

*We note, fourth, that the joy set before us has a transforming power.*

For the joy set before Him Jesus not only endured the cross, He despised the shame. The clouds that overwhelm joyless men lay far beneath His feet. His joy lifted Him above them. It disarmed the contumely and scorn of men of their power to sting. He despised the shame, for that joy of His showed Him glory in what men without vision and the joy of it see only shame, exaltation in what they think degradation, and victory where they read defeat. And at whatever interval the world has come to think after Him. The cross, that was for Jews the cursed tree, and for Romans the vilest felons' scaffold, has become the badge of blessing, and glory, and power. This is but the symbol of a vast transformation, and it is the joy of Christ that has brought it about.

It is this power of transformation we need: a joy that transmutes values; that finds foolishness, wisdom, and weakness strength; that judges with God's judgment, and in His light sees light; that does not conform us to the world, but transforms us by the renewing of our minds to know what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God; that sets free from false judgments, false shame,

and false ideals; that lifts us above the world, and sets us at the right hand of God.

What then? Joy is evidently the key to life, and we should seek it. Inspiration, strength, renewal lie in it. The heart of religion is to see God and rejoice in Him. Praise is the greatest of all, greater even than prayer, for prayer, when it becomes perfect, passes into praise.

Lay aside, as the thought of the savage and the schoolboy, that it is weak to feel or show feeling, and the shallow philosophy that the fruit of life's wisdom is to admire nothing, be capable of admiring nothing. Feel—admire—worship. Rejoice in God and in all things godly and goodly; hate hate, scorn scorn, despise shame, and, above all, love love.

There is a joy set before you as before Christ. Without it you shall do nothing good or great. It brings sorrow, but vanquishes it. It adds burdens, but increases strength. It transmutes all values, and lifts you out of worldliness and above the fear of men, because it renews your mind, and makes yours the truth that sets you free. It gives wings, wings that lift high and higher, till with Christ you are set at the right hand of God.

## Literature.

### THE STOICS AND CHRISTIAN ETHICS.

THE STOIC CREED. By William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D., Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Aberdeen. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark, 1907. 4s. 6d.)

THE first eleven chapters of this most excellent handbook are devoted to an historical and ethical exposition of Stoicism among the Greeks and Romans. There was room for a fresh, up-to-date survey of this kind, and Professor Davidson has furnished his readers with a thoroughly readable account of what the principal Stoics, those 'budge doctors of the Stoic fur,' believed and taught. To the student of early Christianity, the relation of the Stoic to the Christian faith is of especial interest. Stoicism, as Professor Davidson admits (pp. 180-181), 'is very likely to have affected the early Christian teaching—more especially that of Paul,

who himself belonged to a city that was a chief seat of Stoicism (namely, Tarsus), and who could, on occasion, as in the Areopagus at Athens, turn his Stoical knowledge effectively to account.' This point of connexion has been worked out by several scholars recently, notably by J. Weiss, and, with less caution, by Professor Mahaffy. Strabo mentions five prominent Stoic philosophers of Tarsus, and the Cilician origin of some others is quite certain, so that the local opportunity may be taken for granted. How far the actual influence extended, it is more difficult to determine. The famous kenosis passage in Ph 2<sup>6-11</sup> is held by Dr. E. Pfeiderer, the editor of Heracleitus, to reproduce a speculative idea of that Ephesian philosopher, whose reputation had revived in the later Hellenistic age. In his mystical theosophy, the 'dark' thinker had conjectured that the Absolute Being might divest himself of his high estate,

descend to a lower sphere of existence, and subject himself to service and suffering among men, thereafter rising in triumph to his original state. This throws a ray of light on Paul's statement in the above passage, though it is not easy to be sure whether the connexion of the apostle and the sage denotes filiation or one of those striking coincidences which imply no more than independent activity of thought. A similar problem arises, of course, with regard to the Logos theory of the Fourth Gospel, itself an Ephesian document. The indebtedness of Paul, in the sixth chapter of 2 Corinthians, to the moral vocabulary of the Stoics is more plain, but less central. The wider question raised by the parallels between Paul and Seneca is probably to be answered by a reference to the beliefs underlying the mysteries, especially those of Orphism, and possibly to the common influence of a sage like Athenodorus, the teacher of Augustus, who came from Tarsus, where his memory was adored at the yearly festival. The connexion of some threads in the popular Stoicism of Seneca with the Greek mysteries is an aspect of the subject to which Professor Davidson seems hardly to have done justice. The religious ethic of men like Seneca, with its belief in the future, shows how the Stoic rationalism had been borrowing from Platonic and Orphic sources, in order to enrich its content and sharpen its appeal. The religious idealism of writers like Plutarch and Epictetus denotes, in the main, an attempt to rationalize the religious enthusiasm and mysticism which made the mysteries so attractive; and consequently the comparison of such teachers with early Christian writers like Paul requires an explication of the material which lies behind both in the common religious yearnings and movements of the time.

The twelfth chapter of this handbook discusses the present-day value of Stoicism, while there is a capable and succinct appendix on Pragmatism and Humanism. The latter movement, as Professor Davidson aptly points out, has strong affinities with ancient Stoicism, for both make practice the foundation not merely of morality but of knowledge. 'The Stoic viewed man first and chiefly from the side of his activities; perceiving, rightly enough, that these are what have for him the greatest interest and mould his destiny. Volition comes first; practical interests come first. So that, what we find is this, the battle of intellectualism *versus*

voluntarism going on then, as it goes on now; and pragmatism, for the time being, had gotten the victory' (p. 130).

Professor Davidson, it will be seen, has not written any dry, technical monograph. His pages are happily in touch with vital problems, and their combination of scholarly exposition and criticism is characterized not only by justice, but also by lucidity. Stoicism, of a practical kind, is the living creed of many moderns. Sir Walter Scott had as much of it, some hold, as of Christianity, Huxley, too, breathed its air. Was it not he who rebuked Lightfoot for characterizing it as 'the offspring of despair,' and who proceeded to define it as 'the philosophy of men who, having cast off all illusions, and the childishness of despair among them, were minded to endure in patience whatever conditions the cosmic process might create, so long as these conditions were compatible with the progress towards virtue, which, alone for them, conferred a worthy object on existence'? Any one who desires to verify this definition, or to ascertain how far it is compatible with the ethics of Christianity, cannot do better than study Professor Davidson's penetrating and equitable pages.

JAMES MOFFATT.

### THE LITERATURE OF THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST IN RECENT RESEARCH.  
By William Sanday, D.D., LL.D., Litt.D.  
(Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

Professor Sanday has gathered together a number of papers and published them under the title of *The Life of Christ in Recent Research*. They all have some bearing on the Life of Christ. They all stand in the line of preparation for the book which is to be Professor Sanday's crown of service, his *Life of Christ* in the 'International Theological Library.'

The volume contains, first, a preliminary study of the Symbolism of the Bible; and, next, five Cambridge lectures on the Literature of the Life of Christ, with two further lectures on the most recent books. A chapter on Miracles follows. Then come three reviews of books, all touching the Gospels; and, last of all, a sermon on Angels. The volume is enriched with two very fine engravings from 'The Temptation in the Wilderness,' by W. Dyce, R.A.

Now the first thing is the intensity of interest which Professor Sanday secures for everything that he publishes. There is not a paragraph in this volume that can be called dull. A paragraph that is dull? There is not a paragraph that does not quicken the attention and hurry the fingers to turn the next page. There are paragraphs that catch the breath.

How then do we find that it fares with the literature of the Life of Christ and the criticism of the Gospels? In the two lectures which deal with the literature of 1906 and 1907, Dr. Sanday has to record 'a break in the solidarity' of the criticism of the Gospels in this country. Referring to his previous lectures he says:

'I had spoken of the general solidarity of our English Universities, *i.e.*, in particular, of the theology taught in them. The wonder to me really was that that solidarity should have been maintained so long. It was not to be expected that it could last much longer. The indications of approaching change came, as it happened, less from England than from Scotland. The most typical book in this respect that I have read for some time is that of Mr. Ernest F. Scott on the *Purpose and Theology of the Fourth Gospel* (Edinburgh, 1906). Mr. Scott is a Balliol as well as a Glasgow man, and we can trace something of Oxford as well as of Scotland in his book; but the Oxford element that we trace in it is not exactly theological. The nearest parallel that I am aware of was Dr. James Moffatt's *Historical New Testament*, published a few years ago. Mr. Scott is an admirable writer, and shows especial skill in the handling of ideas; he has also a seriousness and strength of conviction that are decidedly attractive. But the most marked thing about him to my mind is his standpoint, which is identical with that of the more sober theological liberalism in Germany. The Germanism is thorough-going—so thorough-going that it is not argued, but is simply taken for granted. Something similar might be said of Dr. Moffatt, though with slight qualification. Later still, we have Dr. Salmon's posthumous book, *The Human Element in the Gospels* (London, 1907), which is in its way even more significant, because the change which it marks is not due to any external influence, but to the internal development of the writer's own mind. In the English Universities also there are signs of a less conservative and more adventurous spirit: and

I do not doubt that we shall have more in the future.'

With that we rest content for the present. We must return to the book, but for the present our purpose has been simply to send our readers to the book itself.

### THE PARADISE OF PALLADIUS.

THE PARADISE OR GARDEN OF THE HOLY FATHERS. Translated out of the Syriac, with Notes and Introduction by Ernest A. Wallis Budge, M.A., Litt.D., D.Lit. (*Chatto & Windus*. 2 Vols. 15s. net.)

In the winter of the year 1888, Dr. Wallis Budge was travelling in the East and came to Mōsul, the ancient Nineveh. There he was shown a manuscript in Syriac which contained, amongst other things, a version of the *Paradise* of Palladius. In 1893 he published a description of the contents of the manuscript. Then he made a translation of it, which, along with the Syriac text, was published in two volumes in 1904. This was for private circulation. He has now revised the translation and issued it without the Syriac text, making it available for all men in the two handy volumes which lie before us.

The manuscript contains five separate works, and Dr. Wallis Budge has translated them all. These works are (1) *The Life of St. Anthony*, by Athanasius, Archbishop of Alexandria; (2) the *Paradise* of Palladius; (3) *The Rule of Pachomius at Tabenna*, spoken of as the Askētikon; (4) *The Histories of the Solitaries of the Desert of Egypt*, attributed to St. Jerome; and (5) *The Sayings of the Fathers of Egypt*, collected by Palladius.

Of these works the principal are the *Paradise* of Palladius, and his *Sayings of the Fathers*. Who was Palladius? Palladius was born in Galatia about 364 A.D. (Dom Butler says 367), probably of good family. At, or about, the age of twenty he visited Alexandria, and became a monk. He withdrew first into the desert of Nitria; then into the still more remote desert, which, from the number of hermitages with which it was studded, was called 'The Cells.' Being compelled after nine years to quit the desert, he was consecrated Bishop of Helenopolis in Bithynia. He suffered banishment through his attachment to St. Chrysostom. In the year 420 he wrote the *Paradise*.

Having been dedicated to a chamberlain at the Court of Theodosius II. named Lausus, the *Paradise*

is known as the 'Lausiatic History of Palladius.' In the year 1898 Dom Cuthbert Butler (now Abbot of Downside) published a critical edition of the Greek text in the Cambridge Texts and Studies. What Dr. Wallis Budge has published is a translation of a Syriac version. The Syriac version was made by Rabban Ânân-Îshô, a monk who flourished in Northern Mesopotamia in the beginning of the seventh century.

The *Paradise*, or 'Lausiatic History of Palladius,' is a collection of stories concerning the lives of Egyptian monks and ascetics. With many of these Egyptian hermits Palladius was personally acquainted; and it is now held that when he relates what he himself had knowledge of, he is worthy of credit, but that what he derived from Coptic writings, or learned by hearsay, must be received with great caution. The *Paradise* is full of the supernatural, but to sweep the whole history aside on that account is to manifest an entire absence of the historical imagination. Here is a short but fair example of the stories.

'Once certain of the great sages of Scete were travelling along a road in the desert when they heard a sound, like the groan of a sick person, [rise up] from the ground; and they searched, and found a path which led into a cave, and when they had descended into it they discovered [there] a certain holy virgin. Then they said unto her, "O mother, when didst thou come here? And who ministereth unto thee?" For they saw nothing in the cave except the holy woman herself who was lying on the earth. And she said unto them, "Behold, I have passed eight-and-thirty years in this cave, and I have satisfied my wants with grass, for I labour for Christ. And I have never seen a man except this day, and God hath sent you to me this day to bury my body"; and having said these words, she died. And when the fathers saw [this], they glorified God, and they buried her body, and prayed, and departed from the place.'

The Second Part of Ânân-Îshô's version of the book *Paradise* contains several series of miscellaneous collections of 'Sayings' and 'Stories' of the Fathers, some 635 in number, and also a series of 'Questions and Answers,' about 706 in number, which deal with the rule of life of the holy men. Though Ânân-Îshô attributes all of them to Palladius, it is very doubtful, says Dr. Wallis Budge, if more than a few of them were collected by him. We shall give an example of

each. Here is one of the 'Sayings.' It is No. 233.

'A certain brother asked Abbâ Poemen, saying, "What mean the words, If a man be angry with his brother without a cause?" (Mt 5<sup>22</sup>). The old man said unto him, "If thy brother make use of oppression, and wrong, and fraud in respect of thee, and thou art angry with him [because of them], thou art angry with him without a cause. And if he tear out thy right eye, or cut off thy right hand, and thou art angry with him, thou art angry with him without a cause; but if a man wisheth to separate thee or to put thee away from God, then to be angry and wroth with him is a good thing."

Of the 'Questions and Answers,' take No. 395. 'They used to say that a certain father who was a recluse had a brother, according to the body, who lived in another cell, and that this brother fell ill, and sent to him a message to come and see him before he died; and his brother said, "I am unable to go out for the sake of my brother in the flesh." And his brother sent him another message, saying, "Come, if it be only in the night, that I may see thee"; and the recluse said, "I cannot do so, for if I did my heart would not be pure before God." So the brother died, and they did not see each other.'

### THE LAWS OF ISRAEL.

ISRAEL'S LAWS AND LEGAL PRECEDENTS.  
By Charles Foster Kent, Ph.D. (*Hodder & Stoughton*. 15s.)

This is the fourth volume of Professor Kent's 'Student's Old Testament.' It has been issued before the third. Perhaps the early issue of this volume is due to Professor Kent's familiarity with the subject. For in the series entitled 'The Messages of the Bible' he has already issued a volume which goes over the same ground, and almost as minutely. The similarity between the two volumes is indeed very great. The Laws are grouped in the same way in both, and the exposition moves along the same lines. There is, of course, the great difference that in the present volume the Laws are quoted verbatim, whereas in the previous volume they are only summarized. This is in accordance with the plan of each series. The summaries of the previous volume are often found, though not in identical words, in footnotes to the present volume. These footnotes are very

valuable. We could have taken more of them. This indeed is the criticism, and the only criticism, that one feels inclined to make upon the whole series, that Professor Kent is more interested in institutions than in ideas. It is no part of his plan certainly to write a theology of the Old Testament, but we should have been glad if he had found room for a little more theology than he does.

Let us take an example. In one of the footnotes we read: 'Human sacrifice was apparently a common practice among the ancient inhabitants of Palestine. The many skeletons of children found in the temple precincts of the ruins at Gezer and Taanach, and the frequent allusions to it in the O.T., confirm this conjecture. The ancient Hebrews shared the Canaanitish belief that every first-born child belonged to the Deity. In the times of calamity the first impulse in the minds of the people was to win Jehovah's favour by human sacrifice (Mic 6<sup>7</sup>). When heathen influence was strong, as in the days of Ahaz and Manasseh, the same barbarous practice came into vogue. In the valley of Hinnom, to the south of Jerusalem, the Hebrews had been wont to burn their sons and their daughters in the fire (Jer 7<sup>31</sup> 19<sup>5</sup>, Ps 106<sup>37, 38</sup>). These references suggest, however, that the crime was committed in the later days only in the name of Baal or Molech (or Milk, *King*). The expression, *to make to pass through the fire*, appears to refer to the same rite, probably designating some peculiar form of human sacrifice.'

Now this is full of interest as well as information. It helps us to understand the meaning of certain difficult passages in the Old Testament. And more than that, it brings us close to Old Testament life. But it would have been more interesting still and much more valuable if Professor Kent had shown us the place of this practice in the development of the religion of Israel, and if he had pointed out what the forces were which in course of time made such a practice impossible.

Throughout the volume Professor Kent has brought the laws of Israel into comparison with the laws of the Assyrians. He has used for this purpose Mr. Johns' *Babylonian and Assyrian Laws, Contracts, and Letters*, a work which he says, very truly, all students of Israel's laws should be acquainted with. And ever as the comparison stands before us we are driven to ask the questions, What arrested the development of Babylonian

civilization, and what gave to the civilization of Israel its supremely religious impulse?

THE SHÁHNÁMA OF FIRDAUSÍ.

THE SHÁHNÁMA OF FIRDAUSÍ. Done into English by A. G. Warner, M.A., and E. Warner, B.A. (*Kegan Paul*. Vols. i. and ii. 10s. 6d. each.)

Firdausí is the Homer of Persia, and its *Illiad* is the *Sháhnáma*.

As the three Persian poets 'Unşurí, 'Asjadí, and Farrukhí sat conversing together one day in Ghazna, there came, according to the popular legend, a stranger from Níshápúr, who made as though to join them. 'Unşurí, not desiring the intrusion of this provincial, said to him, 'O brother, we are the King's poets, and none but poets may enter our company. Each of us will therefore compose a verse in the same rhyme, and if thou canst in thy turn supply the fourth verse of the quartette, then will we admit thee into our society.' So Firdausí (for he was the intruder) consented to the test, and 'Unşurí, purposely choosing a rhyme wherein three verses might easily, but four, as he imagined, by no means be made, began :

'Thine eyes are clear and blue as sunlit ocean'—

'Asjadí continued :

'Their glance bewitches like a magic potion'—

Farrukhí proceeded :

'The wounds they cause no balm can heal, nor lotion'—

And Firdausí, alluding to a little-known episode in the Legend of the Ancient Kings, concluded :

'Deadly as those Giv's spear dealt out to Pôshan.'

Being called upon to furnish an explanation of the allusion in this verse, Firdausí displayed so great a knowledge of the ancient legends of Persia that 'Unşurí told Sultan Mahmud that here at length was one competent to complete the work of versifying the national epic which had been begun by Daqíqí.

Such is the account given by the later biographers of Firdausí's first appearance at the Court of Ghazna. We have followed Professor Browne. The truth of it he does not vouch for, nor do we. To return to the biography. Firdausí was a small

squire, born in 935 A.D. in a village near Khurasan. He had only one daughter. To provide for her an adequate dowry he composed a long poem. With this poem in seven volumes he set out for Ghazna. He was then about eighty years of age. Sultan Mahmud offered only a trifle for the poem, which the disappointed poet divided between a bathman and a sherbet-seller and fled from Ghazna. But a friend reconciled him to the Sultan, who now appreciated the value of the poem and ordered 60,000 dinar's worth of indigo to be given to Firdausí with apologies. As the camels bearing the indigo entered the gate of Firdausí's village, they met the poet's dead body. The gift would have been given to his daughter, but with spirit she declared that she needed it not. Such is the oldest and most authentic account of Firdausí that we possess. His works consist of the *Sháhnáma*, a romance, and a number of lyrical fragments. His reputation rests on the *Sháhnáma*.

Let us listen to a few lines of it. We select the opening lines of the story of Rustam and Suhráb, both because of the reputation given to that episode by Matthew Arnold, and because of its own particular beauty. Professor Browne, in his *Literary History of Persia* (ii. 144), renders the lines into English, imitating as closely as possible the rhyme and metre of the original. This is Professor Browne's translation :

The story of Suhráb and Rustam now hear :  
 Other tales thou hast heard : to this also give ear.  
 A story it is to bring tears to the eyes,  
 And wrath in the heart against Rustam will rise.  
 If forth from its ambush should rush the fierce blast  
 And down in the dust the young orange should cast,  
 Then call we it just, or unkind and unfair,  
 And say we that virtue or rudeness is there?  
 What, then, is injustice; if justice be death?  
 In weeping and wailing why waste we our breath?  
 Naught knoweth thy soul of this mystery pale;  
 No path shall conduct thee beyond the dark veil.  
 All follow their ways to this hungering door,  
 A door which, once shut, shall release them no more !  
 Yet perhaps thou shalt win, when from hence thou shalt  
 roam

In that other abode to a happier home.

A complete translation of the *Sháhnáma* has been made by two brothers, Arthur George Warner, M.A., and Edmond Warner, B.A. The elder of the two died in 1903. His, if we mistake not, was the chief hand in the translation. It was finished before his death, though the first volume was not published till 1905. The younger brother

has added Introduction, Notes, and Argument. Of the two volumes which have now appeared we can speak very highly. But it is better to let them speak for themselves. And for that purpose let us choose the translation of the same passage as before ; that is to say, the first few verses of the prelude to Rustam and Suhráb :

'The story of Suhráb and Rustam hear :  
 Thou hast heard others ; let it be thy part  
 To hear this too : 'tis fraught with many a tear,  
 And Rustam will enrage thy gentle heart.  
 Now if a rude gust should arise and bear  
 A yet unripened orange to the dust,  
 Shall I describe this as unfair or fair,  
 Shall I pronounce it tyrannous or just?  
 Where is the evil if we all must die?  
 Why clamour and appeal from what is right?  
 The spirit wotteth not this mystery ;  
 Beyond the Veil there is no path in sight.  
 We all must reach the insatiable door,  
 The greedy door that openeth twice for none ;  
 Yet so a better place may be in store  
 For thee, and heaven's eternal rest be won.

Clearly the translation stands comparison with Professor Browne's, and it rarely falls below this level of felicity.

The *Sháhnáma* owes its popularity to various causes, among which may be mentioned the value of its contents for the study of Mythology and Folklore. If it has not yet taken its place in Europe, that may be due to the want of a popular translation. That want has now been supplied.

### Among the Books of the Month.

To Mr. Allenson's 'Heart and Life Booklets' has been added Law's translation of Behmen's *The Supersensual Life* (1s. net). So no more ignorance of this superb piece of spiritual work, as Dr. Whyte calls Behmen's book, and no more ignorance of this 'treasure-house of masculine English,' as he calls Law's translation.

The late Dr. J. N. Cushing was the best authority on some of the Burmese tribes. He lived in Burma for forty years. He had the seeing eye, and the sympathy. And his scholarship gained him the presidency of Rangoon College.

So when he wrote on *Christ and Buddha* (Amer. Bap. Pub. Soc.), he wrote after long study of the subject and under circumstances of peculiar ad-

vantage; and his book, even on so worn and treacherous a topic, is of the utmost scientific value.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have published a cheap edition of Farrar's *Lives of the Fathers* (2 vols., 7s. 6d. net). The edition is a reissue of the original, so that the two volumes are in handsome octavo, with all the notes. There is no history of the Fathers even yet that can compare with Farrar's in interest. And its popularity is not gained at the expense of scholarship. For Farrar was a far better scholar than some of those who, because they disliked his politics or his theology, were wont to sit in judgment on him. We need to popularize the Fathers. This is such an opportunity as has never come before.

A publisher's name becomes attached sometimes to a particular class of literature. And so it comes to pass that Messrs. Blackwood & Sons can sell the stiffest philosophical books. Veitch's *The Method, Meditations, and Selections from the Principles of Descartes* has passed into the fourteenth edition (6s. 6d.).

At a recent Convention of Sunday-school teachers the subject of discussion was Psychology. It was agreed by all that some knowledge of the science of Psychology was essential to successful teaching. The difficulty felt was how to obtain it. A little honest study is necessary. With that and the *Elements of Psychology*, by Sydney Herbert Mellone and Margaret Drummond (Blackwood; 5s.), the accomplishment is within the reach of every teacher, even of that superintendent who at the same meeting requested that he might not be asked to spell the word. For this is not merely the latest book on the subject, and so has the advantage of all that other books contain; but it proceeds on a new method, a method exactly adapted to catch the interest of the beginner. That method, in a word, is to bring forward the subject of activity, of which we have all some knowledge, and from the known of activity to lead gradually to the unknown of sensation and perception. Psychology and the Science of Religion—these are the subjects of most promise; and for the beginner in Psychology, whether teacher or student, this is the book.

In the last volume of his 'Periods of European Literature,' the volume on *The Later Nineteenth Century* (Blackwood; 5s. net), which he has written himself, Professor Saintsbury has given an account of the editing of the whole series. It is refreshing in its frankness, and may even be enlightening. For it seems that some of his critics have expressed their innocent surprise that the twelve volumes did not appear in chronological order and at regular intervals of time.

Of this last volume, we say, the period is the later Nineteenth Century. So it contains the names of Tennyson and Hugo, Christina Rossetti and Friedrich Nietzsche, Jefferies and Zola, Amiel and A. K. H. Boyd. And it contains cool confident estimates of every one of them. For Professor Saintsbury has no room to be apologetic and no desire. More than that, however, yea much more, it contains a clear, steady exposition of the way in which the Time-Spirit of the later Nineteenth Century lived and moved and had its being among all the crowd of bookmakers. Never does Professor Saintsbury hide the wood with the trees. And so, whether we accept his estimate of Frank Smedley or resent it, we are always aware that that is a small matter, the impression is with us of life and movement and progress throughout the mass.

*Our Mission in North China* (Burroughs; 1s. 6d.). This is the way to write the literature of missions—every man describing his own field. For it is the generality, the extended and extenuated sketch, that kills our interest in mission work. This history of the mission of the Methodist New Connexion Church is like a biography—minute, loving, true. The Rev. John Hedley, F.R.G.S., is the author of it.

There is a distinguished editor in this country who claims to possess one talent only—he can ask questions. Dr. J. G. Frazer would have every missionary possess that talent. And so he has drawn up a set of questions (five hundred and seven in all) which missionaries and others might put to the black man. It is a step in the line of science—a most important step. The tract may be had for a trifle at the Cambridge Press. Its title is *Questions on the Customs, Beliefs, and Languages of Savages*.

From the Cambridge Press there comes a new and cheaper edition of *The Interlinear Bible* (7s. 6d.). Since the issue of the first edition we have used it constantly and have found but one slight slip—a marvel of accuracy therefore, seeing that the opportunities for error are so many. The only objection to it is the difficulty of turning over the thin leaves. But probably there are editions on thicker paper; and perhaps other men are not in such a hurry.

The latest series as we write is Cassell's 'Christian Life' series. The first volume of it is Canon Hensley Henson's *Christian Marriage* (1s. 6d. net). It is not a polemic, but a grave reserved effort to see this subject in the light of Christ.

What is the difference between genius and talent? It is the difference between Shakespeare and Holinshed. And there could not be a better exercise set to any schoolboy or budding author than the comparison between Holinshed's telling in good everyday prose the story, say, of 'Leir the sonne of Baldud,' and any scene of Shakespeare's tragedy called *King Lear*.

But the object of the new volume of Professor Gollancz's 'Shakespeare Library' is not to compare genius with talent, though it is a comparison between the Chronicle and the Historical Plays. Its title is *Shakespeare's Holinshed* (Chatto & Windus; 10s. 6d. net). Its author is Mr. W. G. Boswell-Stone. And its object is the purely literary one of showing how much Shakespeare got from Holinshed, and how he got it.

So it is both Holinshed's Chronicle and Shakespeare's Plays. And the value of both is increased by being set down together. Holinshed loses nothing in the comparison with Shakespeare, for he makes no claim to the imaginative, and he has the genuine historical gift. And Shakespeare loses nothing. For at once we see that poetry is history lifted out of the local and individual and made universal.

But, besides the comparison with Holinshed, Mr. Boswell-Stone has given us much illumination on Shakespeare's sources and the way he transfigured them. The volume is enriched with the notes of a scholar. These notes are both literary and political. Take an example. It has quite a modern flavour about it.

In 2 *Henry VI.* iv. ii. 9, 10, we read: 'Well, I say it was never merrie world in England since Gentlemen came up.' And in iv. ii. 142, Cade retorts to Sir Humphrey Stafford: 'And Adam was a Gardiner.' Now all that we learn from Holinshed at the proper place is that John Ball exhorted the people to destroy first of all the great lords of the realm. But in a footnote a quotation is made from another page, to this effect, that when preaching at Blackheath, Ball's theme was

'When Adam delv'd, and Eve span,  
Who was then a gentleman?'

And there is a further quotation from Grafton (i. 417, 418) that Ball was wont to say: 'A, good people, matters go not wel to passe in England in these dayes, nor shall not do untill every thing be common, and that there be no Villeynes nor gentlemen.'

Mr. J. Brierley, B.A. (the 'J. B.' of the *Christian World*), has gathered another volume of his articles and called the book *Our City of God* (Clarke; 6s.). Mr. Brierley is like the early Christians, not a great theologian, but very good for burning. That is to say, his strength is in ethics and attachment. And is it not just there we need strengthening most of all in these days? Not that we have not dismissed theology, but that we have not taken on morality enough. With what joy does Mr. Brierley quote Bishop Gore: 'There is not among us anything that can be called an adequate conception of what Christian morality means.' And with what insistence does he go on to ask 'the average ecclesiastic' 'whether he properly understands that the issue on which the Church will stand or fall is not its attitude to baptism or prevenient grace, but its attitude to the tremendous struggle on which the world is now visibly entering for man's elementary rights?'

The Rev. J. D. Jones, M.A., B.D., of Bourne-mouth, is a great popular preacher. We say popular, because, although Mr. Jones is a scholar, and has much to say which the common people could not understand, he is careful never to say it. The Pharisees who know the law he ignores; he preaches to the publicans and sinners. He has studied the psychology of common folk. They can understand the imaginative if it is mild enough; and so the title of the fourteenth sermon

in his new volume is 'The Blessing of Unrealized Aims.' They can follow a somewhat stiff theological argument if it is expressed in Saxon English; and so his seventh sermon is a closely reasoned proof of the Deity of Christ. They can appreciate a solid piece of scholarship if it comes in the course of actual exposition.

Now, there is a difficult text in the First Epistle of St. John of which the words are 'God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things' (1 Jn 3<sup>20</sup>). Mr. Jones discusses the translation. He quotes the late Dr. Field. He decides to insert the phrase 'it is evident,' making his text read, 'For if our heart condemn us, it is evident that God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.' Then he decides that St. John purposely left the meaning to be taken both ways. And so his sermon is: (1) that God condemns us more than we condemn ourselves, and (2) that God absolves us more than we absolve ourselves; and that He does both because of His greater knowledge of us.

In the second half of his sermon, in which he shows that God makes allowance just because of His greater knowledge, he uses an effective illustration. This is the illustration:

'One of the clerks in the Treasury Office, who had to prepare some part of the estimates for the budget when Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, once made a mistake of several millions in the figures he sent in. The mistake was not discovered till after Mr. Gladstone had made his Budget speech, and the effect of the mistake was that he was put to great trouble in rearranging his taxation proposals in order to meet the amended figures. The clerk who had made the error anticipated the very worst consequences from his blunder. And when one day Mr. Gladstone sent for him into his office he made sure the moment of his dismissal had come. Judge then of his amazement when Mr. Gladstone, instead of giving him a lecture and his dismissal, complimented him on the skill and patience which had enabled him for so many years to deal with the enormous figures of our national revenue with such accuracy and exactitude. What wonder the clerk broke down under kindness like that! He had expected to be judged harshly and punished severely, but Mr. Gladstone—a financial genius himself—knew the intricacies and difficulties of our national accounts, and he judged pitifully because he knew.'

The title of the book is *The Gospel of Grace* (James Clarke & Co.; 3s. 6d. net).

*Nimrod's Wife*, by Mrs. Ernest Thompson Seton, is a daring title (Constable; 6s.). But Nimrod's wife was a daring woman. She went hunting and adventuring in the Sierra, in the Rockies, on the Ottawa, in Norway. Wherever she went Nimrod went also; but he never impresses us as being the mighty hunter his wife is. And it is certain that he has not her way of telling the story of it. The book is cleverly illustrated also. We recommend it unreservedly. It is neither screaming fun nor harrowing fiction; it is travel pure and simple; but it is so well described that it brings us the sense of the rush and swirl of the fresh mountain breezes.

The great venture of our day in the History of Literature will be the Cambridge series. Less ambitious is Messrs. Constable's series, 'Types of English Literature,' which is to appear in thirteen volumes under the general charge of Professor W. A. Neilson of Harvard. It begins with *The Popular Ballad* (6s. net), written by Professor F. B. Gummere of Haverford College.

It is a book that is sure itself to be popular. Professor Gummere's interest in the subject is purely intellectual. He dares even to criticise the ballad in respect of its 'white-skinned and yellow-golded hero,' and its poverty of nature description. But the ballad will survive. It has always held the people by the sorrow in it, the sorrow and the supernatural. For the common people have an imagination of sorrow that cannot be satisfied.

Hugh Price Hughes has found a place in 'the Library of Methodist Biography.' The biographer is the Rev. Arthur Walters (Culley; 1s. net).

It is the way with all calendars to wax fat as the years pass, and *The Cambridge University Calendar* (Deighton Bell; 7s. 6d. net) for the Session 1907-1908 is bulkier than ever. It is the more indispensable to the graduate and undergraduate, the more interesting to all.

It is with sincere pleasure that we receive and recommend the annual parcel from Stirling—from Drummond's Tract Depot. The best thing in it is an Address to young men by Dr. Wells of

Glasgow, of which a dozen copies may be bought for a shilling. But send for the list.

Mr. Edward Lummis, M.A., has translated Wrede's *Paul*, and the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, has written a preface for the translation (Green; 2s. net). Principal Estlin Carpenter sums up Wrede's purpose in these words: 'What is essential for that purpose is that the interpreter should come to his words through the modes of thought and feeling belonging to Paul's own time, rather than through the fabrics of doctrine which theologians of a later day have reared upon them.'

Wrede is not a conservative in Pauline study. He cannot accept 2 Thessalonians, still less Ephesians, and least of all the Pastoral Epistles. But of the Van Manen School he has no admiration, and he puts the case for the great Epistles admirably when he says: 'The view disseminated in Holland, and heard also here and there in Germany, that all the Pauline letters belong to a later time, can only be regarded by us as a critical aberration. Such letters as 1 Thessalonians, Galatians, 2 Corinthians, point in a hundred indications and allusions as definitely as possible to conditions which are only conceivable within a few decades of the death of Jesus. And the forger is yet to be born who could devise such unforced, individual, purely personal utterances, born of the moment, as are here found in abundance, and at the same time make the letters as a whole seem to reveal in their author a fixed, finished, original personality.'

Out of his 'Manual of Theology' Professor Agar Beet has taken the chapter on the Church and made a separate book of it. The title is, *The Church, the Churches, and the Sacraments* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s.).

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have issued a volume by the late Dr. John Watson on the Bible. Its title is, *God's Message to the Human Soul* (5s.). It contains the Cole Lectures of the Vanderbilt University in 1907. Outspoken and sympathetic, getting at the man in his hearer by the direct thrust of the manly in himself, Dr. Watson never missed his purpose. His purpose here is to show that the Word of God as it is contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments is

the principal means of bringing men to Christ. Dr. Watson had no love for sacramentalism or sacerdotalism, and he says so here in very plain language.

How hard it must have been to have to cram the text of the books of *Deuteronomy* and *Joshua*, introductions to both, and a note on every difficulty, into a very small volume of 390 pages. Mr. H. Wheeler Robinson, M.A., had to do it for the *Century Bible* (Jack). Whether he found *Deuteronomy* most difficult, where it was necessary *not* to boil down Driver merely; or *Joshua*, where there is the wonderful commentary by Dr. Sutherland Black to avoid, we cannot say. Enough that this book will stand beside those two and send other editors after Mr. Robinson.

Have we said that the latest series is Cassell's 'Christian Life' series? Here is a later. It is Longmans' Pocket Library of Theology. Three volumes are announced, of which the first, by Canon Newbolt, is called *The Gospel Message* (2s. net). It is a volume of sermons. One of the sermons is entitled 'Sermons.' It gives a history of the sermon and a great sermon-maker's description of a great sermon.

The second volume is a selection from Liddon's *Sermons at St. Paul's* and elsewhere. The selection has been made by the Bishop of Oxford.

On the subject of Socialism it is not new books that we need, it is enlightenment about the books that we have. And so it is pleasant to be able to say emphatically that the best of all the introductions to the subject is Kirkup's *An Inquiry into Socialism*. Messrs. Longmans have just published the third edition, revised and enlarged (4s. 6d. net).

An essay on the Life and Times of *Innocent the Great*, by Mr. C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon, B.A. (Longmans; 9s. net), is almost enough to open a new era in the writing of history. The author's scholarship is good, but we have had good scholarship before. The history of the Pope is woven into the history of the time, but that also has been done successfully by other historians. The new thing is a startling combination of hero worship and criticism. A hero Innocent the Great is, but in every act of his life he is subjected to a merciless fire of

criticism expressed in the most unconventional language.

That Innocent is a hero this final estimate proves: 'Innocent the Third was a good strong man, a brilliant statesman, and a great Pope; and, in the main, successful in the results of His pontificate. No one knows why He [the capitals are Mr. Pirie-Gordon's] is not known in history by Albert von Beham's appellation, INNOCENTIUS MAGNUS: for He is one of the few Pontiffs (or men either, for that matter) who have sufficient force of character, coupled with perseverance and acumen, to be great even were they taken out of their century, and set down in some other period of History. Those who love watching a contest between great men, will regret that history never can tell how the Lord Innocent would have dealt with King Henry VIII. Tudor, the Kaiser Charles V., the Emperor Napoleon I., or with the various forces (including the Company of Jesus) which were concerned during the last century in the making of *Italia Unica e Libera*.'

And yet the conduct of 'the Lord Innocent' is severely criticised in the matter of King John of England—'distinctly a mistake of judgment,' and 'when the first flush of triumph had faded, the Pope regretted that even a single mark of King Lackland's minting should have entered the pontifical exchequer.' And so with many another action. And then, as we have said, the language is so shockingly unvarnished.

Well this is clear—that the book will be read; and this also—that it will do no one any harm to read it.

In that handsome way in which they get up their classical publications, Messrs. Macmillan have printed and published a new volume on Homer. The author is Thomas Day Seymour, Professor of Greek in Yale. It is a volume of 700 octavo pages, and it is illustrated—the illustrations, though not numerous, being carefully chosen and as carefully prepared. The title is *Life in the Homeric Age* (17s. net).

Professor Seymour has worked over the Homeric poems for himself. He has gathered together the allusions they contain to every department of life both human and Divine; and he has presented his results in a series of chapters on the Homeric State, Women and the Family, Dress, Food, and Animals, the Gods, and the like. The value of the book to the classical student lies just in this

that it is a collection and classification of material. The writing is clear, but no attempt is made to arrest the reader's attention or compel him to read on.

Yet the attention is arrested. The accumulation of epithets applied by Homer to the horse, to the river Scamander, to the Greek tunic, repels at first; but the phrases are clearly varied, and soon one finds oneself in the midst of life and reality. And when once the interest is caught there is nothing for it but to read on. The very naturalness of the style makes that inevitable.

There is life and reality in every chapter. But when the gods come, and especially the goddesses, the play of human motive, elsewhere of interest because human, is here quite entertaining because professing to be divine. Very clearly does Professor Seymour show that the gods are magnified men and the goddesses magnified women—magnified too, not as to size or ability only, but as to jealousy and bad temper and caprice. Of all the things on which we can mark progress, the first is our conception of God, the next is our humanity to man. Most ungodly is the life in Olympus; most inhuman is the Homeric field of battle.

Recent research in Greek religion has occupied itself more with the Earth-gods than with the Olympians. And the results have had some scientific worth as well as much artistic curiosity. But we shall never be moved by the spade as we have been moved by the pen. Professor Seymour has come at a good time. He has come to remind us that the Olympian gods will always be supreme, not because they dwelt on Olympus, but because they found a place in the poems of Homer.

Mr. Smellie has made up a book of *Selected Poems of Christina Rossetti*, and written an Introduction to it (Melrose; 2s. net). And the ungrateful reader, if he is a lover of Christina Rossetti, will not thank him for what he has included, but chide him for what he has left out. Where, he will ask, is 'Grant us such Grace,' and 'How know I that it looms lovely?' and 'We know not a Voice of that River,' and 'If Love is not worth loving,' and 'Once in a Dream I saw the Flowers,' and 'Eye hath not seen'; and where is the sonnet to her mother? But there are beauties and beauties in the book. And this among the rest—

Too late for love, too late for joy,  
 Too late, too late!  
 You loitered on the road too long,  
 You trifled at the gate:  
 The enchanted dove upon her branch  
 Died without a mate;  
 The enchanted princess in her tower,  
 Slept, died, behind the grate;  
 Her heart was starving all this while  
 You made it wait.

Mr. Melrose has another selection this month. But it is not uniform. It is *Wordsworth's Master-Passages*, selected by John Hogben (2s. net). Again there is a long interpreting Introduction.

The half-crown editions of Mr. John Murray's classics are fit for any library, and good enough for presentation. The latest are Borrow's *Romany Rye, Wild Wales*, and *The Gypsies of Spain*.

To Mr. Murray's 'Wisdom of the East' series has been added a volume on *Arabian Wisdom* (1s. net). It consists of selections and translations from the Arabic, made by John Wortabet, M.D., of Beyrout. Dr. Wortabet knows Arabic and the Arabs.

Year after year Dr. Torrey sits down and writes a 'Concise Exposition of the International Sunday School Lessons,' and Messrs. Nisbet publish the book in the proper shape and binding for the teacher's pocket, under the title of *The Gist of the Lessons* (1s. net; cloth 9d.).

Messrs. Oliphant have reprinted *Colloquia Peripatetica* (3s. 6d. net). There is a fine portrait of Rabbi Duncan. It is altogether an edition to lose one's heart to.

Messrs. Revell have once more issued that minute *Commentary on the International Lessons* known as Arnold's—minute and practical, with its blackboard outlines and all the rest of the teacher's apparatus, ready to the lifting (2s. 6d. net).

When Stopford Brooke wrote his *Theology in the English Poets* he was taken to task for the title. Theology in poetry? asked the critics. Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus escapes the criticism. His title is *The Higher Ministries of Recent English Poetry* (Revell; 3s. 6d. net). But his purpose is the same. His purpose is to discover the extent to

which recent poetry has ministered to the things of the Spirit. After an introductory chapter, he turns to the work of Matthew Arnold, Alfred Tennyson, and Robert Browning. His style has not the felicity of Stopford Brooke's, but he himself has almost as catholic an imagination.

The late Hargrave Jennings was not overwhelmed with the demands of nineteenth-century science, but his writings caught the popular imagination, and some of them had a considerable circulation. The most popular of them all has been his book on *The Rosicrucians, their Rites and Mysteries*. First published in 1870, it appeared in a considerably enlarged form in 1879. A third edition was issued in 1887, in two volumes, with new illustrations. And now in 1907 there appears the fourth edition. We are told it is revised, but not by whom. The two volumes have been thrown into one, and the price has been much reduced (Routledge; 7s. 6d. net).

Well, here it is again. It does not solve the mystery of the origin of the Rosicrucians, nor settle their pretensions. It has no such object. The deeper all these mysteries are made the better for the Rosicrucians and for Hargrave Jennings' book. And unless knowledge grows from more to (a good deal) more, and that speedily, there will be readers enough to exhaust this fourth edition.

Apart from its scientific value, however, it is highly entertaining. Let no one dream that the time given to the reading of it will be wasted. Where can the ways and workings of the human mind be better seen?

We have long cherished Macmillan's edition of Thomas à Kempis. Its wonderful margins, its soft paper, its blue cover,—all appeal to us. And then it is out of print and scarce. But we must give it up. Messrs. Seeley have published *Of the Imitation of Christ*, on finer soft-ribbed paper, in darker antique type, with richer gold and blue borders, and in a binding that is quite as bold and captivating (6s. net).

The Life of Shakespeare—there is only one—is Sidney Lee's. And so popular is Shakespeare that the publishers of Sidney Lee's Life issue it in three forms. There is the original at 7s. 6d., the library edition at 16s., and the student's edition at

2s. 6d. A second issue of the student's edition, of which the exact title is *Shakespeare's Life and Work*, has just appeared, with corrections and additions (Smith, Elder, & Co.).

Arthur Christopher Benson went up to Cambridge at the same time as —. The name is not given, and it is not necessary. They read, walked, talked, played games, idled, and amused themselves together. Benson was more attached to him than he to Benson. At least Benson thinks so. He was then invested with a singular charm. 'He was pure-minded and fastidious to a fault. He had considerable personal beauty, rather, perhaps, of expression than of feature. He was one of those people with a natural grace of movement, gesture, and speech.'

Well, they left Cambridge. Then the friend did 'what I never expected he would do.' He fell wildly and enthusiastically in love. And after that became a novelist. He had good success. One day he sent to the publishers the book that made him famous. And after that—just at that moment, as it were—his genius left him. At least he believed it did. He moped, and made life miserable for everybody. His wife died, his son, his daughter. And then he wrote his diary.

Mr. Benson edits the diary. The diary is this book. Its title is *The Altar Fire* (Smith, Elder, & Co.; 7s. 6d. net). Of course it is all Mr. A. C. Benson. But the agony of it is too long drawn out. All's well that ends well? He came out of the fire, strengthened. But those who get to the end—and they will not be numerous—will not feel that all's well. What of the boy and girl? what of the wife, the uncomplaining? Are wife and children properly sacrificed that 'all things may work together for good' to one man?

How excellent the writing is, however. And how thorough the exposure of a hungry, but never more than half-religious, human heart.

Mr. Harvey Gem is the chief authority, in this country at least, on the Brothers of the Common Life. And the Brothers of the Common Life are worthy of an enthusiastic scholar's prolonged study. In *Hidden Saints*, as he has called his book (S.P.C.K.; 2s.), Mr. Gem has made men living and even lovable who have hitherto been only a dry memory of our Church History class. And he has done it by painstaking scholarship. The book

is pleasant to read, but there is never a suspicion that a fine phrase stands in place of an unverified reference. Every chapter is good, but at the present moment the chapter on the Mysticism of the Brothers will be most acceptable.

When Miss Ada B. Teetgen undertook to write a history of *The Life and Times of the Empress Pulcheria* (Sonnenschein), she felt that a Divine commission had been laid upon her. And she wrote her book not as a work of art, but as an act of devotion. It recalls the way in which, as the critics tell us, the Book of Esther must have been written. First of all there is the determination to glorify God; next, the desire to do something for the edification of God's people; and lastly, the genuine admiration and almost adoration of Pulcheria herself.

It is not history, therefore, in the modern sense, and it is not biography. It is nearer that which is now called 'appreciation'—but always with the sacred thought of working under a 'Call.' The Empress Pulcheria is spoken of as *St. Pulcheria*. Attractive in herself, she is made doubly attractive to the author by this title 'Saint.' Indeed, the title makes it impossible for Pulcheria to do wrong, or even to be mistaken in judgment. And, as a consequence, her enemies are the enemies of Christ, and deserve the doom to which Pulcheria was so often able to consign them.

It is manifest, therefore, that the reader must be in sympathy. Then the book will be found to be a fine example of the way in which the Lives of the Saints may be written still.

Dr. Estlin Carpenter, the Principal of Manchester College, Oxford, is the editor of a series of 'Manuals of Early Christian History,' which is published by the S.S. Association. To this series a volume has been added by Mr. A. Hermann Thomas, M.A., of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. It is called *The Early Church, its Orders and Institutions* (2s. 6d. net). It follows Mr. Addis's *Christianity and the Roman Empire*; and its purpose is (in the words of Dr. Carpenter) 'to sketch the process by which the Christian Church gradually acquired a particular kind of government, and embodied its faith and hope in special rites, which ultimately secured its predominance over all rivals.' There is in the style that the author uses a simplicity which will commend the

book to the unlearned, but will not hide from the scholar its unecclesiastical leaning and undeniable learning.

In his book *What is Religion?* of which an English translation has just been published by Mr. Fisher Unwin (5s. net), Professor Bousset, of Göttingen, discusses the future of Christianity. He has no doubt that Christianity has a future. He believes, though not dogmatically, that its future is for all time, since it is capable of becoming the perfect religion. But not Christianity as we have it. There must be changes. Things that are shaken must be removed. What are the garments that Christianity must cast off to become the universal and everlasting religion? They are 'the conception of redemption, the dogma of the divinity of Christ, the doctrine of the Trinity, the idea of vicarious sacrifice, the belief in the miraculous, and the old view of revelation.' And what is left? There remain 'the Person and the Gospel of Jesus.'

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., has published another volume of sermons. *New Theology Sermons*, he boldly calls it (Williams & Norgate; 6s.). It is no doubt meant to be somewhat of a manifesto. There is probably no living preacher who suffers more from the printer's press. But although these sermons as a whole may give us little idea of the impression they made (some of them, indeed, give us little idea of anything), there are among them sermons which make the impression that the preacher intended, and make it pretty strongly. Such is the sermon on 'The Sinlessness of Jesus.'

Of that sermon the text is, 'Which of you convinceth me of sin?' (Jn 8<sup>46</sup>), and Mr. Campbell spends half his time in proving that the text is not genuine. That is labour lost. It has a superficial appearance of scholarship; but Mr. Campbell did not intend that, for he is a scholar. But when he gets beyond that and tries to show why he himself believes that Jesus was sinless, for he does believe it, then he becomes truly eloquent and convincing. We are not sure that he does not reach the highest end of preaching, and convict those whom he does not convince. It is all very modern and very egoistic. But it is always our duty to be modern, and sometimes it is our duty to be egoistic.

## Among the Magazines.

Last January an English traveller set out on a walking expedition, and lost his way between the north end of the Sea of Galilee and Safed. He was attacked with stones and robbed by two peasants, and eventually made his way in a very exhausted state to the hospice at Tabagha, and thence under escort to Safed. By the aid of Dr. Masterman and the British Consular Agent the exact locality and the thieves were identified. Then was adopted the Oriental method of recovering stolen goods, which brings home the solidarity of the race so irresistibly. Five soldiers and their horses were quartered on the villagers. After four days no effect was produced. Then fifteen soldiers were promised. Whereupon the purse and money were handed over, and the villagers paid the costs of this primitive prosecution.

The story is told in the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Exploration Fund for July.

When we see a fine number of one of the popular religious magazines, like the Christmas number of *The Sunday at Home*, we speak as if the old magazines were driven by stress of competition to make themselves more attractive. Why should they be driven? They grow more attractive with the growth of the means of making themselves so. In the early days of *The Sunday at Home* there was no possibility of securing a coloured illustration that could be looked at; there was no possibility of getting a serial story illustrated even in black and white.

One of the 'features' of *The Sunday at Home* is the Sunday Reading Guild, of which the Warden is the Rev. S. Kirshbaum, M.A. Mr. Kirshbaum has just discovered Reid's *Jesus and Nicodemus*. But, having made the discovery, he spares four close-printed columns for the story of his delight in the book. It is 'a book of real insight.' It 'manifests unmistakable spiritual power.' It is 'never fanciful and it is never prosy.' It is 'a very suggestive and stimulating book.' But it has to get into the right hands. 'It will not appeal to anyone content to skip a page here and there and to read the rest without attention.'

There is an article in *The Atlantic Monthly* for October (Constable; 1s. net) on 'The Child and the Imaginative Life.' The writer might have

risen from Stewart's 'Myths of Plato,' so closely does she agree in the description of the reality of the children's 'make-believe.' We have not yet realized that the duty of duties of parent and teacher is not to set papers on 'familiar facts,' but to cherish the God-given faculty of make-believe until the soul opens to love the Unseen, and rejoice with joy unspeakable. 'The surest way,' says this writer, 'in which parents and teachers can keep children brought up among so many tangible things and facts from losing their birthright of imagination, is not by intellectual theorizing upon the nature of children or of a particular child, fitting the child to the theory, but by a reverent belief in the imaginative life as the most real part of a child's thought, and that which most nearly touches his idea of religion; and in regulating the daily life of children to remember "the scribe instructed unto the kingdom of heaven," who was likened unto "a man that is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The new things, the discoveries of science, the enlightenment of civilization,—the facts, necessary to be taught, but to be learned in their re-

lation to larger truth; and in teaching these great facts to children to bear in mind the "old" part of the "treasure" suggested in King Lear's words to Cordelia, "We'll take on us the mystery of things as if we were God's spies."'

We are not sure that the method of dealing with the Pope's Encyclical on the study of the Bible which Professor Addis adopts in *The Contemporary Review* for November is the best method. It is not the things of the past—not the treatment of Galileo or St. George Mivart—that affects the Roman Church. It is the prospect in the future. If the Pope and his advisers can be made to see that their present policy will throw their Church hopelessly in the rear in all matters of scholarship and intellect, they will be restrained from extreme measures, but not otherwise. The treatment of individuals may touch us, especially when it has dramatic associations as in the death of Dr. Mivart, but it is of less consequence than the treatment of Truth. What some of us feel in the Encyclical as most ominous is its cleverness.

## Books for the Young.

BLACKIE.

THE season has come again, when anxious uncles and aunts put the question to themselves, What shall we give Tom, Dick, and Harry? If he is any age between twelve and eighteen, the question is easily answered. Give him *The Pearl Seekers* (6s.). It is the best story that Mr. Alexander Macdonald has yet written. It is full of incident. It is full of science also, and of science possibilities for the future. The characters have the verisimilitude of life. And this is to be expected; for Mr. Macdonald writes not from hearsay, but from experience. He has himself been in the South Seas, and met there daring sailors of the type of Captain Inglis, while Ah Sing and Kotay, he tells us, 'are with me, as real as flesh and blood can be, in North Queensland.' The adventures of Davis, Thomson, Powell, and Grenville are as pages out of Mr. Macdonald's own life.

The plot of *'Twill Earth and Sky*, by C. R. Kenyon (3s. 6d.), is decidedly original and well worked out. H.M.S. *Spitfire*, on account of some mishap to her machinery, put into the Central American port San José, and two middies, Hal Travers and Dick Wharton, went out to see the town. A balloon was just starting for a trial trip. It was tethered to a kind of windlass, and was to ascend two thousand feet into the air. The lads were offered the trip free, and went. But while more than a thousand feet from the ground the balloon

was caught in a tornado, the cable parted, and they knew no more till they found themselves, along with a nigger boy José, on the top of an enormous plateau, 'El Monte Inevitable,' from which it was impossible to reach the inhabited part of the land. Mr. Kenyon gives a description of what the three lads did on that lonely plateau.

Miss Marchant's reputation as a writer of girls' stories is made, but it will be increased by her latest volume, *Sisters of Silver Creek* (5s.). It is the account of the struggles of three sisters in the wilds of Western Canada. Its heroine is the middle sister 'Sue, the little plain one,' an appealing personality, with her sensitiveness and her great courage. We shall give her a place among the friends we have found in books.

A new boys' writer—so far as we know—has appeared in Mr. Robert M. Macdonald. He is a great explorer, like Mr. Alexander Macdonald, but he must be kept distinct from him. Most of his exploring has been done in Australasia, while the home of most of Mr. Alexander Macdonald's exploits is Africa. *The Great White Chief* (6s.) is full of thrilling experiences graphically described.

*When Lion-Heart was King* is a well-written historical tale by Mr. Escott Lynn (3s. 6d.).

*With Wolseley to Kumasi* (6s.) is the name of Captain F. S. Brereton's new volume. Its scene is laid during the time of the first Ashanti war.