

niscence that goes back to the time of George Borrow and to the early days of Rossetti, and its coming now in the midst of a war which will leave a changed world behind it and will thrust the Victorian period farther back into the past, enhances its value.

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THE DIVINE ASPECT OF HISTORY. By JOHN RICKARDS MOZLEY. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1916.

Doubtless the earnest inquirer after religious truth may be trusted to seek out and read those books that are fit for him, without estimating too nicely the time and labor required; and so one cannot conscientiously wish that Mr. Mozley had condensed his two large volumes into one small one; that he had given his thoughts a more concise and brilliant expression, thus bidding for popular interest. It is better, on the whole, that the work should go to the reader in a form that shows the thoroughness with which every topic was originally thought out, that it should bear on every page the signs of painstaking elaboration and of scrupulous judgment. And yet—for the book is not primarily, after all, a book for scholars—the quality that the reviewer feels justified in emphasizing most is not the importance of the treatise as a contribution to religious thought, but rather the personal value it may hold for at least a few among the many readers who will sooner or later turn its pages. A book like this may afford safe harbor to a storm-beaten soul; it is well then that the harbor should be capacious and well provided with breakwaters, so that its security may prove not merely temporary, for those who seek it in distress.

The value of the work lies in its sincerity and in its possible adaptation to personal needs; its appeal, one may surmise, will be limited. It is not a book for philosophers, since it does not go deep enough into fundamentals to count as philosophy. It is hardly a book for the majority of cultivated readers; for of these some no doubt have reached, with less labor if with a slighter degree of certitude, conclusions similar to those of Mr. Mozley, while others, “fully persuaded in their own minds,” cannot but regard a book meant to be strengthening and consolatory as needlessly disturbing to faith. But a sincere book is in the long run justified by its results.

Mr. Mozley was “brought up in the religious atmosphere of the High Church party of the Church of England.” One of his uncles was John Henry Newman; the bishop who confirmed him was Samuel Wilberforce. His religious inquiries began, he tells us, when he was not far from his sixteenth birthday, and were “very various.” From the scanty biographical facts the author vouchsafes, it is not hard to see that he would naturally approach the question of belief from the theological side and work cautiously in the direction of skepticism. The question of the Biblical miracles bulked large in

his meditations. "It was perhaps when I was twenty-four years of age (but possibly older)," he writes, with a scrupulousness in the parenthetic phrase which tells much concerning his temper as a writer, "that I said to Henry Bradshaw, the well-known librarian of Cambridge University, 'There are many miracles with which I could dispense without any demur; but if the miracles of the Exodus are untrue, I do not know where I am.' He answered me, 'That is exactly my position.' " Yet some years later Mr. Mozley did reach the conclusion that these very miracles were untrue, and thereafter found himself on broader and firmer religious ground.

In order to be an appreciative reader of this treatise of Mr. Mozley's one must be able to assume the point of view which the author had in writing it. One must have been seriously dissatisfied with the study of history as of a thing essentially fragmentary and impermanent, suggesting no higher hope; one must have craved to be more acutely conscious of divine purpose in history than ordinary historians (even of religion) permit us to be. Above all it is needful to have approached the question from a distinctly theological standpoint, to have been deeply troubled as to the truth of the miracles, to have been for a long time unable to decide what in the Bible should be retained in belief and what discarded, unable to discard anything lightly.

In short, this book will prove of value to each reader almost exactly in the degree in which that reader's religious experience resembles that of the author. If one is religiously conservative and also somewhat skeptical, one may find satisfaction and illumination in Mr. Mozley's discussions of various ancient religions, in his retelling of the history of the Jews, and, if skepticism be strong, in his analysis of Christianity. To be sure, the thought expressed in the book is nowhere strikingly original, except in some passages regarding the possible extent of life in the universe, which are in the nature of *obiter dicta*: to one who has absorbed, let us say, the point of view of Carlyle in such matters, the range of thinking may even seem narrow. But to make this a ground of criticism would be to misconceive a work the value of which lies precisely in the fact that the author has arrived at a point of view from which a high faith seems possible by following a laborious path of his own—a path in which innumerable obstacles had to be surmounted.

As to the equilibrium of skepticism with faith that Mr. Mozley finally attains, this may best be indicated by briefly setting forth his views upon the resurrection of Christ. The evidence for this, he thinks, is really visionary; the resurrection was "an event taking place in a supersensuous region." Yet this degree of disbelief does not leave us, as some might hastily assume, with a Christianity made up of nothing but aspirations and figures of speech. The lesson which the author draws from his study of history is that Christianity has been a force in human affairs distinct from other forces

and by no means to be put on a level with ordinarily stimulating movements of thought or with ordinarily inspiring examples. When we have taken into account all the facts, "we shall believe in something more than the example of Jesus as operating upon his followers; we shall believe in his absolute presence, spiritual and invisible, but real." This, then, according to Mr. Mozley, is the true meaning of the resurrection; "and not only the true meaning in itself, but the very heart of the meaning as held by the original disciples—by Peter and the Jewish Christians no less than by Paul and the Gentile Christians."

This is a book the merits of which, one feels, do not require to be proclaimed from the house-tops. Those who need it will find it. Its conclusions are not compelling and its suggestions, reinforced by no appearance of extraordinary insight, are not hard to reject. But one knows not how often hereafter searchers for truth, in hushed library or still study, may find some measure of comforting assurance because Mr. Mozley has patiently and sincerely given reasons for the faith that is in him.

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EDUCATION ACCORDING TO SOME MODERN MASTERS. By CHARLES FRANKLIN THWING. New York: the Platt & Peck Co., 1916.

In his treatise on education Herbert Spencer, whose ideas upon this subject were by no means exclusively utilitarian, wrote as follows: "If men are to be mere cits, mere porers over ledgers, with no ideas beyond their trades—it is well that they should be as the cockney whose conception of rural pleasures extends no further than sitting in a tea-garden, smoking pipes and drinking porter; or as the squire who thinks of woods as places for shooting in, of uncultivated plants as nothing but weeds, and who classifies animals into game, vermin, and stock—then indeed it is needless for men to learn anything that does not directly help to replenish the till and fill the larder." Whether the plea be, as here for the cultural study of science, or as with thinkers of quite a different type from that of Spencer, for the cultural study of the classics, the argument rests ultimately upon the same basis. No matter how much the professors of liberal culture say about its practical value—and sometimes they say rather too much—their belief in higher education rests chiefly on the faith that such education is not merely utilitarian, not merely ornamental, but in the plain old-fashioned phrase, good for the soul. It is dreary business to work for culture unless one believes that culture means a real enlargement of personality. No one is supported through the pains of learning by the thought that it is better to study than to dissipate or to fritter away time; no one studies solely for the incidental pleasure to be derived from it. It is a kind of internal compulsion, it is obedience to a deep-seated in-