Macaulay supplies some of the best samples, but alongside it was that literature of social indignation of which Carlyle and Ruskin were the chief prophets. The Dean has much to say of the state of the poor, the reform of the Universities, the condition of the Army, and other details of the age. It is a sparkling lecture, rich in suggestion, and not without warnings for our own times. The signs are that our country's work on a grand scale, with the whole world as our stage, is probably nearing its end. But much depends on the youth of the Empire, and they have revealed powers and possibilities which give room for hope and courage.

Tramping with a Poet in the Rockies. By Stephen Graham. With thirty-eight emblems by Vernon Hill. (Macmillan & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Graham joined Vachel Lindsay at Springfield and tramped with him over the Rockies into Canada. The two men had formed a friendship in 1919, and proved congenial spirits in their long and rough pilgrimage. The story is told in short chapters, each of which

is rounded off with a bit of poetry in the Walt Whitman vein. Vachel is pronounced like Rachel, and the poet had sung to the farmers for bed and supper on his own tramps across the States. Mr. Graham, who had tramped without music and been told to chop wood or turn hay before he got a meal, knew what a miracle it was to charm a supper out of a farmer with a song. Vachel is a poetical vagabond, and Mr. Graham confesses that he also is a vagabond, though he adds, 'I for my part hardly believe in tramping for tramping's sake, but in living with Nature for what that is worth. To sleep under the stars, to live with the river that sings as it flows, to sit by the embers of morning or evening fire and just dream away time and earnestness, to gather sticks to keep the old pot aboiling, to laze into the company of strangers and slip out of their company in time to make friends with bird and beast, and watch insects and grubs—to relax and to be; that's my idea of tramping.' They walked through the great national parks and the primaeval forest, sleeping under the stars, with their fire burning red all night. At seven they had breakfast and washed in the snow, whilst scores of curlews screamed from rock to rock above them. 'How new it all is!' said the poet. 'It is as if no one ever slept here before and wakened to see what we see or to do the things we do.' Lindsay had done harvesting in Kansas, on a German farmer's land, for two dollars fifty a day, which was like millions to him. His political hero was John Randolph or Andrew Jackson, his literary hero Ruskin, his artist in marble Saint-Gaudens, his pet hobby Egyptian hieroglyphics, his passion the road, his ideal St. Francis. There was much to talk about over the camp fire, and Mr. Graham had only to mention a poem and Lindsay poured it forth to the skies. He belongs to the 'Disciples of Christ,' called Campbellites, after their founder. Mr. Lloyd George belongs to the same brotherhood. The American parks would be called wildernesses in Russia, and Mr. Graham looks to a time when such places will have an acknowledged significance in our public life and men and women of all classes will retire to them for recreation. Wild fruit was plentiful, and the tramps enjoyed many a feast on wild gooseberries, raspberries, and huckleberries. They met Indians, came into close touch with bears and prairie rats, visited a Mormon Settlement in Canada, and listened to the guide who showed them over the Temple. It was not difficult for the visitors to see the reality behind all this pageantry. The friends finished their pilgrimage at Springfield. Mr. Graham came to love its people and see Lincoln's birthplace with the poet's eyes. 'Surely no one ever encountered such kindness, such real warmth of heart, as I did there. It was very moving for one who had come right out of the bitterness and quarrels of Europe and out of the loneliness of London. They know something about living which we are forgetting. They taught me much, and the poet has taught me much also—the bounty of good humour and of unfailing kindness and warmth. I love those who've got the strength of heart to lift their hands to take yours, who open their mouths actually to speak to you.' The book is in a new vein, as befits a tramp into a new world, and its emblems and poems all set a reader musing pleasantly over things which have a rare charm of freshness and natural beauty.

Johnsonian Gleanings. By Aleyn Lyell Reade. Part III., *The Doctor's Boyhood.* (Privately printed at the Arden Press.)

Mr. Reade published the second part of his *Johnsonian Gleanings* in 1912, little dreaming that ten years would pass before he was able to issue Part III. He has since served as a private soldier in the trenches, and publication seemed at one time to be remote. But his volume was worth waiting for. It is devoted to Johnson's boyhood as sketched in his own 'Annals' and supplemented by references found elsewhere in the biographies or gleaned by personal research. Mr. Reade hopes to publish in Part IV. appendices giving the evidence for his research in Part III. and to deal in other Parts with later stages of Johnson's life. Part III. opens with two chapters on Michael Johnson and his wife; then we come to their son's birth and infancy, his private teachers, his masters and schoolfellows at Lichfield Grammar School, his training at Stourbridge Grammar School, and the two years spent at home before he went to Oxford. Michael Johnson was born at Cubley, in Derbyshire, in 1656. Mr. Reade is able to show from the records of the Stationers' Company in London that Michael's father was a yeoman or gentleman, late of Lichfield, whose three sons were apprenticed as booksellers. This proves that Johnson's grandfather was not a day-labourer, as has been supposed. Michael served his time in London, not in Leek, as Miss Seward stated. He was licensed to marry Mary Neild, of Derby, in 1686, but that engagement fell through and perhaps accounts for the 'vile melancholy' of his later years. He was one of the pioneers of bookselling in the Midlands. In 1687 Sir John Floyer, the eminent Lichfield physician, wrote *The Touchstone of Medicines*, which was printed for Johnson in London and sold at his shops in Lichfield, Uttoxeter, and Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The same year he published a *Syncritical Grammar*, by Samuel Shaw, master of the Free School at Ashby. That year also he subscribed ten shillings towards the recasting of the cathedral bells, and next year became churchwarden of St. Mary's, Lichfield. Much interesting information is given as to his business connexions. In 1706 he married Sarah Ford of Packwood, whose father undertook that she should have £230 in goods and money when she married and £200 within nine months afterwards. Samuel, their first child, was born in 1709 at his father's house overlooking the Market Square. Mrs. Johnson was anything but an ideal wife. She deplored her husband's lack of family and his want of business prosperity, but did nothing to economize in her household expenditure. 'She merely acted the part of an irritant.' Husband and wife drifted farther and farther apart. After his Grammar School days Samuel had no settled plan of life, and for two years drifted along idly from day to day. Then a rich old lady left Mrs. Johnson 'fourty pounds for her owne separate use,' and it was probably this bequest that enabled Samuel to go to the University, where his college bills came only to about eight shillings a week. Mr. Reade has thrown light on many pages of Johnson's boyhood. The notes and references to authorities are of great value, and there is a capital index. We shall look forward with keen

interest to the continuation of studies which add much to Boswell's classic.

Some Account of the Oxford University Press, 1468–1921. (Clarendon Press. 5*s*. net.)

The first Oxford printer was Theodoric Rood, who came from Cologne, and looked after the Press till about 1485. The very rare Commentary on the Apostles' Creed, attributed to Jerome, was the first book printed at Oxford, and is dated 1468, though bibliographers agree that this should be 1478. Caxton's first book appeared in 1477. The first Press came to an end soon after 1485; the second lasted from 1517 to 1520, and was near Merton College. After this there is a gap in the history till 1585, when the Earl of Leicester is celebrated as the founder of the new Press. Joseph Barnes, an Oxford bookseller, managed the Press till 1617, and printed many volumes prized by collectors, including the Chrysostom of 1586, which was the first book printed at Oxford in Greek; the first book with Hebrew type; Richard de Burg's *Philobiblion* and Captain John Smith's *Map of Virginia*. Archbishop Laud was the first notable promoter of the Oxford Press, and during the Civil War a great number of Royalist pamphlets and proclamations were issued from it. Early in the eighteenth century the Clarendon Building was erected chiefly from the profits gained by the copyright of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion*. That gave the Press its name. The Bible Press now grew in importance, but the Learned Press suffered from the general apathy which then prevailed in the University. Mr. Horace Hart and Mr. Henry Frowde greatly extended the manufacturing and selling powers of the Press in Oxford and in London. A most interesting account is given of the premises at Oxford; of the work of the Press in the war; of the Wolvercote Paper Mill; the establishment at Amen Corner, in London, and the branches in India, Canada, and other parts of the world. Not least interesting is the description of the series published by the Press, the books on the Empire, and the *Oxford English Dictionary*, which is everywhere regarded as one of the glories of the Press. The book is printed in the workmanlike style for which the Oxford Press is famous, and it has a set of illustrations which add much to the zest with which one turns its pages.

My Moorland Patients. By a Yorkshire Doctor (the late Dr. R. W. S. Bishop). With Illustrations. (John Murray. 12*s*. net.)

These are pictures of real life as seen by a doctor who had a circle of more than a dozen villages under his care and delighted in the quaint ways and marked idiosyncrasies of his moorland patients. He had studied in London and Paris and had been house-surgeon to the children's hospital in Bradford; but his heart was given to the country, with its unsophisticated folk, and for twelve years his practice was in and around Kirby Malzeard, on the edge of the moor

north of Ripon. He was a discerning, thoughtful, and extremely conscientious physician, and had a remarkable way of winning the confidence of his patients. His days of retirement were spent at Tanfield, where he died on the last day of 1921. Customs are changing, even on the remote moorland, and many will be grateful to Dr. Bishop for putting on record these graphic and entertaining sketches. He got to know his patients well, and could tell when to coax, flatter, or coerce. Yet even he was often in difficulties. One day a friend said, 'You look rather worried, Doctor.' 'Not a little,' was the reply. 'I have just seen two women living next door to each other; one I cannot persuade to go to bed, the other I cannot persuade to get out of bed.' 'Environment makes the moorsiders hardy, cautious, thrifty, stoical, and self-repellent. On the other hand, they are thereby rendered hard, suspicious, taciturn, quarrelsome, and implacable.' If a man drinks, he soon drinks heavily; mental strain or worry develops into madness. For Dr. Bishop the human problem was far away the most difficult of all problems to solve and the most interesting. Moorland nature had never-ceasing charm. In his restless journeyings, the daily panorama of impressive and often entrancing beauty was a continual feast. He had much experience of rough roads, of mists, and of snowstorms, and became astonishingly correct in reading the omens of the sky. Although he had almost second sight in the dark, and was gifted with an unusually big bump of locality, he was several times hopelessly lost in a moorland roke, or fog. A farmer twitted one of his assistants on his carrying a lantern at night and was answered with much asperity, 'I haven't cat's eyes, like the Doctor.' Dr. Bishop has many stories to tell of the meanness of his farmer patients. They would never pay for the doctor's time or advice, though quite willing to pay for the bottle and mileage. They never paid their bills till they were obliged, and then always expected something back. At the weekly market Dr. Bishop once asked a moorsider for a lift home. As a rule the farmer was glad to give any one a lift. Great was the doctor's surprise when he was thanking the man at the end of the journey to be told that they would now call themselves straight as to the two bottles of medicine supplied him the other day. They came to high words over the matter, but the moorsider won. There is much as to the hospitality of the moorland folk, the great funeral festivities, about insanity and evil passions. Incidents of professional life are given, and light is thrown on many strange sides of character. It is a record packed with good stories, and despite its plain dealing there is so much goodwill and sympathy that the book will be read with eager interest from the first page to the last. The sheep-dog does not appear in an enviable light, despite the tribute to its almost human intelligence. Dr. Bishop thought he knew every one in the country, and from long experience affirms decidedly that no sheep-dog can be trusted to make friends with one. Two fierce dogs once set on the doctor and a friend. They had to get back to back till they reached the shelter of a stone wall, where they kept them at bay till the farmer came to their assistance. They were fierce as wolves, and made terrific leaps in the air. Stone-throwing only infuriates dogs; the blow on the front legs was the best defence.

1. *National and International Links.* By T. H. S. Escott. (Eveleigh Nash & Grayson. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

2. *City Characters under Several Reigns.* By T. H. S. Escott. (Effingham Wilson.)

1. This is one of the most versatile books that Mr. Escott has given us. It moves freely through royal circles, dwelling on the fine spirit and notable service of the Court as a national and international link; it shows how George V was trained to tread in his father's steps, and how his people have 'testified their recognition in him not only of their ruler, but of the personal centre of the public life and the personified symbol of the national unity.' Many will be surprised to read of the vagrant who made himself a home in a room of Windsor Castle, and found an excellent supper in its kitchen, larder, and pantry. Mr. Escott met Lord Lyons at Blenheim, and is able to describe Worth's ambitions and methods from conversations with the famous costumier. Our relations with France, with the United States, and with our colonies furnish material for chapters of real importance. There is much to learn from the volume, and we have not had a dull moment as we have turned its sparkling and vivacious pages.

2. Mr. Escott's *City Characters* shows that he is equally at home in the world of finance. The fortunes of Barings and Rothschilds, the story of William Paterson, one of the founders of the Bank of England; of King Hudson and his Court; the record of knavish financiers; of great bankers like Lord Overstone; of Lord Aldenham and his kin; of Hubbards and Barclays and Goschens—all are here, and all are spiced in a fashion that makes a reader wish they were twice as long as they are. It is a view of the world of high business which will be of the greatest interest to all who are engaged in it, and will strongly appeal to outsiders who wish to get some idea of its doings. Mr. Escott would oblige many by continuing his sketches.

Michael Field. By Mary Sturgeon. (Harrap & Co. 6*s.* net.)

George Meredith was no little surprised when he discovered that 'Michael Field' was really a double personality. Aunt and niece worked together with such completeness that their verse seems to bear the stamp of one mind, though two brains were sedulously employed in creating and perfecting it. Katherine Bradley was born in Birmingham in 1846, Edith Cooper at Kenilworth in 1862. Their love for each other was a life-long passion. The aunt was more a woman of the world, the niece had the keener intellect. Their studies of languages and philosophy supplemented each other. Miss Sturgeon has lavished much pains in her endeavour to distinguish the work of each of the poets, but, interesting though it is, it does not carry us far. They remain a double personality still. Their life at Bristol, Reigate, and Richmond is beautifully described, and some bright extracts from the aunt's letters make one wish for more. Their change from rationalism and paganism to Romanism in 1907 was remarkable, and it is even more remarkable that the conversion was strongly influenced by the death of their Chow dog. It taught its

mistresses to realize that sacrifice was the supreme good. Aunt and niece both died of cancer within ten months of each other. Their poetry has a charm of its own which greatly impressed Browning and Meredith, and the extracts given in this volume will make many eager to read the rich lyrical poems and the drama for themselves. They reveal rare gifts used nobly and perfected by constant study.

Bishop Barlow and Anglican Orders: A Study of the Original Documents. By Arthur S. Barnes, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The writer says that the Bull *Apostolicae Curae*, which denied the validity of English orders, was based solely upon the theological argument that the form of service employed had been insufficient to hand on the grace of Holy Order. His own object is to show that the historical chain had really been broken and Apostolical Succession lost. Prolonged study of registers and documents leads him to the conclusion that Barlow was not consecrated as Bishop, and that therefore Parker's consecration as Archbishop of Canterbury, in which he took the leading part, was invalid. He cannot produce any document to prove his case, but argues from the absence of any record of Barlow's consecration that he was really never consecrated. It seems incredible, however, that Barlow should have allowed such a defect in his title, and that Parker himself should have permitted such a blot upon his consecration as Archbishop. Monseigneur Barnes says, 'There is a total absence of evidence for his (Barlow's) consecration on the one hand; on the other, there is the singular fact of a deliberate and careful variation in the wording of his documents.' We are not concerned to defend apostolical succession, which we also regard as 'a fable, which no man ever did or can prove,' but we do not think so lightly of the acumen and sagacity of Barlow and Parker and those who acted with them as to believe that Barlow was never consecrated to his office, though he held three bishoprics in succession.

The Early Franciscans and Jesuits. A Study in Contrasts. By Arthur S. B. Freer, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 6*s.* net.) Three of the six chapters in this book were given as lectures in Salisbury Cathedral during the war. Mr. Freer has long felt that our study of ecclesiastical history is too insular and that we should gain much by investigating those wider movements which sweep like a tide over Europe. St. Francis is the friend of all who incarnate the spirit of humility and brotherly love; Loyola is 'admirable in his fervent search for truth, but he deteriorated under the hardening impact of autocracy and success. Determined at all costs to save a falling Church, he combined the narrow outlook of a militant Churchman with the unscrupulous methods of Machiavellian statesmanship.' The first three chapters are given to an account of St. Francis and to the early Franciscans in Italy and in England. The last three are devoted to Loyola, 'The Foreign Missions of the Jesuits,' and 'The Jesuits in Europe.' The good bibliography at the end will be useful to those who wish to pursue the subject which is clearly and attractively presented in

these pages.—*A History of Everyday Things in England.* Written and Illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. (Batsford.) We are glad to see this attractive work published in six parts for use in schools (8*s.* each part). Each part deals with a definite historical period: England under Foreign Kings; The Rise of Parliament; The Hundred Years' War; The Age of Adventure; The Crown's Bid for Power; The Rise of Modern England (1700–1799). Colour plates, full-page illustrations, and other illustrations are executed with great skill, and make it a pleasure to use the work. The history is vivid and interesting, the print is bold, and each part has an index and glossary. The work has been done for 'boys and girls of any age,' and makes 'the historical figures more clear by housing and clothing them, showing the games they played and the things they made.' It aims to interest young readers in architecture, costume, and the arts generally, and it will not fail to accomplish that end. A great deal of skill and labour has been put into both text and illustrations, and the work could not have been done more efficiently or more attractively.—*The Churches of the City of London.* By Herbert Reynolds. (John Lane. 6*s.* net.) This account of the City churches is illustrated by fifty-four drawings of the towers and steeples by the author, which are very effective and skilfully produced. The descriptions of the churches are brief, but the salient features in the history and the chief points in the architecture are clearly presented. Wren seems to have had a vision of the growth of London which would hide so much of his buildings and to have put his best work into the towers and steeples of the churches he rebuilt. The lofty steeple of St. Bride's, the tower and spire of St. Mary-le-Bow, St. Michael's Cornhill, St. Dunstan's in the East, and St. Magnus are illustrations of this foresight. The descriptions and the drawings are excellent, and will win this attractive volume a welcome wherever it goes.—*Practical Visionaries.* By Humphrey Wallis. (Salvation Army. 8*s.*) These pen sketches of lives changed through the work of the Salvation Army ought to win it many friends. Figures are given after some of the sketches which show how widespread the agencies are, and what fruit they bear. The writer believes that working men should have good houses, just wages, and the chance to do their best. It is a programme which will carry the sympathy of readers of this volume with it. *Medical Missions in Africa and the East.* By S. W. W. Witty. (Church Missionary Society. 9*d.*) An excellent account of medical missions of the C.M.S., with incidents that bring home the untold blessing brought by them to sufferers in many lands. It is probable that more than a hundred Africans a year have professed to start a new life as an outcome of their contact with the Uganda hospital. The interest of the book is increased by some good illustrations.

GENERAL

The Problem of Style. By J. Middleton Murry. (H. Milford. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THESE six lectures were delivered in the School of English Literature at Oxford on the invitation of Sir Walter Raleigh in the summer term of 1921. The subject bristles with difficulties, but it is an education in style and in thought to see how they are grappled with. The lecturer holds that we must look for the origin of true style in a mode of emotional or intellectual experience which is peculiar to each individual writer. He thinks that 'Wordsworth's later poetry may serve as an example of a barren idiosyncrasy of style, when a habit of language or expression is no longer informed by keen perceptions and compelling emotions.' In the second lecture on 'The Psychology of Style' Mr. Murry sets himself to make the nature of a true individuality of style clearer. In the culmination of *Antony and Cleopatra* style reaches 'an absolute perfection.' Shakespeare was 'the greatest writer the human race has produced' and to grasp his concrete individuality 'may be the labour of a critical lifetime, and be no more than a half-certainty at the end.' In discussing 'Poetry and Prose' Mr. Murry holds that the form in which a writer expresses himself will depend upon circumstances which are in the main accidental. The fashion of the age is perhaps the most important factor. The Elizabethan age was that of the drama, the nineteenth century that of the novel. 'The forms of literature change, but not the form of creative literary genius. A Shakespeare and a Chaucer would have been perfectly happy with our modern fashions and our modern tools; but they would have written things that looked, to the superficial eye at least, very different from the work we know them by.' In the lecture on 'The Central Problem of Style' Mr. Murry holds that 'style is perfect when the communication of the thought or emotion is exactly accomplished.' 'Every work of enduring literature is not so much a triumph of language as a victory over language; a sudden injection of life-giving perceptions into a vocabulary that is, but for the energy of the creative writer, perpetually on the verge of exhaustion.' The musical suggestion of the rhythm and the visual suggestion of the imagery he regards as subordinate. He agrees with Keats that *Paradise Lost*, though the most remarkable production of the world, is 'a corruption of our language.' 'Life to Milton would be death to me,' was Keats' conclusion. But, says Mr. Murry, 'if there is death in Milton, there is life in Shakespeare.' Penetrate into him 'as far and as diligently as we can, we shall not produce imitation Shakespeare; we shall merely write whatever we are writing—novels, essays, poetry—with a far keener sense of the resources of our art.' The last lecture, on 'The English Bible; and the Grand Style,' quotes Pater's view that 'Come unto Me,' &c., has 'something supernatural,' and says 'the language there has a surpassing beauty.' Those words and the cry, 'My God, My God,' and the dramatic effects, such as 'Then all the disciples forsook Him

and fled,' are creative literature. 'Style,' he concludes, 'is organic—not the clothes a man wears, but the flesh, bone, and blood of his body.' 'The grand style' is 'largely a bogey. There are styles, but no style; there are great styles and there are little ones; there are also non-styles. And, alas, no one can have a great style or a little one for the asking, nor even by taking pains. The best he can do is negative; but the smallest writer can do something to ensure that his individuality is not lost by trying to make sure that he feels what he thinks he feels, that he thinks what he thinks he thinks, that his words mean what he thinks they mean.' The book appeals to all writers, and will make them aware more clearly than ever of the difficulties and the possibilities which surround the profession of literature.

A Dictionary of English Phrases. By Albert M. Hyamson, F.R.Hist.S. (George Routledge & Sons. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Hyamson is an expert in such difficult work as the compiling of dictionaries, and has enjoyed much help from Mr. W. S. Stallybrass, who placed his large collection of words and phrases at his disposal, with thousands of extracts made during years of study. The Preface describes the class of phrases included, some formed by the application of a classical hero or a city to some modern successor, such as the title Briareus of Languages given to Cardinal Mezzofanti, who knew fifty-eight languages, and Carthage of the North for Lubeck, the head of the Hanseatic League. Slang words and phrases which have a promise of permanency have been included. The work contains about fourteen thousand entries, and it is hoped that it will tempt a reader to browse in its pages. Aaron's beard and rod might have Scripture reference attached, as is done for Aaron's serpent. Caesarean is spelt one way in the Preface and another in the work itself. The note on the G.O.M. shows that the epithet was first applied to Gladstone by Sir Stafford Northcote and the initials by Lord Rosebery in 1882. 'Billycock' was formerly 'bully-cocked,' i.e. cocked like a street bully, but another derivation is from William Coke of Holkham, who introduced the hard round felt hat at his shooting parties. In some cases the explanation might be made clearer for homely readers. *As in praesenti, arrière ban* would gain by a little fuller detail. The dictionary is sure to be popular, and it is a work that will never be finished and never perfect, despite all the care that such a skilled worker as Mr. Hyamson may lavish upon it. It is a compact volume, easy to handle, and well printed on good paper.

The New Shakespeare. Edited by Sir A. Quiller-Couch and John Dover Wilson. *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* (8*s.* net.) *Measure for Measure.* (7*s.* net.) (Cambridge University Press.)

In his Introduction Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch accepts the tradition that *The Merry Wives of Windsor* was written at the command of Queen Elizabeth, who had been so pleased with the character of Falstaff in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth* that she wished to see

him in love. The play is said to have been written in a fortnight, and that, Sir Arthur thinks, accounts for the confusion which he finds in the plot. The first folio explains many difficult passages in the quarto. Shakespeare students will find much new light thus thrown on the play, which it is suggested was based on *The Jealous Comedy*, performed in 1598. In the Notes all significant departures from the folio are given, with the name of the critic who first suggested a reading. The frontispiece is a photogravure of Sir Thomas Lucy from a miniature at Charlecote Park. Sir Arthur discusses the supposed gibe upon him in the description of Shallow's coat of arms, with its 'dozen white lances.' He sees no harm, either to Shakespeare or to Lucy, in accepting it, but is much more interested in the allusions to Cotswold life and sport that teem throughout the play. The frontispiece to *Measure for Measure* is a fine portrait of Ben Jonson. The Introduction deals at length with the moral tone of the play, which is 'plain and explicit. The world is full of evil; unless restrained by law and the decencies of a social code, our most natural impulses wallow in excess, which is flat sin. Evil is evil, and definite; the world is full of it, and we "cannot steer the drifting raft." But we can keep order on board and share out the provisions with due tenderness to the sick, the women, the children; and to this end we elect magistrates, justices. What rule of service should they have—can they have—but the old maxim of "Put Yourself in His Place," which might indeed serve as sub-title to *Measure for Measure*.' The notes in the text are specially important, and the stage history of each play is a feature which will be greatly valued.

Inorganic Chemistry. By T. Martin Lowry, C.B.E., M.A., D.Sc., F.R.S. (Macmillan & Co. 28*s*. net.)

Professor Lowry dwells in his Preface on the fact that during the past fifty years the character and scope of the study of inorganic chemistry have been modified greatly by the growing influence of physical chemistry upon it. In the purely scientific aspects of the subject the mere preparation and analysis of compounds have been expanded by the construction of equilibrium-diagrams showing the conditions of their formation, and their range of stability. In industry, the rugged methods of the Leblanc Soda Process have been abandoned on account of the greater efficiency of the Solvay Process; and synthetic ammonia, produced by methods which defy the principles that formerly guided the operations of inorganic chemistry, is already competing with that obtained by destructive distillation.' Many chapters of the science have to be rewritten in the light of this fuller knowledge. This has been done without sacrificing the other essential features of such a text-book, and though it has made the volume larger it will add to its value as a bridge between elementary text-books and the larger treatises which are used as works of reference. Equilibrium-diagrams have been used freely, especially in the case of metallic alloys; important industrial operations have been described with the help of diagrams and figures specially drawn to represent modern practice. The first part is historical and introductory; the second deals with non-metals—hydrogen, oxygen,

water, &c., the third and fourth are devoted to metals divided for convenience into typical series and transition series. 'This has the advantage of bringing together the metals of the alkalies, the alkaline earths, and the earths, and of associating copper, silver, and gold with the heavy metals of the transition series instead of with sodium and potassium.' Dr. Lowry's experience as a lecturer at Westminster College and at Guy's Hospital, and his invaluable work on explosives in the war, finds its outcome in this complete and illuminating volume of more than 900 pages. How sedulously he has sought to perfect every section may be seen from the acknowledgements to other experts who have contributed material or assisted him by revising portions of the work. It is a masterpiece on which endless pains have been lavished, and it will be welcomed by all students for its lucidity, its accuracy, and its fullness of information, given in the most convenient form.

Lutyens' Houses and Gardens. By Sir Laurence Weaver. (Country Life. 10*s.* net.)

In 1913 Sir L. Weaver published a volume on Mr. Lutyens' houses and gardens. The architect had not then leaped into popular notice by his design for the Cenotaph. He is now one of the outstanding figures among the world's architects, and has lately been appointed architect of the Viceregal palace in Delhi and elected R.A. He is a painter's son, born in London in March, 1869. He received his first serious commission from the present Sir Arthur Chapman, for whom he built Crooksbury House, in Surrey. An early friendship with Miss Jekyll gave a great stimulus to his appreciation of garden design. Sir Laurence Weaver's experience as architectural editor of *Country Life* enables him to criticize the various stages of Sir Edwin Lutyens' development, from the early stages of his work in Surrey. His buildings are instinct with style and have a personal quality that is unmistakable, and which eludes the copyist. Wren's life was a long series of magnificent experiments, and Sir Edwin had su[illegible]d his own adventurous temperament on scores of buildings up an[illegible]own the country. These can be seen and studied in the pages of this volume, which has a fascination for all who take an interest in houses and gardens designed by a real master mind. The descriptions are wonderfully lucid and instructive, and the profuse illustrations are a special feature of a notable book.

The Inns and Taverns of Pickwick. By B. W. Matz. (Cecil Palmer. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

We do not wonder that this volume has already reached a second edition. 'The *Pickwick Papers* has maintained its place through generations, and retains it to-day, as the most popular book in our language—a book unexampled in our literature.' Mr. Matz is editor of *The Dickensian*, and has complete mastery of his subject. He makes the study a Dickens pilgrimage, following the friends in their tours in pursuit of adventure, and quoting from the book itself many vivid passages which describe the scenes. There is no attempt to claim credentials for any inn or tavern which has not established its

right to celebrity with experts on such matters. Other associations are not overlooked, and its thirty-one illustrations have been made possible by the courtesy of various artists and publishers. The work has grown out of a series of twenty articles which Mr. Matz contributed to an American paper. We begin at 'The Golden Cross,' which stood on the exact spot occupied by the Nelson Monument in Trafalgar Square. In front of it was the King Charles Statue and the ancient cross of Charing. In *Sketches by Boz* the chapter on 'Early Coaches' fixes on 'The Golden Cross' for the chief incident, and here Mr. Pickwick and his friends took coach for Rochester in chapter two of *Pickwick*. David Copperfield found Peggotty on the steps of St. Martin's Church and took him through the stable yard to one of the rooms of the inn, where a good fire was burning. It was the most popular of the West End coaching inns. From this centre we pass quickly to the 'Bull' at Rochester, of which we see the exterior, the staircase and the place for the orchestra above the door of the ballroom. 'The Marquis of Granby' in Dorking High Street has never been actually identified, but it was said to be opposite the Post Office of 1897 at the side of Chequers' Court. The pages given to 'the Spaniards' on Hampstead Heath are of special interest. Its landlord saved Lord Mansfield's house at Caen Wood from sharing the fate of his town residence at the time of the Gordon Riots. The book is written in a pleasant style, and is full of information. It helps one also to understand the happy progress which temperance has made since the days of the Pickwick revels. Lovers of Dickens will also welcome the first volume of *The Reader's Classics*, issued by Mr. Cedric Chivers of Bath, an attractive series of literary masterpieces with original appreciations specially written by eminent critics and numerous comments culled from various sources. *David Copperfield* heads the first issue of four volumes. It is bound in half Niger morocco (8*s*. 6*d*. net) or in whole Niger morocco, gilt edges on round, full gilt back (25*s*. net). Dickens described the story as his favourite child. William Archer says in his appreciation that in this book we find him at the happiest moment of his career; Mr. Hueffer, Mrs. Meynell, and others give their verdict, and Lady Ritchie closes the Comments by reminding us of those happy days when 'the Dickens' books were as much part of our home as our own fathers.' *Ivanhoe*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Essays of Elia* are also ready, and fifteen other masterpieces are in preparation, under the distinguished editorship of G. K. Chesterton, Holbrook Jackson, and R. B. Johnson.

Late Lyrics and Earlier, with Many other Verses. By Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

These verses are not merely the work of a true poet, but of a deep and clear-sighted student of life and of human nature, who knows how to make his readers enter into his own feeling on many points. The 'Apology' prefixed to the volume states that half the verses were written quite lately; the rest are older, having been held back or overlooked till now. Mr. Hardy justifies the vein of pessimism which runs through his work both as true to the facts of life and probably a way towards that amendment for which 'these disordered years of

our prematurely afflicted century' call. His aim is to see things, for, as he puts it in his 'In Tenebris':

If way to the Better there be, it exacts a full look at the Worst.

Mr. Hardy holds that poetry and religion 'modulate into each other; are, indeed, often but different names for the same thing.' 'The visible signs of mental and emotional life must, like all other things, keep moving, becoming; even though at present, when belief in Witches of Endor is displacing the Darwinian theory and "the truth that shall make you free," men's minds appear to be moving backwards rather than on.' He excepts 'the minds of men in certain worthy but small bodies of various denominations,' and asks, 'What other purely English establishment than the Church, of sufficient dignity and footing, and with such strength of old association, such architectural skill, is left in this country to keep the shreds of morality together?' There is real religious feeling in not a few of the poems, especially in the two last pieces. But the value of the work lies in its vignettes of life. 'On one who lived and died where he was born' describes the man of eighty going up the stairs to end his days where he was born. The view of Keats at Lulworth Cove a century ago has its own pathos, and many of the ironies of life are powerfully brought out. The girl who married the fiddler for music at will and found that her husband never played at home is a quaint story, and 'The Little Old Table' creaks of the friend who gave it. Some of the songs have a music of their own, and no one ought to miss the tribute to the pet cat—'Last Words to a Dumb Friend.' 'The Old Neighbour and the New' are the new rector and his predecessor, 'who palely nods' to his old friend whilst the new-comer explains his plans for the parish. The poems are short, but that makes them the more vivid and attractive. It is a piece of work for which lovers of poetry and students of human nature will alike be grateful.

The Mickleham Meredith (Constable & Co., 5*s.* net) makes a happy beginning with *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel* (1859) and *The Egoist* (1879). The volumes are a convenient pocket size, in old-style green cloth binding, gilt lettered, and are printed in a bold type on specially manufactured paper, which is thin but strong. *The Ordeal* was Meredith's first full-dress novel, and many regard it as his best. Its humour, its concentration of thought, and its concentration on a youth's training, all add to its appeal. Meredith told Miss Katherine Vulliamy in 1868 that it deals 'with certain problems of life, and is therefore not of a milky quality. I am afraid that it requires stout reading. If you weather it unchecked, you will find my other books less trying.' As to the other volume, he writes to R. L. Stevenson from Box Hill on June 4, 1878: 'My *Egoist* is on the way to a conclusion. Of potboilers let none speak. Jove hangs them upon necks that would soar above his heights but for the accursed weight.' Next April he reports that the book has been out of hand for a couple of months. 'I don't think you will like it; I doubt if those who care for my work will take to it at all. It is a comedy, with only half of me in it, unlikely therefore to take either

the public or my friends. This is true truth, but I warned you that I am cursed with a croak.' So the event proved. His forecast was far from correct. *The Egoist* was a triumph in wit and knowledge of human nature. It definitely turned the tide in his favour, and through it he came into his own as a novelist. The Mickleham Meredith will be hailed as a boon by a host of readers.

Mansfield Park. By Jane Austen. (Dent & Sons. 6*s.* net.) This is one of six crown 8vo volumes which give Jane Austen's novels. Each volume has sixteen coloured illustrations by Charles E. Brock, which are so delicate in execution and so happy in their design that they add much to the charm of the edition. The neat cloth covers with gold lettering, the strong but thin paper, and the clear type, add to the merits of the volumes. The text is that of the edition of 1816, with correction of errors by the first edition of 1814. Lord Tennyson liked *Mansfield Park* best of all Jane Austen's novels, and though that would not be the general verdict, it remains, as one critic says, 'the finest example of her power of sustaining the interest throughout a long and quiet narrative.' Fanny Price is one of her best delineations of character, and the studies of the two Bertram girls and Miss Crawford are fine pieces of work. This beautiful reprint will appeal to all lovers of Jane Austen, and will add not a few to the number.—*Maria Chapdelaine.* By Louis Hémon. A Translation by W. H. Blake. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) This book has had a great vogue in France, where nearly 400,000 copies have been sold. It certainly deserves its popularity. The worker was born at Brest and spent the last eighteen months of his life in Canada, working on the farms and learning the ways of the peasants. This story was the outcome of those experiences, and soon after it was written M. Hémon was killed in a railway accident on July 8, 1913. Samuel Chapdelaine has a thirst for conquering wild land and turning it into fruitful fields. This restlessness carried him to the borders of civilization, and was a sore trial to his socially-minded wife. His daughter Maria is the heroine of the story, and her three lovers are typical figures. One dies in the snow as he is journeying to see her, and that leaves her to choose between the townsman and the neighbouring farmer. The land conquers, and she gets a man whose fine character and sturdy industry are bound to win her a happy life. The influence of the Roman Catholic Church in the Quebec Province, and the pathetic story of Maria's mother's last illness, are described with real power; but the scenes of Canadian farm work and the constant struggle with Nature are the outstanding features of a story which is full of beauty and vividly true to Nature.—*The Kingdom Round the Corner.* By Coningsby Dawson. (John Lane. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) This story will add even to the high reputation the writer has won as a story-teller. Lord Taborley finds the girl he had idealized has no love to give him, but after many a day of vain seeking he wins the heart of a woman that is really worthy of him. Lord Taborley's valet proves to be as fine a soldier as any at the Front, and after some hesitation he proves as true a hero in peace as in war. The interest of the double story of master and man is sustained to the last moment, and Lady Dawn is one of the finest

characters that we have met in fiction for many a day.—*The Owl Taxi*, by Hulbert Footner (Collins, Sons & Co., 7*s.* 6*d.* net.), is a detective story full of the most daring adventures. Gregory Parr is just on his way to Europe when he gets involved in the meshes of political conspiracy which is being worked out in New York. He faces many perils, but bears a charmed life, and at last masters the chief conspirator and wins the hand of the charming heroine. It is a story full of thrilling situations.—*Strained Relations*. By Cyril Aldington. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) This is a schoolmaster's diversion, and it will draw many a merry laugh from its readers. The country baronet who wants to have the American beauty on whom his heart is set as guest in his own house is disappointed of the lady who had promised to act as hostess, and the devices to which he and his friend resort to find a substitute and to fill other rôles in the programme keep one's curiosity alive from first to last. It is wonderfully ingenious and good-tempered, and it contrives to get in some good strokes against mediums and spiritualism. It is real fun all through.—*The Talk of the School*. By Alys Chatwyn. (Epworth Press. 5*s.* net.) Bessie Brewer wins a scholarship at Rockleigh School, where she proves herself not only a zealous student but a first-rate player in the school games. It abounds in excitements, such as the cricket match in which her form takes the place of a senior form; the mysterious disappearance of one of the girls, whom Bessie tracks by a clever feat. Bessie's enemy, Hilda Jordan, does her utmost to make life intolerable to her. She is as unpleasant a girl as one could imagine, but she finds her level at last. Girls will rejoice over this lively story, and it will make everything true and good more attractive to them.—*Mud Hollow: From Dust to Soul*. By Simon N. Patten. (Philadelphia: Dorrance.) This is certainly a new kind of novel. The professor's daughter makes love to the freshman athlete, but in the end refuses to link her life with his. The second half is an interpretation of the life presented in the first. Its meaning comes out in the pages devoted to 'Protected Girls.' 'Every well-homed mother says, "I do not want *my* daughter to drudge the way I have done."' Boys must be successful and 'push through adventure and in business, above the level of his comrades, be a marked youth, and attain social eminence in some field.' It is a book that will teach many to face the facts of life.—Robert Hayes is issuing a series of novels under the title of *The Sandringham Library*. They are bound in blue cloth with gilt lettering, and have striking coloured jackets. The price is half a crown net. The first twelve volumes include Dumas' *Three Musketeers*, three stories by Mrs. Henry Wood, four by Bertha M. Clay. They are attractive volumes, well printed and wonderfully cheap.—*Gertie: A Life-Saving Guard*, by Noel Hope (Salvationist Publishing Co., 8*s.* 6*d.*), will please girl readers, and make them anxious to brighten life for others. Gertie has good stuff in her, though she comes from a very unpromising home.

English Prose, Vol. v., chosen and arranged by W. Peacock (Milford, 2*s.* 6*d.* net), brings to a close this valuable addition to *The World's Classics*. The extracts are taken from Mrs. Gaskell to Henry James, and include Dr. John Brown, Thackeray, Dickens, Motley, Charles

Reade, Trollope, Charlotte and Emily Brontë, Froude, Kingsley, George Eliot, Ruskin, Lowell, Matthew Arnold, Meredith, Henry Kingsley, Samuel Butler, Walter Pater, and R. L. Stevenson. Thackeray, Dickens, and Trollope are represented by five extracts each, one to three selections are made from the other writers. The passages are long enough to be thoroughly interesting and to open a window into the mind and style of the author. It is a little pocket companion that will brighten many a journey.—*The Price and other Poems.* By Lily Holland. (Amersham: Morland. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) The opening poem has a painful theme, but some of the shorter pieces strike a brighter note, and all have thought and feeling behind them. —*Glad Songs.* Words and music by Helen H. Lemmel. (National Sunday School Union. 2*s.* net.) Mrs. Lemmel has used these songs in her meetings, where they have been very popular. Their aim is by simple words and music to win souls for Christ. They are adapted for Sunday schools, and include motion-songs, Bible subjects, and many other attractive features. Useful notes are added to some of the hymns.—*Sea and Shore Birds and how to Identify Them.* By R. H. W. Hodges. (Epworth Press. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Fifty-seven species of birds are here described and illustrated with skill and knowledge by one who feels that to the lover of birds no place can ever be desolate or uninteresting. It is a welcome addition to a series which steadily grows in popularity, and will add new zest to many a seaside holiday. —*The Secret Lady of Escott.* By J. W. Hart. (Epworth Press. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a piece of Mr. Hart's best work. Dr. Blackmoor needs rare courage to penetrate the mystery of Escott Hall, but he is daunted by no difficulty and finds a lovely bride. The story has no lack of adventure, and holds one's attention fast from beginning to end.

George Sylvester Viereck: Gedichte. (Leipzig: Hesse & Becher Verlag.) Herr Engel writes a preparatory appreciation of this American poet, who was born at Munich in 1884. He describes him as a bold and fearless warrior with voice and pen on behalf of 'Germany's just cause.' Roosevelt attacked him for his attitude, and we think justly, despite Herr Engel's description of him as 'a veritable Saint George.' His poetry had won a high reputation before the war, and this collection of it will be welcomed even by those who most regret his action in wartime.—*Nature and other Miscellanies.* By Ralph Waldo Emerson. (H. Milford. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) 'Nature' appeared in the year that the Transcendental Club was formed, and represents the philosophy of the movement. 'The American Scholar' pleads for a nation 'inspired by the divine soul which also inspires all men,' and the 'Divinity School Address' which follows it shows how Transcendentalism may be applied to the realms of theology. 'Jesus Christ belonged to the true race of prophets,' but historical Christianity 'dwells with noxious exaggeration about the person of Jesus.' 'The soul knows no persons.' There is much to discuss and not a little to criticize in these ten characteristic addresses and lectures. They make a beautiful little volume of *The World's Classics.*

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (April).—The writer of 'German Politics and Reconciliation' does not find much encouragement in a study of men and things. F. W. Forster and Gerlach justify a gleam of hope, but a few genuine pacifists do not make up the German nation. The majority of Socialists have adopted a policy which raises doubts as to their political honesty. The Communists stand under orders from Moscow. One can only hope that the independents may work their way to a real democratic programme, and that with their help it may be possible to win Germany over by degrees to a policy of reconciliation. Dr. Holland Rose writes on 'Napoleon I and Modern Europe.' The Emperor failed where he had succeeded as General and First Consul. 'His early successes led him into enterprises practicable for a Caesar in the first century, fatal to a greater than the Caesars in the nineteenth century.' The Dean of Winchester's study of 'Thomas Hearne and the Non-Jurors' throws many sidelights on the subject, and Mr. Algar Thorold, in his illuminating study of Baron von Hügel, says 'Not often in modern times had so rare and special combination existed of the mystic, the man of science, and the philosopher.'

Hibbert Journal (April).—The subject of Modernist Christology is discussed in two papers. One is by the Bishop of Ontario, who gives the views of the 'Plain Man,' preferring the Christology of the Creeds to that of the Modernist, because he holds that 'the spiritual life or death of thousands of men and women depends upon which teaching prevails.' The other paper, by Dr. S. H. Mellone, marks the distinction between the position of 'Modern Churchmen' and Unitarians, strongly upholding the latter as necessary for the upbuilding of a new united Church. Mr. C. G. Montefiore, commenting on the 'Religious Teaching of the Synoptic Gospels in its Relation to Judaism,' says that it is an inaccurate exaggeration to oppose the religious teaching of the Synoptists to 'that of the Judaism of the first century, or to the Judaism of any succeeding century, old Liberal Judaism most of all.' The article on 'India's Revolt against Christian Civilization,' by W. S. Hamilton, I.C.S., advocates the abandonment of British Empire in India as the best available policy, 'if only we can leave India with dignity and circumstance, so that all the world can see that it is voluntary.' A suggestive article by M. Emile Cammaerts on 'Literature and International Relations' urges that we ought to strive with the material at our disposal to use the field of literature for the promotion of friendly international understanding, and 'to make the words of all languages the servants of one spirit.' Professor J. S. Mackenzie renders service by his exposition of Dr. Steiner's book on *The Threefold State*, which has attracted so much attention on the Continent of late. Other articles are 'Pestered by a Poltergeist,' by Nigel Kerr; 'Telepathy,' by W. R. Bousfield, K.C.; and an interesting account of 'Sufism,' by

Ikbal Ali Shah. Readers will do well not to miss the Editor's comments on his own 'dusting' by the 'Gentleman with a Duster.'

Journal of Theological Studies (January).—Dr. B. W. Bacon comments at length upon Harnack's recent monograph on Marcion. This fresh study of 'the man upon whom the Church in the second century looked as in the sixteenth Rome looked upon Luther' bears upon many modern questions, the date and authorship of the Fourth Gospel included. Rev. R. A. Aytoun contributes an interesting article on 'The Servant of the Lord in the Targum,' giving a fresh translation of the Targum on Isa. lii. 13—liii. 12. Professor Burkitt criticises keenly a professed 'Solution of the Synoptic Problem' by Robinson Smith, based on the view that the Gospels were written in the order Mark, Matthew, John, Luke—all in the second century, Luke not till *circ.* A.D. 150. The reviews of books are, as usual, an interesting and integral feature of the Journal.

Church Quarterly (April).—'Who are members of the Church?' is an examination of one of the Pusey Occasional Papers which bears that title. The Archbishop of Armagh thinks the rigid Anglo-Catholic narrower in his view of Church membership than the Roman Catholic theologian of to-day. Dr. Gore 'leaves the sincere believer in Christ, no matter how splendid his faith or how effective his labours, if he belong to some Nonconformist body, to the uncovenanted mercies of God. Such is the result of a narrow *a priori* doctrine interpreted by a pitiless logic.' The Rev. R. Hanson writes on 'Anglicanism and Modern Problems.' 'We do not know to what historic Christianity and modern civilization will grow, or what will be the ultimate relation between them. But we do know that in a kind of confusion, which to us seems inextricable, they combine the noblest products of the human spirit.' 'The Science of Psychology,' by Dr. F. Aveling, is a valuable introduction to a subject of special importance.

The Constructive Quarterly (March).—Reunion fills an important place in this number. Dr. Cadoux, of Yorkshire Independent College, says that discussion has centred round the question of ordination. He thinks, however, that although no bridge spans this gaping chasm, 'there now project from each edge certain initial constructions that have left the intervening space—great though it still is—smaller than it used to be.' Abbé Guitton describes the *Action Populaire of Rheims*, born nineteen years ago. It seeks by instructive effort to promote the restoration of Society. It suffered greatly through the war, but is now at work again seeking to forward 'the efforts of good labourers in the cause of social peace.'

Science Progress (April).—Dr. Smith Woodward writes on 'The Problem of the Rhodesian Fossil Man' found in a cave in the Broken Hill Mine. The face is probably the largest ever seen in man, and in depth below the eyes is nearly as long as that of the gorilla. The Rhodesian is later than the Neanderthal Man. The article on 'The Natural History and Resources of Spitsbergen,' with its fine photographs, is of special interest. There is also an important article on 'South African Butterflies.' The writer had a list of over 700

African butterflies, and only six of the species have ever been taken in Europe.

Holborn Review (April).—Dr. John Oman, the newly appointed Principal of Westminster College, Cambridge, opens this number with an article on Albrecht Ritschl, chiefly historical in character. 'An Italian Life of Christ,' by Rev. E. W. Smith, describes the publication of Papini's *Storia di Cristo* as 'the most important event in recent Italian religious history.' An appeal to 'The Young Men and Women of To-day' to read and study Shakespeare is contributed by Rev. D. W. Rees. The critical notice of 'Mark Rutherford,' by Rev. J. C. Mantripp, recognises the fascination of the books in question, but the writer does well to point out serious deficiencies in their religious teaching. The Editor's discussion of 'Recent New Testament Literature' is the most interesting feature of this number, which contains other similar notices written by Dr. Peake under the heading 'Current Literature.' The Editorial Notes, as well as the 'Discussions and Notices,' form a distinct and attractive feature of the Review.

Expository Times (April–May).—A prominent article in the April number is by Professor F. B. Clogg, of Richmond College, entitled 'Is the Statement of the One Faith in the Form of a Creed necessary or desirable in the Re-united Church?' However far off such a Church may appear to be at present, the question raised is practical and important. Mr. Clogg advocates a creed which is not so much an intellectual assent to certain facts and their meaning as a moral and spiritual affirmation of personal trust in Christ. It is here, he urges, that Christians are so largely one, whilst on statements of doctrine, mainly intellectual, they will always be divided. Mr. Clogg probably knows that he will not soon convert the historic Churches—Anglican as well as Greek and Roman—to such a position; even the Federation of Evangelical Free Churches has not reached it yet. But changes are on the way. Other articles are 'The Earliest Witness to the Gospel Story,' by Rev. D. M. M'Intyre, and 'The Forensic Interpretation of the Cross,' by Rev. A. M. Pope, of Montreal. In the May number, Professor E. S. Forster, of the University of Sheffield, gives an excellent popular account of 'The Papyri and the New Testament,' and Rev. A. J. Gossip exalts James, the brother of our Lord, as 'The Prince of Believers.' The Editor has of late been enlarging and improving the current feature of his magazine entitled *Entre Nous*. It is increasingly attractive, with its texts, topics, and poetry.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (March).—This progressive periodical maintains in the present number its high standard of aim and effort. The Professor of Philosophy in Chicago University, I. H. Tufts, opens with an article on 'Religion's Place in Securing a Better World-Order.' It contains the substance of an address delivered to students, and deserves a wider audience. Professor G. Cross, of Rochester Seminary, upholds the Protestant conception of the meaning and worth of life, as far surpassing 'Catholic' conceptions, and contends

that the Christian Churches of the future must be increasingly of the Protestant type. Principal S. W. Dyde, of Kingston, Ontario, describes 'Church Union in Canada—from a Presbyterian Standpoint.' The 'Next Step in New Testament Study,' according to Harold R. Willoughby, the writer of an interesting paper on the subject, is a fuller investigation of the Graeco-Roman environment of early Christianity and the influences of social forces and pagan religions upon its development. Professor Eustace Haydon describes the 'Significance of the Mystic's Experience,' and finds it not in any revelation of new truth, but in the emotional value it gives to any world-view, making the individual mystic certain of his worth and security in the system. The section of the Journal entitled 'Current Events and Discussions' contains much useful information in brief compass.

Harvard Theological Review (January) opens with an address by Professor H. J. Cadbury, of Andover Theological Seminary, on 'The Social Translation of the Gospel.' Many who attempt to translate the gospel socially are satisfied to study the problems of our own time, but it is at least equally important to study the problems of Jesus' time and the attitude of Jesus to them. Very suggestively Professor Cadbury writes of the moral earnestness of Jesus, His neutrality to controversial issues when an attempt was made to put them on a lower plane, His method of thoroughness and individual approach. 'The social translation of the gospel must be accurate and unadulterated, true to the spirit of Jesus, and never shrinking to declare the whole counsel of God.' Special interest attaches to the article on 'Some Recent Studies on the Iranian Religions,' by Dr. Louis H. Gray, of Columbia University. It deals especially with the researches, pursued independently, of the late Dr. James Hope Moulton and Professor Raffaele Pettazoni. 'I can conceive no higher praise for both these scholars than to say that the work of either is comparable only with that of the other. . . . Pettazoni, like Moulton, is quite right in declaring that Zoroastrianism is monotheistic, not dualistic.' Writing of Moulton's *Treasure of the Magi*, Dr. Gray refers with tender pathos to 'the tragic loss of its author,' and says: 'Deep as is my admiration for the erudition of the *Early Zoroastrianism*, which led me to revise my former outlook upon the Iranian religion, it has not the human touch of the *Treasure*. All the learning is here that adorned the *Hibbert Lectures*; but in addition there is the more precious gift of sincere, deep, simple, manly Christian piety.' (April): Professor Hans Windisch, of Leiden, gives a critical account of 'Literature on the New Testament' published in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, 1914–1920. Owing to the war the *Theologische Rundschau* and the *Theologischer Jahresbericht* are no longer published. The Editors of this review have met a widely felt need and conferred a great boon on students by publishing these bibliographies, for they truly say that 'if the scholars of various countries are to enter once more into the old fellowship of a common task, which was interrupted by the war, one of the first requirements is that all the national groups should acquaint themselves with the

work done in the interval by the others.' Professor Windisch has already published in a German journal a similar survey of English and American literature on the New Testament. Single copies of this review may be obtained from the Oxford University Press.

Princeton Review (April).—The two most interesting articles in this number are 'Edward Irving,' by C. E. Macartney, and 'Dante Six Hundred Years Ago and Now,' by D. S. Schaff. The story of Edward Irving has often been told since Mrs. Oliphant wrote it, but Mr. Macartney's presentation ably revives a fading picture and Dr. Schaff's sexcentenary article on Dante is one of the best that has appeared. Professor R. Dick Wilson writes on 'Darius the Mede,' and B. F. Paist, Junr., on 'Peter Martyr and the Colloquy of Poissy.' F. S. Downs' article on 'Christianity and To-day' contains a plea that the Presbyterian churches should be faithful to Evangelical Protestantism, as defined in their confessions of faith. The Reviews of Recent Literature are full and instructive.

Bibliotheca Sacra (April).—Dr. Naville in 'The Outlook for Bible Studies in Bible Lands' urges that the texts should be taken as they are and interpreted not by personal views or grammatical subtleties, but by a more complete knowledge of the time when the books were written and of the people to whom they were sent. Research along these lines, he has no doubt, will lead to important and standing results. Mr. Kelso shows how Paul's Roman citizenship is reflected in his missionary experiences and his letters. In the Epistles he often took the common ground of Roman law, with which he and his readers were familiar, and built upon it some metaphor of Christian faith. 'He was the ideal evangelist of his generation for the Roman world.'

Methodist Review (March–April).—Professor Nagler finds 'The Swan Song of the Papacy' in the ultramontane triumphal paean of spiritual domination at the announcement of papal infallibility. This view was put forward fifty years ago, but the dying swan still sings. 'The Church of Pentecost' is the title of a deeply spiritual book by the lamented Bishop Thoburn, and it receives here sympathetic exposition from the pen of Bishop Warne of Lucknow. 'Some Reasons for the Psychological Tendency in Theology,' by F. Smith, deals with a subject much in the minds of theologians at present. 'Is Church Membership evidence of an Uncritical Mind?' is a question discussed by President Rayner of Manila. He holds that it is possible to possess a critical mind 'without throwing the Bible overboard. It is all a matter of right understanding based upon right training.' F. B. Snyder discusses with some vivacity the relation between the 'classic' and the 'best seller,' and pronounces for the classic as the best seller of the future. Other articles are 'Faith and Immortality,' by Judge C. L. Smith, 'Our Inadequate Facilities for Ministerial Training,' by A. E. Craig, and 'Methodists and the Theatre,' by F. B. Upham. Some careful work appears in the subordinate 'departments' of this review, the 'Arena,' 'House of the Interpreter,' 'Biblical Research,' and others. (May–June): This issue is of special interest. It may be called a Borden P. Bowne number, since half its contents are devoted to the memory of the late

Professor Bowne, of Boston University, one of the leaders of thought in the M.E. Church, known and honoured also on this side of the Atlantic, though not as fully as he deserved. Bishop M'Connell contributes a paper of graphic personal reminiscences of Dr. Bowne; the last paper he wrote, dictated only the day before his death, on the 'Present Conflict of Faith,' is printed *in extenso*, and several high appreciations of his work and career are furnished by eminent American teachers of philosophy. Finally, the Editor of this review has collated accounts of Dr. Bowne's trial for heresy in 1904, when charges were brought against him by certain sincere, but not highly intelligent, self-chosen representatives of orthodoxy. The members of the Commission of Fifteen appointed to inquire into the matter reported unanimously that none of the charges were sustained. Professor Bowne was indeed a true defender of the faith, though a commendably independent and outspoken one. This whole number of the review is interesting and valuable.

Methodist Quarterly Review (Nashville) (April).—The first two articles are concerned with questions relating to the status and functions of bishops in the M.E. Church, North and South; one is by Bishop Candler, the other by Rev. C. O. Jones. Both are able discussions of points which have been publicly debated during recent years; the issue—very crudely and bluntly stated—being whether the bishops shall rule the Church because it is Episcopal, or the Church rule the bishops because it is Methodist. The writer of the next article, on 'The Holy Catholic Church,' vigorously maintains the thesis that 'the Roman Catholic Church was never Christian.' Dr. Clifford G. Thompson urges with ability the importance of emphasizing the 'fundamentals' of religion—not questions of abstract speculative theology, but the things fundamental to spiritual religion. Dr. W. W. Sweet, Professor of History, discourses on 'John Wesley, Tory,' that is, Wesley's attitude on the American War in 1776. A veteran octogenarian writer, Dr. J. E. Godbey, answers the question, 'Are we losing the sense of sin?' in a fashion which shows that he has a young heart and an open mind. He says virtually, There may be less emotional penitence and personal fear than one hundred years ago, but the Christian conscience, private and public, is more tender than ever before. An excellent number; the new Editor, Dr. Gilbert T. Rowe, has our best wishes for his success.

FOREIGN

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques (January–March) opens with a scientific and technical article on 'Evolution of Past Forms,' of great interest to students of palaeontology. This is followed by the first part of an elaborate and learned study of 'The Title Kyrios and the Royal Dignity of Jesus' which will be of great service to the most advanced of theologians. The next ninety pages are devoted to a survey of recent literature in religious psychology and Biblical theology. In the latter section are careful notices of several new works on 'The Servant of the Lord in Isaiah,' and on 'Christian Origins,' special attention being given to the writings of Mr. Kirsopp Lake. In the obituaries sympathetic reference is made

to the death of M. Eugène Ménégoz, founder with Auguste Sabatier of the Paris school of theology, at the age of eighty-four, and to the loss sustained by French philosophy in the death of M. Émile Boutroux, 'one of its most influential and universally respected masters.' The article that gives distinction to the April number discusses with much appreciation the often disputed orthodoxy of the *Theologia Germanica* under the two general headings, 'God and the Trinity, and 'God and the Creature,' and incidentally throws much light on the teaching of Eckhart, Suso, and other German mystics.

Calcutta Review (February).—Poetry and fiction have an important place in this number, and twenty-seven pictures of buildings in and around Calcutta are specially attractive. Mr. Chapman, of the Imperial Library, Calcutta, writes on 'The Carlyle Legend.' *Sartor Resartus* probably convinced him, 'if it is not still more probable that he knew it before he wrote it, that the powers which God had given him were the very highest; that his peers were such as Dante, Luther, Shakespeare.' The notes on his masterpieces are excellent. (March): Mr. F. H. Davis, in 'The Emperors of Japan,' describes the visit of the Crown Prince to England as a memorable event. Such an undertaking would not have been possible a few years ago, when the Imperial House was really a temple where the Emperor and his family were jealously guarded from the eyes of the people. To-day the Emperor is seen of all men. 'It was left to the Crown Prince of Japan to shatter once for all the old veil of alleged divinity and the stupid régime of isolation. He is alive to the democratic needs of his country, and in his visit to England he has done much to deepen and strengthen our affection and regard for our Japanese ally.' There is pleasant variety in the articles, and the views 'In and Around Kashmir' are a striking feature. (April): This is a University number, with addresses by the Chancellor and Vice-Chancellor; an important lecture by Sir W. J. Pope on 'The Reality of Atomic Structure,' and other articles of general interest. The album of Delhi views is a special feature of the number.

La Reforme en Polande (No. 4).—Professor Brüchner describes in this Polish review the literary activity of Nicholas Ray (1505–1569), the celebrated Calvinist who is regarded as the father of Polish literature. His *Miroir*, which appeared in 1568, faithfully represents the psychology of the Polish nobility at that epoch. M. Kwolek deals with the religious situation in the diocese of Przemysl during the reign of Sigismond Auguste. Many of the nobles were drawn towards the teaching of Calvin, and the bishop attempted in vain to check the progress of the heresy by severe penalties.