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Founded 1843
Vol. 109. TV 100000
LONDON: TV 100000

APRIL, 1926.

**Fifth Series.
No. 62.**

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1926

PATHOLOGICAL REALISM

THE new theory that crime is the result of a defective brain may revolutionize human thought along many lines. It adds a new dimension to human perfectibility; a sane mind in a sane body becomes impossible without sane emotions. A man may have a powerful body, a superior intelligence, yet never attain an adult status, because of an emotional deficiency or superfluity due to defective basal ganglia. Like the imbecile or the idiot, he belongs to the unfortunate class of subnormals.

It would seem that where nature's intent has been carried out, the natural man is not a 'vile sinner' or a Don Juan or a criminal, nor is he amoral, but disposed to shape his life in accord with the ethical tradition of his tribe and time. The individual who lags behind this ethical tradition as a defective affectivity due either to an inherited defect in his lower brain or to accident or disease. A deficient moral sense is an abnormality, a debasing of nature's plan, not an education, as many novelists and one school of philosophy have tried to persuade us, of a superman.

I have doubtless seemed to digress from my subject in this introduction, but it is all delicately pertinent. If this discovery that a defective brain is the primary cause of a deficient or unstable moral sense holds, a large part of the literary output to-day is based upon a false psychology. The reactions of unfortunate victims of defective or diseased brain-cells are being analysed as healthful human phenomena—a getting back to nature.

Much of the realistic fiction of the past ten years either flames with an apotheosis of a purely animal sex-passion as the sole god of the human machine or paints humanity caught like a fly in the toils of a hopeless existence. The hyper-erotic and neurotic characters who stalk singly or in groups through its pages, whatever the condition of their brain-cells, have no prototypes in normal men and women. Their passions have degenerated into appetites stripped of the exalted or tender emotions usual in civilized man. They are deficient in moral sense to a degree that in actual life would make them a menace to society. Cultured and refined men and women are often represented as indulging in a lewd promiscuity in a frantic effort to 'realize life.' Over-sexed to the point of aberration, instead of being the entirely natural human creature the author would have us believe, they are rather subjects for an alienist. Judges often have to deal with such.

A more or less imperfectly understood Freudianism is at the bottom of this would-be scientific burgeoning in our fiction. But it is an unfortunate mating of science and fancy. Sex is the major interest for a brief term of years only with healthy men and women, with an occasional recrudescence in later years. Whenever the man or the woman continues to pursue emotional experience as a supreme object throughout life, the end is invariably abnormality or disease. The pathological realist neglects to mention this. He artfully stops his tale on the sunny side of degeneration. It is his one optimism.

He leaves his characters in the continuous grip of physical passion, replacing moral aspiration with vague aesthetic longings. Heroes and villains are indistinguishably flaccid and lacking in self-control, the brilliant and the dull mind alike, a childish prey to every passing impulse or external temptation. Any self-respecting family would have decent reticences about such weaklings, but their literary progenitors thrust them confidently into the limelight as

supertypes of the twentieth century. As defectives who have fallen below nature's average, they are of interest, especially to the psychiatrist and the criminologist, but it is deplorable that so much of the world's literary talent should be focused upon the abnormal.

One Hamlet is literary gold. An occasional De Quincey or Byron blazons English letters ; but an orgy of Hamlets, or an epidemic of De Quinceys or Byrons, would be paralysing to great literary accomplishment. If history is to be trusted, morbid growth spells decadence. The great writers have survived the oblivion of years by their appeal to universal human experience—to human aspiration ; they have ministered to the higher possibilities of human nature, not to the lower.

Genius has invariably been gifted with a sense of moral values even where its possessors have disregarded ethical standards in their own living. Their reach has been mighty if their grasp was sometimes feeble. When a Homer or an Aeschylus or a Dante or a Shakespeare or a Balzac depicts abnormal and debased life, he orientates it in exact accord with human experience. Moral defection is never dressed up as a triumph of natural instinct over puerile sentimentality or morbid puritanism. Artificial conventions and unjust institutions are often attacked, but fundamental principles never. Their heroes and villains sin, and reap the rewards of sin, pleasurable and hellish, impartially.

The satisfaction of this innate moral sense is too potent a reagent in human happiness to be disregarded. Passion and conscience are inextricably interwoven, even though the mills of the gods lag far behind sense-debauchery. The more deeply the emotions are stirred the more imperative it becomes for the individual to put himself in harmony with his own moral code. His motivations and fears may be brutish, but he is none the less subject to them. His moral sense may be unrecognizable as such to the more highly-developed spiritual intelligence, but it is a force that

cannot be ignored. The tendency of normal sex-passion, when uncorrupted by external lascivious suggestion, is to deepen this moral sense—to evoke a score of inchoate aspirations. The first untainted passion of youth is not so much for the body as for the soul of the beloved.

This fundamental human experience the pathological school of realism ostentatiously subordinates. All the exquisite overtones of love are silenced, all family loyalties cried down. Conscience is sneered at as a morbid habit of mind induced by religious superstition. It is the fad of the hour to class every inhibition or social convention as an unwarrantable intrusion upon the rights of the natural man. He must be allowed all the privileges of the jungle in metropolitan luxury. Society must protect, not interfere, with individual freedom. Just how this is to be accomplished is left to the imagination.

Francis Thompson complained that the detached point of view of the modern novelist alienated the reader's sympathies. I believe this lack of emotional response is due rather to an unreality in the characters, which stifles human interest and appeals only to curiosity or the analytical faculty. Despite a facile delineation that is almost photographic, they do not live. Their emotions are not convincing. They bear no relation to people one has known. You close the average novel with an impression of something out of focus, as if you had been looking at human creatures disporting in some unnatural medium through which they appeared queerly elongated or foreshortened. And this impression approximates fact. They are not men and women; they have become mere symbols to illustrate a line of psychological reactions. They are human beings conventionalized as the Egyptians conventionalized nature. The lack in Egyptian art is also the limitation in fiction to-day. It is the absence of a third dimension. The Egyptian left out thickness, and his figures are flat and appear distorted; the pathological realist has left out the

spiritual dimension, and his characters have no depth—no fortitude—no respect for themselves or their fellow men. Their exaggerated, tediously-painted passions are mere animal frenzy of mating, and rouse no lasting interest in the reader, because they do not touch his own deeper feelings. No adult intelligence can long be satisfied with an absolutely material existence ; no adult intelligence can be continuously satisfied with amorous adventuring—a human life is something more than a nuptial flight.

A three-dimensional development differentiates man from the beast. Consciously or unconsciously it has always been the human ideal. No savage has been so inhuman as to have no taboos—no positive convictions as to right or wrong conduct. It was left to would-be supermen to try to deprive humanity of its moral sense.

The second characteristic of the pathological realist is his mania for emphasizing the sordid features of living. He is insensitive to chiaroscuro. He is either unable or unwilling to relieve his grim pictures with the glow of the small satisfactions the average human being derives from an honest day's work, a pie, or a poem, or a business coup well contrived. He ignores the pride in the wage, the comfort of a night's rest and a square meal, the precious holiday. He is not discriminating enough to realize that the most sordid human relation has its moments of solacing companionship—that no lot is so hard as to be utterly devoid of beauty or interest—that the most strangled human existence, if the individual has any remnants of a nervous system left, enjoys something, hopes something, feels satisfaction in some form of personal accomplishment or service. Man, as has been often noted, is an inconsistent creature curiously compounded of sordidness and dreams, who often enjoys when he thinks he suffers, who sometimes derives a more avid pleasure from dwelling on his woes than his good fortune.

The genre of the realist is usually objectively true ; it is seldom subjectively true. Both English and American

writers have been so deeply impressed with the technique of the Russian realists that in endeavouring to imitate this technique they have unconsciously borrowed also the Slavic fatalism which is as foreign to the Anglo-Saxon as it is characteristic of the Russian.

The boast of the realistic school is its *vraisemblance*. Its literary creed is verisimilitude, and its power and appeal lie in the fidelity of its representation. Its pictures must be true to life itself—not merely true to the distorted images of an astigmatic vision. The abnormal or perverted human being must be depicted with his emotions pathologically modified according to the nature of his defect or disease, and the normal person with a normal interplay of emotions. When the realistic writer represents the emotions of the abnormal or defective brain, whether over-sexed or over-melancholy, as normal human reactions, he is false to his own tenets. The novelist is privileged to enrich life with the utmost reach of his imagination, but never to falsify actuality. A writer may joyously sing the praises of a purple cow, but he may not seriously try to persuade us that all cows are purple. He may run the whole gamut of fancy, and jumble all created things in charming or grotesque fantasies, but such fantasies may not masquerade as reality. He cannot select one type of experience in his characters for the purpose of proving some hypothesis, and refuse to relate to it every incident or correlating experience that presents a different phase. There has been too much prostituting of life to theory in literature during the past decade.

Intellectual brilliancy should be encouraged, but along with it intellectual honesty is also essential. If the so-called realist wishes to romance by degrading life instead of embellishing it, if the abnormal mind wishes to offer the contribution of abnormality to science or to literature, there is a place and a use for such romance and such records; but there is no place for a fiction of disillusionment blatantly claiming to be universal human experience, or for degeneracy

in the guise of natural instinct. The wolf as a wolf is an honest beast, in sheep's clothing he is a public menace.

Abnormality, especially in sex, is carried so far by a few of the 'ultra' school as to suggest a twist in the writer as well as in his work. Psychologists in general, and criminologists in particular, are laying great stress upon word-tests through their betraying association of ideas. The picture concepts which a word calls quickly to mind reveal, it is believed, individual habits of association. When familiar words call up terms associated with violence or crime in the person tested, instead of the homely, wholesome associations of ordinary living, the investigator scents a morbid habit of mind, if not an abnormal or criminal tendency.

If one were audacious enough to apply this test to the work of certain writers much in the public eye at present, what must be the scientist's inference? When the term 'college youth' suggests a colourless lack of licentiousness to an author, what may we conclude as to his trend of thought? If another writer invariably associates the terms 'girl' and 'woman' with a purely animal sex gratification or deprivation, what are we justified in assuming about his basal ganglia? When the word love suggests only passion; when honour suggests perfidy; loyalty, graft; marriage, adultery or divorce, are we not justified, according to generally-accepted psychological standards, in suspecting a complex in the author himself? Would any big corporation or military organization trust an individual with such a bias in any position that called for sound judgement or a knowledge of human nature? Yet the one thing the novelist must understand, if he is to master his craft, is human nature, and he must be an unwarped observer of human reactions if his work is to have any permanent value.

Human society has finally established its right to protect itself—at the expense of the individual if need be—against all forms of disease and disease-breeding conditions of living. Yet physicians and psychologists alike testify that continuous

dwelling upon sex and the morbid stimulus of the abnormal are both fruitful sources of physical as well as mental disease. Science has already abundant proof that a normal condition of the intelligence and the emotions is as essential as the normal functioning of the body to human well-being.

No thinking person who has noted the percentage of fiction in publishers' book-lists, or the preponderance of fiction in books taken out at public libraries, questions the novelist's influence in forming public opinion. Novels with a sale running into hundreds of thousands, magazines largely fictional, with a circulation close to a million—how are these affecting the public health? A still graver question: How are they shaping our civilization? Many persons turn to fiction, not alone for amusement, but in the hope of finding a more logical analysis of life than their own limited experience has made possible. Literary honesty and literary honour demand a sincere interpretation of life, and an intelligent, not a subnormal, valuation of moral obligation, as a factor in human happiness and human progress.

The Occidental literatures are fast losing from their vocabularies a wealth of terms that once symbolized the fragrance of the human spirit: goodness, purity, chastity, affection, respect, self-sacrifice, devotion, reverence, uprightness, godlikeness; how often does one find such in modern fiction? From the standpoint of pure beauty alone, can we afford to replace these with words that call to mind the stench of decaying decencies? In our ardent pursuit of artistry in literary form, can we afford to ignore the importance of the book's content and its effects? Can we afford to let the disciples of the abnormal pose unchallenged as priests of a new morality? Are we to let the spiritually blind and halt lead us because they are clever jugglers of reality?

LILY MUNSELL RITCHIE (MARY BRIARLY).

THE PROBLEMS OF INDIA'S NEW CHIEF EXECUTIVE

I. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this issue of the *London Quarterly Review* the Viceroyalty and Governor-Generalship of India will change hands. The Earl of Reading will complete his five years' term of office. The Baron Irwin of Kirby Underdale, better known as Mr. Edward Wood, will begin his Indian career.

What a contrast the personalities of these two men present ! Lord Reading has been before the public, in one capacity or another, almost as many years as his successor has spent upon this planet. He is a self-made man, if there ever was one, and in achieving distinction he has had a stern fight with poverty and race-prejudice. Lord Irwin, on the contrary, was born in the 'ruling caste,' and, if he survives his father, is destined to be an earl. A man of deep religious convictions, he does not derive his motive-power from worldly ambition. Though he does not profess to be insensible to the honour which has been done to him, he has not felt ashamed publicly to confess that he will assume his new office with 'grave misgiving' about his own capacity.

And well may Lord Reading's successor feel appalled at the responsibilities which await him ! The retiring Viceroy and Governor-General went out to India at what promised to be the beginning of a new era. That promise has not been realized.

It is true that the Indian willingness to bear increased taxation has enabled the Government to balance the Budget. It is likewise true that a generous rainfall and bumper crops have greatly improved the trade outlook. The political party which had set out upon the course of non-co-operation has, moreover, become split up into at least three distinct groups, and the friction between the Hindus and Muslims shows once again signs of becoming acute.

No section of Indians capable of political thought or action is, however, reconciled to the existing order, or contented with the policies which Lord Reading's Government has been pursuing. In the great and populous Presidency of Bengal, the machinery over which that British statesman had been sent to watch has broken down completely. The same is true of the Central Provinces—lesser, but, in itself, important. Lord Reading and his colleagues have suffered numerous defeats in the Indian Legislative Assembly—defeats upon financial and other proposals of a tactical character, any one of which would have smashed the Government had that legislative chamber been invested with sovereign powers. Such satisfaction as the suspension of the excise duty upon cotton production, imposed, a generation ago, at the behest of the English textile industry, produced in India has been more than counterbalanced by the Indian crisis in South Africa, which, during the closing weeks of the Reading régime, threatens to create serious complications. The Baron Irwin is, therefore, not coming into a sinecure.

Even if Lord Reading had succeeded in winning the confidence of every section of the Indian people, and in securing their co-operation in working the Montagu-Chelmsford Constitution, his successor would have had to face the question of further constitutional progress. The statute which created that Constitution expressly stipulated the appointment of a Royal Commission in 1929 for the purpose of surveying the results achieved and making recommendations for the future.

The date prescribed for that inquiry has at no time found favour with even the most moderate section of Indian political leaders and their followers, without whose support, in face of much opposition and not a little obloquy, the Constitution could not have been worked at all. There has been all along an intense agitation for the shortening of the period of 'trial'—say to five, instead of ten, years.

The very first Legislative Assembly created under the Montagu-Chelmsford Act passed a resolution requesting His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for India to expedite the appointment of the Royal Commission. The Viscount Peel, then filling that office in the first Baldwin Administration, did not grant that request; but even his curt refusal failed to kill the movement.

The Fabian Socialist who, under the name and style of Lord Olivier, succeeded him, could not resist the demand for an inquiry. The machinery which he was persuaded to set up, however, produced results which have left the most moderate Indians just as dissatisfied as before. It is being said by apologists for the MacDonald Government that, had it not fallen over the Russian issue, it would have initiated action to fulfil the promises which so many Labour leaders had made to India while in the Opposition—promises both of an explicit nature, and also implicit in the numerous amendments to the Montagu-Chelmsford Constitution moved from the Labour benches when that measure was going through various stages in the House of Commons. The hands of these apologists have been somewhat strengthened by (1) The passage at the last Labour Party Conference of a resolution pledging the Labour movement to give India 'self-determination'; (2) By the introduction by some Labour Members of Parliament of a Bill designed to give India a modified form of Home Rule; and (3) By the issue of a manifesto to the British people declaring the Indian problem to be a pressing one. All these moves have been well advertised in India, not only by letters, newspaper articles, and cablegrams, but also by personal propaganda in the country. Two facts, however, block the way of these propagandists: (1) The men who are in control of the executive machinery of the Labour Party have not, so far, committed themselves to any concrete scheme of devolving precisely and clearly-defined powers of self-government upon Indians; and (2) Even if they had done so, there is

no immediate prospect of their coming into power for at least several years.

The Earl of Birkenhead, who occupies the important position of the Secretary of State for India in the present Baldwin Administration, is too practised a politician to permit himself to be embarrassed by these moves, be they sincere or merely tactical, upon the part of a section of the Opposition. The Government of which he is a member possesses a clear and definite majority, and, even if all the Labour and Liberal M.P.'s combined to press the Bill introduced by Mr. George Lansbury, could easily defeat them. The proposals which that measure contains have, in fact, in principle come up in the Indian Legislature and been defeated through executive action. It is to be doubted whether Lord Birkenhead would have used Lord Reading's Government to negative those proposals, knowing that that Government would thereby suffer a heavy defeat in the Legislative Assembly, if he had meant to entertain them, in detail, in the British Parliament. Should, however, the Lansbury Bill be given a second reading, Mr. MacDonald and other Labour leaders who are not identified with the Extreme Left, and are in effective control of the machinery of the Labour Party, may take the opportunity to clear their position. None of them can possibly hope to achieve more than that very limited object—in itself sufficiently attractive, as it may counteract the unfortunate impression created by the Labour inaction when that party was in office.

It is to be doubted whether Lord Irwin will have his task made difficult by a political landslide in Britain while he is out in India. Even if such a contingency were to arise, it would occur towards the close of his Viceroyalty and Governor-Generalship, and, therefore, about the time when the Government of the day, whether Conservative, Coalition, or Socialist, would, in any case, have to set up the aforementioned Royal Commission, in consonance with the statutory provision made towards the end of 1919,

when the Government of India Act now in force was passed.

If the appointment of that body takes place almost simultaneously with the departure of Lord Irwin, as some persons expect, or at any rate substantially earlier than the date set in the statute, the initiative must come from the party now dominant in Britain. It cannot come because that party, by adopting a policy of resistance to it, is likely to be embarrassed by the Opposition in Parliament—the Opposition is too weak, too divided, and too timid to effect that purpose; but only because of the conviction that without some such action the situation in India is bound to worsen, while the immediate inauguration of the inquiry would inspire confidence and hope, and thereby create an atmosphere of goodwill without which Lord Irwin cannot expect to do more than merely mark time during his five years in India.

The Earl of Birkenhead, judged by statements made by him in public, may be presumed to have some such ideas agitating his mind. Speaking nearly three-quarters of a year ago, he declared in the House of Lords that 'wise men were not the slaves of dates; rather were dates the servants of sagacious men.' He added that 'developments had been easily conceivable to him—were still not wholly inconceivable to him—in which the acceleration of the date of the Royal Commission might have been recommended even by very cautious statesmen.' He, however, chided the 'most highly-organized party in India' for pursuing tactics which had chilled, and even antagonized, the Britons in power.

The appeal which Lord Birkenhead made to Indians on that and subsequent occasions to co-operate with the British officials is held, by some persons, to have had a powerful effect in disrupting the ranks of the party to which he referred, and to have strengthened the movement known as

¹ *The Times* (London), July 8, 1925.

² *Ibid.*

³ *Ibid.*

'responsive co-operation,' in contradistinction to 'non-co-operation.' Shrewdness, and especially the desire to safeguard the future of his erstwhile colleague in the Government—the Baron Irwin—might induce him and his fellow Ministers to strengthen that movement by 'responding' through the immediate or early appointment of the Royal Commission.

II. If His Majesty's Government adopts such a policy, it will do so in face of a considerable opposition from persons some of whom have occupied distinguished positions in the Indian Administration, and who are regarded as authorities on Indian questions. Many of them have never sought to hide their contempt for the Indian leaders—have, indeed, derided their right to act as spokesmen for the Indian people. Nor have they taken any pains to feign admiration for the system inaugurated under the Government of India Act. They have no belief in the ability of the Indian people to make a success of a representative type of government. They, moreover, regard it as illogical to divide into more or less watertight compartments the administration of a province, as 'Dyarchy' has done. If they could have their own way, they would at once go back to the old system, which did not pretend to share with Indians the responsibility of administering Indian affairs. In support of their view, they advance the argument that in all parts of India there is clash of colour, race, and religion; that such clash has always existed, and will exist for evermore; that Asiatics respect nothing but force; and that any weakening of the British authority in India will inevitably result in bloodshed and chaos, and react against British commerce with India and other British interests in that country. Lastly, it is said that Indians, by themselves, are unable to defend themselves against invasion, and that the British cannot efficiently discharge that responsibility if they are shorn of control over civil affairs, which, through mismanagement, may create discord and internecine warfare, and thereby

weaken India's ability to defend herself against aggression.

Even the Labour Party includes persons who are apprehensive as to what a self-governing India might do. Comparatively few among educated Indians are free-traders, and, therefore, it is feared that the concession of complete fiscal autonomy is likely to result in greatly strengthening the present tendency towards the imposition of tariffs for the protection of the Indian industries. As these industries expand, and Indian workers become skilled, this protectionist proclivity will inevitably have the effect of checking imports into India, of which the majority come from Britain. In the efforts made by Lancashire to prevent India from setting up a tariff, or at least to keep the Indian textile industry from deriving any benefit from any system of tariff, the organized workers in that and contiguous counties have stood side to side with the employers. Writing from first-hand knowledge, I can say that, in fact, the noisiest speeches made at the India Office in the attempt to overawe the Secretary of State for India (Edwin Samuel Montagu) into obeying the dictates of the English cotton industry, came, in 1921, from representatives of the labourers rather than from those of the mill-owners and middlemen.

Unless Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has changed his views since he signed the Report of the Islington Commission on the Indian Public Services, he considers it necessary to keep both the Indian Civil Service and the Police Service preponderantly British in personnel. The more conservative among his colleagues must share that opinion with him. During the closing days of the last Parliamentary session, however, some effort was made by Labour M.P.'s, mostly back-benchers, to block the Bill introduced by the Earl of Birkenhead in the House of Lords for the purpose of strengthening the position of the Indian Civil and analogous Services—efforts which proved futile. In anticipation of the passage of that measure, the recruiting campaign made by the Secretary of State for India and several British

ex-Governors had had the effect of inducing many young Britons to compete at the Civil Service examination, and to express their desire to serve in India. It is not at all unlikely, therefore, that persons who are opposed to giving Indians the decisive power to order their own affairs will urge that any precipitancy in setting up the Parliamentary inquiry into the working of the Constitution will damage the impression created upon the British undergraduate, and inspire in him again a feeling of insecurity.

III. It will also be asserted that a man with Lord Irwin's tendencies and experience can do much constructive work, and thereby get India off the political tangent. The Prime Minister himself suggested some time ago that India was a land of villages, which depended upon agriculture, and that the Viceroy-Designate had recently vacated the office of President of the Board of Agriculture with the express purpose of assuming the Indian responsibility. For some time past the question of instituting an inquiry into the Indian rural conditions has been canvassed in a section of the British Press, and, shortly after the announcement of the appointment of Lord Reading's successor, it was semi-officially intimated that such an investigation would begin almost at the same time as the Viceroyalty and Governor-Generalship changes hands. The retiring Viceroy has, in fact, already announced its appointment. That Lord Irwin should be favourably disposed towards such an enterprise is only to be expected from one devoted, as he is, to the country-side and agriculture. Unfortunately the terms of reference have been framed with an eye on the landlords, and the question of tenure is not to be investigated.

Work of a similar description needs to be done on a much broader scale. An impartial and far-reaching inquiry into Indian poverty would no doubt result in the gathering of much valuable data. And it is not merely a case of making investigations. Much information of a useful character

gathered by industrial and education commissions and committees needs to be acted upon. India is exceedingly backward in industrial, educational, and social organization, and there is not the least doubt that constructive statesmanship bent upon improving conditions could accomplish much, if Indian co-operation could be secured.

IV. Would that co-operation be forthcoming were Lord Irwin to show a determination to adopt a far-sighted, far-reaching policy of agricultural and industrial development and of educational and social advancement? He who would answer that question in the affirmative, in view of the present political temper of India, must be a bold man. Any such action is bound to be interpreted as springing from the desire to burke the political issue, and would charge the political atmosphere with electric waves of a dangerous character.

The political issue dominates the situation in India. Indians capable of reading and writing, numbering millions, have reached a stage where they wish to govern themselves, in their own way. They know that in the initial period of transition they will make many mistakes, some of them of a serious character. There will not only be mistakes, but possibly also corruption and injustice, in some cases and in some places.

No Indian with a spark of manhood refuses, however, to run any risks which have to be encountered. Every nation whose affairs have been managed from another land has had to brave such dangers in assuming control of its own affairs. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and, more recently, the Irish Free State, have all had to take such risks as were involved in the withdrawal of the British control from those units of the British Commonwealth and the assumption of the administrative responsibility by sons of the soil.

Not so very long ago the Viscount Morley was dolefully wondering where the Irish Free State would find the men to manage its affairs when the British officials ceased to

control them from Whitehall. Only a few years ago the very man who now is the supreme head of the Indian Administration was denouncing Irishmen who had grown old in the service of the British Parliament as lacking the brains to conduct efficiently second-hand clothes shops and cattle fairs; yet he was one of that small band of British Ministers who handed the twenty-six counties of Ireland, constituting the Free State, to Irishmen who were despised by the very Irishmen whom he despised. And the Free State continues to meet its bills, has managed to balance its Budget, and is making progress in almost every direction!

Indians are not likely to prove an exception. Even if they do, the risk will have to be taken sooner or later, for when millions of men and women make up their minds to run their own affairs their will is bound to prevail one day. The greater the resistance offered, the greater the cohesion it will cause among the ranks of those millions, and the greater the danger of clash between them and the British.

The Indian political movement at present is constitutional and peaceful. It does not aim to sever the British connexion; only to elevate India to the position of a self-governing unit of the Commonwealth.

Signs of drift towards violence are not, however, wanting. Anything that may strengthen the suspicion in the Indian mind that the British are not in earnest in exalting Indians in their own country and the Commonwealth in general—anything that may block or even delay self-government—will inevitably accelerate such drift. No British statesman who has had to deal with the results of violence as an instrument for securing Home Rule, as the Earl of Birkenhead and some of his colleagues in the Cabinet have unfortunately had to do, is likely to give such an impetus by pursuing a policy of *laissez faire* or of repression.

In the attempt to solve the problem of Indian Home

Rule, the greatest difficulty which the British Cabinet, and more especially the new Viceroy and Governor-General, will have to contend against will be to find a way to reconcile the interests of the Indian Civil and cognate Services with those of a self-governing India. The measure, which at Lord Birkenhead's instance, was passed during the closing period of the last session, and to which reference has already been made, has had the effect of making the members of all these services 'laws unto themselves' so far as Indians are concerned. None of them is appointed under the authority of any legislature in India, or is in any real sense accountable to any Indian body, statutory or otherwise. The terms of recruitment, pay, allowances, pensions, and even leave, are all fixed from Whitehall, India merely having to meet all the bills incurred. Such Indians as may be appointed heads of even those departments which are responsible to one or another Legislature have no effective control over officials who happen to belong to these services, which means most of the important officials serving in those departments, with the exception of Agriculture. They have, moreover, to submit to the humiliation of seeing one of their subordinates who may choose to disagree with them go over their heads to the Governor or the Governor-General, as the case may be.

Such practices are alien to the British constitutional system. Their retention will be incompatible with any genuine scheme of self-government, and will make for endless friction, and even for the failure of any system of administration set up under the project. Not until officials, no matter how high, who are employed in India, come under undivided Indian control, will Indians have self-rule in the real sense of the term.

In this connexion Lord Irwin will have a most serious responsibility. As Viceroy he will be the representative of His Majesty the King-Emperor, will preside at chapters of the Royal and Imperial Orders, durbars, and other

assemblages, and will receive homage from the proudest of Indian sovereign-rulers. As Governor-General he will be the actual head of the Indian Administration. As indicated by the combination of his titles, his will be a dual position, he being the King-Emperor's representative as well as his Indian Prime Minister, were such office in actual existence. Since the Indian Legislature is not a Parliament in the British or the Dominion sense of the term, and he has the power to overrule it, even in matters of finance, calling to his aid a chamber in which his own nominees, many of them actually his subordinates, aided by highly conservative elements, constitute the majority, he possesses powers greater than those attached to any other office in the world.

Persons with shallow constitutional knowledge may consider that the President of the United States is the real autocrat of the world. Superficial evidence would appear to support that contention because the Executive in the States is designed to be independent of the other two wings of the Government—the Legislature and the Judiciary. In practice, however, his independence is very severely limited. Unless Congress chooses to vote him funds, he is helpless. Nor dare he defy the Senate in respect of treaty-making, as poor Woodrow Wilson found out to his cost. Lastly, he has been put into place by the suffrage of the people, and is dependent upon their goodwill if he cherishes any ambition to be re-elected.

The Viceroy and Governor-General is not responsible to any one in India. The only authority to which he is accountable is the British Parliament, or, in actual practice, the Secretary of State for India, who is the agent of Parliament. That authority is more than six thousand miles away. If he is a man of ability and character—if he possesses resolute will-power—he has the advantage over the holder of the Indian portfolio in the British Cabinet—in fact, over all the members of that Cabinet—of being on the spot, with his finger on the pulse of the Indian situation ;

and the initiative, despite constitutional verbiology, must rest with him.

That Lord Irwin is a man of education and character is admitted on all hands. He, however, goes to India without any first-hand knowledge of the country, and at a comparatively young age and with little administrative experience. He is assuming office at a time when the administrative problem is complicated by the political issue. He will have to learn his work by doing it—frame his policies, not during a political truce, but in the thick of a heated, and sometimes acrimonious, political fight. It remains to be seen, therefore, how much of a fresh mind he will be able to bring to bear upon the great issues which confront him, and how much his talk and his action merely echo the views and even prejudices of the permanent officials and their nominees, the Indian politicians who are serving with them in various important capacities.

The interests at stake are enormous—the destinies of the 320,000,000 of the Indian people. It is to be earnestly hoped that the new Viceroy and Governor-General will have the wisdom and the courage to overcome the temptation to follow the line of least resistance, and devote his term of office—all too brief in view of the magnitude of the task—to accomplishing the transition in the direction of Indian affairs which alone can make Indians a contented community in the British Commonwealth of Nations.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

MODERNISM AS A REFUGE AND DYNAMIC¹

THE most unquestionable fact of to-day's life is the development and diffusion of knowledge. We live in a different world from that of even the nineteenth century, and are still farther removed herein from the days of Wesley. He did all that one man could do, to move his followers to read as well as pray; but the majority of his fellows read little and thought less. Such acquaintance with history as then obtained was the perquisite of the privileged few; whilst as to science, and exact Bible study, there was none outside the universities. How different things are to-day every one knows. Nothing can stay the progress, or lessen the influence, of the knowledge which is now increasingly spread abroad by means of multiplying universities, technical laboratories, and secondary schools. The great question for the moment is as to the results of all this mental awakening. It is far too vast a question in its entirety to consider here; but, leaving that to its proper occasions, we may well glance at its religious consequences. Whether the churches are full or empty, this age is quite as religious as its predecessors, or even more so, though in different ways. For the average Christian believer there is to-day a choice between three forms of faith, Fundamentalism, Romanism, Modernism. Of these, every one now knows what Fundamentalism means; Romanism no one can misunderstand; but Modernism is, for the majority, as indefinite as a mist, and as dangerous as malaria. As to what is known as Evangelicalism, it is

¹ *Modernism and the Christian Church*, by Father Woodlock, S.J. (Longmans); *What is Modernism?* by Dr. Leighton Parks (Chas. Scribner's Sons); *Fifty Years*, by Bishop Lawrence (Student Christian Movement); *Modernism as a Working Faith*, by W. M. Pryke (Heffer).

divided more or less sharply into Fundamentalism and Modernism, with little or no prospect of fusion. What is sometimes called 'liberal Evangelicalism' is simply evangelical Modernism.

For all Christian purposes, it is as necessary as inevitable to compare these phases of faith; and it should be done calmly and impartially. There are confessedly in the present situation many features to cause rejoicing amongst the opponents of Christianity, and corresponding anxiety on the part of believers. But timid pessimism and superficial optimism are both alike alien to the truly Christian mind. The first thing that must strike the mind of every intelligent and honest observer, is the fact that two of these sections of Christendom are as absolutely sure of their own tenets, as manifestly contradictory to each other. No elasticity of speech or liberality of thought can reconcile Fundamentalism with Romanism, in doctrine, or worship, or Church government. Then, since they cannot both be right, the problem arises for the sincere inquirer, Which is to be accepted, and which rejected? He has to face two strongly avowed certainties in downright opposition. Fundamentalism is absolutely sure about the Bible—that is, about its own interpretation of the Bible—as being verbally inspired, with all that follows from that assumption. Romanism also is absolutely sure as to its estimate of the Bible, but brings in additional traditions which are convenient for its assumptions in reference to Peter, the supremacy of the Romish Church, and the validity of its special doctrines and discipline. Each of these condemns the other as untrue and indefensible, and produces good and able men as champions on its behalf.

Meanwhile, the number is growing—especially amongst the young, who are now increasingly better educated—who will not accept either of these standpoints. The rising generation, indeed, cannot but turn from these rigid assumptions of infallibility, by reason of the modern atmosphere

of history, science, and fact, which they are compelled to breathe. There is, truly, less coarse and blatant opposition to Christianity than in bygone days ; but at the same time there is more subtle, highly-educated, and pervasive unbelief than ever, as regards the ' orthodoxy ' of the past. What then ? Is there nothing but sheer agnosticism, or irreligion, before the irrepressibly thinking minds of to-day ? Of a truth there is not, unless something better, because truer, than the above-named can be found—some *tertium quid*, more credible, more reliable. That *tertium quid* is Modernism.

To affirm that, however, is to be confronted at once with two inevitable questions : (i.) What does Modernism really mean ? (ii.) How does it help in the present situation ? In reply to these fair queries, Modernism may be viewed either as a fact, or as an attitude. As a fact, it is a general mental atmosphere, arising from the influence of modern knowledge and modern thought upon life as we now know it. It is manifest everywhere, and in all things. In everything except religion, it is rather welcomed than opposed. No one objects to a penny postage, or cheap telegrams, or fast trains, or wireless wonders, or flying marvels of transport. But when it comes to religion, the whole scene changes. Numbers of raucous voices declare that poison gas is upon us ; and an American D.D., speaking for many others, has just declared that ' if any teacher or minister advocates the evolution theory ' his church ' has no apology to offer for hanging the hides of the first cousins and defenders of the orang-outang, on the topmost telephone poles in the city.' But, whether it is loved or hated, Modernism, as a fact, cannot be denied, or evaded, or prevented. And as such it cannot but have a very real effect upon Fundamentalism and kindred forms of Christianity. It is, indeed, in these cases, as really corroding as the ordinary atmosphere is upon iron.

Meanwhile, as Mr. Pryke truly says—in a volume which every Fundamentalist ought to be compelled to study—

the label 'Modernist' has come to be a badge of reproach, and the same is happening to it, as formerly happened to 'Methodist' :

However acquired, the name Modernist has come to stay ; and history offers not a few examples of the opprobrious label being rescued from its lowly or displeasing associations, and transformed into a title of honour and respect.

There can be little doubt that such transformation will come to pass, because, like Methodism, Modernism, as a mental and spiritual attitude, stands for that which is true, and therefore abiding. Its simplest yet sufficient definition is *open-mindedness*. But, in fuller expression, it is just what the Apostle said with such emphasis in his letter to the Philippians :

In one last word, brothers, whatever is true, or honourable, just, or pure, winsome, or promising, if there is anything noble or praiseworthy, take all these into full account.

Thus Modernism represents the thought and effort of those who see the prevalent corrosion of faith through the modern atmosphere, and endeavour to prevent or mitigate it on behalf of real Christianity. It is manifest to all who are not wilfully blind, that *something* must be done. Much of what has been taught and said, preached and sung, cannot now be maintained by those who accept the Apostolic ideal. Neither Fundamentalism nor Romanism will stand the test of the present, let alone of the future.

The issues involved are vast indeed. The main questions for consideration are still, as they long have been, those which relate to the Bible, to Christ, and to the Christian Church. Each of these includes unmeasured room for earnest investigation and great differences of conviction. In regard to the Bible, the nature of its inspiration has to be decided before any right estimate can be formed of the opening chapters of Genesis, with consequent inferences as to the character of God, the nature of man, and all that 'salvation' means. In regard to Jesus Christ, as portrayed

in the Gospels, His nature, His teachings, His mighty work, His resurrection and ascension, together with His 'second coming,' all demand the closest attention. Whilst as to the Christian Church, its form of government, its sanctions and sacraments, offer boundless scope for utmost clearness of mind and sincerity of heart. None of these can be adequately discussed here. Nor is there need ; for elsewhere, discussions on all such themes are measureless and endless. But the characteristic feature of Modernism stands out in unmistakable relief.

In regard to all that is outlined above, Rome is absolutely sure. The whole of Father Woodlock's clever work will go into one sentence : ' The Catholic Church stands committed to this doctrine for ever.' To comment upon his statements as they deserve, would require a volume with more pages than his own. A fair specimen is found in his continual but outrageous assumption of the term ' Catholic ' as applying only to the Romish section. In which proceeding, falsehood and bigotry are intertwined. But it is plainly intimated that ' Anglicans,' and therefore also others, ' have not only a right, but a duty, to follow their private judgement ' as to ' submitting ' to the Pope ; but, after that, they are to be mere automata, moved in all respects according to ecclesiastical authority. The enormity of this assumption is beyond words ; it may be left to speak for itself. Again, the sureness of Rome is changeless. That is, avowedly. In fact, we see not a little to the contrary. But, in spite of history and Galileo, the boast of ' *Semper eadem* ' remains. Romanism is ancient—nothing has been learned from its beginning. Nothing ever will be. Bigotry is an ugly word, but it applies to an ugly thing, and is too manifest on Romish principles to need more illustration than history affords, and daily observation confirms. Unfortunately, it is no less manifest in the ' Anglo-Catholicism ' which pines in vain to be acknowledged by Rome, and so retaliates by refusing to acknowledge as belonging to the true ' Church,'

any others who differ from it. The *Church Times* illustrates this, luridly enough, every week.

Alas, in all these respects, Fundamentalism follows in the wake of Romanism. It also is absolutely sure, and is not open to change; has nothing to learn; and competes with Rome in the sweeping virulence of its anathemas for all who venture to differ from its rigid creed. It is tragic self-contradiction on the part of all such as profess to be guided by the New Testament.

It is just here that Modernism as modestly as firmly lifts up its head in protest. Of all the false and foolish things said by Mr. Chesterton in his 'foreword' to Father Woodlock's book, this sentence surely takes the prize for exhibiting the zeal without discretion of a new convert:

Modernism is the enemy of many things, but the thing of which it always seems to me the mortal enemy, is liberty.

And then the book to which this sapient foreword is affixed, ends thus:

No compromise on any defined dogma can even be considered, as a means of facilitating the return even were it of all the Christian sects reunited in one Protestant Church, which had secured, let us imagine, communion with the East. Whether to secure unity Rome would abate one jot of her defined doctrine, or derogate from the universal jurisdiction of her supreme Pastor, is wholly beyond the range of discussion.

That is Rome's conception of 'liberty.' Rather, if it is not narrow-minded tyranny, language has no meaning. And if it is Christianity, then the New Testament is the most misleading book on earth.

Modernism, on the other hand, is the very synonym of liberty. As such, it takes all the risks, and enjoys all the benedictions, of freedom. It differs from the preceding in being a living faith. For it appreciates growth, and where there is no growth, there is no life. Naturally and inevitably there are differences, and even extremes, in its ranks; as in any large family there are unmeasured differences in

form, temperament, and ability. But no parent worthy the name desires, instead, that his children should all be of one mould, like the dummies in shop windows. He prefers life, with differences, liberty, and love. Modernism is, however, no more committed to the special views of extremists, than democracy is to the shouts of Communists. No Modernist is bound to the findings, say, of Professor Bacon or Kirsopp Lake, or the views advocated in the *Modern Churchman*. He is only bound to two things, and that by his own free conviction. First, he accepts the New Testament, as substantially true and reliable. Then, on its lines, he endorses Paul's summary of Christian obligation, namely, to seek and follow to the uttermost 'whatsoever things are true.' The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, is the Modernist creed.

Unfortunately, it is here that both Fundamentalism and Romanism fail. To teach dogmatically, as Father Woodlock does, that—

Adam—the first human being—was created in the supernatural state, because endowed from the first with the supernatural gift of Sanctifying Grace,

is simply untrue. It not only sets on edge the teeth of every scientist, but is definitely contrary to fact. That is enough. But the same applies to other matters. Matt. xvi. 28 is continually referred to, but the exegesis is false. Jesus did not say in John x. 16, 'There shall be one fold.' Still less, as the context itself shows, did He mean that one 'flock' should consist of an all-embracing Romish Church. Nor did the apostles ever contemplate such a possibility. There is no New Testament warrant whatever for the worship of 'our Lady.' Nothing is farther from all that we know about her, or about the mind of her Son. So we might with truth go on and on. The alleged fact that some 294,000,000 'subjects' accept the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, says no more for the truthfulness of these

Romish inventions, than the fact that more than 200,000,000 Moslems believe as utterly in Mohammed, establishes the validity of his claims. Fanaticism has always had its crowds, and always will have ; until truth comes to be everywhere triumphant. Which is not yet, for some time.

Meanwhile, the truth-seeking of Modernism does not mean, as is sometimes represented, the forsaking of anything that has been proved to be true. It does not claim, or wish, to start *de novo*. There is Modernism even in Romanism, though the genius of Rome, of course, is bound to try and crush it by authority ; just as Fundamentalism seeks to do so by means of the *odium theologicum*. The reasons why all such attempts are vain, and why the counsel of Gamaliel, as given of old, in Acts v. 38, 39, is still the word of wisdom, are many. They may all be summarily—though not satisfactorily—expressed under two general statements. Modernism, as a mental and spiritual attitude, is both a refuge and a dynamic, such as this age unspeakably needs.

It is a refuge for all earnest thinkers in these respects. (i.) It learns to distinguish between the essentials and non-essentials of Christian faith. How real and great a distinction this is, a few words cannot show. But readers of Mr. Pryke's book, who will also consult *The Form and Content in the Christian Tradition*, by Dr. Sanday and Mr. Williams (Longmans), and *Doctrine and Principles*, by C. E. Beeby (Williams & Norgate), will find all the guidance they need. But Dr. Davison put it wisely into one sentence in the last number of this journal :

We must take care that we do not reckon among our Fundamentals 'facts' as to the world's origin and history, which simply are not facts ; and theories concerning man and God, which simply are not so.

(ii.) It clings to what it has held to be true, until the contrary is proved. So said that splendid scholar and noble Christian, Dr. W. Sanday :

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I do not disclaim the name Modernist. The name describes justly what I aim at being. I aim at thinking the thoughts and speaking the language of my own day, and yet, at the same time, keeping all that is essential in the religion of the past. I fully believe that it is possible to do this. If I did not think so, I should not be here.

(iii.) It satisfies the conscience, in putting truth before all else, whether tradition or old association; thus following Christ's word, 'You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.' (iv.) It is rational, in paying all necessary respect to recent knowledge, whether historical, scientific, or critical. As Dr. Davison says :

The faith must not be mere feeling. If it is to overcome the modern world, with all its various forces and interests, it must be intellectually satisfying.

(v.) It makes room for that further growth of faith, which comes through increasing knowledge of God. Not without reason did the Archbishop of Canterbury say recently that 'the supreme need of our nation is a new understanding of God's character.' (vi.) In all that this involves, Modernism leaves room for the varieties of estimate and conviction which inevitably arise between free minds. (vii.) It brings complete deliverance from former fears as to the stability of Christian faith under the attacks of agnosticism and secularism. The thunders of 'Iconoclast' and 'Saladin,' lose all their terrors, and the gibes of the *Freethinker* and *Literary Guide* their sting. (viii.) It meets the unquestionable need of children and young people in these days. As Mr. Pryke truly says :

Until the child is helped to grasp the obvious fact that the Bible is not a book but a library; that all the pictures of God contained in that library are not equally true; that some are frankly unchristian and therefore false; that the truth of every picture must be tested by the portrait of God presented to us in Jesus Christ—his mind will remain in a condition of muddle from which there is no escape, religion will be divorced from life, and his ideas of God will be chaotic, hazy, and departmental.

It is for want of such guidance, that so many of our Sunday-school scholars afterwards wander away from our Churches. (ix.) In and through all the 'growing pains' which sometimes Modernism cannot but occasion, there is the comfort of humility, and the assurance of answer to the prayer which is as modern as ancient: 'Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law.' Even as Jesus Himself said: 'When He the spirit of truth is come, He will take of Mine and will show unto you.'

But Modernism, rightly apprehended, is no less a dynamic than a refuge. For: (i.) It provokes to reality, where, too often, there has been only appearance; and stirs to life, where only dead formulæ or meaningless words have ruled. (ii.) It stimulates to the fullest use of all highest faculties, in its definite acknowledgement that for all believers, and for all Churches, there is yet much to be learned and unlearned, if the promise of Christ just quoted is to be realized. (iii.) It is the only way of hope for the rising generation. Mr. Pryke has not spoken too strongly in saying that—

Apart from Modernism, Christianity has no future, since without that unification of religion with modern thought for which the Modernist is working, the gulf between the Churches and the man in the street must grow continually wider, until at length religion and obscurantism become interchangeable terms, and that unhappy identification of faith with credulity, towards which many now appear to be moving, shall have attained completion.

(iv.) Not only so, but, speaking practically, Modernism enables all real Christians to work together for the common good, in spite of differing convictions and ideals. The great lesson of Luke ix. 49, 50, is scorned by Fundamentalism and Romanism, but learned in humility, and practised in love's charity, by Modernism. Thus (v.) it becomes the only hope for a really united Christendom. It is as certain as our very life, that the union which Father Woodlock prays for—absolute submission to Rome's doctrines and discipline—will *never* be brought to pass; any more than the uniformity of thought and speech, which is the *sine quâ non* of

Fundamentalism. Herein we heartily endorse the two truest sentences in Father Woodlock's book :

The only union that is practicable is a genuine sympathetic co-operation of all Christian bodies in the work of social reconstruction. A sincere conviction of the bona fides of those who reject our personal beliefs, and cling to those we reject, ought to enable us to work like brothers for the healing of the wounds of the world.

'Ought to,' indeed ; but does not. Nor ever will ; until the open-mindedness of Modernism makes possible 'the mutual charity which should be the ever-present bond of union, even in a disunited Christendom.'

Whether the preceding outline provokes a smile or frown, here, in conclusion, are a few certainties beyond challenge. Modern knowledge is continually growing, and will grow, in all directions, and will increasingly affect religion. As to what is true Christianity, and how it is affected, the Churches differ actually, deeply, permanently. There is no prospect whatever of organic union. All that is possible is the Apostolic 'unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace.' That is, in the thought and speech of to-day, the Modernism which puts the Christ of the New Testament, and His two great commands, above all else—ALL else—and so allows to every man the liberty, and puts on him the responsibility, of his own interpretation and appreciation of Christian truth. This attitude of mind and heart alone makes it possible for sincere believers to differ conscientiously and strongly, and yet respect each other sufficiently to make bigotry impossible, and mutual denunciation unchristian. That would be as real an answer as human nature permits, to the Saviour's prayer 'that they all may be one, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me'—until the day when He who is infinite love and truth in one 'will both bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and lay bare the secrets of hearts—and then will each man have his commendation from God.'

FRANK BALLARD.

WILLIAM TYNDALE AND THE ENGLISH NEW TESTAMENT

THIS is the four-hundredth anniversary of the coming into England of Tyndale's New Testament—one of the great events in English history ; we might almost say the greatest. In the early spring of 1526 the first copies arrived concealed in bales of merchandise. Sad indeed is it to think that Tyndale could find no place in England where it was safe either to translate the work or to have it printed. This year affords a fitting opportunity of recalling the memory of one who rendered such service to the nation.

'There is scarcely a corner of the habitable globe into which English energy has not penetrated ; and wherever the English language is heard, there the words in which Tyndale gave the Holy Scripture to his countrymen are repeated with heartfelt reverence as the holiest and yet the most familiar of all words. They are the first that the opening intellect of the child receives with wondering faith from the lips of its mother. They are the last that tremble on the tongue of the dying as he commends his soul to God.' Such is the eloquent testimony of Demaus, his biographer, to the man whose story we would tell.

Whilst Gloucestershire claims to be the county of his birth, the place has been a matter of much conjecture. The parish of North Nibley boldly set up on the Cotswolds a column to his memory, and proudly shows a ruined manor house in which he was born. Later research seems to have transferred the honour to the parish of Slymbridge. The date of his birth is generally accepted as about 1484.

Gloucestershire had many outrageous superstitions such as stirred the doubt of Tyndale, and later his indignant denunciation. It boasted of no less than six mitred abbots, and held that most sacred of relics, ' The Blood of Hailes '—

a phial which was said to contain the blood of the Saviour, and of such efficacy that to look on it was to obtain eternal salvation.

Tyndale goes early to Oxford, where we find him 'privily reading to certain students and fellows in Magdalene College some parcel of divinity instructing them in knowledge and worth of the Scriptures.' Later he is at Cambridge, where Erasmus and Colet were boldly asserting the supremacy of the Scriptures. In memorable words Erasmus declared, '*I wish the Scriptures were translated into all languages of all people. I wish that the husbandman may sing parts of them at his plough; that the weaver may warble them at his shuttle; that the traveller may with them beguile the weariness of the way.*' It may well be that such words from such a man prompted Tyndale to determine that he would translate the Word of God into the language of his countrymen.

He became tutor and chaplain in the manor house of Sir John and Lady Walsh in Little Sodbury. Here Tyndale was accustomed to meet at table 'great beneficed abbots, deans, archdeacons, and other diverse doctors and learned. The said Master Tyndale, being learned, did many times therein shew his mind.' Sir John and his lady reprov'd the boldness of their chaplain. Said Lady Walsh (being a stout woman and wise), 'There was such a doctor, he may spend two hundred pound by the year; another, one hundred pound; another, three hundred pound. What think ye, were it reason to believe you' (a poor young tutor) 'before so great learned and beneficed men?'

Straightway Tyndale gained on his side the most famous man of the day, Erasmus, by translating his treatise, *The Manual of a Christian Soldier*. In it was much fierce denunciation against those who regarded the neglect of the Church ceremonies as worse than the grossest neglect of morality. 'A priest might be a gambler, a fighter, totally ignorant, a liar, a calumniator, and yet should escape blame if he were only careful to observe the law of celibacy, which

was a law of the Church only, and not an ordinance of God.'

Tyndale delivered a copy of the book to Sir John and his lady. The result was that these great dignitaries found themselves no more welcome at the manor. Tyndale well knew that he had provoked their resentment, and must be prepared for the result of their indignation.

A further offence was that he began to preach in the villages; and in Bristol preached to crowds on the College green. All this brought him before Chancellor Parker and his clergy. 'He threatened me grievously, and rated me as though I had been a dog.' The end of it was that he left the court neither branded as a heretic nor bound by any oath of adjuration.

Day by day his great purpose grew more resolute. Foxe tells us 'how that a certain learned man declared in his company, "We were better be without the laws of God than the Popes." Whereupon Tyndale answered, "*I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost.*"'

It is easy to think what such words would mean to the great mass of the people about him. Latin was the language of their religion, of the Church and its services. A mother was forbidden to teach her children the Lord's Prayer in the mother tongue. To translate the Latin into the common language of the people would be to many the degradation of its mystery and sacredness. And, moreover, to a people utterly in submission to the priest as the authority in all matters of religion, it was a perilous thing to indulge in any judgement of one's own. It was to go astray where there was no path, with a solemn dread as to whither it should lead.

It is of this prejudice against the translation of the Scriptures that Coverdale writes: 'As though the holy goost were not the authore of his Scripture as well in Hebrue, Greek, French, Dutche and in Englysh as in

Latyn. The Scripture and worde of God is truly to every Christe man of lyke worthinesse and authorite in what language so ever the holy goost speaketh it.'

In 1528 Tyndale went to London, hoping to find in Bishop Tunstall—a man reputed for his learning and a friend of Erasmus—one who would further his purpose. But he met with no welcome. The bishop, we read, 'was a man right meet and convenient to entertain ambassadors and other noble strangers in the absence of the King's most noble grace.' Tyndale speaks pathetically of himself in such a presence: 'I was but evil favoured in this world, and without grace in the sight of man, speechless and rude, dull and slow-witted.' The bishop dismissed him curtly, and poor Tyndale came away from that ungracious reception, as he says, wellnigh broken in heart.

He found, however, a true friend and generous helper in a wealthy London merchant, Monmouth, who attended his services when Tyndale preached as curate in St. Dunstan-in-the-West, and did much for his comfort. Here, too, he met one who became 'his dearest of earthly friends.' It was Frith, probably a convert under his ministry, of whom he speaks as 'my dear son in the faith.'

Gradually Tyndale was driven to the conclusion that it was not possible to carry out his great work in England. He must go forth to some place where the Reformation was established, and where he could find those who could venture on its printing. With hopes cruelly disappointed, within a year of his coming to London he set out for Hamburg. Had he known what awaited him he might well have shrunk from the voyage but for his most resolute purpose. He tells of it afterwards—'poverty, the long exile from my friends, the hunger, the thirst, the cold, the great danger wherewith I was encountered, the innumerable other hard and sharp fightings that were to be endured.' So he left England, never to visit it again, to secure for the nation the Testament in England's language.

In Hamburg he completed the translation of the New Testament, and sought in Cologne a printer for it, Peter Quentel. But his foes were ever pursuing him. One Johan Dobneck, or, as he called himself, Cochlaeus, heard the Cologne printers, as they sat over their wine, tell that six thousand copies of the New Testament were to be printed, and concealed in bales of merchandise which were to be forwarded to England. Whereupon Cochlaeus revealed the secret to the authorities, and obtained an interdict of the work. Tyndale, hearing of it, 'rushed to the printer's, snatching away the quarto sheets printed, fled by ship going up the Rhine to Worms, where the people were under the full rage of Lutheranism, that there by another printer he might complete the work begun.'

So was it that in the early spring of the year 1526 the New Testament, printed in English, reached our shores—surely the greatest event in our history. When one remembers the difficulties that beset Tyndale, the threats that hung over him, the poverty of which he writes, it is amazing that he accomplished such a task with such remarkable success. 'From first to last,' says Bishop Westcott, 'Tyndale's style and his interpretation are his own, and in the originality of Tyndale is included, in a large measure, the originality of our English version. He established a standard of biblical translation which others followed. It is even of less moment that by far the greater part of his translation remains intact in our present Bibles than that his spirit animates the whole. He toiled faithfully himself, and left to those who should follow him the secret of his success. His influence decided that our Bible should be popular and not literary, speaking in a simple dialect, and that so by its simplicity it should be endowed with permanence.'

Froude writes in glowing words of its literary worth: 'The peculiar genius that breaths through it, the mingled tenderness and majesty, the Saxon simplicity, the preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted

improvements of modern scholars, all are here, and bear the impress of the mind of one man—William Tyndale.

Copies of the New Testament were being sent to England hidden in bales of merchandise, and became widely circulated. The book was sold for two shillings and fourpence or eightpence—equal to thirty shillings to-day.

Sad indeed is it to tell how the precious fruit of Tyndale's toil became fuel for the fires of the prelates. The cardinal and the bishops set themselves to destroy this and other of his works, and to punish with death those who were found to possess it. After a sermon at St. Paul's by the Bishop of Rochester denouncing the book, in the presence of Wolsey and 'a great company of abbots, friars, bishops, great baskets of the books were brought out and burned.'

The Pope was stirred in the matter, and Cardinal Campeggio wrote to Wolsey rejoicing 'in the glorious and saving work in this kingdom for the protection of the Christian religion, and that to the praise and glory of his Majesty he had most justly caused to be burned a copy of the Holy Bible which had been mistranslated into the common tongue to pervert the pious minds of the simple, and had been brought into this kingdom. Assuredly no burnt offering could be more pleasing to Almighty God.'

It is scarcely within the scope of this article to dwell at any length on the other writings of Tyndale. One will suffice to indicate their character and style. It was entitled *The Practice of Prelates*, and more than any other provoked the wrath of his opponents. Here is an extract :

A PROPER SIMILITUDE TO DESCRIBE OUR HOLY FATHER

And to see how our holy father came up, mark the ensample of an ivy tree. First it springeth out of the earth, and then awhile creepeth along by the ground till it find a great tree. Then it joineth itself beneath alow (below) unto the body of the tree, and creepeth up a little and a little, fair and softly. And at the beginning, while it is yet thin and small, (so) that the burden is not perceived, it seemeth glorious to varnish the tree in the winter, and to bear off

the tempests of the weather. But in the mean season it thrusteth roots into the bark of the tree, to hold fast withal ; and ceaseth not to climb up, till it be at the top and above all. And then it sendeth his branches along by the branches of the tree, and overgroweth all, and waxeth great, heavy, and thick ; and sucketh the moisture so sore out of the tree and his branches, that it choaketh and stiflcth them. And then the foul stinking ivy waxeth mighty in the stump of the tree, and becometh a seat and a nest for all unclean birds, and for blind owls, which hawk in the dark, and dare not come at the light.

Even so the Bishop of Rome, now called pope, at the beginning crope along upon the earth ; and every man trod upon him in this world. But as soon as there came a Christian emperor, he joined himself unto his feet and kissed them, and crope up a little with begging now this privilege, now that ; now this city, now that ; to find poor people withal, and the necessary ministers of God's Word. . . . And thus, with flattering and feigning, and vain superstition, under the name of St. Peter, he crept up and fastened his roots in the heart of the emperor, and with his sword clamb up above all his fellow bishops, and brought them under his feet. And as he subdued them with the emperor's sword, even so by subtilty and help of them (after that they were sworn faithful) he clamb above the emperor, and subdued him also, and made him stoop unto his feet and kiss them another while. Yea, Pope Caelestinus crowned the Emperor Henry the Fifth (Sixth), holding the crown between his feet : and when he had put the crown on, he smote it off with his feet again, saying, that he had might to make emperors and to put them down again.

And as the pope played with the emperor, so did his branches and his members, the bishops, play in every kingdom, dukedom, and lordship ; insomuch that the very heirs of them by whom they came up, hold now their lands of them, and take them for their chief lords. And as the emperor is sworn to the pope, even so every king is sworn to the bishops and prelates of his realm : and they are the chiefest in all parliaments ; yea, they and their money, and they that be sworn to them, and come up by them, rule altogether.

Another extract shows his resolute purpose.

Some man will ask, peradventure, why I take the labour to make this work inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they have burnt the Gospel ? I answer, in burning the New Testament they did none other thing than I looked for : nay, more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will it shall be so. In translating the New

Testament I did my duty, and so do I now, and will do as much more as God hath ordained me to do.

In 1529 Tyndale set out for Hamburg with his translation of Deuteronomy completed. He was shipwrecked on the coast of Holland and lost everything, narrowly escaping with his life. He managed to reach Hamburg later, and there met with Miles Coverdale, who helped him in the translation of the Pentateuch, which was printed in 1530.

As the years of Tyndale's exile passed, his soul was burdened by the loss of those who were his dearest friends. Bilney, from whom he learned more fully the way of life, was burnt at Norwich. Bayfield, another friend 'who brought substance to him and sold all his works,' shared the same fate. Later Frith—'my dear son in the faith,' as Tyndale called him—died as a martyr. Tyndale's brother John was arrested 'with Thomas Patmore, a draper of London, for receiving and selling New Testaments from abroad, and sending money to his brother. They were sentenced to sit at the Strand and in Cheapside, mounted on horseback, with their faces turned to the horses' tails and their cloaks hung round with the forbidden Testament they had imported; and were, further, heavily fined.'

Every effort was made to apprehend Tyndale. Towards the close of 1531 he seems to have left Antwerp, and for some months to have wandered up and down Germany in the hope of escaping his persecutors, and yet ever continuing to write his expositions of Scripture. Sir Thomas Elyot, a friend of Sir Thomas More, is sent to secure him, but he writes of his failure, that his efforts had cost him more money than he had received for the purpose and left him grievously in debt, 'partly by bribes to the Emperor's servants, and partly to such as by whose means I trusted to apprehend Tyndale according to the King's Commandment.'

In the year 1536 came the end. A Judas was found to betray him. One Philips, a pretended friend of the Reformation, lured Tyndale from the house of his friend Poynts,

who had been his host, and handed him to a company of guards. He was led to the Castle of Vilvorde, some eighteen miles from Antwerp, the State prison of the Low Countries. Any attempt to rescue him was hopeless. Poyntz, his most devoted friend, spared no pains and shrank from no peril to secure it.

He was kept for some months awaiting his trial. There is a very pathetic letter in which he asks the governor of the castle to direct the jailer to send him a warmer cap, 'for I am afflicted with a continual catarrh which is considerably increased in my cell. A warmer coat also, for that which I have is very thin; my overcoat has been worn out; my shirts are also worn out.' (We must remember the imprisonment was during the winter, a cell without fire in that severe cold.) 'I have also with him leggings of thicker cloth for putting on above; he also has warmer caps for wearing at night. I wish also his permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But, above all, I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew Bible, Hebrew Grammar, and Hebrew Dictionary, that I may spend my time in that study. If any other resolution has been come to concerning me, that I must remain during the whole winter, I shall be patient, abiding the will of God to the glory of the grace of my Lord Jesus Christ, whose Spirit I pray may ever direct your heart.'

He lingered long for his trial, and yet some weeks after that. It was not until the sixth of October, 1586, that the sentence of death was carried out. He was first strangled, and then his body was burnt. It is said that his last words were, '*Lord, open the King of England's eyes.*'

So passed this man of splendid service and of blessed memory. He was dead, but by the Word of Life that he gave to the English people he lives amongst earth's noblest saints and martyrs.

MARK GUY PEARSE.

THE POET'S CONTRIBUTION TO IDEAS

AGAIN and again, in philosophic and religious works, reference is made to the poets. We have noticed that a facile reference to the words of a poet seems to a certain kind of writer to supply him with support for an argument which makes it wellnigh incontrovertible. Popularly, the same thing is done in the modern sermon, and confessedly, when we would dearly like to believe a certain conclusion, it is comforting to find that one of the great poets has enshrined our truth in verse. Browning, because so much of his poetry deals with ideas, has in particular been misused in this way. We have seen his poetry quoted in works on theology and philosophy when the words used are sometimes those of a character in a purely dramatic poem, sometimes the words of Browning *qua* poet, and sometimes words which, on cumulative grounds, we may fairly conclude represent the views and opinions of an educated gentleman called Robert Browning.

In this facile use of the poets, certain questions arise. What is the authority of the poet? Are his opinions of any more value than those of any other educated man who looks out on life? Again, given that they are, what right have we to quote the words of characters as though their creator was speaking his own mind? To make this crude mistake would lead one to prove anything one liked, almost, from Shakespeare. Yet in spite of the truth that the theologian and the philosopher both set out to teach men and to lead them to the truth, men turn again and again to the poets, and we find Professor Henry Jones writing as follows: 'In our day almost above all others we need the poets for these ethical and religious purposes. For the utterances of the dogmatic teacher of religion have been divested of much of their ancient authority, and the moral

philosopher is often regarded either as a vender of common-places or as a votary of a discredited science whose primary principles are matter of doubt and debate.' Let us, then, ask what is the validity of the poet's contribution to ideas.

I. One axiom we can lay down dogmatically. It is not the primary interest of the poet either to inculcate philosophic ideas or to give to the world ethical teaching. He does not write poetry primarily from any didactic motive. 'Didactic poetry,' bursts out Shelley in the Preface to *Prometheus Unbound*, 'is my abhorrence.' The poet writes because of an inward compulsion. If he can be said to have a motive, it is aesthetic. In some moment of poetic insight he has glimpsed the infinite, and he craves so to express that experience that it may become that of those who, with seeing eyes and understanding hearts, read his poetry. We think that this is what Browning meant when he wrote that 'all poetry is the problem of getting the infinite into the finite.'

We do not expect the poet, therefore, to reach his conclusions by means of logical argument. They break in upon him through the door of the emotions. He is not sure of a truth because he has proved it, but because he has seen it; indeed, in some moment of rapture he has experienced it, and henceforth he is a 'dedicated spirit' ordained to give it, by means of poetry, to the world. He is not greatly troubled if it cannot be fitted into some logical scheme of thought. This is not his business. He is not greatly troubled if the philosophers challenge his statements as untrue. They are indubitable to him, not as the conclusion of a theorem of Euclid is indubitable, but as the beauty of a summer dawn is indubitable. And the poet must be judged, not by the standards of any science, but by the standards of art. His work is never ratiocinative. It is not necessarily ethical; it is intuitive. And though in an ultimate philosophical sense it may be found that the truth is beautiful, and the beautiful true, and both ethical, yet there are, at any rate,

three distinct points of view, and the poet is primarily concerned with the beautiful.

Poetry has sometimes lost in two ways because of a failure to grasp this fundamental fact. It has lost what it exists to give to the reader when he has read it in order to wrest from it either philosophic ideas or ethical teaching. It has lost its *raison d'être* to the poet when he has misused it to make it an instrument for the dissemination of his views, and allowed the didactic motive to preponderate over the aesthetic. Poetry loses its validity unless it is read as poetry, written as poetry, and loved for its own sake.

To be fair to a poet we should therefore be very guarded in speaking of the *value* of his work. It is valuable primarily as a sunset is valuable, or as a Nocturne of Chopin is valuable. One has a haunting feeling that the very word is vulgar in connexion with a poem. As Tennyson says :

So, Lady Flora, take my lay,
And if you find no moral there,
Go, look in any glass and say,
What moral is in being fair.
Oh, to what uses shall we put
The wild-weed flower that simply blows ?
And is there any moral shut
Within the bosom of the rose ?

But any man that walks the mead,
In bud, or blade, or bloom, may find,
According as his humours lead,
A meaning suited to his mind.
And liberal applications lie
In Art like Nature, dearest friend ;
So 'twere to cramp its use, if I
Should hook it to some useful end.

Mr. Chesterton, in his life of Browning, points out that ' the great fault of most of the appreciation of Browning lies in the fact that it conceives the moral and artistic value of his work to lie in what is called " the message of

Browning," or "the teaching of Browning," or, in other words, in the mere opinions of Browning.' We agree with Mr. Chesterton that such appreciation is a fault. It tends to suggest that if one deduces Browning's opinions from his poems one has read his poetry to the best advantage. This we should emphatically deny. We should hold that the opinions of Browning as an ordinary educated man looking out on life are valuable and interesting, but that his poems do not exist to disseminate them. We must read his poetry as poetry, until we are caught up to the places of vision where he was, until the creative experience which gave the poetry birth is in some measure re-created in us. Then we shall not have learnt, we shall have seen. And the two things are as different as learning from the calendar that spring has come, and going out on some sweet April morning and seeing the flowers and feeling the fresh breezes blowing upon our brow.

In this view we can understand the words of Keats—who was a very great artist—that the poet should have no opinions, no principles, no morality, no self. His idea was that if he had them they would obtrude themselves into his work and spoil his art. Of course this can never be wholly worked out. Keats had his own opinions, and one can gather them from his poems. One of them was that a poet should have none! Yet we understand what Keats meant, and we know that Arnold was paying Byron a compliment in his 'Memorial Verses.'

When Byron's eyes were shut in death
We bowed our head, and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.

II. Yet, when all this has been said, we must proceed to harmonize with it a fact as undeniable as the one with which we began. Poets are the greatest teachers in the world. We cannot forget Wordsworth's great dictum that

'every great poet is a teacher,' and his own wish to be 'remembered as a teacher or as nothing.' Shelley sometimes expressed the same kind of wish. 'I have sought to enlist the harmony of metrical language, the ethereal combinations of the fancy, the rapid and subtle transitions of human passion, all those elements which essentially compose a poem, in the cause of a liberal and comprehensive morality; and in the view of kindling within the bosoms of my readers a virtuous enthusiasm for those doctrines of liberty and justice, that faith and hope in something good, which neither violence nor misrepresentation nor prejudice can ever totally extinguish among mankind.' We remember how angry Tennyson became when certain adverse critics discovered a moral significance in *The Idylls of the King* and taunted him with the cry 'Art for Art's sake.' After reading their strictures he quoted George Sand: '*L'art pour art est un vain mot: l'art pour le vrai, l'art pour le beau et le bon, voilà la religion que je cherche,*' and he reeled off the following epigram:

Art for Art's sake! Hail truest Lord of Hell!
 Hail Genius, Master of the Moral Will!
 'The filthiest of all paintings painted well
 Is mightier than the purest painted ill!'
 Yes, mightier than the purest painted well,
 So prone are we toward the broad way to Hell.

Hallam, his son, adds, 'These lines in a measure expressed his strong and sorrowful conviction that the English were beginning to forget what was, in Voltaire's words, the glory of English literature—"No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English nation."'

How are we to harmonize these conflicting ideas? One of the first things to be noticed is that, although all that is

¹ Preface to *The Revolt of Islam*.

² Tennyson: *A Memoir* (one vol.), p. 494.

written above in Section I. of this essay is, we believe, true, yet we have to admit that the poet's medium of expression is, after all, language. In the main—Swinburne is a notable exception in using words for the sake of their sound as much as, and sometimes more than, for the sake of their sense—that language must express ideas. Those ideas are not valuable primarily as the opinions of an educated man. They are valuable because of the way in which they are arrived at. They are valuable because they have come as a vision of eternal reality to one who is not as other men, who sees visions and dreams dreams. Without argument he expresses intuitive ideas which have burst in upon him in moments of insight, the insight for which the poet prays.¹ So the poet soars to a position to which reason must needs climb slowly, laboriously, upon the ground, hindered by many a crevice of thought and counter-argument.² As Wordsworth recognized, in the lines addressed to his sister on 'the first wild day of March,'

One moment now may give us more
Than years of toiling reason.

Particularly is this true of a speculative subject like that, for instance, of the immortality of the soul, where even the philosophers and theologians cannot deduce conclusions, but can only guess at them. Here, if anywhere, we want the man of vision who sees, and can tell us what he sees. In this sense the poet is the modern prophet. It is a matter of fact that the more modernist theological writings of to-day

¹ Cf. Wordsworth, Preface to *The Excursion* :

. . . upon me bestow
A gift of genuine insight.

² 'To poets, and to Wordsworth more than to other poets, belongs a faculty for discovering those precious yet subtle truths which the net of reason is too coarse to touch.'—*William Wordsworth*, vol. ii., p. 225.

are slowly and hesitatingly taking up positions in regard to immortality which Tennyson and Browning took up more than fifty years ago, and we believe that it could be shown that in other similar matters the poet is fifty years ahead of the theologian.

Again, though we have hinted that it would be a crude mistake to take an idea expressed in a poem as though it were the deep conviction of the poet, yet we think that the validity of the poet's contribution to ideas may be arrived at by tracking ideas through the whole of a poet's writings. If we find that in various kinds of poems, written in varying moods, an idea persists, if again and again an idea bursts forth passionately, inspiring lyrical utterance, and giving birth to song rather than to argument—then we may conclude that it is no mere plaything of the mind, but that the poet has accepted it as what Dowden calls 'a truth of the emotions.'

Though we have also laid down that a poem must be born in an experience, we must not overlook the fact that an experience may be of a religious and philosophic nature. Indeed these experiences give us our Christina Rossetti and our Francis Thompsons. The solemn thoughts in some of Browning's early poems are as essential as his gorgeous imagery, simply because they are Browning, and a poem need not *necessarily* be less a poem when the poet uses the material of some philosophic idea than when he writes of a cloud in the sky or the autumn winds.

The point to be insisted upon, we believe, is that the didactic motive must be subordinated to the aesthetic, or poetry becomes prose. Browning, who, in 'Transcendentalism,' seems to warn a fellow craftsman against this fault—

'Tis you speak, that's your error, song's our art—

occasionally, in his later work fell into the mistake himself. The bones of his doctrine protrude somewhat gauntly

through the fair flesh of the poem. When this happens, a poem is ruined as a poem. A poem fails if we become more conscious that we are being harangued than that we are reading a beautiful poem, just as it is spoilt if we read it in order to look out for moral lessons or philosophic ideas. The pictures of Watts give us an interesting parallel in a sister art. They nearly all teach some allegorical or ethical lesson, but in them all the didactic motive is subordinated to the aesthetic. Moreover, Watts, being Watts, could not be true to himself and paint any other kind of picture. Such pictures represented his *experience* of life, of God, of the infinite. And therefore, though we get ethics, we get also—with some few exceptions—perfect art.

In many ways the poet's contribution to ideas is of greater value than that of the professed teacher of ideas. We do know, for one thing, that he is not so likely to be swayed by prejudice as is the narrow and dogmatic theologian, not because as a man he is broader of mind, but because he is not trying to prove an intellectual position. He is free from the fear of being thought unorthodox. He is not so burdened by preconceived, and often hereditary, convictions about life. All he is concerned with is the expression of an experience in words. The consistency of his ideas, their ethical value, their philosophic truth, these are not his concern.

Contented if he may enjoy
The things that others understand.¹

Lastly, we may note that men will always turn to the poet because he gives them, not cold ethics, but warm, pulsating life. He is bound to deal in ideas, but he gives us also images, emotions, feelings, and that in words which sound in our ears like music, as well as being more pregnant in meaning than prose. Who, in some hour of great bereavement, would not turn to *In Memoriam* rather than to some

¹ Wordsworth, 'A Poet's Epitaph.'

come on the immortality of the soul? The poem is alive. It is the 'precious life-blood of a master spirit.' It is born of the experience of one who has passed along the way which now we tread. Its very music soothes the spirit and quietens the critical faculties, until the reader is accepting ideas which, if stated in prose, would make him stop, and weigh, and consider. In the passion and rapture of the poem the soul of the reader is uplifted to see the vision which the poet saw—the vision which caused the poem to be written—and gradually the poet's experience is re-created in the reader. The truths he saw, enter through the door of beauty into the reader's soul. Then, and only then, he may take them and examine them, and use them as the data of his religious and philosophic speculation, and he will ever find that the poet has given most to the world, not when he has crammed his work with lofty themes, but when for poetry's sake he has written great poetry; and he alone may speak of the value of poetry who has read it in the spirit in which it was written. He alone perceives the validity of the poet's contribution to the ideas of the world.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD.

THOMAS FULLER

NEXT to Shakespeare,' says Coleridge, 'I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous.' It was the reading of the *Church History of Britain* that drew this encomium from Coleridge ; and we believe that, due allowance being made for some natural exaggeration, most readers of that history will concur in the judgement. The wit, practical wisdom, common sense, love of truth, breadth of mind, shown in the book are indeed astonishing ; and that they all blend into a harmonious whole is more remarkable still. Fuller's interests were all in serious things ; he wrote sermons, biographies of great men, chronicles of the Crusades, devotional tracts ; yet his touch is as light as that of Addison, and his sallies as keen as those of Bernard Shaw. Almost every page contains two or three pointed sayings ; and yet, unlike Seneca, La Rochefoucauld, and other sententious writers, he did not *seek* for point ; it came unbidden, and was the natural overflow of a quaint and richly-endowed mind. He discourses on Church councils, and makes them as interesting as football matches. Not Macaulay himself is more indifferent to what is called the 'dignity of history' ; but he is as zealous for truth as Thucydides or Hallam. Withal he was a man of peculiarly lovable, kindly, and generous temper ; and in his works the man is ever visible behind the author. Hence it is doubtful whether there are, in the whole range of English literature, books more uniformly delightful than his. As he himself, with a pardonable pride, remarks, not one of them failed of popularity in his lifetime ; and the lapse of three centuries has lent them that flavour of the antique which makes them even more attractive to us than they were to his contemporaries.

His style, which won rapturous praise, and the more subtle compliment of imitation, from Charles Lamb, is a product of that happy age in which the divorce between written prose and daily talk had not yet been made absolute : it is full of the raciness of conversation, and does not hesitate at times to avail itself of the resources of slang. He can, like Milton, use a Latin vocabulary ; but, like Milton, he loves to clinch a sentence with a good vigorous Anglo-Saxon word, while, unlike him, he does not form his sentences on the classical periodic model, but prefers to make them short and sharp. They are, it is true, sometimes *apparently* long ; but, if we compare them with those of his contemporary, Clarendon, or with those of his predecessor, Hooker, we shall see that they are long only by courtesy of punctuation. The removal of a few conjunctions, or the insertion of a few full stops, is sufficient to make them simple and brief. You do not need to take them to pieces in order to understand them, nor have you to turn over the page in order to find the main verb. He studies the convenience of his readers, and, when he thinks it desirable, calls on arithmetic to supply the deficiencies of syntax : he divides his work into short and numbered paragraphs, each of which is summed up in a few terse and trenchant phrases ; while even within the paragraph a 1-2-3 helps us to follow the order of his ideas. As a result, he is one of the clearest of seventeenth-century writers ; and probably not till the time of Dryden do we light on one who gives his reader so much solid thought at the cost of so little trouble. Yet, in spite of the dictum that easy writing makes hard reading, there is no sign that he spent much pains over the details of composition. There are repetitions, confusions, pleonasms, and other laxities, which, though not annoying to the sympathetic student, betray a certain haste and carelessness. He was a Caroline Walter Scott, and was probably unable to write at all if he did not write rapidly. Nevertheless, he is almost always, as we have said, pellucid ; and his perspicuity is

due to an inborn simplicity and orderliness of mind : he thinks straightforwardly, and writes as he thinks. For pure, vivid, unadorned, and unostentatious English, I know few passages to surpass the description of the coronation of Charles the First, in the eleventh Book of his *History* ; a passage to which a tinge of tragedy is added in the concluding words : ' I have insisted the longer on this subject, moved thereunto by this consideration—that if it be the last solemnity performed on an English King in this kind, posterity will conceive my pains well bestowed, because on the last. But if hereafter Divine Providence shall assign England another King, though the transactions herein be not wholly precedential, something of state may be chosen out grateful for imitation.'

As with every author, of course, due appreciation is possible only on the condition that we gain an understanding of his circumstances and of his mental equipment. And here we are ourselves to blame if we cannot meet him on his own ground. The history of his times is within reach of all ; and the basis of his style is still closer at hand. The core of Fuller's learning, which was wide and deep, and the material of his wit, which is unsurpassed, was the Bible. Like the works of Hall, Bunyan, Chillingworth, and, in fact, almost all the great writers of the age, of every school, his works are a tissue of biblical phraseology. He lives in Scripture, argues from what it contains and from what it omits ; quotes it at every turn, alludes to it, forms his style on it. And he expects from his readers something of the same familiarity. When he notes that four cities claim the bones of St. Alban, he compares the saint to the river of Paradise ; as that had four heads, so Alban must have had four bodies. Observing how many early saints were, or were said to be, of royal lineage, he remarks that the Jews make Ruth the daughter of Eglon, King of Moab, that the descent of David may be the more illustrious. Writing to James Hay, Earl of Carlisle, he compares the famous exploit of his ploughman ancestor,

who routed the Danes at Loncarty with a yoke, to the victory of Eleazar, the son of Dodo, in the barley-plot. 'Be not ashamed,' he adds, 'of the ploughman's yoke in your coat of arms; for it is probable that the posterity of Shamgar gave the goad for their hereditary ensign.' King Oswald fell at Heaven's Field, a name that did not become appropriate till that time. 'So,' says Fuller, 'Onesimus (useful) and Eutychus (fortunate) were so called from their infancy, but never truly answered to their names till after the conversion of the one and reviving of the other.' He loves his Bible so much, indeed, that he plays and jests with it. When Augustine baptized ten thousand in one day, he is said to have made them go into the river two by two and baptize one another; 'otherwise Joshua's day, when the sun stood still, had been too short for one man's personal performance of such an employment.' Dunstan's celebrated miracle at Calne he compares sarcastically with Samson's crowning achievement; for while the hero could not pull down the temple on the Philistines without killing himself, the saint so contrived matters as to destroy his adversaries and spare his friends. Fuller has, in fact, a biblical parallel ready for nearly every incident he records; and, if wit lies in the perception of obscure likenesses between things apparently dissimilar, not Bacon himself has more wit than he.

All this, as was not surprising, brought on him the censure of dullards, both in his own time and later, to whom this light treatment of sacred things seemed little removed from blasphemy. Some who were not dullards attacked it for reasons of their own. The sarcastic South, to whom Fuller, with his moderate churchmanship, appeared no better than a Puritan, chose this characteristic as one of his chief pretexts for laying on the lash of invective; though assuredly he would have found no fault with a Non-juror who had offended in a like fashion. But the habit was so natural to Fuller that he was almost unconscious of it. When assailed

for it by Peter Heylin—who, indeed, was the last man to throw stones on such an account—he answered, in his *Appeal of Injured Innocence*, ‘Let him at leisure produce the most light and ludicrous story in all my book, and here I stand ready to parallel it with as light, I will not say in the *Animadverto*r, but in as grave authors as ever put pen to paper.’ It is clear that the charge surprised him; he could not understand why love should not play with the objects of its affection. He agreed with Milton—a very different man—in holding that

joking decides great things
Stronger and better, oft, than earnest can :

what argument cannot do, jest may sometimes accomplish; nor is to use Holy Writ lightly the same thing as ridiculing it.

Rarely indeed, except where Papists, Pelagians, Arians, or Brownists are concerned, and by no means always even then, is the wit wanting in the saving grace of charity; rarely indeed is it barbed with malice. And how unerringly it hits the mark! What could be better than his saying that ‘some people sail to the port of their own praise by a side wind’? Or how could pious poetasters be more neatly hit off than in the words with which he describes Sternhold and Hopkins—‘They had drunk more deeply of Jordan than of Helicon’?

Like most of his contemporaries, he does not disdain a pun; indeed to him, as to Shakespeare and the ancient Hebrews, a pun was a sort of newly-discovered El Dorado, the knowledge of which it was almost a crime not to share with your fellows. Canting heraldry, of course, he loved, and would have appreciated the *Festina lente* of the Onslows. When dedicating a ‘century’ of his *History* to Lord Dorchester, the head of the Pierrepont family, he ‘craves leave to remind his lordship of that allusive motto to his name, *Pie reponete*’; nor is this by any means the only passage which would have made the Baron of Bradwardine

throw down the book and take up his Titus Livius. But he puns on his own account. When criticizing Geoffrey of Monmouth's statement that there were in ancient Britain twenty-eight cities having *flamens*, or pagan priests, of whom three were arch-flamens, he says that the flamens and arch-flamens were flams and arch-flams, even notorious falsehoods. The Saxon god Flynt (a deity unknown to Grimm and Muellenhoff) 'was so termed because set on a flint-stone, which had more sparks of Divine nature than that idol which thereon was erected.' Whether the derivation, which he cannot help giving, though he inclines to reject it, of Tyburn from *tie* and *burn*, because the victim was tied by the neck and burnt in the feet, be rather an example of the fantastic etymologies prevalent at the time than strictly a pun, is a question we leave to the discretion of the reader.

At times his jests are of a still lighter consistency than mere verbal plays; they are but the froth on the surface of his effervescing mind, unstudied and irrepressible scintillations from a lamp always alight. Speaking of the British birth of Constantine, he says that 'certain authors softly rock the cradle of (*yet little*) Constantine the Great.' In the dedication of the Third Century to Mr. Simeon Bonnell, merchant, who seems to have resembled Zacchaeus both in wealth and in inches, he remarks, 'It is proportionable to present a century, short in story, to one low in stature though deservedly high in esteem.' Matthew of Westminster, surnamed Florilegus, 'cropped a weed instead of a flower' when he perpetrated an historical error. *Hector* Boece and *Polydore* Virgil, bearing the names of two sons of Priam, take the liberty of giving us Homeric fictions instead of fact. The great Roman Wall, though of stone, was of no use against the Picts when manned with 'stocks.' When relating the legend that Merlin conjured the cromlechs of Stonehenge from Ireland through the sky, Fuller must needs suggest that they came in Charles's Wain. In fact, as the man in *Hudibras* did ne'er open his mouth but a trope flew out, so

Fuller, if he descries but the most distant promise of a *jeu de mots*, cannot help greeting it from afar. He seems to have made an agreement with the nymph Euphrosyne to keep him everlastingly supplied with quips, cranks, and wanton wiles.

His memory is as quick as his invention ; for we doubt if any work of equal length, with the single exception of *Don Quixote*, contains such a multitude of proverbs as does the *Church History* ; but where the common store fails him, he has, like Mrs. Poyser, the gift of forging them for himself. Probably it would be hard in many cases to decide whether they are borrowed or made for the occasion. The mind of Fuller was such a mirror of the best popular mind of the time that he was quite capable at a moment's notice of informing ' the wisdom of many with the wit of one.' ' God never sends His servants on a sleeveless errand'—is this his own, or taken from the national stock ? ' Victorious bays bear only barren berries '—a saying the truth of which was never clearer than to-day—sounds like a common saw, but may be only another of Fuller's skilful coinages. ' Light leaves are wagged with little wind ' ; ' Who would not entitle themselves to the honour of martyrdom when parted from the pain ? ' ; ' That bowl which lies next the mark has most take aim to remove it ' ; ' The swaying of David's sceptre did not hinder the tuning of his harp ' ; ' Men may make clothes either for mirth or for mourning '—these are sayings—many of them pointed with an alliteration in the good old Teutonic style—which, like some of Bacon's, if they are not proverbs ought to be : and they are but two or three out of hundreds that stud the works of Fuller.

But all this, alone, would fail to explain his peculiar charm. There is much besides, and of a higher cast ; a humanity rare in that age and not too common in ours ; a liberality and freedom from bigotry remarkable in a man of strong and definite views—easily mimicked but not so

easily reproduced in a century distinguished more by indifference than by true tolerance—boldness in the expression of opinion at a time when opinions were often crimes; an Herodotean love of good stories, which, like Herodotus, he frequently tells with a *caveat*; a genuine learning, which constantly breaks through the veil of modesty and liveliness; and, finally, an engaging candour which never hesitates to own mistake. That his charity sometimes fails we have already noted; he has the good churchman's dislike of heresy. If it fails also, now and then, in his dealings with the Catholics, this shows merely that he was the man of his age and country; he stumbles where the authors of *Areopagitica* and of the *Letters on Toleration* stumbled just before and just after him. But it remains true, as Coleridge said, that he was 'the least prejudiced great man in an age that boasted a galaxy of great men.' That he could recognize goodness wherever it arose is made plain by his account of Abbot Feckenham, who, 'like the axle-tree, stood firm and fixed in his own judgement, while the times, like the wheels, turned backwards and forwards round about him. He applied himself to Bonner, where he crossed the proverb "Like master, like man," the patron being cruel, the chaplain kind, to such who in judgement dissented from him. He never dissembled his religion, and under King Edward VI suffered much for his conscience. In the reign of Queen Mary he was wholly employed in doing good offices for the afflicted Protestants, from the highest to the lowest. The Earl of Bedford tasted of his kindness; so did Sir John Cheke; yea, and the Lady Elizabeth herself, who . . . coming to the crown, as some have confidently guessed, offered him the Archbishopric of Canterbury, on condition he would conform to her laws; which he utterly refused. In the treaty between the Protestants and Papists . . . his judgement was asked with respect and heard with reverence, his moderation being much commended.'

Conversely, Fuller refuses to whitewash a Protestant

simply on account of his Protestantism. When he comes to discuss the martyrdom of Sir John Oldcastle, finding himself much 'intricated' by the conflicting accounts handed down of that enigmatical character, he declines the post of judge. 'If my hand were put on the Bible, I should take it back again, yet so that, as I will not acquit, I will not condemn him, but leave all to the last day of the revelation of the righteous judgement of God.' Even the authority of Foxe could not avail with him against the truth.

He knew the difference between the important and the trivial. Much as he hated heresy, he could not bring himself to think that Aidan and Columba ought to be censured for their ideas as to the correct date of Easter; and, with all his reverence for Bede, he thinks him a little pettifogging in making so much of the matter. After all, as it was but a dispute about moons, he regards Beza as right in dismissing it as a *lunatica quaestio*: welcoming the pun with none the less enthusiasm that it is not his own.

His humanity is revealed by slight touches everywhere. He will not, it is true, satisfy the opponents of capital punishment: the book of Genesis declares, 'Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed'; and in the palmy days of verbal inspiration a text had to be taken as it stood. But note a certain gentleness, beyond that of the time, peeping out in the midst of his narrative of the death of John Scotus Erigena: 'Pouring learning into his lads (rather in proportion to the plenty of the fountain than to the receipt of the vessels), he was severe to such scholars as were dull in their apprehensions. This so irritated their anger against him, that by a universal conspiracy they dispatched him in the school with their penknives. I find not what punishment was inflicted upon them, whipping being too little, if sturdy youths, and hanging too much, if but little boys.' It is characteristic of him that, after telling the legend, he hints pretty clearly that he does not believe it; pointing out, from the stores of his knowledge, that

Prudentius had told the same tale, centuries before, of the death of Cassian.

His candour appears, perhaps, most clearly in his controversy with Heylin. The episode is somewhat amusing. Having spoken of Cricklade and Lechlade as ancient seats of learning, and having alluded to the supposed derivation of the names from Greeklade and Latinlade respectively—such was the philology of the seventeenth century!—he came under the correction of Heylin, who asserted that Lechlade means the place of leeches or doctors, and that Latten, a tiny village near by, was the real abode of Latin study. Fuller accepted the 'animadversion.' 'My next edition,' said he, 'shall be reformed accordingly.' But still more quaintly is the same quality shown whenever he has to speak of Oxford and Cambridge. A loyal son of no fewer than three Cambridge colleges, he was the author of a history of his University, and, as is well known, accepts the most amazing stories as to her antiquity. Even Sigebert's legendary foundation of the school in 681 ('but some make it four years after,' he adds sadly) is not early enough for him. 'She has more ancient titles to learning, which she deriveth, according to good authors, from many hundred years before.' And, though his historical sense leads him to doubt whether these 'good authors' are altogether to be relied on, the eternal undergraduate in him longs, sentimentally, to believe them. 'All such things in either University, though specious to the eye, must be closely kept, and tenderly touched, lest, being roughly handled, they should moulder into dust. Let none suspect my extraction from Cambridge will betray me into partiality to my mother, who desire in this difference to be like Melchizedek, without descent, only to be directed by the truth. And here I make this fair and free confession, which I hope will be accepted for ingenuous: that as in Tamar's travail of twins Zerah first put out his hand, and then drew it in again, whilst Perez first came forth into the world, so I plainly perceive

Cambridge with an extended arm, time out of mind, first challenging the birthright and priority of place for learning, but afterwards, drawing it in again, she lay for many years desolate, whilst Oxford, if later, larger, came forth in more entire proportion, and ever since constantly continued in the full dimensions of a University.' It is in the same liberal spirit that, when recording the old tradition that Alfred was the founder of University College, Oxford, he says, 'Yet some say, Alfred did *find* and not *found* letters therein'; so that even Oxford may, if she desires, seek her origin in the mists of the remote past.

As for Fuller's boldness in the expression of opinion, it was such that some have thought the Government of the Protector must have given him, as a sort of cheerful Jaques, as large a charter as the wind, to blow on whom he pleased. The book opens with a patent allusion to the times, of the kind which few despotic monarchies would have permitted: 'I shall not wonder that good men die so soon, but that they live so long, seeing wicked men desire their room here on earth, and God their company in heaven'; and he speaks of his intention of surrounding his dedication with black, as a 'fitting emblem of the present condition of our distracted Church.' One might fix the date of his history by the words, 'when England sank from a kingdom to a state'; and there are to be found constant thinly-veiled sarcasms on the political situation of the time. Yet Cromwell gave him a licence to preach, and passed by all these sarcasms without notice: a clear proof, had Fuller been willing to admit it, that things were better than they had been under Laud, or than they were to be under Sheldon. No licenser appears to have considered the question of suppressing the *History* as Tomkins all but suppressed *Paradise Lost*. To us, for whom the controversies of 1655 are as dead as the Crusades, these daring innuendoes do but add a little spice to a work that hardly needs it.

E. E. KELLETT.

EGYPT, ISRAEL, AND THE CHRIST IN THE LIGHT OF THE NEW ANTHROPOLOGY

TO our modern age how significantly might the words again be uttered : ' For I say unto you that many prophets and kings desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not.' Every year things are now coming to light that have been kept secret, if not from the foundation of the world, yet from such antiquity as all rationalistic minds but lately kept decently sceptical about ! And yet people are going about the streets or sleeping in their pews as if Christianity were not true ! Being in the hands of a communicative barber the other day, I ventured to draw him on these matters, and found him a willing spokesman for his age. ' But no clergyman to-day,' said he, ' believe in the Old Testament, surely ? ' As I demurred a little to his implied approval of clerical latitudinarianism, he challenged me concretely—' Do you believe that the Israelites were ever in Egypt ? ' I open this article with the foregoing prefatory remarks only to visualize the situation, and will inflict no more of my trivial conversation with the barber upon the reader.

Our greatest specialists in the sciences, whether in physics, biology, or archaeology, mostly decline—at any rate publicly—to draw the conclusions and inferences from their work as these affect human life in its widest aspects. This is the correct scientific attitude, for no work is above suspicion if it is carried out merely in the light of theory. As the bystander sees most of the game, so it is the privilege of as many as care to look on to see a process of revindication of the most precious things that were ' loved long since and lost awhile.' A new school of anthropology has arisen in our time, the leading spirits of which are the late W. H. R. Rivers as psychologist, Professor Eliot Smith as anatomist

and Egyptologist, and W. J. Perry as historian and general liaison officer between the various fields of research. The facts out of which a science of anthropology arises are those numerous resemblances in human cultures throughout historic time and the whole world over. The characteristic difference between the new anthropology and that which has held the field since the inception of the science is that it accounts for the resemblances by actual historical contact instead of by evolutionary development. The earlier anthropologists, working in the flood-tide of Darwinism and hypnotized by the evolution idea—Bastian in Germany, Tylor, Lang, and Frazer in this country—applied the plausible solution that human nature necessarily unfolds in the same way everywhere; that civilization has behind it a necessary succession of identical cultures; and that modern savages represent the arrested stages of this development. Thus, to take an outstanding example, the institution of totemism shows extraordinarily similar traits among the Red Indians of America and the Australian Blackfellows. Its essential peculiarities are: a similar tribal organization into clans within which marriage is forbidden; each clan having its rights, customs, and property; its initiation ceremony; its sacred animal; and its sacramental feast, on which occasion only the sacred animal is eaten. But, while totemism finds its classical completeness of expression in aboriginal Australia and America, there are fragmentary traces of the institution almost the world over, as in initiation rites at puberty, associated with a sacred animal and a sacramental meal. Now we have only to look up the references of the scholars of the last generation to this subject to find that they all—excepting Max Müller—accepted the evolutionary explanation of the facts, viz. that mankind all go the same road of psychical and institutional or cultural development. When the magic word 'evolution' was mentioned no dog dare bark. The most humiliating spectacle of the past generation has been the voluntary subjection of

all thought to biology. Now, at length, a leading evolutionist, in Professor Eliot Smith, is telling us, out of the fullness of his knowledge, that the biological phase of human development is only the scaffolding, and that the spirit of man has been the same in every age. How far, if at all, the principle of recapitulation can be applied to child development—after the child is born—is a fascinating theme upon which much deeper investigation is required than has been given by some educationists who have assumed this principle; but this is certain, the crude application of the 'biogenetic' principle cannot be tolerated any longer. As Rivers has clearly shown grounds for believing, in his *Instinct and the Unconscious*, the inherited reflexes with which man comes into the world resign their office more and more to the developing intelligence, which takes over the reins of government as the truly and distinctively human emerges. A clear line of demarcation between two sorts of inheritance is becoming apparent: the inheritance of culture—customs, inventions, and knowledge—which is social inheritance; and the inheritance of physique and aptitude, which is heredity proper, in its biological sense. Moreover, the method and organs of transmission of these two heredities are likewise totally distinct. The social inheritance is transmitted by tradition and education, and is to be seen in traditions, mythologies, and folk-lore, in initiations and in religious teaching, as well as in the more recent methods of writing and teaching. And, what the earlier anthropologists gave little attention to, the history of cultures continually oversteps the bounds of race. The method of human advance, indeed the way of salvation, has always been the grafting of the ever-growing plant of culture upon more primitive stocks which hitherto have been out of the running. The most interesting generalization of the new school, perhaps, is that of the continuity of culture. The characteristics of what is known as the Megalithic culture are so constant that where this peculiar form of architecture

is found traces of the other peculiarities are confidently looked for and generally to be found. Pyramidal tombs, with a structure suggesting sun-worship; mummified corpses, accompanied by emblematic 'givers of life' such as cowries or other shells, or gold and precious or ornamental stones. Agriculture by irrigation and a peculiar dual organization of society, if not totemism, can, in many cases, be also proved to accompany the Megalithic culture. A mummy at Torres Strait, prepared in the unique fashion of Egyptian mummies of *circa* 1100 B.C.; a Red Sea cowrie and a blue faience bead from a Wiltshire burial-mound—whilst these finds are not pillars in themselves for building a new temple of world history, they are yet fitting coping-stones for its roof. Civilization was not built by chance, but by men of genius, however forgotten. It appears, however, that it has frequently fallen a prey to jealous barbarians upon its fringe. To these, the first war-makers, according to Perry, the treasures of early culture fell. But to them the extension round the world of the Megalithic culture is to be traced. Egypt was the home of this culture, and the warrior caste that succeeded to it riveted their power upon mankind by an astonishing manipulation of superstition. By the aid of an astute priesthood they came to be known as 'Children of the Sun,' and their authority unquestioned, being divine. In successive Pharaohs the sun-god is incarnated, and, in all monarchies from Peru to Japan, wherever divine right has been believed, the race of the Children of the Sun is traced, imposed upon a more backward people. One had never expected to be brought to the verge of believing in the priestly doctrine of apostolic succession, but here we are swallowing it in the same mouthful with the divine right of kings!

Whether Perry's theory of dynastic continuity will be finally upheld remains to be seen. I must not give any impression that his views invite the partisan either of Protestant or of Roman faith. Sometimes Perry seems

militantly antichristian, as when he refuses to admit any origin but a materialistic one for religious ideas. But man's supreme gift, the power to think, i.e. to form abstract ideas, is grounded in symbolism. When primitive man called his 'spirit' breath, he may have thought that 'breath' was spirit (he probably did so think); none the less, he signified by it that unifying and causative agent, his very self. On the other hand, Perry's own great discovery is that the migrations of Megalithic culture follow the plottings on a map which mark the localities of gold and precious stones and pearls. From this it follows that the driving force behind the great migrations was not hunger—as per the Bread-and-butter school—but the mind and idealism of man as exemplified in his quest for an elixir of life. All great generalizations rightly raise our suspicions, nor can we judge of them until we have looked for the facts built upon, and found them, or some of them, vouched for by independent experts in the same field of research. Two books convinced me that much of Perry's construction is firmly based. One is Professor J. H. Breasted's *Development of Religious Ideas in Early Egypt*. The other is Sir Flinders Petrie's volume on *Sinai*. One wonders how it is that the religious world has not realized the astounding significance of Petrie's discoveries there in 1906. He has established that from very early times the Egyptians sent mining-expeditions to Sinai, in search for turquoise, whose value lay in its supposed magical qualities. It was, indeed, one of the reputed 'givers of life.' Actually from 4750 B.C. an Egyptian temple stood upon Mount Sinai. Petrie excavated the ruins, and found the great beds of ashes of burnt offerings which must represent the tribute of many ages. The shrine of the temple was a cave sacred to the Semitic goddess Hathor, who was worshipped in the form of a cow (remember that so enlightened a Hindu as Gandhi still defends cow-worship). She was regarded as Mistress of Turquoise and Queen of Heaven. The sleeping-chambers where devotees

sought her guidance in their dreams can still be made out. Petrie found here inscriptions, not only in hieroglyphic, but in unknown Semitic characters. But the most significant find of all, worth alone their whole year's work, as the explorer says, was the head of a steatite statue of Queen Ti—unmistakably named, by her cartouche in the midst of the crown. 'The haughty dignity of the face is blended with a fascinating directness and personal appeal.' What is the significance of Queen Ti? For a popular account of her, let the reader see Arthur Weigall's *Life and Times of Akhenaten*. She was the mother of Akhenaten, the monotheist king of Egypt in 1372 B.C., the predecessor but one of the comparatively insignificant Tutankhamen. Akhenaten's life and character is variously assessed, and one of the most cautious estimates is that of Sir Wallis Budge, who says, 'it was fortunate for Egypt that she only produced one king who was an individualist and idealist, a pacifist and a religious reformer all in one.'

None the less, the recognition of a live monotheism at such a date in human history topples over the hitherto accepted 'evolutionary' idea of comparative religion and the older anthropologists. Primitive monotheism was scoffed at by such writers as Salomon Reinach, along with the idea of 'primitive revelation.' To-day such a book as Paul Radin's *Monotheism among Primitive People* is the firstfruit of an altogether fresh vision of the facts. 'Certain concepts,' says he, 'are ultimate for man.' But, to return to Akhenaten, and the source of his monotheism. The Lady Ti came from the northern kingdom of Mitanni, whose gods can be identified, says Budge, with Mithra, Varuna, and Indra, the gods of India. In this case, there is clearly an Aryan connexion, though others think that Ti was Semitic in origin. When the great Pharaoh, Amenhotep III, married the Lady Ti she was of no social rank, but of remarkable influence, and he caused steatite scarabs bearing her name and title to be made. 'To all intents and purposes, Ti ruled Egypt for

several years after her husband's death, and the boy king did, for a time at least, what his mother told him ' (Budge, *Tutankhamen*).

Thus, under his mother's influence, the young prince came to hate all Egyptian gods excepting the supreme solar god of Heliopolis. When he came to power he suppressed all other worship than that which, represented by the sun's disk, alone stood worthily symbolized as homage to the King of the Universe and Creative Power.

What is the relation, if any, of the monotheism of Moses to that of Akhenaten? Let us not omit to observe that so valiant a truth-seeker as Robertson Smith had yielded to the 'evolutionary' view of monotheism, seeing in the Old Testament a development from the many to the One. It now becomes overwhelmingly probable that such traces of polytheism as the Hebrews manifested after Moses' date were corruptions or relapses, and that Moses himself enunciated a pure monotheism, even as recorded. The critical spurning of all historic connexion of Israel with Egypt now looks very small in view of the proven intercourse of Semitic peoples with Egypt from remote times. If Rameses II be taken, as is usually done, as the Pharaoh of the oppression—whose date Petrie places at 1800–1284 B.C.—then it is clear that, on the Old Testament story, Israel was in Egypt all through the great episode of Akhenaten's attempt and failure. Who can doubt that the coming into favour of the Hebrews was connected with the religious influences—monotheistic, if not Semitic—that were increasingly present at Court? Is not Joseph himself represented as marrying Asenath, daughter of the high-priest of Heliopolis? But when, with the death of Akhenaten, the tide turns, and the Heliopolitan cult falls before the jealous ascendancy of the old Theban priests, the once-favoured Hebrews would face a different situation. And this precisely fits the account of the 'new king that knew not Joseph.' And when Moses leads his people forth, where does he lead them? To the

foot of Sinai, in a monastic cave of which the great patroness of monotheism, the late Queen Ti, is so honoured that there stands her statue, until the day when Petrie finds it—broken, indeed, and buried in the ruins, yet sure witness of one of the most wonderful chains of influence of which history can tell. Further, up till now no satisfactory account has been given of the unmistakable connexion of Moses' Code with that of Hammurabi, the great lawgiver of Abraham's time in Babylon. What is Moses doing in this mountain retreat? Is it not feasible that, in that monastic temple where Ti and her learning were once honoured, there were kept treasured the lore of Semitic culture and the laws of Hammurabi graven upon stone stela? May we venture to surmise the existence of a library whose treasured lore probably the very priests were now unable to read? Yet what Moses does is not to copy Hammurabi's laws, but to use them as foundation of the Decalogue for the refounding of the tribal life. Descending the mount, what does he find? The people have broken loose from his control, and are engaged in an abandoned celebration of some feast in honour of Hathor, the cow-goddess of this temple, which, despite the short-lived reformation of Akhenaten, had quickly reverted to its older cult. Let it be clearly noted upon what parallel facts we rest the argument. Archaeologically the Sinai temple shows connexions with a higher faith—the steatite statuette of Queen Ti—and a lower—the worship of Hathor, whose image was a cow. And scripturally Sinai was the scene of the monotheistic revelation, and also, in Moses' absence, of the Hebrews' relapse into worship of the golden calf. The same battle for monotheism against recurrent calf-worship was to engage the efforts of Hebrew prophets yet for centuries. So far as I know, this parallel has never been drawn before, but its great significance can hardly be doubted. Granted that there is conjecture in the sublime figure of Moses tapping the sources of ancient knowledge on Sinai, and, under divine guidance, rejecting

the baser elements of that culture, distilling the purely spiritual and simply moral elements—to which the conscience of man has responded ever since—yet it must be granted also that the conjecture supplies a clue to observed connexions which have not hitherto found explanation. As the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews reminds them, in leaving Egypt, for a second time the People of God then turned their backs upon the world's highest civilization. As Abraham turned from Babylon to dwell in tents, so now Moses 'refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter' &c. It is beginning to appear that these words are not mere rhetorical preaching, but indicate an historical conception of the actual course of spiritual history. Alongside of Perry's doctrine of the 'continuity of culture' we may fairly place a doctrine much more venerable and even more cogent—'the continuity of revelation.' Whilst the highest accumulations of culture have been powerless to conserve themselves apart from religion, religion has not only conserved the races that have maintained it, but, in its highest manifestations, religion has utterly turned its back upon the accumulations of culture—in vindication of its central theme, viz. that man's life consisteth not in the abundance of things possessed. The lesson intended in the old story of the Tower of Babel, of two tendencies at war for the soul of man, presents itself once more. Civilizations successively perish, but there is a constant accumulation and survival of spiritual values. And Christianity is not civilization. Out of Babylon, and out of Egypt, and out of Babylon again, emerged Israel and the 'religion of redemption'—'Out of Egypt have I called My Son.' The influence of Egypt upon the formulation of the gospel record is being increasingly recognized. The 'Alexandrian' influences have only in our time, since the finding of the Oxyrhynchus papyri and the work of Deissmann and Moulton and others, shed their great light by furnishing fresh parallels to the Johannine style and thought.

One further fact. According to Breasted, it was about 3750 B.C. that the line of Khufu, the Fourth Dynasty, was supplanted by a family of kings who began to assume the title 'Son of Re,' though the title was probably not unknown even earlier. This Fifth Dynasty was devoted to the service of the sun-god. 'From now the State fiction was maintained that the Pharaoh was the physical son of the sun-god by an earthly mother.' Akhenaten's monotheism, then, must be regarded as a purification of this much more ancient cult. His teaching is known chiefly from his hymns to Aten. The shorter 'Hymn to Aten' is found in several tombs at Tel el Amarna. The longer 'Hymn to Aten' is found in the tomb of Ai. It is essentially a psalm for the king to utter to his god and father. It dwells upon the beauty and power of light. It expresses no consciousness of sin. But its most arresting phrase to us is 'None other knows thee, save thy son the king.' Immediately we think of Matt. xi. 27, 'Neither doth any know the Father, save the Son.' Now that the influence of Egypt is beginning to be recognized, we might expect the conclusion to be drawn that such an utterance shows an Alexandrian colouring. Students may remember Loisy's answer to Harnack, when the latter had stated that 'the gospel, as Jesus proclaimed it, has to do with the Father only, and not with the Son.' Loisy pointed out that the above words—so Johannine in sound—are in Matthew, and that no really historic reading of Jesus can escape the fact that Jesus did claim to occupy a unique place in His own gospel. Are we not right, however, in seeing that such words on the lips of Jesus are supremely fitting to His Messianic consciousness? Has not Jesus sorted out all current Messianic ideas and rejected them one by one? And yet He says yes to a supreme Messianic conception such as these words convey. Whatever may be our personal attitude to Jesus and the claims He made, it is beginning to appear that acknowledgement must be made that there is extreme probability that He had access

to sources of knowledge of the more distant past which hitherto have been closed to us. The mere possibility of this sets in an interesting light the current critical attitude, which has asserted that it is scientifically certain that the horizon of Jesus was that of a Galilean peasant of His era. There is an extraordinarily fitting tradition that the wilderness of Sinai was the scene of the Temptation: that the scene of the forty days' trial was that of the forty years' 'temptation' in the wilderness. A recent cinema-film of the 'life of Jesus' is redeemed from the commonplace by incorporating this idea. Jesus is represented as wandering amid broken columns bearing the hieroglyphs of Egypt. Who planned this film, one wonders? 'All the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them' had been within the grasp of the Pharaohs, those Children of the Sun whose written history covers more centuries than all other history together. Though the mastery of the human race has been hitherto asserted through such methods as are emblemized by Rameses' granite fist (now for our edification in the British Museum)—which Jesus now utterly and for ever discredits, He yet asserts divine mastery of the human race, because He alone knows what God is—not gross force, but Love. Discipline and the social order can be based on nothing less than divine right. No mere man, not even a paterfamilias, has the right to dominate, except in the spirit of and by proxy for One who is more than human. So the 'Divine Kingship' is a pearl not to be scorned because of counterfeits. Loyalty is a fundamental intuition in unperverted man. Yet what shall we test the claim of Jesus by, and show the true from the false? Only this: He will go to the Cross and yet reign.

But so, we know, in early ages long before the counterfeit 'Sons of God,' the first kings died for their people. Thus Osiris died, and thus, in his thirtieth year, did each Egyptian king thereafter hold the 'Sed' Festival, and underwent the symbolic ceremony of mummification and rising from

the dead. 'The king is slain in his character of a god, his death and resurrection perpetuating the divine life necessary for the salvation of his people' (Frazer).

But, if the usurper kings felt the necessity of palming themselves off through their priests as virgin-born, what of the birth of the true King when He comes? Was there ever an occasion as fitting in the world before? Through all history kings must be divinely born if men are to obey them. Yet, despite the ingenuity of the priests, scepticism, and with it anarchy, arose. And though there never was a true virgin-birth in the world before, yet, when the Divine King does come, who shall say that He came not as the testimony and expectation of thousands of years said He should come? The King of men came as He thought fit—and if by birth from a virgin, though all men be liars yet God is true to Himself. With the opening up of the long-lost Egyptian sources of knowledge of the past there is bound to come an attempt to derive even Christianity itself from Egypt. Probably ere now the attempt would have been made, were it not that before it can be done so much 'critical' work enshrined in encyclopaedias will have to be scrapped. We may secure the position by recognizing at its full worth the significance of Egypt for what we believe to be the divine method of revelation. In the words of Petrie: 'Egypt and Israel represent an antagonism which is at the foundation of all religious thought, and which has lasted for four thousand years down to our own age.' A strange parallel is disclosed between men's inventions for ruling men and the divine method. But there are some men who will confuse the finding of a parallel with the producing of a straight line. As parallel lines are such as never meet, so we believe that the continuity of revelation and the 'continuity of culture' are not to be confounded, or derived the one from the other, but represent, with certain interactions, the divine intention and the wayward will of man.

J. PARTON MILUM.

RICHARD ROLLE OF HAMPOLE

DURING the first two centuries after Richard Rolle's death pilgrims flocked to his grave in hope of miraculous benefit, but I never heard of any one save myself who visited Thornton-le-Dale because Richard Hermit (as he commonly called himself) was born there. I journeyed to Pickering by rail. From there I passed by the mouldering ruins of the many-towered castle, where, at one time in his chequered career, King Richard the Redeless kept his Court, and passed the more or less Norman parish church, uniquely adorned with fifteenth-century frescoes, in which, on one memorable Feast of the Assumption, R. Rolle, attired as a hermit, ascended the pulpit and preached a startlingly powerful sermon. The road led straight into what, no doubt, was once the Thornton village green, but is now a bosky enclosure around the ancient village cross and stocks, with seats invitingly set in the shade, and with a stream of pellucid water rushing by from its lofty source among the famous Bridestones, seven miles away. The church stands on a kind of promontory at the upper end of the village, overlooking the ancient Lilliputian grammar school and the Lady Lumley Almshouses. So far as I could find, no one in Thornton has ever heard Rolle's name.

The large and rapid increase in the number of people interested in the personality and work of this great Yorkshireman may be said to be almost entirely due to the publication of Rolle's prose works, in two volumes, by Professor Carl Horstman of Berlin, as part of his Library of Early English Authors. He says :

'Richard Rolle was one of the most remarkable men of his time, yea of history. It is a strange and not very creditable fact that one of the greatest of Englishmen has hitherto

been doomed to oblivion. One of the noblest champions of humanity, a hero, a saint, a martyr in this Cause, he has never had his resurrection yet—a forgotten brave. And yet he has rendered greater service to his country and to the world at large than all the great names of his time. He rediscovered Love, the principle of Christ. He reinstalled feeling, the spring of life, which had been obliterated in the reign of Scholasticism. He reopened the inner eye of man, teaching contemplation in solitude, an unworldly life in abnegation, in chastity and charity—an ideal not unlike Christ's and Buddha's. He broke the hard crust that had gathered round the heart of Christianity by formalism and exteriority, and restored the free flow of spiritual life. He fought against the absorption of religion by the interested classes, and reasserted the individual right and conscience against all tyranny, both secular and ecclesiastical. He broke the way for the Reformers, and was the predecessor of Wyclif and Luther. He was a great religious character, made of the stuff of which the builders of religions are made. . . . Besides, he is one of the greatest English writers. He was the first to employ the vernacular. He is the true father of English literature. He is the head and parent of the great mystic and religious writers of the fourteenth century—of W. Hilton, Wyclif, Mirk, &c., all of whom received their light from his light and followed in his steps.'

Rolle was born at Thornton in or about the year 1800—twenty years before his great brother Yorkshireman, Wyclif, and forty before Chaucer. His father, who was some kind of bailiff, gave him a good education; and in his later teens he went to Oxford, then in its glory, with its 80,000 students, and wholly in the power of the Scholastics. Thomas Neville, afterwards Archdeacon of Durham, following the laudable fashion of the time, provided him where-withal 'to scolaye,' but at the age of nineteen, in a state of deep dissatisfaction (sick, presumably, of what Milton

somewhat too scornfully denounces as 'scolastical trash,' 'the sapless dotages of old Paris and Salamanca'), he left the University, 'considering that the time of mortal life is uncertain, and its end greatly to be dreaded.' Returning home, he went through a time of spiritual conflict, mixed up somehow with a love affair; till one day, borrowing two kirtles—a grey and a white—from his sister, and a rainhood from his father, he improvised for himself a hermit's outfit, and—by his sudden appearance in this guise frightening his sister almost out of her wits—set off across country to Topcliffe, near Thirsk—not to Dalton, near Rotherham (as the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has it). There a gentleman friend of his father, named Dalton, whose sons had been at the University with Rolle, received him kindly, heard his story, gave him leave to make his hermitage on his estate, and provided him, besides, with a daily allowance of food. Here the hermit lived for four years, during which he devoted himself to the realization of the mystic ideal of contemplative life, passing successively through its stages of purgation, illumination, and contemplation, the last being itself divided into three ascending stages—*calor*, *canor*, *dulcor* (spiritual warmth, melody, sweetness). The whole process, from the time of his conversion to his attainment of the *canor*, had lasted four years and three months, the purification or purgation having occupied two years and nine months of that time. It is interesting to note Rolle's own description of his favourite attitude, as given to his friend Margaret:

'All who love contemplative life they seek rest in body and soul. For a great Doctor says, "They are God's throne who dwell still in one place and are not running about, but in sweetness of Christ's love are fixed." And I have loved for to sit: for no penance, nor fantasy, nor that I wished men to talk of me, nor for no such thing; but only because I knew that I loved God more, and longer lasted within the comfort of love: than going, or standing, or

kneeling. For sitting am I in most rest, and my heart most upward. But therefore, peradventure, it is not best that another should sit, as I did and will do to my death, save he were disposed in his soul as I was.'

From this date forward he seems to have completely mastered his appetites, to have become *perfectus, justus, sanctus*, and to have been weaned from the world or, to borrow an expression from the fourteenth-century *Pistle of Private Counsellor*, to have attained to a life 'fully meekened in noughting itself.' The rest of Rolle's life was spent in helping others, and especially the ignorant and the poor, by speech and writing, much of the latter in the North Yorkshire vernacular. This, after writing his earliest works in Latin, he humbly chose, in his eagerness to help his friends, and especially the good nuns (*inclusas*), who sought his counsel. Wyclif's motive in choosing to write in English was the same. As he says in his *Five Questions on Love* :

'Alle þes questiouns ben hard to tell hem trewly in Englisch, but ȝit charite dryveth men to telle hem sumwhat in Englishe, so þat men may beste white bi þis Englisch what is Goddis wille.'

One of Rolle's nun-friends, Margaret Kirkby, the recluse of Ainderby, near Richmond, seems to have been his 'good angel.' All his epistles were addressed to ladies. What and how much Richard wrote is still a matter of dispute. Professor Horstman says :

'There is hardly a religious work in Early English that has not been ascribed to him. His works got mixed up with those of his followers, especially W. Hilton and Wyclif, and the more easily because both authors not only followed in his steps, but freely borrowed from him.'

Professor Moorman adopted the long-accepted opinion that Rolle was the author of that long and somewhat somniferous poem 'The Pricke of Conscience,' and so, I take it, does Horstman. But Dr. Craigie, of the *Oxford*

Dictionary, in a conversation I had with him five years ago, declared the positive identification of Rolle's work a task of the utmost difficulty, and pronounced decisively against the hermit's authorship of 'The Pricke of Conscience'; as other authorities now do.

From his cell in Richmondshire, twelve miles from his 'dear disciple,' whither, after four years, he had removed from Topcliffe, owing to sundry 'persecutions,' Rolle sent forth his poems, epistles, commentaries, translations—a metrical rendering of the Psalms and the Book of Job among them—all more or less lyrical, for, as has been justly said, 'whether he wrote in prose or verse, he was emphatically a lyrist, "warbling his native wood-notes wild," in defiance of conventions, a personality at once powerful, tender, and strange, the like of which was, perhaps, never seen again.'

There seems to be some lack of agreement as to his ecclesiastical position. 'He was absolutely free,' says Dr. Rufus Jones, 'from the ecclesiastical system of his age. He made no use of the machinery of the Church. He owned no head but Christ. He had no creed but love; he was in his own right a king and priest unto God, and he flung his passionate soul into lyrics of great fervour and beauty.' The writer of the notice of Rolle in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* maintains that 'in his exaltation of the spiritual side of religion over its forms, his enthusiastic celebration of the love of Christ, and his assertion of the individualist principle, he represented the best side of the influences that led to the Lollard movement.' Dr. Geraldine Hodgson takes the view 'that Rolle is not inclined to substitute individualism for the authority of the Church. There is immense emphasis laid, all through his writings, on the importance of conduct. . . . But it all has the Church as its immediate background; the Mystical Body, not the individual soul in isolation, is everywhere taken for granted.'

From my own reading of Rolle I should hardly have said so. Dean Inge describes the mysticism of Rolle when he says, speaking of that of to-day : ' It is for the most part passively loyal, without much enthusiasm, to the institutions among which it finds itself. But in reality it has overleapt all barriers ; it knows its true spiritual kin ; and, amid the strifes and perplexities of a sad and troublous time, it can always recover its hope and confidence by ascending in heart and mind to the heaven which is closer to it than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.' One thing is certain : that he differed strikingly from the type of ecclesiastic with whom the age—the age of Langland and Wyclif and Chaucer—was all too familiar, with whom it was commonly ' no grote no paternoster, no penny no placebo,' and whom Wyclif denounced, in his downright way, as ' loving more muc than men.' Yet Chaucer's Poor Parson has always to be reckoned with ; if Chaucer, that is, was not himself a Lollard.

We do not know what led the hermit to leave Richmondshire for the South of Yorkshire ; but, presumably in his early forties, he established himself near, or within, the grounds of the Cistercian nunnery of St. Mary at Hampole, near Doncaster, most likely by invitation. At any rate, he had friends there. His epistle, *The Commandment of Love to God*, is written to ' a certain sister of Hampole.' Here the hermit lived till his death in 1349—the year of the first visitation of the terrible Black Death. His great and lasting reputation as a saint, and especially as a harrier and queller of devils, is attested (*inter alia*) by the striking picture of the hermit at his work which adorns the reverse of the title-page of ' Rycharde Rolle hermyte of Hampull in his Contemplacyons &c, Emprynted at London in Fletestrete in the Sygne of the Sonne by me Wynkyn de Worde,' a century and a half after the hermit's death.

In common with all religious writers of those early days, Rolle makes great use of the Church Fathers, and, of course, of Seneca, who was generally taken to be one of them.

Tender and gracious as he was, there is nothing weakly sentimental in his writing, which is full of what Coleridge would have characterized as 'bullion sense,' and helps us to understand what Florence Nightingale meant when she wrote, 'The mystical state is the essence of common sense.'

Hear, e.g., what he means by LOVE: 'Very love is to love God with all thy might, stalwartly; in all thine heart, wisely; in all thy soul, devoutly and sweetly. Stalwartly can no man love Him save he be stalwart. He is stalwart who is meek; for all ghostly strength comes of meekness. . . . If thou beest wroth for any anguish of this world, or for any word that men say of thee, thou art not meek, nor mayest thou love God stalwartly. For love is stalwart as death . . . and hard as hell. . . . Whoso will love *wisely*, it behoves him to love lasting things, lastingly; and passing things, passingly; so that his heart be settled and fastened on nothing but God.'

There are not many wiles of the devil that Rolle does not know and shrewdly expose with true mediaeval simplicity and directness. He shows considerable insight in his warnings against sins and temptations, as, e.g., against 'annoyance at having to do good; shame of good deed; singular wit; vainglory of any good of nature, of happening, or of grace; pride of rich or of gentle kin, for all we alike are free before God's face, unless our deeds make any better or worse than another; unbuxomeness in speech; reprehending in another what one does one's self; speaking words not needful; polishing of words; shouting with laughter; making grimaces at any man; to sing more for the glory of men than of God; to withhold necessities from the body or to give it to excess; to seem holier, more learned and wiser than we are; to hold office that we do not suffice to; to draw out at length what should be done

soon ; and (echoing Ben Sira) to begin a thing that is above our might.'

Rolle's favourite doctrine, that 'Love is a life,' finds more than a chance restatement in Miss Nightingale's declaration, 'I believe . . . in the service of man being the service of God, the growing into a likeness with Him by love, the being one with Him in will at last, which is heaven.'

Two or three extracts, slightly modernized by Dr. Geraldine Hodgson, will show his spirit. The first is from *The Fourme of Perfect Living*, addressed to Margaret Kirkby, and intended for people of religion (in the R.C. sense): 'Contemplation is a wonderful joy of God's love; the which joy is praising God that cannot be told; and that wonderful praising is in the soul; and for abundance of joy and sweetness, it ascends into the mouth; so that the heart and the tongue agree in one, and body and soul joy, living in God. A man or woman that is appointed to contemplative life, first God inspires them to forsake this world and all the vanity and covetousness and vile lust thereof. Afterwards He leads them by their lone, and speaks to their heart . . . and then He sets them in the will to give themselves wholly to prayers and meditations and tears. Afterwards, when they have suffered many temptations, and when the foul annoyances of thoughts that are idle and of vanities which will encumber those who cannot destroy them are passing away, He makes them gather up their heart to them and fasten it only in Him, and opens to the eye of their souls the gates of heaven, and then the fire of love verily lies in their heart and burns therein and makes it clean from all earthly filth, and afterwards they are contemplative men and ravished in love. For contemplation is a sight; they see into Heaven with their ghostly eye.'

For those who are 'in the world' he writes in *Our Daily Work (a Mirror of Discipline)*: 'When thou hast gathered

home thine heart and its wits and hast destroyed the things that might hinder thee from praying and won to that devotion which God sends to thee through His dere-worthy grace, quickly rise from thy bed at the bell ringing ; and if no bell be there, let the cock be thy bell ; if there be neither cock nor bell, let God's love wake thee, for that most pleases God. And zeal, rooted in love, wakens before both cock and bell, and has washed her face with sweet love-tears ; and her soul within has joy in God with devotion, and liking and bidding Him good morning and with other heavenly gladness which God sends to His lovers.'

In the same tract he writes : ' Two messengers are come to thee to bring thee tidings. The one is called FEAR, who comes from hell to warn thee of thy danger, the other is called HOPE, that comes from heaven to tell thee of bliss thou shalt have if thou doest well. Fear says he saw so many betortured in hell that if all the wits of men were in one he could not tell them ; of gluttons, unchaste, robbers, thieves, rich men with their servants who harmed the poor ; judges who would not give judgement except for reward ; treasurers who by subtilty maintained injustice ; deemsters who condemned loyal men and delivered stark thieves ; workmen who worked dishonestly and took full hire ; tillers of the soil who tilled badly ; prelates, with the care of men's souls, who neither punished nor taught them ; of all sorts of men who have wrongly wrought ; then I saw that every one bought it bitterly. For there I saw want of all good, and plenty of pain and sorrow ; as hot fire burning ever, brimstone stinking ; grisly devils like dragons gaping ever ; hunger and thirst for everlasting, adders and toads gnawing on the sinful. Such sorrow and yelling and gnashing of teeth I heard there that nearly, for fear, I lost my wits. Such mirkness there was that I could grip it, and so bitter was the smoke that it made woe-ful wretches shed glowing tears ; and bitterly I heard

them ban the day when they were born. Now they long to die and cannot.' This reminds one of the gruesome details in the twelfth-century *Revelation to the Monk of Evesham*, and in the notorious *Gace's Catechism* of our own time. But these conceptions of the pains of hell were in no sense Rolle's peculium. He took them from the common intellectual stock of the time. They were 'no man's several.'

That this wise and saintly man was not without humour the following extract will show: 'If foul thoughts egg thee on to leave the Lord thy God, say this, "Whose is this image and superscription?" If he says, "Caesar's," that is, the prince of this world, that is, the fiend of hell, say to him, "Go again, thou foul fiend, with thy false money; bear it again with thee to hell; for my gates are shut, and my Lord dwells herein, therefore have I no time to deal with thee."' (*Our Daily Work.*)

'We live by Admiration, Hope, and Love'; and few have been more deserving of love and admiration than this penniless, selfless Plantagenet singer of the love of God to men. Rolle's services entitle him to the gratitude of every lover of spiritual and intellectual freedom, of all who 'set the spirit above the flesh,' and, not least, of all who prize and glory in what Gower—who followed Rolle in his courageous use of the vernacular—affectionately calls 'Our Englysshe': the noblest instrument for those who aim, as Gower did, to

... write in such a manner wyse
Which may be wisdom to the wise
And play to hem that liste to play.
(*Conf. Amantis.*)

H. H. OAKLEY.

THE IDEA OF LAW IN ST. PAUL

THE idea of law, as every student knows, fills a large place in the writings of St. Paul. How large the place is surprises even a careful student when he essays a closer investigation. To count the number of times the word 'law,' and cognate words, occur, while affording little help to the apprehension of the content of the idea, enables us to see its prominence in the apostle's thought.¹ No other class of terms, besides these relating to 'law,' is employed by St. Paul with anything like the same frequency. Nothing, then, could be of greater service to our understanding of the apostle's mind than the elucidation of the idea of law in his writings.

Paul wrote neither as a systematic theologian nor as a philological pedant, so that it is precarious to make round assertions as to his use of terms in his epistles. 'Law' always means the divine law in the abstract, and 'the law' always the law as given through Moses. Such questions are properly discussed in the Commentaries and Bible Dictionaries. Our purpose at present is different from, and complementary to, those discussions. It is to attempt to sketch St. Paul's world-view, and to show the place that law fills

¹ The Concordance shows that he uses the term 'law' (*νομός*) in 116 places, of which seventy-five are in Romans and thirty-one in Galatians. He employs 'commandment' (*ἐντολὴ*) in fourteen places, of which seven are in the former letter: strangely, this word has no place in the latter. Other Greek words translated 'law' are used in twenty instances. The cognate ideas of 'sin' and 'transgression' occur plentifully, 'guilt' and 'punishment' less often; but 'condemn' and 'condemnation' more frequently. To these must be added the adjective 'righteous' or 'just' and its congeners: the adjective is used seventeen times; the substantive 'justification' fifty-seven, of which thirty-three are in Romans; the verb of 'justification' fifty-three times, thirty times in the same epistle; and other words from the same root three times.

within it, to bring out into the light the philosophy implicit in his use of the idea of law. The value of such a philosophy of law in St. Paul becomes evident immediately we reflect on its bearings upon his whole doctrine of the Christian religion. For example, it bears weightily upon his soteriology, since he construes the atoning death of Christ in relation to law; and also upon his ethics, since believers are 'to fulfil the righteousness of the law.' These two instances serve also to show the timeliness of our purpose to a generation in which many avoid the forensic (so-called) aspect of Christ's death, and in which the ethical end is conceived after the Greek manner as 'goodness' rather than after the Hebrew as 'righteousness.'

Law in St. Paul is not always necessarily 'legal.' As he does not discriminate death as physical or spiritual, so he does not qualify law as legal or moral. He sometimes qualifies the term 'law' by genitives, to make it clear that the legal aspect is before his thought, e.g. Ephes. ii. 15, 'the law of commandments contained in ordinances.' So we may speak of his use of law in its moral or legal, in its ethical or juridical aspects. To do so will conduce to clearness of thought. That is legal which is in conformity with the letter or rules of the law; that is moral which accords with its principles and spirit. Paul was nobly hostile to law as legal, and has shown that Christ has destroyed its legal authority over the Christian for all time; yet he was not the enemy of law in its moral meaning, but has vindicated its value alike for doctrine and for ethics.

The law for St. Paul, in its spirit and principles, is a declaration of the will of God; its commandments are His commands. It is a transcript of His divine mind, an expression of His holy nature. Hence it is eternal, absolute, unchangeable. Its validity is abiding. Rubrics in the Mosaic ceremonial, and prudential rules in his civil code, had but a temporary validity. When they had served their purpose they were cancelled. But while they stood, so far

from being antagonistic to God's will and the principles of His law, they were in strict unison with them, were indeed an expression of them for the time then present. On the other hand, that the true worship, truth-speaking, honesty are right, and idolatries, lying, and theft are wrong, is due to no merely conventional expedient, temporary, and due in time to change, but to an eternal principle, and based on the will and nature of holy God, setting forth the essential moral character of Reality.

God's law is an expression of His will. But it is not its only expression. The whole law is a declaration of God's mind. But it does not declare His whole mind. God's will expresses itself also in mercy. His purpose with mankind is a purpose of grace. In Paul, law in its absolute sense, as Lightfoot has taught us, is 'an imperious principle . . . antagonistic to grace, to liberty, to spirit, and . . . even to life itself.' To-day we all are forward to attribute spirit, grace, and life to the will of God, but very reluctant, in inward thought and public speech, to refer the law to His will. We suspect an antinomy, and dislike facing it. The antithesis of law and grace, however, is resolved in a principle that transcends them both, the principle of the love of holy God.

God's law is an expression of His love. In this sense also, 'all's love, yet all's law.' To-day all good men are in love with love; but, to put it very mildly, they look askance at law. But law is one of love's strong and energetic sons, and discharges some of the necessary tasks of his noble father. To perceive that law partakes of the nature of love leads us to love law also. That this is true to St. Paul's idea of law becomes evident when it is pointed out that his antithesis to law is not love but grace. Grace is another of love's sons. God's grace is not His love; His grace is begotten of His love, and, like His law, carries out some of the behests of His love. Love is not an attribute of God, it is a constituent of His nature: St. John predicates of God

that He is love. Grace, however, is an attribute, and is one of God's relations to men. It is neither, on the one hand, an emotion merely, nor on the other an energy. God's grace is a gracious relation, and His law is a mandatory relation.¹ Care in the use of defining adjectives is here of the utmost importance. Should we say 'God's law is a legal relation,' we should state less than half the truth, for this relation is much less (is often not at all) legal than moral; but we cannot write 'God's law is a moral relation,' for this is conspicuously true also of His grace. Here we track down one of those obscurities of language which breed confusion of thought, and prevent our finding the way to the truth. In St. Paul God's law is a relation that He sustains to men, which is not necessarily legal, but is essentially ethical. The best term we can at present find is that used above; God's grace is a gracious relation, and His law a mandatory relation. Both these relations meet in, as they issue from, His love.

God's relations of moral love to a man change. They change as the man's moral will changes toward Him. At one time the man may offer passive resistance, at another rebellious hostility, to God's moral law and holy will; he may be impenitent, unyielding, disobedient. Again, he may be sullenly remorseful, reluctantly inclined to keep God's law and obey His will, but find himself unable to do so; at another time he may be penitent, trustful, and obedient. When the man's will is hostile, or obstinate, or even unyielding, God places Himself towards him in the mandatory relation; when he repents, surrenders, and intends obedience, God changes His attitude to the gracious relation.

Our intention in this essay is to show that, according to St. Paul's thought, when a man determines in his will to effect this deep and central moral change in his religious attitude, in his relation to God, and God's relation to him

¹ Law in its ideal is the statement of a *principle* of right in mandatory form.—J. C. FERNALD, *English Synonyms, &c.*

changes, he then passes out of one world into another. Nowhere in his epistles does St. Paul explicitly state this truth, yet it lies implicit in his thought. Our object is to elucidate it. By thus bringing it out into the clear light of thought we shall show that so long as the man is in the former world God presents to him 'the eternal laws of truth and right' in mandatory form, and when he passes over into the latter world in gracious form.¹

The apostle does not name these two worlds, as a speculative thinker would have done. His nearest approach to so doing is in such statements as that the man was 'in the world,' 'in sin,' and is now 'in Christ' or 'in the Lord.' We, however, may name the two worlds, keeping close to St. Paul's terminology, the natural world (*κόσμος ψυχικός*—the world of soul) and the spiritual world (*κόσμος πνευματικός*—the world of spirit). These two, as even a novice quickly learns, do not correspond to earth and heaven. The Christian believer while yet on earth may inhabit the spiritual world. The two, however, are similar, for instance, to the two worlds of Plotinus, according to the engaging explication of that mystic thinker, for which we are indebted to Dean Inge. Plotinus' spiritual world, however, is the *κόσμος νοητός*—the world of the moral reason. But one of St. Paul's most valuable contributions to the categories of speculative thought is that of 'spirit' and 'the spiritual.' For he has ethicized the meaning of this term, and ethicized it with the morality of holiness. With him the spiritual world is the perfectly and essentially holy world, the world that belongs to Christ's Holy Spirit.

The natural world, as created, is an imperfect copy of the spiritual world. While he lives in this world, the world of soul, a man lives only in and by his soul, and is dead to

¹ The law may and should be regarded as the moral ideal in an imperative form. Thus Lactantius calls Christ *viva praeiensque lex*.—Inge, *Personal Idealism*, Ed. iii., p. 168. Coming from this thinker this is significant.

the world of spirit. The morality of this natural world even at its best is natural morality, morality at the level of the soul. In this sphere, which is but a shadow, albeit a true shadow, of the spiritual sphere, God cannot make known to man in its perfection His holy law, for His law is spiritual (Rom. vii. 14). And man, not having full and complete knowledge of God's law, though such knowledge of it as he may have is true and adequate, cannot do God's law as it may be done in the world of spirit. An earnest man, while yet in the natural world, and striving to know as much of God's law as may be known in it, and to do as much as he knows, cannot reach his destined ethical end. The spiritual world is the sphere of the perfect morality, for in it God is able to make effective declaration of His holy law, and man is able to know it thoroughly and perfectly to obey it. In the natural world God's law for man is 'heteronomous,' the law of another person, and of a Person who, being only in a mandatory relation with him, appears to him to be hostile, and is in fact hostile, for reasons which will shortly be set down. In the spiritual world, however, God's law is 'autonomous,' for the spiritual man, being now in a gracious relation, consents to it with his moral judgement, himself takes it upon his will, and obeys it in love. Some thinkers have asserted that to be 'moral' the law must be autonomous; but this view loses sight of the truth that law as heteronomous is not necessarily legal, though it is mandatory. A man in the natural world, where God's law is necessarily mandatory, cannot rise above the idea that the righteous man must do his duty as compelled. He cannot 'lose the duty in the joy.'

For St. Paul the natural world, the world of soul, is darkened, disordered, and corrupted by man's sin, i.e. by his violations of God's law alike by his acts and in the disposition of his will. In this natural world man's soul is in a state of degradation and guilt. The apostle expresses this by his use of the term 'flesh.' On account of man's guilt

the natural world lies under God's sentence of doom. It is for this reason that God's law to men living in this world is the law of a hostile Power. For so long as a man inhabits the natural world he is dominated, in his thought and practice, by 'the flesh,' its corruption and its guilt; and 'the flesh' is an incurably evil principle inveterately hostile to God and to His law (Rom. viii. 7). Therefore God's law does not only appear to be the enemy of a man living in the natural world, it is so in reality.

Changes in God's moral relations are not merely changes as conceived by the man, merely subjective, or he would be under a delusion concerning the deepest and most vital thing in life—his relation to holy God. This thought St. Paul would have spurned with abhorrence. The change is objective and real. As long as a man is thus a natural man, he has not adopted and embraced God's holy law as the means to the realization of his destined ethical and religious end. Indeed, he cannot do so, for the 'sinful flesh' (Rom. viii. 8) in his soul resists God's law, overcomes its commands, and perverts them to its own nefarious purposes. Thus the law becomes 'the law of sin' (Rom. vii. 23), i.e. the law as utilized by sin to tyrannize over the sinner.¹ But when the man trusts in Christ, who by His death has 'magnified the law and made it honourable,' he has changed his will, espouses the law, and passes into the spiritual world. And here he finds God's attitude towards him changed from the mandatory relation to the gracious relation. But the relation between him and God is still moral, though in nothing legal. Grace is the noblest of all moral relations. And in the moral relation of grace God's holy law lies within the man's conscience and will, whereas formerly it lay upon them: formerly, too, the law was against his conscience and will; now it is for them, for the man now wills with his consecrated conscience to love the law. He is no longer under the

¹ *Vide* references at end of article.

condemnation of law but under the inspiration of grace (Rom. vi. 14).

To resume the argument : God's law is nothing arbitrary, but is a declaration of His will and nature ; it is not, however, an expression of His whole will, for His will shows also mercy. As expressing His nature, His law is a declaration of His love ; it sets up a mandatory relation, which may change to a gracious relation : these two relations constitute two worlds, the natural and the spiritual. The natural world is under the dominion of 'the flesh,' a sinful principle inherently hostile to God. In the natural world, therefore, God's law cannot be obeyed, He cannot get His will realized, but in the spiritual world 'the King's writ runs' ; the spiritual world is ordered and governed by the Holy Spirit of Christ, who, by His resurrection and ascension, opened it to all believers, and reigns and rules in it as the vicegerent of holy God.

Space now fails us to draw out the details of this interpretation of the idea of law in St. Paul, and we must rest content with indicating them suggestively.

God's law was in some measure made known to men before its promulgation in statutes and commandments by Moses (Rom. ii. 15, v. 20), even as it is known in rudimentary form by pagans to-day. Such men are in the natural world, but are not fully awake to its moral conditions and possibilities.

Until God's law comes home to a man in the natural world with inner moral conviction he is in this infra-moral condition (Rom. vii. 9) ; when it does effect this conviction, it arouses a sense of guilt, for in the natural world a man is under the tyranny of sin ; and God employs His law to bring home his condemnation. Under this conviction of guilt, he may resist the law, harden his heart, plunge deeper into lawlessness, and go forward into desperation (Rom. ii.) ; or, consenting to the law, and acknowledging his guilt, he may become penitent (Rom. vii. 7-25). In this moral

condition he hovers between the two worlds, 'one dead, the other powerless to be born.'

The law is a positive help to a man while yet a denizen of the world of natural morality, for its precepts and principles may train him for the higher morality of the spiritual world (Gal. iii. 23-6), and guard him from committing moral evil (Gal. iv. 1-5).

The law may be a help to a natural man, even when for the time it is his enemy, for by increasing, owing to its provocation of 'the flesh,' his offences (Gal. iii. 19; Rom. iv. 15), burdening his conscience with guilt (Rom. iii. 20, vii. 7), and sealing his doom (Rom. iv. 15; Gal. iii. 10-18), it is showing him its holy origin, its righteous character, and its good purpose (Rom. vii. 12), revealing to him his doom and danger, and making him solicitous to escape its bondage and obey its behests.

Two things, however, God's law cannot do for the natural man: it cannot effectively condemn the sin entrenched in his 'flesh,' and dethrone it from its seat upon his will (Rom. viii. 3, 4); and it cannot 'give him life' (Gal. iii. 21). But through Christ and by faith in Him he may be transferred into the spiritual world and come under God in His gracious relation.

Finally, when St. Paul speaks of Christ as 'the end' (i.e. the termination) of the law for righteousness' (Rom. x. 4), and of the believer as 'dead to the law' (Gal. ii. 19), he cannot (it should now be clear) mean that God's law, holy, righteous, good, and spiritual, has been cancelled or withdrawn. The Christian is still required 'to fulfil the righteous ordinance of the law' (Rom. viii. 3). Henry Vaughan, 'the Silurist,' has four stanzas which here are apposite. They are so little known that the third may be quoted:

Yet since man is a very brute,
And, after all Thy acts of grace, doth kick,
Slighting that health Thou gav'st when he was sick,

'The Law and the Gospel.'

Be not displeased, if I, who have a sute
 To Thee each houre, beg at Thy door
 For this one more ;
 O plant in me Thy *Gospel*, and Thy *Law* ;
 Both *Faith* and *Awe* ;
 So hoist them in my heart, that ever there
 I may, as well as *Love*, find too Thy *Fear* !

Thus are the divine eternal principles of God's law for ever operative. Yet they are no longer binding upon the believer, but operative within him, at once moral directions and gracious inspirations. For now he is domiciled in the spiritual world, a spiritual man, with the spiritual law in his soul, a soul now being transformed into spirit. In this spiritual world, and in the experiences of every denizen of it, God's moral law and God's moral grace are seen to be at one in the service of His holy love. 'The law of God' (Rom. vii. 22), i.e. the law which God announces, becomes 'the law of the mind' (Rom. vii. 23), i.e. of the *noûs*, the organ of moral discernment, seated in the believer's quickened spirit, for it is 'the law of the [Holy] Spirit' (Rom. viii. 2), made effective by Christ.' Thus is a man started on the progressive life of the highest morality, 'the perfecting of Christian holiness,' until, emancipated at length from the body and the material order, he shall prove God's holy law to be, as Browning saw it,

The ultimate angels' law,
 Indulging every instinct of the soul,
 There, where law, life, joy, impulse are one thing.

J. GRANGE RADFORD.

¹ *Vide* Denney, art. 'Law,' *H.D.B.* iii. 78 ; and for another interpretation, Sanday and Headlam, in loc.

A DEMOCRAT AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

THE *Life and Letters of Walter H. Page* made a profound impression when they appeared in 1922. The American Ambassador stood revealed, as the tablet in Westminster Abbey puts it, as 'The Friend of Britain in Her Sorest Need.' The third volume which Mr. Hendrick has been able to give us will deepen that impression on both sides of the Atlantic. It is published by William Heinemann (21s. net) and has a fine set of portraits which make the chief figures of the record stand out before us. The two volumes published in 1922 contained only a few of Mr. Page's letters to President Wilson, which 'represented his completely reasoned views on the great events that comprised his daily life,' but he was careless in failing to preserve the record he had so conscientiously made. 'Sometimes he would finish a letter at a single sitting; more frequently he would work laboriously until mailing-time, and hurriedly thrust the product into the diplomatic bag—no eyes having seen it save his own.' Mr. Woodrow Wilson's death has made it possible to publish the letters, and the State Department at Washington has allowed a selection from his war-time telegrams to appear. These letters and telegrams form the basis of the new volume, which will take rank as one of the most impressive pictures of the Great War as seen by 'A Democrat at the Court of St. James's.'

The two men had become friends in 1881 at Atlanta, Georgia, where Page was serving his apprenticeship to journalism, and Wilson was making a half-hearted attempt to start a law practice. Both were Southern born and both had studied at Johns Hopkins University. When Page became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* he turned to Wilson, who had the supreme gift of style, and his old friend

could not resist his appeal for articles. Page regarded him as one of the group of specially trained historical men who would show the artistic faculty. When Wilson was in Europe in 1896 he urged him to write on what constituted American nationality. He had been attracted to the subject by a passage in Jefferson's Letters where he draws a strong contrast between the advantages of European residence and American citizenship. Since Jefferson's time life in the United States had become very much fuller and richer in many ways; whilst what he called the disadvantages of European residence had become less. Government had become more liberal almost everywhere, and the individual had chances such as only noblemen had in Jefferson's day. Had the United States 'kept the promise of the early time to make an incomparable home for men'?

Page's interest in this country was not only due to its achievements in statesmanship. He was trained in the classics, but looked on the great English writers and the English language as more important. When Wilson's name was mentioned as a Presidential Candidate in 1907, Page described him as 'a man of high character, and of the best political ideals, a man who knows our history, our laws, and the genius of our people, American to the core, and linked by inheritance and by training to the best traditions of the past; a man who has had such executive experience as a University presidency demands (and that is a good deal), a man of a wide acquaintance, and of a mind of his own. . . . He uses our language with both strength and charm; he has a sense of humour; and he is a Democrat of the best traditions. What if a political miracle should happen and the long-lost old party should find itself by nominating such a man?'

The miracle did happen in 1912, and at the President's request, Page forwarded plans for improving country life and benefiting the farmers and their families. He also sent suggestions as to the Philippines, where in his opinion the

American occupation had been a great success. In March 1918 the President offered him the Ambassadorship to Great Britain, and Page let the spirit of adventure, which still stirred in him, lead him to accept the honour. He arrived in London in May. His biographer says, 'No more profound admirer of England had ever lived than this new American Ambassador; for twenty-five years, as editor and public speaker, he had advocated the intimate association of Great Britain and the United States as the one thing that would best promote human advancement; and English literature, from his boyhood, had been his main intellectual pursuit. For British democracy also, in its political aspects, he had a great respect. The debt of his own country to the political institutions of Great Britain he never wearied of portraying. Freedom, equality before the law, popular control of law-making, a government perhaps even more immediately in the hands of the voters than was that of the United States—all these things he definitely realized.'

When he came to this country there was a class-war and the threat of civil war over Ireland. 'The man who was making the greatest noise was not the Kaiser, but Lloyd George.' His determination to make Great Britain a happier and more fruitful country for the masses appealed strongly to Page. His speech on the 'Forgotten Man' was in line with the saying of Lloyd George that 'the day of the cottage man has dawned.' Page's recognition of the many high qualities of the British nobility appears in his early correspondence, and became more emphasized in war-time. He saw that 'the real strength of the British nobility consisted in a certain democratic principle; that it did not rest exclusively upon birth and antiquity, but that it had for centuries appropriated talent and character, wherever these qualities might be found.'

Page convinced English statesmen that the President's object in Mexico was to give its people, and all other peoples of Latin America, a chance for self-government and stability

where there had only been revolution. King George was much impressed and told the Ambassador: 'I don't want anything done that may cause us to be misunderstood by your people. Our friendship and good understanding shall not be broken, impatient investors and yellow journals to the contrary notwithstanding.' Page wrote to the President: 'He is frank, friendly, and well informed. I confess to a keen enjoyment of the conversation.'

When the Panama tolls were exciting much feeling in England, Page wrote: 'Still, deeper down than these symptoms, they like us, envy us, admire us, and in the coming years, as economic changes give us an ever clearer lead, they will follow us. I was never so sure that the command is ours and will fall into our hands more and more.' He told the President: 'I venture to say that no man is more eager to serve you or to help toward the building of a foreign policy worthy of the country than I am; I've got immensely interested in it, and I even believe that I see ways to do it.' Wherever he went he found that this nation would 'go any honourable length to please us.' He was confident that the British race was not degenerating. The noble families were in many respects the finest flower of British civilization. The noblemen seemed to include more first-class men than those of any preceding generation. Page spoke at Stratford on Shakespeare's birthday and said bluntly that this Englishman was the greatest poet of all the world. Morbid moods could not survive communion with his vast, healthful mind. 'Have you a taste for degeneracy in literature? He will not please you till he cure you. Then you will be well again, in fact. There is no other measure so good of our intellectual health and balance and toleration as the degree to which we enjoy this master's great craftsmanship.'

He sent the President delightful accounts of London Society and of the State Courts and balls. The great Englishmen, he said, practised hospitality on their fellows till it

took rank with painting, architecture, and literature. He gives a glowing account of a pageant at Hertford which portrayed a thousand years of the town's history. The comedies of his ambassadorial life made him smile. 'To-morrow I must unveil a picture of McKinley, and the next day a window to Pocahontas, and I have just received news that Booker Washington is coming, none of which is as good a show as a Buffalo-Bill kind of exhibition now given here as showing "the real life of the United States." At least we'll not die from ennui.'

The financial strain was heavy—he had a salary of \$17,500 and no official residence, whilst the British Ambassador at Washington received \$85,000. To maintain the office even in unostentatious times needed at least \$50,000. After a year in London, largely at his own expense, Page informed the President that unless a better allowance was given he would be compelled to resign; London, he said, was the centre of the world, and the American ambassador had by far more duties laid on him than all the rest of the ambassadors there put together. Everybody offered him entertainment, and some of this hospitality had to be returned. Thousands of Americans expected attention, and on America's natal day he had to hire a hotel and receive three to four thousand guests. The President made him an extra allowance from a special fund, but the larger part of his expenses for five years came from his private purse. He gave great offence to the anti-British elements in American life by describing the United States at the unveiling of a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Southampton as 'English-led and English-ruled,' but that outburst was soon forgotten in the presence of matters of far-reaching consequence. Page felt personal pride in Mr. Wilson's growing reputation in England and in Europe, and rejoiced to see 'a fine intellect, trained in literature and the science of government, successfully applying itself to great practical tasks' at Washington.

When the Great War became a certainty, Page was drawn into still closer relations with Sir Edward Grey, who for nearly ten years had succeeded in postponing that catastrophe. On July 27, 1914, he found Grey looking ten years older than he did a month ago. 'If Germany would give the word,' he said, 'war would be averted.' A few hours later Page met him at Lord Glenconner's. 'At dinner he was the same sad figure, saying little, absorbed, waking up once in a while with a smile, and then slipping back into silence. After dinner there was music, and he sat in a corner of the room—alone. He folded his arms and mechanically kept time with his foot, of course not hearing the music or anything else. The hostess sought him and marched him across the room, and he affected a certain gaiety which fooled nobody, not even himself. Lady Glenconner told me that he spent Sunday at her country house. In the afternoon he and she took a long walk, and he told the whole European political story to her two or three times. After they came back to the house, he went off on a still longer walk alone.' The situation interested Page intensely. 'Every ship is ready, every crew on duty, and every officer of the Admiralty Office in London sleeps with a telephone by his bed, which he expects to ring, and the telegraph men are at their instruments every minute. But of all men here the most impressive is the brooding, saddened, solitary Foreign Secretary, at whom men turn back and gaze as he drives along the street, and for whose success every wise man in all Europe prays to-night. And he will tell me with a melancholy smile the next time I see him of his unfortunate fate that he cannot go fishing.'

After three weeks of war he told the President: 'No one can describe this vast wreck. It will be ours to preserve civilization. All Europe is shooting it to pieces.' He was at work from the moment he awoke till twelve or two the next morning. Sir Edward Grey, singularly self-contained and unemotional, had wept in talking with him. He was

broken with care and lack of sleep, weighed down with an indescribable burden, yet at times roused with indignation, with a confident and invincible air. Page found it 'inspiring to watch this nation—sad, dead-in-earnest, resolute, united—not a dissentient voice—silent. It will spend all its treasure and give all its men, if need be. I have never seen such grim resolution.' He saw no hope of the world's going on towards ends and ideals that he valued until Prussian militarism was utterly cut out, as surgeons cut out a cancer. 'And the Allies will do it—must do it, to live. It would dash our Monroe Doctrine to the ground. It would even invade the United States in time.' It became clear that the German military party had deliberately planned the conquest of the world. But Page had no doubt that English freedom would be both saved and broadened, that the Empire would become bigger and very much more firmly knit. His letters are a survey of the whole scene. He was convinced that the United States could end the war, and could do so without a large loss of American life. That was the subject of his midnight meditations by his study fire. He tells the President that he wondered whether the United States ought not to step in and end the war on a definite programme of the reduction of armaments and the restriction of military authority. 'This slaughter and brutalization,' he says, 'beggar description. A man's life isn't worth a dog's life. A treaty is a scrap of paper. Nobody can stop it by "good offices" or mediation—by talk or reasoning. It can be stopped and ended quickly only by us, and we can do it only by actions and threats. If that be impracticable, they must fight it out to the bitter end.'

Mr. Hendrick says that 'instead of taking this plan to heart, the United States began the long and tedious and unprofitable quarrel with Great Britain over contraband and the blockade.' Whilst all men here were listening lest the very pillars of civilization should give way and the last

crash come, a telegram would arrive from Mr. Lansing, the Counsellor of the State Department, about a cargo of copper or wheat, saying that the Declaration of London was the farthest limit that the United States could go in permitting this or that. Page represented such matters to Sir Edward Grey with one or two members of the Cabinet and of his staff, and was met with the utmost conciliation. They were willing to take and pay for such cargoes—do anything save permit them to reach the Germans. 'Food-stuffs they will no longer stop; but war-stuffs must not go through.' This insistence on the Declaration of London was the more unreasonable as England had never accepted it in days of peace. Page regretted the action of his Government the more because he realized that 'All that holds the world together is the friendship and kinship of our country and this.' He said to himself every day, 'Steady, steady, and look a long way ahead. It's the big, lasting, profound things that count now, not the little tasks of the passing day or of the changing humour; and I try to keep the rudder true.'

It was a memorable concession when Colonel Squier, the military attaché to the American Embassy, was allowed to spend five weeks at the Front. He was taken into the British family and the British camp, and sent reports to Washington which would have saved many lives and much money had they been acted on. 'Washington, however, manifested no interest in them. They were deposited in appropriate pigeon-holes—where they still remain. How many officers read them is not known; that no action was ever taken is the fact.' Meanwhile Page himself was 'witnessing a gigantic collapse, not a mere war—something far more than that; and individual kindness and unspeakable pathos run through it all.'

The Ambassador rendered memorable service to this country in the matter of the *Dacia*, a German merchant-ship caught in an American port at the outbreak of the

war. Congress passed a law that admitted foreign-built ships to American registry, and, taking advantage of this, a group of German-Americans purchased the *Dacia*, raised the American flag, loaded her with cotton, and prepared to sail for a German port. Sir Edward Grey regarded this as the most ominous portent of the war. If our Navy seized the vessel and confiscated it as enemy property it might involve war with the United States. Page described his lengthy discussion with Sir Edward Grey on this matter as 'the most ominous conversation I have ever had with him.' If one ship could be purchased and used in this way the same thing could be done with the great German merchant fleet lying useless in American ports. The *Dacia* was allowed to sail by the United States Government, but Page dropped a hint to our Navy that her seizure by a French vessel would probably not cause a 'diplomatic incident.' That advice was followed. As soon as the *Dacia* appeared in the British Channel, she was seized by a French cruiser, taken into a French harbour, and put into a French prize court. 'Thus ended the great German-American plan to restore the interned German merchant vessels to the sea. No more *Dacias* sailed from American ports, and the great German merchant fleet interned in the United States remained there until the American Government, on its own declaration of war, itself took possession of the German ships.'

When the *Lusitania* was torpedoed on May 7, 1915, Page telegraphed to the President: 'It is war under the black flag. Indignation in the aggregate reached a new pitch.' His words fell on unsympathetic ears. Wilson's words at Philadelphia amazed every one: 'There is such a thing as a nation being too proud to fight.' Page telegraphed on May 11 that 'There is a good deal of contempt in British feeling. Fear grows of a moral failure on the part of the United States.' The President's first *Lusitania* note gave Page and this country generally great satisfaction, but

this was short-lived. It was followed by a complete divergence of views and sympathy between Ambassador and President which lasted until the United States entered the war. American war policy since the *Lusitania* he declared to be the policy of cowardice. He felt that if the President had given a sign or spoken a word when Belgium was invaded or the *Lusitania* sunk, the whole American people and American sentiment would have called Germany down quick and short, and gone to war if necessary.

His private secretary, 'as much of a real man as I have ever known,' resigned and went into the army. After a year he spent ten days' leave in London, and threw more light on the situation than Page had got from a dozen or two high officers back from the front. 'The Englishman,' Page says, 'has remarkable endurance. He has no nerves. Cornered he will fight as a tiger. He doesn't mind dying and he dies heroically. He loses twice as many men on every move as he need lose. Man for man, he is worth five Germans—alone. In an army every German is worth five Englishmen.' 'The Australians, New Zealanders, and Canadians (being Englishmen set free), are by far the best soldiers in the war. This American youth is like them.'

Page's own belief was that the only invincible thing in Europe was the English. 'If all Europe were against them instead of the Germans, still they'd win in the long run.' He was not blind to our faults. 'I swear at them and I bow low to them.' Lloyd George he described as 'one of the most energetic projectiles that I've ever watched or come in contact with.'

The amazing Zimmerman telegram in which the German Foreign Secretary sought to induce Mexico and Japan to make war on the United States was discovered and deciphered in February 1917, and on April 6 the United States was in the war. The wonderful Intelligence Service of the British Admiralty under Admiral Hall, to whose genius Page pays warm tribute, had unearthed the fateful

telegram. Page now had the intense satisfaction of seeing America fully enlisted in the war before he resigned his position as Ambassador in the spring of 1918. In his last letter to the President, on March 7, 1918, he says, 'I believe British opinion to be sound, and British endurance is only having its first real test. The "lower classes" are undoubtedly in favour of a fight to a finish. The Tommy is made of as good fighting material as there is in the world. He knows enough to be bulldoggish, and not enough to have any philosophic doubts. The aristocracy—the real aristocracy—too, are plucky to the last degree. There's one virtue that they have supremely. They do not wince. They seem actually to remember the hard plight that Napoleon put them in. They licked him. Hence they can lick anybody.' He gives an amusing picture of a dinner with a group of old peers, at the Athenaeum, which bears out his estimate. There was an air-raid, and, when the firing and bomb-dropping had ceased, the question arose whether it was safe to walk home. Mr. Page took five of them in his car—one on the front with the driver. 'There's no sham about these old masters of empire. They feel a proprietary interest in the King, in the kingdom, in everything British. Every man of them had done some distinguished service, and so have the sons of most of them, and at least half of them have lost sons or grandsons in the war, to which they never allude. Take 'em all in all, for downright human interest, I don't know where you'd find their equals.' He lived to rejoice over the Armistice, and died on December 21, 1918, at his home in North Carolina. His *Life and Letters* show how great a debt he has laid his own country and ours under by his wise counsels to the President and his warm support of the cause of the Allies. It has been given to few men to play such an influential part in the crisis of the Great War, and he has won by it an enduring place in the roll of Britain's friends and champions.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

A NEW EARLY WITNESS TO JESUS

AN important article by Dr. Robert Eisner in the October issue of the *Quest* does not seem to have received the attention it deserves. For some years scholars have been at work on a Slavonic version of the famous history of the destruction of Jerusalem, and the war that led up to it, by Josephus, who was an eye-witness of much that he describes. This Slavonic version is said to differ very widely from the one with which we are familiar, which was written by Josephus in Greek. Now Josephus says, at the beginning of his work, that he had formerly done the same thing in 'the language of our own country' and sent it out to the Jews of the Dispersion. There was a very good reason why he should write this account to his fellow countrymen, for he had to explain why he crossed over from the Jewish side to the Romans during the war. This Aramaic version of the Jewish war has disappeared altogether, but some scholars are inclined to think that it is preserved in this old Slavonic text, for it is quite possible that copies may have passed through Parthia into South Russia and been turned into Slavonic in the Dark Ages. This Slavonic text is therefore worthy of the most careful examination, and the publication of a complete translation will be awaited with much interest.

Meanwhile Dr. Eisner has given us the passage that relates to our Lord and the early days of Christianity. It is not found in the Greek version of the *Wars of the Jews* at all, but comes after the account of Pilate insisting that the Roman Standards should be carried into the holy city. We at once suspect this addition as a Christian insertion; that is to say, it is more than likely that Christian scribes, finding a mention of Pilate, would go on to add a testimony to Christ which they imagined would be appropriate to that context. This is exactly what is supposed to have happened to the other work of Josephus, which he calls the *Antiquities of the Jews*. It contains a famous passage about Jesus which, if it were genuine, would be the earliest testimony to our Lord by a non-Christian writer. It runs as follows: 'Now, there was about this time, Jesus, a wise man, if it be lawful to call him a man, for he was a doer of wonderful works—a teacher of such men as receive the truth with pleasure. He drew over to him both many of the Jews and many of the Gentiles. He was the Christ; and when Pilate, at the suggestion of the principal men among us, had condemned him to the cross, those that loved him at the first did not forsake him, for he appeared to them alive the

third day, as the divine prophets had foretold these and ten thousand other wonderful things concerning him ; and the tribe of Christians, so named from him, are not extinct at this day.' Nobody is prepared nowadays to regard this statement as the work of Josephus. It is incredible that an enthusiastic Jew should have written it. The general tendency has been to ignore it altogether as a Christian forgery. Dr. Eisner does not take that view. He is sure that Josephus had a passage about Jesus, because he has a later reference to 'James the Just, the brother of Jesus the so-called Christ,' which seems to look back to some account of Jesus. The probability is, therefore, that some Christian scribe did not manufacture this paragraph, but worked over what Josephus had to say and gave it a definitely Christian tone by his corrections and additions.

This is more probable because, in the Slavonic text of the *War of the Jews*, the Christian scribe seems to have added sentences without altering the original text. It is therefore a simple matter to remove these valueless additions, and then we get a passage that runs something like this : 'At that time, also, a man came forward, if one may call "a man" one who, in spite of his human nature and form, made a show of being more than a man, by working miracles through some kind of invisible power. Considering his general character, however, I shall certainly not call him an angel. Some said of him that our first lawgiver (i.e. Moses) had risen from the dead and was now showing forth many cures and arts. Others, however, said that he was the promised envoy of God. But he opposed himself in many things to the law ; for instance, he did not observe the Sabbath according to our ancestral law. Not that he did anything shameful or criminal himself, but, through his words, he instigated everything. And many from the folk followed him and accepted his teaching ; and many souls became wavering, believing that through it the Jewish tribes would set themselves free from the hands of the Romans. Now it was his habit to stay most of the time on the Mount of Olives, before the city, and there also he avouched his cures to the people. And there gathered themselves to him of slaves a hundred and fifty, and of the populace a crowd. But, when they saw his power, that he could accomplish everything he would by a word, they urged him that he should enter the city, and hew down the Roman soldiers and Pilate, and rule over us. Thereafter, when knowledge of it came to the Jewish leaders, they gathered together with the High-Priest and spake : We are powerless and weak to withstand the Romans, and, as the bar is bent also against us, we will go and tell Pilate what we have heard, and we will be without distress ; lest, if he hear it of others, we be robbed of our substance, and ourselves be put to the sword, and the children of Israel dispersed. And they went and told it Pilate ; and he sent and had many of the people cut down. As for that wonder-worker, he had him brought before him ; and, after he had tried him, they took him and crucified him according to the ancestral custom.' The great importance of this passage will be

at once seen if the claim for its validity can be sustained. It would be the most valuable piece of evidence in existence with which to rebut these eccentric historians who deny that Jesus of Nazareth ever lived at all. It is true that the name of Jesus does not occur in this passage, but there can be no doubt that he is the wonder-worker in question, and Dr. Eisner thinks the name has slipped out by some accident, which he explains. It is the kind of thing we can well imagine Josephus writing about Jesus, and is of real help in our own interpretation of the events in the life of our Lord from the entry into Jerusalem to the cross.

There is another addition which occurs in the Slavonic version of the *Wars of the Jews* two chapters farther on. After describing the governorship of Cuspius Fadus and Tiberius Alexander in Syria the writer goes on to say: 'At the time of these two, many had been discovered as subjects of the previously-described wonder-doer. And as they spake to the people of their rabbi that he is alive, although he had died, and that he would free us from servitude, many of the people gave ear to the above-named and took unto them their law. They were, you know, all from the lower orders, some just cobblers, others sandal-makers or other artisans. But, when these noble governors saw that the people were led astray, they deliberated with the scribes how to seize them, since "the small is no longer small when it ends in being great." They sent away some of them to the Emperor, others to Antioch for a trial of the matter, others they exiled to distant countries.' Here again the verisimilitude of the passage is exact. Antioch, as the head of the Roman province of Syria, would naturally be the place at which appeals from Judaea would be heard, unless they went, as Paul's did, to Rome. The Christian scribe adds passages in which he tries to show that the Romans had no bias against the Christians, but Josephus leaves us with the impression that the Jews were supported by the Roman authorities against the Christians. We can see that the story of the early persecution may need to be rewritten if this is accepted, and the theory of Ramsay, at least, will need very careful revision.

From the results gathered from the study of the Slavonic version of the *Wars of the Jews*, Dr. Eisner turns back to the well-known passage in the *Antiquities*, and attempts to recover the original version. Those who are interested in the subject should turn to the article in the *Quest*, and continue their studies in Professor Istrin's edition of the Slavonic Josephus when it, or the English version of it, appears.

A. W. HARRISON.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE new *Life of Abraham Lincoln*, by the Rev. William E. Barton (Arrowsmith, 2 vols., 86s. net), represents years of painstaking investigation into every available source of information. He acknowledges his obligation to earlier biographers, but has

been 'able to explore with greater thoroughness some fields hitherto inadequately covered and to penetrate some areas hitherto unknown.' He had already written two volumes on *The Soul of Abraham Lincoln* and *The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln*, and his present MS. has travelled with him, in whole or in part, on innumerable journeys wherein he has followed the life trail of Lincoln. It is a notable piece of work, which throws light on many sides of Lincoln's early history and helps us to understand his position as President in the fateful times of the Civil War.

The log cabin in which Lincoln was born had one room, with an unglazed window, a door at the side, and a stick-chimney at the left hand as one entered. 'There probably was not a single nail in the entire structure. What chinking there was between the logs we may not now know, but in most cabins of this character there was no lack of ventilation.' Both Lincoln's parents were born in Virginia; and both emigrated into Kentucky in early childhood. They were Baptists, but were married on June 12, 1806, by Jesse Head, an editor and local deacon in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Mr. Barton gives a vivid picture of the wedding, drawn from various sources. Two years later the Lincolns moved with their little daughter to Rock Spring, or Sinking Spring, where their boy was born on February 12, 1809. His father had a little farm and was road surveyor. Abe's life was that of a normal backwoods boy. Kentucky was 'a horse-racing, whisky-drinking community, with poverty as a check upon great excess in either gambling or drinking.' It was a land of superstitions, some of which Lincoln inherited and never outgrew.

The family moved to Spencer County, Indiana, in 1816, and two years later Lincoln's mother died. In 1819 his father married the widow of Daniel Johnston, who had three children of her own. The home now took on a new character and became a place of pleasant associations and happy memories. The youth borrowed Weem's *Life of Washington* from a neighbour, and when it got spoiled by rain as it lay on a shelf below an unchinked crack, he pulled fodder for three days at twenty-five cents a day and bought the damaged book. He was a good reader and a good writer, who won the respect of teachers and school-fellows. 'His habitual and well-known fairness caused him to be chosen to decide mooted questions, and his decisions were accepted without appeal. Altogether it is an attractive young giant who emerges from our study of the conditions of Lincoln's boyhood. He was rude and uncultured; but he had a good mind, a warm heart, a love of justice and fair play, and a high sense of honour that won for him the lasting respect of those who knew him.' He suddenly shot up in his eleventh year and soon overtopped all his companions. Though quick-witted and ready with an answer he now began to exhibit deep thoughtfulness, and was often lost in study. By the time he was seventeen he was six feet four in height, and knew how to use his axe, and could plough and reap. He was also in demand in hog-killing, for which he was glad to receive a modest payment. He built a flat-bottomed boat and worked a ferry.

Another man held a licence to ferry passengers across the Ohio and brought a charge against him of infringing his rights, but Lincoln informed the magistrate that he had only taken passengers out to mid-stream that they might catch the steamers. He won his case, and when the magistrate told him that every man ought to know something about law, he took opportunity to attend the court and began to study a book of Indiana statutes.

When he was twenty-one the family moved to Illinois, where Lincoln lived until he became President. He earned a pair of new trousers by splitting rails at the rate of four hundred for every yard of brown jeans dyed with white walnut bark. A man visited the neighbourhood and made a speech. John Hanks, his closest companion, declared that Lincoln could make a better, and when he spoke on the navigation of the Sangamon river his rival was impressed and encouraged him to persevere in his studies.

He was wondering what he could do to earn a living when he met Denton Offutt and agreed, with two other friends, to navigate a flat-boat to New Orleans with a cargo of grain, pork, and pigs for sale. At New Orleans he saw a slave-auction, and the way that a mulatto girl was handled seemed to him wicked and debasing. He told his companion that if ever he got a chance to hit slavery, he would hit it hard. Ten years later he watched ten or a dozen slaves shackled with iron on a river steamer. 'The sight was a continual torment to me, and I see something like it every time I touch the Ohio or any other slave border.' The experiences of this period were gradually preparing him for his future. He did not love work, though he could do arduous labour when need arose. His skill in wrestling made him the popular hero of a rough gang of Clary Grove boys, and they served under him in the Black Hawk war, by which Illinois was delivered from fear of the Indians. He became a candidate for the Legislature of the State, but was defeated by Peter Cartwright, the popular Methodist preacher. He was now a merchant and postmaster at New Salem, where he won the name of 'Honest Abe,' which he never lost. When the business failed he shouldered all the liabilities, which hung round his neck for years, and which he called 'the National Debt.'

In 1834 he was elected to the Legislature and had to borrow money to go to the State capital at Vandalia. He made no marked impression, but he met Stephen A. Douglas, with whom he was to have his famous debates. He had secured a copy of Blackstone's *Commentaries* and mastered it as he lay on his counter or in the shade of a tree. His reply to Forguer, a noted orator who had tried to take the young man down, was so sweeping that his friends bore him in triumph on their shoulders from the great mass-meeting. The speech vastly enhanced his reputation. He was admitted as a lawyer in March, 1837, and moved to Springfield, which now became the State capital. It was predicted that he would be a great man, and sometimes he believed it. But he was heavily in debt and rode on a borrowed horse to his new quarters. His partner wished to devote himself to

politics, and Lincoln had to manage the law business and conduct the cases. He was now the recognized leader of his party in the House of Representatives and was looked upon as a man of coming political power. He was married to Mary Todd on November 4, 1842, and in December, 1847, took his seat in Congress. His speech in January on a post-office question won him immediate recognition. A year later he introduced a bill which provided for the gradual emancipation of slaves in the District of Columbia. The bill did not become law, and Lincoln's term in Congress seemed to give little hope for his future.

His fortunes were far from brilliant. He was offered the governorship of Oregon, but his wife did not wish to leave Springfield. 'Her home was there, and her friends were there, and she had more faith than Lincoln had just then in his political future.' He therefore devoted himself to court work, leaving his partner, Herndon, to do the main part of the office duty. Lincoln travelled from one county seat to another, stopping at crude taverns, where he never seemed to notice whether the food was good or poor, or the beds clean or soiled. He appeared in the Supreme Court of Illinois in 175 cases, and in two cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. For one suit, on behalf of the Illinois Central Railroad, he received \$5,000, half of which went to his partner. His practice covered the whole range of civil and criminal laws and equity. When at Springfield he did the family marketing, carrying a basket of meat and groceries on his arm and holding one of his boys with the other hand. Most of his day was spent in the office; when at home his favourite position was to lie on the floor with a chair tilted to support his back as he read. His debts were paid before he left Congress and there was more ease in financial matters.

From 1849 to 1854 Mr. Barton says Lincoln kept rather well out of politics. The slavery question was becoming acute. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* appeared in 1850, and 800,000 copies were sold within twelve months. Lincoln was as much opposed to radical abolitionism as to slavery. Ever since the visit to New Orleans his conscience had condemned the system which was founded on injustice and bad policy. The repeal of the Missouri Convention in 1854 opened to the possibility of slave occupation an area equal to that of the original thirteen states. Stephen Douglas played a leading part in its adoption and this brought Lincoln back to politics. Douglas defended his course at Springfield, and Lincoln replied to him the following night. The Republican Party was born that year. A convention of all who were opposed to slavery was held in 1856, and Lincoln was from the first recognized as the outstanding leader. He made a speech hurling thunderbolts against the foes of freedom, and the Convention went fairly wild in its enthusiasm. Not only did the speech 'commit Lincoln uncompromisingly to the whole programme of the New Republican Party, but it committed that party in Illinois to Lincoln.' He was soon involved in the famous debates with Douglas. They were printed in full, eagerly read throughout the country, and were recognized as the best popular interpretation of the issue between

the two parties. Lincoln had now become a national figure, and his speech at Cowper Institute in New York on February 27, 1860, had much to do with his nomination for the Presidency by the Republican Convention at Chicago in May, 1860. He was elected President in November.

No one can describe the anxieties and burdens of his Presidency. His Cabinet had to be made to recognize his power; an army had to be created, and a competent general discovered; the abolitionists were critical and impatient; office-seekers were a constant annoyance. But gradually Lincoln made himself master of the whole situation. The Emancipation Proclamation of 1862 was followed in 1865 by the abolition of slavery for ever wherever the flag of the United States should float. His address at Gettysburg was at first regarded as something of a failure, but it gradually came to be looked on as one of the classics of the Civil War. He was re-elected in 1864, and the following April saw the surrender of Lee's army and the virtual end of the Civil War. Before the week was out Lincoln was assassinated, and Secretary Stanton exclaimed, 'Now he belongs to the ages.' It was no hasty word. He had held the North together, had saved the nation and freed the slave, and, as Lord Charnwood says, 'In this man a natural wealth of tender compassion became richer and more tender, while in the stress of deadly conflict he developed an astounding strength.' Bishop Simpson offered prayer at the service at the White House, and his funeral address at Springfield was 'a worthy tribute to a great man.' Lincoln's relation to labour, his oratory, and his humour are well described. Justice is done to his wife, who had her blemishes, probably due to a long-standing cerebral disease, but whom her husband loved and was proud of. Lincoln had a tender heart and a mind capable of indefinite growth. Viscount Curzon ranked the Gettysburg Address and the Second Inaugural, with Pitt's toast after Trafalgar, as the three supreme masterpieces of English eloquence. Lincoln was generous and magnanimous, and forced the nation to deal with slavery as a moral question. His deep and true religious feeling is manifest in his Second Inaugural. He believed in God, and felt that 'the judgements of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.'

THE CREED OF THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH

In the Shepherd of Hermas, a Christian document of the second century, the following passage occurs: 'A revelation was made to me, brethren, while I slept, by a very beautiful young man who said to me, "Who do you think the old lady was from whom you received the little book?" "The sibyl," I replied. "You are wrong," he said. "It was not the sibyl." "Who was it, then?" I asked. "The Church," he replied.'

One of the principal functions of the Church is to teach. It seems

clear from Luke i. 4 and Rom. ii. 18 that in the early Church young Christians received regular instruction in the teaching, acts, and experience of Jesus. Evangelicalism did not end then with conversion as has often happened since, the Church becoming merely a converting agency. It is the duty of the Church to-day to resume its teaching function, instead of exhortation, or, rather, in addition to it, and train its members in the theory and practice of Christianity. Its creed should be intelligible, and things outgrown should be removed, as the struggle in the primitive Church teaches us. The Church should lead, and not follow, public opinion. It should stop repeating lessons learned long ago, and should show, as it was meant to do, that revelation is ever enlarging knowledge as new light is thrown by the Holy Spirit and by experience on God's word. The spiritual interpretation of the Word belongs to every age, and, consequently, the great fundamentals of the faith require to be rethought in every age. The measure in which the Church does this is the measure in which it can convince the world that Christianity is something that has to do with issues, not remote, but real and near.

At a time when a prevalent feeling is that God is remote, and that, though He may have been the cause of the moral order of the world, He is rather indulgent; when religious beliefs are not the moral forces they once were; when religion is a vague optimism, with nothing in it of the truth the Apostle Paul taught when he wrote to the Galatians: 'Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap eternal life'; when special forms of religion—Christian Science and Spiritualism—are manufactured to meet the age, the necessity for lifting up Christ crucified and emphasizing the significance of the cross is extremely urgent. 'The expulsive power of a new affection,' which cleanses the life of the individual and of the community, can come only thus. The Churches have been too Laodicean, with the result that the people have become so indifferent that they will not take the trouble to attend public worship or read the Scriptures.

Further, the Church is ever learning more and more about Christ through the Holy Spirit in the fields of the divine Word and of experience, as the scientist is continually making discoveries in the realm of nature. There is nothing final about theology or creeds; modern Christianity demands a conception of God big enough to meet the ever-growing needs of human experience and knowledge. The final revelation of God is in Christ—in His Person and Teaching. But it is ever to be remembered that in the writings of the Old and New Testaments we have the history of that revelation in its different stages rather than the revelation itself; that is, an account of how God has been educating His great family of the human race, and is educating and saving it still. Hence the truth in the Old Testament, the background of the New Testament—and without which it would not be intelligible—is necessarily incomplete, and mixed with much that is temporary. In the New Testament we have the perfect

truth, but it is conveyed to us in 'earthen vessels'—in forms borrowed from the times of its revelation. So the truth requires ever to be distinguished from the form; and living Churches, consequently, have their Declaratory Acts. What Schweitzer says regarding Jesus, that 'He belongs to His own age and cannot be transported into ours,' is not true. Jesus has actually been a power in the Church through the centuries, and is so still. His teaching is applicable to every age. His meaning, though He is somewhat 'restrained by the apocalyptic beliefs of His time,' is intelligible to all races and generations. As the Son and Vicegerent of God, He received a direct message, independent of such beliefs. But to get into contact with the Jewish mind it was necessary for Him to use the current categories, to convey His conception of God and His Kingdom; and these conceptions have a truth and value of their own, apart from the forms in which they are expressed, but these forms are not without their value also, as they exercise a great influence on the historical development of Christianity. The Christian Church came into existence as the New Israel, the nucleus of the chosen community, which is to inherit the eternal kingdom of God, when the Messiah shall have come in His glory.

In our creeds at present there is too much of the terminology of Greek philosophy, which has only been obscuring our vision of the Christ of God, and in the revised creeds the temptation, in this scientific age, to employ scientific categories must be resisted. The creeds have often failed, but the gospel of Jesus Christ has ever commended itself to people of every nationality and stage of culture—even to the most primitive; for example, to the cannibals of the South Seas—because it meets the 'upward surge of the ideal in humanity.' Men find in the Christ of the gospel what they have been feeling after, and each exclaims: 'This is the ideal of my soul, in likeness to whom I shall be perfect and find peace.' There is a Sir Galahad in every man, in readiness to admire, in longing to be loyal, to the highest that he knows. And when the Ideal Man is presented to seeking souls, like climbing plants, they throw out their swaying tendrils to grasp Him who alone can satisfy them, and lift them into the strength and beauty which characterize those living in the sunshine of the Kingdom of God.

ALEXANDER MACINNES.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Attributes of God. By Lewis Richard Farnell. (Clarendon Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE Rector of Exeter College was naturally embarrassed in finding a novel theme for a second series of Gifford Lectures, but he could not find that any of his predecessors had chosen 'the attributes of God,' though that subject is explicitly mentioned in Lord Gifford's deed of foundation. He was not directly concerned with the question of the existence of God, which is the basis of all higher religion, but with the qualities and activities attributed to God in the living religions, or in those that have lived and had force. It is well said that no religion can be maintained on a consciousness that man invented and developed God and built up the divine character as a reflex of his own nature and aspiration. However prone man has been 'to make gods in his own image,' he has been able to transcend that phase of self-deception, and to achieve a stable faith in objectively real personages with essential and eternal attributes higher than man's, and not given by man. A personal god must also be a conscious god. 'Neither the unconscious god nor the Unconscious Absolute belong to the real history of religion.' We cannot imagine a vital religion that could wholly escape the influence of anthropomorphism. 'A religion without a personal god has not yet been found to be a living and enduring force.' The lecturer sets us thinking when he says 'The idea of godhead must become more and more pluralized if the worship of the goddess and the adoration of saints and images gain ground more and more.' He quotes Dr. James Moulton that the name monotheism 'is really misleading as soon as prayer is offered to any spirit less than God himself.' 'Divine morality is a reflex of human ethic raised to its highest imaginable power.' 'The spiritual order is permeated with the power and essence of God.' We may add the last sentence of the lectures: 'Intellectual progress in a religion means progress towards harmony and coherence in its assumptions; its moral progress depends on its willingness to revise and purge from time to time its liturgy, ritual, and sacred texts, so as to bring them into unison with its accepted knowledge and its highest moral ideals.' There is much in the volume that invites critical study, but it bears strong witness that God has not left Himself without witness in all lands and ages.

Deutero-Isaiah. By Reuben Levy, M.A. (Oxford University Press. 5s. net.)

Mr. Levy was Senior Kennicott Scholar at Oxford, and is now

Professor of Biblical Literature in the Jewish Institute of Religion, New York. He gives a new translation, which indicates by accents the rhythm of the original and brings out from rabbinical sources the influence of Deutero-Isaiah on Judaism. In Isaiah i.-xxxix. the prophet is in Palestine, concerned with the danger of invasion both by Assyria and the still-unconquered King of North Israel. Deutero-Isaiah, chaps. xl.-lv., speaks, at the end of the Babylonian exile, of an immediate release from captivity and of a return to Palestine. Mr. Levy suggests that the Deutero-Isaiah chapters may have been added to chaps. i.-xxxix. by 'some editor who found the scroll of Isaiah's prophecies not commensurate, as he thought, with that prophet's importance.' Chaps. xl.-lv. have 'certain characteristic methods of construction, and tricks of language, which are sufficiently well marked to justify talk of a Deutero-Isaiaic style.' The Servant poems are the most original, and perhaps the most valuable part of the prophet's teaching. Mr. Levy says 'for long the Christian Church held that the last Servant poem directly foreshadowed the life of Jesus of Nazareth, but modern scholarship has decided that that is against the evidence of the text.' One cannot, however, read chap. liii. in Mr. Levy's version without feeling that only the application to Christ can meet the wonderful detail of the prophecy. The influence of Deutero-Isaiah on the rabbis, and in mediaeval and modern literature, is traced with interesting illustrations, and the influence of his conception of suffering on subsequent Jewish literature is shown. The liturgy of the synagogue, 'in its penitential parts, constantly urges the merits of the martyrs of the nation in mitigation of Israel's sin,' but it is 'rather the teaching of Jeremiah and Ezekiel—the responsibility of the individual—which has had greater influence.' 'The catholic spirit of Deutero-Isaiah is affecting increasing numbers, even among those who would insist on a national interpretation of Judaism.' The commentary is very suggestive—as one might expect from a Jewish scholar—and the accented rendering will be welcomed by students.

Providence: Divine and Human. By E. Griffith-Jones, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.)

For many years *The Ascent through Christ* has been the most competent and useful study, known to us, of Christian doctrine in the light of the theory of Evolution. Now we have from its author, Principal Griffith-Jones, a work on similar lines. That which is new in the treatment is the consideration of the divine and human factors of the problem as far as possible separately. The first volume, now before us, deals with the world 'as God made it, and with its evolution as He intended it to be.' The second volume will take up the chequered history of human discipline—intellectual, moral, and religious, man's failure to respond to the divine guidance, and the conditions of his ultimate redemption and victory. It may be said at once that the book is a most frank and satisfying discussion of the subject, and most opportune. Amidst streams of books in

some few departments of scholarship we cannot recall for a long time anything outstanding on Providence. At the same time the very notable recent advances in our knowledge of the physical world, and of biology, and the wiser and saner outlook of the philosophy of science, make any such study full of new promise. In treating of the subject, first various causes of the loss of faith in the Providential Order are considered, in view of an analysis of the 'modern mind.' A general outline of the Christian belief follows, from which we quote a few lines (*a*) on miracle, and (*b*) on prayer. 'The proper criterion of an alleged miracle is thus, not whether it is a contravention of physical law, but *whether it fills a true function as a special, personal, revealing, spiritual act*. Its possibility is not in question if its spiritual value is guaranteed. The rest is purely a problem of evidence.' 'Just as in human intercourse we interpenetrate and share in one another's lives, lending to and receiving from each other's resources, so in prayer the personal God, by our consent, shares our inner experience, and we His. Reciprocity is of the essence of personal intercourse.' The bulk of the book is given to a discussion of the problem of Purpose and the problem of Evil, both of vital importance. Under the first heading the difficulties are dealt with which arise out of the seeming cruelties and failures in the world of animate life, and here the argument is not strained. Where we are ignorant, the ignorance is acknowledged, and the final solution left open. It is claimed with justice that the Evolution Theory itself provides the final proof of purpose in the history of the universe. The various aspects of the problem of Evil are distinguished as Limitation, Error, Suffering, and Sin, and to each a thorough consideration is given. The function of pain in the animal world is very fully treated, and, in the closing chapters, a strenuous effort is made to set out the full Christian doctrine of sin and redemption in evolutionary terms. 'The Christian view of the world is thus at once *evolutionary and redemptive in character*.' 'It is one of the axioms of the Evolutionary Theory that, once a creature has departed from the upward line of advance, it can never return to its former path, but is doomed to degeneracy and ultimate extinction. But from the divine side, according to the Christian faith, this failure on the part of man has been the opportunity of God.' And so, where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

Essays and Letters on Orders and Jurisdiction. By F. W. Puller, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

In the first of these papers on 'The Grace of Orders and Apostolic Succession' Mr. Puller holds that it was to the Eleven that our Lord gave the command: 'Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations.' He sets forth some of the reasons which have induced the Church to believe that after His resurrection our Lord gave certain powers to His disciples, and did not give them to all His followers. He has 'never seen proof, which carried conviction, that the Church

has at any time recognized the validity of Orders conferred by presbyters.' The ordinations by Titus and Timothy are admitted, but they are included among staff officers to whom St. Paul communicated, 'no doubt by ordination, the apostolic power of ordaining.' He has to face Bishop Lightfoot's conclusions on the subject, and we do not think he is successful in doing so, though the case for Apostolic Succession is very ably advocated. Mr. Puller deprecates any attempt, from a desire to promote an external reunion, to 'offer to recognize the validity of ministries created, not by Christ the King, but by uncommissioned men.' That is, no doubt, the High Church view, and though Mr. Puller says 'I do not dream of putting any limits to God's mercy, or to His power of making His grace overflow the normal channels which His wisdom has created,' there is little hope of reunion whilst such views prevail. The letters on 'Assistant Bishops' bring out clearly that orders are transmitted by each of the bishops who take part in the laying on of hands. There is also an interesting section on 'Careless Baptisms.'

The People and the Book. Essays on the Old Testament.
Edited by Arthur S. Peake, D.D. (Clarendon Press.
10s. net.)

Professor Peake has edited this volume at the special request of the Society for Old Testament Study, who felt that there was danger lest the Old Testament should be relegated to a position of relative insignificance. 'Partly this has been due to the franker recognition of its very mixed character and the persistence of lower elements in it alongside of the more elevated, partly to the results of higher and historical criticism and of biblical theology.' The Christian, however, 'while claiming that in Jesus revelation attained its summit, is also committed to the belief that this is the final stage of a long and gradual process divinely planned at the outset, and guided to that goal.' Professor Box brings this out clearly in his 'Essay on the Value and Significance of the Old Testament in Relation to the New.' It is pleasing to find a Jewish scholar, the late I. Abrahams, Reader in Talmudic at Cambridge, writing on 'Jewish Interpretation of the Old Testament.' He says that 'whatever be the defects of the Targum, whatever its "prejudices," it is, so far at all events as the Pentateuch is concerned, in the main a fairly faithful interpretation.' Dr. T. H. Robinson's account of 'The Methods of Higher Criticism,' and Professor McFadyen's 'Present Position of Old Testament Criticism,' give a balanced and trustworthy sketch of the real position. Dr. Peake describes his own view of this subject in his Introduction. He says 'the most notable advance in Old Testament scholarship has been due by common consent to the enlargement of our horizon by discoveries in the lands with which Palestine was in contact and in Palestine itself. Israel and the Old Testament have been taken out of their former isolation. Dr. Hall, Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian

Antiquities at the British Museum, has written on 'Israel and the Surrounding Nations,' and Dr. Stanley Cook on 'The Religious Environment of Israel.' Dr. Peake himself writes on 'The Religion of Israel from David to the Return from Exile,' and Professor Emery Barnes carries on the subject to the death of Simon the Maccabee. The goal of the studies is to understand the religion, and we must know the history before we can understand the religion. Four essays have therefore been devoted to the history, and Dr. Oesterley has sketched the development of the worship as a connected whole. The book was really needed, and it has been carried out by expert students in a way that will commend it to all who wish to understand a subject of vital importance to Christian thinkers.

The Date of the Exodus in the Light of External Evidence. By J. W. Jack, M.A. (T. & T. Clark. 10s. net.)

The Exodus and its various historical problems can only be properly understood and interpreted by the aid of trustworthy external evidence. Mr. Jack has here availed himself of the results of the most recent discoveries in Egypt, Palestine, Asia Minor, and the East, and has at the same time kept in touch with genuine biblical criticism. It is a period when Hittites, Amorites, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Israelites all come into contact. 'The land of Canaan, as the bridge between Egypt and the various nations of Asia, becomes specially important.' The whole period is of the greatest interest to biblical students, and the discoveries at Tel el Amarna, Boghaz Keni, and elsewhere, have thrown welcome light upon it. We are in a much better position for dealing with the subject than was possible a few years ago. The question of the particular dynasty under which the Exodus occurred is discussed. The late-date theory which places it under the successor of Rameses II (1801-1284 B.C.) is supported by the fact that the Israelites built the treasure cities of Pithom and Raamses (or Rameses). Mr. Jack holds that it is incorrect to say that the founder of these cities must have been Rameses II, and that the Exodus cannot have taken place till after his reign. Another important factor is the Egyptian control of Palestine, and to this two chapters are given. The argument that no outside force could have settled in Palestine till the reign of Rameses III (c. 1204-1172) at least is held to be erroneous. The connexion between Akhenaton's movement and the Exodus forms an interesting study. Both the King and the Israelites were concerned with one God only; both condemned graven images and other superstitions; and both had spiritual characteristics of a high order. Mr. Jack lights up many pages of Egyptian history and weaves together a strong line of evidence for 1445 B.C. as the probable date of the Exodus. His table of dates fixes the entry of Israel into Egypt to 1875 B.C.; the birth of Moses 1500; the entry into Canaan shortly after 1400; the accession of Solomon 969. Important appendices add to the value of an illuminating study.

Personal Religion and the Life of Fellowship. By William Temple. (Longmans & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Bishop of London has been fortunate in securing this 'most powerful and convincing book' for Lenten study in his diocese. It begins with the Christian conception of God and of history. Then it brings out the place of the Church in the Creed, and comes to its central thought that the Christian life is a life of membership in a society. People often cling to the notion that their devotional life at any rate is their very own. Our Lord always describes us as children before our Father, but we often behave as if each one were an only child. 'This is a form of practical polytheism, for it really involves that each has his own god.' The chapter on 'The Primary Need—Conversion' makes an earnest appeal to the reader 'to prepare for an Easter which shall be a world's resurrection to the life of love and joy and peace by a new opening of your own mind and heart to the love of Christ. Think what it is for which He hopes—a fellowship of free spirits united in a love which both answers and reproduces His.' It is a means of grace to ponder such counsels.

The Student Christian Movement issues some volumes of great interest. *Eleven Christians* (5s. net) give studies in Personality by members of the Fellowship of the Kingdom. Mr. Flew writes on Clement of Alexandria; Mr. Chapman on St. Augustine; Mr. Ives on James Smetham. They are discriminate and instructive essays which will strongly appeal to thoughtful readers. '*How readest thou?*' (4s. net), by Stephen Neill, is an introduction to the New Testament which aims at brevity and simplicity. It is based on experience gained in work amongst boys, and is both practical and devotional. *The Healing of the Nations* (4s. net), by Archibald Chisholm, D.Litt., is concerned with social problems in their international aspects. What we have to guard against is the failure to apply Christ's method to human life. This attempt to show how Christian principles may be applied in the realm of international politics deserves careful study. It is both broad-minded and sagacious. *Five Indian Tales* (4s. net), by F. F. Shearwood, are the work of an Indian chaplain whose devotion cost him his life. They are rich in colour, full of incident, and throw light on many sides of Indian life. *Betting Facts* (2s.), by E. Benson Perkins, brings out the details which emerged in the Parliamentary Committee on the subject. It is a terrible unveiling, and every one who is concerned for the national well-being will do well to consider it carefully. *The Devotional Study of the Bible* (1s.), by the Bishop of Edinburgh, dwells on the need for order, helps, silence, &c., and illustrates the counsels by Dr. Walpole's own method of study. *The Hallowing of Work* (1s.) is a reprint of Dr. Francis Paget's addresses to schoolmasters at Eton. It is an impressive and fruitful little book. '*I believe*' (1s.), by C. F. Angus, M.A., is a strong plea for intelligent faith in the Fatherhood of God and the divinity of Christ.

Mr. Oldham's *Devotional Diary* (2s.) suggests matter for daily intercession, with pages for noting the time spent in private each day. There is also space for entering subjects that have made a special appeal. The idea is fresh, and Mr. Oldham knows how to work it out very helpfully. *The Heart of Israel*, by G. W. Thorn (4s.), is 'an approach to the Book of Psalms' which regards it as the hymn-book of the Jewish Church, and describes its growth and its chief features—its poetry, religion, nature-teaching, and its prophetic ideals of Christ and His Kingdom. It is a volume which will be a real help, both to students and to devout readers.

Some Postulates of a Christian Philosophy. By W. M. Relton, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 7s. 6d. net.) Dr. Relton is Vicar of Isleworth and Professor of Dogmatic Theology in King's College. He feels that a Christian Philosophy is an essential need of our time. Our Christian Faith cannot be fully rationalized, but these chapters define real issues that are at stake in the relations between philosophy and religion. It is useless to take any philosophical system built up on alien principles and try to fit it into the Christian data. Christianity is based both on an historical revelation and a personal experience. Many truths are freshly stated. 'The Incarnation and the issue in the Resurrection means that, as for the God-man, so for the man in God, the human will remain human.' Men will not become gods. The human will become more truly human. We are glad to see the tribute to Dr. Ballard's writings. Dr. Relton says, in his closing chapter, that we have to solve the relation of God to the world in terms of Personality, human and divine. We have to conserve the Absolute Sovereignty of God, and show it to be consistent with such a measure of human freedom as to make an ethical and spiritual life possible for men. It is a book that needs careful study, and will richly repay it.

Messrs. Skeffington publish *The Light of Life* (8s. 6d. net), by F. Fielding-Ould, M.A., who describes his twenty papers as 'ghosts of what one hopes were once living sermons.' They deal with such themes as love, marriage, the House of God, the Holy Communion, in a fresh and impressive way, with apt illustration and a practical aim throughout. It is a book that many will welcome, and not least some of those who do not see their way to accept all its views. *Convincing the World*, by H. W. Workman, M.A. (8s. 6d. net), is a set of 'spiritual essays' on big subjects. The first is on 'Seeing God.' Moses could not see His face, but through Jesus Christ we find the way opening out more and more 'to glimpse the Father's face.'

Prophecy and Eschatology. By Nathaniel Micklem, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.) The Professor of Old Testament Literature and Theology at Selby Oak begins with a chapter on Psychology and Prophecy which leads him to conclude that certain oracles were the outcome of great excitement and emotional disturbance, whilst others show signs of careful, skilful, laboured compilation. The prophets would appear occasionally to have had visions with hallucinatory symptoms, and some of the oracles would seem to have come from the trance state. This arresting study is followed by

chapters on Elijah, Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. All that happened in nature or history they believed to be the direct working of God. The old picture of them was too political, too sane, too purely ethical. It was not religious enough. The idea that they were neurotic by temperament Professor Micklem regards as a gross exaggeration. Elijah, Amos, and their successors are altogether unintelligible in the succession of history, unless Moses was, as they claim, 'the prophet of the sovereignty and righteousness of Adonai and of His imageless, ethical, and non-eschatological worship.' It is a boon to have such a broad-minded discussion of the prophetic ministry in the light of modern psychological teaching.

God's Picked Young Men. By Henry K. Pasma, M.A. (Chicago: Bible Institute. 75c. net.) Sixteen studies of Bible Characters from Abel, The Young Man God Picked, to Jesus, The Perfect Young Man. They are full of wholesome teaching and the young men who walk by these rules will escape many a pitfall.

Early Church History, by J. Vernon Bartlett, D.D. (Religious Tract Society, 8s. 6d. net), is a revised edition of this invaluable sketch of the first four centuries. It sets the whole course of the history in a clear light, and gives critical estimates of the great teachers and their work, in a way that is singularly instructive and interesting.—Mr. Allenson sends us four volumes of special interest. *Vision and Strength* (5s.) is a third series of *The Times* Saturday articles, selected and arranged by Sir James Marchant. They have been a boon to many, and the volume will have a warm welcome. *A Land of Far Distances*, by William Stanford, with its thirteen choice photographs, brings one in touch with nature in its most attractive phases. *Stories from an Old Garden*, by W. J. May (8s. 6d.), have both beauty, point, and freshness. *A Boy's Ambition*, by Ada N. Pickering (2s. 6d.), with Bible and other stories, is full of life and spirit.—*Le Sentiment religieux*, par J. Paquier. (Paris: Marcel Rivière. 6 francs.) The former Professor of the Catholic Institute points out that patient research has made it clear that the religious sense is universal. He explores this domain to discover what are its manifestations and general characteristics. Beliefs in a divinity and in the survival of the soul are examined, and the conclusion is reached that Christianity alone, 'or, rather, its most living and exalted branch, Catholicism,' is truly universal. That is a natural result for such a student to reach, and if we do not share his estimate of Catholicism, we welcome his lucid and stimulating statement of the great fact that God is the centre towards which the universal order converges.—The Chicago Bible Institute send us two of their Evangel Booklets. *Forethought in Creation*, by W. B. Dawson, D.Sc., draws out the fact that many things on which our daily life depends must have taken long ages to prepare. Dr. Congdon's *Why I do not believe in the Organic Evolutionary Hypothesis* is the outcome of discussion of the subject in Kansas City. He does not believe in Organic Evolution, and puts his case strongly.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Europe in the Seventeenth Century. By David Ogg. (A. & C. Black. 18s. net.)

AMONG recent contributors to the literature of modern history Mr. Ogg will take a very high place. The theme which he has chosen is one of absorbing interest, and the intrinsic interest of the subject is not a little enhanced by the clear and vivid style in which it is presented. The space accorded to the various topics dealt with will, as a matter of course, fail to commend itself to all students of the seventeenth century. That the Jansenist-Jesuit controversy receives twelve more pages than are given to the Dutch Republic during a most important century in its history cannot but impress some readers as showing a certain lack of proportion. It is, however, but fair to add that the way in which the first named of these topics is handled is beyond all praise. It is one of the best and clearest expositions of the subject, within moderate compass, with which we are acquainted; and will admirably serve to clarify the somewhat vague idea as to what the Jansenists actually were, and what they stood for, which is all too general. Mr. Ogg's estimates of personal character, and the historical significance of individuals, are attractive and striking, independent to the point of dogmatism, and at times, we think, distinctly open to question. His very severe judgement of Louis XIV may be cited in illustration. We hold no brief for the most brilliant of French monarchs, nor are we within the circle of his admirers, but to dismiss him summarily from the stage of European history, on which he played a part that exercised a world-wide influence, as a 'sub-intellect' is, in our opinion, by no means to be justified. Less provocative and paradoxical, perhaps, Mr. Ogg's dictum with reference to Louis's great antagonist, William III, to the effect that he loved war for its own sake, is, to say the least of it, open to question. But, whatever the reader's opinions on points like these, it is not to be gainsaid that Mr. Ogg has given us a great book—one of the best histories of seventeenth-century Europe at present available. It is a 'live history,' and its interesting and vivid style, rendered piquant at times by a delicate ironic touch, will commend it to the general reader, while the professed student will find it suggestive and thought-provoking to the last degree. It is the fruit of wide erudition and independent thought; it is genuinely constructive, and the more the reader knows, or believes that he knows, of seventeenth-century Europe, the more will he enjoy its perusal, even though he may, at times, hesitate to accept the *ipse dixit* of the writer. In the course of our own reading we had noted many points to which it might be interesting to refer, but the space at our disposal precludes almost anything in the way of reference to matters of detail. It may, however, be mentioned that the account of the Thirty Years War is clear and

good, and the change which came over its character during its progress is well brought out—the religious motive becoming exhausted, and giving place to territorial considerations and what came to be known as the balance of power. The character and spirit of the Peace of Westphalia in relation to European political thinking is treated in a very suggestive way. Considerable attention is given to the intellectual development of the century; and to many readers this will be not the least attractive feature of the volume. There is an ample and very useful bibliography; but Mr. Ogg's criticism of the work of some of his predecessors in this field is severe, if not contemptuous, a somewhat unpleasing trait. But, for Mr. Ogg's work as a whole, no praise can be too high.

The Mediaeval Village. By G. G. Coulton. (Cambridge University Press. 25s. net.)

This study of the life of the mediaeval peasant and of the attitude of the monk as landlord towards the poor is, like other volumes in the series, an appeal to that craving for clearer facts which has been bred in these times of storm and stress. Mr. Coulton's work has grown out of his *Five Centuries of Religion*. He gives concrete facts as to village development, the manor court, life on a monastic manor, monks and serfs, religious education, tithes and friction, the rebellion of the poor, and the dissolution of monasteries. The twenty-seven chapters are followed by forty appendices, and plates and text-figures throw light on many phases of the subject. The list of authorities fills nine pages. Mr. Coulton is master of the subject, and makes clear to his readers features of mediaeval village life which have disappeared from modern society. Kent, apparently, scarcely ever knew anything of serfdom; the causes which kindled the North to the pilgrimage of grace left the South cold; there was probably a smaller proportion of actual bondfolk in the France than in the England of 1500, yet the English peasant was the more prosperous of the two. The mediaeval peasant was essentially the kind of man who still meets us by handfuls in Great Britain. 'Looking closely at him and his village, we see the rough life of labouring folk hardened by their constant fight against land and weather; we see taskmasters whose interests necessarily conflicted with the needs of those elementary breadwinners; yet who, to their credit be it said, did not always enforce every advantage that the strict law might have given them. Our general impression will be that of a society very engaging in its old-world simplicity, but with much to learn before it can struggle through into modern civilization.' We gain a clearer insight into it all as we study these chapters, which are really a set of pictures of peasant life in the Middle Ages.

Arnold Thomas of Bristol: Collected Papers and Addresses.
With a Memoir by Nathaniel Micklem, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Arnold Thomas was a fine flower of Congregationalism. His principles

were firmly rooted, and he was not afraid to challenge those who slighted or ignored them, but he was a man of catholic spirit who regarded Bristol Cathedral as the mother church of the city and on his death-bed sent for the dean, that he might pray with him. He had rare opportunities as a student in London and at Cambridge, and he made the best use of them. At first he shrank from the responsibilities of the ministry, but, when Highbury Church called him to succeed to his father's pulpit in Bristol, he found a sphere which he filled with growing delight to himself and his people for forty-seven years. His local patriotism was fervid and he urged his fellow citizens to lay themselves out for the highest good of Bristol. He was not a theologian, but his love of Christ, and his delight to follow His guidance, was intense and lifelong. Life brought him many joys, and he knew the strength and pleasure to be found in healthy recreation. Mr. Micklem tells the story of his friend's life with good taste and sympathy, and the addresses *On being Good; On being Religious; On the Witness of Congregationalism; On the Power of Prayer*, and kindred subjects, are rich in thought and feeling. It is a fitting memorial of a highly-endowed and truly-consecrated life.

Johannes Scotus Erigena : A Study in Mediaeval Philosophy.
By Henry Bett, M.A. (Cambridge University Press.
10s. net.)

This is the first full exposition of Erigena's doctrine that has appeared in English. Mr. Bett describes him as the loneliest figure in the history of European thought. He lived in the ninth century, but drew all his intellectual inspiration from writers who lived several centuries earlier, and made little impression on his own generation. He was an Irishman, who found a haven at the Court of Charles the Bald before 847. He was on intimate terms with the king, who made him head of the palace school. He took part in the controversy about predestination and the Eucharist, and was under suspicion as a heretic. William of Malmesbury says that he came to England at the invitation of Alfred and taught at Malmesbury, where his scholars stabbed him to death with their pens. His philosophical system is contained in his work *On the Division of Nature*, a dialogue between the master and the disciple. It deals with the doctrine of God, the nature of the created universe, and the return of all to God. Mr. Bett's summary of the work covers all its main features and is followed by a detailed exposition. It is a complete philosophy of existence, and essentially a Christian one. All things, save what is evil, will exist more truly in God, when He is all in all, than they ever existed in themselves. 'It is only phenomenally that anything ceases to be. Essentially and eternally, it exists in God; it exists in Him as truly as it ever existed, more truly than it ever existed in this world of shadows.' His constant appeal is to the Scriptures. His dependence on the Fathers is mainly upon Gregory of Nyssa and St. Augustine.

Of Plato he only knew the *Timæus*, and that in a Latin translation. That is the more surprising, because he became the principal medium through which Neo-platonism passed over into the mysticism of the later Middle Ages, and into some of the Renaissance philosophies. Through Eckhart, his characteristic doctrines filtered down to Tauler, Ruysbroeck, and the rest of the fourteenth-century mystics. 'He had the rare distinction of being the precursor, by several centuries, of the most profound mysticism of the later Middle Ages, and of the most daring philosophies of modern times.' Mr. Bett has done great service by this masterly study of a noble thinker.

Mr. Secretary Walsingham and the Policy of Queen Elizabeth.
By Conyers Read. (Clarendon Press. 3 vols. 28 8s. net.)

Dr. Read is an American man of business who has attempted to establish the position of Walsingham in the public affairs of his times. Any intimate personal biography is out of the question, for, of the thousands of his letters which survive, there is scarcely one which is not in the main devoted to public business. 'There are no surviving letters between him and his wife or between him and his daughter, nor any personal letters between him and his friends. There are no diaries except two scant journals of public business.' Outside the State Papers, Walsingham has, historically speaking, ceased to exist. Of his official life there is abundant record. 'He stood at the very centre of the royal administration, and for over seventeen years was the most active agent of the Queen in every department of State except those of justice and finance.' Dr. Read has followed the main threads of public policy in which Walsingham was engaged. He was the leading spirit of the Puritan party. The first volume deals largely with his embassy to France and the Low Countries; the second with Scottish affairs, Catholics and Puritans, and plots and counter plots; the third centres in the Armada and English maritime enterprise. Walsingham was ambassador in France at the time of the St. Bartholomew's Massacre. He was lodging across the river in the Faubourg-Saint-Germain. His wife and young daughter were with him, and Philip Sidney, his future son-in-law, was his guest. The Huguenots had flocked into Paris for the marriage of Henry of Navarre and Marguerite of Valois on August 18, and for four days Paris was one great carnival. The attempt to assassinate Coligny failed, as, at the very moment the hired assassin of the Guises fired at him, he had stooped to arrange a troublesome overshoe. He therefore received only a slight wound.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth, confused shoutings and ringing of bells, broken by pistol shots and the clash of arms, could be heard from the neighbourhood of the Louvre. Walsingham sent to inquire, and was told that there had been some disorder which had been promptly suppressed by the King. 'Nevertheless, as the day wore on, the sounds became more ominous. Before night Walsingham had learned the true state of affairs from troops of

terrified Englishmen who hastened from all quarters of the city to find shelter behind his doors.' Germans and Dutch also came, and one or two Huguenots who were later dragged forth again to meet their fate. The fact that the Embassy was far from the centre of disturbance probably saved the lives of its inmates. The King had sent a guard to protect the house, but how much that was worth appears from the fact that Coligny also had had a royal guard. Walsingham sent his wife and daughter to England at the very first opportunity. 'The King would only give him a safe conduct to live unmolested, and for weeks after the massacre he did not dare to leave his house without an escort. Even when he went abroad under royal protection, threats and abuses were heaped upon him by the Catholic rabble in the streets.' He wrote guardedly to England on the twenty-seventh, fearing lest his letter might be seen by those for whom it was not intended. The account of the massacre was entrusted to the messenger's memory. In his first interview with the King after the massacre, Walsingham's self-control was remarkable. When he met the Queen Mother he told her that the strange accident, for so he called it, had sown in his mind many doubts and suspicions.

The third volume deals with the Armada. Walsingham always looked on a Spanish descent upon England as the gravest danger which his mistress had to face. Elizabeth, however, had little or no sympathy with his desire to vindicate the cause of Protestantism. Drake's devotion to the Secretary was as sincere as it was strong. 'It sprang from the conviction that Walsingham was not only his surest friend at Court, but was also the greatest exponent among Elizabeth's statesmen of his own fighting gospel. It is hardly too much to say that, taken together, they stand forth as the great protagonists of English Protestantism.' Walsingham was the chief means for inducing the Queen to make such preparations as she did to resist the Armada. It was largely due to his diligence that the English navy was kept supplied with enough victuals and munitions to maintain the week's fighting in the Channel. He deserves a larger share in the glory of the achievement than has been accorded to him. The victory diffused the spirit and confidence of Drake and his sea-dogs through England, and made this island, hitherto insignificant in the eyes of Europe, a force to be reckoned with. Dr. Read has done England service by this fine study of one of her most sagacious statesmen.

A Tour in Ireland. By Arthur Young. Selected and edited by Constantia Maxwell, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Arthur Young's Irish Tour has not the liveliness which marks his famous *Travels in France*, but that is due to the fact that his private journal was stolen by a new servant, and he had only his dry minutes from which to work up his narrative. Miss Maxwell is able, however,

to add some lively anecdotes from his *Autobiography* and to give an account of conditions in Ireland at the time of the tour. It remains our chief authority for Irish economic conditions for the latter part of the eighteenth century. The journal of the tour is followed by observations on soil, rental, tenantry, religion, tithes, and kindred subjects. Dublin much exceeded his expectations, and there were everywhere appearances of wealth. Fish and poultry were cheap; his lodgings cost two and a half guineas a week. The lower ranks had no idea of cleanliness, in person, cookery, or apartments. There was much society, and many dinners and balls, during the Parliamentary winter. The town life was modelled on that of London. His investigations took four years, 1776-9. Meat was much cheaper than in London, poultry a fourth of the price. Taxes were inconsiderable. Since 1748 Ireland had, perhaps, made greater progress than any other country in Europe. Her linen exports had trebled; her general exports to Great Britain were more than doubled. The rental of the kingdom had doubled. Some interesting details are given as to the Palatine settlements, but Young thought the scheme did not answer, and the editor says that, when their leases fell in, they merged into the condition of the ordinary Irish tenant. The editor's notes are of special value, and there is a good index, and a map to illustrate the Tour.

The English Church and the Reformation. By C. S. Carter, M.A., Litt.D. (Longmans & Co. 5s. net.) This is a new edition, revised and enlarged, so as to deal with recent research and the publication of fresh original documents. It makes a special appeal to those who hold that the Anglican Church has a distinctive witness and position as the 'Protestant Reformed Religion established by law.' It answers the question, 'Did the English Reformation consist merely in the repudiation of Papal supremacy or did it include the recovery and reaffirmation of scriptural and primitive Truth?' The survey begins with the dawn of the sixteenth century, and brings us down to the Elizabethan Settlement and the opposition of Romanists and Puritans. The need of reform, the breach with Rome, the Marian reaction, the work of Tyndale and Hooker, are all discussed in a well-informed and broad-minded way which makes this a trustworthy guide to a momentous period of our history.

Selected Letters of Samuel Johnson (H. Milford, 2s. net), is another welcome addition to *The World's Classics*. The letters are scanty for his early period, but very full for the last twenty years, when his reputation was established and his letters were carefully preserved. Dr. Birkbeck Hill was acquainted with just over a thousand. His letters to printers and booksellers give glimpses of his work and the progress of the great Dictionary; but many letters are addressed to the poets and literary craftsmen of the day. Those to Mrs. Piozzi bring before us the romance of his old age. No popular edition or selection of the letters has ever appeared, so that this little volume has a wide appeal. The editor says they are spontaneous and sincere,

they abound in wit and wisdom, in humour and fancy. The last brief message to Lucy Porter begins, 'I am very ill, and desire your prayers,' and ends, 'May God pardon and bless us, for Jesus Christ's sake.' The little volume is almost an autobiography, and it is a tender and delightful one. Mr. Chapman's Introduction is valuable.

To-day: Stories, Biographies, Addresses. By J. Howard Whitehouse. (Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d. net.) Mr. Whitehouse has done much for working boys, both in Parliament and as warden of a social settlement in Ancoats and at Toynbee Hall. This beautiful volume contains his addresses in the school chapel at Bembridge, where he is now warden. They are works of art, felicitous both in thought and phrase, and filled with manifest and contagious love of all things pure and of good report. The stories of St. Martin, St. Christopher, and St. George are told with real sympathy, and the Ruskin talk is a gem. The illustrations of the school and of its Isle of Wight surroundings add to the charm of a choice and uplifting volume.

The Quest for God in China. By F. W. S. O'Neill, M.A. (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.) The writer is an Irish missionary who worked for twenty-eight years in China. His book is the outcome of lectures to students. Of the four non-Christian religions, Buddhism receives fuller treatment than Taoism, Confucianism, or Mohammedanism, and one chapter deals with Buddhism in Japan. He finds it hard to be enthusiastic about Confucius, but easy to respect him. The highest point in his system of morality is the golden rule in a negative form. Buddha is more attractive. 'Everything goes to show that he must have been a man of magnetic winsomeness, compassionate, upright, and wise.' Buddhism is almost dead among the Koreans, but very much alive among both the enlightened and the backward classes in Japan. The great faiths of the East have as common ground recognition of a Supreme Being, desire for salvation, belief in retribution and in a future life. But there is a darker side. These religions are seen at their worst in their attitude to women. Christianity must give them God in Christ. That is the conclusion of this sympathetic study.—*And the Villages Thereof.* By Maud E. Boaz. (Morgan & Scott. 8s. 6d. net.) This account of a woman's work in China is brightly written and well illustrated. Village evangelism had its disappointments, but an old lady who had been a temple devotee consigned all her idols to the flames, and turned wholly to God. She said that Jesus 'comes to my bedside at night, and talks to me in my dreams, and He is always dressed in a snow-white gown.' She was baptized at the age of seventy-eight with the name 'Heavenly Happiness.'

Fifteen Years, by Peter Smoljar (1s. net), is a story of a Jewish missionary's work in Eastern Europe from 1909 to 1925. It is an impressive record of valiant service.—*Refusing Death's Claims and Reigning in Life*, by George Harper (8d.), sets forth 'our twofold inheritance in Christ,' in a way that will help many.—*Christians of To-day*, by E. Vera Pemberton (Longmans & Co., 2s. net), contains

twenty-four problem lessons for use with adolescents. The lads to whom they were given chose the subjects themselves, and they range from belief in God, to war, work, bad language, to life after death, and communication with the dead. Every theme is discussed carefully, wisely, and helpfully.—*Through Human Eyes*. By F. Chenhalls Williams. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. net.) A reverent fancy here plays about familiar Gospel stories in a way that provokes thought and deepens devotion. It is done with taste and feeling.

1. *Queen Alexandra: The Well-Beloved*. By Elizabeth Villiers. (Stanley Paul & Co. 5s. net.) 2. *Queen Alexandra the Beloved*. By John G. Rowe. (Epworth Press. 2s. net.) 1. This is a brightly-written and well-informed Life of the Queen Mother, with eight attractive illustrations and many pleasing stories of the Queen's girlhood, marriage, charities, and gracious and beautiful life. England owed much to her, and this record will deepen the interest which we all feel in the sea-king's daughter whom every one loved. 2. Mr. Rowe's Life tells the story in thirteen chapters brightly written and full of facts. Her happy childhood in Denmark, her love-story, her coming as a bride, her life as Princess, Queen, and Queen Mother, are described with real sympathy and insight. Five full-page illustrations add to the interest of a beautiful little biography.—*Our Task in Papua*. By J. W. Burton, M.A. (Epworth Press. 2s.-net.) Papua is the south-east part of New Guinea, under Australia's rule. Mr. Burton, as General Secretary of the Methodist Missionary Society of Australasia, recently spent some weeks there, and describes the land and its history, its people and government, the missionary situation and outlook, in a way that will strongly appeal to Australian Methodists. Papua is nominally Christian, but no effort must be spared to create 'a self-dependent, self-governing, and self-propagating Church.' More intensive work is needed among the women and girls, and a great extension of the hospital and nursing work. The book is profusely illustrated.—*Benares*, by C. P. Cape (Epworth Press, 1s. 6d. net), is a new and revised edition of a valuable book which describes the great religious city with its people, its worship, and the work of Christian missionaries. No one, Mr. Cape says, can live in Benares without seeing what blessings the religion of Jesus Christ would bring to the city. 'The prospect is good, for even now He is the greatest power in Hindustān.'—*Talks on Hymns and Hymn-Writers*, by S. C. Lowry (Skeffington & Son, 2s. 6d. net), cover a wide field, from the Magnificat to our own times. There is much information pleasantly put, and chapters on Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide hymns which will lend interest to the Service of Praise.—*Christianity and Theosophy Harmonized*. Edited by G. Leopold. (Veritas Press. 6s. net.) The writer is a religious man who has been greatly influenced by the writings of Mrs. Besant and has become an ardent Theophist. We find ourselves quite out of sympathy with the teaching of the book.

GENERAL

Essays and Soliloquies. By Miguel de Unamuno. Translated, with Introductory Essay, by J. E. Crawford Fitch. (Harrap & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

MR. CLYNE's article on Unamuno which appeared in this REVIEW, for April 1924, introduced the great Spanish writer to our readers, and they will find much to interest them in this volume of selections from his works. He was exiled to Fuerteventura, one of the Canary Islands, in February 1924, by the Military Directory, which was aroused by his vehement protestation against its usurpation of power. He was liberated by the Amnesty of the following July, and, though free to return to Spain, preferred to take up his residence for a time in Paris. Mr. Fitch bore him company in his exile, and there made this anthology. The Introduction gives their personal setting. Unamuno was born at Bilbao on September 29, 1864, took his university course at Madrid, and settled at Salamanca in 1891, where he became lecturer at the University, and, in 1900, was appointed Rector. His scholastic and administrative duties did not absorb his formidable capacity for work. He took an active part in municipal affairs, and wrote essays, poetry, novels, criticism, and philosophy. The first extract, on 'The Spirit of Castile,' describes that tableland of castles, where man has invented the cloak as 'a personal ambience, a defence at once against both heat and cold.' The sunsets are full of beauty. 'The infinite dome of the sky grows paler and paler, then swiftly darkens, and the fleeting twilight is followed by the profundity of a night tremulous with stars. Here are no northern twilights, long, soft, and languorous.' The houses seem to crowd around the church as if the inhabitants sought a second cloak to protect them from the cruelty of the climate and the melancholy of the landscape. The men are a sober, frugal breed who receive a visitor with a kind of restrained sobriety. There is a harsh, popular realism and a dry, formal idealism 'marching alongside one another, in an association like that of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, but never combining. The Castilian spirit is either ironic or tragic, sometimes both at once, but it never arrives at a fusion of the irony and the austere tragedy of the human drama.' Unamuno does not like bull-fights, and never goes to see them, but he says that in Spain 'all men, but particularly artists and writers, destroy one another with the ferocity of bull-fighters.' He himself likes the livid, bloodstained Christs, to be found in Spanish cathedrals and the harsh Marias Dolorosas, rigid with grief. The triumphant, heavenly, glorious Christ of the Transfiguration and Ascension is for the time of our triumph; for this bull-ring of the world we have the livid and bleeding Christ. His own religion, he says, is 'to seek truth in life, and life in truth, even though knowing full well that

I shall never find them so long as I live ; my religion is to wrestle unceasingly and unwearyingly with mystery ; my religion is to wrestle with God from nightfall until the breaking of the day, as Jacob is said to have wrestled with Him.' The papers on Don Quixote are the work of one who believes the fictitious personages of Cervantes possess a life of their own, with a certain autonomy, within the mind of the author who created them, and that they obey an inner logic of which the author himself is not wholly conscious. 'The mortal Don Quixote, in dying, understood his own comicness, and wept for his sins ; but the immortal Don Quixote understands and rises above his comicness, and triumphs over it without renouncing it.' Unamuno believes that in great cities proud natures become vain. It is not a bad thing to visit the great city now and again and plunge into the sea of its crowds, but in order to emerge again upon terra firma and feel the solid ground under one's feet. 'I remain in the small town, seeing every day at the same hour the same men, men whose souls have clashed, and sometimes painfully, with my soul ; and I flee from the great metropolis where my soul is whipped with the icy whips of the disdainful glances of those who know me not and who are unknown to me. People whom I cannot name—horrible !' The translation reads with spirit, and the essays are both novel and vivacious.

Justice and the Poor of England. By F. C. G. Gurney-Champion. (Routledge & Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is an effort to make clear to those who are not lawyers the disadvantages under which the poor labour as to legal matters. Much is done to help them by charity flavoured with judicial discretion, and both branches of the legal profession do an enormous amount of charitable work in the most unobtrusive manner. Mr. Gurney-Champion shows the present position of the poor as to legal advice and in the civil and criminal courts, and suggests a scheme for dealing with the whole problem. It is based on certain fundamental axioms, such as that all are entitled to equal justice, and should have legal aid as a matter of right. He suggests that the poor should have this legal aid provided free, except as to certain criminal matters, and that its object should be to attain conciliation out of court, this result being obtained by linking up advice with the conducting solicitor. It is well to have the subject brought out so clearly and practically, and we hope Mr. Gurney-Champion's scheme will have the most careful attention.

Our Minds and their Bodies. By John Laird. (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d. net.) The Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen has made an important addition to *The World's Manuals*. For two centuries the trend of opinion has been dualistic—body and mind have been regarded as partners, but not the same thing. 'The Perils of the Soul' are shown in *The Golden Bough*. The Malays conceive the soul as a little man, most invisible and of the

bigness of a thumb. It escapes by the nose and mouth, and in Celebes fish-hooks are sometimes fastened to a sick man's nose, navel, and feet, so that, if the soul should try to escape, it may be hooked and held fast. Professor Laird examines the ground on which the dualism of current opinion chiefly rests, and considers what facts of common experience may be supposed to tally with these general grounds. 'Mind seems to have emerged from life at a certain stage—and to be beholden to a certain variety of life. If so, it may well appear to be dependent.' At the close of the last century, psychology and physiology seemed to move within the ambit of common-sense dualism. To-day, physiologists are prepared to regard body and nerves and mind as a single functional system. Psychologists have met them with 'behaviourism,' which, in its most plausible form, asserts that responses of the organism accompanied by consciousness are 'behaviour,' and constitute the whole system of events which psychologists have to study. Behaviourism is criticized, and the position of modern psychology is clearly stated, and the subject is looked at from the bodily side. The brain may be relatively well supplied with blood when the body is near to death, and that also holds of old age. Two chapters are given to hypotheses concerning the connexion between mind and body, and to Metaphysical Speculations. Professor Laird believes very firmly 'that, although we may be sustained and aided from sources not our own, and perhaps neither mundane nor human, our principal task in this mind-body partnership is to develop our minds in accordance with their own self-accepted standards, and to use our bodies as the mind's servant and its friend.'

Éléments de Philosophie Médicale. Par le Dr. Noël Hallé. (Paris: Rivière. 9 francs.) This volume represents eight Conferences held at the Institut Catholique between April and June last. The elements are history, metaphysics, psychology, logic, and morals. Ten years of study and thirty years of practice, with much conversation, thought, and reading, have gone to the making of the book. The relations of medicine to philosophy and religion are traced from Hippocrates, who was both a great philosopher and a great doctor, to Comte. Medicine in Assyria, Asia Minor, and Egypt was essentially religious. The priest and the doctor are really working for one end—the relief of all human suffering, both of the body and the mind. Dr. Hallé regards two principles as essential for medical morals—the evangelical commandment to love our neighbour, and the Platonic precept as to the proportion between rights and duties. Ancient philosophy and Christian belief there meet and accord with medical morality. The subject is of real importance, and it is handled in a way that is both interesting and illuminating.

The Ego and Physical Force. By I. C. Isbayam. (C. W. Daniel. 5s. net.) This book deals with metaphysics and modern research in a way that makes a special appeal to students. Its object is to show that what appears contradictory in the new systems of physics and

psychology when taken separately is no longer contradictory if they are taken together and considered as branches springing from the one tree of knowledge accessible to man. This is done by duologues on Realities and Causation, and on Selves in General. The general results are then brought out in monologues and discussions, and the principles of Relativity and Quanta are explained in two appendices. Mr. Isbayam does not burden his readers with authorities, but states that his doctrine stands square on a pedestal of which Plato, Kant, Leibniz, and Bergson are the corner-stones.

One Thousand Beautiful Things. By Arthur Mee. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.) This book is a marvel of cheapness and attractiveness of every kind. Mr. Mee has excelled himself in choosing prose and verse from the life and literature of the world. There is striking variety in subject and style, and sometimes a couple of lines set one off into wonderland. Beautiful passages from the Bible, selections from Chaucer and Shakespeare, are grouped together in a way that adds to their interest. The list of pictures, portraits, groups, ivories, &c., covers three pages. They are certainly a great success. It is a book that will whet the appetite for good literature, and will give delight to young and old.

Discourses on the Emotional Side of Taste. By George H. Jaques. (Dublin: 98 S. Circular Road. 2s. 6d.) There are eight of these discourses, which deal with antiquity, nature, novelty, wealth, morals, change, skill, and achievement. They are pleasantly written, and stimulate thought. Mr. Jaques thinks that beauty is almost universally recognized, wherever it appears, and that differences of taste amount to nothing more than a difference of choice. In the discourse on wealth we read, 'It was reckoned a piece of magnificence of Thomas Becket, that he strewed the floor of his hall with clean hay or rushes in the season, in order that the knights and squires who could not get seats might not spoil their fine clothes when they sat down on the floor to eat their dinner.' It is a book to get and read.

Thirteen Epistles of Plato. By L. A. Post, M.A. (Clarendon Press. 5s. net.) These letters were quoted by Cicero and Plutarch, and Mr. Post's Introduction deals with their genuineness, and brings out the memorable connexion of the philosopher with Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, and his son. The translation is clear; the notes throw light on obscure references. It is a first-rate piece of editing, and has great interest as an old-world picture.—The Sheldon Press publishes a very attractive set of books for young readers. *The Guides Make Good*, by H. B. Davison (8s. 6d.), has for its heroines a pair of twins who are full of spirit and have some lively experiences. It is a capital book for girls. *The Treasure of the Red Peak*, by F. Brough, describes a treasure hunt in South America, with all manner of exciting adventures. *Hunted and the Hunter*, by E. E. Cowper (2s.), has another pair of twins, who get valuable furs in Hudson Bay Territory and run through many perils before they

get safely home with their rich stores. *Fellow Fags*, by E. Talbot (2s.), is a lively schoolboy story which has a manly tone about it. *The Stranger in the Train*, by E. Talbot (1s. 6d.), is a set of short stories with movement and fun in them. All the books are well illustrated, and have bright covers and jackets. They have a fine spirit, and teach good lessons in an unobtrusive way.—*The Supreme Art of Bringing up Children*, by M. R. Hopkinson (Allen & Unwin, 2s. 6d. net), represents twenty-four years' experience, and covers every side of the physical, moral, mental, and spiritual training of a child. It is full of good sense, and is clearly and persuasively written. It will be a real help to fathers and mothers.

The Oxford Book of English Prose. Chosen and Edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. (Clarendon Press. 8s. 6d.; India paper, 10s. net). Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's *Oxford Book of English Verse* has given delight to hosts of readers for a quarter of a century. As to English prose, five years of reading for this volume have convinced him 'that no honest scholar can pretend an acquaintance with the whole of English prose, or even with the whole that may yield good selections. All one can do is to spread a wide and patient net and report that he brings the best of his haul.' Thucydides sewed on the purple patches deliberately. 'Nay, if we go right back, it is arguable that prose was "born in the purple": that nine-tenths of the speech-making in the *Iliad* itself, for example, is not poetry at all, but rhetoric strung into hexameters; a metre which the tragedians discarded for iambs, "the most conversational form of verse."' The selection begins with John Trevisa's (1326-1401) praise of England, and ends with Rupert Brooke's account of the effect which the declaration of war produced upon a friend of his. Fourteen extracts are given from the Authorized Version. Richard de Bury supplies the Epilogue: 'In books cherubim extend their wings, that the soul of the student may ascend and look around from pole to pole, from the rising and the setting sun, from the north, and from the sea. In them the most high and incomprehensible God Himself is contained and worshipped.' The Index of authors, titles, and sources shows how widely Sir Arthur has cast his net, and what treasures he has brought within the reach of all who use this splendid collection of English prose.

No. vii. of *Bibliothèque Thomiste* is *Alexandre d'Aphrodise: Aperçu sur l'influence de sa noétique*, par G. Théry, O.P. Albert the Great affirms in many parts of his works that David de Dinant was principally inspired for his *De Tomis* by Alexander d'Aphrodise. M. Théry has not found any evidence of Alexandrian influence on *De Tomis*. David de Dinant is explicitly mentioned in the decree of the bishops of Sens assembled in Paris in 1210. Alexandre d'Aphrodise is not directly aimed at in the celebrated condemnation. It is certain, however, that his writings had been translated into Latin at the end of the twelfth century, and their dangerous influence soon made itself felt in Parisian circles. His writings and their influence are discussed at length in this fine piece of mediæval research.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—Lt.-Col. Sir John Keane writes strongly in favour of 'Public Accountancy.' The Army accounts were recast in 1920, but it is now proposed to revert to the original form because the War Office will save £150,000. The new methods have gained the almost universal support of Lord Haldane, Lord Olivier, and many others, and the writer urges that the opposition should not be allowed to prevail. Sir Valentine Chirol discusses 'The World Problem of Colour.' It 'girdles the earth with an endless chain of racial enmities,' but 'happily we have now, in the League of Nations, a moral Court of Appeal on which coloured as well as white peoples are entitled to sit.' Dr. Bethune-Baker's article on 'Evolution and a New Theology' is of special interest. 'The Christian theology of the future must see God in the whole process as its purposive activity, all Nature as His organ, and Man as the highest manifestation and the chief agent in the fulfilment of the purpose.'

Hibbert Journal (January).—The opening article, by Professor J. S. Mackenzie, entitled 'God as Love, Wisdom, and Creative Power,' discusses incidentally the Personality of God, the Identification of God and the Absolute, and kindred difficult questions. Dr. Mackenzie writes with some caution and hesitation, but he leads up to a recognition of the divine element in human life—the Spirit of Love as its foundation and the Spirit of Wisdom and Creative Activity as enabling us to devise and apply methods of understanding and co-operation.' Professor Pringle-Pattison's article on 'Prayer and Sacrifice' shows how the history of men's ideas on these subjects has varied, and, in fact, steadily progressed, according to man's ideas of God. The high journey, we may add, is as yet far from being completed. Professor Baillie, of Auburn Seminary, contributes an excellent paper on 'The Idea of Orthodoxy.' Such an article has long been needed, and it ought to bring others in its train. Is the holding of correct beliefs about God obligatory and necessary to salvation? Has the idea of faith been over-intellectualized? Is man wholly responsible for his beliefs, and is heterodoxy a sin? Dr. Baillie, in a dozen pages, has shed light upon these questions, the right answering of which would have saved rivers of blood and oceans of misery. Two timely articles help to illumine the religious position of two leading, living philosophers—Gentile and Bergson. Their names are too often used by writers who very imperfectly understand their views. The discussion of the Stigmata of St. Francis, begun

in a recent number, is here continued by the well-known mediaevalist G. G. Coulton, of Cambridge. An interesting paper, entitled 'A Burning Bush,' by Mary B. Whiting, sheds fresh light on the relation between William Cowper and John Newton. Other interesting articles are 'Tyrrell on the Church,' by E. Holmes, 'Dance and Design in Greek Life,' by G. M. Sargeaunt, and 'The Document Q,' by Rev. T. M. Crum. Is it not time that a substitute were found for the current title of this (wholly hypothetical) document? The Survey and Reviews are, as usual in this Review, not merely interesting, but important.

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—The section Notes and Studies contains fewer articles than usual, but these are valuable and suggestive. 'Intellectual Toleration in Dante,' by W. H. V. Reade, traverses ground as important—and as difficult—in our day as it was in past generations. Dante's beatification of Siger, and his 'transformation of the discredited and once infamous Averroist into *l'eterna luce di Sigieri*,' raises these questions, and Mr. Reade's discussion of Siger's life and teaching is illuminating. 'The Authorship of the *Quicumque vult*' is written by one of the first living authorities on the subject, Dr. A. E. Burn, and it goes to favour Seeberg's view that the Athanasian Creed is a work of St. Ambrose. Professor Burkitt contributes an instructive paper on 'St. Samson of Dol,' and Professor C. H. Turner continues his notes on 'Marcian Usage.' The Reviews are more numerous than usual, but they are valuable as criticism of experts by experts.

The Expositor (December).—Many will read with great regret that this valuable periodical—to many, as to the present writer, a faithful friend of more than forty years' standing—is to be discontinued. It might seem rather discreditable that the circulation of such a magazine should be so slender, and financially unsatisfactory. But Dr. Moffatt, who has been editor for the last two years, is probably right when he says, 'Evidently the strain of conditions in the modern ministry renders it impossible for clergymen and ministers to subscribe, as once they were able to do, to a monthly magazine of this kind.' *The Expositor* has maintained an honourable career since its foundation by Samuel Cox in 1875, through the forty years' editorship of Sir W. R. Nicoll. It is proposed to issue in its place, once a year, a new venture, *The Expositor's Year-Book*, surveying the best work of the kind done during the previous year. We wish it well, but it will not be the monthly *Expositor*, whose bound volumes are still cherished and consulted.

Expository Times (December and January).—In the Editor's Notes there are usually to be found many fruitful suggestions, and amongst the most valuable are those on Miracles—the standing question of Naturalism v. Supernaturalism—in the January number. In December Rev. I. O. F. Murray writes on 'The Witness of the

Baptist to Jesus,' dealing especially with the apparent inconsistencies between the Synoptic Gospels and the Fourth Evangelist. 'Our New-found Leisure' is the title of a timely paper by Mr. J. L. Paton, formerly High Master of Manchester Grammar School. Rev. A. F. Taylor continues his 'Meditations in the Apocrypha.' Principal Wheeler Robinson's article, 'Recent Thought on the Doctrine of Sin,' is excellent, and will be found very useful. Dr. Rendel Harris's short article, 'Abide with Me,' no one but himself could have written. Professor MacFadyen's 'Poverty in the Old Testament' and Dr. J. G. Tasker's interesting notice of the Stockholm Conference make up an admirable opening number for the year 1926.

The Pilgrim (January).—Mr. Grubb writes on 'The Place of Religion in Modern Life.' He feels that 'there is a special call to us, in these days of disquiet and perplexity, to declare our conviction that Christianity is not a mere system of beliefs, but a life that has to be lived in the faithful following of Christ: that His life and character have to be reproduced in us.' 'It is for us to declare in act and word the reality of Religion, and its power to meet the sorest problems of our time.' Dr. Temple himself deals with 'The Problem of the Schools.' There is an altogether new appreciation of the Denominational Schools, which are felt to supply a type of education which is of high value. 'The teacher cannot escape the pastoral office. It is an inevitable part of his activity, and it is the most important.' All teachers are embarked on 'the enterprise of training God's children for His service here and hereafter.'

Congregational Quarterly (January).—The Editor's Notes show with how much deserved favour the fourth year of publication begins. Tribute is paid to Dr. Massie and his New Testament work at Mansfield. Principal Rees, of Bangor, argues that 'the most comprehensive watchword for reconstruction in theology, as indeed in all life, is still that of Athanasius, *Homoousion*, Unity.' The Bishop of Gloucester writes on 'The Lambeth Conference and Christian Reunion,' Dr. George Jackson on 'The Wordsworth that matters,' and Mr. Studdert-Kennedy on 'The Christian and War.'

Science Progress (January).—Mr. Newton, of the Greenwich Observatory, describes systematic movements which are taking place in the sun's atmosphere, either of a cyclic or non-cyclic character. The increasing co-operation between observatories in widely different parts of the world supplies a practically continuous daily record of the sun's changes. It is hoped that some solution may be found as to the origin of sun-spots, &c. 'Evolution in Spiders' and 'The Post-Roman History of the Rhone Delta' are interesting studies. The address by Sir Ronald Ross at the opening of the British Mosquito-Control Institute at Hayling Island is a call to new endeavour to deal with our small but deadly enemies.

British Journal of Inebriety (January).—Dr. Hercood, Director of the International Bureau against Alcoholism, at Lausanne, recently delivered the eleventh Norman Kerr Lecture in London. It is here in full, and dwells on the smuggling of alcoholic liquors, the implanting of drinking habits into new countries, the gaps in our scientific knowledge of the Alcohol question. Sir Thomas Barlow, in moving a vote of thanks, expressed his gratitude for the stress laid on the scientific spirit of investigation. Some impressive facts about his boyhood at Eton are cited in a notice of Dr. Lyttelton's *Memories and Hopes*.

Bulletin Rylands Library (January).—Dr. Rendel Harris resigned his position as Curator of Manuscripts, which he had held since 1917, to return to the Selly Oak Settlement. He now has charge of its library, which has 20,000 to 30,000 books and MSS. It includes 7,000 of Dr. Harris's own books, MSS., and papyri. The Earl of Crawford's lecture on 'Dante as Artist'; 'Lancashire Reformers,' by Professor Davis; Baxter's last treatise; and other important contributions are included in this valuable Bulletin.

Poetry (December—January).—Poetry and criticism are well represented in this number, and the editor's experience in connexion with the Broadcasting Company will be read with interest.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (Chicago) (November).—The first two articles are an instalment of a project to summarize the religious thought and literature of 'the last quarter-century.' The first, by Professor Case, of Chicago, deals with the literature of the Life of Jesus; the second, by Professor G. Birney Smith, with 'Theological Thinking in America,' during the same period. The idea is a good one if well carried out, and in these two cases the summary is excellent and instructive. We cannot summarize the summaries, but it is well to bear in mind that nowadays thought travels faster and farther in 25 years than it used to do in 250. The change, for example, noted by Dr. Birney Smith, of the centre of gravity in American and British Christianity, from the Bible to Christ, has proceeded with great rapidity, and the steps taken will not be retraced. The subject of 'Modern Syncretic Religious Societies in China,' by P. D. Twinem is carried a stage further in this number. Professor H. J. Cadbury, of Harvard, contributes an instructive article, on 'Jesus and the Prophets,' to show that our Lord is better understood as a prophet than as a priest or a king. The prophetic analogy is well worked out, and we agree with most of the parallels drawn, *mutatis mutandis*. But it should be followed by an article showing in what respects Jesus Christ was *unlike* the Old Testament prophets in His claims for Himself and in the result of His work—'a greater than Isaiah is here.' Professor T. G. Soares answers his own question, 'Is the Church necessary for Religious Education?' in the affirmative, but believes that in this respect the Church needs to 'rediscover its

mission.' The findings of the Stockholm Christian Conference on Life and Work are here usefully reprinted, with some rather pungent criticisms from the pen of Dr. Shailer Matthews.

Methodist Review (New York) (November—December).—Professor Harrington opens this number with an article on 'Ancient Movies of Modern Life.' There were no movies in ancient Rome, but the professor sets before his readers certain mental-vision pictures of Roman life from Lucretius, Livy, Juvenal, Seneca, and other well-known Latin writers. His paper is an interesting kaleidoscope. 'A Broadcast Bible,' by W. E. Tilroe, shows that the Bible was intended to be 'broadcast' and is well suited to give a world-wide message. Professor van Pelt gives a brief account, with extracts, of William Herrmann's *Dogmatik*—a small volume of weighty Christian utterances. Four articles are pacifist, in the best sense of the word—'The Red Laugh,' by G. McAdam, ' Militarism,' by J. J. Cornelius, 'The Preparation of Peace,' by W. H. Shipman, and 'The Domestication of the Fighting Urge,' by K. R. Stolz. Other articles in a good number are on 'Huxley and the Preacher' and 'Intellect and Life.' The Notes and Discussions section contains additional papers of value.

Harvard Theological Review.—In the October number there are three articles of great interest. Professor Henry J. Cadbury writes on 'The Norwegian Quakers of 1825'; in his paper, which is appropriate to the centennial year, he has 'dovetailed together' all that separate historians have narrated concerning Quakerism in Norway, and Norwegian immigration to America. In an instructive account of 'Religious Life in Japan' Dr. James Thayer Addison, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, reports in the younger generation a more general response to 'the stimulus of idealism—whether of the latest German philosophy, or of Christianity, or of the new Buddhism.' Professor McCown, of the Pacific School of Religion, in a well-informed article on 'Hebrew and Egyptian Apocalyptic Literature,' examines the bearing upon problems of Hebrew and Christian apocalyptic literature of the hypothesis of Hebrew borrowing from Egypt. In Egyptian apocalypticism is found 'one of the points of contact first between Judaism and the Gentile public, and later between Christianity and its Hellenistic environment.'

Princeton Theological Review (October).—The first article, on the 'Perfection of Scripture,' by Professor G. Johnson, contends, concerning the Bible, that 'nothing can be added and nothing subtracted without impairing its excellence,' and that 'Holy Scripture, written by the Holy Spirit,' is a greater masterpiece than the Sistine Madonna, and that to meddle with it is to sin against the Holy Ghost. The question 'Is Jesus God?' is partly answered by F. D. Jenkins in this number—a continuation to follow. Jesus was not an intriguing impostor, not a sanguine enthusiast, not a 'delicate or morbid degenerate'; but all these, and other theories, are silenced

at once by the fact that he was 'very God of very God.' An interesting and timely article on 'William Tindale' is from the pen of Dr. W. B. Cooper, of Toronto. Professor O. T. Allis continues his article on 'Old Testament Emphases and Modern Thought,' and an article by Floyd Hamilton presses the argument that the spread of Christianity implies the exercise of supernatural power.

Canadian Journal of Religious Thought (December).—A note on the close of the Lambeth Conference says, 'The necessity of a "constitutional" episcopacy in the Church of the future is allowed by the Free Church representatives; and the validity of properly intentioned non-episcopal ministries is frankly admitted by the Anglican representatives. It seems to many that it is on the new ground created by these two epoch-making statements that we must begin to build the Church of our dreams. To go back behind either of them would probably prove futile. We must henceforth work from that foundation up.' Dr. Pidgeon writes on 'Members of Christ's Body,' and Mr. F. H. Stead on 'Social Christianity.' He thinks Christian communities will need to be as much in earnest to obtain social salvation, as the penitent must be to escape 'personal damnation. If they are idle or indifferent, social perdition is near, even at the door.' To play with divorce means to sink the whole of society into the nauseous swamp.

FOREIGN

Hindustan Review (October).—Special notice is given to Lord Curzon's *British Government in India*. It quotes a long passage which shows 'Curzonian Imperialism at its best and at its worst.' On the best side it is 'paternal, inspired by a fairly-high sense of duty towards the Indian peoples . . . in so far, but no more, as it is consistent with British Imperialistic domination, tolerant, progressive at rather a slow pace, and, on the whole, capable of adapting itself, under very great pressure of public opinion, to changing circumstances and shifting environment.' Its objectionable features are said to be that it is 'practically unresponsive, wholly mechanical, absolutely soulless, totally unsympathetic, and prodigiously unimaginative.'

Calcutta Review (December).—Mr. Mallik says, in 'Mahatma Gandhi on Christian Missionaries,' that the meetings with non-official Europeans, religious or political, has, on the whole, accentuated 'the struggle between the two communities, by making them self-conscious and quick. Never before was the incompatibility between the contending faiths and communities so obvious, keen, and patent.'