

AMONG THE BOOKS

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The best instructor is a man who is at once a scholar and knows and uses the speech of plain people. The combination is found, in a supereminent degree, in Professor James Moffatt, who is responsible for the very famous book, *The New Testament*; A New Translation (Hodder and Stoughton, London, and Toronto). This has now been issued in a handy pocket edition of 395 pages, fine, bold type, thin paper, price \$1.00. Professor Moffatt is at the very front of present day Greek scholars. His translation is in modern, every-day English—so much every-day, that, as that great Christian scholar and preacher, the late Principal Denney, of Glasgow, said, "it is in no sense a revision he has given us, but a new book." The newness arises partly from the up-to-the-moment character of the translator's knowledge of New Testament Greek and of the ancient manuscripts, and partly from the getting away from the words and phrases of the Authorized Version, which long use has made so familiar as often to obscure the sharpness of their significance—the difference between a new and a worn coin. "We cannot read a page without being instructed. The whole work is stimulating in the highest degree," said Denney.

This "new translation" is one of the best dollar's worth to the Sunday School teacher that we know of. And to the minister as well; and to all who want to know their New Testament thoroughly. There is no better Commentary on the New Testament,—if the use of a Commentary is to enable one to understand the Scripture. At one of the most interesting Bible Classes the writer has attended, the day's lesson was simply the reading by the teacher, verse by verse, of a chapter from Moffatt's New Testament, while the class followed in the ordinary Version, and discussed the points on which the new translation threw fresh light. The handy form in which Professor Moffatt's book is now issued should make it a pocket companion, as well as a useful book for the study table or the class.

Another group of War Books; for, as the Great War progresses, with all its wonderful happenings, and its wonderful revelation of the men who are waging the titanic contest for the rights of men, the volume of its literature naturally increases, and not in bulk alone, but in variety of interest.

General Foch: An Appreciation; by Major R. M. Johnston, U.S.N. (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, Thomas Allen, Toronto, 54 large pages, \$1.00 net) naturally comes first. He is the generalissimo under whom, since the fateful German drive toward Paris, of the spring months, all the Allied forces of the West Front have enthusiastically served. Who he is and what manner of man, and how he was trained for the greatest and most difficult task that has fallen, or is likely to fall, to the lot of any general in this War, are told in a plain, concise and informing way. The greatest item in the efficiency of an army is to be found in its supreme control. The truth of this axiom has been amply demonstrated in Foch's own case by the successes of the months since the supreme control was placed in a single hand. "The French Army must necessarily adopt the offensive, the offensive at all costs;" "A battle is never materially lost so long as you have faith in victory;" "The most secure basis for military formulas is the psychological basis;"—such are some of the little peep holes through which we glimpse the workings of this master mind. General Foch seems likely to stand for all time in the gallery of the greatest military leaders. Whatever helps to visualize him to us is worth reading at the present time.

Winston Churchill's *A Traveller in War-Time* (The Macmillan Company, New York, and Toronto, 172 pages, 8 full page illustrations, \$1.25 net), is, as its title would indicate, such glimpses of the War and of those who are waging it as a traveler, in this case, a highly privileged traveler, may get. It is the American, not the English, Winston Churchill, who writes, and he writes for American readers about their men who were already overseas in the later months of 1917 and the beginning of the present year, and of how things were then going in Britain and in France. He is honest in his admiration of the work and spirit of the Allies, with whom the United States had recently joined: "I am soberer," he writes, "somehow a different, American than he who sailed away in August." And he makes this fine utterance in a concluding and extended essay on the American contribution and democratic ideal: "Germany has been compelled to witness the consummation of that which of all things she had most to fear, the cementing of a lasting fellowship be-