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one of blind confidence nor of radical scepticism. The first part of the history deals with Canaan up to the twelfth century B.C.—with its history, civilization, religious life, beliefs, and practices. The second part is concerned with the Hebrews before their settlement in Palestine—with their social organization and the beliefs and cult of the nomadic period. The third part deals with their economic, social, political, and religious life in all its manifestations from their settlement in Canaan to the period of the Assyrian invasions. All these subjects are treated with an astonishing fulness of detail and with an intimate knowledge of all the relevant modern literature, and they are set in the vivid framework of contemporary history.

It would be impossible in a brief notice to do anything like justice to this masterly narrative, so crowded with interest of many kinds. Suffice it to mention one or two points of special interest. It is possible, Lods admits, but not proved, that the patriarchs may have been primarily divinities (Abraham at Hebron, Isaac at Beersheba, Jacob at Bethel), but it is certain that, for the Hebrew historians themselves, these were real historical personages. Of Moses it is impossible to give more than a very incomplete account, but his work was at any rate a practical one—namely, the creation of a people by the establishment of a national religion. Moses was not, however, the author of the Decalogue, which reflects the preaching of the prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries, the period from which also monotheism dates. Yahwism is distinguished from other national religions by the intensity of the life which was in it, and it contained the germ of future developments. Israel had from the beginning a lively sense of the power of her God and of His solicitude for her, 'visible in every domain of the national life, especially of war and the maintenance of justice.' The best informed reader will have much to learn from this exhaustive account of Israel. He may differ at many points from the writer, but he will feel throughout that he is in the hands of a master.

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Glasgow.

Entre Nous.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

It is nine years since Dr. Schweitzer published 'On the Edge of the Primeval Forest.' *More from the Primeval Forest* (Black; 6s. net) is just such another narrative—and it needs no further recommendation. The present volume is perhaps less formal than the earlier one, for it is based on letters to friends. It covers Dr. Schweitzer's second period of medical missionary work—from 1924 to 1927—at Lambarene in the Ogowe district of Equatorial Africa. After reading it those who wish to refresh their memories about the main facts of Dr. Schweitzer's life will get what they want in *Albert Schweitzer: The Man and his Work*, by Professor John Dickinson Regester (Abingdon Press; $1.50), which is also published this month. As we read the titles of Mr. Regester's chapters we muse humbly on the brilliant gifts of this man—Musician, Theologian, and Philosopher, who has spent so many years of his life bringing health, or at least freedom from suffering, to the natives of Africa; 'Even if I cannot save them from death, I can at least show them love and perhaps make their end easier.'

This report to friends of the day by day work shows the difficulties that Dr. Schweitzer was up against, and reveals unconsciously the patience, love, and humour that were called for. After his arrival, Dr. Schweitzer writes: 'I can keep Easter with a contented mind, for the worst holes (in the hospital roof) can be mended. But how very differently had I pictured to myself the first days after our return.' Again he writes: 'Our supply of roof-tiles (stitched leaves) is not sufficient. We are still in the rainy season. . . . In the morning I find my patients lying on the floor wet through. The result is a number of chills, two of which end fatally. I am quite in despair, and many an afternoon which I wanted urgently for the sick or for getting things straight at home, I spend going about in a canoe hunting for leaf tiles.'

He has little dependable help. 'How often we groan over the Benjabis—and one of our household sayings is: "How beautiful Africa would be with-

out its savages!" But we do feel that there is a link between them and us. When the new doctor launches out into an angry denunciation of them, I point out to him with what regret and affection he will look back upon them when he is again in Europe.'

The worst problem is the native who has been recruited from the interior for work at the timber-cutting centres. 'Many of them are, indeed, men who have become human animals, not merely savages, but creatures who, through living far from their homes and coming under so many injurious influences, have sunk even below the level of savages.'

What is to be done? Instil in the native love of craftsmanship, says Dr. Schweitzer. He must build his own house and grow his own food. But the African despises manual work. Dr. Schweitzer could get fifty clerks but he could not get one sawyer. 'As we have in the hospital hardly a man capable of work, I begin, assisted by two loyal helpers, to haul beams and planks about myself. Suddenly I catch sight of a negro in a white suit sitting by a patient whom he has come to visit. "Hullo! friend," I call out, "won't you lend us a hand?" "I am an intellectual and don't drag wood about," came the answer.' But in spite of difficulties the new hospital is built. 'I shall never forget the first evening in the new hospital. From every fireside and from every mosquito net they call to me: "This is a good hut, doctor, a good hut!" For the first time since I came to Africa my patients are housed as human beings should be.'

'Let us not love in word.'

'The praiseworthy habit of dumping sick persons at my hospital and then making themselves scarce has not been lost by the Ogowe people. . . . A woman, too, from a village not far from Lambarene, as ragged and as near death as the men, has been deposited here. She has no one at all belonging to her, so no one in the village troubles about her. A neighbour's wife, so I am told, asked another woman to lend her an axe that she might get a little firewood for the old woman to keep her warm during the damp nights. "What?" was the answer, "an axe for that old woman? Take her to the doctor, and leave her there till she dies." And that was what happened. . . . At the grave of the poor woman for whom they would not provide even a little firewood, Mons. Herrmann spoke in touching words of how she was cast off by her own people, but met with tenderness among strangers, because through Jesus love had come into the world. And beautiful was the sunlight as it streamed through the palm trees upon the poor grave, while the school children sang a funeral hymn.'[1]

The Prison.

Many admirers of *The Prison*, Dame Ethel Smyth's wonderful musical interpretation of the late H. B. Brewster's philosophy, will be glad that the volume itself has been reprinted. The publishers of *The Prison* are Messrs. Heinemann (6s. net), and Professor John Macmurray commends it for its vision and prophecy. Brewster had his own theory of life; and an inner glowing happiness, which he compares to a diamond in a pot. It would be too difficult to disentangle here his elaborate thread of thought, but one quotation we should like to make from his Dialogue. . . .

(The Prisoner is meditating at dusk, while delicate air floats in and out of his window on a summer night.)

'And now, clearer than I have ever felt it, a strange feeling comes over me; I am not alone. It is as though the very core of me had been missing and now I had found it; and at the same time as though this deepest and most intimate ME stood outside me, so that I would fling my arms round him as a lover. Also he seems to me quite above my troubles, unaffected by my individual lot, impersonal, the same in all men and yet ME.

'Perhaps it is this that the Christians call Christ.'

[1] Albert Schweitzer, *More from the Primeval Forest*, 22.

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