

## Literature.

### SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

WHY is it that the biography of a successful man is itself so rarely a success? Is it due to envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness on our part? Or is it a conviction and confirmation of Augustine's 'O beata culpa!'. The man who is conscious of no sin is at any rate judged by men as the chief of sinners. And the man who is uniformly successful in this life is dismissed from our deepest thought as one who verily has had his reward.

Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury, was one of the most successful men of his day and generation. And his biography is not a success. That is due partly to the biographer, whose hand is flabby and his proof-reading faulty. The former defect goes all through the book. Of the latter one example is enough. On page 132 of the second volume Sir John Lubbock is said to have been sixty-seven in 1901, on page 149 he is only sixty-six in 1902.

There is no denying it that Sir John Lubbock deserved his success. He worked as hard as that other very successful man, the first Earl of Selborne, and he was invariably kind and courteous and tactful. More than that, he lived virtuously. One who was a friend almost from childhood said to the biographer, 'I do not believe that he once, in the whole course of his life, did a thing that he thought to be wrong.' His conduct had much to do with his accomplishments. He wasted no time, either on sin or on repentance. His conscience was as the noonday clear. And his biographer justly remarks that, 'in fact, the facility with which he accomplished his intellectual tasks is to be credited to the strength of his moral character as much as to his purely mental power.'

He was successful in *all* his undertakings. And they were very many. His biographer, Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson, will not admit that, as one said, 'he touched life at every point'; for he knew nothing about art or music. But 'In Lord Avebury,' said one of the daily papers after his death, 'there has been removed one of the most accomplished of England's amateur men of science, one of the most prolific and successful authors of his time, one of the most earnest of social reformers, and—what is not perhaps generally

known—one of the most successful law-makers in the recent history of Parliament.' And this wonderful catalogue omits the official business of his life. He was a banker, and 'he was not only eminently successful in the ordinary conduct of the banking business which came to him as a heritage, but carried through many reforms and exercised a preponderant influence in such large and important operations as those undertaken by the Council of Foreign Bondholders—to name but one of many instances.'

His success was due somewhat to his adaptability. He was 'singularly adroit,' said somebody. His biographer agrees, and adds, 'He would take the means which seemed best to him, but if he failed of success by those means he would immediately turn, with remarkable suppleness and dexterity, and recommence the attempt to attain his end by some other means.'

And he was always courteous. His courtesy won him many successes. It won him his second wife. This is the story: 'His very first meeting with Miss Fox Pitt was characteristic of his unflinching kindness and thought for other people. The party was a large one, and she, a girl of eighteen, a niece of the house, had come down late for breakfast. It appears that he had not seen her the previous night. She received a sharp scolding from her aunt. Those were days when unpunctuality for breakfast, or perhaps even breakfasting in bed, were not a habit as they now are. The rest of the party rose from the table and left the young girl alone—all except Sir John, who remained to keep her company and to attend to her wants.'

He was for thirty years or thereby close neighbour and friend of Darwin and accepted the great theory as heartily as did Huxley. 'Nevertheless,' says Mr. Hutchinson, 'we find him, when at home on the Sundays, sedulously attending the services at the village church. More than that, I have been told by one who has the best of all opportunities of knowing, that on no single morning of his life until death was closing upon him did he omit to read a chapter of the Bible before commencing the long day's work.'

It is altogether admirable. And yet the scrap of a biography of Adèle Kamm, all suffering and sacrifice, is far more interesting. The title is *Life*

of Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury (Macmillan; 2 vols., 30s. net).

### WHO'S WHO.

There is no Annual more widely useful than *Who's Who*, the volume of which for 1915 is published (A. & C. Black; 15s. net). Other Annuals meet the needs of their particular constituencies. Even Whitaker's Almanack is more political than general. But the proper study of all mankind is man, and 'nihil humanum a me alienum' is said by everybody, and *Who's Who* is the Annual of all the world. Not of all the English-speaking world only, but of all the world, for it contains biographies of foreigners in plenty.

We wish, all the same, that it contained more foreigners' biographies. It is rarely that we turn to it for an Englishman, Scotsman, or Irishman, or even prominent Colonist, to be disappointed. But some eminent foreigners, especially if they are eminent in scholarship, have escaped the editor's net.

Here are a few names in alphabetical order—Amélineau, Anesaki, Asin-y-Palacios, Basset-René, Bethe, Bezenberger, Boissier, Bonucci, Boudinhon, Brandt, Brockelmann, Brückner, Cabaton, De Boer, Delbrück, Derenbourg, Deubner, Deussen, Dhalla, Dobschütz, Doutté. They may not be well known, but they deserve to be, and they would be better known if *Who's Who* would take them in.

How to do it, is the question. We suggest that some of the biographies could be cut down by omitting mere incidents in the lives and by cutting out the titles of mere pamphlets. The titles of *books* must not be omitted. No source more accessible or more reliable than *Who's Who* for discovering the books a man has written and their exact titles and dates is in existence.

But all that has been well thought out by this most accomplished and exact of editors, and we take too much upon us. It is the indispensableness of *Who's Who* that is our excuse. We want it as near practical perfection as possible.

### CHURCH HISTORY.

If it is possible for Protestants to profit by any book on the History of the Church written by a Roman Catholic, the book is *A Manual of Church History*, written by the late Professor F. X. Funk of Tübingen, and now translated into English by

P. Perciballi, D.D., and edited by W. H. Kent, O.S.C. (Burns & Oates; 2 vols., 7s. 6d. net each).

The translation is far better than might have been expected, altogether excellent indeed. One thing the English-speaking editor might have done: he might have added to the valuable lists of literature a few English titles here and there in addition to those which seem to have been known to Professor Funk. Nevertheless we are grateful to him for the work he must have done on the translation itself.

The literature is an important feature of the book. For the book is written for students. Dr. Funk's aim seems to have been to give, not merely the history of the Church, but also the history of its history. The consequent appearance of the page does not encourage the ordinary reader to read it; but even the ordinary reader will find that the pages are all quite readable. And especially will he find a breadth of sympathy and a candour of statement which he will have some difficulty in seeing surpassed by Protestant historians of the Church. We shall give an example in a moment. But first let us say that the scholarship is reliable and that every aid in the form of synoptical table and the like has been offered the student in addition to clear statement and clever characterization.

This is Professor Funk's conclusion: 'In the course of centuries, Christians have been divided into numerous separate bodies, some of which, after a longer or shorter period of existence, have disappeared, whilst others have survived till our own day. The most important of these separations took place in the eleventh and sixteenth centuries, in the first place parting the east from the west, and afterwards extending into the Church of the west, and dividing the new world soon after its discovery between Catholic and Protestant nations. This state of affairs cannot but grieve the Christian mind, which abhors schism and desires unity, according to the words of the Apostle to the Ephesians, "to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace . . . one body and one spirit . . . one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all" (Eph iv. 3-6). The defection of the sixteenth century in the western Church is especially to be deplored. It was, however, not an unmixed evil, for it was the occasion of an awakening in the Catholic Church,

which gave rise to salutary reforms. It has often been asked whether without this division there would ever have been a reform in the Church. A negative answer would deny the vital force of the Church, but it must be admitted that the measures of reform had perhaps been too long delayed, and that they were only carried into effect when the Church had been shaken to her foundations and been deserted by many of her children. History teaches us that not only were the reforms carried out after the defection, but that they were accelerated and carried out because of that very defection. Thus the renovation of the Church is historically connected with the schism.

'This schism not only hastened the work of reform in the sixteenth century, but continued to exercise an influence even after that period. The old Church was strengthened in the consciousness of unity, when a new Church arose in the west. To that great movement may be attributed her increased internal solidity, and the fact that since that time there has been no other schism, and the Papal elections have been conducted with order and regularity, as compared with the disturbances of former days. The recent mingling of various sects, which had formerly held aloof from each other, is not an unmixed evil. In those countries where it has taken place, religious life is much more flourishing at present than in others. This is an undeniable fact, nor is it difficult to see the reason, viz., that opposition rouses each sect to greater care and more vigorous efforts. It is, therefore, possible to judge more favourably of these events than might have seemed possible at first sight. Nevertheless, that schism is an evil is the conviction not only of Catholics, but also of many thousands of Protestants. But it exists, and it seems to have a long period of existence before it. We must console ourselves with the advantages to be derived from it, and firmly trust in the Lord of the Church, who, though His ways are hidden from men, extends His protecting hand over the Church He has founded, faithful to His promise to His disciples: "Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world" (Matt. xxviii. 20).'

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#### PROFESSOR FLINT.

The Rev. Donald Macmillan, M.A., D.D., who wrote 'The Life of George Matheson,' has now

written *The Life of Robert Flint* (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net).

It is a larger book. The man was greater. But the greater man does not always have the larger biography. This biography might have been smaller and thereby better. To make it so large, Dr. Macmillan has been compelled to quote freely from Professor Flint's published works instead of telling us to read them for ourselves, or taking it for granted that we had read them already, as he very well might have done. He has been compelled to do this. He could not otherwise have written so large a book. For Professor Flint kept no diary worth speaking of, wrote few letters worth preserving, and took no leading part in any great controversy or public movement. He was a great man and deserved a great biography, but it would have been greater if there had been less in it.

Otherwise it is well done. There is a fine ease about the writing of it which the practised biographer alone attains to, an ease that very rarely descends to familiarity. And, best of all, it gives a true likeness of the man. In that essential matter the biography is better than the painting done by Sir George Reid and reproduced in the volume. We do actually see Flint as we knew him, neither more nor less. It is the achievement of only the very best biography.

Professor Flint was a student first of all. Whatever he did he did well, and he did it well because he prepared for it. He prepared for his sermons when he was a preacher; and he prepared for his prayers. He prepared for his prayers also when he was a professor. He probably never stood up to commend the hour of lecture to God without knowing to the very language what he was to say. For a long time he wrote his prayer and read it.

Let us confirm these words from the biography: 'There is one feature of his conduct of worship while he was minister of the East Church and afterwards at Kilconquhar that deserves to be specially noted, and that is the supreme importance which he attached to the devotional part of the service. I have before me as I write three notebooks, all of which are filled with prayers that he composed during his ministry in Aberdeen. He must have written a fresh one for every Sunday. These prayers would of themselves stamp him as a remarkable man—remarkable for his absolute belief and trust in God, and for the closeness of his walk

with Him and childlike confidence in His will.'

That is one passage. Then—'All Flint's students have but one opinion of the profound impression produced upon them by his opening prayers. They sounded the note for the day, a note of absolute dependence upon the Revealer of all truth, for enlightenment and guidance in their work. These prayers, as we have already seen, were carefully prepared and written out by Flint; they are to be found scattered through his notebooks, sometimes on slips of paper and occasionally prefixed to a lecture.'

This is still better—'The most striking thing of all in each day's work—the most impressive act of all—was the prayer with which he began the day's work. There we were—130 of us or so, finding our several ways like the members of a great herd to our accustomed places, and having found them, chatting away about all sorts of things in church and state—sharpening pencils, preparing notebooks; a hum, a buzz, a rustle over all. And then the retiring-room door opened; a little spare alert figure hastened to the platform with exactly that shy sideways-looking expression in the Sir George Reid portrait, so sideways-looking and uncertain in his walk as to give one at times the impression of lameness. The next moment we were on our feet with heads bent, minds waiting, ears straining, listening to the few short sentences of agonized and agonizing pleading with which he cast himself and us all on the mercy of God in Christ. Pardon for our sins, strength for our need, the strength needful for this day and its duties; just a few short sentences, but they seemed to rise out of infinite depths of helplessness and of trust, the cry of a strong man in his utter weakness and absolute dependence upon God. It was an instruction to us that we should prepare the devotional part of our Sunday service before we took up the preparation of our sermon; we know that this was his own custom for each day's lecture. And as we ponder his precept and recall his example and think of our foolishness in the neglect of both, we get very near the secret, the greatest of all the secrets, perhaps, of our failure on the Sabbath day. His prayer was a wrestling with God and a prevailing; the hard won victory of faith over a stubborn willfulness and out of the midst of a great weakness.'

This, then, is the secret of the man, and it is a

great thing that Dr. Macmillan has brought it out so clearly. No more has to be said. Flint's learning was a wonder to the world. We now see that it was his by self-discipline. Young men who want to live will scarcely find a better book than this.

#### THE ASIATIC DIONYSOS.

By calling her book *The Asiatic Dionysos* (Bell; 10s. 6d. net), Miss Gladys M. N. Davis, M.A., tells us at once which theory of the origin of the wine god she supports. There are three theories.

First, Dionysos came from Egypt. So said Herodotus. But in modern times this is the opinion of Foucart alone among scholars. Miss Davis finds a fatal objection in the existence of Soma (or Haoma), a god so familiar to Dionysos as to make independence impossible, and yet a god who has nothing to do with Egypt.

Next, Dionysos came from Thrace. For this view the great majority of modern scholars contend. But 'if we accept the Thracian theory,' says Miss Davis, 'we have to explain the existence of a parallel such as Soma and interpret the references to the connection of Dionysos with Phrygia, Crete, and India. This can only be done by saying that the Thracians were the proto-Aryans, and that the Soma-cult, or cult of Dionysos, starting in Thrace in very remote times, spread into Asia and Greece subsequently.'

So she believes that Dionysos came from Asia, and argues for the belief throughout this volume with ability and energy.

May we add, since the author refers to two books, authorities on her subject, which she has been unable to consult, that she has also missed Deussen's *Upanishads* (translated into English by Geden) and two important articles directly bearing on her subject in the *Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, Farnell on Greek Religion, and Milne on the Græco-Egyptian Religion.

#### PRINCIPAL FAIRBAIRN.

*The Life of Andrew Martin Fairbairn, D.D., D.Litt., LL.D., F.B.A.*, First Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford, has been written by Dr. W. B. Selbie, who succeeded him as Head of the College (Hodder & Stoughton; 12s. net).

It is the life of a personality. Dr. Fairbairn

might not attract. He did, indeed, very often repel, both from the peculiarity of his position and from his own disposition. But he could not be overlooked. If there was any probability of his being overlooked for a moment, he saw to it that he was not overlooked for more than that moment. For he believed in himself and in his mission. And he was always ready to utter his beliefs.

The biography is not unattractive. It is candid. Dr. Selbie has made no promise to introduce us to a hero or a saint. The story, moreover, is of a self-made man, and it is not probable beforehand that we shall be drawn to a self-made scholar any more than we are drawn to a self-made tradesman. Yet it is just the fact that Fairbairn used his poor opportunities in youth to such good purpose, and made himself a place and a power in the world, that gives his biography its value. We are in no danger of worshipping success in him; he himself will take care of that; but we do rejoice in his prosperity, and follow his progress with pretty keen sympathy. It was progress never made easily, often with real anguish of soul.

He was born, and lived the first half of his life, in Scotland. He never got over that. He attached himself in early manhood to one of the smallest of Presbyterian Churches. He never got over that. A Scotsman and a Morisonian became the leader of Nonconformity in England. Dr. Horton travelled with him once in Italy, and says: 'I had the privilege of taking him over Rome, which he had never seen; but even the wonder and delight of Rome did not evoke the spirit of the man as the following incident did. It was at Assisi. We were visiting the Portuncula; and at that time there was a Franciscan Brother, named Fra Bernadino, who had a great knowledge of English, and received English visitors with a courtesy which aimed at their conversion to the Holy Roman Church. After we had seen the various sights of the great church, Father Bernadino presented us with a little card, on which was printed a prayer for the conversion of England, and he asked us all to repeat constantly this prayer. Dr. Fairbairn was moved to the very centre of his being; his mouth and face worked as I have seen them work on the platform, or in the pulpit, when he was launched upon one of his greatest efforts. "The conversion of England!" he asked. "What to, and what from?" "Is there," he said, "a Catholic scholar in England

to whom an intelligent man can go to learn the truth of religion or of Christianity?" The unhappy Father Bernadino ventured to mention one scholar who had a great repute in Catholic circles. "A pairfectly ignorant man!" fumed out the little Doctor. Father Bernadino appeared as if Vesuvius had broken over him, and humbly retreated into deferential silence. I think he had no idea that anything so explosive and decisive and intelligent could be contained in the unpretentious body of the Scotchman and the Protestant.'

Thus they could tell stories of the Scotsman and Morisonian, and laugh a little. But there lay his strength, and they knew it.

His history is of a pastorate in Bathgate, a fuller and rather notable ministry in Aberdeen, the principalship of Airedale College in Bradford, and the foundation of Mansfield College in Oxford. A man of so great learning, his proper place was Oxford. Viscount Bryce says that his learning and his literary gifts had from the first commended him to the theological and historical scholars of the place. And he adds, 'Lord Acton, the most learned Englishman then living, once said to me that he doubted if there was any one in the university whose learning equalled Fairbairn's.' Yet Oxford was not the home of his intellect. Dr. Horton saw that 'the spirit of John Knox and of the Covenanters always slept under those piles of erudition and that acquired moderation of language.' And Fairbairn himself, writing to Dr. Sanday in explanation of an article in the *Contemporary Review*, to which Sanday had made some kindly reference, spoke of Oxford as not his only world. 'Were Oxford my only world, this polemical production would never have appeared.'

But if Oxford was not the home of his intellect, it was the home of his heart. 'They never knew Dr. Fairbairn,' says the Rev. T. H. Martin, 'who did not know him in his own home circle, and it is good to know that the last three years or more of his life were spent in the happy seclusion of his own family, his public engagements over, his engrossing study laid aside, and all that he was as husband and father and friend free to assert itself.' And not with his family only, but also with his men he was at home in Oxford. There is nothing in the book more beautiful than the story of his return from India and the welcome of his men. 'The doctor was evidently much moved, and could not speak to us. We, too, could scarcely speak, but

managed to tell him, by our enthusiasm mainly, that we were very glad to see him back again.'

### TREITSCHKE.

*Treitschke: His Life and Works* (translated into English for the first time) is the title of a volume published by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, which is sure to have a large circulation (7s. 6d. net). Not that it is an attractive book. But Treitschke is getting credit for the horror of the War, more perhaps, and certainly more deservedly, than Nietzsche. And it is a book to make us think. Treitschke was a patriot. His Life was written by Professor Adolf Hausrath, and is here translated. It was written with intense devotion and much genuine sympathy. And it is the life of one who put his country before all else, before himself, before his neighbour, and before his God. 'According to my political doctrine,' he said, 'even one's good name is to be sacrificed to the Fatherland, but only to the Fatherland.' And wherever he spoke, he drew the patriot to him. On the eve of the Franco-German War his popularity was boundless. 'At the general drinking bout improvised by the students prior to going to the front or to barracks, Treitschke was received as if he had been the commander-in-chief.' 'Hundreds rushed forward with raised glasses eager to drink his health. The shouts of enthusiasm threatened the safety of floor and ceiling.'

He did not carry everybody with him always. Even among patriots, and even among his private friends, there were those who saw into the future and feared. There were those who knew that he was scarcely sane: 'At the Theatre Français my travelling companion, when listening to the patriotic ravings of Ernani, the highwayman, whispered to me, "Exactly like Treitschke!"'

He recognized no rights but the rights of the Fatherland, no law but the law of might. Of Alsace-Lorraine after the War he said, 'We have the intention to Germanize this newly acquired German province; we have the intention and will carry it out.' And when Professor Hausrath told him of the acquisition of the Cameroons—'Cameroons!' he exclaimed. 'What are we to do with this sand-box? Let us take Holland; then we shall have colonies.'

He was not an irreligious man. But he turned his religion, as he turned everything else, into what

he called Patriotism. 'He praised the Bible for placing before us a number of the most magnificent wars and warriors.' And his morality was as his religion. 'Every new volume of Treitschke's historical work took a more one-sided Prussian view than the previous one; he excused in Prussia what he considered a crime in Austria, and regarded with particular contempt the Small States and their Liberalism.'

The works here translated are *The Army, International Law, First Attempts at German Colonisation, Two Emperors, Germany and the Neutral States, Austria and the German Empire, The Alliance between Russia and Prussia, and Freedom.*

Those who wish to be fully persuaded in their own minds as to the righteousness of the war, or wish to persuade others, should see *Germany and Europe*, by Mr. J. W. Allen, Barclay Lecturer in Modern History at Bedford College, University of London (Bell; 2s. 6d. net).

A well-illustrated and most interesting volume has been issued in order to describe the work of the Church of Scotland Guild among the Himalayas. The title is *A Gladdening River* (A. & C. Black; rs. net). The author is the Rev. D. G. Manuel, B.D.

Professor Cheyne has written a book in the interests of Peace and of Goodwill among the Nations of the Earth. He prints at the beginning of it the Manifesto of the Society of Friends called forth by the declaration of War. And he proceeds in the spirit of that fine document, trying to commend other forms of faith to our acceptance, especially Baháism, of which he is now a devoted adherent. On the title-page of the book he calls himself 'Ruhani' and 'Priest of the Prince of Peace,' and afterwards explains that Abdul Baha when in Oxford graciously gave him a 'new name'—Ruhani, that is, spiritual. The title of the book is *The Reconciliation of Races and Religions* (A. & C. Black; 6s. net). It is dedicated: 'To my dear wife, in whose poems are combined an ardent faith, an universal charity, and a simplicity of style which sometimes reminds me of the poet seer William Blake; may she accept and enjoy the offering, and may a like happiness be my lot when the little volume reaches the hands of the Ambassador of Peace.'

Mr. Stanley A. Cook, M.A., has written a book on *The Study of Religions* (A. & C. Black; 7s. 6d. net). Hitherto Mr. Cook has been known as an Old Testament scholar, and it is no surprise to find much of the evidence for his arguments in this book taken from the Old Testament. It is as welcome as it is expected. For there is never any fear that the Old Testament will be used by Mr. Cook apologetically or with deficient scholarship. And there is not a little light thrown on the Old Testament as well as on the Study of Religion.

The book deals with principles. It is certainly not occupied, as so many books on Religion have recently been occupied, with theories and their advocacy. Mr. Cook wishes the students of Religion to approach the subject along right lines; and one of the first necessities of a right approach, he tells us, is to discard all the theories which we have already formed. Only when we come to it with an open mind can we learn what Religion is. There are three attitudes, he says, and he has objection to them all:

'The first is the sincerely and devoutly religious, which tends to be conservative and traditional, and may resent all criticism of religion. The second is the rationalistic and explicitly anti-religious, which, unfortunately, tends to be anything but rational. And the third is the neutral, specialistic, and sympathetic attitude of research, which, however, is apt to forget that, being specialistic and analytical, it is inevitably incomplete and one-sided, and, in its endeavour to be unprejudiced and "objective," may verge upon the anti-religious and unsympathetic.'

The study of Religion is before us. Mr. Cook believes that it will occupy our mind very largely in the future. 'It is imperative that religion should be studied critically, with the aid of the best scholarship, with a rational sympathy and a sympathetic rationalism.'

*Greatheart* is the Boys' and Girls' Missionary Magazine of the United Free Church of Scotland. Its editor is the Rev. G. A. Frank Knight, M.A., F.R.S.E. Editors for children must be born; they can never by any art or industry be made. From cover to cover this magazine is for children, every page throbbing with interest. The publisher is Mr. John Cochrane, 121 George Street, Edinburgh.

Messrs. Constable have issued a fourth edition of

*The Development of the European Nations, 1870-1900*, by J. Holland Rose, Litt.D. (7s. 6d. net). They have done wisely. No book that we have seen gives the history of that period so clearly, and perhaps none gives it so authoritatively. It is true that 'authority' is scarcely a word applicable to history that is so recent. But at least it can be asserted that Dr. Rose has worked as hard to ascertain his facts as any man has done, and he has no appreciable axe to grind. The War has made this period of European history one that we must be acquainted with. The book has done well already. Three editions exhausted since 1905 is good encouragement. But it will do better now. That is why the publishers have been wise to issue the handsome volume just now and at a reasonable price.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton's *G. F. Watts* (Duckworth) has three things to arrest our attention—the name of Watts, the name of Chesterton, and its illustrations. We are ready to read anything about G. F. Watts; we are ready to read anything by G. K. Chesterton; we are ready to read any book that is so plentifully illustrated with photogravures. This is the fourth reprint.

Mr. T. N. Foulis is the publisher of a completed edition of the Works of Nietzsche translated into English, and he is ready to issue cheap 'War' copies of at least some of the books. The first to come is *Beyond Good and Evil* (1s. net).

The Life of Lord Radstock, the evangelist, has been written by Mrs. Edward Trotter. The title is *Lord Radstock: An Interpretation and a Record* (Hodder & Stoughton; 3s. 6d.). It has been written well. There is appreciation without adulation. There is sympathy with his aims, together with criticism of some of his methods. The book will be read with great pleasure by those who believe in the New Birth.

'Three distinct thoughts mark the progress of Lord Radstock's whole career. First, the fact of the free Grace of God irrespective of all merit, manifested in the love of Christ, which captures the heart where the law of asceticism fails. Restraints are good, but the constraint of love alone has power. Only the heart can capture the heart. He was not the mariner bound to the mast with

stopped ears, but one for whom the divine music allured the soul.'

'The *second* thought which shaped his life was that of the mystic union between Christ and His Church. Those realities which exist in the divine will and purpose soaring far above human experience were the inspiration of his message.'

'The *third* great thought which dominated his life in later years was an increasing realization of the universality of man's need and of the suitability of the Christ to meet that need in all its claims, both East and West. Those universal yearnings and that often inarticulate cry which is a characteristic of every human heart drew forth from him his deepest sympathies. His soul was much enlarged towards the seekers after God outside Christendom, and it was that Community of understanding which won for him in so large a measure the heart of India. He was invited by an Indian mystic to spend a period of silence and adoration with him and other mystics among the hills, so great was the sympathy in the Unseen which, in spite of all distinctions of race and creed, formed a bond between them. A distinguished Indian official quoted the father of Rabindranath Tagore and Lord Radstock as representing to him the ideal of saintship.'

But the biographer acknowledges an element of incompleteness in Lord's Radstock's life. He repudiated the claims of the intellect. He gave it little place in the apprehension of the things of God. 'He did not see the extension of divine claims to the whole being, and to a great extent refused the intellect its part in the redemption of the man.'

*Experience* (Kelly; 3d. net) is a quarterly magazine which is as exceptional in quality as in size. In size it is as long as an octavo and as narrow as a duodecimo. Its quality may be appreciated if the article is read on 'Privately.'

The Rev. John Blacket has celebrated a two-fold centenary, the Centenary of the Methodist Missionary Society and the Centenary of Australian Methodism, by publishing a volume on *Missionary Triumphs among the Settlers in Australia and the Savages of the South Seas* (Kelly). It is not a mere collection of anecdotes. There are anecdotes in it, not a few and not ineffective, but they come in their place in the history. It is a history written with considerable literary skill and considerable

historical imagination. Above all, it is written with deep sympathy and large faith.

The *Young Man* and the *Young Woman* end their volumes for the year with excellent Christmas numbers (Kingsley Press; 3d. each). The *Young Man* is literary; the *Young Woman* is domestic. That is so at least predominantly. There is literature in the *Young Woman*, and the domestic affections are not altogether forgotten in the *Young Man*.

When Messrs. Macmillan resolve to produce an édition de luxe of an author they leave little undone to make it what it ought to be. The édition de luxe of Macaulay is *The History of England*, by Lord Macaulay, edited by Charles Harding Firth, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford, of which the fifth volume has been published (10s. 6d. net). Macaulay himself would have been satisfied with such an édition as this.

Professor Firth never thrusts himself forward, but he is present on every page, and not merely where there are illustrations. The illustrations certainly have cost him great labour. They are a selection of the best from a vastly greater possibility. Seven of them in this volume are in colour, one of these—Robson's Glencoe—being particularly effective. But the writing itself has been edited with the utmost care. This is no édition to lay on the shelf for show; it is the only édition to read.

A volume of *Choice Sayings* from the expository writings of Mr. Robert C. Chapman has been published by Messrs. Morgan & Scott (1s. net).

A book about the prayers in the Bible was written not long ago by Professor McFadyen. That was a book worth buying. We cannot say the same of a book called *Men who Prayed*, which has been written by Mr. Henry W. Frost (Morgan & Scott). It also is about the prayers in the Bible, but each prayer, from Adam's (a curious prayer, surely) to Malachi's, is simply quoted, and some commonplace remarks are made to follow it. It takes more work than this to make a book.

Mr. Frederick C. Glass has succeeded in making his book, *With the Bible in Brazil* (Morgan & Scott; 2s. 6d. net), thoroughly interesting, and



sometimes even exciting. He had incidents enough to describe, and he can describe them. His gift of direct narration would have given him a place as a writer of novels had he been so misguided. He has a strong face, and he is evidently a strong man. The book is illustrated.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier have issued another volume of their 'Children's Missionary Series.' It will be remembered that one of the volumes of the series was made the basis of a children's sermon which was published in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES, and which showed how truly the volumes are suited for the instruction of the little ones. They are just as suitable for their enjoyment. For they are well written and illustrated in colour. The new volume is *Children of Wild Australia*, by Herbert Pitts (1s. 6d. net).

There are men to whom the clerical club is their nearest experience of Paradise on earth. They delight in theology and the discussion of it. One of these men was the Rev. R. G. Forrest, D.D., minister of West Coates, Edinburgh. He not only delighted in the clerical club, he prepared for it. In paper, as in debate, he gave his best to it. So it is most fitting that, a memorial of a charming personality being prepared, it should be decided to publish a volume containing five of his contributed papers. They are well worth preserving. Dr. Robertson of Whittingehame introduces Dr. Forrest to us after the best chairman's manner, and then we have the privilege of the papers, one at a time or all on end, as we please. Their subjects are—(1) 'The Evangelical Principle'; (2) 'Back to Calvary'; (3) 'The Risen Christ and the Christian Life'; (4) 'Our Need of Theology'; and (5) 'The Theology we Need.' The title of the volume is *Christ the Corner Stone* (Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; 2s. net).

At the Pilgrim Press there is published a volume of *Studies in Religious Knowledge*, being a First Year's Reading Course for Senior Scholar Training Classes (1s. 6d. net). The author is Thiselton Mark, D.Lit., B.Sc., Lecturer on Education in the University of Manchester. It is the first of two text-books intended for the use of senior scholars who are willing to enter upon a two years' course of study with a view to becoming teachers.

The Cole Lecturer for 1914 was Dr. Francis J. McConnell, one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The subject of lecture was *Personal Christianity* (Revell; 3s. 6d. net). Under that title Dr. McConnell discussed 'Instruments and Ends in the Kingdom of God.' He believes that we are always in danger of confounding the instrument with the end and exalting the instrument as if it had independent value. What is the end of Christianity? What is that for which Christ died? 'Our religion,' says Bishop McConnell, 'aims at the unfolding and enrichment of the life of human beings. The needs of persons are uppermost in value and have the right of way. All else is instrumental.'

He does not despise the instrument. A long and admirable chapter is given to the recognition of its importance. But he never wearies in exalting the end. It is not Bibles or Churches that God desires, it is the love of the human heart.

Mr. Alfred W. Benn has corrected and partly rewritten his volume on *The Greek Philosophers* for a second edition (Smith, Elder & Co; 18s. net). The change is considerable. In a new Preface the author tells us that he has completely changed the first part of the book, both as to matter and form. The chapter dealing with early Greek thought has been made into two chapters; for 'I have come to see that with the first founders of philosophy moral and religious questions occupy a much larger space in proportion to physical science than I and others besides me once supposed.' He still keeps the antithesis between the Chthonian and the Olympian deities, being more than ever assured of its rightness by the work of Miss Harrison; but he does not now, any more than in the first edition, agree with Miss Harrison in taking a depreciatory view of the Olympian deities. 'I still adhere to my original conviction that the best elements in Orphicism, or whatever else the reformed faith of the sixth century is to be called, were due to the elevating influence exercised by the more aristocratic and expansive on the more gloomy and puritanical theology. And it seems to me that both Heracleitus and the great Italiote philosophers together with Pindar and Æschylus were inspired more by the faiths of life and light than by the faiths of darkness and death.'

Mr. Benn thinks that the most original part of his book on the Greek Philosophers is his chapter on

the Sophists. He argued that the Sophists were not conservatives as Grote held, but revolutionists, and revolutionists for good. He retains that chapter and its argument, for Professor Chiapelli of Rome agrees with him, and he has 'been told that the late Professor D. G. Ritchie of St. Andrews used to recommend it warmly to his pupils.' He retains the chapter and defends the argument at some length in his new preface. 'To gain room for the numerous additions made in this edition, a chapter on "Greek Philosophy and Modern Thought" has been left out as not contributing anything of importance to the interpretation of the ancients whatever light it might throw on more modern speculations.'

*Morning Rays* for 1914 (Edinburgh: 72 Hanover Street), still edited by the Rev. Harry Smith, M.A., has still its ancient breadth and beauty.

The year's volume of *Life and Work*, the Church of Scotland Magazine and Mission Record, has appeared in its familiar bright red binding (Edinburgh: R. & R. Clark). It is surprising how little

the magazine has changed in all the years of its issue. It is just as surprising how much. A magazine should be as a man. It should preserve its individuality so that we always may know it when we see it. But it should be making continual progress, forgetting the things that are behind and stretching forward to those that are before. So it is with *Life and Work*.

From the same publishers comes *The Church of Scotland Year-Book* for 1915.

With all the books which are written on Mysticism few of us know what the Mysticism of the Roman Catholic Church is. It is not that we have not tried to know. But we find it difficult to discover the right door of entrance. Let us try *An Introduction to the Mystical Life*, by Abbé P. Lejeune, which has been translated into English by Mr. Basil Levett (Washbourne; 3s. 6d. net). The book is deliberately written to give entrance not perhaps to Protestants in particular, but so plainly that Protestants may at least try it. To some it will mean a complete revolution in thought perhaps also in the conduct of life.

## Arabic Christian Literature.

BY MARGARET D. GIBSON, D.D., LL.D., LITT.D., CAMBRIDGE.

### III.

A CHRISTIAN philosopher, named 'Abd al Messih bin Ishâc al Kindy, at the court of Al-Mamoun at Baghdad about A.D. 830, wrote an apology for the Christian Faith. He is not to be confounded with the philosopher Al-Kindy, who lived at the same court in the previous century, and wrote a disquisition against the doctrine of the Trinity. The Apology of Al-Kindy has lately been published in Arabic by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and there is a translation of it by Sir William Muir. The Apology is written in reply to a courtier of the Hashimy clan (a branch of the Koreish) who had been urging the author, a hereditary Christian, to embrace the faith of Islâm. The author replies by expressing his opinion that most of the Moslems of his time had become so, in order to indulge in practices forbidden by Christi-

anity; he declares that outward observances are vain, and that only purity of heart finds favour with God. He points out that the Corân is full of contradictions, and contrasts Mohammad's murderous methods with the gentle persuasiveness of Christ and His Apostles. He says, 'If God so willed, He might have forced all men into the Faith, but then the glory of Humanity which lies in Free-will would have gone.' Al-Kindy, who was a Nestorian, believed that miracles were still being wrought by means of relics, and he asks why Mohammad wrought none, and why he allowed Bishr to be poisoned by Zeinab's leg of mutton. He concludes with an earnest appeal to his friend to become a Christian, quoting the testimony of the Corân to Jesus in Sura, iii. v. 48.

Theodore Abu Qurra, Bishop of Harrân,