the foundation of these stories there was some experience akin to those to which psychical research in our day has turned its attention." He notes that this resurrection of Christ has in modern times "been the outstanding proof of survival after death, despite the fact that the documentary evidence would hardly have satisfied the legitimately critical attitude of the Psychical Research Society investigators." And to this he adds further, that "the theological insistence upon the absolute uniqueness of Christ obviously weakens the value of this instance to prove, in the case of man in general, the survival of human personality beyond death."

Surely that depends on what you mean by the "absolute uniqueness of Christ." If that uniqueness does not consist only in moral and spiritual perfection, but if also His Personality is Divine—which is the historic belief—then nothing is more natural than to say that He is the first-fruits of them that slept, and that in Christ shall all be made alive. If justice is to be done to the Apostolic belief, that belief must be taken as a whole and not in isolated fragments. Elsewhere, the author himself says: "We believe that the Incarnation is an essential and central feature of Christian belief." All that is needed then is to realize the implications of that belief: for the Resurrection of the Incarnate One is the pledge of the resurrection of the race of which He is the Head.

But it is more than doubtful whether the term "Incarnation" is being employed in its historic meaning, for the writer talks of "tendencies towards the Deification of Christ." It is admitted that in St. Stephen's prayer, "Jesus seems to be directly invoked as a God." But the significance of the prayer is immediately evaporated by remarking that "it is all natural, spontaneous, untheological." It is not easy to see why any prayer to God should not be explained away as a spontaneous, untheological personification of invisible powers and forces. Such explanations of Scripture fill us with profound misgivings of the use here made of universal experience as a test of Christian truth.

A DIM RELIGIOUS LIGHT.

Essays on Religion. By A. Clutton-Brock. (Methuen, 6s.)

It is surely the partiality of an old friendship which enables Canon Streeter to see in these essays what, in fact, is not there, a contribution to religious thought. So far as his writings reveal him, Mr. Clutton-Brock might be judged incapable of close and sustained thought. The books which he gave to the world were almost all short; he wearied of his subject as soon as he had exhausted its meaning for himself, as soon as he had determined its æsthetic value. With him religion seemed to be a matter of atmosphere rather than of facts and realities, of expression rather than of content. He seemed content to murmur:

Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Canon Streeter himself admits this quality in his friend. "Everything that he wrote about religion was the expression of an effort to reach out after something to which he felt he had not yet quite attained, or to make clear to himself something which he had only just attained. . . . He is ever repeating things which have come to him from the tradition of the elders; he is always seeking, and often captures, a new impression." But the records of impressions, though of some value to himself, are unsubstantial contributions to religious thought.

He contended that theology is not a science, or not yet a science, perhaps incapable of becoming a science. Christ was to him a revealer of beauty, as were Shakespeare and Mozart. A Christian was one who falls in love with Christ as another may love an artist and be utterly subdued to his art. We are the sons of God, and Christ is one of us. "'In The Magic Flute, in Christ, in all men and things that make us aware of divinity, the Word is utterly made flesh."

There is here no theology, but also no religion in the accepted connotation of the word; merely a "viewiness" expressed in phrases borrowed from the literature of religion. No one ignorant of Christianity would deduce from these essays that it is intimately concerned with the historical facts of a Life which has redemptive power; Christ is the great Teacher, or a great teacher to be named in the same breath with St. Francis, or Shakespeare, or Blake, or Laotze; who may even so far fail to win men to God through Himself that His words of most gracious invitation could "distress" Mr. Clutton-Brock.

Mr. Clutton-Brock seemed unable to regard religion otherwise than æsthetically. The Bible was to him lovely as a piece of literature without parallel, rather than lovely as a revelation of love. The Nativity was to him a beautiful but strange story, from which he was not certain that he expected help. To him a Chinese poem, or a sentence from Plotinus, or entry into a great cathedral, were equally "sweet, everlasting voices." His thought was quite extraordinarily limited in direction, and even in that direction it had little penetrative power. Therefore his thoughts about religion did not always satisfy himself, and have no vital value for others.

Yet he desired to know and to help. For such a man the passage is *ex umbris et imaginibus in veritatem.*

NEW FICTION.

The Two Sisters. By H. E. Bates. (Jonathan Cape, 7s. 6d.)

Mezzanine. By E. F. Benson. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

Stories—Near and Far. By William J. Locke. (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

The experienced critic is likely to gain a first impression of a book by a first glance as it is taken in hand, like the impression he may gain when at the play, at the first rising of the curtain; he may feel then that he is going to enjoy himself, or he may feel ill at ease. The *format* of the book conveys something to the critic's mind before the second impression comes by a dip at hazard here and there, preceding the putting on of the critical cap. The critic who thinks he will like *The Two Sisters* from such first impressions (it is beautifully produced) finds his opinion reinforced by a Foreword contributed by Mr. Edward Garnett, in the form of a shrewd analysis of the novels of to-day, and of this work in particular.

Critics of insight, writes Mr. Garnett, will agree that *The Two Sisters* is a signal example of a rare species—a novel of poetical character. This is a happy change from the cataracts of realistic chronicle novels which threaten to suffocate us by mere weight, crowded as they are with a plethora of information and a congestion of comments. "One sighs," writes Mr. Garnett, "for the sparse line, for grace of outline, for the rare gift that extracts the essential word from the shallow rapids of conversations."

He assures us that the author of *The Two Sisters* is quite young. His achievement is that, while identified with his creations—the two sisters, Jenny and Tessie, and the boy who loves them, Michael—he has yet detached himself from these figures of eternal youth, and shows them, with all their tumultuous passionate emotions, in a beautiful mirror. By swift intuition, he pierces to the spirit of things. While the story is of a rare poetical order, there come many dramatic moments, handled with a strength which leaves the impression of reserves of power. The whole is a remarkable achievement for an author aged, we learn, twenty years.

Mr. Garnett dwells, with proper appreciation, on certain phases of the story, where the young author proves especially his admirable artistic economy of words and details, and the gift of creating an atmosphere of truth and of beauty; and he leaves it to others to pick out this or that weakness in the story. But it is rare to see any sign of the amateur hand, or to find in the great moments of drama any weakening of the restraint of power. There is one angry river scene at the close of the book—a terrible and tragic scene, where perhaps the painting on the canvas might be thought a trifle lurid; but any flaw in the craftsmanship, if discovered, really seems to emphasize the perfection of the whole.

The reader will find many more passages to mark for praise than those pointed out by Mr. Garnett, who does not mention, for example, the opening scene where one of the sisters, a brown-faced, bare-legged, hatless little girl of fourteen years, is shopping, with intent purpose, in the streets of a market town. We follow her into the grocer's, where the shop-people stare at her oval face, and her string of beads, while she buys spices of enchanting names, and ends when the addition of spikenard and frankincense would have seemed neither impossible nor surprising. Little Jenny holds us in a spell, and we become intent on following her as she flashes about the streets, lithe and supple, with her sunny limbs, like a swift fish leaping under the moon, entering the old church at last, to be alone awhile, alas!—a poignant touch—not to pray.

The story is a sad one, set in an atmosphere charged with tragedy. It is a study of hereditary madness. If to lift so much of the veil is to reveal something which looks uncanny, the point should be emphasized again that before all it is a novel of poetical character, and, being in truth a signal example, it is a novel which gives us a great hope for the future work of the twenty-year-old author, and sets us wondering as to what will be the magnitude of our new star.

A new novel by Mr. E. F. Benson is a happy event for an enormous novel-reading public. The quiet style of his own brand of novel is well known, and calls for no special criticism to-day. *Mezzanine*, the latest of his novels, is true to type, and will delight his disciples. It is, perhaps, a trifle daring. A veritable syren in green is pictured on the paper wrapper, apparently in the act of luring the husband-hero from his well-loved wife. But on his part it seems a very harmless flirtation; which reminds us of the saying of the old family nurse in the home of the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne, that "There wasn't a bit of harm in him, I'll assure you, sir, there wasn't indeed."

The first page is typically Bensonian. We have the hero's wealthy wife, Elizabeth, coming down to breakfast in her beautiful country house hard by the cathedral town. Elizabeth is verging on fifty years of age; the husband, Walter, is ten years her junior, and still has affection for a neighbour, the syren in green of the book's jacket, one Evie, who broke their engagement in the old days to marry a peer. From her conversation and demeanour, she does not seem to be a very deadly syren; and it is not until the story of happenings of small or no importance has travelled on for nearly three hundred pages that the dramatic climax is reached when Walter takes Evie in his arms.

A sudden reversion of feeling was, fortunately, to save the day for him—he knew that his soul abhorred her. Soon after this, Elizabeth had something to say to him. Her well-chosen words occupy nearly four pages of the book; he has not one word to answer in defence; and we are sure they will live happily ever after.

Mr. William J. Locke ranks high among the masters of the art of telling an exciting and enthralling short story. More than thirty books of stories stand to his credit. His new book probably contains his masterpieces, is certain of a hearty reception, and is to be warmly commended.

The first story is a study in the barbaric—a story of a cave-man, a cripple, who fashions swords and arrow-heads, and is supported by his tribe for the sake of his craftsmanship. How he wins a woman for the tending of his fire, loses her, wins her again, and dies at her hands, is perhaps one of the oldest stories in the world, but it loses nothing in Mr. Locke's telling. "A Moonlight Effect" is more of a comedy, set in Mustapha, above Algiers, where, on a languorous night, perfumed by magnolia and heliotrope, roses, and the spicy smell of the eucalyptus trees, a hoary old general of sixty meets, after many long years, an old love. They have their hour in the moonlight, whispering like lovers, held by the witchery of the southern night, but each escapes from the other next morning, he leaving a letter which, after consideration, she tears unread into tiny fragments.

"The Golden Journey of Mr. Paradyne" is the romantic story of an overworked barrister who lost his memory, and found himself as a gipsy in a caravan somewhere in France, a silver flageolet in his pocket, and a hawker's licence; perhaps the most entertaining of all the many good stories in the book.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

The Pilgrim.

In the *Pilgrim*, "a quarterly review of Christian politics and religion," to give it its sub-title, there are several articles of note. The Christian idea of man is affirmed by H. Edmonds to be different from that common insistence on human depravity combined with a promise of safety and escape: "It appeals to all that is best in us to make response to the upward calling in Christ Jesus and to become fellow-workers with God in the great purpose of His love." The social and political significance of Chilianism is discussed by P. E. T. Widdrington. He shows how the enthusiasm it inspired led men to yield themselves up to a discipline which involved an entire transformation of their habits and a break with the accustomed associations of their lives; it enabled the Church to establish a new moral tradition. A very strong protest is urged by Roland Allen against the notion that the way to remedy the dearth of priests is to appeal for more and more money. He urges the ordination of voluntary priests, who, with the rector, would form a clerical college in a parish, such voluntary priests to be called to service, not to offer themselves. A very thoughtful article by A. N. Rowland describes the forces at work in China—the Nationalist students, the Bolshevik agents, and the Christian missionaries. Unhappily, these last have presented to China the spectacle of a divided Christianity, which is not very inspiring for a nation that is in quest of its soul. The Editor reviews the relation between Christianity and the Empire, illustrating the way in which the principles of freedom and justice have been and must be enforced. He points out that "there can be no real establishment of freedom and justice until the Moslem world is converted." Here is an opportunity for the Christians of the British Empire. In the section of this Quarterly over which Canon Bates presides there are some able reviews of recent books.

Mothers in Council.

The July number of *Mothers in Council* contains a variety of good reading. Probably the article that will be most widely read is that from the pen of the Editor, who contributes a number of sketch-biographies of the "Mothers of the Jubilee Pageant," which is a useful preface to the fuller descriptions of the pageant and jubilee meetings and services that are promised in the October issue. Mrs. Gore-Browne contributes some memories of her mother, Mrs. Sumner, founder of the Union, and reminds her readers of the interesting fact that *Mothers in Council* had Miss Charlotte Yonge for its first editor (1891). "The World Call to the Church" is the subject of an explanatory article by Dr. Garfield Williams. There is also a delightful article on Brilliana Harley, a seventeenth-century mother of some distinction, who died owing to the privations and strain of the siege of Brampton. "Sunday Readings in Church History" is in effect a modern education *à la* Mrs. Markham—but with a difference, which is apparent in the first lines:—

"Who was the first Christian that ever came to England?"

"I should like to know that, too, Marcus," said mother.

The East and the West.

The current number of *The East and the West* (S.P.G.) gives the place of honour to Bishop Brent's sermon on the occasion of the 225th anniversary of S.P.G. at Westminster Abbey this year. He reviews the work of the venerable Society as himself "a grateful beneficiary" of its work. The rest of the number is largely taken up with what may be regarded as an extension of the recent reports of the "World Call." There is "The Call from the South Seas"—Polynesia, Melanesia, and New Guinea; "The Call from the Jewish World," by Canon Danby, of St. George's, Jerusalem; "The Call from the West Indies," with some observations on the recent disaster to Codrington College; Bishop Knight writes on the needs of Japan; and Dr. H. Jocelyn Smyly—an S.P.G. missionary—writes on "The Purpose of Medical Missions," chiefly as concerning China. "Out of one poor little mission hospital there has sprung what promises to be an adequate medical service for the whole Chinese people."

Diocese of Liverpool Review.

There is an admirable article in the *Diocese of Liverpool Review* on Rovering, Scouting, and the Church, by the Rev. George Moore, Assistant County Commissioner for the Training of Scouters (Kent). Those who are connected with Scouts will find it of real help. Another article, quite good, is on the problem of China. A third, which should be read, is on the Poor Man's Lawyer in Liverpool, by H. D. Darbishire.

NOTICES.

In the Presence of God. Addresses given in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey at St. Paul's-tide, January 26—28, 1926, with Acts of Devotion by the Congregation. (Press and Publications Board of the Church Assembly, n.p.) It is not fitting to criticize these utterances as if they were ordinary sermons. The speakers stake as much upon response as does a general urging his troops to a great advance. It is the advance that matters; the preliminary eloquence is often best forgotten. The book is meant for people who could not be present on those days; it will be at least as profitable for those who were there to read and think over what was then said. The only test that can be applied to the value of these addresses is that of concrete results in action, they would not desire to be judged by any other.

The Psalter Shortened. By A. G. Grenfell. (Cambridge University Press, 3s.) There are two ways of using the Psalter in worship. One is to treat it as Scripture, and follow the traditional method of chanting the Psalms after the manner of corporate and meditative Bible reading. The other way is to sing the Psalms as if they were hymns written for our own personal use, setting them to harmonious melodies. Those who, like Mr. Grenfell, take the second of these views, find that the Psalter needs a good deal of alteration. But need he be quite so drastic? He says, for instance, that "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean" is utterly unintelligible to the average child, and therefore leaves it out. Mr. Grenfell is a schoolmaster, and surely it would be easy to explain the reference to cleaning through the agency of the priest, as in the cleansing of the leper. However, though Mr. Grenfell is wedded to a theory of the use of the Psalter which over-emphasizes one aspect of it, it is delightful to find so much evidence of real love for the Psalms, and we wish him every success in his effort to make boys love them.

The Religious Tract Society publish a good set of little penny biographies of great men and women, thirty-six in number, each with a portrait on the cover. They include *Sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Samuel Johnson*, and *St. Augustine of Hippo*—the last-named quite admirably done. The majority of the rest of the characters chosen, though incontestably great, are of a monotonously uniform religious complexion ranging from John Huss to General Booth. "The Flower-Patch Booklets," by Flora Klickmann, are abbreviated from the same author's Flower-Patch Books, and published with coloured illustrations on the covers (R.T.S., 6d. each).

The first instalment of the noted edition of the *Salisbury Diurnal*, by the late Rev. G. H. Palmer, Mus.Doc., is now ready (3s. 6d). It contains the music of Lauds and the Lesser Hours for ordinary Sundays and ferias, and for the Proper of the Season from Advent Sunday till Sexagesima. It is hoped that a further instalment will be ready next spring. Orders should be addressed to the Sister-in-Charge of the Printing, St. Mary's Convent, Wantage.