

distress at their desertion of Him, of their apprehension for themselves, I need not speak. I need only point out that the Sabbath, with its restrictions as to travelling, now came to the rescue of their courage, and kept them at their posts.

When things have been long in the balance, and the blow has come at last, men are still reluctant to believe that it has come at all. Their very exhaustion favours incredulity, for it deadens pain and the power of perception, it suffers them to cheat themselves with hopes; as the exhaustion wears off, they seek a like relief in restlessness. The disciples had been slow to believe our Lord was to die; they might have been at least as slow to believe Him dead. The Sabbath, however, kept them quiet; it not only secured them time to think, but, by the removal of all distraction, made them think. And as in time conviction of the reality of His death became possible, it cut them off from every refuge from conviction. They had seen their Master crucified and put to death. With all reverence, in spite of the need of haste, certain of them had placed His body in the tomb. The Sabbath gave them time to realize that, and to have no doubt about it. Yet the Sabbath itself had intervened to make the burial in some sort incomplete. There is no mention at the time of formal lamentation, and the day after the Sabbath found the women still busy with what they had to do. It was as if the Sabbath said the death is real enough, but the death is not the end. It resolutely closed the door to illusions of self-will and folly; it never closed it to the hopes of wiser counsels and more disciplined illumination.

And these soon began to assert themselves; the apostles soon began to see that what had without doubt come to pass—had come to pass as Christ had said. He had divined the past better than they, and had forecast the future more truly. He had said He would be given up—He had been given up: He had said He would be put to death—He had been put to death. He had said also that He would rise again,—will He also rise again?

And so the quiet of the Sabbath did its work; to tired minds and weary bodies it brought rest; with gentle pressure, the pressure of an eternal discipline, it kept the waverers true to their allegiance; it gave them the calmness which faces facts, and picks from a situation, apparently disastrous, its elements of hope and comfort; it compelled them, knowing that our Lord was dead, to attempt some answer to the questions which they had not even dared to ask before; it let them work out for themselves some clue to the meaning of the 'Rising from the Dead,' with which to anticipate and to welcome the news that Christ was risen.

But, while it lasted, it was an ordeal terrible in its intensity, and as searching as salutary and indispensable, an ordeal such as few men would have assigned to others, and none have dared for themselves. Yet for them, in their high calling, Divine wisdom chose it; to some extent we can perceive its purpose; and we marvel at the foresight which had ordained it for them from the time that God saw the world which He had made, that it was good, and the sons of God shouted for joy.

At the Literary Table.

*Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum.*¹

THIS, the latest work from the pen of Professor Flint, consists of two parts, one descriptive and theoretical, the other historical and critical. The

¹ *Philosophy as Scientia Scientiarum, and a History of Classifications of the Sciences.* By Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Palermo, and Professor-Emeritus Edinburgh University. Edinburgh: William Blackwood & Sons.

first part is a luminous statement of Dr. Flint's idea of Philosophy, of its function in human knowledge, and of its position as a whole, and of the parts of it which in their interrelations and in their relation to the whole make up the organism of philosophy. The second part impresses us with its vast learning, its clearness and accuracy of statement, and with its succinct and sometimes drastic criticism. Both in the statement of the attempts at classifications and in the critical examination of them the reader can see that reference is made to

an ideal which is in the mind of Dr. Flint, an ideal which is the outcome of much reflexion on the nature of the problem and the conditions of its solution.

As regards the first part, which contains Dr. Flint's conception of the nature and function of philosophy, our only regret is that it has not been expanded into a treatise by itself. It is clear and complete as it stands, and yet at many points we look for and long for a fuller exposition. It is well to obtain the conception of philosophy and its function formed, after reflexion, by a mind so rich and full as that of Dr. Flint, but the reader would like to have these outlines filled up with all the richness of detail which would make it a finished picture. But we take what we have received and are thankful.

The main thesis of the first part is Philosophy as *Scientia Scientiarum*. It begins with the statement that philosophy should supplement the sciences, and should trace aright their boundaries and their relationships, and should help them to co-operate in an effective manner. It is pointed out how some of the most important advances which have occurred in the history of science have been due to the associated action of two or more sciences. Illustrations of such are given, and many more lie close at hand. A signal illustration occurs in the science of Physical Chemistry—a new name, and a new science, in which physics and chemistry are equally interested. A true co-ordination of the sciences and a comprehensive insight into their natures will help us to see how they can help each other. Dr. Flint also points out how necessary philosophy is in order to correct the narrowness of excessive specialism. Indeed, he might have spoken much more strongly than he has done on this question. What he has said he has well said, but it needs to be said with emphasis, as the specialist is apt to make his own formula the measure of all things. Philosophy in thus helping the sciences to know their limitations and their interrelations, marks out also the true path of education, while it also is in a position to know and estimate rightly the truths which lie between the sciences, truths which no one of the special sciences is in a position to value or to discern.

Treating of the relations of the sciences to one another, Dr. Flint has much to say that is relevant, and one quotation we make for many reasons. 'How is metaphysics related to physical and

mental science? There are those who suppress metaphysics entirely, who regard it as only an erroneous phase of thought, gradually drawing near to the death which is its doom,—who maintain that there is no science save realistic or positive science. There are others who, instead of thus absorbing metaphysics in positive science, have sought to absorb all positive science in metaphysics, pretended to "re-think the great thought of creation," and hesitated not to deny the law of gravitation, to blame the very stars, to pronounce the most ancient heavens wrong, when these things did not appear to conform to their deductions. And between these two extremes, the Comtist and the Hegelian, there are innumerable other erroneous positions, into any of which it is easy to fall; while to get sure footing on the one right spot no man can, unless by working out for himself a correct and adequate apprehension of the relation of metaphysics to experience.' Remarks as wise and as weighty are made on other relations of the sciences to one another and to philosophy, but on these we may not dwell.

We are led on to a consideration of the province and function of philosophy in itself and in its relation to the sciences. In itself philosophy is described as positive, as critical, as metaphysical, and as practical. Philosophy has its duty towards the sciences. It is not to try to do the work of any science, but it must seek to understand and to appreciate the work of any science. It must also, as science as such is not critical, be prepared to sift the assumptions, criticise the presuppositions of every science. But in addition, philosophy must be critical of itself and its own procedure, and must institute an investigation into the nature of knowledge itself. Having accomplished these two tasks, the next task of philosophy, according to Dr. Flint, is to elaborate a theory of being and becoming in accordance with its views of the sciences and its criticism of knowledge. Further, and now we use Dr. Flint's own words, 'Philosophy ought to forecast, as far as it can, the course of things—the future of the world and life, of humanity and science—and to determine what the worth of enjoyment is, and of beauty, truth, virtue, and piety, in relation to one another, and to the great final end of existence.'

We pass on to a discussion of the various kinds of knowledge. Here he begins with a splendid vindication of the possibility and value of com-

parative psychology, on which something might be said were there time. Then a statement of the nature of ordinary knowledge, the characteristics of scientific knowledge, and on the place and function of philosophical knowledge, and here he gives a restatement of its various stages or species. The first part of the book closes with an eloquent paragraph on Divine knowledge, which ends as follows:—‘Nothing can be hid from God. All is perfectly known to Him in the past, present, and future, from the highest to the lowest, from the least to the greatest. He has all the perfections of knowledge in Himself and also all that there is to know from without—coextensive with omniscience is omnipotence. These are indissolubly united. The former is not inactive, nor the latter unenlightened.’

The main part of the book we can but briefly touch on. Being historical and critical, entering into many details, and touching on many names, from Plato to the present time, it cannot be criticised within our limits. Nor are we inclined to be critical. For Dr. Flint has done a work which hardly any else could do, and a work which is indispensable to every student who is interested in the problem of the sciences and their classification. Here he has an authentic and accurate account and estimate of all former attempts, he can note how far they have been successful, how and why they have failed, and so prepare himself for his own work. All students of the history of human thought must be grateful to Dr. Flint for this able, learned, and scholarly work. JAMES IVERACH.

Aberdeen.

BISHOP STUBBS.

LETTERS OF WILLIAM STUBBS, BISHOP OF OXFORD. Edited by William Holden Hutton, B.D. (Constable. 17s. 6d. net.)

‘Disestablish and disendow the Church of England to-day, and such is my confidence in the good hand of my God upon her, and my belief in the mission of my people, that I am ready to say that in less than fifty years she would be more powerful in all ways than she is now.’ Who said that? Bishop Stubbs of Oxford. But that is not all Bishop Stubbs has to say, that is not all the sentence—‘but the risk could be run only on the jeopardy of the millions of souls that would be left to ruin in the first stages of the experiment, and it cannot be incurred by us who are in trust,

without a certain desertion of our duty, and disloyalty to the cause that we are sworn to serve.’ That is all now. That is Bishop Stubbs.

Bishop Stubbs is greatest when he is writing to Freeman, and there are many letters to Freeman in the volume. For when he is writing to Freeman he is a historian, and alive to the importance of the least tittle of historical evidence; alive, too, to the fact that his correspondent is alive to the importance of it, so that he is doubly on the alert. Why did they make him a bishop? He is himself, and he is very great, so long as he signs himself with his simple Saxon name. We scarcely know him, he scarcely seems to know himself, when he signs W. Cestr., or W. Oxon.

Without doubt the letters of most value are the purely historical letters. No historian, certainly no historian of the Church of England, is safe if he does not know the book. Mr. Hutton, who seems to have done his work well in every respect, has also done well to give us a good full index. It might have been even fuller, even much fuller; recording all the dates and descriptions of all the little people with whom Dr. Stubbs took such pains, and even adding some of his pronunciations: ‘My dear Freeman,—What is the quantity of the *ā* in Eboracum? I believe that it is the same as that of the *i* in Corinthum.’

CANON MOBERLY.

PROBLEMS AND PRINCIPLES: BEING PAPERS ON SUBJECTS THEOLOGICAL AND ECCLESIASTICAL. By the late R. C. Moberly, D.D. Edited by the Rev. R. B. Rackham, M.A. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

From first to last Canon Moberly was consistent. Consistency was not a fetish with him, it was in him, it was himself. He did not make up his mind till he had thoroughly reasoned the matter out: when he made up his mind he did not change it. So, though these papers seem miscellaneous, and range over twenty years’ space, they are held together by their author’s personality. Mr. Rackham calls seven of them theological, and six ecclesiastical. That division is the most artificial thing in the book, for Canon Moberly could never be theological without being ecclesiastical, nor ecclesiastical without being theological. Take the next article to the last. Its title is ‘Doctrinal Standards.’ Mr. Rackham places it, you see, amongst the ecclesiastical, and that is a

good place for it. That is the best place for it. But had it been written by almost any other man it would have been found among the theological.

For to Canon Moberly the CHURCH was first and last and everything. Where, then, was Christ? In the Church. Certainly it is not the Church without Christ, but you cannot get to Christ until you have come to the Church; you cannot get anything from Christ unless you get it through the Church.

Canon Moberly's conception of the Church is a great conception. If you do not think it is altogether right you dare not say it is altogether wrong, for Canon Moberly lived by it, and it made him great. Most surprising of all is it that, having such a conception of the Church, he found it here on earth, his very ideal of it, realized in the Church of England. We do not know if anywhere else, if even to the early writings of Newman, we should send one, into whose mind we desired to plant deep reverence for the Church of England, more readily than to Canon Moberly's *Problems and Principles*.

HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE.

AN ABRIDGED HISTORY OF GREEK LITERATURE. By Alfred Croiset and Maurice Croiset. Translated by George F. Hefffelbower, A.M., Professor of Greek in Carroll College. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

The History does not look what it is called, for it contains 569 large closely-printed 8vo pages. But it is small compared with the authors' five-volume *Histoire de la littérature grecque*. Still it is not quite properly named, for it is an independent work, not really an abridgment of that greater work. It is, in this well-translated English edition, the most convenient, scientific, attractive history of the literature of Greece which we possess.

It is the most convenient history. For in spite of its many pages it is a single, handy volume; it gives a quite sufficient account of the writers of Greece, great and small, for the purposes of everyone but the Greek professor; and it covers the whole period right down to the time of John Chrysostom, who has his place as well as Hesiod.

It is the most scientific history. For every writer is seen in his relation to the whole of the literature of Greece. 'To interpret an author one must continually bring him back to his environment. His personal originality, far from

seeming less, comes thus to show its character more clearly. Our artistic pleasure in him, too, becomes keener; for in the voice of the individual we have resounding the dim harmonies that determine its inherent quality and richness.'

And it is the most attractive history. For the translator has succeeded in making the original French read as good idiomatic English. He has not merely turned the one language into the other; he has reproduced in the one the effect of the other. 'The innate quality of dignified French style is brilliance; while that of even the most polished English style is majesty. The difference is fundamental, extending not simply to the dress, but to the cast, the substance, the form, and features of the thought.' Professor Hefffelbower has been mindful of the difference. The translation reads as if it were the original.

DICTIONARY OF FAITHS AND FOLK-LORE.

FAITHS AND FOLKLORE: A DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BELIEFS, SUPERSTITIONS, AND POPULAR CUSTOMS. By W. Carew Hazlitt. Two Vols. (Reeves & Turner.)

What is this? It is Brand's *Popular Antiquities of Great Britain*. Then why not call it so? Because after all it is not so. It is a new edition of Brand, and it is so much more than Brand that nothing but a new name would do for it. Mr. Carew Hazlitt published his first edition of Brand in 1870. This is a new edition of his own edition. His edition deserved a new name then; it doubly deserves it now.

For since 1870 folklore has become a science. Is there indeed any department of human knowledge that has made greater strides in our generation? Folklore was good fun to our fathers; to speak of making it a science would have been the best fun of all. But now we know that even upon the fairy tale law has laid its restraining hand, it is all done decently and in order. We can trace the march of a charm for toothache as we can follow the course of the sun. Mr. Carew Hazlitt's newest edition of Brand is the scientific handbook to all such popular customs and beliefs as have ever been found in Britain. Its dictionary form has both advantages and disadvantages, but in a rapid-reading age the advantages are more than the disadvantages.

What should Mr. Hazlitt do when the next

edition is called for? He should give yet fuller reference to literature. Especially should he refer to the literature that describes similar customs in other lands. It would increase the bulk of the book ridiculously to quote the foreign variations, but the reader should be told if foreign variations exist, and where he can find an account of them. How useful it would be if constant reference were found, for example, to Spencer and Gillen's books on the customs of the Australian aborigines, and still more to such general and accessible works as Hartland's *Perseus* and Frazer's *Golden Bough*. These works have to do with religion. But that would double the value of the reference. For we should see that a mere superstition or children's game in one land was a serious religious exercise in another; and we should have the means of tracing its degeneration.

And another thing. In the next edition Mr. Hazlitt should be still more particular not to mention a custom or even to offer an etymology without giving his authority for it.

Notes on Books.

ALL Scotland has turned to the study of Church History. The English Lord Chancellor has done that. So *A Short History of the Westminster Assembly* (T. & T. Clark; 2s. 6d. net) is the very book for the moment. It is written by the Rev. W. Beveridge, M.A., of New Deer, one of the keenest scholars in the United Free Church, and one of its very few really accomplished Church historians. To those who do not know all that, this book will prove it. It is well written too, with no scholar's pedantry, though it is so scholarly. It is written to be read by the people; and Mr. Beveridge knows that the people demand accuracy, for they cannot verify for themselves; and good descriptive writing, else they will not read at all. In the end of the book there are two most valuable notes, called out by the interest of the moment; the one, What is spiritual independence? the other, What has the Declaratory Act done to the Confession of Faith? We promise Mr. Beveridge good success. We promise his readers that they will enjoy him.

Should there be a book in the Bible which we do not read? There is one book. It is Ezekiel.

We do not read it because we cannot. The man who makes it possible for us to read Ezekiel, not in 'portions' at family worship, but through and through, so that we make Ezekiel and his message ours, confers upon us a very great benefit. That man is the Rev. W. Harvey-Jellie, B.D., of Cheltenham. We can buy his book for sixpence. It is the latest issue of Principal Salmond's 'Bible Class Primers.' It is published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark.

The battle of Belief has often been fought with pamphlets, to-day it is fought with sixpenny reprints. On the one side we have Messrs. Watts, acting for the Rationalist Press Association, and issuing this month Ingersoll's *Lectures and Essays* and Mill's *Three Essays on Religion*. On the other side is Mr. Allenson, not content to fight the battle of Belief directly, but determined to give the people plenty of good literature to read. He has issued this month Momerie's *Belief in God* and Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

Under the auspices of the Church Service Society, and under the title of *The Book of Common Prayer* (Blackwood; 7s. 6d. net), Professor James Cooper of Glasgow has edited the Scottish Liturgy of 1637. He has edited it with the love of a devotee, rejoicing in the labour it involves; and the long Introduction, if unexpectedly favourable both to Laud and to his Liturgy, is a masterpiece of historical appreciation. The Notes at the end of the book are longer than the Introduction at the beginning. They revel in the knowledge of minute things belonging to Liturgic and to the history of the Scottish Liturgy in particular.

There never was published in this country a more attractive series of sermon volumes than that which went by the name of *Preachers of the Age*, and came from the publishing house of Messrs. Sampson Low. The series is now to be reissued by Messrs. S. C. Brown, Langham, & Co. All the attractive features are retained—the fine portrait, the bibliography, the wise choice of preacher. And the price is less than before (2s. 6d. net). Two volumes are now ready—Dr. Maclaren's *Conquering Christ*, and Bishop Moule's *Christ is All*.

More *Sermons to Young Men* (Brown; 3s. 6d.).

But this time they come from the Rev. R. J. Campbell. Now Mr. Campbell has a double right to preach to young men. He is young himself, and he is a man. Nay, has he not a third and higher right than those, that he has put off the old man and put on the new? All these things are in this volume. It is the volume of sermons of this month.

Have Messrs. S. C. Brown discovered a way with sermons unknown to other publishers? Not a month but they issue several volumes. We have spoken of the 'Preachers of the Age.' There is also that prolific series, 'The World's Pulpit,' in which as latest and most unexpected appears *Now and Then* (3s. 6d.), by the Rev. Spencer Jones. So there is to be no cribbing or confining in respect of creed. If there is real preaching, preaching with conviction and intelligence; the creed may be Arminian or Calvinist, Low Church, High Church,—the sermons will be published.

The business of a teacher of the Old Testament is not to read the old Testament through with his pupils, but to read a little thoroughly and give an appetite for the rest. That is what Dr. H. H. B. Ayles has done in his *Critical Commentary on Genesis ii. 4-iii. 25* (Clay; 5s.). To know this section of the Old Testament as Dr. Ayles teaches it here is to know it thoroughly, its text, its authorship, its theology. And he touches so many exciting and unsolved problems that he leaves a craving appetite for the rest. Even his last chapter, which discusses the value of the Hebrew tenses, makes us see that there are more things in the Hebrew tenses than we knew. The book should be the first manual of instruction in every Hebrew class-room.

Professor E. D. Burton of Chicago does nothing imperfectly. His first book on the 'Moods and Tenses of New Testament Greek' at once made obsolete all other books on the subject. His interests have become wider since then. In particular, he has given much attention to Sunday-school work. But the first thoroughness runs through everything he does. His latest book is *A Short Introduction to the Gospels* (Chicago Press; \$1). It is short and clear and conservative. Yet not too conservative; admirably adapted for the use of Sunday-school teachers or the like.

Have you seen the 'Florin' Series of standard English authors? It is the cheapest yet. For the texts are edited and complete, and the printing and paper are without a flaw. There is a touch of severity in the binding, but that also is in keeping with the utter absence of glitter and sham throughout. The volume before us is *Whittier* (Frowde; 2s.), the first complete Whittier in this country. The editor is Mr. Garrett Horder.

The enterprise of the Oxford Press has made another revolution in Bibles. Their first revolution was made by the use of india paper. The second, which is as radical, and likely to be as far-reaching, is accomplished by the use of clarendon type. How is it that no one hit upon this before? Between the black letter, which no one could read for its blackness and closeness, and the roman type, which no one can read very long in the small type of pocket Bibles for its thinness and fineness, there has always been room for the clarendon type. Here it is at last, and it has come to stay. Two editions have been issued, one with and one without the references, both in pearl 32mo. Now pearl 32mo in roman type is far too small to read; in clarendon it is restful and even inviting to weary eyes. The publishers have issued a prospectus with specimen pages, but it is right to say that the pages of the Bibles themselves are much more readable than the pages of the prospectus.

It is a curious thing that the Principal of Lancashire Independent College in Manchester is described on the title-page of his new book as though he were still in New College, London. The explanation is that it is a new edition of an old book, and somebody has forgotten to make the alteration. It is a new edition of *How to Read the Bible* (Clarke; 1s.). Dr. Adeney has done as much as most of us for the scientific study of the Bible. He would have done much if he had written this book only.

There is a way of entering into fellowship with the Eastern Church which need offend no one, and the Rev. John Brownlie has found it. It is to translate its hymns and sing them. This is the third volume of Mr. Brownlie's translations. He calls it *Hymns from the Greek Office-Books* (Gardner; 3s. 6d. net).

Mr. Gardner of Paisley has published in white canvas and gold a small book on *The Art of Being Successful*. It is written by the Rev. C. A. Hall, who has already written 'The Art of Being Healthy' and 'The Art of Being Happy.' It is short itself, and its chapters are still shorter, so that those who have begun to be successful and are very busy might snatch the time to read a chapter of it, and so become busier and more successful.

If there is in any man's mind any honest doubt as to the drift of belief in the United Free Church of Scotland, let that man read a small volume just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton under the title of *Questions of Faith* (5s.). The writers of its chapters are all members of that Church, and they write on the momentous testing things. Are they sound in the faith? Who are the men? They are Professors Orr, Mackintosh, Dods, Laidlaw, Lindsay, Denney, and Mr. Carnegie Simpson. And the things? God, the Son of God, Christ's Resurrection, the Holy Spirit, the Church, Forgiveness, Immortality. So orthodox on those things are those men, that one might almost be reading Hodge. And yet it is certain that orthodoxy or heterodoxy was not in all their thoughts, but the frank expression of their own living faith. It is one of the strangest cantrips of the devil, and one of the cleverest, that he gets men to denounce Professor Dods as a heretic.

There are two kinds of preaching, the preaching that teaches and the preaching that exhorts. No doubt every sermon should both teach and exhort. But there are preachers who can only do the one, and preachers who can only do the other. Dr. S. H. Kellogg can teach, and he can do it supremely. In his new volume of sermons, *The Past a Prophecy of the Future* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.), he handles the greatest problems of the Christian faith with confidence in his ability to explain their meaning, and when he has explained their meaning he is content. Yet once and again he makes his explanation more impressive than any formal exhortation could be. The last sermon is on the Second Coming of the Lord—what do we need but to understand it?

The readers of the *Record* have long been familiar with its 'Homiletic Hints.' Now they know the

authors of those sketches of sermons which never wandered from the Gospel, and never wandered from their text. They are the Rev. A. R. Buckland, the Rev. F. Baylis, and the Rev. W. R. Blackett. Out of fifteen years' contributions a volume has been made, and made to fit the Calendar. Its title is *Text-Studies for a Year* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.).

The miracle of modern authorship is Dr. James Moffatt of Dundonald. He is the author of the 'Historical New Testament,' and he is the author of *The Golden Book of John Owen* (Hodder & Stoughton; 6s.). Has he read John Owen through? He manifestly has. For not only does he give selections from any or all of his works, but he writes an Introduction to the Selections, which shows conclusively that he knows John Owen through and through. Some of us have hoped that we should read John Owen through ourselves. Now we know that we shall never do it. We shall be content with the best things John Owen has to say; we shall be content with another man's estimate of John Owen. Dr. Moffatt will be too great a temptation for us. We shall be content with Dr. Moffatt.

Dr. Wells has published his biography of Dr. Hood Wilson (*James Hood Wilson*; Hodder & Stoughton; 7s. 6d.). He undertook an impossible task. Biography is always impossible. Then how impossible the biography of a man who filled his life with nothing but well-doing! We knew him and loved him, and no biography would have contented us. Yet we have not been disappointed. It is loyally written. We know him now better than we did; we do not love him less. One thing has surprised us all. We thought we knew how great he was in gathering for the needy and in giving. Now we see that we did not know. We see that great as he was in giving he was greater in concealing what he gave. It is a book to make us ashamed. It is a book to make us fall at his knees, as Peter did at the Master's, and say, 'Depart from me.' But it is a book to draw us very near to Christ.

The Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A., has published an educational handbook on *The Apostles of our Lord* (Hodder & Stoughton; 5s.). He says that we might describe the apostles in the words of St.

Paul, 'as unknown, yet well known.' For it is surprising, when we think of it, how little we know about them and how well we know them. Mr. Greenhough regrets that we know so little about them; but it has its advantages. It enables Mr. Greenhough to differ from others in his estimate of them; it enables us to differ from Mr. Greenhough. We differ from him in his estimate of Thomas. He does not call Thomas the Doubter, as others have done; he calls him the Pessimist. But if you are going to apply an epithet, the right one is the Realist. The estimate of the individual apostles is, however, the least part of Mr. Greenhough's book. He is good in his individual estimate, even though we differ from him here and there. He is better in what he says on the Training and Making of the Apostles. For now his own experience comes into play, and it is in experience that Mr. Greenhough is most strong. He is neither Andrew nor Philip, but he is one of those who have been trained and made for the Master's use.

St. George's Church in Edinburgh is served by two ministers, the Rev. Alexander Whyte, D.D., and the Rev. Hugh Black, M.A. This service is ideal, for so well do these two ministers supplement one another that the saying has become common, 'Dr. Whyte blackens the saints in the morning, and Mr. Black whitewashes the sinners at night.' The saying is, of course, an unholy exaggeration; but could Dr. Whyte write a book on *The Practice of Self-Culture*? He could not. Could any man of Dr. Whyte's generation write it? It is more than two men meeting in the pulpit of St. George's, it is two generations of men. Does not this title of Mr. Black's tell us that the central article of our theology is no longer the corruption of our whole nature? Does Mr. Black believe in the Fall in any sense? We should probably entirely misrepresent him if we said he did not. But we do not misrepresent him when we say that the Fall is no longer in the midst with him, but Christ is in the midst. 'Christ is the Christian ideal. To have the same mind in us which was in Him is distinctly set before us as our aim. How full His mind was of beauty and truth, full of sweet thoughts and noble ideas, because full of love. It was the perfection of culture.' That is the meaning of Mr. Hugh Black's book (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.).

Why is it easier to preach sermons than to listen to them? Because, says Mr. Joseph Dawson, preachers are trained to preach, but hearers are not trained to hear. So he has written a handbook of Homiletics for *The Man in the Pew* (Kelly; 2s. 6d.). Henceforth let every preacher train his hearers to hear before he begins to preach to them, and let him use Mr. Dawson's manual as his text-book.

The test of a religion is its treatment of Woman. A series of lectures was delivered last winter in Manchester by some learned men, who are also lovers of Christ. With true discernment it was arranged that the last of the lectures should be given by a woman, and that her subject should be 'Christianity and Womanhood.' The lectures are now published by Mr. Kelly in a volume of 400 pages, under the title of *Is Christianity True?* (2s. 6d.). The last lecture alone is worth the price of the volume. Among other things, Miss Burstall notices the argument—what a testimony to Christianity that it should be possible to notice such an argument—the argument of some recent German writers that Christianity is a religion of women and children. It is,—she does not deny it,—but of men also; for it is along this very line of self-sacrifice and devotion to others that evolution is now moving, and, according to science, producing its greatest human triumphs. This Manchester enterprise has much significance for our time: this volume should be seen by everyone who desires to serve the Lord Christ.

Mr. Kelly has begun to publish the new series of Manchester Lectures on 'What is Christianity?' There is nothing in the world better fitted to commend Christianity (unless it be the lives of Christians) than those penny pamphlets—they are so fair, so learned, so popular.

Mr. Kelly has also published *Some Things the Bible has taught an Unlettered Layman* (2s. 6d.); and two numbers of the 'Bright View Booklets.'

It is not an easy thing at present to write on the Teaching of Christ, or on anything belonging to Christ. But under the title of *The Teaching of Christ in its Present Appeal* (Inglis Ker; 2s.), the Rev. W. L. Walker, well known by his two great books, 'The Cross and the Kingdom,' and 'The

Spirit and the Incarnation,' has written a really helpful, edifying, inspiring little book, and has not forgotten the claims of criticism on a single page of it. He has not forgotten it, but he has never thrust criticism in our faces; for he feels that he has not been sent to criticise the Gospels, but to commend their Christ. And he brings us into the very room where He is. We hear His voice.

Morning and Evening Cries is the title of a book of household prayers written by the Rev. J. G. Greenhough, M.A. (Kingsgate Press; 2s. 6d. net). It is one of the choice volumes of prayer, one of the few which really help us to pray. There is naturalness, there is filial affection, there is Scripture truth in every prayer.

A handbook for the clergy has been written by the Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., on *Charitable Relief* (Longmans; 2s. 6d. net). The clergy need a handbook on Charitable Relief. Not because they are less practical than other people, for they are not, but because they have so much charitable relief to give, and it is so supremely difficult to give it well. Mr. Rogers has studied the subject thoroughly, and he is thoroughly courageous. Not the clergy only, but every person with anything at all to give, must read his book.

In the city of Sheffield there is a very successful Bible class. It was begun by the Rev. Frank Swainson, who now tells its history in *Bible Work and Warfare* (Longmans; 2s. net). Mr. Swainson had to leave the city after some years, but the class is still conspicuously successful. They speak of thousands in its membership. How was the success obtained? Not by advertisement, nor even by music. By prayer, says its present teacher, in his short preface, by *prayer* and *hard work*. The book does not teach us to pray; it teaches us to work hard. But it insists on both. Be assured, all whom it concerns, that the money spent on this book will be well spent.

Canon Ainger will never be thought of apart from Charles Lamb. But he could preach too. Four-and-twenty sermons of his, preached when he was Master of the Temple, have been edited by Canon Beeching and published by Messrs. Macmillan. The title of the book is *The Gospel and Human Life* (6s.). Surely it is an ideal congrega-

tion that worships in the Temple Church. Says a well-known scholar and thinker, 'Although I have preached more than once in the University pulpits, I have never seen a sight which impressed me so much.' And they can listen. Canon Ainger clearly understood that if others were called to 'feed my lambs,' he was called to 'feed my sheep.' His language is simple enough and always literary, but every sermon contains some fresh thought, and it is not always an easy thought.

Another volume has come of Macmillan's great *History of the English Church* (7s. 6d.). We call it great, not merely because it runs into eight volumes, but because every volume is written by a master, and will last. This service to learning, and service to Christ, was done by the late Dean of Winchester and Dr. William Hunt. Together they planned the work and impressed the spirit. Each writer was chosen, a lover of the Church of England, because, first of all, a lover of truth. The partisan history has its day, and ceases to be. This history we say will last. This history will make history.

The new volume covers the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James in England. The writer is Mr. W. H. Frere. Mr. Frere's knowledge of the period is first-hand, and thorough. The facts have been familiar to him long enough to enable him to grasp the principles. And he can write. He cannot write popularly perhaps. He cannot command the interest of the uninterested. But he can write clearly, firmly, truthfully, remembering the shadows in this mixed history as well as the brilliant sunlight. Mr. Frere's volume will last with the rest.

It was during his illness that Bishop Ryle agreed to publish a volume of sermons. For he wished his friends to possess some record of the convictions which he has striven energetically to uphold. We dare not say with Luther, 'O blessed illness,' but we rejoice that the Bishop of Winchester is restored to us, and that we have his volume also. It is not an ordinary book of sermons in subject or in treatment. It is not an ordinary bishop's book. For though there are sermons here which only a bishop would think of preaching, there are others which no one could preach but Dr. Ryle. One of these is the sermon on the Doctrine of the Trinity. It is the audacity of it that is all his own, his audacious way with the Athanasian Creed. A

bishop, and he says 'it is not the layman's creed; it is no test of his Churchmanship; it is to him an honoured historical document warning against the errors of old time, recalling the triumphs of militant orthodoxy.' And he says it with such authority, with most authority when he is most opposed to tradition. Yes, the man who writes this book has convictions, and he has the courage of them.

Messrs. Macmillan have published a third edition of Professor Butcher's *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius* (7s. net). It is not a large book for the money, but it is all gold. Its essays are: (1) What we owe to Greece, (2) The Greek Idea of the State, (3) Sophocles, (4) The Melancholy of the Greeks, (5) The Written and the Spoken Word, (6) The Unity of Learning, and (7) The Dawn of Romanticism in Greek Poetry. What does he mean by the unity of learning? Perhaps this anecdote will tell you—

'An Oxford undergraduate, a scholar of his College, was about to go in for his final examination. He went to his tutor to talk over with him a difficult metaphysical problem. The tutor discussed it on various sides, but produced no definite solution. The pupil at last told him plainly that this was not what he wanted. "What I want is the examination answer to the question; give it me in a precise form." "I really can't," was the reply; "it is a point on which nobody can speak dogmatically. Honestly I don't know." "Come now, Mr. —," said the other, "but you are *paid* to know."

What should the 'English Men of Letters' be? Biography or Philosophy? Biography certainly. So Sir Leslie Stephen was wrong when he filled his 'Hobbes' with Hobbes' philosophy. Mr. Francis W. Hirst is right when he gives us a biography of *Adam Smith* (Macmillan; 2s. net). For the philosophy of Adam Smith we had better read the *Wealth of Nations* or some handbook of Political Economy. This is the book to read for Adam Smith himself. Mr. Hirst is a good biographer, accurate, sympathetic, and unselfish. By 'unselfish,' we mean that he does not try to show how clever a man he is himself; he tries to show how great a man was Adam Smith. And he almost succeeds in showing it. He could not wholly succeed, because Adam Smith's ideas are now common property. The only thing that re-

mains to him is his style, and for that we must read Adam Smith himself. His ideas are common property now, but how great they were and what a revolution they have wrought! Mr. Hirst does not believe that even Mr. Chamberlain will get us to go back beyond them. How scornful he is of the efforts, made it seems even by men in our own day, to prove that Adam Smith was *not* a free trader. They were made in Cobden's day, and he quotes Cobden to the purpose. 'They try,' said Cobden, 'to make out Adam Smith a monopolist. And how do they do it? As the atheist proved from Scripture that there is no God. Finding the text, "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God," he simply cut the first part of the text away.'

Another volume by Westcott. Another volume of sermons. It is made up mostly of expository sermons on St. John. Its matter, the editor frankly tells us, is largely to be found in the well-known volume of the *Speaker's Commentary*. In some places the words are identical. But it is commentary in the one case, and sermon in the other; the two MSS also were quite distinct. It was right to publish both. It was more than right, it was necessary. For the one book makes clearer the other, and Westcott often needs to be made clearer. But there is more here than the sermons on St. John. There are three of special interest on the call of the Prophet,—the call of Isaiah, the call of Jeremiah, and the call of Ezekiel. We place the volume with much affection in the long row labelled Westcott. We know there is still another to come. Then the row will be complete, but its work will be but begun.

When a man preaches in America, his sermons can be published in this country without his knowledge. This must be annoying to his publishers. It is equally annoying to his readers. The authorized publishers in this country of the sermons of Phillips Brooks are Messrs. Macmillan. But other publishers have published various volumes; and the volumes do not range in size or even altogether in contents. It is most annoying. We have no room for repetitions, and we want Phillips Brooks complete. Let our readers remember this then, that if they want Phillips Brooks and nothing but Phillips Brooks they had better stick to Macmillan. The title of the new volume is *Seeking Life* (Macmillan; 6s.).

The Christian hermits are out of countenance to-day. We do not understand them, and we do not try. They seem to us so un-Christlike, that we wonder if they were Christians. They seem to us so unmanly, that we wonder if they were men. The Rev. J. O. Hannay has been considering the hermits. We knew that he had been considering them from his excellent book on Asceticism. Now he has got at the heart of them, and has published their inmost thoughts in a beautiful little book which he calls *The Wisdom of the Desert* (Methuen; 3s. 6d. net). Besides being a delightful book to read, it is a clear addition to the literature of early Christianity.

In quite a small book published by Messrs. Methuen (2s. 6d. net.) is to be found a charming account of all the plants that are mentioned in the Bible. The title is far too modest. It is *Bible Flowers* (by Rosemary A. Cotes). But the trees and the spices and the vegetables are here, besides the flowers. The little book is artistic rather than scientific. And yet there is care and knowledge in the making of it.

The English edition of the Epistle of St. James has up till now been Dr. J. B. Mayor's. Nor will Dr. Mayor ever be wholly superseded, for there will be no reason why subsequent editors should gather again for themselves the examples of the language and thought of St. James which they can find and cannot improve upon in Dr. Mayor. But next to Dr. Mayor's edition, and before it for the English reader who knows not Greek, must now be placed *The Epistle of St. James*, by Professor Knowling (Methuen; 6s.). No commentator of our day is more conscientious; no commentator is more in touch with the average preacher; no commentator refuses more resolutely to follow the will-o'-the-wisp of barren novelty in the exposition of Scripture. Dr. Knowling is familiar with all the literature of his subject, and uses it, but his judgments are his own. If the 'Westminster Commentaries' will maintain this standard of every-day utility, they will serve their generation well. Driver's *Genesis* lifted them to a new level; Knowling's *St. James* maintains it.

How rich is Christianity in Ethics! Is there any other religion that makes an ethical topic of Rest? Is there any other religion that would

allow a man to write a book of 250 pages on it? The Rev. E. W. Moore has done that. His title is *The Promised Rest* (Nisbet; 2s. 6d.). So great is the Promised Rest that it seems to be Christianity itself. And yet no chapter could be omitted. It was a great conception to find the single subject of Rest sufficient for twenty-two sermons, and each sermon laden with exhortation and encouragement.

Dr. S. D. Gordon's *Quiet Talks on Prayer* (Revell; 2s. 6d. net) are as familiar as they are quiet. Of the passage, 'Thy will be done,' he says, 'Let us draw up our chairs and brew it over mentally, that its strength and fragrance may come up into our nostrils, and fill our very beings.' Yet there are words in it with which we are not familiar. There is that word *brew*. Again he says, 'This is the main drive of prayer'; and again he speaks of 'tending the stock' and 'doing the chores.' It is the familiarity of an American. No doubt God understands.

Messrs. Revell have published a volume of *Letters of an Old Methodist to his Son in the Ministry*, written by Robert Allen of Tippecanoe, Indiana (3s. 6d. net). The Old Methodist dislikes the new ways of preaching and promoting the gospel, as most old Methodists do. He expresses his dislike in language that is always unmistakable, though on the whole he writes more in sadness than in anger. But it does not follow that he is always right and his up-to-date son always wrong. The Institutional Church is doing something for the gospel in America. And even if it had proved a failure, it was worth a trial, since there were crowds upon crowds of young people who took no interest in the gospel as an Old Methodist was preaching it. And is not this one of the first duties of those who are most loyal to the gospel, to bring it into touch with the actual life of each succeeding generation?

Messrs. Revell have also published *Thirty-One Revival Sermons*, by Dr. Louis Albert Banks (3s. 6d. net); and *Whittlers of the Word of God*, by Perry Wayland Sinks (1s. 6d. net).

Mr. Grant Richards has published a little book with an unusual name. The author's name is unusual also. It is Roslyn D'Onston. The name

of the book is *The Patristic Gospels* (4s. net). It is further described as an English Version of the Holy Gospels as they existed in the Second Century. How has Mr. D'Onston obtained his version? By comparison of the manuscripts, the versions, and the Fathers; by a further comparison of all the critical Greek texts, all the English versions, and all the commentators who are worth comparing. And for all his renderings he gives his authorities. In the multitude of new translations it is one of the most notable.

Messrs. Rivingtons have issued the second volume of Principal Whitham's *Handbook to the History of the Hebrew Monarchy* (3s. 6d. net). It is the teacher's book, directing and stimulating. It is accurate history and it is sound theology.

The Lord's Prayer for Believers is a daring title. For its subject is the Intercessory Prayer of the seventeenth chapter of St. John. Perhaps the title has done something for the book. And yet there is no surprise that the book should have reached its fifth edition. It almost belongs to the world's literature of devotion. Mr. Thynne has just published the fifth edition of Rainsford's *Lord's Prayer for Believers*, with an introductory note by Mr. Griffith Thomas (2s. 6d. net).

Seven Sorts of Successful Sunday Evening Services. One sort is more than some of us can reach. We fear it is not the 'sort' that does it, but the man. Nevertheless let us hear what the seven sorts are. They are the men's Sunday evening club plan, the musical plan, the lecture-sermon plan, the you-and-I plan, the many-hands-on-the-net plan, the stirring-of-the-spiritual-nature plan, and the going-out-into-the-highways-and-hedges plan. The you-and-I plan is the puzzle. It is explained in this way: 'Father Taylor of the Mariners' Church in Boston, so quick in his sympathies, fell inevitably into the you-and-I plan. A widow with breaking heart and pressing need came to him, and in his exigency he turned to God in prayer and said, "Oh, Lord, we are a widow with six children." The *Seven Sorts* are described by the Rev. James L. Hill, D.D., of Salem, Mass., and the book is published by Messrs. Treat of New York.

How often are we asked to name a *Hebrew*

Grammar for Beginners—a real beginner's book. We can name it now. The author is Professor W. B. Stevenson of Bala, and the publishers Messrs. Young of Edinburgh.

Books for Christmas.

ONCE more Christmas is at hand, and once more there is the welcome inrush of Christmas books. Most of them are books for the children. And that is as it should be; for Christmas is the children's season. If there is the usual number, there is more than the usual variety. Let us see:

NELSON & SONS.

This year we shall have no difficulty in distinguishing the books published by Messrs. Nelson. They have all attractive royal blue paper covers to protect their handsome bindings. First comes Miss Everett-Green's annual historical tale. It is called *Ringed by Fire* (5s.), and is a story of the Franco-German War. Miss Everett-Green has one distinctive binding for her historical tales. It is a single colour, usually pale blue or red, ornamented with gilt lettering, and a shield on the back. We can imagine no handsomer present to any boy or girl than a set of these blue and red volumes.

This year coloured illustrations are at their best, and nowhere shall we find more realistic ones than in Mr. Finmore's latest book *In the Trenches* (5s.). It is the account of the stirring adventures of Harry Stanley, a private in the Crimean War. When we leave him he is no longer an N.C.O., he is Lieutenant Stanley.

Highway Pirates (3s. 6d.) is by the well-known author of school stories, Harold Avery. It differs somewhat from his usual style, however. It is a story of last century, when cricket and football were unknown, and there were no monitors and no fags, but there was a great deal of wild fun and adventure.

Detective stories have not been very numerous this year, and so we welcome Mr. Fox Russell's book the more eagerly. In the *Phantom Spy* (2s. 6d.) we have the account of John Dare, a Government spy, who went by the mysterious name of Le Fantôme. Every chapter contains some thrilling adventure, and the last, where he escapes being shot by the French as a spy, is the most thrilling of all.

At last we have a story for the girls, *Cromer Hall* (2s.), by Raymond Jackbems. In it we have such a vivid picture of a girls' boarding school, with its affections and cliques and high ideas of honour, that we feel almost certain Raymond Jackbems must be a woman. If the author is a man, surely his recollections of kindergarten days must be very strong.

Another tale which will do equally well for boys or girls is *Father M.P.* (2s. 6d.). It is the story of a very large and jolly family, the kind of family we all wish to belong to.

For children of nine or ten there is *The Seymour Girls* (9d.), by Geraldine Robertson Glasgow. And for the very little ones, at least for the most fortunate of them, there is *The Twins* (6s.). It is a large oblong book with a picture of the twins on the outside, the good one, Paul

Montgomery Vincent Green, tidy and well dressed, and the naughty twin, Peter Augustus Marmaduke Green, very untidy indeed, with his stockings hanging down to his ankles. *The Twins* is beautifully illustrated in colours by John Hassall, and the very amusing verses are written by Edward Shirley.

We have also two 6d. picture books, *All Sorts of Animals* and *No End of Fun*.

A. & C. BLACK.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have begun to publish a series of square crown 8vo volumes, with gilt top and artistic binding, at 6s. each. Their paper and printing and binding and all the rest are all that anyone could desire, but their illustrations are their greatest and most irresistible feature. Their illustrations are all in colour; they are a revelation of the excellence to which the art of colour printing has now reached.

Three of the handsome square volumes lie before us—*Gulliver's Travels*, with sixteen full-page illustrations by Stephen de la Bere; *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, with eight full-page illustrations by S. H. Vedder; and Mr. Crockett's *Red Cap Tales*, with sixteen illustrations, also by Mr. Vedder. You know the first two books, do you know Mr. Crockett's Tales? He says they are 'stolen from the treasure chest of the wizard of the north.' There are seven tales from *Waverley*, four from *Guy Mannering*, three from *Rob Roy*, and three from the *Antiquary*. We do not know if Mr. Crockett has ever turned his talents to better purpose. There are some things he cannot do. He can do this.

EDWARD ARNOLD.

We look forward with expectation to Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's novels. Their atmosphere is fresh, their scenes and characters unexpected. *Scenes of Jewish Life* (6s.) offers a number of short sketches of love and marriage. The most amusing one is the first, *The Powder Blue Baron*, where the German Count, with his superciliousness and his anti-Semitic weaknesses, is made ridiculous by the Jewess, Esther. The most tragic tale is the last, called *Mr. Rosenthal*, where the evil of arranged marriages is strenuously depicted.

DEAN.

How sorry we feel for the boys and girls who have never heard of Aladdin and his marvellous lamp and Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves and the most marvellous of sailors, Sinbad. Mrs. F. G. Green has given these unfortunate children another chance by editing a new edition of the *Arabian Nights*, and this edition has much to recommend it. First, it is beautifully bound in dark red, with a great deal of gold lettering and a figure of Said on a magnificent charger on the cover. Then it has illustrations in bright Oriental colourings, and in spite of all these attractions it costs only 2s. 6d.

SEELEY.

Fortunate indeed are the authors whose works are published by Messrs. Seeley. In *Diana Potwarth, Royalist*, by J. F. M. Carter (5s.), the illustrations are works of art; they are clearly cut and beautifully shaded. The cover of

the book is a subdued shade of terra-cotta, with Diana and her spinning-wheel in gold. The whole effect is quaint and old-fashioned, and harmonizes with a story of the days of the Puritans. We can think of no book which would be a more beautiful Christmas present for any girl.

Messrs. Seeley have also published a book by the famous author of stories from the ancients, the Rev. A. J. Church. His new work is called *The Crusaders* (5s.). It is a story of Richard Cœur de Lion and the War of the Holy Sepulchre. The framework of Mr. Church's story is original. He has made use of an old legend that a certain Cartaphilus, keeper of the door of the palace of Pontius Pilate, was doomed to live till the Second Coming because he insulted Christ. Mr. Church puts into the mouth of the wandering Jew the story of the Crusades, and very graphically and picturesquely he describes them to us.

How difficult it is sometimes to find a suitable book for Sunday afternoons. We have read and re-read the life of Paton, and now we have the life of another great missionary written for boys and girls, the life of Bishop Hannington, by the Rev. E. C. Dawson, under the stirring name of *Lion-Hearted* (2s. 6d.). For a time at least this will certainly displace Paton, it is so fresh and exciting, and is full of Bishop Hannington's fine humour. The illustrations are from the bishop's own sketches, and are most realistic.

GEORGE ALLEN.

Lily Work (2s. 6d. net) is for the children of understanding. And in our homes sometimes there are children of understanding who have not yet attained to many years. *Lily Work* is not for the children of imagination; for them the *Arabian Nights* is written. The children of understanding are practical; and when they read the parable of how the flax first envied the roses because their perfume was to be brought before the king, and then resolved to blossom and be made into the most delicate lace to adorn his arm, they will understand. They will understand all the parables which are written by the Rev. J. M. Blake, and all the pictures which, in their deep black and white, carry the meaning of the parable to the eye; and they will thank Mr. George Allen for publishing so beautiful a book of parables so beautifully.

LONGMANS.

How many fairy books is Mr. Andrew Lang going to be responsible for? This is *The Brown Fairy Book* (6s.). Already he has written the Blue, the Red, the Green, the Grey, the Yellow, the Pink, the Violet, and the Crimson. Where does he get them? The stories in this fairy book, he says, come from all quarters of the world, from the Red Indians and the Black Australians, from the Kafirs and the Lapps, from the Persians and the Brazilians. Who writes them for him? He writes some of them himself or translates them; but most of them, he says, are written by Mrs. Lang, 'who does not give them exactly as they are told by all sorts of outlandish natives, but makes them up in the hope white people will like them, skipping the pieces which they will not like.' *The Brown Fairy Book* contains thirty-two fairy tales, with many illustrations, eight of which are coloured plates, twenty-two uncoloured plates, and twenty are in the text.

OLIPHANT, ANDERSON & FERRIER.

Mr. Egerton R. Young is a specialist in one subject. He knows and understands the American Indians, and he gives us a vivid picture of the life they led before the coming of the hated 'paleface.' *Children of the Forest* (3s. 6d.) is a tale of love; it is also, as we should expect, a tale of missionary enterprise. We are tempted to wonder if Mr. Young sees through rose-coloured spectacles. If the original American Indians were as he paints them, surely the white traders and settlers have much to answer for. It is a book which every young person will enjoy, and it will form an attractive introduction to missions.

Eleven years ago, at the time of the jubilee of the Free Church of Scotland, Mrs. Simpson wrote an account of the Disruption for children. She called her book *Marjory's Story of the Disruption* (6d. net). She has republished it at this crisis in the Church to incite the children of to-day to be as enthusiastic and brave as were Marjory and Will and Charlie and Tottie, the children of the Disruption.

MELROSE.

Surely writing must come very easily to Evelyn Everett-Green. Perhaps it is that she works harder than anyone else. At anyrate, it is quite certain that she does not give us scamped work. Nor is one publisher sufficient for her; this year alone she has books published by Messrs. Nelson and the Religious Tract Society, and *The Three Graces* (3s. 6d.) is published by Mr. Andrew Melrose. It is the story of Lucile, Theo, and Kitty Grace, whose mother married the second time a very rich widower with an only son, Jim. In his father's opinion, and in that of most other people, Jim was a ne'er-do-well. How by the help of one of the girls he became a hero, is the plot of the book. It is handsomely bound in crimson and gold.

CASSELL.

From Messrs. Cassell come three books. The first is Robert Louis Stevenson's *Wrecker* (2s. net) in the pocket edition. Though this edition is small, the paper is not too thin and the type is clear and of good size. It is bound in dark red and gold, and would be a pretty little volume for a Christmas present.

Then we have a girl's story, by L. T. Meade, *A Madcap*. Mrs. Meade is so good at girls' stories that we almost wish she gave all her time to them. The heroine of this book is a very wild little Spanish girl, who came to England to stay with cousins, and went to school there. The illustrations are by Harold Copping, and they are most enticing.

The Bravest of the Brave, by H. Atteridge (1s. 6d.), took its name from a society formed by the boys of Westwick School. Their aim was to be brave, both morally and

physically. Let the little ones discover who turned out the bravest.

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

First, Miss Everett-Green. Her R.T.S. book is called *The Faith of Hilary Lovel* (3s. 6d.). Miss Everett-Green's strong point is history, and in *Hilary Lovel* we are transported to Elizabethan times, and more particularly to Jesuits and their plots.

Let the boy who wants authentic history and excitement combined read *Condemned to the Galleys*, by Jean Marteilhe (3s. 6d.). It is the account of a French Protestant, whose name was Jean Marteilhe, and who lived in the eighteenth century. He wrote the account of his own sufferings, and it was afterwards translated and edited.

We have almost too many good things this month. We have two books by Amy Le Feuvre, the author of *Probable Sons*. The first of these is *A Little Maid* (2s.). It is the story of Peggy Perkins, who belonged to an unknown part of London, and who had two desires, the one to be a real servant and wear caps, and the other to be a missionary. She started with home missionary work, and here we have an account of it.

Amy Le Feuvre's second book is *His Little Daughter* (1s. 6d.). It is the story of a very lonely and very naughty little girl called Judy, who lived all alone with an old grandfather, whose only desire was not to be bothered with her. As we would expect from the author of *Teddy's Button*, we have in Judy a perfect study of an imaginative child.

Every year the R.T.S. gives us at least one book on missions. Last year it was a number of short sketches, by Annette Whympier, on *How to Help Missions*; this year it is *The Children of Cathay*, by Jennie Beckingsale (1s. 6d.), a story of the Boxer riots and the siege of Peking. It is written very simply for children, and the facts are all woven round the life of T'ien En, the little Chinese hero.

COLLINS.

The three books which Messrs. Collins have already published for the Christmas season are wonderful, most of all for their cheapness. The first is an old favourite, but we have never seen it published so handsomely at this price. It is *The Scottish Chiefs*. It contains 646 pages and eight coloured illustrations; it is well bound, and it costs only two shillings.

Of the other two, one is a stirring book for boys, the other a charming book for girls. *Two Old Sea-Dogs* is the title of the one; *Peerless Women* the title of the other. The one is written by Mr. Herbert Hayens, the other by Miss Jeanie Douglas Cochrane. They are published at 1s. 6d. each. Who are the two old Sea-Dogs, do you think? They are Drake and Blake.