

29 A.D. given here is correct for his 'call'. Tiberius and Herod Philip died. Pilate was recalled, Antipas was banished, Caiaphas was deposed. Whoever Lysanias of Abilene may have been, he lost his tetrarchy. I believe that the writer meant us to see (and probably pointed out in his book) how widespread and terrible was God's judgment.

Major est vis instantiae negativae and no known disaster happened to the high priest Annas.

But the correct reading is ἐπ' ἀρχιερέως, which suggests that either Annas or Caiaphas is a later interpolation (perhaps by the Evangelist when he copied the passage). Now we know from Josephus that Caiaphas was high priest at this time, and we also know that the writer of the Acts (perhaps our Evangelist) had a theory that Annas was still high priest in spite of his deposition (Ac 4⁶). It is therefore probable that the Logia of the Baptist had simply ἐπ' ἀρχιερέως Καϊάφα in this place.

Literature.

WESLEY'S JOURNAL.

IN the history of literature, as well as in the history of the Church, the end of the year 1909 will be remembered because in it was published the first volume of the Standard Edition of *The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.* (Culley; 21s. net). The Standard Edition of Wesley's Journal will consist of six volumes. To those who purchase the whole work, the price, as we see from the advertisements, will be only three guineas, and there is an offer made to subscribers that one guinea may be paid on subscription, and half a guinea on the publication of volumes 2, 3, 4, and 5; whereupon the last volume will be sent free.

The editor is the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock, who has not only been preparing materials for this final edition throughout many years, but has also himself, for a much greater length of time, been prepared for it. He has had a sense of his high calling, and he has been aware that he is surrounded with a great cloud of witnesses. Many of these witnesses have gone before. Mr. Curnock does not doubt that he is doing his work under the eye of Wesley himself. Many of them are yet unborn. For this edition is not named 'Standard' without sufficient foresight. So thorough has been the search for materials, in the New World as in the Old, that there is not the least prospect of anything important lying yet concealed. And so wisely have the materials been used that the estimate here reached of John Wesley's character and John Wesley's career may safely be stated to be final. It is a great opportunity for the Church of Christ. Without respect of creed or combination, let the

student of the history of Religion seize the opportunity of reading this Journal throughout, page by page.

The new material is extensive and vital. It does not involve a reversal of our judgment on John Wesley, but it involves considerable modification of it. And it is such modification as Wesley's greatest admirer need not shrink from making; for it is all in the direction of nobility. It shows John Wesley to have had a greater mind than we knew he had, a larger heart than we knew; it shows that he had found the brook Jabbok and the wrestling angel earlier in his life and more awfully than we were aware of, and that he had become, more grandly than we knew, a prince with God. What a story that 'Sixth Savannah Journal' contains. Fact or fiction?—no romance writer ever awoke human emotion at a deeper depth than this.

THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

FOUR volumes have now been issued of the 'Cambridge History of English Literature' (Camb. Univ. Press; 9s. net each). It is time we understood its object and its accomplishment.

The editors, Dr. A. W. Ward and Mr. A. R. Waller, both of Peterhouse, have told us that their interest is not so much in the men of genius, as in the men of aspiration, the men who wrote for immortality and almost missed it. Why should they be interested in them? It is the Christian spirit entering at last into Literature. Carlyle and his hero-worship is out of date. We reverence now

the man and the woman who struck out for the heroic but did not altogether achieve it. And we do well.

But that is only part of the reason. This History of English Literature is to be a record of the work done not only by the men who reached the top, but also by the men who did not reach it, because their work made the work of the few greatest possible. English Literature is a growth, an evolution; it is not an acrobatic series of leaps from Chaucer to Spenser, to Shakespeare, to Gibbon, to Browning, to Meredith. The editors will not neglect the peaks (to change the figure again), but they will explore the whole country as they pass through.

Now this aim is new, and it is well fulfilled. No History of English Literature was ever written that gave so much comparative attention to the English writers who have just escaped oblivion. And by making this an end, and keeping their eyes so firmly fixed upon it, the editors have done us a very great service. Is there the risk of dullness? Well, even that risk was worth running in so good a cause. And the book is not dull. The chapters are reasonably short; they are written untechnically and yet by men of expert knowledge. Within his space a writer has scarce time to begin to be dull. If he does begin, he is at once displaced by another. It is like a game of cricket. But the bowlers here are taken off *before* they lose their sting.

The first volume is *From the Beginnings to the Cycles of Romance*. Of all the cycles of Romance the most entertaining is the Arthurian. The chapter on the Arthurian Legend is written by Professor Lewis Jones of Bangor. It is cleverly written and easy to read. But it should have been longer. Professor Jones has passed lightly over the great ancient controversies. Within his space it was wise to let sleeping dogs lie. But there is more stir when they are awake. In the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics* there is an article on 'Arthur and the Arthurian Cycle,' by Professor Anwyl. That article makes deep respond to deep more fervently.

In the second volume (it goes to the end of the Middle Ages) the chapter that has found us most easily is the chapter on the Ballads. Its author is Professor Francis Gummere of Haverford College, in the States. Professor Gummere published a little volume on *The Popular Ballad* in 1907, which was reviewed in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES. That volume made his choice unmistakable.

What is a ballad? A ballad, says Professor Gummere, is a narrative poem without any known author or any marks of individual authorship, meant for singing, and connected, as its name implies, with the communal dance. Through tradition it has lost its dramatic and choral character and become distinctly epic. It has in many instances even forfeited its refrain, once indispensable.

It is not the idea of the 'Cambridge History of English Literature' to give quotations at any length; but here Professor Gummere quotes the ballad which begins—

There were three ladies lived in a bower,
Eh vow bonnie,
 And they went out to pull a flower
On the bonnie banks o' Fordie.

and when we read the ballad aloud, putting in the refrain at every verse, as he bids us, we feel the force of the refrain; we see how insipid the ballad would be without it.

The third volume is called *Renaissance and Reformation*. In the second chapter there is a short account of the Bible translations that preceded the Authorized Version. It has not the fulness required for the student of the Bible, but it is enough for the student of English Literature.

We have examined the bibliography to this chapter—for the bibliographies are a great feature of the book and occupy much space in every volume. It is a good sound bibliography. *Old Bibles*, by J. R. Dore (not Doré), is a foolish book, not worth naming. Professor Ira M. Price's *Ancestry of our English Bible* should take its place. Lupton's article in the *Dictionary of the Bible* (which should not be called 'Biblical Dictionary') is mentioned, as well as the article on the Continental Versions by Bebb. But Kenyon's really great article on the English Versions in Hastings' Single-Volume Dictionary should now be added. There is one slip: J. L. Mombert should be J. I. Mombert.

While we are on the Bibliographies let us just add that among the works of general reference on Shakespeare might have been included the two great Concordances, Mrs. Cowden Clarke's and Mr. Bartlett's—especially Mr. Bartlett's.

The fourth volume carries the Prose and Poetry from Sir Thomas North to Michael Drayton. One of the earliest chapters is on the 'Authorized Version and its Influence.' The author is Pro-

fessor Albert S. Cook of Yale, who was chosen for this chapter, we imagine, because of the excellent pioneer work he did in his two volumes of *Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers*, published in 1898 and 1903. The chapter is not so good as it is filled with good things. Perhaps Professor Cook found the ground too great for the limits of a single chapter. The topics touched are too numerous to be brought into proper relation to one another. All the same, the chapter is well worth reading. The student of the religious contents of the Bible is apt to overlook its literary value. By the reading of this chapter he will recognize that religion and literature go well together—the more religion the better literature.

The chapter on Donne is a masterpiece. It has been written by Professor Herbert J. C. Grierson, of the University of Aberdeen. There is no writer in all the book who has more clearly apprehended the editors' ideas or more loyally realized them; and, in apprehending and realizing them, Professor Grierson has vindicated the wisdom of these ideas. To the ordinary reader John Donne is little more than a name. After the reading of this chapter he will become a possession, just as Spenser or Dryden is a possession. More than that, the chapter is itself literature. Take a single quotation, with its appropriate illustration.

'Donne is most eloquent,' says Professor Grierson, 'when, escaping from dogmatic minutiae and controversial "points," he appeals directly to the heart and conscience. A reader may care little for the details of seventeenth century theology, and yet enjoy without qualification Donne's fervid and original thinking, and the figurative richness, and splendid harmonies of his prose in passages of argument, of exhortation, and of exalted meditation. It is Donne the poet who transcends every disadvantage of theme and method, and an outworn fashion in wit and learning. There are sentences in the sermons which, in beauty of imagery and cadence, are not surpassed by anything he wrote in verse, or by any prose of the century from Hooker's to Sir Thomas Browne's.'

Professor Grierson thereupon quotes the following single sentence by way of illustration: 'The soul that is accustomed to direct herself to God upon every occasion; that, as a flower at sunrise, conceives a sense of God in every beam of his, and spreads and dilates itself towards him

in a thankfulness in every small blessing that he sheds upon her; that soul that as a flower at the sun's declining contracts, and gathers in, and shuts up herself, as though she had received a blow, whensoever she hears her Saviour wounded by an oath, or blasphemy, or execration; that soul who, whatsoever string be stricken in her, base or treble, her high or her low estate, is ever tun'd towards God, that soul prays sometimes when it does not know that it prays.'

COLENSO AND GREEN.

Was there ever a book that so utterly missed its mark as the *Life of James Green*? (Longmans; 2 vols., 18s. net). James Green is described as 'Doctor of Divinity, Rector and Dean of Maritzburg, Natal, from February 1849 to January 1906.' His life has been written by the Rev. A. Theodore Wirgman, D.D., D.C.L. Now Dr. Wirgman is an acknowledged master in the making of books, and he has already made many of them. He undertook the writing of this book for the purpose of exhibiting to the world the greatness and the goodness of Dean James Green. And in order to accomplish that, he had to show that Bishop Colenso was neither good nor great. What he has actually done is to reveal to the world a forbearance and magnanimity in Colenso which the average Englishman can have had no idea of. How could a writer of Dr. Wirgman's experience have made such a mistake? We can account for it only by supposing that his intention was overwhelmed by the facts.

Colenso was appointed to the Bishopric of Natal by Bishop Gray of Cape Town, Metropolitan of South Africa. Arriving in his diocese, he found Mr. Green Rector of Maritzburg, and Rural Dean of Natal. As Bishop's Commissary, Mr. Green 'had exercised full powers of rule over the clergy for some four years. All those powers,' says his biographer, 'were laid down in a most tactful manner, for Bishop Colenso, though from the first he felt a dislike to Mr. Green, never hints a complaint against him on this score.' After ten weeks in Natal, Colenso paid a visit to London. From there he wrote a letter to Mr. Green, commending his zeal, but ending with this significant sentence: 'Would it not be better for you, and happier for both of us, that I should have in the chief pastor of Maritzburg a warm and

attached friend and zealous co-operator in my plans, as well as an adviser and comforter, who would share with me and help to lighten my burdens, instead of increasing them?' Mr. Green at once wrote to the Metropolitan, from whose reply the biographer makes this quotation: 'It appears to me that his (Bishop Colenso's) visit to Natal so far affected him as to lead him to wish to have another, rather than you, as his representative and chief adviser at Maritzburg. My own opinion is that neither of you fully appreciate each other. I think you have quite failed to see the beauty of his character, and the real nobleness of his disposition. He is a most devoted servant of God, and full of love for all that is good, and all good men. If I were to speak of any fault in him, it would be that his naturally sanguine and eager temperament leads him to *do* things somewhat impetuously. He acts, when a cooler and more cautious man would be thinking whether he ought to act.'

Mr. Green did not move. What he did was to set himself more than before in opposition to his bishop, and to use every means of thwarting him in all his undertakings. And as a diplomat Colenso was no match for him.

It is wonderful that, after three years, notwithstanding what Dr. Wirgman calls the uneasy relations between Bishop Colenso and the Rector of Maritzburg, Colenso wrote to Green and offered him the Deanery of the Cathedral. The biographer is surprised into a moment's admiration for the Bishop. 'This kindly and affectionate letter,' he says, 'showed that Bishop Colenso had learnt to value and esteem the Dean's personal worth and character. The Bishop was by nature a warm-hearted and kindly-tempered man.' But the offer and acceptance of the Deanery made no difference in Mr. Green's opposition. He adopted an attitude to the sacraments that was at the furthest remove from that of Bishop Colenso, an attitude which the Bishop of Oxford described as heresy.

If Colenso was impulsive, Green was watchful and determined. Then with the publication of Colenso's books on the Pentateuch he had his opportunity. He presented Colenso for heresy, and had the satisfaction of publicly reading his sentence of excommunication. It is an old controversy now, and no one need have any feeling about it on the one side or the other. Let us thank Dr. Wirgman that he has given us the

opportunity of appreciating Bishop Colenso of Natal, although that was evidently far from his intention in writing the book. For we see that Colenso's faults were all on the side of generosity and outspokenness. As for his 'heresy,' he was simply in advance of his day. The nine charges against him, every one of which was found relevant, and upon which he was deposed, contain statements which are found in the works of the most orthodox men of to-day, and they do not contain a single statement upon which a charge of heresy would now be laid against any man. Think of a man being condemned, for example, for saying, 'I cannot any longer maintain or give utterance to the endlessness of future punishments.' Colenso died suddenly on the 20th of June 1883. Dr. James Green lived till the 10th of January 1906.

Dante.

Are Messrs. George Bell & Sons' 'Handbooks to the Poets' as well known as they ought to be? We have an impression that they are not. Mrs. Orr's *Handbook to Browning* is found in a good many libraries, but one rarely sees reference made to Morton Luce's *Handbook to Shakespeare* or the same author's *Handbook to Tennyson*. Perhaps Tennyson does not require a handbook, and Shakespeare has too many already.

The new volume in the series is a *Handbook to the Works of Dante* (6s.). The author is Mr. F. J. Snell, M.A., who tells us that he has studied Dante, as well as the literature on Dante. It is not to be supposed that the publishers would put such a book into the hands of an incompetent. Mr. Snell is quite competent. But so are other ten men whom we could name. What is most distinctive is not the ability of the author, but the construction of the book. Although it is described in the preface as an introduction to Dante's works in general and the *Commedia* in particular, the *Commedia* is not reached until the 269th page. That, we say, is what makes the book distinctive, and that is what makes it useful. For the previous 268 pages are occupied with the things about Dante and Dante's writings which not everybody knows, the things which everybody ought to know. In short, this is really an introduction to Dante, not anticipating the things which we must discover for ourselves in the study of Dante, but to be mastered before we begin that study.

The Idea of the Soul.

The title which Mr. A. E. Crawley has given to his new book, *The Idea of the Soul* (A. & C. Black; 6s. net), looks as if he were taking us by guile, and engaging us in the study of psychology, that most difficult of all the sciences, without our knowing it. And he does engage us in the study of psychology, whether we know it or not. For the first five chapters of the book, which is two-thirds of it, are psychological. Yet Mr. Crawley's interest is not in psychology as a science. His interest is in the belief and practice of psychology over the face of the whole earth. For he is a student of Comparative Religion. His previous books, which have given him no small name in that department, are *The Mystic Rose: A Study of Primitive Marriage*; and, *The Tree of Life: A Study of Religion*. With the issue of the present volume Mr. Crawley will certainly become one of the best known, as he is one of the most accomplished, of the students of that new and fascinating science. It is quite easy to hazard the prophecy that after a little this book will be found practically indispensable both to the student of psychology, for whom it furnishes innumerable practical examples, not the less useful that they are often abnormal, and to the student of Comparative Religion, whom it will introduce to the most perplexing topic with which he has to do.

Hawkins's 'Horæ Synopticæ.'

What are the absolutely indispensable books for the study of the Synoptic problem? They are Rushbrooke's *Synopticon* and Sir John Hawkins's *Horæ Synopticæ*. Of Sir John Hawkins's *Horæ Synopticæ* the second edition, revised and supplemented, has just been published (Clarendon Press; 10s. 6d. net).

It is not altered in essentials, but the whole book has been worked over minutely with the hope, as the author puts it, of supplying some of the 'deficiencies,' and removing some of the 'imperfections,' of the first edition. Also numerous small supplements have been made to many of the lists, and especially to those concerned with the characteristics of the three Synoptists, in order to render them as nearly complete as possible.

One other thing must be mentioned: it will be found more and more characteristic of the best English scholarship. The section which gives an

account of the chief source used in the First and Third Gospels outside St. Mark has been very largely rewritten, not because of much change of opinion on the author's part, but *in order to avoid the appearance of a claim to more certainty than has yet been reached on this subject.*

Milton and Liberty.

'Of no phase of liberty did Milton write with such a glow as of that which makes it the correlative of virtue. This idea is one of the great recurrences alike in his poems and his prose works. It is the regnant idea of *Paradise Lost*. Through man's original lapse, true liberty was lost,

which always with right reason dwells
Twinned, and from her hath no dividual being.

It is the theme of *Comus*, in whose closing words he gives it a magnificence of expression that lodges it imperishably in the ear:

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue: she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

This quotation is taken from a little book, a book of remarkable and timely interest, entitled *Milton and Liberty*, written by the Rev. William Morison, D.D., of Rosehall Church, Edinburgh, (Green & Sons). It is a study of Milton for the student of literature. Much more than that, it is a study of Liberty for the citizen of to-day and to-morrow.

Myths of the Middle Ages.

Myths and Legends of the Middle Ages: Their Origin and Influence on Literature and Art, by H. A. Guerber (Harrap; 7s. 6d. net). This is not a contribution to the science of Mythology. There is no learned research into the 'Childhood of Fiction,' or any scholastic account of a fable's far travel. Mr. Guerber is a popularizer. He re-tells the myths of the Middle Ages, as he has already re-told the myths of Greece and Rome and the myths of the Norsemen, for easy reading at the fireside; and his publishers make his books yet more popular by inserting into them a large number of full-page illustrations from celebrated works of art.

The Unspeakable Scot ?

There is no preface to this posthumous book by Dr. John Watson, which is called *The Scot of the Eighteenth Century* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 5s.). That is wise. For a preface might have been an apology. It is reading that is pleasantly unpleasant. Racy and anecdotal, it is altogether pleasant if you are a Moderate or do not care. But if you are an Evangelical? Well, even among the Evangelicals there is one wholly attractive figure, and we shall quote the description of him. It is Fraser of Alness.

'He is the only one of those Highland eighteenth century worthies who has achieved fame as an author, and he was a man of profound and intelligent piety. His power in searching the heart and awakening the conscience was so great, and his calling was so distinctly that of John the Baptist, that many people awakened under his preaching, and looking for comfort, used to go to a neighbouring parish to hear the Gospel. Mr. Porteous, its minister, spoke to Fraser about the matter, and besought him "not to withhold their portion from the people of the Lord, which you can dispense to them as I never could." Fraser's reply deserves to be placed on record, as an instance of humility and brotherly love. "When my Master sent me forth to my work, He gave me a quiver full of arrows, and He ordered me to cast these arrows at the hearts of His enemies, till the quiver was empty. I have been endeavouring to do so, but the quiver is not empty yet. When the Lord sent you forth, He gave you a cruse of oil, and His orders to you were to pour the oil on the wounds of broken-hearted sinners till the cruse was empty. Your cruse is no more empty than is my quiver ; let us both then continue to act on our respective order. As the blessing from on high shall rest on our labour, I will be sending my hearers with wounded hearts to Kilmuir, and you will be sending them back to Alness rejoicing in the Lord." Overcome by this beautiful reply, Porteous said, "Be it so, my beloved brother" !'

Marcus Dods.

Professor H. R. Mackintosh did a deed of true filial piety when he gathered together and edited this volume of sermons by the late Principal Dods. The title is *Christ and Man* (Hodder & Stoughton ; 6s.). At the end of the volume there is published the address on 'The Work of the Ministry' which Dr. Dods delivered at the close of the session,

March 28th, 1907. From which take this characteristic quotation :

'Lessing, in a plaintive letter to his brother, says, "Of all pitiful creatures I believe the most pitiful is he who must work with his head, when he is not conscious of having one." But there is a more pitiful creature : and that is he who must work with his soul, when he is not conscious of having a soul. It is this that is pictured by Thackeray in one of the most terrible passages in English literature. He shows us the magnificent genius of Swift, torn by his own scepticism, poisoned by the cassock he had assumed, strangled in his bands, dying at last, as Swift himself says, like a rat in a hole. "What a night it was," says Thackeray, "what a lonely rage and long agony, what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant ! . . . One hardly anywhere reads of such a pain." That is true. All imagined tragedies fall short of the actual. One hardly anywhere *reads* of such a pain ; but in lesser men than Swift a life of torture results from entering the ministry with selfish motives or unconquered sin. There is no happier life than that of a minister who is truly Christ's servant delighting in the service ; none much more miserable than that of him who cannot "lose his life" for Christ's sake, but is still seeking recognition, applause, comfort for himself ; who knows the purity demanded of those who represent the Holiest, but who still carries with him into the most sacred services a sin against which he has not the heart to take final measures of extinction.'

The Book of Friendship.

The Book of Friendship (Jack ; 6s. net) is a collection of essays, poems, maxims and prose passages from authors ancient and modern, selected and arranged by Mr. Arthur Ransome. Many are ancient enough to be out of copyright, and we may find them for ourselves. But here they are brought together so that the one illustrates the other and each gets benefit from the illustration. And they are printed in a beautiful type on pure white paper with broad luxuriant margins. Some of them are copyright. Mr. Ransome has had to get liberty to reproduce them ; and one of them at least has never been published before. We shall quote one of the shortest, a poem by Mr. W. B. Yeats, in which 'the poet pleads with his friend for old friends.'

Though you are in your shining days,
 Voices among the crowd
 And new friends busy with your praise,
 Be not unkind or proud,
 But think about old friends the most:
 Time's bitter flood will rise,
 Your beauty perish and be lost
 For all eyes but these eyes.

Theism and the Christian Faith.

Are there any marks by which we may distinguish Christianity from other religions—marks that are unmistakable and unmistakably superior? Perhaps, however, we should first ask what it is that marks superiority in a religion. And that is another way of asking, what is a religion for? The best religion is that which fulfils the end of religion best.

Dr. Everett says that the aim of religion is to heal the breach that exists between man and his environment. Environment is a good word. It includes God. It includes our own particular definition of God. Now there is such a breach, and many attempts have been made to heal it. The attempt has been made through sacrifice, and in a negative sense through retribution. When Christianity came it was differentiated from all the religions that preceded it by these four marks. In the first place, it was a religion without the rites of sacrifice. Secondly, whereas in the classic religions, especially the elements of fate were present, in this religion we find instead a recognition of providence. Thirdly, suffering, hitherto looked upon as one of the chief elements in the breach, is now accepted and glorified. Finally, death, which has been feared as the great enemy of man, is welcomed with joy.

After the death of Professor Everett, the Faculty of Harvard undertook the publication of his Divinity Lectures. There were three courses. The first course was published in 1902, under the title of *The Psychological Elements of Religious Faith*. The second is perhaps not to be published. The third course has now been published, under the title of *Theism and the Christian Faith* (Macmillan; ros. 6d. net). In the first course Dr. Everett dealt with the psychological roots of religion which he found in the feelings appropriate to the three ideas of truth, goodness, and beauty. In the third course he unfolds the philosophical implications of these three ideas in a doctrine of

God as Absolute Spirit, and of Christianity as the absolute religion.

The first question therefore is, What is God? 'A definition of God that has been commonly given,' says Dr. Everett, 'describes Him as a Perfect Being with infinite attributes. My own definition would be precisely the opposite of this. I should describe God as an Infinite Being with perfect attributes.'

The next question is, What is religion? We have already seen what Christianity is. Towards his definition of religion Professor Everett works up slowly. He arrives at this at last: 'Religion is the Feeling toward a Supernatural Presence manifesting itself in Truth, Goodness, and Beauty, especially as illustrated in the life and teaching of Jesus and as experienced in every soul that is open to its influence.'

Professor Everett must have been a delightful lecturer. For he was an original thinker, as well as a lucid emotional writer. It is a wonderful thing that this magnificent volume could have been produced from his students' notebooks. There was nothing else to go upon. We should have missed one of the pleasures of our life if we had not had the opportunity of reading it.

Hort's 'Epistle of St. James.'

In the year 1860, Westcott, Lightfoot, and Hort planned a Commentary on the New Testament. To Hort was assigned the Synoptic Gospels, the Acts, and the Epistles of St. James, St. Peter and St. Jude. After a brief period of work on the Gospels, of which only a few unimportant fragments remain, Dr. Hort set to work on St. James. He wrote a commentary on the text as far as the seventh verse of the fourth chapter, but he never finished it. That commentary is now published, together with an introduction which was prepared for a course of lectures in 1889, the whole being edited by Dr. J. O. F. Murray (Macmillan; 5s.).

In the Introduction Hort comes to the conclusion that the Epistle was written by 'James the Just, bishop or head of Jerusalem, brother of the Lord as being son of Joseph by a former wife, not one of the Twelve, a disbeliever in our Lord's Messiahship during His lifetime, but a believer in Him shortly afterwards, probably in connexion with a special appearance vouchsafed to him.'

The commentary, so far as it goes, is very full, and no doubt very rich, though we have not yet had time to test it thoroughly. In 1¹⁷ Hort insists upon expressing the difference between the two Greek words, but uses 'giving' and 'gift,' instead of the 'gift' and 'boon' of the R.V. The true interpretation he finds in Erskine's *Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel*. He approves of Erskine's paraphrase: 'There are no bad gifts, no bad events; every appointment is gracious in its design and divinely fitted for that design.' His own rendering is 'every giving is good and every gift perfect from above, descending (as they do) from the Father of lights.'

Forms.

In the *Directory and Forms for Public Worship*, issued by the Church Worship Association of the United Free Church of Scotland (Macniven & Wallace; 2s. 6d. net), two ideals are combined. 'Presbyterian Forms of Service' presented the one ideal, 'A New Directory for the Public Worship of God' the other. The one ideal is to offer exemplary services, the other is to offer material and suggestion for services. Perhaps the combination is best. But of the two separate ideals we have always thought the United Presbyterian one was the better.

The Survival of Man.

There is psychology and there is psychical research. The one is a science, depending on facts and proceeding by the usual methods of induction and deduction. The other is make-believe; it depends on the lack of both facts and faith; it is an occasional diversion to a few unoccupied men and a large number of unoccupied women.

The whole story of Psychological Research, what it is and what it has failed to do, will be found in Sir Oliver Lodge's new book, of which the title is *The Survival of Man: A Study in Unrecognized Human Faculty* (Methuen; 7s. 6d. net). There is nothing in it. There are plenty of words, plenty of long words that hold their heads high and make pathetic pretence of being something, words like 'thought-transference,' 'clairvoyance,' 'habitability,' 'cross-correspondence.' But they are only words, as many-syllabled as the name Melchizedek, and as independent as he is said to have been of all human relationship.

Now it is not to be said that we have any ill-will

to Psychological Research. Who would have? Do we not humour it with capitals, the savoury meat that it loves? But we must express surprise that men and women can persist in the pretence that there is anything in it, or that there is ever in the least likely to be anything. Moreover, the atmosphere of it is certainly not invigorating.

Turn to the chapter in Sir Oliver Lodge's book on Prevision. There is hope in turning to it. Have we not all a lurking belief in second-sight? And has it not some far-away kinship to such a very respectable subject as Hebrew prophecy?

What do we find? A case is quoted of an engine-driver in America who had a dream in which he saw his engine go over an embankment. He told the dream to a lady ('now dead'); and it came to pass that his engine went over an embankment. Was he not interviewed in America by an agent of the S.P.R.? And then there is a complicated and puerile case of automatic writing by Mrs. Verrall of Cambridge, with insignificant names and unrelated incidents, half of which turned out wrong. All this is told at interminably solemn length. And that is all.

And what is hoped for? Proof of the continued existence of the departed? Job knew that, two thousand years ago, unless we have mistranslated him. And what good did it do him? Of itself it did him no good. But 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'—he found good in that.

'The Spiritual Combat.'

When the Bishop of Belley asked St. Francis de Sales who had been his director, he pulled out of his pocket *The Spiritual Combat*, and said, '*Le voilà!*' So *The Spiritual Combat* is a very proper addition to make to Methuen's 'Library of Devotion.' The editor is the Rev. Thomas Barns, M.A., Vicar of Hilderstone, a great student of lore and folk-lore, who has made the translation from the Italian himself, using for that purpose the Turin edition of 1904. He has also written notes and an introduction, all showing minute, loving knowledge of this devotional classic, and a mind made up on the authorship (Methuen; 2s.).

Bishop Howard Wilkinson.

Messrs. Mowbray have published another volume of sermons by the late Bishop Wilkinson of St. Andrews, under the title of *The Heavenly Vision* (5s. net). If this means that the first volume did

well, it is an encouragement to preachers to publish their sermons, provided their sermons are free from all tricks of oratory and efforts after effect. Bishop Wilkinson's sermons have Christ as their subject, and sincerity as their motive; and that is all. They have scarcely ever even an anecdote.

It was Dr. Wilkinson's lot to have to preach for some years to the very wealthy. There is no class on earth so difficult to preach to, so strong is the temptation either to preach at them or not to preach at all. It is in one of these sermons that this anecdote occurs. Wilkinson is showing how hard it is for those who have riches to enter the Kingdom, and he says: 'Some fifteen years ago, one who has long since departed out of this life, but who then occupied the leading position (I might say) in London, second, I think, only to Royalty, said to me this: "Do you not see, Mr. Wilkinson, how almost impossible it is for me really to wish to go out of this world, for I have everything to make me love this world?" Now contrast that with another man, who spoke to me some ten years ago. It was late in the evening, in my old parish of Windmill Street, and I had been preparing him for Confirmation. And as I looked at his face, I saw the eye all glazed, and evidently the man was not attending to what I said. And I asked, "Are you ill?" He replied, "No, sir, I am not ill." I said, "What is the matter?" He answered, "I only feel a little faint, sir; for I have been about yesterday and to-day to see about work, and I have only had a cup of tea yesterday and to-day, and I feel a bit faint."'

Infallibility.

The Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson, who will be remembered as the author of a great article in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels* on the Resurrection of Christ, has written a book on *Roman Catholic Opposition to Papal Infallibility* (Murray; 6s. net). It is just as thorough, and, we might add, just as original, a study of its subject as is the study of the Resurrection in the *Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels*, although the two subjects are so far apart. Mr. Simpson must be recognized as one of the very few men who are at home in two departments of study. He is at home in the history of the Church as in New Testament criticism. Moreover, he is a genuine historian. His industry is amazing; he gives chapter and verse for every conclusion that he comes to.

'The Apocryphal Acts.'

Taking advantage of the critical edition of the Apocryphal 'Acts' by Lipsius & Bonnet, Dr. Bernhard Pick of Newark, New Jersey, has published an English translation of the Acts of Paul, the Acts of Peter, the Acts of John, the Acts of Andrew, and the Acts of Thomas, the title of the book being simply *The Apocryphal Acts* (Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company; \$1.25). Dr. Pick has proved by his *Paralipomena* of last year that he is quite competent for this work. His scholarship is matched with enthusiasm. He has taken pains with the translation, as though he were making a new version of the Scriptures. His textual notes are sufficient and accurate. The indexes of Scripture texts and of topics are admirable. To the general subject and to the Acts of each individual he has prefixed a useful bibliography.

It is tempting to discuss the contents of these early Acts, but it would be difficult to condense what Dr. Pick has stated succinctly enough already. It is enough to draw attention earnestly to the volume.

Francis W. Newman.

Memoirs and Letters of Francis W. Newman, by I. Giberne Sieveking (Kegan Paul; 10s. 6d. net). There should have been a biography of Francis Newman long ago, but it should not have been this biography. Apart from being the brother of Cardinal Newman, from whom it is only too easy to disentangle him, he had ability enough and enough experience of life to afford materials for a biography. But now that the biography has been written, it is as nearly as possible everything that it ought not to be.

The chief reason of the failure is that the biographer wants to describe Newman not as he was, but as he should have been. His bare theism is a stumbling-block. As nearly as possible every reference to it is rejected till very near the end. Then there comes a single short chapter entitled 'Francis Newman and his Religion,' which is simply an opportunity to tell us that he died a Christian.

But the whole construction of the biography is at fault. It is divided into chapters according to Newman's correspondents. First the letters of one correspondent are dealt with, then a new chapter and the letters of another correspondent. And so we go over the same ground again and again,

touching on the same public and private events, and never see what Newman is or what he is doing.

It is perhaps a minor mistake that whenever a name occurs the editor treats us as children, and tells us who it is. John Stirling, Mazzini, Horace, Pope, Harriet Beecher Stowe—we are not supposed to know anything about any of them.

And to crown all, the writing is too ambitious. In a letter to Dr. Nicholson, Newman said, 'Do you know, when I saw in the *Illustrated London News* the face of the late lamented Brigadier Nicholson of the Punjaub, I thought it *very* like you. Is he possibly a distant relative?' Upon which we read, 'This remark of Newman's that he saw a strong likeness in "the face of the late lamented Brigadier Nicholson of the Punjaub" to his friend Dr. Nicholson is one of those arresting suggestions which seem to strike sudden light out of the flints of ancestry which whiten the road of life along which we have come.' A few pages further on we have a slipshod sentence like this: 'Certain of our own words own patronymity from the Arabic languages.'

The Greek Genius.

Professor Mahaffy of Dublin delivered the Lowell Lectures in Boston last winter, and they have been published by Messrs. Putnam of New York and London. The title is, *What have the Greeks done for Modern Civilisation?* (10s. 6d. net).

What have they *not* done? Supreme in poetry and prose, in architecture and sculpture, in painting and music, in grammar, logic, mathematics, and medicine, in politics, sociology, and law, in philosophy and theology, they are also supreme in science; for though they did not discover the powers of steam or electricity, they nevertheless carried out in mechanics works that no modern builder, with all his vaunted control of nature, has yet equalled.

Is it wonderful, then, that Professor Mahaffy should kick against the modern tendency to depreciate the study of Greek? How thankful he was when he went to America to discover that he had been misled as to the completeness of this degradation of Greek, and that 'a proper college education,' was likely again to replace the 'bread-and-butter studies' in the earlier years of all good courses of training. So thankful was he that he

was melted into admitting that the teaching of Greek must be reformed. 'It must be made a human and lively study, taught like a modern language by dictation and recitation, as well as by written composition and reading of authors.'

What is it that we owe to the Greeks? Above everything else, thinking. 'The Greeks were the fathers of modern thinking'—these are Professor Mahaffy's words. For they raised nearly all the puzzles that perplex us still. They raised, but did not solve them. And no doubt Professor Mahaffy is right in saying so. For if you turn to Calkins's *Persistent Problems of Philosophy*, you will find that the Greeks were aware of every one of them, that they started most of them and sent them on the road of their persistence.

Professor Mahaffy, being an old man and garrulous, has many remarks to make by the way. But all the *obiter dicta* only serve to make a captivating book more captivating.

St. Paul in Pictures.

The R.T.S. has reprinted Dean Howson's *Scenes from the Life of St. Paul* (3s. 6d.). The purpose of the reprinting is to give the opportunity of replacing the original illustrations, which were commonplace, by new illustrations, the work of Mr. Harold Copping, which are really artistic, and reproduced in the very best style of modern coloured printing.

Calvin.

Four studies in *Calvin and the Reformation*, originally contributed to the *Princeton Theological Review*, have been republished in one volume (Revell; 5s. net). Their authors and particular titles are these: (1) Calvin—Épigone or Creator, by Émile Doumergue, Dean of the Free Theological Faculty of Montauban; (2) The Reformation and Natural Law, by August Lang, Privat-Dozent in the University of Halle-Wittenberg; (3) Calvin and Common Grace, by Herman Bavinck, D.D., Professor of Theology in the Free University of Amsterdam; (4) Calvin's Doctrine of the Knowledge of God, by Benjamin B. Warfield, D.D., LL.D., Charles Hodge Professor of Didactic and Polemic Theology in Princeton Seminary. Together they make a handsome volume, and the students of Calvinism (who seem to be on the increase, whatever may be said of its adherents) must on no account neglect it. Each essay is a

thorough study of its own particular topic, and is well furnished with notes of reference.

Christianity in Japan.

Among the books this month there is a history of Roman Catholic Missions in China. It should be compared with this book. This is *A History of Christianity in Japan* (Revell; 2 vols., 15s. net). The first volume is occupied with the Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox missions. And although the book is written by a Protestant missionary, the Rev. Otis Cary, D.D., the work of the Roman Catholic missionaries is described without partiality and without hypocrisy. Says Dr. Cary: 'The honest historian cannot conceal the faults of those concerning whom he writes. Cromwell's face must be painted with the wart. The artist need not, however, write beneath the picture: "Please notice especially the wart"; and so I have not specifically drawn attention to what seem unfortunate features in the methods of any Christian workers, but have simply told the facts, usually in the words of the workers themselves, or in those used by writers belonging to the same communion.'

Dr. Cary has not the grand style. He has not the style of language affected by the historian who takes himself very seriously. But he has the grand conscience. He has the conscience of the Christian. All he writes he writes as 'ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'

Our interest, our Christian interest, is more in the future of Japan than in her past. What is Christ to do for Japan in the days that are to come? But Dr. Cary answers our inquiry by pointing to the past. It is Christianity, he says, that has made Japan what she is. It is Christianity that will make her better. He quotes from a pamphlet by Dr. W. E. Griffis, entitled *Christ the Creator of the New Japan*. Says Dr. Griffis: 'I could never imagine Bushido of itself alone, or Japanese Buddhism, or Shinto, or the Government, originating a Red Cross, a Peace Conference, a system of hospitals, a Woman's University, the emancipation and elevation to citizenship of pariahs and outcasts (*eta* and *hinin*), freedom of the press, the granting of full toleration of religion, or securing of real representative political institutions. In scarcely one of those features in the New Japan most admirable to Christians or to the best men of the Occident, do I recognize the legitimate off-

spring of Bushido or forces inherent in Japan. These have been propagated, not developed from within. No, it is to the Spirit of Jesus that we are to accredit most of what is morally superb in the New Japan.'

The Catholic Church in China.

The Rev. Bertram Wolfertan, S.J., has written a History of *The Catholic Church in China*, from 1860 to 1907 (Sands; 10s. 6d. net). The book is a trifle polemical for our taste. Mr. Wolfertan is not so much a historian as an apologist. Of actual history there is, in fact, very little throughout the volume. The book has been written to prove not what the Roman Catholic Church has done and suffered in China, which would have made a book worth reading, but that the Roman Catholic Church alone has the right to preach the gospel in China. The preface to the volume is a sermon on the text, 'By what authority doest thou these things? And who gave thee this authority?' (Mt 21²³). That the authority to preach the gospel anywhere belongs to the Roman Catholic Church alone is proved in six propositions, the first of which is that to Her—and to Her alone—in the persons of the first Apostles, was the Divine command addressed, 'Go, teach all nations.'

Now it is worth noticing that the text of this sermon consists of words which came from the lips of the Pharisees; and in reply to them Christ appealed to the individual conscience. The Pharisees wanted the authority of an organization, just as Mr. Wolfertan wants. But Christ ignored such authority, and demanded that every man should recognize his own responsibility and act accordingly.

The book is written in the interests of unity. But the kind of unity it advocates is a kind that we often see advocated now—the unity which obtains when all other Christian communities are swallowed up in mine or pushed over the cliffs. How gladly would we have recommended the book had it really contained a history of the Catholic Church in China. Such a history ought to be written by a Catholic, and the publishers of this volume are enterprising enough to find a Catholic yet who can do it.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson.

The Right Hon. George W. E. Russell had evidently as easy as he had a pleasant task set

him when he was appointed to write the *Memoir of Sir Wilfrid Lawson* (Smith, Elder, & Co.; 7s. 6d. net). The volume is practically a transcript of Sir Wilfrid's diary. There is an occasional historical note by the editor; and at the end there are some extracts from the scanty writings which Sir Wilfrid left behind him. And that is all.

But it does not matter what the editing of the book has meant. There it is, and it is without question the most delightful biography of the season. It is the biography of a delightful man, high-minded, wholesome. It is the biography of a man who had an ideal of duty to live for, and lived for it,—lived for it through innumerable disappointments, rebuffs, and even much ridicule. Yet so far from becoming soured or one-sided, the years of hope deferred only revealed more clearly the breadth and beauty of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's character.

He was much saved, of course, by his sense of humour, a sense which he had in abundance, perhaps superabundance. And the memoir is a plentiful record of it. He speaks of the Tichborne Case. A certain woman was told that the claimant was only an impostor, to which she replied, 'What if he is an impostor, is that any reason why he should be kept out of his rights?'

The humour is certainly sometimes exuberant—'Dr. Temple, when Bishop of London, went down to speak on temperance at Exeter, and in illustrating his subject happened to say, "I never was drunk in my life." Whereupon the posters which came out next morning, announcing the contents of the newspapers, contained the headline, "Startling Statement by a Bishop."'

But sometimes it is not grotesque, perhaps it is not meant to be humour: 'It was during this recess that the Prince of Wales all but died of typhoid fever. His recovery was hailed with delight, and later we had a Public Thanksgiving for it. I remember a great ecclesiastic (I think it was the Dean of Carlisle) saying that the Prince recovered as an answer to Prayer. One of his grooms, however, died of the fever, and one felt sorry that no one prayed for him.'

There are specimens also of his versification. This is sufficiently characteristic. The Duke of Westminster, being ill, asked Lord Cork to move his motion in the House of Lords for the appointment of a Committee on Intemperance:

Said the Duke to the Earl,
 'A Committee I want
 This horrible drinking to throttle,
 And you, my dear Cork,
 Are the very best man
 I can think of for stopping the bottle.'

So the Earl did the business
 Without idle talk,
 And moved the Committee instanter;
 And all of them said
 They were thankful to Cork
 For thus helping to stop the decanter.

Judas.

Archdeacon Wilberforce has published a volume of sermons on the first principles of Christianity, though the title is *The Power that Worketh in Us* (Elliot Stock; 3s. net). Now the first of the first principles of Christianity is repentance. And when Archdeacon Wilberforce is explaining repentance, he comes to the case of Judas. There is a sorrow of the world, he says, that works death. But what death? Not always eternal death. Sometimes the death of self. And then he remembers Judas.

For Judas is the favourite example of the repentance that works death. But 'are you prepared to say,' asks Dr. Wilberforce, 'that there was no working of the Divine Spirit in the repentance of Judas? First, "he came to himself." He recognized, in all its horror, what he had done; the unspeakable anguish of realization was permitted to scorch his soul. He is convicted of sin. "I have sinned," he says. Conviction of sin never comes but through the Spirit. He vindicates the one he had wronged. "I have betrayed innocent blood." He makes public confession; he makes immediate and total restitution; and now, perhaps, comes the weak point, because it indicates absence of hope, though even here there is an unexpressed verdict of tacit approval from all humanity: "He went and handed himself."'

But is there not something else? Is it not said that 'he went to his own place'? 'Yes,' answers Dr. Wilberforce, 'where we shall all go.'

But is there not something yet? Is it not said, 'It were better for that man if he had never been born'? Dr. Wilberforce answers here that the exact translation of the Greek is, 'It were better for Jesus if Judas had never been born.'

Dr. Horton's New Book.

Dr. Horton's new book is called *Great Issues* (Fisher Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). It is itself a great book, and with it we are presented with an excellent portrait.

The great issues are: Myths, Religion, Morality, Politics, Socialism, Philosophy, Science, Theology, Literature, Art, Life, Death. Every one of them could occupy a volume, or even a library. Dr. Horton does not dream of exhausting any one of them. He does not even attempt to say systematically what he has to say upon any of them. He does not occupy the pulpit or even the platform. He sits down beside us, possibly at the parlour fire, more probably in the study, he and another only, face to face and eye to eye. And on every one of these subjects he tells quite frankly what is most surely believed by himself.

Now, Dr. Horton is neither ignorant nor insincere. Those who read this book will know what he does actually believe on every one of these great issues, and they will know that it is worth believing. And then how graceful a pen he has! With what deftness of finger he touches the spot that thrills. And how unassuming he is! With how sweet a reasonableness does he persuade us at last to the prospect of seeing Him as He is, and to the Companionship by the way.

The Ethics of Progress.

There is a book for which there must be many readers on the other side of the water, so often is it published. It is the book that in short chapters, and in essay form, treats of success and failure within an ethical and sometimes religious atmosphere. Such a book may have been suggested by Emerson. It is nearly always an endeavour to pass beyond Emerson spiritually.

The latest book of this kind is a volume by Mr. Charles F. Dole on *The Ethics of Progress* (Williams

& Norgate; 6s. net). Its chapters are short, as we say—on an average, six pages. Eight or nine short chapters make up a part. Altogether there are seven parts and sixty-three chapters in a volume of 400 pages. Every chapter has a catching title, and the language is simple, popularly scientific, and anecdotal. So Mr. Dole does not worry his readers with Systematic Theology or systematic anything else. He does not worry his readers with anything. We may feel that other titles would have done for the chapters, and even that another title would have done for the book. But what does it matter? We read the book, and all the while we read it we receive gentle encouragement to do better.

Pascal.

We hear that a study of Pascal is about to appear, written by Viscount St. Cyres, the man of all men most competent to write it. It has been forestalled, but not made superfluous, by a volume entitled *Blaise Pascal: A Study in Religious Psychology*, of which the author is Mr. Humfrey R. Jordan, B.A. (Williams & Norgate; 4s. 6d. net). We have read Mr. Jordan's book from beginning to end, and it was probably written to be read. But it might have been written so as to be read with more pleasure. The style is uncomfortable. Mr. Jordan has a curious habit of saying a thing by two negatives instead of a positive. Besides, he is somewhat out of touch with his subject, out of touch with Pascal himself, and still more with Pascal's religion. Not that he is in open opposition to either. If he were, his book might be more agreeable reading. He is simply lukewarm. And the lukewarmness does not seem to be scientific detachment; it seems to be inherent unresponsiveness. But in one respect Mr. Jordan has excelled. He has told the dramatic incidents, such as the rediscovery of Euclid, quite dramatically.

Children's Books.

A. & C. BLACK.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK still hold the lead in colour printing. And they are as ambitious as they are successful. They have a volume this year called *The Children's Book of Art* (6s.), in which there are reproductions of some of the great Masters—reproductions which are themselves great masterpieces.

And these pictures are described with a sympathy and a vividness which are bound to commend them to the interest of intelligent children. For any child to go to a picture gallery after reading this book is to get some good of the picture gallery.

There are fewer pictures in colour in *The Children's Book of Gardening* (6s.). There are only twelve, indeed, but they