one of those low valleys that extend up from the sea. Yet in 19[1] the following part of his journey is described, and it still leads on through the high-lying parts of the plateau.[1] Such a statement is irreconcilable with geographical fact. On the supposed route the 'high-lying parts' are completely traversed in 18[23]. Only the low country remains for 19[1]. On the contrary, we find, according to the South-Galatian view, that, after traversing Galatic Phrygia, Paul had still a considerable journey before him over the high plateau; and there were two roads open to him, one through Apameia, Colossæ, and Laodiceia, reaching the low country sooner, and the other through Eumeneia, reaching the low country only at the head-waters of the Cayster. We know that he did not choose the road through Colossæ (Col 2[1]), therefore he must have taken the other, and thus the phrase 'the higher parts' acquires a special significance, 'High Phrygia.'

In 18[23] it is more clearly evident than on either of the previous journeys that Paul's disciples and churches were in two regions, and only in two: 'the Galatic region and Phrygia' (or 'the Phrygian region'[2]; both constructions are possible, and both have the same geographical import). Coming from Cilicia he traversed first the region of Derbe and Lystra, and then the region of Antioch. The latter, having been named with minute accuracy in the second journey, is now called simply by its ordinary name. Why is the latter called, not Lycaonia, but 'Galatic region'? This is the name that has specially given rise to misapprehension. Why should one single region of the province be singled out beyond others as specially entitled to the name 'Galatic' simply, when this name was equally appropriate to every one of the regions of the province? The answer is that in adding, or in using simply, the title Galatic, Luke is not employing a mere geographical name, but adds this epithet to give information, and to explain the classification of the Pauline churches. Having once given this information about Phrygia (the Phrygian region), he did not require to give it again; and it is not his fashion to repeat information. That consideration eliminates the fullest form, *τὰς Γαλατικὰς χώρας, τὴν Λυκαονίαν καὶ τὴν Φρυγίαν*, while style prohibits an expression similar to 16[6a], when two regions have to be mentioned together.

Moreover, we have here a traveller's expression, caught from the lips of Paul. The Apostle was coming from the east, and had traversed the independent non-Roman Lycaonia, governed by king Antiochus, on his way to Derbe, as he did also in 16[1]. Luke does not mention that Lycaonia. He now uses the form which Paul had heard near the Lycaonian frontier: the country on the Roman side was 'the Galatic region,' the country on the eastern side was 'the Antiochian region' (as Ptolemy calls it).

[1] *τὰ ἀνωτερικὰ μέρη.* I formerly supposed that 19[1a] was a recapitulation of 18[23]; but this is not defensible, and I had to abandon it in the second edition.

[2] The common article indicating that the Galatic region and the Phrygian were a pair united by some bond.

Literature.

THE RULE OF FAITH.

The Rev. W. P. Paterson, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh, was Baird Lecturer in 1905, and the lectures then delivered have now been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *The Rule of Faith* (6s. net). The delay is all gain. Dr. Paterson has had time to turn the lectures into a book, usually a necessary process, and in this case most admirable in result; and he has been able to publish at a time when there is more interest in the subject of them.

Their subject is the Rule of Faith. That involves two things, and the discussion of these two things divides the book into two parts. First, it involves the question of authority—where we are to go for that law of life in Christ Jesus by which we are more and more made free from the law of sin and death; and next it involves the discussion of the contents of that law.

And it is hard to say in which half of his book Professor Paterson is most effective, for he is irresistibly effective in both parts. Within the first part, perhaps the most brilliant thing is the exposition of the Roman Catholic position, running

up to and ending with amazement in the dogma of papal infallibility. There is no lack of sympathy in the discussion, and just on that account the impossibility of the situation is seen once for all.

In the second part, the great triumph is in the criticism of the doctrine of election. Every sentence has a history of thought behind it, and thus the whole criticism is contained in five pages. This is the conclusion: 'There is some evidence that the path of movement in Reformed Theology will be found to lie, not in the dubious attempt to deny the causality of God in the foreordination of events and in the determination of human destinies, but in the enlistment of the idea of divine sovereignty in the service of the idea of infinite love.' The sentence has the appearance of compromise. It *is* compromise. Not otherwise can any fully equipped theologian come to rest. But it is not the compromise of the coward. Dr. Paterson dares do all that may become a scholar; who dares do more is none.

DARKEST AFRICA.

Lord Cromer has written an Introduction to *Dawn in Darkest Africa* by Mr. John H. Harris (Smith, Elder, & Co.; 10s. 6d. net). The Introduction is of value because it tells us what Lord Cromer thinks of missionaries. He thinks that their zeal is sometimes allowed to outrun their discretion. He does not give examples. But after thus detaching himself from all complicity with their zeal, he speaks of 'the immense benefits conferred on civilization by missionary and philanthropic agencies.' And then he admits that it was the missionaries 'and Mr. Morel' that brought to an end the Leopoldian reign of terror and torture in the Congo.

Of Mr. Harris and his book we can judge for ourselves. The book is the outcome of residence and travel in the Congo since 1898. It is a traveller's book mainly. There is all the ease both of impression and of expression which the traveller is accustomed to offer us—the resolve to be readable first and let other things follow as they can. And if it is not possible to read a book, what is the good of writing it?

Mr. Harris begins with a lively description of travelling in the Congo and the African carrier. But very soon we find ourselves deep in the mysteries of dress (or no dress) and personal adornment. We hear once again the horrible tale of hands and feet chopped off by traders in order to secure the heavy ornaments that could not be pulled off. But all that, we are assured, is over now; though not until a Congo population of twenty millions was reduced to eight millions.

Of the religion of the Congo, Mr. Harris knows little. He has not the gift of questioning. Perhaps he is not much interested in religion, in the Congo or elsewhere. But in social customs he *is* interested. Here lies the value of the book. The habits of the natives are well described, and the change that is passing over them, with the hopes and fears for the future of that most lovable though unclean race.

'Though unclean'—'If in earlier years,' says Mr. Harris, 'Protestant missions hesitated to engage in remunerative industrial pursuits, they scored heavily over their Catholic *confrères*, and continue to score, in medical work. It was at first difficult to make the native see the advisability of even comparative cleanliness, for ablutions of any kind are, with many natives, a degrading practice only fitted for the effeminate white race. "What! I wash?" exclaimed an old chief to us in horror-stricken tones, when once I asked him to take a journey to the river before sitting near table. However, as he proceeded to do a worse thing—scrape himself—I withdrew and apologized for the insulting suggestion! There is some hope that the medical fraternity will in time bring the natives to realize the value of the bountiful streams which God has given them, though they may retort that the devil has filled them with crocodiles.'

VITAL LIES.

Vital Lies is the startling title which Vernon Lee has given to her latest book (John Lane; 2 vols., 10s. net). Where did she find it? She found it in Ibsen.

> *Relling.* I'm fostering the vital lie in him.
> *Gregers.* Vital lie? Is that what you said?
> *Relling.* Yes—I said vital lie—for illusion, you know, is *the* stimulating principle.

The quotation is taken from Ibsen's 'The Wild Duck'; and it fits Vernon Lee's book well.

For her book is an attack, an elaborate and vengeful attack, upon religious belief, as expressed by the late Professor William James in his *Will*

to Believe, by Mr. Crawley in his *Tree of Life*, and by others, all others who hold a belief which Vernon Lee does not hold.

What belief does Vernon Lee hold? She believes in the evidence of her senses. To do that (unless her senses are incomplete) is as much as any man or woman needs in order to the belief that means salvation. For the moment that the eye, for example, sees anything, it suggests more than it sees, and insists upon that more as most worth investigating. But Vernon Lee stops short with the eye. She goes no further, and then declares that there is no further to go. She declares that any one who goes further is guilty of a 'vital lie.'

Is her book worth reading? Most assuredly, though it is difficult to read. It is difficult to read because of the fierceness of her anger. We dare not smile, and we cannot easily sustain such intense indignation so long. Yet it is well worth reading. For in this book we find the cleavage clean and clear between the will to believe and the determination not to believe. It is not evidence that is wanted. Huxley said that there was nothing to prevent him believing in miracles except want of evidence. But no amount of evidence would have made any difference to him; he had made up his mind not to believe. And Vernon Lee has made up *her* mind.

GREAT WRITERS.

The Walter Scott Publishing Company of London and Felling-on-Tyne have published an edition of their 'Great Writers' series at the price of one shilling net each. This is possibly a courageous thing to do. It is certainly a patriotic thing. For this series is not behind the best of the literary biographies in existence—we know them all—and in one respect it is itself unquestionably the best of all, for no other series gives so complete a bibliography.

More than that, there are volumes in the 'Great Writers' series which surpass the volumes on the same authors in all other series. Let us name William Sharp's *Browning*, Richard Garnett's *Carlyle*, and David Hannay's *Smollett*. And then this series includes foreign authors, whose life and writings are estimated with just as much ability and care—*Balzac*, by Frederick Wedmore; *Cervantes*, by H. E. Watts; *Goethe*, by James Sime; *Heine*, by William Sharp; *Hugo*, by Sir F. T. Marzials; *Lessing*, by T. W. Rolleston; *Renan* and *Voltaire*, by Francis Espinasse; *Schiller*, by Henry W. Nevinson; and *Schopenhauer*, by Professor Wallace—*Maeterlinck* also, by Professor Jethro Bithell, being yet to come.

The Rev. G. Hartwell Jones, M.A., D.D., Rector of Nutfield, Surrey, being deprived by circumstances of serving his own land within its borders, has given to it such service as was in his power. He has studied the Pilgrim movement among the Celts—and not of Wales only but of all Britain—and has written a notable book on *Celtic Britain and the Pilgrim Movement* (London: Hon. Soc. of Cymmrodorion, 64 Chancery Lane).

Dr. Hartwell Jones believes that the making of pilgrimages is an instinct in the heart of man. It has not always the opportunity of expression; perhaps also it may be overlaid with other cares, and not be able to assert itself even when the opportunity comes. But it is there, and among the Celts of this island it has a fine history to prove both its place and its advantage. That history has been told by Dr. Hartwell Jones in this book with enthusiasm. No difficulty has daunted him in his research, and no care has been omitted by him in his exposition. There are quotations of Welsh poems not a few, and they are in the Welsh language. These we may have to skip. But the book can be read without them; it can be read with very great interest. It is the kind of book that makes for progress. To read it is first to encounter shame at one's ignorance, and then to experience joy over new discoveries of knowledge most agreeably made.

The illustrations are themselves a surprise. The sight of the Pilgrim's Inn at Glastonbury is enough to set one off on pilgrimage.

The poet is the practical person. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has written a series of letters to imaginary folk—to Mr. Ray Gilbert, law student, aged twenty-three; to Miss Winifred Clayborne at Vassar College; to Edna Gordon during her honeymoon, and so on—and every letter is a sack of common sense. The title of the book is *A Woman's Letters* (Gay & Hancock; 4s. 6d. net).

Notice that the translation of Deussen's 'Das

System des Vedanta' made by Mr. Charles Johnstone, and already reviewed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, is now published in this country by Messrs. Luzac & Co. The title is *The System of the Vedanta* (12s. 6d. net).

What is 'individual' and what is 'universal'? What do the words mean in the history of their use; and what has all that history brought us as to the things themselves? These are the questions which Dr. Francis Aveling discusses in his book *On the Consciousness of the Universal and the Individual* (Macmillan; 5s. net). Dr. Aveling is Lecturer in Analytic Psychology at University College, London. His book is probably a selection of his lectures. Whether that is so or not, it is a book for the student of psychology, and the student of psychology will know something of psychology when he knows it.

Thinking Black is the extraordinary title which Mr. D. Crawford, F.R.G.S., has given to his record of twenty-two years' missionary work in Central Africa (Morgan & Scott; 7s. 6d. net). The publishers are probably responsible for the title, which is arresting enough for all publishers' purposes. They are also responsible for the following 'Note.'

'The soon-to-die Livingstone farewelled Stanley in these tragic words: "On crossing the Lualaba, I shall go direct S.W. to the copper mines of Katanga. Eight days south of Katanga the natives declare the fountains [of the Nile] to be. When I have found them I shall return by Katanga to the underground houses of Rua . . . travel in boat up the river Lufira." Alas! the brave "Dawid" never so crossed the Lualaba, and this volume records the fulfilment of Livingstone's last desire.'

It is a book worth believing in, and worth working for. It will circulate. For this is real adventure and vivid description of it. The illustrations also are beyond all expectation. They are in colour, and set loosely against a black background.

'To an old minister laying down his pen, it is a very great consolation to see a young minister employing his pen to such genuine purpose as is done in this helpful volume. Wide reading, real literary ability, and a firm and warm faith, are conspicuous on every page. The people are to be congratulated who listen to such discourses on the Sabbath day and who read such articles on the week day.'

In these words Dr. Alexander Whyte introduces *The Practice of Life*, a volume of essays written by the Rev. W. D. M. Sutherland (Robert Scott; 1s. 6d. net). What need to add to them? Every word is verified in the reading of the book, and the reader has delight in addition.

A very short but very competent sketch of the social movement of our day in the whole length and breadth of it has been written by Mr. Will Reason, M.A. It is published by the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches under the title of *The Social Problem for Christian Citizens* (1s. net).

So well pleased is Professor Alexandre Moret of Paris with the reception given to his first popular book on Egypt, *In the Time of the Pharaohs*, that he has resolved to continue the task of presenting the subject of Egyptology in popular form. He has accordingly written a book on the *Kings and Gods of Egypt*, which has been translated into English by Madame Moret (Putnams; 7s. 6d. net).

As all books on Egypt are supposed to be incomplete if they are not illustrated, Professor Moret has had his *Kings and Gods* illustrated throughout; and the illustrations are a clever combination of the good and the beautiful. So also is the writing. This Parisian Professor, as translated by his wife, writes accurately and at the same time pictorially. Wherever we are in our knowledge of ancient Egypt, we may read this book with profit.

We have heard Professor J. J. M. de Groot, once of Leyden, now Professor of Sinology in the University of Berlin, describe himself as the man who wrote one book—and nobody ever read it. Yet it is the book on its subject. Since then he has written other two books, small and popular, the second being called simply *Religion in China*. It is the American Lectures on the History of Religions for 1910–1911 (Putnams; 6s. net).

In this attractive volume Professor de Groot confines himself to Taoism and Confucianism; and on these difficult 'religions,' even on Taoism,

he writes quite lucidly. There is none of the superficiality of the tourist in Professor de Groot's work. And it is so with the religion of China that the deeper you go the richer it is. Perhaps, after all, the most wonderful thing about this wonderful race is its age-long other-worldliness.

Professor G. A. Johnston Ross has republished (Revell; 1s. net) an article which he contributed to the *Hibbert Journal*. The title is *The Cross: The Report of a Misgiving*.

Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., is a distinguished surgeon and an acceptable writer of books. And he knows how to spend a holiday. He spent his last holiday in Palestine, taking his notebook and his camera with him. And now here he is giving us all the benefit he can out of it, by writing and illustrating *The Land that is Desolate* (Smith, Elder, & Co.; 9s. net). It is a fine, generous volume, worthy of the publishing house as well as the author. And, more than that, it is a real addition to the vast literature on Palestine. Sir Frederick Treves travelled the old roads by the new conveyances as other tourists do; but he carried an eye in his head, and, as we have said, he has the gift of authorship.

The addresses that were delivered at a Conference of University Women at Oxford in September 1912 have been published under the title of *The Christian Education of Women in the East* (Student Christian Movement, 93 Chancery Lane, W.C.). The scope is wider than the title suggests; it should also be said that the thought is deeper and the expression of it more concentrated than that which is usually offered to a Conference. Three of the addresses were given by Professor D. S. Cairns.

A clever, capable and reliable writer on *Heredity, Evolution, and Vitalism* is Ronald Campbell Macfie, M.A., M.B., C.M., whose work under that title is published by Messrs. John Wright & Sons in Bristol (6s. net). He is in touch with the most recent of recent movements, in close sympathetic touch; and what he knows he can make known.

Pioneers in the Study of Old Testament Poetry.

By Professor the Rev. A. R. Gordon, M.A., D.Litt., Montreal.

Herder.

The first real path-finder in our field of study had been an English scholar, who reached his results by quiet, patient investigation, inspired by loving sympathy with his subject. His successor was a seer, who lived in the world of poetic imagination, and felt its power by the immediate intuitions of the heart.

Johann Gottfried Herder was born at Mohrungen, in East Prussia, a full generation after Lowth, on August 25th, 1744. His father, Gottfried, a humble weaver and clothier, who had, however, raised himself to the position of schoolmaster in his native town, was a man of stern, inflexible character, who sought to train his children on the strictest principles of honour and rectitude. 'He was,' says Herder, 'a serious man, who used few words; our household affairs were all managed by fixed rules of time and order: when any duty had to be done, none of the children dared offer an excuse—it *must* be done.' The mother, on the other hand, was a tender, emotional soul, full of affection and piety. Herder inherited her character. From his earliest years he displayed unusual sensibility to the charms of Nature and the sweeter joys of life. As a mere child he would often be found alone in the woods, listening enthralled to the melody of the birds and the sighing of the winds, or gazing into the face of the waters of the brook, on which he seemed to trace the reflexion of some new world of wonders. He was passionately devoted to reading as well. It was said in Mohrungen that no book was safe from his greed. If he but caught sight of one through a window, he would enter the house, and beg for the loan of it, almost refusing to leave till his request was granted. In this way