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THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JULY 1915

THE WORK OF OUR DOCTORS AND NURSES IN THE FIELD OF WAR

1.—*The Problem of the Wounded*

IT is very difficult for a civilian to realize the rôle played by medical services in war. The one object of a commander, the one consideration before which all others must give way, is the defeat of the enemy, and it is only in so far as it fulfils this condition that a medical service can find justification in his eyes. The relief of the sufferings of the injured and the healing of their wounds are to him matters of secondary importance, for he is not sent by his country to preserve the lives of his soldiers, but to crush the foe. At first sight such a point of view appears inhuman, but surely all war is inhuman, and no human skill and no human devotion can compensate for the duration of a war for one day longer than is necessary.

In the last fifty years, however, the idea has steadily gained ground that the efficiency of a fighting force depends largely on the efficiency of its medical service, and it has, indeed, been well said that in a prolonged war victory may lie not on the side of vast numbers but with those whose medical service has protected them from the ravages of disease. This is the work of the Army Medical Service, and it is as much a part of the business of war as the machining of guns or the victualling of the troops. Yet we surely all

feel that the man who has sacrificed his body in the cause of his country deserves more than the mere cold logic of the business demands, and it is here to my mind that voluntary work and voluntary hospitals find their place. If it is the business of the soldier to defeat the foe, surely it is the business of his civilian brother to see that in doing so he does not suffer more than is absolutely necessary, and that when he falls wounded he has all the assistance that modern science and a sympathy as old as our humanity can provide.

We have thus to deal with two conflicting ideas by no means easy to harmonize, and it is their existence which accounts in some degree at least for the slowness of military authorities in the past to avail themselves of medical skill. The fact that they are now reconciled, and that the old barriers of professional jealousy are broken down, we owe to one woman, to Florence Nightingale. We all know her name, and for many of us, I fear, that is about all; yet there is no single individual in this or any other civilized country who has not felt the benefit of her work. We have put up a statue to her, her name will live for ever in the story of England, but her lamp will still shine down the years to come when those who have honoured her and those who thwarted her are alike forgotten.

Florence Nightingale was born surrounded by wealth and luxury, but when a mere girl she left it all to take up the study of nursing. For thirteen years she worked in London, Dublin, Edinburgh, Paris, and Germany, returning to England to try to put into practice the knowledge she had acquired. In 1854, when she was thirty-four years old, terrible stories came back to England of the hardships which our soldiers were suffering in the Crimea, and she was asked by Sidney Herbert, the Secretary for War, to go out and see what she could do for the better organization of the medical services at the seat of war. She left England on October 24, with a band of thirty-seven nurses, on surely

the greatest piece of pioneer work ever undertaken by a party of women. The state of affairs which she found was even more awful than had been described; but her tact, her energy, and her resource were invincible. Dirt and prejudice gave way to cleanliness and admiration, and the results of her work are sufficiently well shown in the fact that in the hospital at Scutari the death-rate fell in four months from 42 per cent. to 2½ per cent. On her return to England she founded a great Training School for Nurses in connexion with St. Thomas's Hospital, whilst the Army Medical Service was re-organized on the basis of her recommendations. It is strange to reflect that it is to war that we owe our Nurses. Humanity advances in strange ways, but surely there are few stranger than this, that we should have had to pass through plunder and rapine to the gentle skill of the trained nurse of to-day in the quiet hospital ward.

If it is to Florence Nightingale that the medical services owe their efficiency on the battlefields of to-day, it is to Henri Dunant that they owe their Great Charter. The Geneva Convention of 1864 was somewhat modified in 1906, and we may briefly summarize some of the provisions of the latter. The signatories bind themselves to protect and care for the wounded and the sick without distinction of nationality, to search for and to defend the wounded after battle, to send complete lists of the dead and wounded of the enemy who may have fallen into their hands to the country to which they belong, to protect and to respect under all circumstances the medical units and establishments of the enemy should they be captured, and, when their services are no longer indispensable, to return them to their friends.

It is impossible to exaggerate the value of this convention to the wounded on the battlefield, and to those who endeavour to help them. In the present war, however, all its provisions have been utterly disregarded by our opponents. The wounded have been brutally ill-treated, the hospitals have been repeatedly shelled, the medical

officers have been taken prisoners, and in many cases have been killed. Two of my own personal friends, surgeons in the British Red Cross Service, were captured and kept in a German prison, and scandalously treated, for four months. For some reason they were sent back to England, and they tell me that large numbers of our medical men are at present imprisoned in Germany, in utter defiance of the Geneva Convention and of Germany's plighted word. Germany has struck no more cowardly blow at civilization. She has shown that, for her, honour and humanity have no meaning. She has abdicated all claim to a place among the civilized nations of the world.

2.—*A Hospital at the Front*

It would be difficult to find a better example of the experiences which may fall to the lot of the voluntary worker in the field of war than that presented by the Belgian Field Hospital. It was formed by a group of English doctors and surgeons, who early in September went over to Belgium at the invitation of Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians. They were warmly welcomed by the Belgian Government, and the Queen herself gave them a large building, partly equipped as a hospital. It had recently been a Boys' School, but formerly a large private mansion. It was situated in one of the great Boulevards of Antwerp—the Boulevard Leopold—one of those magnificent avenues which form such a prominent feature of great Continental cities, in striking contrast to our English towns. The great hall in the centre of the building opened into three large reception rooms which were used as wards. The fourth was equipped as an operating theatre, and a fifth furnished a storeroom and a common room for the staff. A wide marble staircase led to the floor above, and this and the second floor of the building were entirely occupied by wards. We had in all 150 beds and a staff of about 50. The latter included 8 surgeons, 20 nurses, 5 dressers, together with lay assistants

and motor drivers. In addition to these there was a large staff of Belgians, so that the management of the whole was quite an undertaking, especially in a town where ordinary provisions were becoming more and more difficult to obtain. In the later days of the siege, when milk was not to be had and the only available water was salt, it was no small matter to provide meals for over 200 people. But our cuisine was positively astonishing, and to this I think we largely owe the fact that none of the staff was ever ill. The operating-theatre was brilliantly lighted by electric light, there was an ample supply of boiling water, and we had brought with us a large equipment. There are many operating theatres in London that are not so well fitted as was this improvised one in Antwerp.

We had scarcely got settled into the building when a heavy engagement occurred and the wounded began to pour in. In the space of twenty-four hours over 150 patients had been admitted, and until the evacuation six weeks later there was scarcely an empty bed. Most of the wounds were slight, but some of them were terrible, and indeed it seemed in some cases little short of miraculous that the men were alive. They were all young men, and some of them must have been suffering severe pain, but one could not but be touched by the courage and quiet heroism which we met with on every side.

The bulk of the hardest work fell upon the nurses, and one had an opportunity of seeing how splendidly a British nurse can work under really trying conditions. For although our building was in many ways excellent, it had none of those accessories which go so far to relieve the work in a well-organized English hospital. There was no proper hot-water supply, there were no sanitary arrangements in connexion with the wards. There were no lifts, and all the dinners had to be carried up from the basement. Physically the work was very heavy, for all our patients were heavy, able-bodied men, and as every wound was septic, they had in most cases

to be dressed several times during the day. But everybody was in earnest, and everybody put their backs into the work. By the afternoon most of the heavier work was done, and I think the hospital would then have compared favourably with the best ordered hospitals at home.

One very difficult circumstance we had to face: our wounded did not come in by twos and threes, but by fifties, by hundreds, and even on some occasions we had to deal with one hundred and fifty wounded brought in to us within a few hours. But we had made up our minds from the very first that we would never refuse admission to a single wounded man, and we succeeded in carrying out our resolve. The patients were laid out in the large hall as they came, they were roughly sorted and distributed as rapidly as possible, the worst cases were taken straight to the theatre and dealt with immediately, for in some even a few minutes were a matter of life and death. The condition of the men when they reached us was pitiable in the extreme. Most of them had been living in the trenches for weeks, exposed to all kinds of weather, their clothes were often sodden and caked with dirt, and the men themselves showed clear traces of exposure and insecure sleep. They might have lain for hours where they fell after being wounded, for as a rule it was impossible to remove the wounded at once with any degree of safety. Indeed, when the fighting was at all severe they had to lie till dark before it was safe for the stretcher-bearers to go for them. Add to this the jolting and fatigue of some hours' journey, and it will not be wondered at that our first thoughts had to be for the men themselves and our second for their wounds. In every case hot-water bottles, blankets, stimulants, and morphia formed our preliminary treatment, and until we got our patients back into good general condition we rarely troubled about their injuries. They were all vigorous young men, and the way in which they recovered when apparently beyond all hope was extraordinary. Of all the gifts of a merciful Providence

to suffering humanity, surely Morphia and Chloroform are the greatest. With these pain can always be relieved, and the most terrible operations carried through successfully without the knowledge of the patient. What the work of a surgeon on the battlefield must have been before these drugs were discovered is too dreadful to contemplate.

We were just getting thoroughly settled into our work when the end came. The hospital was full of wounded, many of the cases of the gravest nature, when at midnight on Wednesday, October 7, the bombardment of Antwerp began. Two of us were sitting in the office writing dispatches home when the first shell passed over our heads. We rushed up to the roof and stood there fascinated by the scene. From the dull grey sky came just sufficient light to show the silent city lying in darkness around us. Every few seconds came a distant boom, then the shrill screech of a shell flying overhead, and the dull thud of its explosion. The whole scene was eerie and uncanny in the extreme, and yet it was only the crash of an explosion close at hand, and the clatter of falling bricks near by that roused us to a realization of our deadly danger and to the need for instant action. In a few minutes we had aroused the whole staff, and the patients were being methodically moved to the basement. We took the top floor first, and I think that we all breathed a sigh of relief when it was clear.

The scene on the great staircase will live for ever in my mind. For nearly an hour it was crowded with nurses, doctors, and dressers carrying the wounded down to safety as gently and as carefully as if they had been in a London hospital. I never saw a trace of fear or hesitation in any face, and yet overhead was a large glass roof, and every one knew that if but one shell struck it not a single person on the staircase would be left alive. At last all our hundred and thirteen wounded were deposited in places of safety; mattresses and blankets were brought, and they were made as comfortable as possible for the night. Four were grave

intestinal cases. Seven had terrible fractures of the thigh, but fortunately five of these had already been repaired with steel plates, and their transport was easy. The night nurses took charge of the patients as if nothing had happened. The rest of us lay down to get what sleep we could.

Next day we were ordered by the British General to leave Antwerp, and he very kindly placed at our disposal seven motor-buses for the conveyance of ourselves and our wounded. The bombardment was increasing every hour in violence, and we were in danger of instant destruction at any moment, but it was afternoon before we finally left the hospital, and drove away past blazing houses and through streets scattered with débris. There was only one way out, by the bridge of boats across the Scheldt. It was a narrow plank road, and vehicles could only cross in a slow stream in single file. For an hour and a half we stood in the densely packed Cathedral square, watching the hands of the great clock go round, and wondering when a shell would drop among us. At last there was a movement forward and we crept across the bridge. By five o'clock we were safely across the river and on the road to Ghent.

We crept slowly along a road crowded with a dense throng of fugitives, and gradually we began to realise the awful tragedy of Belgium. Surely the angels must have wept as they looked down on that pitiful sight. If there is justice in heaven the Recording Angel burnt the midnight oil that night and wrote down what he saw with a pen of iron. All around us was a steady stream of men, women, and little children, plodding along the road, carrying over their shoulders in white bundles all that they now possessed in the world. Even the tiniest carried a handkerchief. A woman struggled along with three babies clinging to her skirts, a small boy pushed his grandmother along in a wheelbarrow far beyond his strength. Only misery could lie in front, but what was that to the terror which lay behind? As darkness came on we lit our lamps, and there along the roadside sat rows of

fugitives, resting before recommencing their long journey through the night. There was one row of little children which will live for ever in my memory, tiny mites sitting together on a bank by the roadside. For a moment our lights fell on them, and then they disappeared in the darkness. It is not with man that Germany will have to account for that row of little children. May God remember them in the day of her bitter reckoning.

We reached St. Nicholas, thirteen miles on our way, about eight o'clock. There we learnt that the direct route to Ghent was occupied by the Germans, and that the bridge at Lokeren was destroyed. That meant that we had to go northwards and reach Ghent after a wide circuit which would make the distance forty miles instead of twenty. However, there was nothing else for it, so we got a guide and set out. We were only just in time, for twenty minutes later the Germans entered St. Nicholas. At first we used our lights, but a shrapnel whistling over our heads warned us that we had been seen, and for the remainder of the night we travelled in darkness. These were minor roads with a narrow paved causeway in the centre and loose sand on each side. Long avenues of trees kept us in inky darkness, and how the drivers succeeded in keeping on the causeway I do not know. Every now and then one of the 'buses would get into the sand. Then all the men of the party would collect, dig the wheels clear, and by sheer brute force drag the 'bus back to safety. Twice it seemed absolutely hopeless, and on both occasions a team of huge Flemish horses appeared apparently from nowhere out of the darkness and dragged us clear. Think of an inky night, the enemy close at hand, and a desperate struggle to get a heavily-loaded London 'bus out of a ditch, and some idea may be formed of the nightmare we passed through. At 5 a.m. we reached Ghent utterly exhausted, and deposited our wounded in the hospitals, only to be told that all the British must be out of the town before 10 a.m. as an immediate German occupation was expected. There

was nothing for it but to re-collect our British wounded and to take them on to Ostend. One had died in the night, and two were too ill to be moved. These we left in skilled hands, whilst we took the remainder on to Ostend and sent them back to England.

A week later we were established in Furnes, a little Belgian town fifteen miles east of Dunkirk. Our home was a large boys' school, and though it was roomy, it was very primitive when compared with our palatial mansion in Antwerp. The idea of a drainage system or a water supply has not yet penetrated to any but the large Continental towns, and Furnes was no exception to the rule. There is a good deal of food for thought in a large and important boys' school with no baths, no drains, and a water supply pumped up from mother earth. But a little ingenuity and energy got over these difficulties, and they in no way interfered with the great success of the hospital. The all-important fact was that we were at the rail-head of the Belgian Army, and within easy reach of the whole Belgian Front from Ypres and Dixmude to the sea. We were indeed only five miles behind the lines, and every now and then half a dozen shells would warn us that the Germans were not far beyond.

Here we were indeed a Field Hospital. The Hector Munro Ambulance Corps worked with us, and brought the wounded to us direct from the trenches. It is certain that no voluntary hospital in the war has had such a magnificent ambulance service, or has received its wounded with such extraordinary celerity. They only brought us the worst cases, for all who could travel were sent on by train. We had accommodation for about one hundred patients, but in the terrific fighting of the end of October we had in our wards in four days no fewer than 850 of the most desperately wounded men that have ever been brought into a hospital. For four days and four nights three operating-tables were continuously at work in our small theatre, each of us snatch-

ing a few hours' sleep when he was too exhausted to go on. Then the sluices were opened and the floods saved the Belgian Army from the extinction which threatened it, and which it was quite prepared to face.

It is impossible here to describe all the extraordinary incidents which fell to our lot at Furnes, but there is one which stands out before my mind, both from its deep human interest and from the extreme difficulty of the problem which it opens up. We heard that Ypres was being heavily shelled, after a period of some weeks of comparative quiet, and that unfortunately some of the civil population, including a large number of children, had wandered back into it. Obviously they were in serious danger of their lives, and Dr. Munro asked me to accompany him to Ypres to see what could be done with at least the children. We drove over in our motors that morning, and found a condition of affairs which I can only describe as baffling. In one narrow street were collected quite a number of poor families and some thirty or more children. Shells were falling close around us as we spoke to them, and in fact one fell in a garden close by us, but by good fortune did not explode. That very morning a shell had fallen into a group of children in the adjoining street and had killed every single one, with the exception of a small boy who lost his foot. It scarcely required us to point out the danger of the situation, but the parents absolutely refused to move. They were prepared to die, but they would not be exiles. Some of the children we were allowed to take away, and we carried them off to Furnes in an ambulance. Then came the crux of the problem. What was to be done with them? It was absolutely impossible to keep them in Furnes, and we placed them in charge of the authorities, who promptly sent them into France. With the best intentions in the world on the part of the officials, the chances of those children ever seeing their parents again is very small. Over and over again I ask myself the question, Should we have left those children

to be killed, or should we have made them orphans? I am inclined to think that we were wrong, and that if the parents refused to move we had better have left them alone. And yet if I were there again, with the shells whistling overhead, with the shattered bodies of those other children lying close at hand, would I leave them? Truly war is the work of the Devil.

But that is only one small corner of the problem of the children of Belgium. When the war is over there will be vast numbers of children whose parents have been killed or lost. What is to be done with them? Only those who have seen Belgium as she is now can form any estimate of what she has suffered in the cause of honour. And who has been the gainer by her sufferings? Britain. It is to my mind absolutely clear that if Belgium had made terms with Germany, our existence as a nation might well have come to an end last September. At the very best we could only have held our own for a very few years, so deep and so ingenious was the plot which had been laid. We owe to Belgium a debt which we can never repay, but, when the war is over, how could we better show our gratitude than by providing for her orphans? In great homes in Belgium, worthy of the country which should provide them, they might grow up as true citizens of their native land, who yet would never forget their foster-parent.

8.—*After the War*

There can be only one end to this war, unless our civilization is to melt away like an empty dream, and we ourselves sink to a state beside which that of naked savages would be a lofty ideal. With the victory of Germany, honour, truth, and chivalry would become but empty words, nay, they would be the laughing-stock of the modern worshippers of Moloch. The war will end in the victory of the Allies, but at a vast cost in treasure and in the lifeblood of the nation

which no treasure can buy. Yet it were better that every man, woman, and child in the nation should perish than that we should sink so low from those ideals for which our fathers lived and died.

The war will end, but we can only dimly forecast the vast changes which it will have wrought. The map of Europe which our children will study will be very different from that of our own schooldays, yet this is, perhaps, the least change of all. Commerce will flow into other channels, and for many a year they will pass Germany by. She has prostituted her great enterprise and her huge resources to wrong, she has sold her soul to the Devil, and he will pay her to the uttermost farthing in bitter coin. The old barriers of society will have broken down and a common suffering will bind class to class with a sympathy unknown before. There are countries through which vast and silent rivers flow, watering the land around and bearing on their bosom the commerce of the fields they have enriched. But at long intervals they burst their banks and spread death and destruction on every side, till, after months of flood and terror they settle into new channels, leaving in the country they have only just desolated a fertility unknown before. Is it too much to hope that when the war is over a new sympathy will warm the heart of England, and that ears which before were deaf will at last be open to the cry of human suffering?

For in human suffering there is nothing more striking than its intense reality to the sufferer himself, and its absolute unreality to those around him. Few of us have perceptions so keen, imaginations so free that we can really feel and appreciate the pain of others. Yet there are few things so real as physical pain, and the loftiest soul may be entirely overwhelmed by an aching tooth. Fifty years ago there was, perhaps, something pardonable in this attitude of the other man, so little could he do to relieve his neighbour, but to-day he can find no excuse. Heaven has placed in our hands vast resources for the relief of pain, and weapons more

potent in the fight against disease than any that our fathers dreamt of. If we as a nation could only be aroused to the reality of the suffering around us, to the utterly unnecessary misery and pain which fill our towns, the fearful ravages of easily preventable diseases which are sapping the lifeblood of the nation, surely we should at least have gained something from the terrible havoc of this war.

Already the nation has been aroused by the war to a new and more widespread sympathy, and nowhere is this more evident than amongst the women of England. They are coming forward by tens of thousands to be taught how they may help the wounded soldiers. At the London Hospital alone the number of applications every month for a course of training exceeds the total number which can pass through the complete hospital course in four years. The sympathy of these women has been aroused, and surely they cannot pass through any course of training without realizing something of the tremendous problems of disease which await solution. The Crimean war gave us Florence Nightingale and our Nurses. Is it possible that this war may leave us as its legacy an army of women trained to fight against and to prevent disease?

Women are crying out for a greater share in the affairs of our country, and surely they could find no finer field for work than this vast realm of Preventive Medicine. The art of the Prevention of Disease is only in its infancy, and we are only slowly awakening to a realization of the fact that beside the ravages of disease the ravages of shot and shell sink into absolute insignificance. Consider for a moment the fact that Tuberculosis is an absolutely preventable disease, and yet fifty thousand people die of it in this country in every year; that of all the babies born in Britain last year one hundred thousand will never see the next, but will die, most of them the victims of ignorance and neglect. Surely this is the opportunity of women. They can go into the homes of the poor as men cannot go, they can appreciate

the difficulties of mothers as men cannot do. If any one wishes to see what can be done by women without any fuss, without official support of any kind, and with no weapon but their own sympathy, let him join one of the branches of the Invalid Children's Aid Association. He will learn more in six months about how the poor live, about how they can be helped, and about how disease can be prevented and checked, than he will ever learn from all the reports of all the Royal Commissions that have ever been held. If that association could be expanded, if it were provided with proper funds, if it could have its own women medical inspectors, its own homes for ailing children, it might form the nucleus of a movement which would revolutionize our country.

And surely this, the care of the children, the saving them from disease, is the true work of women. The only true sphere for women is Motherhood, however loudly some of their sex may deny it. Nothing in modern progress or in modern enlightenment can alter this fact, for it is as old and as immutable as Nature herself. To-day it is as true as it was ten thousand years ago, but with one vast difference. Yesterday woman was the mother of a family, to-day she is the mother of the race. A few years ago her activities, or often her lethargies, were limited to a narrow domestic circle; to-morrow the Nation may well have placed in her hands the welfare of all her children.

In no sphere is the recognition of the essential motherhood of woman of more importance than in that of medicine, and those who ignore it will do so to their cost. To my mind the ordinary practice of Medicine or Surgery is a thing for which in general women are unsuited. The long grind of preparation, the struggle for a position, and then too often the sordid fight to make both ends meet, tax to the utmost the strength of a man, even if he has a woman to help him. What must they mean for a woman alone? In the vast field of Public Health, in the care of our children, and in their protection from disease, surely here the true sphere of

woman lies. Here the openings for women are widening, new opportunities are appearing at every moment, and the health of the nation may soon be recognized as woman's realm. Perhaps we have a lesson still to learn from the shrewd old Greeks, for we may well remember that if Aesculapius was a god, Hygeia was a goddess.

If the nation is aroused to the importance of the prevention of disease, we may be sure that its sympathies will not forget those who are already ill. Surely the time is past when our great hospitals should be dependent purely upon voluntary support, when their efforts to cure the sick should be hampered for want of funds, when their energies should be absorbed in the miserable business of begging. I venture to say that there is nothing upon which the country is more dependent for its efficiency than upon its hospitals. I look forward to a day when there will be a Ministry of Medicine, and when our hospitals will be maintained in as high a state of efficiency as our battleships.

In this war it has been definitely recognized that the Field Hospitals should be for the most part clearing stations, and that the wounded should be sent back with the least possible delay to Base Hospitals placed in healthy surroundings and out of danger. It is a curious reflection that our great civil hospitals are almost entirely Field Hospitals, planted right in the forefront of the battle against disease. They are Field Hospitals without Bases, and there we keep our patients till they are to all intents and purposes cured. A very few convalescent homes will admit cases which still require treatment, but only a very few. Most of them expect their inmates to do the work of the establishment. Now this is most unreasonable, for a country hospital is cheaper to build and should cost less to run than one in town, and in many cases the patients will recover in half the time. Our hospitals in London are always crowded, the waiting lists mount up till it seems hopeless to attack them, and all the time it is because we have no Base Hospital

down in the country to which we might send our patients to recover.

An excellent example of the kind of hospital required has just been given at Cambridge in the new military hospital which has been established there. It is of course of a temporary nature, but it has cost rather less than a tenth of what would be considered a fair estimate for an ordinary town hospital of the same capacity. The great feature of its design is that it is open to the air at every point—to the air and to the sun, the two most powerful allies that a surgeon can have. This is especially true of the septic wounds which are such a tax on the resources of our hospitals, for there is nothing that sepsis dreads so much as air and sun. And yet we go on treating these cases in the general wards of the great London hospitals, in the dust and grime of a great city, under conditions where the air can have little access and the sun none at all. How can a man recover from a serious infection when he is constantly inhaling with every breath he takes the very organisms he is trying to defeat? But it is extraordinarily difficult to realise the obvious, and to act upon it requires a rare moral courage. The results at the War Hospital at Cambridge have been so astonishing that they must exercise a powerful influence upon the great hospitals of the future. Some day we shall no longer treat our septic cases in the slums, but in the pure air of the country, and it will no longer be necessary to send a man for a fortnight to the country, to recover, not from disease, but from confinement.

We must strain every nerve in the struggle in which we are engaged, the struggle for honour, truth, freedom, and all that we hold dear. But when it is over and we lay down our victorious arms, let us see to it that the harvest of this terrible war is not all bitterness and hatred, but that amongst its stern memories there are the golden grains of a sympathy we never knew for a suffering to which we had been blind.

H. S. SOUTTAR.

THE NOBLEST MAN I HAVE KNOWN: S. J. STONE, THE HYMN-WRITER

SAMUEL JOHN STONE was the author of two hymns known wherever the English tongue is spoken, one the beautiful Lenten litany of love, trust, and repentance, 'Weary of earth and laden with my sin'; the other that soul-stirring triumph-song 'The Church's One Foundation,' which—set as it is to majestic battle-march music that fires the imagination—has become, as it were, the Marseillaise of the Church militant and victorious.

When Stone died—and where he wished to die, in the Charterhouse—the busy world learned that the rector of a City Church, who was also the author of some famous hymns, had passed away. Those who knew and loved him were aware that a great soul, a hero-heart, a rarely beautiful spirit, had gone to God.

It has so happened that I have known, sometimes intimately, a number of so-called 'eminent' women and men. I have known not a few who, in intellectual power, in the brilliance of their gifts, their attainments and achievements, or in what is called 'fame,' stood immeasurably higher than Stone. I have known none who, judged by the beauty, purity, and nobility of life and character, was half as great as he.

Of him I can say, not only for myself but for many others who knew him, that so brave of heart was he as to make possible for us the courage of a Cœur de Lion, so knightly of nature as to make possible the honour of an Arthur or a Galahad, so nearly stainless in the standard he set himself, in the standard he attained, as to come as near as human flesh and blood can come, almost to making possible the purity of the Christ.

It is to a sister of mine that I owe my first meeting with

Stone. From her girlhood upward she had contributed poems, sketches, and stories to the magazines, earning each year by her pen sums which to the rest of us seemed princely, and very proud of her we all were.

Ill-health, and her determination never, after marriage, to let her writing interfere with her duties as wife and mother, have prevented her from following up, except very occasionally, the work in literature which she so loved, though last year she was able to publish, and with some success, a first long novel.

But at that time she had made some girlish reputation as a writer of religious verse, and was commissioned to contribute 'A Golden Song' each week to a well-known periodical. Stone's attention was attracted by the sweet-briar simplicity and beauty of some of these 'Golden Songs,' and when he and my sister chanced to meet, each was singularly drawn to the other, and so it was that first she and he, thereafter he and I, became friends, and remained so to the end.

Now let me try to describe Stone as he was at the time of our first meeting, when he was in early middle life and I was little more than a lad. One's first comment at sight of him would inevitably have been 'A Man!' one's second, 'An Englishman!'

'Englishman' was written, as the phrase runs, 'all over him,' in appearance, in voice, as well as in bearing, and I can conceive no disguise out of which the Englishman would not have peeped. Unmistakably English as he was in appearance, yet, when one talked with him and he became interested, enthusiastic, excited; when he spoke of his life's work, his life's hopes and dreams; but most of all when one could induce him to talk of England, Oxford, patriotism, loyalty, love, duty, or poetry, and saw the flash in the eye, the throb at the temples, and heard the thrill in the voice, one's next comment was, 'Here surely is not part Anglo-Saxon, but all Celt!'

The Celt in him—for though he never told us whence it came, the quicksilver of Celtic blood there must have been in his veins—made mock continually of the Anglo-Saxon. Yet, either the Fairy Godmother, or the forgotten forebear who was responsible for this freakish intermingling of quick-running Celtic blood, all ardour and eagerness, with the slower, surer, and steadier pulsing of an Anglo-Saxon strain, doled out to Stone none of the Celtic defects but only of the Celtic best. From the irritability, uncertainty, and 'impossibility' which make some Celts—at all events some of us Irishmen—an ever present perplexity to our best friends, Stone was entirely free.

He was of exceptional physique and presence. Only slightly above the middle height, but muscular of limb, broad and square-shouldered, and deep-chested as a lion, Stone was a fine specimen of virile manhood. Proud of his strength, for though devoid of vanity Stone had his full share of what I may call a seemly and proper pride, he carried himself well and erectly—head up, shoulders squared, walking with a step that was firm, steady, and soldierly.

And here I may interpolate that a soldier's grandson as he was, all Stone's boyhood longings were set on soldiering. Only the knowledge that it was the heart's desire of the father and mother he so revered that he should follow his father by taking holy orders, and later the conviction that he was called of God to the ministry, kept him from a commission in the Army. His renunciation of his boyhood's dream was the first great act of obedience in a life of consistent obedience to duty. The sacrifice of his own wishes was made manfully and uncomplainingly, and he threw himself whole-heartedly thereafter into his ministerial work. But the pang remained, and to the last when he spoke of soldiering, there was that in his voice and in his eye which reminded one of an exile, looking across far waters to the land of his birth. He was to the last a soldier in heart if not in looks, for by the beard and a certain breezy bluffness of presence he might

very well have passed for a sailor. The head was finely moulded and on large leonine lines, the forehead broad, full, and lofty, the nose strong, straight, purposeful, and well proportioned, and the set of the firm mouth and the shaping of the determined chin were in keeping with the forcefulness and the frankness of the eyes and of the whole face. The darkness—so dark as to be almost black—of the straight thick hair that was brushed up and off the forehead, accentuated the Saxon ruddiness of his complexion, and of the glossy red-brown (like that of a newly-fallen chestnut) of his crisply curling moustache and beard that in sunlight were almost auburn.

His eyes instantly challenged and held your own, for he invariably looked the person to whom he spoke fully and fearlessly, but never inquisitively (one cannot think of the word in connexion with Stone) in the face; and it was his eyes that most remained in your memory when he was gone. 'Intent,' set, and full of fire, the look in them was like the spoken word of command which calls soldiers to attention. Brown in colouring, they were not the hard, glittering, and unrevealing brown one sometimes sees in woman or man, but eyes that when he was reading poetry could shine as if his soul were a lit taper of which they were the flame. At other times I have seen them as merry as a happy boy's, as untroubled as cool, clear, agate stones at the bottom of a brook. His were eyes that recalled the love and devotion which look out at us from the eyes of some nobly-natured dog, yet eyes that when he was preaching, and the very soul within him was trembling under a terrible sense of responsibility to his people and to God, could burn fiercely red, like a fanned coal in a furnace, but always as true, brave, and loyal eyes as ever looked out of human head.

In the fact that Stone was at heart intensely human, lay the secret of his hold upon the hearts of others. I have claimed high place for him and have called him by high name, but a 'saint' at least I have never called him nor claimed

him to be. We have been told that it is impossible to be heroic in a high hat, nor is it easy to picture a 'saint' in a very pepper of a temper (to say nothing of a boating sweater), at loggerheads, and more than half minded to knock down a foul-mouthed bargee. Stone's Homeric laughter would not have accorded ill with some Valhalla of the old gods, but his rollicking sense of fun, his schoolboy high spirits, still remembered affectionately and joyfully as they are by some who were with him, first as a boy, and thereafter as more than a middle-aged man at Charterhouse, suggest neither a nimbus nor the Saints' Calendar.

None the less, though Stone was, as I have said, no saint, I doubt whether any saint that ever was canonized had half so child-pure a heart, or lived half so stainless a life. His was not the negative purity of the cold-blooded, the anaemic, or the passionless, to whom the temptations of the flesh make small appeal. He was a full-blooded, healthy, and whole-natured man, a splendid 'animal,' by whom the animal (which by God's wisdom and grace is in us all) was not done violence to, stamped down, crushed out, and unnaturally suppressed, to his own physical and spiritual detriment and even danger. That is the unwisest of all courses to pursue. By mutilating and maiming the beautiful work and image of God in us, which since He made it must in itself be innocent and beautiful—we sin against our own human nature and against God. Human nature is like a tree. It must have space in which to fulfil the purpose for which it was intended and in which to grow. Crush down and seek to crush out its natural expansion, and it takes distorted shapes (crippled limbs as it were on the tree of life), while hideous fungus-like boles and excrescences appear on what would otherwise have been a fair, straight, and shapely young growth. In Stone (to return to my original metaphor) the 'animal' that is in us all was not a beast to be bludgeoned down, or to drag us to earth, but a beautiful wild and winged creature which wisely guided and controlled may even bear

us aloft. In Stone it was so dominated by an iron will, so sublimated by knightly and noble ideals, and by his innate purity of soul, as to make impossible what was gross, sensual, or base. And may I add, perhaps wickedly, that the 'animal' in him was sometimes a joy, as when by sheer brute force if you like so to call it, he fell upon (so I was once told) three blackguards who late one night were foully assaulting a poor girl, in what was then a lonely part of London Fields. Stone heard her screams, rushed to her help, and knocked out his first man with one blow. Then he closed with number two, and trouncing him so soundly that the fellow howled for mercy, flung him to the ground, and made off after number three, who had taken to his heels.

I can well imagine Stone's sportsmanlike joy, and the flash of his eyes when, as I am informed, he said, 'Thank God I learned to use my fists at Charterhouse! and thank God for what rowing did for my biceps at Oxford. I think I've given those two scoundrels a lesson.'

He shook his head reminiscently and mournfully.

'I'd have given five pounds to have got my fists on that third rascal's hide. Honestly, I've enjoyed pommelling those other two scoundrels more than anything that has happened since I came to Haggerston.'

Then seeing perhaps a whimsical look in his companion's eye, and perhaps already asking himself whether 'taking on' three blackguards at fisticuffs, and badly punishing two out of the three in a fair fight, would by every one be considered decorous or becoming in a clergyman, he broke into infectious laughter that was directed entirely against himself.

No, apart from the question whether this story (I tell it as it was told me long ago) be true or not true, I do not claim for S. J. Stone that he was a saint. To some men the consciousness of what R. L. Stevenson called 'a healthy dash of the brute,' necessitates an ever watchful 'on guard' lest one day the brute spring out to overpower the angel. To Stone—so wholly had he made honour, purity, and truth

the very habit of his life—a lapse into anything false, impure, or dishonourable, into thinking or speaking, or even into allowing others in his presence to speak, what was evil or slanderous had become impossible. Had the proofs, or what seemed like the proofs, of some base act on Stone's part been brought to the knowledge of any friend who knew him as I knew him, that friend would not have stooped to examine them. His reply would have been, 'I know this man, and though I am aware that he can be prejudiced, stubborn, overbearing, irritable, and that faults of temper, errors of judgement, and the like, may be laid to his charge, I know him well enough to be sure that of what is base he is incapable, and were all the facts before me they would do no more than reveal him, possibly in a quixotic but at least in a nobly chivalrous light.'

Womanhood—I might almost say every woman—he held, if only for his own mother's sake, if only because of a woman the Saviour of the world was born, in a reverence that no folly or sin could altogether break down. I have heard him speak to the poor harlot of the street—his 'Sister' as he would not have hesitated to call her—with sorrowful courtliness, and with the pitifulness, the gentleness, and the consideration which one uses to (as indeed not a few of such unhappy women are) an erring and ignorant child.

I remember on another and very different occasion a girl of the soft and silly type coming to the vicarage one day when I was with Stone—I think she came about a Confirmation Class. She had a certain innocence in her face—not the challenging starry purity that one sees in some faces, but a negative, babyish innocence that was pretty enough and appealing in its way, but that meant no more probably than that the girl had not yet had to make choice for herself between good and evil.

'Did you notice the flower-like beauty of that child's face?' Stone asked me when she had gone. 'In the presence of such exquisite purity and innocence,' he went on gravely,

and with intense reverence in his voice, 'one feels convicted of sin, as it were. One is so conscious of one's own coarseness, grossness, and impurity, as to feel unworthy to stand in such presence!'

And all the time the white armour of purity in which he was clad, the armour and purity of his own soul's—a strong man's—forging, was, compared with her, as is the purity of fine gold tried in the furnace, to metal mixed with base earth and brought untested from a mine.

His unfailing sense of humour, his boyish and buoyant love of fun—like the cork jacket by means of which a swimmer rides an incoming wave—carried Stone through difficulties which would have depressed another. Let me put one such instance on record. To brighten in any way the drab days of the poorest folks in his East End parish he counted a privilege as well as a happiness, and he was constantly devising means for bringing some new gladness into their lives.

One day when Stone received an unexpected cheque—I think it was for the sale of his book of poems—he unfolded to me, radiant himself with happiness at the thought, a plan for taking some score of the very poorest mothers of the parish for an outing to Southend.

The party caught an early train to Southend, spent a long summer day by the sea, gathered at the appointed time, happy if tired, at the railway station, to find that Stone had misread the time-table, and that the last train to London had just gone. Here were some twenty mothers—mostly with husbands who looked to them for the preparation and cooking of supper at night and of breakfast next morning. To these husbands telegrams of explanation and appeasement must, if the worst came to the worst, and return that night were impossible, be dispatched. Other mothers there were with children awaiting their mother's home-coming for a last meal and to be put to bed; and all the twenty good women—if to London they could not get that night—

themselves requiring supper and some decent place in which to sleep.

Stone's face, brick-red with mortified self-anger at his own muddling, as the agitated mothers crowded and clamoured around him, two or three shrilly or tearfully expatiating on the terrible things that would await them at the hands of their lord and master, should that lord and master and the children go supperless to bed, and rise breakfastless next morning, was, I am told, a study in dismay and bewilderment, until he discovered that by paying for it out of his own pocket, a special train could be run.

Relieved to find that no one except himself would have to suffer for his carelessness, and, even while ruefully regarding the document by the signing of which he made himself responsible for the entire cost (no inconsiderable sum to a poor man as he was) of the special train, the Gilbertian side of the situation—that he, a bachelor, should have a score of wives and mothers upon his hands—dawned upon him. He broke into bluff and hearty Berseker-like laughter till his chestnut beard wagged and his burly form rocked; and vowing that, though he must in consequence go short for many a day of every luxury, the lesson he had received, and the story which he would then be able to tell against himself, were cheap at the price, he made mock of himself and his own carelessness all the way home.

Another characteristic muddle of his making mortified him more. He was to take an afternoon service at a church —I think in Hoxton. When he arrived, he surmised by the fact that the bell had stopped and that there was no thin and dribbling stream of late-comers filing through the doors, that he was more than a little late. The congregation, as he saw, was on its knees, so diving into the vestry, which was empty, he hastily threw his surplice over his head, and, hurrying to his place in the chancel, began with the familiar

When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness,

and so on to the end of the service—to discover when

returning to the vestry, that he had inflicted upon the unfortunate congregation the penance of two evensongs on the same afternoon. He had been under the impression that the service commenced at four o'clock, whereas the hour fixed was three. In Stone's absence the curate in charge had felt that there was nothing for it but for him, the curate, to read the service himself, which he did, and in fact he had made an end of it, had pronounced the benediction, and, for some reason, had left the church, not by the vestry but by another door leading direct to the vicarage. It was the custom at the church in question for the congregation to stand while the clergy were passing out, and to return to their knees for a brief, silent prayer after the clergy had passed out. It was at this moment that Stone had arrived and hurried in, to begin the service all over again.

To say of a man that all his geese were swans, as was often said of Stone, implies, indirectly, that he was something of a fool, if a generous one. It is true that he wished to think well of whatever a friend had done. If it were ill done he was not so blind as not to know it was ill done, and was too honest not to say so, if asked for an opinion, or to remain silent if unasked. But if it were not ill done, then young and keen-visioned Joy, as well as dim-eyed Dame Pride, alike clapped magnifying-glasses on nose, to show him the thing not as it was, but as it appeared through the eyes of joy and pride in a friend's work.

So too in regard to the friend himself. If Stone saw or thought he saw in his friend some streak, no matter how rudimentary or infinitesimal, of, let us say, unselfishness, he saw it not as it was in his friend, but magnified to the scale in which it existed in himself. Hence his appreciation of a friend's gifts or qualities, and his gratitude for some small service rendered, were preposterously out of all proportion to the facts. For instance, I had been at some quite small trouble in reading, by his wish, the proofs of his 'Lays of

Iona,' and, also by his wish, in sending him my criticism. Here is his letter (October 28, 1897) in acknowledgement.

'My dear Kernahan,—What *thoroughness* of friendship you have shown me from first to last in the matter of the Lays! Certainly I will alter the "no" to "not" in the Preface, if a second Edition permits me. I had not noticed the error, and jumped with a "How could I!" of exclamation when I read your note. You comforted me very much in the latter part of your note when you spoke of sundry passages you approved, especially by what you said of the humorous part of the work. I had specially feared about this, and indeed I had put in these two occasional pieces only to please my sister.

'Goodbye, dear friend. Ever yours gratefully and affectionately, S. J. STONE.'

Every one who knew Stone intimately will bear me out in saying that the gratitude here expressed, and disproportionate as it may be, was absolutely sincere. He literally glowed with gratitude for any small service done or trivial personal kindness, and said no word more than he meant in making his acknowledgement; for of 'gush,' of what was effusive or insincere, he had something like a horror, and was as incapable of it as he was of falsehood or craft. And in regard to men and women whom he loved, it was not so much that he mistook geese for swans as that he remembered that, on land, a swan's waddle is no less unlovely than a goose's, whereas on water or on wing, a goose no less than a swan is not without grace. He idealized his friends,—he saw in his mind's eyes, his geese a-wing in the heavens or a-sail on water, as well as waddling on land, and loved them for the possibilities, and for the hidden graces he saw within. He was by no means the merely credulous, if generous fool, that some thought him. On the contrary, for most human weaknesses he had an uncommonly shrewd and sharp eye, but he appealed always to the best and noblest, never to the vain or selfish side of those with whom he came into contact, and so his

own unwavering faith in God, in Christ, and in human nature, was not only the cause of, but seemed to create similar and sincere faith on the part of others, just as his own integrity made even the rascal or the infirm of purpose ashamed of rascality or of weakness. But tricked, betrayed, and deceived, or confronted with evil, his wrath was terrible and consuming.

I remember the blaze in his eyes, the fury in his face, concerning a scoundrel who had boasted of the deliberate betrayal, the cowardly and calculated desertion of a trustful girl. Had the villain fallen at the moment when Stone first heard the facts into my friend's hands, there would have been left upon the fellow's body and face, and from Stone's fist, marks which would have borne witness to his life's end of the punishment he had received. His own bitterest enemy Stone could freely forgive, but for the man or woman whom he held to be the enemy of God he had small mercy. Even in matters not of great consequence, but upon which he felt strongly, he was inclined to over-ride his opponent, and generally to carry things with a high hand. That he always spoke, wrote, or acted with judgement I do not maintain. His motives none could question, but his judgement even his best friend sometimes doubted.

When I speak of him as obstinate I must not be understood as meaning the type of obstinacy which is more frequently associated with weakness than with strength. Obstinacy, however, of a sort—stubbornness if you so like to call it, was undoubtedly a temperamental defect. He was inflexibly convinced that his own beliefs in regard to God, to the Throne, to the State, to the Church, and even in regard to politics—inherited as some of these beliefs were, influenced as were others by class feeling, by education and by environment—were the only possible beliefs for a Christian, a Churchman, an Englishman, and a gentleman. Hence he could not understand the position of those who differed, and so was impatient of opposition.

I once heard him described by some one who misunderstood him as a man with a grievance and a man with too thin a skin. His sensitiveness I do not deny, but it was a sensitiveness which was all for others, never for himself. And so far from being one of those single-cuticle abnormalities, whose skin 'goose-fleshes' at the very thought of cold, who at the approach of a rough blast wince in anticipation as well as in reality, and suffer more perhaps from the imagined effects of the buffeting than from the buffeting itself, Stone not only never troubled to ask whether the blast was or was not coming his way, but enjoyed battling with it when it came. If things went badly with him, he took Fate's blows unconcernedly and blamed only himself. About his own ills, and sorrow or breakdown in health, he was the most cheerful of men, but he could and would concern himself about the sorrows or troubles of others, and would move heaven and earth in his efforts to right their wrongs. That is not the way of the man with a grievance. The man with a grievance growls but never fights. He wears his grievance as a badge in his buttonhole that all may see, and you could do him no unkinder turn than to remove the cause of it.

Stone never had a grievance, but he was ready to make the grievances of his people—real grievances or wrongs, not fancied ones—his own, and more than one employer of sweated labour, more than one owner of an insanitary slum, and occasionally some Parish Council, or public body in which Bumbledom and vested interests were not unknown, had cause to think Stone too touchy, too sensitive, and too thin-skinned where the lives of little children and the bodily and spiritual welfare of his people were concerned.

In politics Stone was the stoutest of old-fashioned Tories, and by every instinct and sympathy an aristocrat. Like a certain courtier of high place who expressed pleasure at receiving the Garter because 'there is no pretence of — merit about it,' he believed whole-heartedly in the hereditary principle. He believed in Government at home and abroad,

in Great Britain as well as in her Dominions and Colonies, by the 'ruling orders,' by the class that he held to be born with the power to command.

In religious as in other matters, all his sympathies were with those who have an affirmation to make, as contrasted with those who have an objection to lodge. He detested iconoclasts, and was prejudiced beforehand against any belief that he classed with 'negatives' as opposed to 'positives.' Just as he disliked the name of 'Protestant,' because he could not understand a Christian man electing to be known by a name which 'protests' against another faith instead of affirming his own, so he found it hard to understand a Church which by its name proclaimed itself as not being in 'conformity' with or as 'dissenting' from another Church.

Stone found it hard to conceive that any one should prefer the Free Church to the Anglican Catholic Church, but since it was so (and that it was so he sincerely and deeply grieved) he felt it better, while friendly and cordial to all the Nonconformists with whom he was brought into contact, that each should go his own way and worship God in his own manner. Hence he was not of the school of Churchmen who busy themselves in bringing about a closer union between Anglicanism and the Free Churches, who are for the removal of landmarks and the interchange of pulpits.

On the other hand he attacked the religion of no one who believed in the Fatherhood of God, the Divinity, Atonement, and Resurrection of our Lord, but reserved all his fighting power for what (a true Browning lover) he would have accounted 'the arch fiend in visible form'—the enemies of God and His Christ. He had no sympathy whatever with Churchmen who occupy themselves in bickerings and controversies with Nonconformists or in denouncing the Church of Rome. To him good Churchmanship—and never was there stronger Churchman than he—meant, not disapproval of, dislike to, or antagonism towards other Churches, be they

Roman or Free, but active love, practical loyalty and devotion to his own beloved Mother Church. Hence he never proselytized. He never sought to turn a Nonconformist into a Churchman, or a Roman into an English Catholic, but he would have fought to the last to keep a member of the Church of England from forsaking that Communion for any other.

But there was no indefiniteness about his attitude to Rome. Writing to me in 1899 about some one he and I knew who had gone over to Rome, he said, 'I am deeply sorry. Rome is a real branch of the Church of the Redemption, and has the creeds, the ministry, and the Sacraments. But to leave our august Mother for Rome! I do not mean to imply that to be a Roman or to become a Roman has necessarily anything to do with vital error. I speak strongly only on the point of *comparison*, and as a loyal, happy, and satisfied Catholic of the English branch. Certain defects I own to in our English Mother, but they are very small and few as regards the accretions and superfluities, to say the least of them (of which the gravest is Mariolatry), of her Roman Sister. On the other hand, they *are* sisters.'

He loved the name of 'Catholic,' and resented the somewhat arrogant claim to a monopoly in that beautiful word by the Church of Rome; and if one of his own congregation used it in this restricted sense, he never failed gently but firmly to make the correction, 'Roman Catholic.' His own Churchmanship he would probably have described as that of an Anglican Catholic, to which, while agreeing, I may add that he was at one and the same time of the Sacerdotal and of the Evangelical Schools.

Stone's sacerdotalism, paradoxical as it may seem to say so, was not of a 'priestly' order, and 'priest' was perhaps the last word which any one who did not know him to be a clergyman would have used of him, or by which his personality would by a stranger have been described. Sacerdotalist he undoubtedly was in the sense of holding

firmly by apostolical succession; but to me he seemed a sacerdotalist chiefly in the taking of his sacred office sacredly. Nor to this day, and for all his sacerdotalism, am I sure which of the two he placed the higher, the priesthood or the people. None could have held more firmly than he that a priest is consecrated of God. None could have been more entirely convinced that the priesthood is consecrated by, and exists only by and for the people.

High Churchman, as doctrinally Stone was, he was no Ritualist. Incense and vestments were never used in any church of his; and though his people turned naturally to him for help and advice in trouble, 'Confessions,' in the accepted sense of the word, were unknown. He was never in conflict with his Bishop or the other ecclesiastical authorities, if only for the reason that his loyalty and his fine sense of discipline made him constitutionally incapable of breaking the law. He knelt reverently in prayer before and after Consecration and at other times, but genuflexions, ceremonies, and constant bowing to the altar on the part of the celebrant, his assistants, and the choir were absent from the service for which he was responsible.

On one slight but significant act of reverential ritual he, however, laid stress. Whenever, in Church or out of Church, Stone spoke or heard spoken the name of Our Lord he never failed, no matter where or with whom he was, reverently, even if unnoticeably slightly, to bow his head. 'God the Father and God the Holy Ghost' I once heard him say, 'no man has ever seen. But because God the Son for our sakes stooped to become man, and to be seen of men—for that reason, a reason surely which should make us more, not less loving and adoring—some have doubted or denied His Godhead. Hence, when I hear that Holy Name, I incline my head in adoring worship, as a protest if you like against the base ingratitude which—because for our sakes He stooped to become Man—would deny that He is more than man, and to acknowledge Him as my Redeemer, my Lord,

and my God.' He was indeed so entirely a poet that no word or name which stood for that which he revered was ever by him lightly uttered or lightly used. Between his mother and himself existed the most beautiful love and devotion, and if only for her sake, the very word 'mother' was consecrate upon his lips.

The widowed Queen whom he knew and loved, and by whom he was held in regard and esteem, was to him no less our Mother—the type and symbol of English Motherhood—than she was our Sovereign. Of the august and ancient Catholic Church of which he was so loyal a son, he rarely used the simile 'The Bride of Christ,' which one frequently hears in sermons, but spoke of her, and with eyes aglow, as the Mother of her people,—and it was of England, our Mother, that he sang with passionate love in many of his poems. So too, the words 'Holy Communion' assumed, as he spoke them, a meaning that was sacramental. The reverent lowering of his voice was like the dipping of a battleship's ensign in salute.

And lastly I would say that I never heard human voice thrill with such devotion, such worshipping and wondering adoration, as that with which he spoke the name of our Saviour. That Name, the Holy and adored Name of JESUS, was so linked with all that he held sacred that he never uttered it without pausing before and after the utterance, that no less hallowed a word should be neighbour to that Name on his lips.

One night, in the eighties, when I was dining with Stone and his and my kind old friend, the Rev. Frederick Arnold, at St. Paul's Vicarage, Haggerston, a maid brought in the last post. Stone asked permission to run through his letters in case there was anything requiring an immediate answer. Over one he uttered an exclamation of glad and grateful surprise.

'Good news?' one of us asked.

'Very good,' said Stone flushed and radiant.

He hesitated a moment. Then 'There is no reason why you two, one an old and the other a young, but both true and dear friends of mine, should not see it,' he said, handing Mr. Arnold the letter.

It was from the Bishop of London—I think Bishop Jackson, but of this I am not now quite sure. In any case it was a very gracious letter. Upon Stone, the Bishop said, the mantle of John Keble had, by virtue of his hymns, admittedly fallen. Thus far Stone had for some fifteen years given all his time, energies, and abilities to working among poor and uneducated folk in an East End parish, where practically the whole of the small stipend was swallowed up in church work and charities, and where Stone had no time or opportunity to do justice to his gifts as a writer. The Bishop was aware, he said, that Stone was fast wearing himself out and could not go on much longer. Hence he had pleasure in putting before him the offer of preferment to a West End parish, where he would have an educated, intellectual, and appreciative congregation, as well as the leisure and the opportunity to devote his great gifts as poet and hymn-writer for the benefit of the Church and the world.

It was a tempting offer, for much as Stone loved sport and travel he had hitherto had neither the time nor the money for anything more extended than a few weeks in Switzerland or in 'God's Infirmary' (as quoting George Macdonald he often called the country), generally on a visit to his old friend the Rev. Donald Carr, of Woolstaston Rectory, Salop. Moreover, though he grudged no service given to God or to his fellows, he grieved sometimes that he had so little time to devote to hymn-writing and to literature, concerning which he had many projects. In a letter dated June 15, 1892, he wrote to me, 'I am up to my ears in work and behind-hand because, if you please, I am in the thick of writing a Religious Novel. I am really not joking!'

But grateful as he was for the Bishop's kind and fatherly offer, Stone declined it, as later on, he declined similar offers,

including a Colonial Bishopric. 'I am not and I do not expect to be the man I was,' he said to Mr. Arnold and me that night, 'but I ought to be and am thankful that, nervously constituted as I am, I have gone through fifteen years in the East End out of twenty-three in the Ministry. When health and strength give out, when for my people's sake I must let the work pass into younger and stronger hands, I will go. Till then in Haggerston, where my heart is, and where the people whom I love are living, I must remain.'

And in Haggerston he remained, working early in the morning and late in the night until 1890, when the collapse alike of nerve and physical strength came and he had to resign—to be appointed by the Lord Chancellor to the comparatively easy living of All Hallows, London Wall.

But Stone was not the man to spare himself in his new sphere of labour. What the wrench of parting and the strain necessitated by sweeping aside the cobwebs, and by trying to warm into life the dry bones, as he put it, of a long-neglected City church cost him, may be gathered from the one and only sad letter I ever had from him. It is written from the house of his sister, Mrs. Boyd.

'Woodside Lodge, South Norwood Hill, S.E.,
'Nov. 28, 1891.

'My dear Kernahan,—I have in a very busy life never passed through such a time of depression as in the last nine or ten months. In the spring I left the old pariah of twenty-one years' work and thirty-one years' memories—and how I got through the next couple of months I scarcely know. Only by Grace of God. I went to Southend for a fortnight, but it was simply a *ghastly* time, I was ill in body and mind. Except for the faith which Tennyson describes in the case of Enoch Arden's coming home, through which a man (believing in the Incarnation and therefore in the Perfect Human Sympathy of God) cannot be "all unhappy," I don't know what would have become of me. I left behind

me you know how much—how many is represented by 587 communicants, nearly all of them my spiritual children, and I had before me not a "howling wilderness," but a silent wilderness of the worst of the City churches. A howling wilderness would have stirred up the soldier's blood that is in me—but the desolation while I felt so ill was like a winding-sheet. You must come and see me at All Hallows, and while I show you the beautiful present I will show you in actual fact some of the dry bones.

'I need not tell you that I have had a great deal to do Haggerston-wards. And oh! my correspondence with my old children!

'I hope this does not sound to you like complaint or self-pity. I only mean it as explanation—which would not be given in these terms except to one very much (I know) of my own temperament. Indeed there is no cause for anything but thankfulness. My nerves were too worn out for Haggerston any longer. My successor is one almost entirely after my own heart—my new parish is exactly one (nearest to Haggerston in the City) I wished for. The task of renovation, though it makes me a poor man for a year or two, has been very good by way of distraction and for the delight of making a garden out of such a wilderness of dry bones, and after another six or nine months I may be able to afford a curate, and, having no further special financial or parochial anxieties, be able to settle to some final literary work. Indeed I am as I ought to be, very thankful.

'So far most egotistically.

'I am interested with my whole heart in what you tell me of yourself. Do come and see me to tell more. I will promise to send you what I write if you will undertake to do the same.

'God bless you, dear friend! Ever your most affectionate, S. J. STONE.'

The depression passed, and Stone recovered sufficiently to throw himself heart and soul and for some years into his now memorable work among the 'hands' employed in City warehouses, shops, and factories. Once again it was for the poor, or for the comparatively poor, that he toiled, and once again he spared himself in nothing. His letters (I have enough almost for a book) tell of the joy and contentment he found in the work and of his thankfulness to God for what had been done.

But he had made the change from the heavier work at Haggerston too late, and even in the easier charge which, in order that he might husband his failing strength and outworn energies, had been found for him, he would not or could not spare himself, with the result that in the autumn of 1899 he had another breakdown. Meeting him unexpectedly one day on the Embankment after not seeing him for some little time, I was inexpressibly shocked at the change. He told me that he had been feeling very ill for some weeks, and was then on his way to the friend who was accompanying him to see a specialist, and that I should without delay know the result of the examination which was to be made. Not many hours had passed before I had a letter. The malady, Stone said, was cancer, it was feared in a malignant form, and there must be an operation, and soon.

With all the old and infinite thought and tenderness for others, he gave me gently to understand that the case was not too hopeful—he was terribly run down, his heart was weak: he had overstrained it while at Oxford—and even should he survive the operation there was small likelihood of recovery. Here is the conclusion of his letter.

'Keep a quiet mind about me, dear friend. I have not so learned Christ that I make any real difference between life and death, but remember me before God. Ever yours most affectionately, S. J. STONE.'

Scarcely a day of the months which followed was free from pain. Yet he wrote, 'I live in a kind of thankful

wonder that I should be so encompassed by the goodness of God and the loving-kindness of men.' To the end he retained all his old interests. He continued in the brief respites from terrible bouts of pain to attend the Church of All Hallows, of which he was still rector, and to minister to his people, and even to follow with intense patriotic interest every event in the South African War.

The day preceding his death, Sunday, he was at All Hallows, and the very day of his passing he wrote, 'I am in such pain that I can neither write nor dictate. At others I am just able to write "with mine own hand." But whether at the worst or at the best in a *bodily* state, spiritually I am not only in patience, but in joy of heart and soul.' Soon after came a brief space of unconsciousness and—the end.

So died one who was liker Christ than any other man or woman I have known. His love for his fellows was so passionate and so selfless, that could he have taken upon himself to save them from sin, sorrow, and suffering a similar burden to that which his Lord and Master bore, he would not have hesitated—he would gladly have hastened—to make the sacrifice.

The mistakes he made were many, though I remember none that was not made from high motive, generous impulse, misplaced zeal, or childlike singleness of purpose which to the last led him to credit others with truth, loyalty, honour, and sincerity like to his own. In the beautiful hymn which he so loved, and with which he so often ended evensong, we read,

> And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
> For none are wholly free from sin;

and if sin there was in Stone as in all that is human, I can truly say that in our twenty-five years' intimate friendship, I saw in him no sign of anything approaching sin other than —if sins they be—a noble anger and a lofty pride. To have loved and to have been loved and trusted by him was no less a high privilege than it was a high responsibility, for if any of us who at some time of our lives shared Stone's

interests and ideals and were brought under the compelling power and inspiration of his personality should hereafter come to forget what manner of man he was—should play false with, or altogether fall away from those ideals, or be content to strive after any less noble standard of conduct and character than he set and attained—then heavy indeed must be our reckoning in the day when from those to whom much has been given much will be required.

For Stone had something of the talismanic personality of his Master. Just as, without one spoken word—without more than a look from the Christ—the unclean were convicted of sin by the talisman of His purity, so all that was noblest, divinest, and knightliest in man, all that was white-souled, selfless, tender, true, lofty, and lovely in womanhood recognized something of itself in Stone, and in his presence all were at their highest and their best.

Nor was this due merely to what has been called a 'magnetic personality.' That there are men and women who for good or for evil (it is just as likely to be for the latter as for the former) possess some magnetic or mesmeric power over others, I am—and from personal knowledge—aware. But Stone's influence was neither mesmeric nor magnetic. It was by the unconscious spiritual alchemy of a soul so rare (I repeat, and purposely, near the end of this article what I said in the beginning) as to make possible the courage of a Cœur de Lion, the honour of a King Arthur or Sir Galahad—as to make possible even in a sense the sinlessness of Christ. To have known, if only once in a lifetime—and in spite of bitter disillusionments, of repeated betrayals, such a man as S. J. Stone, is in itself enough to keep sweet one's faith in humanity, in immortality, and in God.

Some time before Stone's death I had been much thrown into the company of a gifted and brilliant thinker, talker, and man of Science, who had very little belief—I will not say in the existence of a God, but at least in the existence of a God who takes thought for the welfare of mortals, and no belief

whatever in existence after death. In our walks and conversations he had adduced many arguments in support of annihilation to which it was difficult to answer; and I remember that when on the morning that Stone died, I stooped to press my lips to the forehead of the friend I loved and revered as I have loved and revered none other since nor shall again, it seemed for a moment as if the man of whom I have spoken as disbelieving in personal immortality were in spirit at my elbow and whispering in my ear. 'Look well upon your friend's face!' the Voice seemed to say, 'and you shall see written there: "Nobly done, bravely done," greatly done, if you will; but you shall also see written there, "Done and ended! done and ended—and for evermore!"' I remember too that it seemed as if some evil power, outside myself, were trying by means of what hypnotists call 'suggestion,' to compel me to see upon the dead face what that evil power wished me to see there.

For one moment after the whispering of the words, 'Done and ended! done and ended—and for evermore,' I thought I saw something in the dead face that seemed dumbly to acquiesce in, and to endorse the tempter's words, until another and very different voice (I have wondered sometimes whether it were not my friend's), whispered to me, 'If the friend whom you so loved be indeed annihilated and has ceased to be—then the Eternal and Omnipotent God whom he, a man and mortal, ever remembered, *has forgotten him*, for annihilation means no more and no less than utterly to be forgotten of God. If that be so, if God can forget, if He can forget those who never forgot Him, then is that God less loving, less faithful, and less remembering than the mortal whom He has made. Can you, dare you, think this awful and unthinkable thing of the Living and Loving God in whom your friend so wholly trusted!'

And looking upon the face of my friend I saw written there not only the august dignity, the lone and awful majesty of death, but also the rapture, the peace, the serenity, the

triumph of one who staggers spent and bleeding but victorious from the battle, to hear himself acclaimed God's soldier and Christ's knight, and to kneel in wondering awe, in worshipping ecstasy, at the feet of his Saviour and his God.

And remembering what I saw written on the dead face of my friend, remembering the life he led and the God in whom he trusted, I have no fear that my own faith will fail me again in life or in death.

And we also bless Thy holy Name for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom. Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THEOLOGY AND EXPERIENCE

IN Longfellow's *Golden Legend* the devil, disguised as a Doctor of Divinity, is represented as reading a set of theses posted up by a would-be disputant in the precincts of the mediaeval University of Salerno:

> Whether angels in moving from place to place
> Pass through the intermediate space.
> Whether God Himself is the author of evil,
> Or whether that is the work of the devil.
> When, where, and wherefore Lucifer fell,
> And whether he now is chained in hell.

He is moved to remark with grim sarcasm that he sits securely on his throne so long as human minds consent to grind in such mills as this. The gibe is not without its sting as against more modern theological systems than that of Thomas of Aquino; the hard hyper-Calvinism of his surroundings moved Whittier to the protest:

> Who fathoms the 'Eternal Thought'?
> Who talks of 'scheme' and 'plan'?
> The Lord is God—He needeth not
> The poor device of man.—

while the forty-five pages in Westcott's edition of *The Epistles of St. John* devoted to the insoluble problem 'Had sin never entered the world, would the Son of God have become incarnate?' earnest and reverent as they are, seem to fall under the same condemnation. The modern world is right in turning away from a theology out of touch with reality, which treats its words and phrases as a mathematician his algebraical symbols, the creation of his abstract thought.

But the modern world tends to proceed beyond this: it insists on 'going back to the Gospels,' and especially the Synoptic Gospels, and turning away from the 'theological' presentment of Christianity which is to be found in Paul or Peter or John. The words of Christ are so simple and

pictorial, we are told; those of Paul so abstract and difficult; the One carried an authority before which we must needs bow, the other was after all but a Jewish theorist, whose view need carry no great weight with us, 'the heirs of all the ages.' The revolt has even gone so far as to coin, in the famous appendix to the *Hibbert Journal*, the unfortunate antithesis between the 'Jesus' of history and the 'Christ' of theological speculation.

Now it seems to me that this tendency was long ago met in anticipation by the evangelist Luke, when in the opening words of the Acts he describes his Gospel as a record of 'all that Jesus *began to do* and to teach' while on earth. He includes Christ's acts as well as His words, and he evidently considers his own second volume as an account of the continuance of Jesus' deeds and teaching, after His bodily presence was removed. The New Testament, apart from the Gospels, is in essence a setting-forth of the experience of God in Christ felt and known by the men who came into living contact with His Spirit. The early convert did not merely accept the teaching of Jesus as his rule, thus being named a 'disciple:' he accepted Himself as 'Lord and Messiah' (Acts ii. 36)—the latter of which concepts, at any rate, is not altogether a simple one—and he looked for 'remission of sins' (v. 38) in His name. It is plain that there is here no elaborate creed; but it is equally plain that the men who accepted this relation to Jesus soon found a marvellous change in their life, thought, and outlook, both as individuals and as a community. Joy and power, moral and intellectual enlightenment, keenness of conscience, sense of brotherhood—these and many other things meet us in the early chapters of Acts. By the time that Luke's words were written, hardly more than thirty years later, a new type of character and a new community-life were scattered over the whole Eastern half of the Roman Empire. Dare we say that this was an illegitimate development of the work of Christ? that it was not itself His work, the work of His Spirit?

Notice too how thoroughly Christo-centric this experience was. Of only one book in the New Testament could it even be plausibly alleged that Christ is not the centre and soul of it; and even the Epistle of James presents a view of life wholly coloured by the faith in Him as 'Lord of Glory.' Canon Streeter has 'restated' Christianity in his recent book in six propositions, all deep and true, I grant, but without so much as a mention of the name of Christ in any one of them; not so the early Christians. There is much non-Pauline matter in F. Myers' *St. Paul*, but at least he strikes the right note:

> Christ! I am Christ's! and let that word suffice you,
> Yea, for me too He greatly hath sufficed;
> . . . . . .
> Christ is the end, for Christ was the beginning,
> Christ the beginning, for the end is Christ.

Only on one hypothesis is it possible to disparage these expressions of experience, and treat them as illicit idiosyncrasies of the writers; and that hypothesis is that Christ was mere man, and exercised upon His followers in after days only the same influence as, let us say, Mohammed or Socrates. This was certainly not the view of the early Christians themselves: witness the enormous part played in their vocabulary by 'the Holy Spirit,' 'the Spirit of Jesus,' as compared with the very infrequent references to 'the Spirit of God' in the Old Testament Scriptures.

But it may be truly urged that there were many different types of experience among the early Christians; that, to take the most striking instance, Paul and John expressed what they had known and learnt of Christ in a phraseology most markedly distinct. It is a fair inference that there always has been, and always will be, a distinct variety of Christian experience; but it never occurred to Paul and John themselves to treat such variety as illicit, or as invalidating the truth of either's account of the life in Christ. They 'gave each other the right hand of fellowship'; and the uninstructed Christian of to-day is quite right in instinctively

assuming the life depicted by Paul and John to be the same, and in describing his own in terms which are an amalgam of both. It is sometimes forgotten that from the first Christian life has been a 'fellowship'—i.e. (Acts ii. 42) a κοινωνία, the regular Greek word for community-life. Individuals complement each other and correct each other's eccentricities; the corporate Christian conscience of all ages has endorsed the metaphors wherein Paul sets forth the common experience, while it has treated as individual 'sentimentalism' many of those of Ignatius. On one occasion (Sept. 6, 1742), John Wesley, questioning certain women as to their religious experience, approved it so far as related to their feeling the working of the Spirit of God in peace, joy, and love; but when they averred further that they felt the blood of Christ running upon their arms, or poured upon their breast or heart, he told them plainly that this was not attested either by Scripture or by reason —in a word, that it was mere hysteria; and surely his criteria and his judgement were alike right.

It may further be urged that the setting forth of experience is one thing, while dogmatizing as to the nature of God and His feelings toward man is another: that at most we can say what God is *to us*: 'The Lord is a high tower,' 'The Lord is a sun and shield,' 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' but that we have no right to say 'God is love,' because that is beyond our ken. But the great progressive revelations of God to men have been made to outstanding individuals, who by inner experience have known them to be true, and have passed on that experience to others. Hosea's conviction of the love of Jehovah, Amos's assurance of His sternly moral righteousness, Ezekiel's discovery of His dealing with the individual rather than the mass, are no mere inventions of the human mind; these attributes of God were in existence all the time, as electricity existed before even Thales, and the proof that it was so is that the experience of these things works—that he who puts the prophet's words to the

test finds them to be true. Our God is an infinite Being who only reveals Himself to us at certain points of contact, but where He has so revealed Himself, the knowledge thus gained 'belongs to us and to our children.'

The great work, then, of the New Testament writers as writers was the setting forth, in language intelligible to the plain men of their day, of the wondrous vistas opened up by this new, divine, overwhelming experience. All language consists in the use of words which call up experiences to us. The sounds 'a horse' call up to us an image, the result of one or many sense-experiences; we pass on our feelings to others by means of these conventional symbols. And what is true of mere sense-perceptions is true also of our deeper mental and emotional experiences. As I read Tennyson's lines, 'Till over thy dark shoulder glow Thy silver sister-world,' there comes back to my mind the vision of the harvest-moon rising clear behind the ridge of Llawllech in Merionethshire nearly twenty years ago. So there is no value in the technical words of theology as such; their use is to wake in us the realities of emotion and of moral power, which, in the lives and words of Peter or John, moved the world. But let us always remember that these men were consciously or unconsciously forging out for themselves a new vocabulary, in which old and familiar Greek words came to take an entirely new and far deeper meaning. The things of the Spirit are beyond our full grasp; we can only seize one aspect at a time of God's working in us, and express it in a metaphor; every theological term is a metaphor, and a metaphor describing an experience; and because no metaphor can perfectly describe the thing pictured—in other words, because no comparison is perfect—no theological term must be pressed beyond its just limits. It means what it says, but no more; you can only draw deductions from a metaphor at your peril. For example, it is part of the regular pleasantries between any husband and wife to push

to obviously illegitimate conclusions the great metaphor which speaks of them both as 'one flesh.'

Let me first illustrate my thesis that the hardest-seeming theological terms sum up conveniently, as a useful symbol of thought and speech, real religious experience. As Moffat preached to the Bechuanas the Cross of Christ, and depicted our Lord hanging thereon, one of them burst out in an agony, 'Get out of that, Jesus; it's my place!' Is not this the reality behind the phrase 'substitution' as applied to Christ's death for us? A man describes his coming to Christ in the words of the beggar of John ix., 'Whereas I was blind, now I see'; that is 'illumination.' A Christian sergeant told a drunken private that God's word to him was 'Right about face! Quick march!' is not that 'conversion'? Or a man can utter with Wesley,

> Guilty I stand before Thy face;
> On me I feel Thy wrath abide;
> 'Tis just the sentence should take place;
> 'Tis just—but O Thy Son hath died!

I talked with one such but a fortnight ago. Surely the man who can join in that last line can rightly call his experience one of 'acquittal' or 'justification'—a metaphor, I may add, which, so far from being Paul's invention, is recorded twice at least in this sense on Christ's own lips (Matt. xii. 37; Luke xviii. 14). Let us further remember that every parable implies a metaphor, if not more than one. Take the parable of the 'Prodigal Son'; it is a picture, of course, and as our Lord's own death showed, not a complete picture, of the relations of God to a sinning human soul; but begin to think it in abstracts (and every one of us must needs think and speak in abstracts sometimes) and it implies Fatherhood, repentance, forgiveness, restoration, and I know not how many more metaphors, some of which are now technical terms of theology. A parable is for the young or simple, abstract thinking for the hard heads of grown men; but while none dare despise the faith of a child, the child is

wrong if it regards the less pictorial faith of its elders as so much empty talk. Nor is the parable as a form of teaching distinctively Eastern; a Chinese missionary was quoted in the *International Review of Missions* as protesting that he had found a compendium of Christian doctrine more useful, in certain quarters, than the simple Gospels: the latter contained so many allusions to customs unintelligible to the Chinese. Nor was our Lord's teaching purely parabolic, as John's Gospel shows; nor yet does His teaching exhaust His call to us. When in the Garden He claimed to be fulfilling Isaiah's words, 'And He was numbered with transgressors' (Luke xxii. 37), He was claiming for Himself all the wealth of language and experience stored up in the great picture of the 'Suffering Servant of Jehovah.'

But the New Testament vocabulary is not purely the creation, out of the world of every day which surged around them, of the men of the apostolic age. It has its antecedents: the Greek-speaking inhabitants of the Roman Empire had a religious vocabulary already, whether pagan or Jewish. The philosophers and the private religious societies had popularized certain common metaphors, though in using such familiar words to explain Christianity, Paul had to be as careful as a modern missionary in India would be in using 'avatar' to explain 'incarnation.' One New Testament writer, again—and he, curiously enough, the most Hebraic of all, James—seems to have had at least a bowing acquaintance with the phrases of Greek tragedy. But chiefly the New Testament rests on the Hebrew Scriptures and the Greek version of them made in Alexandria; to which some of the most 'theological' of Christian terms, such as 'redeem,' 'justify,' 'sanctify,' go back. Indeed I would make bold to say that there is hardly an expression of a theological character in the New Testament which cannot be paralleled from, or at least fairly adumbrated in, the speech of our Lord Himself. Only let us remember that the ordinary man who heard (e.g.) Paul's preaching for the first time, did not

know this; for him the Apostle had to build up a vocabulary from the beginning, as is the case in India or China or Japan to-day.

The early Christian then pictured his experience in metaphors drawn from the life around him—what seem to us theological terms with a history of centuries of scholarship and disputation behind them, were to him the common words of every day. I once read a translation of an address by a South Sea evangelist, in which he used figures drawn from the process of making and polishing a stone axe: he and his audience were living in the neolithic age. Any one to whom a *new* experience comes must describe it in terms of the known. The Christian felt his spiritual freedom to be like that of the slave, who, after years of toiling, is still unable to make out of his *peculium* a sum sufficient to buy his manumission, till a friend unexpectedly pays the price; and so he spoke of 'redemption' in the most natural way in the world. He felt that God had taken him into a new position of nearness and sonship to Himself, to which he had no natural right, and he likened it to the childless man's 'adoption' of an heir, a legal process to his mind quite familiar. (That God had a Son, and a man with a son living could not 'adopt' in Greek law, did not trouble him; the metaphor was not to be pressed.) He felt that he was as a debtor, whose debit-balance at the bank was more than wiped out by a sum 'paid in' by a kindly patron; and he used the term which we translate 'impute.' He had been accustomed to seek the favour of his gods, or of Jehovah, with gifts and sacrifices; now he felt that he was as one on behalf of whom Christ had made an offering once for all; and hence all the metaphors of 'sacrifice' and 'propitiation.' He knew the awful bitterness of Greek faction-feuds, or had quailed before the wrath of a petty local dynast, till one had made peace for him; can we blame him for using the figure of 'reconciliation' or 'atonement'? If it be urged that some of these words imply too low a view of God, let us beware

lest in our jealousy for the Divine honour we condemn our Lord also, in whose parables the 'Unjust Judge' and the employer of the 'Unjust Steward' are far from being perfect figures.

Now we have no right to let any one of these metaphors oust the others, and render them invalid. They are all genuine and legitimate expressions of normal, if not universal, Christian experience. There is a tendency in some quarters so to exalt the metaphor—for it is but a metaphor—of the Fatherhood of God as to decry every other expression of our relation to Him, to the infinite pauperizing of our religious inheritance. There are other legitimate sides of human life beside that known inside the family-circle; and even within that circle I might plead for the metaphor of Isaiah, 'Thy Maker is thine Husband; the Lord of hosts is His name,' with all the wealth of new meaning which Paul read into it in Eph. v. Here there is mystery; none the less the worlds of the market, the battlefield, the State, the law-court, the ritual of the altar were legitimate spheres from which to draw metaphors of the spiritual life. To deny that is to deny the moral right of those institutions to exist. It was not a false instinct which led men to call our God a King and a Judge, and our Saviour a High-priest. Rather the fact that men, under the impulse of a divine quickening, used these elements in life as a source for their pictures, stamps these elements as corresponding to real needs and natural directions of human activity; so natural, for example, was the tendency to offer sacrifice of animal life to the Divine that our Lord must needs use it, and in using ennoble and glorify it by applying it in figure to Himself, as in His words when handing round the cup at the Last Supper, 'This is My blood which is shed . . . for the remission of sins.' A West African missionary once told me that the absence of animal sacrifice in Mohammedanism was, from the Christian point of view, a distinct retrogression from the ideas of fetishism. The forensic view, again, of

our relation to God is not the only or the leading one: but the metaphor is legitimate, and was used by Christ of Himself (John viii. 26 and elsewhere); and if a man examine his own heart frankly in the sight of God, I doubt if he will desire to shrink back from the employment of it. In the ultimate resort my argument on this head, as once before in this paper, rests on our faith that Reason, not caprice, is at the heart of things; as we may fairly argue from the normal Christian experience of pardon, confirmed as it is by its irresistible ethical and spiritual effect, that there lies behind it some corresponding motion of God's heart and will, so we argue from the universality of certain tendencies in the human mind, and their adoption as figures by Christ, that in essence, if not in all their manifestations, these tendencies are of God, implanted by Him in the human heart with a view to their ultimate satisfaction by Himself in His Son.

Why then are so many religious terms so unfamiliar, not to say repulsive, to the modern mind? The reason is partly linguistic—our language is poor in Teutonic words wherewith to describe the great verities, far poorer, e.g., than the German. I suppose the Roman Church of the Middle Ages has something to answer for in this regard; only with the Reformation could a really English as opposed to a Latinized religious phraseology arise; and by that time men had forgotten to talk of 'the again-bite of in-wit,' and had to say 'the remorse of conscience.' 'Reconciliation' is an *idea* familiar enough to the most uneducated, but the word is Latin and very long; 'atonement,' which, if its popular derivation is correct, ought to mean the same, has acquired a specialized connotation; and I know no homelier equivalent save 'making it up again,' which is sheer slang. 'A new birth' is an idea not difficult to grasp, though only the Spirit of God can make it real to our hearts, but there is no single word to describe the experience save the unwieldy 'regeneration.' 'Holiness' is Saxon, but the

process by which it is bestowed must be clad in a Latin dress as 'sanctification.'

Another reason is that the English language has grown up in, and been moulded by, a Christian atmosphere; and so while an early Christian apostle had to use an every-day word, and give it an extended connotation, our words have had the distinctive signification from the first. Just as we dare not translate the ἐλεημοσύνη of the Gospel as 'mercy,' though that is what it meant to a heathen Greek, but as 'alms,' a specialized form of showing mercy; so δικαιόω, which to the Anatolian of Paul's day meant simply 'to acquit,' must be translated by us 'to justify,' which is a very peculiar kind of metaphorical 'acquittal.' There is thus a kind of gulf between part, at least, of our religious language and that of common life; and the former tends to put off the 'plain man' as golfer's 'shop' has a habit of boring the non-golfer.

But yet again, many of the customs upon which Scripture metaphors are based have simply died out. This is, in some cases, the result of mere accident; to our great-grandfathers the idea of the Holy Spirit as the 'earnest' of a more perfect fullness of life in the future was plain enough, because 'earnest-money' (or, as the old ballad, *The Heir of Linne*, has it, the 'God's penny') was a familiar element in every bargain; we have 'a deposit' at auctions and 'the King's shilling'; but I dare aver that at least half the population of this country have never heard the word 'earnest' in this sense. Paul said that 'he bore branded on his body the marks of Jesus'; we have never seen in this country a criminal or a religious devotee so branded; we know only of branding of horses and cattle. But in other cases, and these some of the most important, and to certain modern minds most irritating, it is Christianity itself which has killed, by entirely spiritualizing it, the custom that provided the metaphor. Let me take three instances:—slavery, priesthood, and animal sacrifice. I wish I could add, as a

fourth, war: for the day is not yet when Christianity shall have left no room for any war save the moral and spiritual struggle against the devil and his works.

The modern man revolts from the phrase 'slave of God,' because it savours of a barbarism that is past. Paul —and our Lord— simply took the institution as they found it; but the Spirit of Christ in the long run slew it. When the early Gaelic Christian was baptized as 'Gilchrist,' i.e., Christ's 'gillie' or serf, he was unconsciously destroying the institution which he used as a type; men grew to feel that they had but one Master to whom they could or ought to yield the implicit allegiance which the word suggested; bondage to Christ made them free from men. Every nation and religion of our Lord's day had its priesthood, through which alone it could suitably approach its gods; to the Christian there was but one Mediator between God and man, Christ Jesus; and he and his friends were 'brethren.' Priests indeed they were, because they were set apart for God's service, offered themselves to Him, spoke His message, and introduced to Him their heathen neighbours when they turned to seek His face; but one was no more a priest than another except in so far as he realized and exercised these functions more clearly. (Later Christianity, of course, has in this respect sometimes relapsed into Judaism.) And finally, if to us such phrases as 'redeemed with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot' or 'the blood of Christ shall cleanse your conscience from dead works' are redolent of primitive savagery, let us remember that they were not so in the first century A.D., and that the only reason why they seem so to us is that Christianity has made the 'copy and shadow' obsolete by insisting on the spiritual reality which lay behind. The savage's blood-rite, like so much in the Old Testament, pointed forward; it testified to a natural longing of the human heart which could find its satisfaction in nothing less than the realization of what was implied in the death of the Son of God. 'All

this talk about blood and sacrifice,' said a Brahmin to me in India, 'revolts us; we offer no life to God.' 'Neither do we,' I retorted, 'but our fathers did—and so did yours.'

From such figures as these, then, we cannot turn away, unfamiliar as they are in the world we know, because they have acquired for us a wealth of spiritual meaning which we dare not cast behind our back; so real to generations of believers in every age and clime have these experiences been that we can hardly express them otherwise; though seemingly divorced from common life, they tend to propagate themselves by their own inherent value and cogency. And so long as they are enshrined in the Bible, and the Bible in an adequate vernacular version modernized from time to time is in our hands and on our lips, they are not likely to be forgotten. Nevertheless, there is a great need to restate and reform theology in each successive age; nothing is sadder than a book or a sermon which repeats the terms of a generation back, after they have long ceased to have an appeal to the world of to-day. It is not that the content of theology changes, if that theology is an experience, not a science: the experience is in essentials the same as it always was, a grasping by faith of God in Christ, but the words and metaphors, the moulds in which we cast our expression of it, must be different. It is only fair to remember that dogmatic theology in the Church has almost always arisen as a condemnation of dogma outside the Church—of the presumptuous speculations of those who have assimilated some Christian ideas, and then loudly claimed, like the Theosophists of to-day, to represent an advance on the truth as it is in Christ. But while creeds have been formed unwillingly, and largely in negatives, not so much prescribing what is to be believed as stating on the authority of common experience that certain prevalent beliefs lead to disastrous results and so are proved false—while creeds, I say, were meant for a just purpose, they have often been,

and are still, used as if they were an end in themselves, which they certainly are not.

We need to-day to spread throughout the land a deeper sense of what the Church of Christ stands for, in spiritual fellowship and moral authority. We need a new psalmody, which shall abandon the melancholy sweetness and pretty symbolism of the nineteenth-century hymns, and reinterpret in modern phrase the deep assurance, passionate earnestness, and ethical poignancy of the poetry of the Evangelical revival. But above all, we need to find fresh expression, in language which the modern world understands, for the deepest experience of God in Christ which our hearts can conceive and realize. On the merely formal side the change from the first century to the twentieth has not been all loss; 'adoption,' 'redemption,' and the like are no longer realities to us; but there are whole worlds of scientific discovery, to name no further sphere, which ought to supply us with terms, well understood by the people, wherein to express the loftiest things of God; the message flashed across the continents along a copper wire, the map printed on my memory whereby I once guided myself across a Cheshire moor in the dark, the equipment of an English soldier, as real to us as the breastplate, the helmet, the sandals and so forth were to Paul's Ephesians—these and a thousand other things are to us but opportunities to be used in the service of our Lord and His message.

The great messages of God come anew through great religious geniuses, and we are not such. True; but they only grip the world in so far as lesser men learn them and pass them on: there is place for subordinates, as well as for leaders. Only let us remember that the requisites for the re-interpretation of experience of which I am speaking are not few. The 'popular preacher' is rarely a deep thinker, sometimes he is a painfully shallow one: the man of insight sometimes speaks in a jargon unintelligible to the multitude; the saint is not always in touch with the world of business, or even of

the home. Foremost of all, a man cannot interpret the things of Christ who has not sought Him, found Him, learnt of Him, dwelt in His presence, and drunk deep of His Spirit, nay, of His cup. He cannot hope to reach the masses of the people unless he has gone among them, learnt to think in their language, and to know their limitations (and his own), and thought out his message in terms of that language and those limitations. And, lastly, he cannot hope to do his best work unless he has given patient and quiet and reverent thought to the things of God, and used every power of intellect to grasp the implications of the experience of Christ which has been vouchsafed to him, and to set it out clearly in all its bearings upon life. On the human side, the reason why Paul and John stand out as interpreters of Christ is that they were at once great evangelists, great thinkers, great saints, and men in close touch with the life around them in every one of its aspects. Saul would not have been Paul had he not seen his Lord on the road to Damascus; but neither would he have been Paul if he had not spent his days in 'Arabia' thinking out calmly and prayerfully what that vision might mean; nor yet had he not worked in the weavers' shop and viewed the Isthmian games and watched the strong and weak points of the heathen religious societies. Only as we understand alike Christ, ourselves, and the mass of our fellow men, shall we be able to fulfil our task of making the divine message intelligible to the world.

ERNEST E. GENNER.

THE MILITARY ANNALS OF THE MANCHESTER REGIMENT[1]

THE Manchester Regiment, as such, came into being on July 1, 1881, when those famous old Regiments of Foot, the 63rd and 96th, were linked together to form respectively its first and second battalions, two battalions of militia, formerly known as the 6th Royal Lancashire, being at the same time included in the new group. The Manchester Regiment thus became the inheritor of fine traditions. What these traditions were, and the circumstances under which the inherited 'battle honours' of the Manchesters had been won, we shall most conveniently learn from a separate treatment of the history of the constituent regiments during the period that had preceded their union.

The history of the 63rd Foot dates back, indirectly if not directly, to 1685. In that year was raised the 8th Regiment of Foot, which some four or five years later saw its first war-service in Ireland. In 1696 it was fighting in Flanders, the first of the many occasions on which it was engaged in the very district where its modern representatives are making history at the time of writing.

In 1702 Queen Anne came to the throne, and the 8th Foot took part in the storming of the citadel of Liège—two

[1] At the coming of the New Year, the 126th Infantry Brigade went into quarters at Morecambe. To this brigade, which was composed of four battalions (20th to 23rd) of the Manchester Regiment, it was my privilege to officiate as Chaplain. Brigadier-General F. J. Kempster, D.S.O., who was eager to foster *esprit de corps* among the men of his brigade, asked me to prepare a lecture upon the achievements of the regiment with the aid of certain records which he kindly offered to put at my disposal. The subject-matter of that lecture is embodied in the present article; which, in the main, is concerned only with those of its achievements which have been officially recognized as 'Battle Honours.'

events which, taken in conjunction, sufficiently explain the fact that in this same year the regiment received an addition to its title, becoming known as 'The Queen's.' On the outbreak of the war of the Spanish Succession the 8th Foot saw fighting on a great scale under Marlborough. In this series of campaigns, beginning with that of Blenheim in 1704, the regiment rendered such service that its first 'Battle Honours' were won—*Blenheim*, *Ramillies*, *Oudenarde*, and *Malplaquet*. These honours, for reasons which will appear in the sequel, did not descend to the 63rd, and are in consequence not borne by the Manchesters to-day. With the coming of King George I, the 8th, which in 1715 took part in the battle of Dunblane, again changed its title; ceasing to be 'the Queen's,' it became the 8th (the King's) Regiment of Foot. In 1743 it was once more engaged upon the Continent, when a new battle-honour, *Dettingen*, was added to its roll. Two years later it was present at the battle of Fontenoy, and a year later still, 1746, was at Culloden. In 1756 a second battalion of the 8th was formed, but it remained a second battalion for two years only, as we learn from the following notice in *The Gazette*:—'9th May, 1758. The King has been pleased to constitute the second battalion of Gen. Wolfe's 8th Foot (The King's) a Regiment, and numbered 63rd Foot.' Thus came into existence, as an independent unit, the regiment which was, one hundred and twenty-three years later, to become the First Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

The 63rd began its regimental history *de novo*, and did not carry over the battle-honours already won by the parent unit. These continued to be borne, as they are borne to-day, by the latter, which went on its distinguished way, eventually to become The King's (Liverpool) Regiment. Closely related as are the cities of Liverpool and Manchester, it is interesting to note that the distinguished regiments which bear their names are closely related also, standing to each other as they do in the relation of parent and child. These regimental

connexions are worth remembering; and some others will claim attention later.

The 63rd Foot thus entered upon its independent career with its honours still to earn. It was not, however, long in making a beginning; for in 1759, the year following its formation, it was on active service in the West Indies, where it earned its first battle-honour, *Guadaloupe*.

From the West Indies the 63rd proceeded to America, landing at Boston in the spring of 1775, the War of Independence being now in progress. On June 17 of that same year, at Bunker's Hill, the mettle of the regiment was severely tested, and finely did it meet the test. Encumbered as the men were with three days' provisions and a heavy equipment, a weight of about 125 lbs. per man, under a hot summer sun, and fronted by a steep hill, intersected by walls and fences, though twice stopped by a well-directed fire, a third time did the gallant 63rd return to the charge, achieving a complete victory over a strongly-posted enemy in face of adverse odds of three to one. In the course of this lamentable war the 63rd took part in many engagements; but it need only be mentioned here that the reverse suffered in 1776 at Brandywine was nobly retrieved at the storming of Fort Clinton on the Hudson River a few weeks later.

The next service of the 63rd was in Flanders, under the Earl of Moira in 1794, where the regiment won special distinction at Nimeguen. Two years later it was again in the West Indies, working side by side with its parent regiment, the 8th. In 1799 the 63rd was back in Flanders, winning its second battle-honour at *Egmont-op-Zee*, and suffering severe losses at Alkmaar. During the long war of the French Revolution, the regiment saw much service in various parts of the world, in Spain and in Madeira, and once again in the West Indies, where in 1809 was won a third battle-honour, *Martinique*, and in the following year *Guadaloupe* for the second time.

In the meantime, a second battalion of the 63rd, now

also known as the West Suffolk Regiment, had been formed in 1804, at Bury St. Edmunds. This battalion took part in the unfortunate Walcheren expedition of 1809, and was disbanded in 1814.

The victory of Waterloo gave to Europe generally forty years of peace. This peace did not, however, remain entirely unbroken. Into the domestic and dynastic quarrels of Portugal, which issued in war, it would be quite beside our purpose to enter. It need only be mentioned that in the war in question the 63rd was called upon to take part from 1824–26.

The long peace came to an end in 1854, in which year Britain again became involved in a great war. On July 21, 1854, the 63rd sailed from Cork for the Crimea, where the regiment was to win new laurels and to write the second proudest name upon its battle-roll.

Upon the fire-swept slopes of the Alma the 63rd so bore itself that *Alma* was added to its battle-roll. But it was at Inkerman, under a pall of fog and battle-smoke, that the regiment achieved its most notable success. The generals of its own Division, the Fourth, being all killed or wounded, Brigadier-General Pennefather, of the Second Division, rode up to Colonel Swyny with the words, 'Let us see what metal the 63rd is made of—the enemy will soon be upon you.' Right nobly did that gallant regiment respond to the challenge thus thrown out. Charging under heavy artillery fire it hurled back the Russian attack. The Colonel himself, and the bearers of the Queen's and the Regimental Colours, fell dead or dying on the stricken field. *Inkerman* must be regarded, with perhaps one exception, as the most illustrious name upon the Manchesters' roll of honour. The 63rd also took part in the affairs of Kertch and Kinburn, and rendered such service in the operations which led to the fall of the great Crimean fortress that *Sevastopol* was granted to the regiment as yet another battle-honour.

A quarter of a century later the 63rd saw service in the

East, and took such part in the Second Afghan War that *Afghanistan, 1879–80*, was added to its growing battle-roll. This was the last honour won by the regiment before it became the 1st Manchester Battalion in July, 1881.

Having briefly traced the history of the 63rd Foot to the time of its entering into partnership with the 96th, the early history of the latter regiment claims our attention. The 96th Foot, now represented by 2nd Manchester Battalion, is really the fifth or the sixth regiment, as we prefer to reckon, which bore that number; and it may not be devoid of interest to preface its history by some reference to the earlier Ninety-Sixths. The first 96th was raised in 1760 for service in India. It saw much fighting in the Carnatic, under Lord Clive, against the French and their native allies. The second 96th, raised at the time of the American War of Independence, was disbanded in the Channel Islands in 1783. With the coming of the French Revolution war-clouds again began to gather thick and dark, and in 1798 a third 96th was raised which, after some service in the West Indies, was broken up at Halifax in 1797. In 1803 a fourth 96th was raised from the 52nd Foot, now represented by the Second Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, a regiment with a splendid record, with which the Manchester of to-day may claim to be remotely connected. This fourth 96th had two battalions, the first of which served in the West Indies, and was present at the taking of Guadaloupe—a point of contact with the 63rd, and another link of connexion with the present Manchester Regiment. In 1815, the then 95th, the Rifle Brigade, was taken out of the line, and the number 95 thus fell vacant. The vacancy was filled by moving the then 96th, the fourth, one place up to become the 95th, now represented by the Second Battalion of the Sherwood Foresters.

We pass on to note the origin of the regiment which was called upon to fill the gap created by this last move, and to become the fifth 96th—the true parent of the present

Second Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, whose history, at this point, may be said, in the stricter sense, to begin.

In 1799, after the capture of Minorca by Sir John Stuart, a regiment was raised in that Island which, in the following year, as the Minorca Regiment, formed part of the Sixth, or Foreign Brigade of the expeditionary force placed under the orders of Sir Ralph Abercromby for service in Egypt. In this neatly-managed little campaign the Minorca Regiment earned some distinction; at the battle of Alexandria it captured a French colour which is now preserved at the Chelsea Royal Hospital. For its services in this campaign the Minorca Regiment was awarded the *Sphinx* superscribed *Egypt*, an honour borne to-day as the regimental badge of the Manchesters.

In 1804 the Minorca became the 97th (Queen's German) Regiment, under which title it took a distinguished part in the Peninsular War, at the close of which it received *Peninsula* as a battle-honour. In 1816 as result of numerical changes consequent upon the removal of the Rifle Brigade out of the line, the 97th became the 96th (the Queen's Own) Regiment of Foot. Two years later the regiment was disbanded, but in 1824 it was re-formed, curiously enough, in view of the territorial title it was eventually to receive, at Manchester, by Major-General Fuller. This may, if we choose, be reckoned as the sixth 96th, though it is perhaps best, on the whole, to consider it as a re-establishment of the fifth 96th, disbanded six years before, whose honours *Sphinx—Egypt—Peninsula*, it was permitted to carry.

Like the 63rd, the 96th saw war-service during the long peace. Under the Southern Cross, in the New Zealand war of 1845, it rendered valuable service, notably at the Bay of Islands (twice), and Helies Pah, in recognition of which *New Zealand* was added to the regimental roll of honour. This was the last experience of warfare that fell to the lot of the 96th until it had become the Second Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

On July 1, 1881, the 63rd and 96th Foot entered into permanent partnership as the First and Second Battalions of the newly constituted Manchester Regiment, Third and Fourth Battalions being at the same time provided by the old 6th Royal Lancashire Militia. In the following year the revolt of Arabi led to British intervention in Egypt, and the first of that series of campaigns which have eventuated in the Land of the Pharaohs becoming part and parcel of our world-wide Empire. In this first Egyptian War, as it may be described from our present point of view, the First and the Second Battalions of the Manchester Regiment both took an active part, adding to the battle-honours inherited from the 63rd and 96th the first war honour worn by the regiment under its new designation, *Egypt, 1882*.

The next war-service of the Manchesters was rendered by the Second Battalion in one of our little Indian wars—the Miranzai Expedition of 1891. Eight years later came the South African War.

On the outbreak of this great war, which was to furnish to the Manchesters an opportunity, grandly seized, of adding an imperishable page not merely to the records of their own regiment, but to the annals of the British Army, the First Battalion was early in the field. Forming a part of the Natal Field Force, it took part in the earlier actions of the war, winning special distinction at Elandslaagte, where four companies captured two Boer guns, and were among the first in the final charge—at the cost of half its officers and ten per cent. of the rank and file engaged. The battalion was present also at Lombard's Kop and Nicholson's Nek. Such was the reputation of the Manchester men that as the enemy closed in upon Ladysmith, they were selected to hold the heights to the south of the little town, the recognized 'key' of the whole position. But the 'key of Ladysmith' was in safe keeping, and on January 6, 1900—a day that will live in the records of the British army—the heroic Manchesters wrote the brightest page in their

regimental history previous to the outbreak of the present war.

The First Battalion was not, however, by any means the only representative of the Manchester Regiment in South Africa. Soon after the relief of Ladysmith it was strengthened not only by drafts from home in the ordinary way, but by the first company of Volunteers under Captain G. C. P. Heyward, who as Lieut.-Colonel Heyward is, I believe I am right in saying, at the present moment in command of the Sixth (Territorial) Battalion on active service. The Volunteers received their baptism of fire at Graskop. The Second Battalion had, in the meantime, also taken the field; it served mainly in the Orange Free State as a unit of the 'starving' Eighth Division. This battalion took part in various minor operations, and in the dreary but most important duty of guarding convoys and holding lines of communication. But in this, by comparison, undistinguished service it displayed zeal and devotion equal to that shown by others in operations which afforded greater opportunity for distinction. The Third and Fourth (Militia) Battalions, now represented by the Special Reserve, also took part in the war, being employed respectively in Cape Colony and Orange River Colony, besides supplying men to fill up gaps in the two regular battalions.

Of the later operations in this long-drawn war it is unnecessary to say much, though one or other of the battalions in the field took part in quite a number of engagements. During this comparatively obscure period there was, however, distinction to be won. Thus, at the action of Van Wyk's Vlei the First Battalion was mentioned in dispatches as 'storming the ridge in gallant style,' and again at Elandspruit as having displayed 'gallantry and determination beyond all praise.' Right well were the battle-honours *South Africa 1899–1902*, and *Defence of Ladysmith* earned by the gallant Manchesters.

The circumstances under which this last-named honour

was won form an inspiring story for these days in which all true hearts go out to the brave lads who on the Franco-Belgian frontier, and elsewhere, are rising to sublime heights of heroism and self-sacrifice in defence of the homeland which is so dear to us all.

On January 6, 1900, the Boers made their grand attack upon Ladysmith. The Manchesters held Waggon Hill, to the south of the town, which was the key to the defensive position. In the very forefront of the 'Manchester Post,' as it was familiarly known among the besieged, looking forth over a broad expanse of veldt, out of which the distant hills arose like the islands of an archipelago, was a tiny eyrie known as Caesar's Camp. This remote corner of the long line of defence was held by sixteen men of the First Manchester. All day long from dawn till dusk, faint for want of food, the undaunted sixteen faced tremendous odds and endured the fiercest battle. Though again and again invited to lay down their arms, the handful of heroes grimly held on to a position, which was in literal fact almost untenable, and kept back the Boers from the vitals of the town. When at length, as night was falling, they were relieved by the Devonshires, fourteen of the sixteen lay dead with their rifles still in their hands, while up to the last the two still living, both wounded, continued to hold the position. The survivors of this glorious feat of arms, Privates Pitts and Scott, each received the Victoria Cross, and never was that honour more valiantly won. The Commander of Ladysmith, the late Field-Marshal Sir George White, himself one of the bravest and the best, described their deed as being 'worthy of the best records of the British Army . . . an imperishable memory.' At the outbreak of the present war Pitts was a Lance-corporal in the Reserve, and immediately rejoined the colours, while Quartermaster-Sergeant Scott was attached to the Third Battalion.

At the unveiling of the Memorial in Queen Ann's Square, Manchester, General Sir Ian Hamilton, who was

himself on Waggon Hill as Brigadier, expressed himself in the following terms: 'We lament their loss, but do not forget that Manchester has also cause for deep pride and thankfulness at the thought that she could, were it needed, call up battalion after battalion in a just cause, battalions who would be inspired by these heroic comrades of theirs who have gone on before.' Prophetic words! the need has arisen, a need greater perhaps than the distinguished speaker dreamed. Manchester has called, and noble has been the response of its men. The Manchester Regiment now includes twenty-four battalions, the sixteenth to the twenty-third of which have been raised and equipped by the generosity of the city men; these are known as the City Battalions—two fine brigades, with one of which, the 126th Infantry Brigade, the writer has had the privilege of being closely associated during the last four months as acting chaplain. The progress made by all ranks during these months of training has been such as augurs well for the future. When the day of testing comes the City Battalions will acquit themselves with the best. These Manchester Battalions have received a fine lead from the senior among them—the old regulars. When war was declared last August the Second Battalion was at the Curragh, and immediately joined the Expeditionary Force. It landed in France something like 1,100 strong; within a fortnight its strength was reduced to 579—figures which bear witness how fiercely blazed the fires of war during those early days, and how valorously and self-sacrificingly the Manchesters wrought to stay the spread of that appalling conflagration to our island shores. As they begun so the Second Manchesters went on, but their achievements must remain as yet untold.

In August, 1914, the First Battalion was far indeed from the scene of conflict. But in distant India it heard the call of the Motherland; it is now in the field, and the casualty list in the *Times* of May 3 shows a loss to that battalion alone of a Lieut.-Colonel killed, two Captains and nine

subalterns wounded, and one officer missing—a pathetic testimony that the spirit of the defenders of Ladysmith still lives among those who bear their name to-day. Other battalions, including Territorials, are in the field, but of their achievements the data for a record are not as yet forthcoming. Still other battalions with zeal and interest are preparing to take their places in the firing line, and no one who has seen them at work can doubt for a moment that they will co-operate with those who have preceded them to add lustre to an already famous regiment.

What Manchester has done other great cities may do—some are doing it. This, however, is not the only kind of service that the peril of these times demands. Apart from an ample supply of war material the splendid valour of the men at the front cannot compel victory. In shipyard and coalmine, in steelworks and factory, in the goods shed and at the docks there is work to be done; and when the very life of the nation is at stake it is no time for any man, employed or employer, to do less than his best, or to suffer the pure flame of patriotism to be darkened by self-indulgence, or sloth, or love of pelf. The valour of the men in the field, their appeal that we here at home should give them the aid that it is within our power to render, the thought that shortcoming on our part does but add to their peril—does the whole nation appreciate these things as it might? Surely they bid us who must serve the national interests at home to do and to give of our best, and so far as may be to rise to the height of self-sacrifice shown by those in the far-flung line of battle, among whom the Manchesters, true to their past, hold not the least illustrious place.

W. Ernest Beet.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD

'IT is caricature to make eschatology the master key to the Gospels' meaning.' The modern craze or craving, borrowed from the scheme of science, that seeks a single explanation for a many-sided subject, seems unreasonable and hopeless. For that which confronts us everywhere is not unity, but unity in difference, one by two or Hendiadys. The popular demand for a single solution resembles a hundred quack remedies which are advertised as perfect panaceas able to cure any and every ailment, the most trifling and the most complicated alike, as a Nasmyth hammer will break a bar of steel or crack a nut. It points to a growing dislike of study, an intolerance of research, a love of generalization so eminently characteristic of our age. But truth will never be discovered by cheap methods and short cuts. We must pay the price, whatever it may be, though years of labour and the sweat of souls, and remember that what costs nothing is worth nothing. As Sheridan said, 'Easy reading means damned hard writing.' Yet we have by the dozen divines whose sole qualification appears to be zeal without discretion, impatience of facts, thought (if thought it can be called) which selects a certain aspect of a particular question and entirely ignores the rest, together with an ostentatious disregard for the tedious preliminaries of a serious critical inquiry, and a genius for misquotations. We see this defect painfully exemplified in *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*. And surely Schweitzer should have stuck to his chemistry and left theology alone. One would have supposed that by this time students, strenuous and proud of their historical sense, might have learned the impossibility of taking Orientals exactly and meticulously *au pied de*

la lettre, or treating poetry as prose and graceful fancies as pedestrian facts. Will the West ever really understand the East? A few perhaps can, and do, such men as Lafcadio Hearn, but they may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The standpoints of the two are absolutely antagonistic; they mutually contradict and repel each other, while exercising a mutual attraction, with disastrous results and fatal success. The one sees things in pictures, interprets life and nature by symbols, magnifies forms and ceremonies, while embodying in them an ultimate and beautiful significance that we may term spiritual. The soul of the East perpetually dreams dreams and beholds visions. The soul of the West concerns itself with 'practical realities,' which Bradley would say are the least 'real' and least 'practical' of all, with brute facts and business, grim machinery, coarse and obvious methods, or cold, dead, scientific abstractions. No doubt we have need of both conceptions; they complete each other and can be made to harmonize. But they must be kept in their proper places and order, and on their right respective levels. If the old prophets and preachers, if St. Paul or St. John, could read the wasted tons of commentaries on their glorious visions, and know how their spiritual meaning has been murdered by mere concentration on the letter, they would certainly think that the wisdom of the world had gone mad. *Sans illusion tout perit.* The soul of the East understands this, but the soul of the West never will. Without the illusion, without the halo of romance, without the blue sky and atmosphere and infinite distances of poetry, without the magnificent lies of legend (or history in the making) and myth (or philosophy in the making), without the fairy tales of folk lore, which really lend to life its perspective and teach us the proportion of things, all is lost, the mind cheated of its birthright and betrayed into a chaos of confusion or doubt and despair.

Unfortunately the Pragmatist is abroad and on the prowl, the bagman of a false method. We would say to this

drummer of a barren philosophy, if philosophy it can be termed, what the Egyptian boy nearly two thousand years ago wrote to his father in the Oxyrhyncus Papyri, Part X.: 'Do not be anxious about my studies, I am working hard, and taking relaxation; all will be well with me.' And the boy perceived that work and play went together; work must not be taken too solemnly and play not too lightly—indeed, work might well be play, and play might well be work.

> Bring me my bow of burning gold,
> Bring me my arrows of desire,
> Bring me my spear—O clouds, unfold!—
> Bring me my chariot of fire.

The Egyptian boy, the Old Testament prophets, the New Testament preachers, would have easily understood Blake—but not the Pragmatist with his bag or his drum, and not many of our modern theologians. To play, we are assured on the very highest authority, is 'to be filled with an implicit sense of relative value, and in the service of a higher principle to enjoy the triumph over the fixed detail and limits of human duties.' And the Egyptian boy also appreciated the right value of illusion as a prelusion to something bigger and better, and a spiritual inwardness that he could not explain, but nevertheless felt and realized, while the Pragmatist probably would not get beyond the dull scientific fact that 'Movement is due to oxidation' or the commonplace 'All truths work.' But he would not move himself, he would not work, he would not play—though he could not help oxidising.

And it is in eschatology that the ignorance of the East and its principles which we dull people of the West, with our delirious devotion to facts that are no facts, have gone farthest astray. We have taken inspired utterances of the soul, allegories, illustrations, metaphors, symbolism, literally when they cannot be so taken. We have analysed and analysed and analysed till we have squeezed our subjects to death and all the sense out of them. Religion always was and will be the play of the soul, and yet nothing could be

more sublime and serious. The eagle sweep of the great prophets on their cosmic curves, the swallow flights of the little seers, cannot be rigorously quantified and measured by the mile or foot. They die in the process. Yes, even religion itself, God Himself, may be taken too seriously. They do not reveal themselves to the binocular of vulgar curiosity, or the scrupulous calculator of arcs and degrees. We want more oxygen in theology, fresh air from the broad spaces of the sea and the moorland and from the mountain top. The Holy Spirit of Truth refuses to be cramped and coffined in a syllogism or weighed in scales, or packed into a portmanteau, as was said of the great Council of Trent. Theology suffers just now from what is said to be the cause of cancer—namely, stuffiness, or oxygen-hunger. The conditions that produce this disease, though doctors deny that it is a disease, prevail in the present world of divinity. A want of spaciousness, a general closeness in the speculative departments, criticisms of criticisms of criticisms, sultry suggestions, little really creative thought and constructive work, a starved and stifling confinement of range, reiterated discussions of the same old questions that have been thrashed out till hardly even husks remain, familiar references, trite truisms, hackneyed allusions that have been exhausted again and again—such is the universal state of the theological area.

When we remember that Christ Himself has given the one efficient and sufficient key to the interpretation of eschatology for all time, these elaborate conjectures as to its meaning and message must only appear wasted time and energy. *The Kingdom of God is at hand. The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven. The Kingdom of God is within you.* Or, if we prefer it, we may read the Reign of God, the Reign of Heaven. We shall know where and when the Kingdom comes to us, when God rules our own hearts and minds, when will and reason and feeling have become His

servants and subjects. We need not cite further passages. It is an open mystery, which the poor and uneducated, the children themselves, the very babes and sucklings are able to understand. Christ gave spiritual ideas and dynamic ideals which we have watered down and watered away to a perfect literalness of verbal fallacies and mystifications. Any one who reads the Gospels and their eschatological revelations with an unprejudiced mind must perceive at once that, in spite of the necessary temporal imagery, the note of Time has nothing whatever to do with these matters. The form appears as a thing by itself, perfectly independent of the teaching or spirit, a form that has descended from prophet to prophet since the very beginning of things. The revelation stands on a totally different level, altogether beyond either time or place. The spiritual burden would find both irrelevant and an impertinence. The *nearness* belongs entirely to the nature or quality of the message, and not in the least to time. Even the Old Testament prophets recognized this fact, and frequently called attention to it and made it as clear as prophecy or poetry could be made. Orientals understood them. The modern commentator would certainly take most prosaically Milton's bold metaphor and picture—

> The grassy fields now calved——

in spite of the Scriptural precedent, 'So will we render the calves of our lips.' They would not suppose for a moment that they had to

> Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,
> Come out on the other side, the novel
> Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of.

The modern commentator utterly forgets that the Parousia is a Presence, and not merely a Coming in the future, and that the Kingdom of God or the Kingdom of Heaven or the simple Kingdom alone was ever a present truth. Christ told us to trust our moral intuitions and religious instinct, which, unlike most 'facts' so called, are assuredly

not inferences but immediate and spontaneous spiritual deliverances, just as the Deuteronomist appealed to the eternal *a priori* argument or the first-hand evidence of the heart, and as Jeremiah said, 'I am a God at hand' (not 'Am I a God at hand?') 'and not a God afar off.' The note of Time never comes in at all anywhere, whatever the form or appearance of the prophecy. And, of course, Christ, like His predecessors, used the language of His age, the ancient Oriental machinery and popular images, to which the soul of the East responded so readily, without the slavish acceptance of a creeping and crawling literalness. And the vast majority of His hearers would take His revelations as they were intended, for what they were religiously worth, at their proper spiritual value. They never tried to separate the alleged practical from the alleged impractical. They saw and seized at once the jewel in the setting. Explanation was quite unnecessary. They saw things whole and directly. 'There can be no mere idea, reality is always before us, and every idea in some sense qualifies the real.' 'An idea is true theoretically because, and in so far as it takes its place in, and contributes to, the organism of knowledge.' They would have understood Bradley better than the Pragmatists. 'For this commandment, which I command thee this day, it is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to Heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us and bring it unto us, that we may hear it and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth and in thy heart that thou mayest do it.' Yes, the Kingdom of God, the Kingdom of Heaven, the Divine Presence, the Spirit of Christ, is at hand, is here and now—and really and truly a Presence immanent—it is, as Jesus declared, within you, a spiritual and eternal reality. He proclaimed the Gospel of Inwardness. We need never wait for it, because God, who was always a God of Love,

anticipates our wants long beforehand, when we (so to speak) are a great way off, and runs to meet us. We cannot escape the cramping metaphors of time and place, in our spatial language with its temporal figures. The kiss of pardon precedes the cry of repentance. 'Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.'

The curse of literalness, misnamed clearness of thought or accuracy, with the methods appropriate to Science alone, has sapped the sweetness of our faith, and treats it as a dead language or specimen of folk lore, to be dissected into pieces till it is explained away into solar myths, or resolved into a whirl of cosmic dust. Zipporah has now become the Egyptian Hathor, Pharaoh's daughter the inevitable Isis, and according to the extreme German school and some English enthusiasts, Jesus never actually lived at all, and we only possess at the utmost the beautiful theological fiction which we agree to call Christ. But, with even the moderates, our Lord died for a metaphor, and only has a subjective immortality in the hearts and mind and memories of deluded worshippers. However this may be, the common garden wall commentator accepts the Little Apocalypse Mark xiii. precisely as it stands in the record. People forget, and theologians forget, soaked as they are in the crude commercialism of the West, that even Mark (which some assume to be the Protevangelium) comes down to us filtered through many a *milieu*, and contains in addition to the nucleus of Truth all the intellectual ideas of that early age, together with the prejudices and superstitions and erroneous conclusions of the past, of the thoughts and the things and the fancies which are indeed past for ever. Our Lord proclaimed the Gospel of Inwardness, the presence of a heaven on earth, the paramount and absolute authority of the spiritual—all that is best in Eucken. This teaching was at once evolution and revolution, a natural growth and at the same time catastrophic, because it came in collision with orthodoxy and priestcraft. Christ was of course misunderstood and mis-

represented, as great men always are by their disciples and reporters, and as He is still by the divines who would sacrifice everything to matter of fact or a meticulous and ridiculous verbal accuracy. As, according to Moulton, Zoroaster stood for unity and holiness in a world of polytheism, and taught the doctrine of immortality and rewards and punishments in a future life on an ethical ground long before Israel, so Jesus republished in His own Life and Passion the eternal truth of a spiritual religion and a Present indwelling God. He did not so much tell people that they must seek God, or even that God was seeking them, as that He was there and then the inhabitant of their souls, and above and beyond all a Father. He interpreted, in simple, homely, and yet mystical words, the ultimate meaning of the secret, of that 'blind flutter against the limits of the cage' which none ever escaped. He united that which man had divided and broken into many parts, He restored the lost unity of human nature by showing that the actual and the imaginary, the real and the ideal, were practically one and the same. He took the dream and the vision, and taught His hearers that while brute facts were mainly inferences, these were everlasting verities and He Himself the Desire of all ages, and Nature was their present possession. They discovered gradually 'that truth cannot be learned except in relation to the whole,' and He was the Anakephalaiosis of the whole. Jesus would have us follow and imitate Him just as our ideas copy our perceptions. 'My desire and my will to have truth, is the will and desire of the world to become truth in me.' In precisely the same manner, our innate bias towards the invisible, and our hunger for the infinite, meant the answering call of the invisible and the infinite (namely God) to us. 'The universe (God and Christ) is nowhere apart from the lives of the individuals, and whether as truth or otherwise the Universe realizes itself not at all except through their differences.'

Go back as far as we will, we find eschatology in every

sacred literature, we find the Christ conception as the creator of new values, the transforming factor, sometimes in the past but more often in the future, and always really related to neither, whether speaking of the first things or the last things, and ever independent alike of place and time. It was one of the forms of thought in which men, and especially poets and prophets, found themselves compelled to think. It invariably arose as a psychological necessity. The great Kingdom in the past, the good Kingdom in the future, was at bottom the Kingdom of Heaven within them—the lost ideal or the coming ideal, that would bring in or once had brought in, the reign of the Good and the True and the Beautiful. By a natural and instinctive process it arose with the garment of hope to comfort and cheer and illuminate the path of humanity. It provided an interpretation, a clue, a key, a symbol, a formula, to which everything obscure or unknown could be referred for explanation. At each revolutionary crisis in the history of each nation, there was the appropriate panacea ready for the emergency. There had been a Deliverer, there would be a Deliverer, to redress the disturbed balance, to rectify anomalies, to remove grievances, by some act of divine judgement, by some new revelation of Power, by a fresh baptism from on high, *Descendit coelo Redemptor*. Beliefs would be confirmed and verified, aspirations would be fulfilled, the thorns would produce grapes and the thistle figs, the lion would lie down with the lamb, and all would be well in the best of all possible worlds. And this common conception was right and real. For, it seems obvious, faith and feeling must have a measure, an admixture, of rationality, or we should not feel or believe anything. We cannot expel reason from the heart, as the Hebrews with a true insight saw and knew. We live in a complex universe. And reason enters into every movement of the mind, and operates in the will. Oppositions and contrasts we discover throughout, but not the coarse and clumsy separations of philosophy. Every object, so to

speak, has its parhelion or double reflexion. Nature, Life, has a thousand different aspects, and Science only touches one. No categories cover everything, and God bursts the prison-house of the greatest proposition about Him. But there is no track in quest of Truth which does not ultimately run up and out into Him. Just as we find so many curious facts or customs deriving at last from Hellas—and even the Corsican Vendetta. If we could see the whole, the fullness of Truth and Reality or God, we should certainly die. No man shall behold Him and live. And yet at times who does not feel forced to believe His personality to be divine? It is not merely the *ego*, but the *alter ego*, self and its other, its completing self in his neighbour and in God? It is the man in his social extension, and heavenly relatedness, that constitutes the personality. We want ideals and dynamic ideas, we feel we are spirit in a spiritual universe, and Christianity supplies the need. It takes up into itself whatever was best in everything, even the demonic element in Paganism, the element of surprise and unexpectedness. Combining as it does the reasonable and the unreasonable in a harmony beyond harmony, in a logic above logic, the contradicting and yet consistent passions for self-denial and self-realization, it assimilates and incorporates them both in something higher and better, in which the doctrines of Aristotle and the Stoics and St. Paul agree. Christianity obliged error to become its handmaid, and convinces us that we are only free because not free, and must go on to act and live as if free in the light and love and might of the Spirit's driving energy. For, as Croce teaches, the Spirit is the sole universal, and freedom means that we have found ourselves in the Spirit and in the Whole. And what shall this be but the Eschatology and the Teleology of the everlasting Gospel? What but Christ through whom God ever speaks and works, the Logos, the very content of God, that transforms and transvaluates all. 'For the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy.'

F. W. Orde Ward.

THE INTERNATIONAL CEMENT OF ART AND LETTERS

The Irish Element in Mediaeval Culture. By H. ZIMMER, translated by J. L. Edmands. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

Russia's Gift to the World. By J. W. MACKAIL. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE past twelvemonth will always be memorable in international history for other reasons than the clash of civilizations and interests, the destructive or disturbing influences of whose shock, not at once to be removed even by peace, whenever it may come, will have caused a solution of continuity so organic and world-wide as to confront human progress in every department with the necessity for a new start. Of happier omen, and equal actuality, is the convergence of certain peaceful anniversaries upon the closing year of the twentieth century's first decade and a half. In 1814 came the centenary of the Treaty of Ghent, uniting the two great sections of the Anglo-Saxon race on both sides of the Atlantic in the bonds of an amity, sometimes indeed strained, but never for long seriously imperilled. The hundredth year of the English-American peace had seemed, till late in the summer, as regards length of duration and stability, to be equalled by that of England's friendship and goodwill with all her European neighbours. How and why these expectations were disappointed belongs to history. Kant, as presented to English readers by De Quincey in 1824, held that whole peoples might change their character, just as meteorologists have proved that human activity, constructive or destructive, can modify their climates. What is called change, however, when looked at a little closer, proves to be only development, the growth to completion of immemorially existing germs.

Young Turkey of a few years back was not so much a fresh creation as the bringing up to date of a national temper, shown by the 'Fakredeen' of Disraeli's novel, *Tancred*, to have been coeval with the Turk himself. So too with the momentous substitution of Delhi for Calcutta as the capital of our Indian Empire. This at the time passed for another instance of the 'unchanging East's' forfeiture of its traditional epithet. But the sacred city on the Jumna had already held metropolitan rank, not only in Mogul, but in Afghan and Pathan dispensations. It was also asked, what imagination would have dared to picture the domes, mosques, and groves of the great Punjabi centre witnessing oaths of allegiance to a stranger taken by native feudatories and their subjects. So far from that ceremony being without precedent, it has happened repeatedly time out of mind, from the thirteenth century to the middle of the eighteenth, when the English supremacy firmly established itself, not because it was English, but because it alone held out the promise of rest from the agitating succession of effete dynasties and habitual revolutions which preceded it. Similarly another subject of nineteenth-century amazement used to be the catastrophic process by which Japan, the stronghold of mediaeval feudalism, had become the 'England of the East,' steeped in the culture it drew from Trinity under Thompson, and from the Balliol of Thompson's Oxford rival.

Nothing, however, comes out more clearly from Laurence Oliphant's record of the Elgin Mission (1859), and Lord Redesdale's experiences in a similar capacity (1906), as well as from the less known, perhaps, but even more authoritatively instructive account of H. O. Adams, that the country, even before its full emergence from the fabulous period, had shown a marked predisposition to progress on European lines. Jonathan Swift's satire appeared in 1726; and contemporary readers at once identified Japan as the scene of Captain Lemuel Gulliver's experiences. Long before then the island had been agitated by certain native spirits,

turbulent and restless, but all seriously bent upon the extension of overseas trade and the popular enrichment of their country at the expense of the hereditary dictators. The islands, whose modern name is a corruption of Marco Polo's Zipangu, the land of the rising sun, had formed the progressive character of its inhabitants by five hundred years' incessant struggle against a military caste, whose chiefs were supported by the full force of deeply-rooted and widespread religious fanaticism. Complete deliverance from this combined tyranny was a slow work. It came, however, in 1854, when the opening of the five ports to all nations brought the country within the comity of commerce.

Thus began the western world's acquaintance with the alert 'Jap' of our own day, as Benjamin Jowett's *protégé*, the conqueror of China and Russia. Without much straining of facts, a tolerably close parallel might be traced between the land in which Wilhelm II once placed the headquarters of the yellow peril, and the country over which that potentate rules. The twentieth-century growth of both is equally rooted in the soil of different degrees of antiquity. World Empire is a periodically recurring commonplace of history. From Alexander the Great to Gengis Khan, it was in constant process of personification, ages before the present Kaiser's models, Frederick the Great and Napoleon I.

The vicissitudes of reversion to, or departure from type undoubtedly effected from time to time among the comity of peoples are to be seen less in the collective bent than in the modifications of the social structure. Nothing has been more interesting or admirable than the uniform temper of the entire French people since the declaration of war. How nobly, it is added, does this contrast with the traditional chauvinism displayed less than fifty years ago! The explanation is not, however, any real ethnic metamorphosis, but the fact that since the 'seventies the true France, thrifty, practical, and industrious, has found and can express itself. The traditions of the mutually anti-

pathetic groups and interests forming the French people, go back in an unbroken line almost to the fall of the Roman Empire. The France of to-day is little older than the Peace of Paris of 1815. The old *régime* withheld free play or power from her growing industrial middle-class. This subjection had wholly to be shaken off before her second birth as the self-governed, serious, and self-denying community which she has become to-day. The eighteenth-century revolution, as Jaures has shown in his encyclopedic work, was essentially a movement of the bourgeoisie, just as the Parliamentary rising against the Stuarts, a century earlier, had for its life and soul the smaller squires like Pym and Hampden, who, even though they were sometimes knights of the shire, coalesced as readily with 'goodman-burgess' (the borough member), as he did with the small traders. The beginnings of constitutional monarchy in England required one 'by birth a gentleman, living neither at any considerable height, nor yet in obscurity,' a typical middle-class Briton, Oliver Cromwell. The French settlement, one hundred and forty-four years later, was effected by the glorified incarnation of bourgeois France. The very Code Napoleon of 1808 bore alike in outline and details that stamp of bourgeois genius which made it the Magna Charta of the middle-class France.

The social and intellectual processes long since preparatory in some degree for the French Entente will be noticed presently. Quite apart from these the almost contemporary growth of the English and French democracy has done more than any other single cause towards establishing a new sentiment of unity between the two countries. In both the same period witnessed the full dawn of the day of the middle classes. The men now conducting in council or in field the affairs of both belong by descent and association to the same order. Multiplied opportunities of higher education, of travel, culture, in a word the whole genius and institution of modern life, have raised the professional classes, French and English, to the point

in the body politic formerly seldom reached except by those representing or connected with territorial or aristocratic families. Between 1700 and 1800 a notable instance to the contrary was presented by Alderman Sawbridge, the friend of Fox, who brought in a bill for shortening Parliaments, and who died in 1795. Between that date and our own time, the two men of genius adorning the Conservative party before the Victorian era, George Canning and Benjamin Disraeli, are conventionally cited as exceptions to the rule. Canning, indeed, came of a commercial stock, whose money sent him to Eton and Christ Church; he had, however, a duke for his future brother-in-law and the greatest heiress of his day for his bride-elect long before he became a front-bench man, and attracted much attention in the House or out of it. As for Disraeli, it may not be brought out clearly enough in the official biography, but his father, Isaac D'Israeli's, intellectual prestige and wide acquaintance gave him the first start on his career, opened to him all houses he cared to enter, and helped him immensely with the publishers till the patrimony available by the father's death placed the son not, indeed, beyond the want of money or the danger of debt, but in comparative independence. Canning did not live to witness it, but Disraeli lived through and was profoundly impressed by the Anglo-French intellectual alliance, literary and political, originated and confirmed between 1806 and 1836. The latter date is of real importance, because in that year Emile de Girardin founded the French halfpenny press with the *Journal of Useful Knowledge*, in the Orleanist interest. This revived the *rapprochement* between the English and French newspaper system which had begun between 1810 and 1825, when Paul Louis Courier first supplied a model for writers in the English press. The cement of journalism preceded very considerably the other agencies outside politics or diplomacy, the court or the camp. Periods of suspense, whether lingering or acute, have a power of reducing, as it were, to a

common denominator not only individuals but whole classes and even communities that may happen to live through them. The convulsion on the Seine of 1793 had been awaited with unanimity of apprehension equally in the kingdom over which it swept and the neighbouring States of eastern and western Europe. During the best part of a century, English students of political philosophy especially had studied the internal developments of their first Continental neighbour with the same closeness as they had once read the politics of Aristotle or the *Prince* of Machiavelli. Observers indeed in the British Isles alone foresaw the coming storm.

The overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy was foretold a generation in advance of the event alone by three English prophets so widely differing from each other as Lord Chesterfield, Sir Nathaniel Wraxall, and Arthur Young. The Napoleonic struggle itself, like the tempest that heralded it, had for its precursor an acute fit of Anglomania. Montesquieu was the earliest French intellect to exercise in both countries a definite influence productive of an Anglo-French entente. English institutions, English character, and above all English breeding, were the models which he successfully proposed to his countrymen. English gardening, English gigs, English grooms, horse races and manner of riding became the vogue. The export of English goods across the Channel rose from £90,000 to £880,000. The elaborate and fantastic costumes of the old court gave place to the simple dresses of English gentlemen and gentlewomen. Other and older agencies than the philosophic writer just mentioned had long made for a social confederation of the two countries. The French convent schools were as much affected for their daughters by the rank and fashion of Great Britain during the seventeen-hundreds, as the Jesuit schools of the Continent generally had been by the English youth of quality during the Middle Ages. Nearly all the polite diarists of that period, headed by Horace Walpole, abound in

personal illustrations of the effect produced upon the future wives and mothers of the privileged classes by the Gallic associations of their girlhood.

From 1750 onwards there was no pause in the activity of intellectual movements less immediately, but not less really, indispensable to the Anglo-French Entente than the good offices of Edward VII himself. They were indeed less effective in art than in society, and more noticeable in literature than in either. As on the other side of the Dover Straits, so across the Atlantic, the 'wizard of the north's' authority and genius in his creative province gave an impulse to makers of prose fiction that but partially spent its force when the elder Dumas, Washington Irving, and J. Fenimore Cooper acknowledged themselves his literary offspring. Sir Walter Scott, born in 1771, came into the world twelve years before the New York historian who took for his pen-name Daniel Knickerbocker, and thirty-two years before the novelist of the *Three Musketeers*. Irving, who never underrated his debts to Scott's personal good offices, was the earliest American writer after the Revolution had made his countrymen citizens of the United States instead of British subjects, The author of *Waverley* chivalrously put at their very highest his obligations to Maria Edgeworth's suggestive sketches of Irish and English domestic interiors. The father of United States *belles lettres* exemplified showed something of a like inspiration in the *Salmagundi Papers*, in the *Sketchbook*, and in *Bracebridge Hall*. The Edgeworthian affinities of these productions would have been enough to recommend them to Sir Walter. He read them through with growing approval and delight as they successively came down to him at Abbotsford.

'Hoot, man,' he exclaimed to his son-in-law, Lockhart, 'Here are the observation of life, the insight into character, and the union of polish with simplicity which first made me wish for the writer's personal acquaintance.' Moral and intellectual qualities like those of Irving's books make it a

simple duty to do what one can towards letting the whole Anglo-Saxon world know the true character of the literary force produced by the great republic of the West. The triangular alliance, American—English—French, which one may connect with Washington Irving, was due not only to his popularity as an author six years before J. Fenimore Cooper became known, it forms equally his distinction, the first genuine man of letters and all-round English scholar that his country produced. His thorough literateness, to revive Thackeray's favourite word, revealed itself in the first idea and its historical relationships of his 'Knickerbocker' history of New York. Fielding's *Joseph Andrews*, the best part of a century earlier, had originated in an idea of caricaturing Richardson's *Pamela*. In 1807 a certain Samuel Latham Mitchill[1] had published an account of New York, a pretentious and worthless book, puffed by partisans and parasites into a momentary success. Why should not something of the kind done by Henry Fielding alone give Washington Irving, in collaboration with his brother, a chance of unmasking?

The brother backed out of the task almost before it had fairly commenced. Washington himself, instead of proceeding on the lines he had originally laid down, decided on reducing a substantive work in the vein for which his studies, and, as he gradually felt, his genius qualified him. This again was in conformity with another famous English precedent; for Dickens, when he began *Pickwick* in 1836, had little notion of anything beyond a comparatively short, satirical sketch by way of pot-boiler. So Irving, on first taking up his lonely pen for the renewed task, only by degrees realized his capacity of combining nervous idiomatic English with humour, racy of the New World's soil; of those qualities a more definite idea will presently be given. For the generation that first read the 'Knickerbocker' history, an even greater attraction was their skilful blending with the

[1] For spelling, see Barrett Wendell's *Literary History of America*, p. 172.

best eighteenth-century English models, not only Irving's special favourite and master, Goldsmith, but at least in an equal degree, Addison. The *Spectator*, and in particular, the whole Sir Roger de Coverley collection, had brought the Anglo-Saxon world under the spell of Addison's genius.

This charm had not worn off within the earlier recollections of men who are now only middle-aged; throughout the first half of the nineteenth century he remained the one example of English, so pure and undefiled as to deserve the honour of a rendering into Latin prose. From Samuel Johnson to Jane Austen, thence to Thackeray and to the best of Dickens' *Household Words* writers, such as Grenville Murray and Andrew Halliday, Addison remains the one safe ideal; and this was the estimation in which he was held by the great nineteenth-century masters, Cardinal Newman alone excepted. Delicacy, precision, and correctness thus came to characterize American authorship in its beginnings. The coming years were to crown these qualities by the artistic grace and psychological subtlety of Marion Crawford and Henry James. But the Old World equivalents for these attractions, or rather, in an unsophisticated form, the essence of these beauties themselves, may all be discovered in the best American prose during the two or three decades which followed the English evacuation of Boston and surrender at Saratoga.

'One always returns to one's first loves'; and the literary merit now named belongs to so many different periods that it suggests truly enough the singularly unbroken continuity of development in American letters from the novelists, Brogden Brown (d. 1810) and Fenimore Cooper, who passed away in the same year as Washington Irving, in 1851, not only to Bret Harte and Mark Twain, but to the delightful Mr. P. Dooley and Jerome K. Jerome of our own day. The *Punch* humorists, beginning with Douglas Jerrold and perhaps even more the as yet imperfectly appreciated Shirley Brooks, continued thence to

Sir Frank Burnand, Sir Owen Seaman, and Sir Henry Lucy, have of course made their different influence felt. But the family likeness of American fun persists unbrokenly from the Knickerbocker narrative to the latest successor of Artemus Ward.

Diedrich Knickerbocker, the personality assumed by Irving, is an eccentric old bachelor as well as a type of the decaying Dutch families that had so long and so pungently seasoned New York society; he and those about him constitute a blend of the imaginary with the real. See how he stands out on Irving's page, in the centre of his favourite company. 'Over that council he presides with great state and solemnity, seated in a huge chair of solid oak, hewn from the celebrated forest of the Hague, fabricated by an experienced timmerman of Amsterdam, and curiously carved about the arms and feet into an exact imitation of an eagle's claws. Instead of a sceptre, he swayed a long Turkish pipe, formerly presented to a Dutch Stadtholder on concluding a treaty with one of the petty Barbary powers. Here he would meditate on public affairs in profound silence, often shutting his eyes for full two hours together, and periodically evincing his internal commotions by certain guttural sounds, said to be merely the noise of conflict between his contending doubts and opinions.'

This medley of extravagance and sobriety, of reality and caricature, was introduced in Transatlantic letters, not by Irving, but by one nearly a century earlier, Benjamin Franklin. Born in 1706, this founder of the American press carried on in thought, language, and general style the journalistic tradition which, established by Jonathan Swift and closely followed by William Cobbett, explains historically many of those features in newspaper writing and management, spoken of as specially American, but long since quite acclimatized on this side of the Atlantic as well. It is not always easy to fix the point at which Swift's or Cobbett's sense passed into nonsense, or the nonsense again took on

some serious meaning. This mutual interpenetration of the two elements characterizes all Franklin's best journalism, and became a newspaper fashion of the time, preserved to the present day. This kind of medley, with its artificial straining after the unexpected and the paradoxical, notwithstanding its British origin, was practically unknown to English readers till in 1866 Charles Farrar Browne, of Irish birth and American training, used it with widely popular effect under the pen-name of Artemus Ward. 'We humorists of the far West,' he said to the present writer, 'can never pay our debt to our fathers and founders in the Old Country; without *Gulliver's Travels*, the *Drapier Letters*, and Swift's shorter pieces, such especially as his "Advice to Servants," there would have been no Yankee fun, any more than your own William Cobbett, if he had not read the *Tale of a Tub*, in his efforts to produce a popular effect which so often had crossed the line from decency to blackguardism. The truth is,' continued Artemus Ward, 'the whole English-speaking and English-writing world is the product of the same influence.' The pamphleteering of the seventeenth-century war between King and Parliament did not more certainly prepare the way for Defoe's political tracts than they did for Patrick Henry's Irish outbursts, and our own explosive essays, whose eighteenth-century vogue is partly due to Francis Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, but quite as much a British as an American product.

That writer got hold of a real truth when he showed, or tried to do so, that in the Old World the stolid, resolute John Bull had replaced the seventeenth-century vivacious and versatile English, but that in the New, the Anglo-Saxon retains all the restless, fiery impulses of Elizabethan times. Harrison's Muse, nurtured on Churchill and Pope, opened a really national era in his poem 'The Kegs.' It exemplified, as nothing had yet done, the exact kind of modifications due to moral and mental as well as physical climate, which could not but be found in an American reproduction of a

British original. Harrison's experiment is also the more interesting because he was among the earliest writers of the first rank to show anything but a sentimental respect for American literature. That literature had been in its beginnings created by Puritans of genius like Cotton and Mather, and till close on the nineteenth century exhaled not a little of the devotional feeling of Jonathan Edwards. From 1776 onwards the popular writers of the New World were eminently secular in thought and phrase. Not less than other things the Declaration of Independence coincided with a resolve to show the world that the Stars and Stripes might use the language of Shakespeare, Byron, and Scott, but that they reserved their right to enlarge or reduce its vocabulary at will, and to adopt that spelling of their own which, then first seen, has continued to this day. Washington Irving, it was at the same time thought, had painted English life and character too much in oil. His successors took a new departure by presenting a portrait of John Bull, in vinegar. 'Really a good-hearted, good-tempered fellow at bottom, he is fond of being in the midst of contention, always goes into a fight with alacrity, and comes out of it grumbling even when victorious.' In the same vein are the comparisons, much of course to the Yankee advantage, drawn between the Anglo-Saxon on the two sides of the Atlantic by the already-mentioned Francis Hopkinson.

Even in these early days America was preparing for trans-oceanic export a literary novelty, often considered a special nineteenth- or twentieth-century growth. The short story is the meeting-ground of French, English, and American letters. It reached both from the United States. Edgar Allan Poe, (b. 1809) made the mid-nineteenth-century Boisgobey and Gaboriau possible, and became therefore the first writer in the English language whom French authors acknowledged, not only as their master, but their creator. Poe himself not only helped to make R. L. Stevenson; in return Stevenson

crowned the services of his British predecessors to Poe's reputation by largely promoting in these later days a revived appreciation of his works in this country. Meanwhile the growing Anglo-Franco-American intellectual entente was marked in the States by none of the French or even English renewal of dramatic activity; though it was in an opera, whose very name has long been forgotten, that there came the lines 'Home, sweet home.' Since then the American stage has inspired a tolerably constant supply of—not, however, distinguished—dramatists. Of these the least obscure, William Dunlop, has given his name to a society for the purpose of reviving and generally encouraging the literary nutriment of the Yankee stage.

French and English hands were constantly being joined by cosmopolitan belletrists from the United States, the most remarkable and versatile of the series being George Ticknor, the Harvard professor of whose social omniscience an idea will presently be given. The middle of the nineteenth century witnessed the fusion of intellectual London and Paris into a single society, consisting of only one set. This was largely due to the personal intimacy uniting Henry Reeve with Alexis Tocqueville, supplemented by the constant meetings on the Seine or on the Thames of Adolphe Thiers with A. W. Kinglake and Andrew Hayward. The Athenaeum became almost an International club, with its nocturnal annexe in the defunct Cosmopolitan. Indeed, when the present writer had the honour of election to that little society in 1885, it was still known in every European capital not less than London, the paradise of the intelligent foreigner. Henry Irving's professional relations with the dramatist Sardou closened the international relationship. After Irving had passed away came Anatole France's still-remembered visit to what he called the native home of the novel, as Normandy was of the apple or Valencia of the orange. On this subject Anatole France was certain to show himself not less impartial than appreciative, for his

fiction scarcely at all concerns itself with contemporary life,—unless indeed one may except his *Le Lys Rouge*, with its sketches of Verlaine and of the English residents, united only by a taste for art during the second half of the last century. The author of *The Penguins* is not a romantic novelist, or he might have cared to show that the great romancists of his own country played their several parts in that romantic movement which brought together, or at different times confederated to the same end, the best brains and the brightest fancies of the European and even the American world. To this the Percy ballads were not less indispensable than had been Goethe himself, while Theodor Wilhelm Hoffmann, critic, caricaturist, and musician as well as author, by the very extravagance of his prose fictions created amongst the masses a distaste for anything that savoured of the classical, which our own Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth and Scott considered not less useful to the great reaction than any work of theirs or even the teaching and the practice of the Weimar sage himself.

Meanwhile the interchange of French and English residents between the two countries was having other results than those already mentioned, of not less novelty or significance. The Paris *Figaro*, the *Vie Parisienne*, and one or two other such sheets were making Paris rather than New York the real birthplace of the modern English society journal. Some fresh English writer, on the other hand, was now always winning a French vogue, such as had been acquired within the last few months by William Blake.

To a much earlier period than any yet recalled belong, however, the first beginnings or the informal preparations for the Anglo-French Entente that has grown into the Anglo-Franco-Russian Alliance. In the Victorian era there was no such famous girls' school in Europe as Les Ruches, the Fontainbleau Pension kept by Mdlle. Souvestre, and afterwards carried on by Mdlle. Dussaut. It presented in all respects a contrast to the earlier schools kept by

private ladies or connected with convents from the middle of the eighteenth century onwards. Of those the best record is the *Jerningham Letters* and the already-mentioned Ticknor's reminiscences. To Ticknor, in passing, it may be said, the French diplomatist Chateaubriand in 1815 predicted that within half a century Europe would not have such a thing as a legitimate sovereign, but that from Russia to Sicily there would be nothing but military despotisms. The Anglo-Franco-American *rapprochement* showed itself almost as much in art as in letters and society. Throughout the eighteenth century French art indeed learned nothing from English and English little from French; even Gravelot, the great French draughtsman, who was much in England during this period, complained that he could teach us nothing. The nineteenth century witnessed a complete change. The Peace of Amiens made continental touring possible, and for the first time with the professional classes popular. France was now travelled and worked in not only by Turner, but a little earlier by Gortin and Crome, whose 'Vision of the Boulevards' at once excited the interest of Parisian *ateliers*, and eventually made a triumphal progress through the provinces much as was done five and twenty years later in England by Rosa Bonheur's 'Horse Fair.' Another quarter of a century, and our own Constable's 'Hay Wagon,' exhibited in the French capital, secured the admiration, and day after day for weeks together the systematic study of Delacroix; this painter, if he did not exactly resemble his British idol of the brush, learned much from him, and was justly acclaimed in his own land the exponent of Constable's genius. The one French painter who modelled himself on the great English master of landscape was Jules Dupré; Dupré's reproductions of nature in their blend of realism with romance were at once declared by the critics of his own country to have been inspired by the genius of Constable. Dupré also lived much in England in close intimacy with the members of the New

Art Club. That example soon found followers among Duprés' compatriots, especially in Carolus Duran and Edouard Manet. Hence a great widening of the conventional limits by enlightened English amateurs. The welcome given to Anatole France on his London visit in the year before the war has been already mentioned, together with some of his words about the literary alliance uniting the two countries. 'You English,' he elsewhere said, 'were romancists before we French, and Daudet's *Jack* would never have been written but for *David Copperfield*.'

To Thomas Arnold first, and to his eldest son afterwards, is due the conventional estimate of Europe's obligations to Teutonic culture. The whole subject, however, has no popular interest. All that the English public knew concerning Germany was that the dramatist Kotzebue had done much towards corrupting English taste in *The Stranger*, and that Richard Cumberland, an English dramatist, had put whatever was good in it into *The Wheel of Fortune*. Two contemporary writers, whose works are now before us, have shown that the best, the most spiritual and energizing elements in the knowledge and thought of the Western world are not of Teutonic but of Slavonic growth. Mr. Zimmer's *Irish Element in Mediaeval Culture* and Mr. J. W. Mackail show that, after the old Greeks, none have ministered to the higher thought and spiritual interests with greater patience and nobler results than the Celtic teachers who redeemed the Western world of the Middle Ages from so much of darkness and degradation. Germany has called itself the world's musical school. Equally, however, is music a natural Slavonic gift. As regards the drama the Arts Theatre at Moscow has brought about a revolution in staging; and the Russian writer Pushkin has followed as successfully in Sir Walter Scott's footsteps as Alexander Dumas himself.

T. H. S. Escott.

SHAKESPEARE'S CARDINAL WOLSEY

HISTORY and Imagination go hand-in-hand in Shakespeare's world—Imagination mostly indicating the path they shall take. History sometimes reluctantly follows the lead of Imagination, and now and then refuses to go a step farther in that direction. History has a conscience, though sometimes infinitesimal; Imagination has none, and laughs at her sister's prudery. History, being somewhat akin to Truth, cultivates a regard for facts and dates and moral values. Imagination, the friend of art, by a gossamer bridge will land you in any world your taste demands.

In *Henry the Eighth* the great playwright has not followed History faithfully, but has allowed Imagination and the exigencies of his craft to fashion the situations and mould the characters. Consulting also the confirmed prejudices of the Court in his day, with ample evidence to the contrary, he has contrived to exalt King Henry, and debase Cardinal Wolsey.

Concerning Shakespeare's authority for his version of Wolsey, he is indebted somewhat to George Cavendish, sometime gentleman-usher to the Cardinal—who wrote in after years the 'memoirs' of his master. From him the playwright elicited some of the facts of his eventful life, and these, for stage use, he distorted out of all recognition. We suppose that for dramatic purposes much allowance must be made, but on the principle that the honour of our public men ought to be jealously safeguarded, we complain that Shakespeare has borne false witness against the Chancellor, just as Goldsmith has traduced Cromwell. This attitude is to be understood, though not justified, if it be proved that *Henry the Eighth* was produced during the lifetime of Elizabeth, who would naturally inherit the antipathy of her mother, Anne Boleyn.

Most people who think of Wolsey regard him as a particularly lucky adventurer, who, emerging from obscurity, by dint of fascinating manners and adroit methods, coupled with the help of bewitched patrons, presently wormed himself into the confidence of Bluff King Hal, and used his influence as Chancellor to amass a fabulous sum of money, with which to bribe his way to the Papal throne. This plot being opportunely discovered by 'some cross devil,' who so muddled Wolsey's correspondence that the king got to know at first-hand of the disloyalty of his servant, he fell at once from favour, and after a year's exile from court, died broken-hearted.

As Shakespeare is somewhat responsible for this inadequate view of the great Cardinal, it will be but fair if he be made to yield some evidence on the apologetic side, which, strengthened by support from other sources, may help to lessen the general prejudice against him.

Shakespeare, in his treatment of Wolsey, somewhat resembles the French deputy in the Reign of Terror who carried two speeches in his pocket, one for, and one against Robespierre, to be used as the wind blew, for our great author both damns and redeems the Cardinal.

Happily for Wolsey, much can be advanced by way of apology or extenuation. At the outset, Norfolk, who proves eventually a veritable sleuth-hound pursuing Wolsey to his grave, volunteers a counter to Buckingham's railing accusation with,

> Surely, sir,
> There's in him the stuff that puts him to these ends;
> The force of his own merit makes his way!

Thanks, my lord Norfolk, for the liberal mind that would recognize genius in a parvenu, especially in one destined to transcend all the place-hunters of his time. The quality of his versatile genius was apparent even to his prejudiced foes. A remark made the other day in reference to a living Chancellor may be allowed: 'On days like this his opponents do not know how to avoid liking him.'

Thus in regard to the four-hundred-year-dead Chancellor, there were times when Wolsey's rivals were hard put to it to avoid admiration for his superlative talents. They were Englishmen, and like ourselves, with all our love of a masterful mind. After the crash, their anxiety seems to have been to prevent him from being brought to trial, when he would have a chance of vindicating himself, such was his forensic skill and adroit capacity for turning the tables upon his accusers. Surely we, too, can pay some tribute to the memory of the only Englishman of whom it has been said, 'he is seven times more powerful than the Pope.'

King Henry, of Shakespeare's creation, may be allowed to speak of Wolsey's worth. The terms on which these two dissimilar characters lived are disclosed on a notable occasion. Henry is moody and irritated by the intrusion of his nobles on public business grounds, when lo, the two Cardinal Virtues enter the apartment. The subject of our sketch is greeted: .

> O, my Wolsey!
> The quiet of my wounded conscience,
> Thou art a cure fit for a King!

At a later and more critical moment, Henry affirms:

> I have kept thee next my heart!

We are here on what ought to be very sacred ground, that of friendship. Friendship is a unique thing, and this king, who feared neither God nor man, Pope nor Satan, confesses to something as near to it as it is possible for such a man to get. We should detect a tear in the voice did we not remember that it is our royal Bluebeard that is speaking. Indirectly it proclaims the transcendent ability of Wolsey, his incomparable charm and 'bewitchment of tongue.' As a rule astute monarchs do not give themselves away thus.

Henry could boast of long descent, was naturally suspicious, was surrounded by those disposed to 'fool him to the top of his bent,' and yet was won to something more than appreciation of genius, or even of comradeship, yea, even to keeping Wolsey next his heart. O magic pen of Shakespeare

that could work such miracles! Would that it were true, that history would confirm what imagination has dreamed!

When Shakespeare's Cromwell describes Cardinal Wolsey, as 'so good, so noble, and so true a master!' he becomes the mouthpiece of a whole tribe of servants, high and low, ornamental and menial. Here we see the better Wolsey. He reversed the order of some lives in that he was saint at home, if sometimes devil abroad. The terms of affection in which this great man and his dependants lived to the last, and how they parted, is a sight for the gods. When Wolsey came home to York House, or Hampton Court, from eyes of steel, lips of guile, and hearts of stone, he moved into another world—a world where love was lord of all.

It is interesting to learn from Cavendish that this same Cromwell led the way, and prompted the chaplains of the Cardinal to the payment of the servants' wages before they were cast adrift. Thomas Cromwell was one of the hard-headed men of his day—not at all the sentimental fellow that Shakespeare sets before us—nor the man to waste time or money on a fallen favourite without good cause; and the Cardinal who could attach men to himself in the way he held the future Chancellor of the Exchequer, as well as Cavendish and many others, must have embodied more grace than is usually accredited to him.

Little did either master or secretary dream that the one was fated to apply the methods and plans of the other, or that the man who from this dark moment, set out for the Court resolved to 'make or mar' his fortune, would mature into 'the Hammer of the Monks,' and prompter of the King of England in his fight for freedom from Papal supremacy.

Katherine, and her gentleman in waiting, Griffiths, compare notes for the last time when they hear that Wolsey is dead. Katherine has already presented her not very flattering—rather, wholly one-sided—portrait of the fallen Chancellor; Griffiths, who is the very personification of charity, supplements the description by stating a few things

in his favour that everybody else has forgotten :—

> He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;

Towards men, he was

> Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading.

and if in grasping avarice he was never satisfied, 'in bestowing he was most princely.'

In the admirable apology offered by Griffiths, Shakespeare cordially recognizes the Educational Reformer in Wolsey. Amid the multitudinous matters which enslaved him, he accomplished the feat of establishing two collegiate institutions. Such a feat could hardly have been accomplished but for his ability to pull down monasteries, and with their materials construct his 'twin seats of learning.'

Foreseeing that the revenues of these obsolete institutions would be squandered by his patron, Wolsey employed as much of the wealth as possible to a worthier end, viz. the promotion of learning. The chief opponents of his educational scheme lay among the clerics of the day, who fought tooth and nail the idea of a wider outlook for the people.

The fact of Wolsey's low extraction is frequently paraded by Shakespeare. Four hundred years ago men were supposed to wear a dress which indicated their rank and calling. The lines were drawn sharp and clear. To Wolsey's credit, be it said that no golden key was put into his hand. He rose, in spite of angry frowns, by dint of his own energy and mother-wit, till he out-topped all his rivals, and shone, to the disgust of the coroneted throng, in all the glory of the Lord Chancellorship, the bosom friend of the King of England.

Certain allowances must be made for such men. Our Cardinal-Chancellor probably suffered from bad training or no training. After-education did not wholly remedy defects of birth and breeding. Wolsey certainly had not learned that courtesy and fair play are as due to a foe as to a friend, and was not hampered by any sentimental *noblesse oblige*; but we may be reminded that neither the chivalry nor the

morality of the period was of conspicuous quality. It was an age of brutality, unchastity, and blunted sensibility.

Disappointed ambition seldom sweetens temper. That Wolsey bore it so well is not a little to his credit. Twice was the Cardinal within the possibility of becoming Pope of Rome, but, alas for royal promises and human confidences, the Emperor Charles played him false in both instances, and in all probability enjoyed the doing of it. Wolsey could hardly complain, in view of his own dishonoured promissory notes. These tantalizing experiences were calculated to fill him with bitterness. What were all his honours and emoluments, his patronage at home and influence abroad, whilst this coveted prize was cynically bestowed on an inferior man?

The general laxity of morals four centuries ago lends a degree of excuse for Wolsey's reprobate private life. It was the period when the nation could make a merry jest at the King's repulsive amours, and suffer no nausea as the tale went round. We can judge of the period from the indelicate speech of some of Shakespeare's characters as played before Queen Elizabeth, nay, royal Bess herself would freely talk Billingsgate when ruffled.

Wolsey was a product of his period, and may have cynically concluded that the 'cardinal virtues' would be too thick on the ground at Westminster if he patronized them freely. Besides, the King would certainly object to their presence. It was surely sufficient to be called 'the Defender of the Faith,' without being pestered with puritanical morals in his servants!

Concerning the aims, ideals, and motives of Wolsey, a volume might be written. We begin by affirming that no person is actuated by a single motive. To understand the Cardinal we have to suppose that he had a splendid ideal—a reforming, educating Papacy. In this, with pardonable egotism, he saw himself the central figure. As Pope he would cleanse the Augean stables of the Church in all lands. As

Pope, the friend of Erasmus, and all advanced literati, he would plant Universities the world over. As Pope, peace and goodwill should become the prevalent atmosphere of the nations. Above all, England should be enthroned among the nations, lending help and inspiration to all. To accomplish this he had to bribe his way, controvert his way, wire-pull his way, charm his way, frown his way, towards one goal, viz., that he might wear the tiara at Rome, and through him, Christendom be blessed.

Regarding Wolsey's faculty for government there can hardly be two opinions, though his political principles appear to us to be radically defective. George Cavendish writes, 'In my judgement I never saw this realm in better order, quietness, and obedience than it was in the time of his authority and rule, nor justice better administered.' This view is endorsed by subsequent writers. The government of England in those days would be no sinecure. Henry the Seventh had done a good deal to evolve order out of the chaos produced by the Wars of the Roses; but it fell to Wolsey, as factotum of Henry VIII, to carry forward the civilization of the people.

Centralization was the key-note of Wolsey's scheme of government. The principle for which he fought was that 'the sovereign's will should be the one motive power in the State, and that Parliament existed simply to satisfy the pecuniary demands of the King.' Much water has flown under London Bridge since the Lord Chancellor could levy a tax without any reference to the people's representatives. Things in our time are subject to a new polarity. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has now the last word in these matters. John Bull was but a helpless bambino four centuries ago; he is now fast attaining to perfect manhood in all liberty and self-importance. The marvel is that, with so unpopular a doctrine, Wolsey should accomplish so much. Lords and people united in opposing his plans and purposes —the former because he was bent on abolishing feudal

jurisdiction—the latter because he put restraint upon their rude, bucolic manners and customs, and made them pay heavily for his foreign policy.

Becket and Wolsey should be read together. They are both outstanding mountain-top men, with no equals in English ecclesiastical history. Their characters abound in contrast and parallels. Both men sprang from low estate, and by sheer force of genius rose to eminence; both espoused the cause of Mother Church, greatly to her disadvantage; both drew the attention of the civilized world upon themselves. There the agreement ends. Becket for ten long years fought his king, Henry, in the interests of clerical domination; for ten long years Wolsey wrought with his king, Henry, for the suppression of monastic and many other abuses, and the recovery of England's lost political power on the Continent; and while Becket was possessed by an almost Plantagenet ungovernable temper, which could brook no opposition, Wolsey maintained perfect control over his emotions, and by an incomparable charm fascinated and disarmed his opponents. Becket, too, lived a repulsive, austere life, while Wolsey wasted his substance in riotous living, and indulged in every toilet luxury and sensuous satisfaction. The one was a bungler all his days, the other a subtle diplomat to his finger-tips—a man of the Richelieu and Mazarin type—too familiar to Western Europe.

The character of Henry must be taken into account when we are judging his minister. We think of Wolsey influencing Henry, but did not Henry influence Wolsey? Seneca mastered Nero until Nero mastered Seneca; thus Wolsey controlled Henry until Henry dominated Wolsey. You have only to look at Henry's portrait to see how things must have fallen out. Henry was a Tudor, the father of Queen Elizabeth, who threatened with an oath to unfrock a refractory bishop. According to some, the Cardinal declares that 'he has, on his knees, besought him by the hour together to abstain from some folly or crime on which he had set his

heart.' Shakespeare describes Henry as 'our hard-ruled king'; the common people of his day would understand it better if put 'hard-mouthed king.' Henry had been educated for the Church, so we must think of him as a compound—with all the doubtful virtues of king and ecclesiastic rampant.

Evidently Shakespeare has 'accepted a brief' for Henry the Eighth. Under the searchlight of history we find not the lofty monarch who with hand on heart appeals to his council in the divorce court, and who so delicately reproves Wolsey for his ingratitude, but we come face to face with a man who can play with his new doll amid the splendour of York House, while its late occupant is shivering in discomfort at Esher. We discover a heartless king who asks no questions concerning the manner of his late minister's death, but is feverishly anxious about the £1,500 which had recently been borrowed by Wolsey to defray his funeral expenses.

The downfall of Wolsey has been attributed to various causes. Shakespeare makes it largely due to that fit of abstraction on the Chancellor's part in which he muddled his correspondence—inserting incriminating letters meant for the Pope into the packet conveyed to the King by Cromwell—letters which were of all things most calculated to irritate Henry, as they contained first-hand proof of Wolsey's disloyalty to his master.

The true explanation is probably found in the animosity of Anne Boleyn to the Cardinal. According to Cavendish, the faithful gentleman-usher of Wolsey, this lady had been betrothed to Percy, son of Northumberland. Wolsey, instigated by Henry, who had conceived a passion for Anne Boleyn, broke off this engagement, and thus made an implacable enemy where he could least afford to plant one. After his fall, and Cromwell has informed him of various Court happenings, the rejected one instinctively divines the source of his degradation—the marriage of the King and Anne Boleyn.

There was the weight that pulled me down!

The muddled correspondence theory has no authority in Cavendish. It is a clever output of imagination, makes a good scene, but must be taken *cum grano*.

Probably, Henry's great idea, which lay at the back of his mind all the time, viz., the establishment of an English popedom, and in which Wolsey to a limited extent sympathized, made the collapse of Wolsey more complete. The Chancellor's cautious conservatism would slacken the speed too much for the royal hustler. Perhaps, too, they interpreted that dream in diverse ways. Wolsey would ask, as he caught sight of Henry's scheme of headship to the English Church, 'Where do I come in?' On the other hand Henry would brook no authority but his own in this island world.

Henry had the benefit of history. He would remember how one of the biographers of Becket had heard the people cry, on the night of his murder at Canterbury, 'He wished to be king and more than king'! and would be ever alert to any symptoms which pointed in that direction with Wolsey. Masterful and unscrupulous, astute and far-seeing, Henry would take any measure to frustrate such a design.

The King was willing to use Wolsey as a buffer to take the impact of any Papal penalty for absorbing monastic revenues. He was most useful when it required a pachyderm to meet the reprobation that followed certain domestic acts, and Henry was mean enough to allow the servant to suffer for his master. He probably took lessons every day from his omniscient Chancellor, learned from him all the ropes and pulleys that manipulate life's stage, got off by heart his many plans and methods of Church reform and Social reform; but the Tudor autocrat never surrendered royal prerogative, and well knew that the nation of nobles and plebeians would rejoice if he threw the Cardinal to the lions.

Wolsey's ill repute arose in some measure from his readiness to take on himself the odium attached to Henry's unkingly proceedings. He was scapegoat times without

number for royal sins. Everything sinister and provocative was laid at his door—perhaps even the current disasters, as well as 'the years that the locusts did eat.'

The people dearly love a hero, on whom they may shower all the fragrant adjectives of our somewhat copious language; the next best thing is a scapegoat on which lords and commoners may expend their malevolence by venting a tornado of unsavoury expletives. This unfortunately militates against the possibility of a fair estimate of the man. They, full to the brim with ignoble prejudice, were too near to perceive the greatness of the Cardinal; we are too remote from his period to distinguish correctly between the truth and the falsehood attached to his history.

Surely the Fates must have been in sportive mood when they designed the combination of Thomases—Wolsey, Cromwell, More, and Cranmer, who were destined to support the royal revolutionist in his crusade against the established order of things! Grimly must they have watched the unfolding of events, knowing full well that the shears of Atropos were awaiting most of them, weave her sisters never so deftly.

Here are four types—Thomas Wolsey, the intriguer; Thomas Cromwell, the iconoclast; Thomas More, the laughing philosopher; and Thomas Cranmer, the pliable. They are compelled by fateful circumstance to further the designs of a king at once incapable of gratitude for service rendered, or compunction for crime committed. Less than justice has been done to the memory of this quaternion of ministers who served their King so faithfully. The French are naturally proud of the brilliant authors of their Revolution,—Diderot, D'Alembert, Condorcet, and Rousseau; the day may come when we shall appreciate our indebtedness to the more sober contributors to the liberties we enjoy. Who knows even the names of the heroes in Napoleon's retreat from Moscow who froze to death in upholding the bridge by which the army crossed over? Honour to them; and honour

to those who do the spade work, who sap and mine, and create foundations on which may be reared the nobler future of any nation!

Wolsey's 'repentance' may well occupy our thought. In Shakespeare's version of the Cardinal's last year, imagination has her own way entirely; in reality you get a diverse view. The former shows you the poet and philosopher in one; the latter attributes to Wolsey the most abject condition of mind.

For stage purposes our great dramatist's Wolsey in the ashes is beyond compare, lending itself as it does to spectacular art and histrionic capacity; but as an exhibition of psychic transformation it is unconvincing. Considering the capacious nature of the man, he is too dispassionate, not volcanic enough. Instead of action which suggests Hercules clothed in the shirt of Nessus, he reels off his confessions and precepts like a schoolboy's rehearsal. He is as free from 'compunctious visitings' as Benvenuto Cellini. There is no glance at the barbarisms of his past; he rather shrouds a life of cruelty beneath a veil of poetry. He 'makes a swan-like ending' too musically—the music of a hidden brook, rather than of the flood of an overmastering torrent of emotion.

The real Wolsey in the ashes is a more arresting figure than Shakespeare's imaginary one. Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, or Belisarius begging for an obolus, is not more pathetic than the picture of Wolsey, the sometime ecclesiastical millionaire, beseeching from a grasping king his travelling expenses to York. On both sides we are met with a pitiable display, for it must be confessed that Wolsey neither bore his blushing honours meekly, nor his crushing dishonours bravely. We submit that it is a case for charity. We are all more concerned about our blunders than our sins. Self-recrimination would lacerate more than Becket's scourge. He had been willing to bear the odium of Henry's vice and folly, but to endure the shame of his

own *gaucherie* was maddening. To know that the Court circle were holding their sides at his discomfiture filled him with bitterness. To know that the English democracy, from whose vulgar breath he had so ostentatiously protected himself, were exulting over his fall would come as a blow he could not fence. Let us be under no delusion, and hear in his utterances the language of a broken man, rather than that of a broken and contrite heart.

The value of Wolsey's so-thought repentance may be measured by the fact that even while rusticating amid his Yorkshire peasantry he hankered after his old life. Madame Maintenon said of the carp which did not thrive in the marble fountains of Versailles, 'They are like me, they long for their own native mud.' We gather from various sources that this erstwhile son of Fortune had ever an alert ear for the King's command. He never said with Henry V

> I have long dreamed,
> But being awake, I do despise my dream!

In Wolsey's attitude towards Henry there is so much of the whipped spaniel that our respect for the degraded minister is sensibly diminished. Poor old Becket, who died fighting for his Church and order, would have excommunicated the king with his latest breath—a more forgivable temper, considering the Pagans they both were. The only manly thing the Cardinal seems to have done in his correspondence with Henry after his fall was to bid his messenger on one occasion 'to remind his Highness that there is both a heaven and a hell.' One picture can never be erased from our memory: it is that of Wolsey on his knees in the mud by the roadside, thanking God volubly and tearfully because he has just received a hopeful, cheery message from Henry. He had not yet learned the lesson, 'Put not your trust in princes'! The Cardinal has never been canonized; perhaps we may regard that fact as a compliment to Wolsey. He is great without it, though 'not greatly good.'

W. J. Acomb.

CLEMENT OF ALEXANDRIA

Clement of Alexandria, a Study in Christian Liberalism. By R. B. Tollinton, B.D., Rector of Tendring. 2 vols. (London: Williams & Norgate.) 1914.

THE interest which Clement[1] has awakened in students is evidenced by the number of works of which he has been the subject. Dr. Bigg's account of the teaching of Clement and of Origen, his greater pupil, in *The Christian Platonists of Alexandria*, which has just appeared in a second edition, will not soon be superseded. Mr. Tollinton places M. De Faye's work on a similar level of excellence. Westcott's article in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* is one of many indications of the writer's leaning to early Eastern theology. Westcott's complaint of the state of the text in Clement's works has since been met by Dr. Stählin's standard edition. Clement's work is also the subject of the lately-published Croall Lecture by Prof. Patrick. It is not difficult to understand the reason of this widespread interest. Clement was 'the first great Christian scholar.' He was 'the earliest of the Greek Fathers who were especially conspicuous for learning.'[2] 'What renders the age of Clement so interesting is that, like ours, it is an age of transition fermenting with the germs of the future.'[3] Westcott says that Clement's writings have 'their peculiar interest in all times of change.' Clement belongs to the interval between the days of simple faith and the days of dogmatic definition, and bears the marks of both. He represents to us the early Greek Church and also especially the great Alexandrian school in the Church. The first

[1] Clement of Alexandria, in distinction from Clement of Rome, who lived about a century before his Alexandrian namesake.

[2] J. E. Sandys. [3] De Faye.

Christian theology and the great Councils belonged to the East. The Latin writers of the Church were a later product. They began in Carthage with Tertullian and Cyprian. The letter of the Roman Clement to Corinth is in Greek. In the greatest of all Church controversies the assailant and the defender both belonged to Alexandria, which stood in the front rank of Christian literature and theology.

We know little of the details of Clement's life and work. His writings, which remain for us in tolerable completeness, tell us nothing about himself. We can only feel our way by inference from references and allusions to other matters. His birthplace is unknown. His life lies probably between A.D. 150 and 215. He came to Alexandria about A.D. 180 as successor to Pantaenus, the head of the Christian Catechetical School or College, and left the city in the persecution of Severus, 202—208, never to return, as far as we know. He seems to have visited a pupil and friend, Alexander, bishop of Cappadocia, and afterwards bishop of Jerusalem, and then he vanishes from our sight.

There was room for Mr. Tollinton's work, written from a new standpoint and on a large scale. While Clement's own views are fully discussed, still more attention is given to their relation to the thought and tendencies of the age, and to Clement's entire environment. Clement's 'Life and Times' would be a fitting title. Indeed the reader will sometimes fear that the framework threatens to overshadow the picture. But it is not so. The author resists the temptation to pursue attractive by-paths too far, and keeps well to the king's highway; and even the subjects which have only a very general bearing on the chief aim of the work are full of instruction, supplying the opportunity for many vivid sketches of memorable lives and scenes.

The first six chapters, filling about 200 pages, are really an Introduction. Clement's Life, Alexandria, the Close of the Second Century, Six Contemporaries, In Clement's Library, Literary Work—these subjects excite and then satisfy the

reader's appetite. In the first a good case is made out for Athens as Clement's birthplace and the scene of his early training. This best explains Clement's literary life and his perfect familiarity with Greek philosophy and literature generally. Homer, Plato, Euripides represent his tastes in this direction. Aristotle's scientific severity is less congenial. The fact that Clement was at home in the history of Greek thought in its different schools is an essential element of his fitness as a Christian advocate. Our author criticizes his failure to turn to account the recognition of fundamental truth in Greek philosophical writers. In this respect Clement somewhat falls behind Justin Martyr, who wrote half-a-century earlier. Still, both writers acknowledge that philosophy at its best was a preparation for the gospel, thus forming a contrast to the attitude of Tertullian at a slightly later date.

In Alexandria we confess we are less drawn to its imperial position as the eastern Rome, its harbours and commerce and museums, than to the Catechetical School which was the first Christian College ever built. In its leaders, students, course of study, in the scholars and evangelists it trained and sent forth, it was eminently worthy of its fame. It was not a place of education for Christian children, as its name may perhaps suggest, but a missionary college for inquirers and seekers after the truth. Pantaenus, Clement, Origen, were in succession the first in a long line of distinguished teachers. Missionary enthusiasts may be encouraged by this example of the use of higher education in missionary work. In India and China modern Clements follow in the steps of a great leader. In Alexandria, as elsewhere, seekers after truth were numerous, as evidenced by the efforts made in Stoicism and other systems to supply the demand. The old paganism was dying. The West was inundated with religions imported from the East, of which Egypt contributed its share. Temples of Serapis and Isis, as well as of Mithras from Persia, sprang up on western soil.

The chapter on 'Six Contemporaries' is more remote

from the subject in hand. The author ingeniously suggests that, if we had news of Clement's intercourse with notable contemporaries, this would facilitate our judgement; but as we have no such news, we may imagine it. The sketches of men like the emperor Severus, bishop Victor of Rome, Bardaisan, a Syrian Clement, add much to our knowledge.

'In Clement's Library' opens to us the world of ancient literature. Clement was a quiet scholar and book-lover. The gifts of a leader and organizer were foreign to him. He was not an original thinker like his great pupil, about whom Westcott writes so informingly in his *Religious Thought in the West*. A strong feature in Clement's writings is in the abundant references to authors whose works have perished. About 850 such references are counted. Not that these represent books or rolls in his own possession. Still, he must have had many, and he no doubt used the great libraries for which the city was famous. The library in the temple of Serapis is credited with the possession of 200,000 rolls. We have already indicated the nature of Clement's favourite reading. It was very wide. The lighter literature of the essays and anthologies of the day was included. Plutarch cannot have been wanting. It is a good thing that the chronicler of the great Roman and Greek heroes is represented by so many English translations. Would that they were as well read in our days as in our fathers' days! Clement did not overlook the great Stoics, the emperor Marcus Aurelius, and the Greek slave, Epictetus. But he did not accept all Stoic teaching. He admired their praise of fortitude, but could not receive their pantheism with its accompanying fatalism. It goes without saying that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament were Clement's first and constant study, although here also he had his favourite books, Deuteronomy, Psalms, Matthew, Ephesians, Hebrews. The Hebrews reads in many respects like the work of an Alexandrian writer; its thoughts and phraseology often bear an Alexandrine stamp. Apollos—'an Alexandrian

by race, a learned man, and mighty in the Scriptures'—is among those who are suggested as author of the epistle. The character of Clement's reading has led some modern writers to disparage him as a mere compiler and even plagiarist. The charge is supported by references to his indifference to points of style. But with all his faults of digression and desultoriness, his purpose is so high and so continuously maintained that charges of this kind are out of the question. Those who make them ignore the serious and exaggerate the weak elements in his works. Westcott writes, 'When it is freely admitted that his style is generally deficient in terseness and elegance, that his method is desultory, that his learning is undigested, we can still thankfully admire his richness of information, his breadth of reading, his largeness of sympathy, his lofty aspirations, his noble conception of the office and capacities of the Faith.'

Clement's three chief works are the *Exhortation to the Greeks*, in twelve chapters, the *Paedagogus* or 'Tutor' in three books, and the *Stromateis* or 'Miscellanies' in eight books. The first work is the best, giving us a good idea of the early method of Apologetics, in which Clement had many forerunners. While exposing the immoral character of the pagan myths and deities, it acknowledges the merits of the Greek philosophy in its search for truth and presents Christianity as God's answer to man's inquiries. The whole treatise breathes a high tone. The 'Tutor' is Christ, and the work gives in the main the ethical teaching of Christianity on the manifold details of life as seen in the Alexandria of Clement's days. The graphic pictures of manners and morals, of marriage and home life, of social habits and customs, passes before us with panoramic vividness. His acquaintance with the minutiae of city life of all kinds is not a little remarkable in a recluse scholar. The unreserved frankness of some descriptions discloses 'hidden works of darkness.' 'Miscellanies' does not well represent *Stromateis*. Dr. Bigg renders the word by 'carpet-bags,'

i.e., full bags. Clement's work proceeds on a plan, but the details are variegated. The topics discussed are almost numberless, but there is no order in the arrangement. The three works cannot be summarized in a few lines.[1] Another extant tractate is *Who is the Rich Man that is saved?* It is a practical exposition of the narrative of the Rich Youth in the Gospel. 'The solution of Clement is that wealth is in itself a thing neither good nor bad, that its moral character is determined by its use or misuse, and that it may be so used as to be a stepping-stone towards spiritual progress and final salvation' (Patrick). The frequent reference in the Gospels to the greed of wealth and its brood of evils is a striking fact, and was never more applicable than in our own days. Numerous lost works of Clement are known to us by name. One of the most important of these is the *Hypotyposes* or 'Outlines,' consisting of expositions of Scripture passages. Whether the exposition was continuous or only on select texts, is disputed. We may notice a few of the topics associated with Clement's name, which are expounded at length in the work under consideration.

The two chief questions of this order are the Logos doctrine and Gnosticism. The term Logos or Word[2] came to Clement from Philo, the great Jewish scholar, a Jew by race, a Greek in spirit. Whether the Logos in Philo was personal or ideal is uncertain; in Clement and all Christian writers it is a name of Christ as in John. The necessity for it or advantage in it was felt as a relief from the utterly abstract form given to the concept of God in current philosophy. Stripped of all names and attributes, God was a mere Absolute which thought could not grasp. The Logos was the link or bridge between the finite and infinite, and embodied a high form of mediation. Its adoption by Christians raised at once the question of harmony with the

[1] A translation of the three works appears in two vols. in the *Ante-Nicene Library*. An excellent analysis is given in Prof. Patrick's Croall lecture.

[2] See the Prologue of the Fourth Gospel.

fundamental truth of the Divine Unity. The question was not answered in Clement's day. Origen carried it to a further stage, but the final stage was the doctrine of the Trinity, which was generally adopted without formal or official definition by any General Council. The Athanasian Creed was never formulated by a Council as the Nicene Creed was. It was accepted spontaneously as the best solution possible. There can be no doubt that Clement held the Logos to be personal, pre-existent before the Incarnation and Creation, and eternal. But living before the age of definitions, his language was here and there inexact and inconsistent. He sometimes seems to believe in a docetic Christ, reducing the human to a mere semblance. These defects and mistakes were made a charge against him in later centuries. Neither he nor Origen has a place in the Roman calendar of saints; and neither is represented in the Oxford *Library of the Fathers*.

Clement lived in the high days of Gnosticism, and he has much to say about it. In principle Gnosticism was identical with such systems as Hegelianism and Idealism. It holds emanation or evolution, not creation save in a subordinate form. Its creator or Demiurgus is simply one of the Aeons which bridge the gulf between God and the world. Pantheism and fatalism are involved in it. Matter is essentially evil. In all these points Clement has much to criticize. Like all the Greek theologians he is strong for free-will. Western predestination had no chance in the East. Origen and Augustine are antagonists here. Dr. Bigg truly enough says that Gnosticism is more ethical than philosophical. But philosophy underlies its ethics. The practical life it enjoins rests on certain theories of God and man, spirit and matter, moral good and evil. It must be noted that the best Gnostics sought to weave Christianity into their world-theory and so to claim recognition in the Church. Some of them were the authors of commentaries on books of Scripture. Traces of their influence are found in Colossians and 1 John.

Again, they claimed the possession of knowledge (gnosis), not faith merely. Faith was for ordinary Christians. Gnostics do not believe, they know. They are intellectual aristocrats. Clement boldly appropriates the name Gnostic, and applies it to Christians. The Christian is the true Gnostic. The ideal life of the Gospels and the Epistles is the life or the aim of every follower of Christ. As to the claim to knowledge, we must remember how complete knowledge is yet before us as a goal to be aspired after, 1 Cor. xiii. 12, &c. (ἐπιγινώσκω, ἐπίγνωσις).

Marcion of Sinope (c. 140 A.D.) was a pervert from Christianity to Gnosticism, and held a midway position between the two. He explained the evil in the world and the imperfect ethics of the Old Testament as the work of an inferior Deity, the Demiurgus. Neither could originate with the 'good,' gracious God, who was only revealed by Christ. There was no continuity, but opposition, between the two Testaments. Marcion justified his position by the Pauline antithesis of law and grace, and constructed a New Testament of his own out of St. Luke's Gospel and Paul's Epistles. His ethical teaching was severely ascetic. He founded an organized Church which lasted several centuries.

The allegorical method of Scripture interpretation, of which Alexandria was the home, found a ready exponent in Clement, who took it over from Philo and Jewish teachers. Philo again learnt it from Greek writers, who used it in explaining away objectionable features in their old mythology. Origen carried on the method from Clement's day, and it continued a favourite practice of expositors through the Middle Ages. Here also it was used to remove difficulties in Old Testament teaching and story. The application of the method to Scripture was without limit. It would be hard to find anything in Scripture which was not allegorized—history, incident, moral teaching in Old and New Testament alike. The literal, historical meaning was not always denied, but it was always subsidiary to the spiritual meaning

hidden in it. This is something far beyond the distinction of letter and spirit, figure and parable; and beyond the moralizing of the homilist. The lengths to which the system was carried may be seen in the abundant examples given in Mr. Tollinton's work, ii. p. 210–218, and Prof. Patrick's p. 198–206. 'Animals which failed to chew the cud were types of the heretics; those which failed to divide the hoof, of the Jew.' 'The tying of the colt to the vine is the union of the children of God with the divine Logos.' 'The land of Egypt and the people of Canaan are taken as types of passions and vices, of deceit and worldly follies, with which the Christian must have no dealing.' 'Foxes that have holes are wealthy mine-owners.' The theory is typology run mad. The Antiochian school of interpretation, represented by Theodore and Chrysostom, alone did justice to the letter and the natural meaning of Scripture. Allegory in extreme form is indeed the antipodes of the bald, jejune style of exposition followed in some quarters to-day.

There is very much more on Sacraments and Worship, the Church, Scripture Canon and Exegesis, which would repay consideration if it were possible. The Canon of the Old Testament was closed before Clement's day. Perhaps it may be said that the same was practically the case with the New Testament; but the line of demarcation between canonical and non-canonical is not so evident and definite. The writings of Hermas, Barnabas, Clement of Rome, the *Didache*, still hover near the boundary. Clement speaks of the last as 'Scripture,' which is certainly a testimony to its antiquity. Other Gospels and Apocalypses are mentioned, although nothing is said as to the amount of authority belonging to them. We must remember the early date of Clement's writing, and make allowance accordingly. The wonder is that the area of certainty respecting the New Testament books is so large and clear. As to Clement's use of Scripture, his works contain about 1,800 references to the Old Testament and 2,400 to the New.

Bishop Lightfoot calls attention to the fact that Church organization developed much more slowly at Alexandria than elsewhere.[1] More stress was laid on intelligence and independence than on authority. Presbyters elected bishops and ordained presbyters longer than in other parts of the Church. 'Clement speaks sometimes of two orders of the ministry, the presbyters and deacons; sometimes of three, the bishops, presbyters, and deacons. Thus it would appear that even as late as the close of the second century the bishop of Alexandria was regarded as distinct and yet not distinct from the presbytery.' 'At Alexandria from Mark the Evangelist down to the times of the bishops Heraclas (A.D. 233–249) and Dionysius (A.D. 249–265) the presbyters always nominated as bishop one chosen out of their own body and placed in a higher grade' (Jerome). 'In Egypt the presbyters seal (i.e. ordain or consecrate), if the bishop be not present' (Hilary). Lightfoot adds, 'This however might refer only to the ordination of presbyters, and not to the consecration of a bishop.' Even the latter function is ascribed to presbyters of former days by a patriarch of Alexandria in the tenth century. At the close of the second century the bishop of Alexandria was the only bishop in Egypt, whereas bishops swarmed in Asia Minor. Bishop Demetrius (A.D. 190–233) appointed three other bishops, to which numbers Heraclas (A.D. 233–249) added twenty more. It was Demetrius who treated Origen with extreme harshness.

Clement holds to the doctrine of immortality, but not as a part of man's nature, therefore as a conditional gift. Origen held universal restoration, as did some of the later Greek Fathers. Whether Clement went so far, we do not know. His language on this as on some other subjects is vague. Here we must agree with Dr. Bigg, who speaks of his 'erudite uncertainty.'

We must perforce pass over our author's exceedingly just and luminous discussions of numerous aspects of Clement's

[1] Philippians, p. 224 ff.

life and work, only noting that the sub-title of the work 'is intended to have a religious and only a religious significance.'

Not the least interesting chapter is the final one, which gives sixty-seven Sayings and Extracts from Clement's writings, first in the original, then in translation. Let Clement speak to us in two of these. 'A noble hymn of God is man, immortal, built up in righteousness, with the oracles of truth engraven upon his nature. For where else, save in the wise soul, can righteousness be engraven, or love, or reverence, or gentleness? These surely are the divine Scriptures which we must grave and seal upon the soul, deeming such wisdom a fair port of departure for whatever quarter of life the course is set, and no less a haven of peace and safe arrival. So shall they who have run unto the Father be good fathers of children, and they who have learned to know the Son be good sons to parents, and they who remember the Bridegroom be good husbands to wives, and they who have been ransomed from uttermost slavery good masters of servants.' 'Work on and grow not weary, for thou shalt be such as thou hast neither hope nor power to fancy.'

JOHN S. BANKS.

THE MESSAGE OF MR. H. G. WELLS

IF it is impossible to speak with confidence of the permanent place in literature of a contemporary, it is not so difficult to estimate his position in his own generation; and an admirer of Mr. H. G. Wells will be inclined to assert that there is no writer at the present day whose influence is greater than his. Apart from his extraordinary skill as a story-teller, he has proved himself to be a most lucid and successful interpreter of contemporary thought; while the earnestness with which he performs his task in itself compels our attention. He is not of course a religious teacher, but there are elements in his work that are of peculiar interest to the religious mind, and it is these elements which the writer seeks to indicate in a brief summary of Mr. Wells's teaching.

We may speak first of all of his literary method, which is admirably adapted to his purpose, and supplies us therefore with a very significant index to his mind. I cannot indicate it better than by quoting the remark of a man who had been reading *Kipps*, and who told me that he hated the book; the reason being that it made him feel a fool. Now that remark suggests the difference between two literary methods that are often strangely confused—caricature and realism. It is the difference between Wells and Dickens, with whom he has sometimes been compared; Dickens was a caricaturist, and if he had written about Kipps we should have felt indeed that he was a fool, but we should have felt that he was 'a motley fool,' created for our entertainment. But Wells's Kipps does not wear motley; he is a fool in earnest. As you watch the strange huddle of his thoughts, and their vain contest with his dreams and instincts, you are troubled by a disturbing sense of recognition; it is so uncomfortably

like one's own mental processes! That is realism, and it is too serious a thing to be quite so entertaining as the humorous and delightful work of Dickens. This is the method that Mr. Wells employs, and he has brought it to an extraordinary pitch of perfection. There is a photographic quality about all his descriptions which brings the least detail of an object before the mind's eye, leaving one in no doubt as to the sort of world with which he deals, and the sort of people that inhabit it.

Now this method is not a new one, and Mr. Wells is not its only exponent at the present time; but I think it safe to say that he is the only one who has thoroughly mastered it. For with him it is a method and nothing else; whereas with others it is an end in itself. Mr. Arnold Bennett, for instance, has achieved his purpose when he has conveyed in words—and he does it supremely well—the exact effect of facts upon the average consciousness; and there is constantly an unexplained element in his books, an enigmatic and inconsequential quality, as for average people there is in life itself. His business as a novelist is not to weave plots or answer riddles, but to let life speak for itself; and he is not greatly concerned when it seems to have nothing particular to say. But Mr. Wells is not content to transcribe; he must also expound; and his realism, vivid though it is, gives him nothing more than the material upon which he is to work. It is the journeyman of an intellect which is in its nature constructive, but which delights to accept the limitations implied by the medium in which it works, and believes that human nature in books should be no more pliant than it is in life. The basis of his realism is a courageous veracity which declines the aid of literary lay figures, and makes writing as tough and exhilarating a business as affairs.

This is true even of his fantasies, where he strikes the same note in the literature of the unreal as Swift, the master of all that class of writers. They are the productions of an

imagination that has been disciplined into seriousness and precision; strictly and exactly, they are 'scientific romances.' They depend of course upon an initial improbability, but after that no further strain is put upon our credulity. The new factor works itself out in the world of law and order which is familiar to us all, and none of the ordinary conditions are suspended to make way for it. Take for instance that favourite fairy-gift, the power of invisibility; we do not commonly realize how many other gifts would be needed to make it really effective. In *The Invisible Man* Wells has taken all the factors into consideration, and he makes us see that whatever advantages invisibility might confer in fairyland, where presumably there is no heat or cold or hunger or space or time, in the real world it would be conditioned by these things. He has scrupulously respected the conditions, and the result is a story not only amazingly convincing, but of permanent psychological value; and we may remark, as the critical moral, that permanence can only belong to a work of imagination which is faithful to the nature of things.

But realism with Mr. Wells is a method only. It insures the genuineness of the human material upon which he professes to work, but when he has assembled his material the work has only begun. He is supremely concerned with the destinies of the people of whom he writes, and his stories are dominated by a profound sense of the importance of the issues that men and women have to decide. Whether we agree with his conclusions about it or not, we cannot deny that he takes life seriously. He is often revolutionary, but never wanton; and though it would not be difficult to point to inconsistencies in his teaching, they could not be said to be due to frivolity. This must be insisted upon because of the widely-held opinion that he is a dangerous writer. It is true that he has often spoken with a plainness which we are accustomed to associate with licence, but he has not spoken licentiously; and his most painful pages command the respect

that is alone due to a serious purpose. Upon this point I shall have to touch again.

What then is the subject of his writings? I do not think it can be expressed more concisely than it is in a few sentences of his own in one of the scientific romances, *The War in the Air*. Writing from an imaginary standpoint in the indefinite future, he says of society in the opening years of the twentieth century—'Men said indeed that moral organization was not keeping pace with physical progress, but few attached any meaning to these phrases, the understanding of which lies at the basis of our present safety. . . . They complacently assumed a necessary progress towards which they had no moral responsibility. They did not realize that this security of progress was a thing still to be won or lost, and that the time to win it was a time that passed.' That thought haunts his books. He writes of people who in different ways, according to their capacity, are puzzled and disturbed by it. There has been progress on a most impressive scale in the material appliances of life, but we have not improved spiritually at an equal rate. Civilization is encumbered, like a king whose sceptre and crown are too weighty for him; our greatness crushes us. There are a thousand inconsistencies between our backward moral and intellectual life and the world which we have created for ourselves, a world that implies in those who inhabit it all sorts of wisdom and greatness unknown to us. It is large in its scale, sweeping in its movements, complex in its relations—as a material achievement, impressive in the highest degree; but spiritually we fall sadly short of that achievement, and in face of so much that calls for bold and generous views, we cling timidly to the ethical and educational traditions of a simpler world. This is the problem that Wells sets his characters to work out.

It is from this point of view that we can best understand his social teaching. Everybody knows that Wells is, or at any rate was once, a socialist; but that, as we also know, is

a loose term—so loose that it really tells us very little about his views. Now Mr. Wells's socialism is not exactly like that of anybody else at present. It differs on the one hand from the political socialism which finds expression in the programme of the Labour Party, and on the other hand from the scientific socialism of the Fabian Society. These are practical, business-like organizations, with very definite aims; they mean to be taken seriously, and there is nothing their leaders resent more than to be passed over as 'mere visionaries.' Mr. Wells has no such sensibility; the desire to appear reasonable and moderate is not a foible of his. His socialism is frankly idealistic, and if that means that it is unpractical, why, it is unpractical. He boldly called one of his books on the subject *A Modern Utopia*, so ranging himself with the social dreamers, with Plato and Thomas More and William Morris, rather than with the modern reformers and sociologists.

The introduction to *A Modern Utopia* gives us a very fair view of his conception of the social ideal. It is written in that engaging vein of autobiography which is so characteristic of him, and which helps us so much to understand his books. He speaks of the relation of this book to his first and second writings on the subject, *Anticipations* and *Mankind in the Making*; and he says that he wrote the first of the three, *Anticipations*, 'in order to clear up the muddle in my own mind about innumerable social and political questions, questions I could not keep out of my work, which it distressed me to touch upon in a stupid, haphazard way, and which no one, so far as I knew, had handled in a manner to satisfy my needs. But *Anticipations* did not achieve its end. I have a slow, constructive, hesitating sort of mind, and when I emerged from that undertaking I found I had still most of my questions to state and solve. In *Mankind in the Making*, therefore, I tried to view the social organization in a different way, *to consider it as an educational process instead of dealing with it as a thing with a future history*, and if I made this

second book even less satisfactory from a literary standpoint than the former (and this is my opinion), I blundered, I think, more edifyingly—at least from the point of view of my own instruction.' You will see that his standpoint in *Mankind in the Making* was essentially the same as that in *The War in the Air;* the social organization had to be considered as an educational process; he was trying to grasp the human and moral aspects of civilization. And so it is that in his picture of an ideal society in *A Modern Utopia*, we are struck by the fact that the people are of a higher order, more disciplined and intelligent, than the people in the world we know; while the outstanding feature of the book is his sketch of the order of the Samurai, a sort of moral aristocracy or 'voluntary nobility,' composed of men selected for their high moral development and advanced social sense, who were to be as it were an organized conscience for the whole community, insuring that a high social ideal should always be before their eyes. These are the things upon which a satisfactory civilization would have to rest; further outward improvement would be a delusion without a corresponding spiritual illumination; moral organization must keep pace with physical progress.

Now this thought, thus sketched out serenely in an ideal point of view, is attractive enough, but it suffers from its abstractedness. It can only become true and vivid as it is clothed upon with character and real humanity. Wells himself says that 'there must always be a certain effect of hardness and thinness about Utopian speculations. . . . That which is the blood and warmth and reality of life is largely absent; there are no individualities, but only generalized people. . . . Too often the prospect resembles the key to one of those large pictures of coronations, royal weddings, parliaments, conferences, and gatherings so popular in Victorian times, in which, instead of a face, each figure bears a neat oval with its index number legibly inscribed.' Now this does not satisfy his exacting sense of

reality. His temperament is experimental, and his theory does not convince him until he has tried it upon the world of obstinate facts where the issues of life are decided. And so he turns from abstract speculation to realistic fiction.

He writes fiction because it is the only adequate way of discussing life. All other forms of teaching suffer from one necessary but most serious limitation; they cannot be related to a whole host of the factors with which in the experience of real life they would have to deal. We think in one world and we live in another, and it is one of our chief difficulties to relate the comparative simplicity and order of the one to the abundance, the confusion, and the stubbornness of the other; yet this has to be done, for thought only becomes real to us when it is clothed in experience. Now Mr. Wells as a novelist attempts this task for us. He takes the case of the people we know. Superior persons are distressed because his characters are so common, because he sets none of his scenes in the high lights of romance. But he has too much reverence for his ideas to dissipate them in that way; he feels that if he has nothing to say to ordinary people it is not worth his while to speak at all. He tells us about the career of just such people as we meet every day—people for the most part of limited outlook, with vague ideas about life, who suffer a good deal from perplexity and are apt in consequence to do rash and violent things—and he shows us how in fact our higher thoughts bear upon their case. We see that in application to individuals the simplicity of theory is broken up; it is entangled in a confused web of temperament, of stupidity, of passion; it is borne down by a dead weight of traditions; it has to fight against a host of half truths and errors that have long been in possession of the ground: and we are made to feel the mental perplexities and practical difficulties which thus arise. All of which goes to show that the true task of social reform is to civilize the average man.

This brings us face to face with the problem of human nature, the neglected factor in too many of our speculations

—neglected, one suspects, because it imposes upon them too rigorous a test. Wells insists that we must apply the test in theory as we should have to do in practice. He draws vivid pictures of human nature as it truly is, not sparing us the contemplation of its familiar dreary defects, and he asks us to consider how it bears upon our theories. Our thinking is not sufficiently concrete and courageous; it does not face the facts which everybody experiences in real life, but takes refuge in fictions and conventions which indeed smooth the path of theory, but are not available in practice; we create systems of ethics and education, and are elaborately unconscious of conditions which might possibly modify them. As a matter of fact, however, the conditions are everything, and we must not begin to form our systems until we have closely examined the facts to which they must be applied. Induction is the only method that yields satisfactory results when you are dealing with realities.

Let us take the study in ideals of education that he gives us in *Love and Mr. Lewisham*. It is a story of the redemption of a prig. Mr. Lewisham begins life as a junior master in a school of small boys. He is an exemplary young man after the academic pattern; his room tells us everything we need to know about him. 'Over the head of the bed, for example, where good folks hang texts, these truths asserted themselves, written in a clear, bold, youthfully florid hand:—"Knowledge is Power," and "What Man Has Done Man Can Do"—man in the second instance referring to Mr. Lewisham. . . . "Who Would Control Others Must First Control Himself," remarked the wall over the wash-hand stand, and behind the door against the Sunday trousers was a portrait of Carlyle.'

Mr. Lewisham had sketched out a career for himself. 'In this scheme, 1892 was indicated as the year in which Mr. Lewisham proposed to take his B.A. degree at the London University, with "hons. in all subjects," and 1895 as the date of his "gold medal." Subsequently there were to be

"pamphlets in the Liberal interest," and such like things duly dated.'

Now these are some of the realities of secondary education among the middle classes, stripped of the glamour of theory. We have all met some such prigs as Lewisham, men in whom a soulless system has produced the same barren intellectual ideals. The delicate perceptions and high disciplines of a cultivated nature are by no means the aim of their studies, and the system on which they are trained, based as it is on examinations and aiming at academic tags, misses the ideal as completely as they. This is a thing to recognize before you begin to praise modern higher education.

Mr. Lewisham was in fact diverted from his career, though his deliverance was not effected without much disturbance and searching of heart. The thing that redeemed him was love. It overtook him in the full pursuit of a course of study upon which the success of the career depended, and in such a way that he was forced to choose between the two. He could not resist the emotional quality of the new influence that now mingled with the main stream of his life, making him thirst for strange springs of spiritual power and beauty; and the consequence was that this most prudent young man made a most improvident marriage, and rejoiced in the risks of it with a fine sense of adventure. But—and here we have an instance of the author's sincerity—the thing did not end there. Wells employs no *Deus ex machina* to work the miracle that justifies the adventure; Lewisham had chosen his course, and he had to take the consequences. Love in a cottage—in this instance a London lodging—was delightful; only, the rent had to be paid, and Lewisham's prospects had gone. As the more sordid anxieties of married life asserted themselves the glamour of the thing faded, and this young couple saw each other in the wan light that succeeded with an effect of disenchantment; they even got to quarrelling. The career which Lewisham had so gaily given up had its revenges. Yet even in this degraded aspect love

was still the secret of sweetness and power to his nature, as he realized when he came to weigh the influences in his life. Nor did it continue to look degraded; by resolutely putting away his delusions, and dealing honestly with the facts of the case, he redeemed it. Love grew beautiful again, with a graver, sweeter quality of beauty; and in the hour when he was faced with the fact of fatherhood he discovered what he had gained by the sacrifice of his career. That was vanity, and the husband and father had found a vocation infinitely more worthy, as it was more satisfying and fruitful.

The solution upon which Mr. Lewisham hit was not accidental. If we consider the books chronologically we may say that this was the first positive conclusion to which Mr. Wells came after stating the difficulties and reviewing the situation as a whole. Above all other disciplines as an instrument of spiritual culture is love; and in this conclusion he might, had his mind been less veracious than it is, have rested with much satisfaction to himself and to all the rest of us who were contented to look no farther. But, having his eyes steadily fixed on the facts which actual human life presents, he quickly perceived that this conclusion is but the starting-point of a new set of problems, more intricate and perplexing than the former; and these, with characteristic sincerity, he proceeded to state and examine.

The great principle of redemption is love—true; but life is a bewildering thing, in which it is easier to make mistakes than to hit upon the safe true course; and the worst of it is that a mistake often commits us to obligations which all the sanctions of honour and morality are then called in to confirm. We all know that marriage is an institution which implies love, and that where love exists it is altogether a natural and beautiful thing, and the vows by which it is guarded are vows which lovers will delight to take; but we know also that actually, as things are, love is not the sole maker of matches by any means. And what of the marriage-vows then? Beautiful, natural, inevitable as they are in

the one case, are they not in the other case either a monstrous lie or a tragic delusion, acording as they are taken in mockery or in ignorance? It is so easy to deceive ourselves, there are so many social influences ready to betray us! And suppose that love appears *after* the mistake is made—appears as a forbidden thing? What a dilemma to decide—love, holy in its nature, but in conflict with honour—or honour, itself no less sacred, yet based in falsehood and at war with love!

Now this is a dilemma which does from time to time presents itself in real life, and Wells, anxious to be faithful even to the most perplexing facts of life, sets it out in more than one of his stories. We need not be surprised that he has difficulties with it, and we shall not be tempted to join in the silly outcry that arose at his failure to solve them to our satisfaction or his own: his courage and honesty remain, an example to us all.

How does he deal with the problem? At first, there is no doubt, desperately. He said that in such a case there can be only one choice, and to talk of 'honour' is hypocrisy. A man must live his own life, however far it leads him from the conventions of the timid. This was his answer in *Tono-Bungay*, which is the book that marks the extreme point of his revolt, and which I have always considered to be the least agreeable of them all; and in *Ann Veronica* the answer is much the same, though the revolt is not so savage or cynical and the book ends on a softer note of regret and reconciliation. But this violent conclusion could not long satisfy a man with his developed social sense, and he proceeded in a further story, *The New Machiavelli*, to discuss the whole question of love and redemption in its broadest aspects, and with special reference to the particular problem we have stated. Of this story it is necessary to speak somewhat at length.

The story centres in the person of Richard Remington, perhaps the most remarkable of all Wells's creations. He is

a man who combines the statesman's mind, his large intelligence and exact sense of public order, with a daring and rather primitive temperament, such as in men of intellect often excites originality of thought. The first thing to recognize is that for him there could be no passive acceptance of established things. His mind was critical and inquisitive, with a certain native vigour that pushed him on always to new fields of inquiry. At school his outlook was already wider than the curriculum, and half unconsciously he began to be in revolt. At Cambridge this attitude became more pronounced. He belonged to an intellectual set, such as exists in most colleges—men whose interests were vital rather than academical, and who had the searching and radical temper that is bred by a keen sense of realities. The rigid demands of University 'good form' bored them extremely. Their special aversion was the type of man to whom they had given the name 'Pinky-Dinky,' the conventionally academic type, shallow and over-conscious.

Among other things these rather alarming young men were socialists. It was in the days of the old hazy, sentimental socialism. They organised a meeting in the University, which was addressed by one of the leaders of the movement from the North, a working man with great natural gifts of rhetoric; and afterwards a select group of men discussed his views with him in private. Remington soon perceived that the orator's ideas were very ill defined, and his socialism extremely weak on the constructive side. It was all very well to be dissatisfied with things as they are, but would a vague, unpractical socialism be any remedy? In this frame of mind Remington came under the influence of Kipling, who, he says, 'helped to broaden my geographical sense immensely, and provided phrases for just that desire for discipline and devotion and organized effort the socialism of our time failed to express, that the current socialist movement still fails, I think, to express.' And by these means he came to a clear comprehension of the social evil.

'We got it more and more definite that the core of our purpose beneath all its varied aspects must needs be order and discipline. "Muddle," said I, "is the enemy." That remains my belief to this day. Clearness and order, light and foresight, these things I know for good.' Already therefore, before he left Cambridge, the two sides of his nature had found definite expression—the impatience with unreality that drove him to seek first-hand experience of life, and the constructive instinct of the man of order and morals—the 'red life' and the 'white life.'

It is not necessary for the present purpose to tell the story of the book in full. At every stage these two impulses work in his thought and conduct and are more or less in conflict with each other. He was attracted by the scientific socialism of 'Oscar and Altiora Bailey'—very recognizable as prominent members of the Fabian Society. Their clearness and precision satisfied for a time his love of order and efficiency, and he married one of their disciples. But before long he revolted against the harshness, the coldness, the mechanical quality of their thought and work. 'Her soul was bony,' he says of Altiora. He entered Parliament as a Liberal, and at first plunged eagerly into the party game. The cry of social reform and the stirring activities of the 'Young Liberals' seemed to provide the chance he needed for the practical application of his ideas. Then the demon of searching and relentless criticism began to work again, driving him to look through the haze of political rhetoric and to search for satisfying facts to correspond. Somebody wanted to know 'just exactly what you think you are doing in Parliament,' and the very confident 'young Liberals' answered with their high-sounding phrases—'Seeking the good of the community,' 'Beneficent legislation,' 'Amelioration of social conditions,' 'Upward and on.' Remington began to suspect that there was a lot of make-belief in all their fine talk about liberty and democracy and the will of the people, and his discontent began to show itself in various

ways. For a time he looked to socialism—the socialism of the Labour Party—but he was repelled by its negative, its 'non-constructive' character. Then gradually, as he thought his way more deeply into the subject, he began to perceive that what was necessary was not any immediate change of policy or action, but a new mental attitude, quality and character and richness of mind. What was wrong with them all was that 'they were neglecting human life altogether in social organization.' 'I wanted freedom of speech and suggestion, vigour of thought, and the cultivation of that impulse of veracity that lurks more or less discouraged in every man. With that I felt there must go an emotion. I hit upon a phrase that became at last something of a refrain in my speech and writings, to convey the spirit that I felt was at the very heart of real human progress—love and fine thinking.'

This search for the two elements of an enriched humanity takes in the story a twofold range. There is a public aspect which concerns Remington as a politician, and there is an aspect which is personal to himself. We must speak of both, however briefly, for they both concern the problems that Wells seeks to investigate. There is no more gracious figure in all his books than that of Margaret, Remington's wife; she exhibits some of the qualities that adorn those upon whom civilization has done its choicest work—fineness of temper, reticence, and seriousness of mind; but with these there went, it may be necessarily, a delicacy that caused her to shrink from that bold interrogation and handling of life which was so characteristic of Remington himself. She found something terrifying in his energetic curiosities, while her reticence irked and hampered him. And when he met Isabel Rivers he saw the limitations of his wife acutely contrasted. Isabel, with all and more than all Margaret's intelligence, had also that elemental force of character that gives the effect of greatness in those who possess it. She offered a love that was splendid and forceful rather than

delicate, and all the swift energies of his nature went out in response to it. And she stimulated those experimental curiosities and emotions that were shaping his political career.

Outwardly, his career was strangely restless and varied, though its changes were in fact all part of the search for the forces that would solve the social problem by moulding character as he desired it to be. He recognized the moral qualities that inspire the aristocratic tradition at its best, with the consequence that he changed sides in politics. Then he turned to feminism, because he felt that the emancipation of women was necessary if this larger spirit was to become general; and through that he got to the root question of population, which he succeeded in making a practical issue in politics. His view was that the desired improvement in human nature must be effected at the source, and an enlightened State therefore ought to do all that lies in its power to raise the ideal of parenthood, and to relieve it of its disabilities; and his special suggestion, as a first step, was the endowment of motherhood.

This is how the search for 'love and fine thinking' shaped Remington's political career. As for his personal problem, it was beyond his power to solve. Wells is driven to desperate measures by the entanglement he sets himself to investigate, and who can wonder at it? But let it be understood that the violence and revolt in which the story issues are not presented to us as his solution; they are rather a confession of failure. He takes refuge in no antinomian talk about 'mystic morality' and other sophistries of the modern novel; on the contrary, by exhibiting Margaret in such a winning aspect he deliberately heightens our impression of the wrong that is done to her. Whatever may be said for the quality of Isabel's love as against his wife's, Remington's duty to Margaret represented for him that discipline and restraint which in his moral ideal were certainly no less essential than love. He set out to find a balance between

the two, and he failed; and his revolt was not a solution of the problem, but a frank abandonment.

I may be allowed to summarize. Wells, in his review of the social problem, has got down to the fundamental question of character. The State depends in the last resource upon the citizen, and it is the chief task of good government to elevate a nation's soul. He suggests that what is needed is free play for the finer impulses and emotions of the heart, a more general and intelligent system of education, and the concentration of the best energies of government upon the children. We must remember that he has approached the question from the side of politics. He has tried to get at the heart of the statesman's problem, and having reached it he seeks to apply the statesman's resources. He is himself aware, I believe, that those resources are altogether inadequate. The great problem that lies behind all the tragic muddle of society is that of human nature, with its selfishness, its coarseness, its hypocrisy, its cowardice and stupidity. What is really needed, he sees, is some redemptive power—a radical influence that will turn this selfishness and stupidity into 'love and fine thinking.' But what is it the statesman can do to produce these tremendous effects in human nature? Well, he says, there are three things that certainly ought to be done. Give men liberty, without which they cannot be loyal to the soul; and give them education, so that the soul may be fed with large and fine ideas; and start with the children, because they are the hope of the future. I think you may reduce Wells's message to that.

Perhaps we may venture to indicate the defects of it. There would appear to be two. First, his conception of liberty is imperfect. He finds the greatest difficulty, as I have said, in keeping liberty within the bounds of moral and social obligation. One character after another in his books breaks through them. Their revolt is not altogether selfish or ignoble. It is often an undisciplined outbreak of spiritual energy, energy that has been tormented and out-

raged by the pretences and stupidities that reign in the world. So it was in the case of Ann Veronica, of Mr. Polly and of Richard Remington. But Wells has not seen that liberty is often—indeed, always—most perfectly expressed in terms of self-sacrifice. Remington and Ann Veronica are both puzzled because their revolt does not bring them the complete sense of satisfaction they had anticipated; they gained liberty, and yet they were not emancipated. Wells feels this, and with his perfect sincerity he sets it down. In those two books he seems to have been on the verge of the explanation. The deepest element in liberty is self-mastery, and it was this secret that his people just missed. They knew the first word of liberty, but not the last, which is 'He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.' It is only fair to say, however, that in *Marriage* he grasped this point very firmly, though the problem he sets himself there is an easier one; and though since there has been a sad falling away.

The second defect I have already spoken of. He has no redemptive power to offer. He sees an evil in the deep things of human nature and seeks to remedy it by changing the superficial things. 'Love and fine thinking' are to be created—how? By education and the endowment of motherhood! But education, even if its methods were humanized and its ideals enriched, would hardly get over the limitations of the 'Pinky-Dinky.' And it is really very difficult to see what the endowment of motherhood would accomplish, however desirable it might be on other grounds.

These are the defects of his message on the constructive side. He has been most successful, undoubtedly, in his criticism of life. It is a very great achievement to have gained so firm a grasp of the real problem, and to have gained it in his way—not with the aid of those great dogmas about human nature which the Church possesses, and which have always made her so much more profound than the world, but by a fearless and utterly sincere examination of the facts. For remember that he has not been familiar with Christian

thought. It is my judgement that he has been slowly travelling towards the Christian position, and long seeking the Christian solution. His thinking has brought him to a deep despair of human nature. He sees the need of redemption, and is casting about for a redemptive power. The things he has suggested hitherto are miserably inadequate, and he is aware of it. I believe he is in a position in which the only alternatives are Christianity and Pessimism. If he retains his hold on the problem and follows the constructive impulse in his thought to the end I believe it is bound to lead him to the Christian hope, based as that hope is on the all-effective power and love of God. If he abandons the quest he is bound to despair of morality. 'Hate and coarse thinking' is the programme suggested by one of Richard Remington's opponents, and one feels it is the hateful and dreaded alternative always lurking in Wells's mind—inevitable if he cannot find a redemption.

W. Handley Jones.

Notes and Discussions

MIRACLES AND THE MODERN MIND

THERE is no such thing as 'the modern mind.' It is as impossible to define the modern mind in the process of thinking as the 'modern thought' which is supposed to be its product. But the phrase is a convenient one to describe certain general habits and tendencies of thought which distinguish, let us say, the period after the seventeenth century from the mediæval period which ended in the sixteenth; or which mark off the latter half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century from the generations which preceded. It is beyond question that something like a revolution in the modes of facing great questions has taken place during the last fifty or sixty years. This change in some general habits of thought has profoundly influenced the religion of our time, so that even where the same views are held as (say) in 1830–1850, they are not held in the same way. A change of standpoint has produced at least a change of forces and of emphasis—sometimes very much more.

During the last twelve months the bearing of these changes on the subject of Miracles has been much in evidence. The immediate topic of interest has not been assaults from without on the Christian faith, but attempts from within the church to modify Christian doctrine, so as to make the prevalent attitude towards miracles more tenable, as it is said, for educated modern men and women. The volume on *Miracles and Modern Science*, by Mr. Thomson, of Magdalen College, Oxford, started the discussion. But interest in it was much quickened early last year by the fact that the Bishop of Oxford and Professor Sanday took somewhat opposite sides as to what ought to be the attitude of the Church of England towards an attempt to 'modernise' the Creeds. A little war of pamphlets followed. A small pile of them lies now before the present writer, written by Dr. Strong, Dean of Christ Church, Professor Gwatkin, Mr. N. P. Williams and others, while G. K. Chesterton, H. Belloc, J. M'Cabe, Dr. Warschauer, and men known in the literary rather than in the theological world have contributed to the discussion. A manual by Rev. F. Platt on the Christian view of miracles contains an able presentation of the chief points at issue. More recently, Dr. Headlam has published his Moorhouse Lectures, delivered in Australia, on 'The Miracles of the New Testament,' and within the last few weeks a writer, who seldom touches a subject without illumining it, Dr. J. R. Illingworth, has published with Messrs. Macmillan *The Gospel*

Miracles, an Essay 'with two Appendices,' which deserves the careful attention of all who are interested in the subject.

The subject is wide and deep. It touches by its implications the whole relations of faith and science. The very foundations of Apologetics are affected. But quite apart from these external aspects of the creed, the place of miracle in relation to the personal religious life of the believer is affected. Is the attitude towards miracles of the intelligent Christian believer of to-day the same as that of the writers of the New Testament and of the primitive Christian Church? If not, how does it differ, and does that difference affect what is vital, essential to Christianity rightly understood? No man in a single publication can deal adequately with all aspects of so many-sided a subject. The point of view of Dr. Illingworth in what he modestly calls an essay—and an essay is often much more convincing than a treatise—is that he desires to vindicate the occurrence of the Gospel miracles 'as being intrinsically congruous with the Incarnation, considered as the great enfranchisement of human life by its deliverance from the slavery to sin.' He considers that the very standpoint of many of our modern mental judgements on the subject of miracle is wrong. The picture drawn is distorted and out of proportion, because the presuppositions of these judgements do not enable us to 'criticize correctly the history of a sinless being whose purpose upon earth was to make men free.' At the very end of his essay he records his conviction that 'the attempt to eliminate these (*i.e.* the Gospel) miracles, in the supposed interest of a more rational Christianity, apart from its other difficulties, involves a serious misconception of what the Christian faith has historically been. It would substitute an ideal for an eventful religion, a theory of the wise and prudent for the revelation to babes.'

Thus an issue is joined, of which much more will be heard ere long. The harsh cries of war have silenced other voices for a while. Dr. Illingworth's essay was written before the war, though not published till nearly a year afterwards. But as he claims, his volume is not untimely. Religion among us must be much more serious and searching than it has been if it is to survive the fiery ordeals to which it is being, and will be, subjected. Men who repeat the Creeds must know what the words actually mean to them, whether they can honestly repeat them, and on what foundations rests the faith by which they live and in which they hope to die. Any measure—we do not say of dishonesty—but of insincerity, or insufficient sincerity, here is fatal. If Modernism means that three or four leading articles of the Apostles' Creed may be held in a non-natural and unreal sense, then the Modernism of some of the younger teachers at Oxford and Cambridge may be found to have paralysed the heart of historical Christianity. On the other hand, to persecute and virtually excommunicate an able Christian teacher of to-day because, while believing in God, the Incarnation, the Resurrection of Christ and the life everlasting, he finds himself unable to believe in a 'resurrection of the flesh,' as men believed it in some of the early

centuries, is neither fair, nor right, nor Christian. But when such men as Dr. Gore and Dr. Sanday are found differing in their views on these questions, it seems to be quite clear that a mutual understanding is necessary and it is quite time that such understanding should be reached and stated.

In our view, the religious aspect of the question is the most important. The relation of miracles to laws of nature and the definition of boundaries between religion and science have been sufficiently debated, and the embers of controversies that were burning hotly a generation ago are now nearly cold. Surely no scientific man holds now any more than Huxley himself that miracles are intrinsically impossible, and no religious man believes them to be violations, or suspensions, of the laws of nature. The meaning of such 'laws' is better understood. Huxley said they are a 'mere record of experience upon which we base our interpretations of that which does happen and our anticipation of that which will happen.' Another leading man of science defines them as 'convenient shorthand statements of the organised information that at present is at our disposal.' But when we have left behind us the discussion as to the meaning of 'nature' and bear in mind Augustine's distinction between nature and 'what is known of nature,' we are still face to face with a religious question of vital importance, upon which trusted religious leaders of our day and country appear to be divided. Dr. Illingworth presses home the importance of a belief in miracle for religion as such. He argues that 'the world of our experience is not one in which iron law for ever overrides individuality; but on the contrary one where law is the condition of liberty, matter the minister of spirit, necessity subservient to freedom.' The supremacy of the spiritual must at all costs be maintained. The battle at the end of last century against mechanistic materialism has ended—on the whole—in favour of spiritualism. We have not now to fight the advocates of a closed system, 'a self-contained and self-sufficient universe,' in a life-and-death conflict as was necessary thirty or forty years ago. The philosophy which placed miracles *a priori* out of court is discredited. But its influence remains. Dr. Illingworth argues that the Christian thinkers who now approach the creed with a prepossession against miracles are really, though unconsciously, living under the influence of that philosophy. In the interests of spiritual freedom he contends that belief in the Gospel miracles must be retained, and that if it is lost Christianity will change its character.

Some readers will remember the late Dr. Salmon's trenchant handling of 'non-miraculous Christianity,' and many who do not will recall Wendland's able treatment of what is, for the present writer at least, the chief point at issue. The decisive question may be formulated thus[1]: 'Does God introduce into the existing world

[1] We quote from Dr. H. R. Mackintosh's translation of Wendland's *Miracles and Christianity* (Hodder & Stoughton, 1911).

—the world He created and guides—new factors not deducible from the existing cosmic order, which He also guides? Or has He already created and ordered the world so perfectly that each new state of being is the necessary result of what went before? To accept the latter alternative is to make the world an automaton. . . . If the world is in living relationship to God, then God is perpetually at work in the world creatively . . . We ought perpetually to hope for new, incalculable, and amazing divine acts.' But the world has not reached that point—nor, perhaps, has the modern church. Is that a mark of our superior wisdom, in virtue of which we can afford to look down upon the credulity of the evangelists? Or is the inability to believe in a living God a relic of the frost-bitten habit of mind characteristic of a generation trained in the third quarter of the nineteenth century? Bergson's philosophy is not yet fully matured, but he has given us glimpses of 'creative evolution' which have thawed ground that had long been frozen hard and in which no fresh shoots of faith and hope could grow. Is it, or is it not, true that 'my Father worketh even until now,' that is, not only until A.D. 28, but until A.D. 1915 and evermore? It may be said that the answer to such a question is very remotely connected with a belief in the Virgin Birth of Christ and His Resurrection on the third day. As a matter of fact, the connexion is close, and the interests of vital religion in our midst at this very time are intimately bound up with beliefs which are sometimes considered obsolete, or at least so old-fashioned that the throwing of them overboard would greatly lighten the ship of faith as it ploughs its way through modern seas.

Dr. Illingworth's book will prove of service to many who are in perplexity upon some of these questions. The chapter on Prayer deserves special pondering. Those who are most at home in the world of prayer will not need it. But the average Christian has, we fear, hardly got full hold of the fact that prayer is not a mere duty to be piously fulfilled like attendance at church or giving to the poor, but that it is 'in actual fact one of the recognizable forms of energy, by which human life is habitually carried on; while in the belief of those who seriously pray, it is the highest and most strenuous of all those energies.' Those who hold this, not as an abstract proposition which they are not prepared to deny, but as their very life, men who live in the daily experience of its truth, will find no difficulty in the statement that the miracles of Christ, wrought largely through the instrumentality of prayer, are 'only unique and extreme instances of a process which is for ever going on in the normal course of the world's providential government by God.' And similarly, those who deny the accuracy of the Gospel records and 'rationalize' the accounts of miracles therein contained, will find that before they are aware of it their faith in a living God who works even until now, who not only hears but answers prayer in all departments of His children's life, has dwindled and become weaker, and that the nature of their religion is insensibly altering. We mention no names, but the biographies of certain eminent religious

teachers who were at their prime during the period 1870–1900 will largely bear out what is here said.

A brief note on so far-reaching a theme is almost an impertinence. Some readers, however, may be glad of these few lines because they introduce to the readers of this Review a book which touches the *vital* elements in the controversy on miracles very closely.

W. T. Davison.

GERMAN ATROCITIES

Dr. Sven Hedin says in his astonishing book—*With the German Armies in the West*—that he had never 'seen or heard of a single act of cruelty' committed by the German soldiers. He repeats that he 'did not see *a single instance* of cruelty to prisoners or wounded, let alone ill-treatment of the civil population, and its goods and chattels.' We do not question the Swede's veracity, but the evidence that such deeds were committed in thousands of cases is brought out with terrific emphasis in two Blue Books which were published at the end of May. Viscount Bryce was the Chairman of the Committee of Inquiry, and with him were associated Sir F. Pollock, Sir Edward Clarke, Sir Alfred Hopkinson, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, Mr. Harold Cox and Sir Kenelm E. Digby. More than twelve hundred depositions were submitted to the Committee, which had nearly all been obtained under the supervision of Sir C. Mathews, the Director of Public Prosecutions, and Mr. E. G. Mears, of the Inner Temple. Prof. J. H. Morgan collected a number of statements mainly from British soldiers, which were also submitted to the Committee. The report itself occupies sixty-one pages, and has a large map of the district concerned. The depositions, given as nearly as possible in the exact words of the witness, are issued in a Supplementary Blue Book of 296 pages, with facsimiles of entries from diaries of German soldiers. The two reports are sold at 9*d*. The evidence has been tested severely. The testimony of witnesses who did not favourably impress the lawyers that took the depositions, has been set aside, and hearsay evidence has been rejected except in cases where it furnished an undesigned confirmation of facts with regard to which direct testimony was forthcoming from some other sources, or explained in a natural way facts imperfectly narrated or otherwise perplexing. The Committee doubted at first whether a positive result would be attained. 'There might be some exaggeration in one witness, possible delusion in another, inaccuracies in a third. When, however, we found that things which had at first seemed improbable were testified to by many witnesses coming from different places having had no communication with one another, and knowing nothing of one another's statements, the points in which they all agreed became more and more evidently true. And when this concurrence of testimony, this convergence upon what were substantially the same broad facts, showed itself in hundreds of depositions, the truth

of those broad facts stood out beyond question. The force of the evidence is cumulative.'

The Report is divided into two parts. First it deals with the conduct of the German troops towards the civilian population of Belgium during the first few weeks of the invasion; then it examines the evidence relating to breaches of the rules and usages of war and acts of inhumanity, committed by German soldiers or groups of soldiers, against non-combatant civilians and against combatants, during the first four months of the war, whether in Belgium or France. On August 2 a note was presented to the Belgian Government demanding a passage through their country for the German army on pain of instant declaration of war. The demand was refused, but the governors of provinces and the burgomasters issued strict injunctions to the civilian inhabitants to take no part in hostilities and to offer no provocation to the invaders. The populations of many important towns were ordered to surrender all firearms into the hands of the local officials. Next day the German troops crossed the frontier. The startled and stupefied people soon learned what this meant. On August 4 five Uhlans appeared at Herve at about two in the afternoon. A German officer and some soldiers in a motor car followed, and called out to two young fellows standing near. They were frightened and ran away. The Germans fired on them and killed one. Between August 8 and 10 the Germans burnt about 827 houses in Herve, and the witness saw mounted men ride along the footpaths and shoot with their revolvers in at doors and windows. The invaders found their way blocked by one of the Liège forts, and in their rage returned to Herve, where they fired indiscriminately in all quarters of the town. Madame G. was shot at close range, though she held a crucifix in her hand begging for mercy. Her body was left in the roadway for three days. About fifty men escaping from the burning houses were taken outside the town and shot. At Melen, a neighbouring hamlet, forty men were shot. One young woman of twenty-two was outraged and died of the violence she had received. Her father and mother were shot, and her brother wounded by several shots. A Belgian soldier saw near Vostem a man, woman, and girl of about nine, lying on the threshold of a house where they had been shot down. An old man of seventy had been hung on a tree, another man was lying dead in the road. After the battle of Liège this witness saw seven or eight wounded men bayoneted by the Germans.

The diary of Kurt Hoffman in the 1st Jägers notes that five houses were cleared near Fort Fléron and their owners shot. They were suspected, that was enough. Hoffman describes how the baggage train and the 4th Company of the 27th Regiment had lost their way and been fired on by the German artillery. He himself was shot at by three German platoons. All this throws light on the pretence that Louvain brought its fate upon itself by its civilians firing on the German soldiers. At Soumagne one Belgian saw the corpses of civilians lying in a meadow. 'Some had been killed by

bayonet thrusts and others by rifle shots. In the heaps of corpses above mentioned was that of the son of the burgomaster. His throat had been cut from ear to ear, and his tongue had been pulled out and cut off. I did not see his tongue. It was not in his mouth. In another meadow 300 or 400 yards off I saw 19 corpses of civilians, men and boys.'

At Visé the Germans burnt nearly all the houses. A witness says, 'I saw commissioned officers directing and supervising the burning. It was done systematically with the use of benzine spread on the floors and then lighted. In my own and another house I saw officers before the burning come in with their revolvers in their hands, and have china, valuable antique furniture, and other such things removed. This being done, the houses were by their orders set on fire. On the morning of August 15, two officers inspected my house, and finding there were things worth taking, they wrote and signed a paper directing the house to be spared and pinned it on the door. [Exhibited.] Then when the valuables had been removed, the place was burnt down. I took the paper off the door and preserved it.'

A horrible account is given of the way in which after 32 Belgians had been shot, about fifteen women were outraged in open day on tables set in the Place de l'Université in Liège. This abomination went on for an hour and a half, and was watched and shared in by officers and men.

Many depositions were taken as to events in Louvain, and the Committee find no grounds for thinking that the inhabitants fired upon the German army on the evening of August 25. 'Eye-witnesses worthy of credence detail exactly when, where, and how the firing commenced. Such firing was by Germans on Germans. No impartial tribunal could, in our opinion, come to any other conclusion.' The Germans had been in comparatively peaceful occupation for six days. On the evening of the 25th, firing was heard at a distance, and an alarm was sounded in Louvain. At eight there was a stampede of horses and baggage wagons. The German police guard saw troops arrive in disorder, thought it was the enemy, and opened a sharp rifle fire on them. After this a corps of incendiaries got to work, and fires broke out in every direction. The University with its Library, the Church of St. Peter, and many houses were burnt to the ground. The house of an old man of ninety who was dangerously ill was burnt down. He was taken out and lay on a mattress in the garden all night. He died shortly after in the hospital. Heart-breaking accounts are given by many of the brutal treatment they received from soldiers and officers. In one street nineteen Belgians lay dead with their hands stretched out. The man who relates this was made to kneel down with others in the street and hold up his hands. 'I managed,' he says, 'to get up and run away, and as I ran I saw nine of these civilians shot and killed by German soldiers.' An officer, to whom a highly educated Belgian spoke about the horrible outrages replied that he was merely executing orders and would

be shot if he did not carry them out. The Committee 'are driven to the conclusion that the harrying of the villages in the district, the burning of a large part of Louvain, the massacres there, the marching out of the prisoners, and the transport to Cologne (all done without inquiry as to whether the particular persons seized or killed had committed any wrongful act), were due to a calculated policy carried out scientifically and deliberately, not merely with the sanction but under the direction of higher military authorities, and were not due to any provocation or resistance by the civilian authorities.'

The diary of a German soldier contains this entry: '24.8.14. We took about 1,000 prisoners; at least 500 were shot. The village was burnt because inhabitants had also shot. Two civilians were shot at once.' Murder, rape, arson and pillage began from the moment when the German army crossed the frontier. As to individual acts of brutality the report says, 'Many of the worst outrages appear to have been perpetrated by men under the influence of drink. Unfortunately little seems to have been done to repress this source of danger.' But there is overwhelming evidence that the killing of non-combatants was carried out to an extent for which no previous war between nations claiming to be civilised furnishes any precedent. The killing was part of a deliberate plan. It was done under orders, and some of the officers carried it out reluctantly. One officer in Brussels asserted that he had not done one-hundredth part of what had been ordered by the high German military authorities. 'House burning was part of the programme; and villages, even large parts of a city, were given to the flames as part of the terrorizing policy.' The same policy led to the 'murder of large numbers of innocent civilians.' The report shows that this is not the only case in which 'a false theory disguising itself in loyalty to a State or a Church, has perverted the conception of Duty, and become a source of danger to the world.' 'In the minds of Prussian officers war seems to have become a sort of sacred mission, one of the highest functions of the Omnipotent State, which is itself as much an Army as a State. Ordinary morality and the ordinary sentiment of pity vanish in its presence, superseded by a new standard which justifies to the soldier every means that can conduce to success, however shocking to a natural sense of justice and humanity, however revolting to his own feelings. The Spirit of war is deified. Obedience to the State and its War Lord leaves no room for any other duty or feeling. Cruelty becomes legitimate when it promises victory.' That doctrine plainly set forth in the approved German text-book wrought havoc in Belgium, and so accustomed the soldiers 'to slaughter that even women and children became at last the victims.'

When the German armies passed into France pillage and destruction went with them. A British sergeant halted with his troop outside a bakery in a village SE. of Arras. They were shown the bodies of two old men and a woman whose scalps had been cut through because they refused to bake bread for the Germans. Between

St. Amand and Valenciennes a castle was looted and burned. Its owner, a baron, and 'twenty other civilians who lived near by, consisting of young and old men, and also some women and even children,' were placed against the wall and all were shot. There is abundant evidence that women and even children were used as a screen for the protection of German troops, and in some cases the presence and connivance of officers in these acts is proved. The cases of violation accompanied with cruelty are numerous and clearly proved, and the murder of the women is more than once credibly attested. No one can study these reports, and every Englishman ought to do so, without sharing the temper of our men at the front. Mr. Buchan says: 'The good-humoured tolerance of the early autumn has given place to a very grim resolution. It is not hatred in the common sense, for there is nothing personal in it. It is a determination that something unclean shall be removed from the world.'

JOHN TELFORD.

THE FIVE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF JOHN HUS

THE incidents of the Great War must not allow us altogether to forget the heroes of other struggles in past days. Of the martyrdom of John Hus at Constance the quincentenary has now come round, and, doubtless, if the world had been at peace we should have had many memorials of this event both in Bohemia and in this country. In one way there is to some extent an appropriateness in the fact that this centenary has happened in the midst of a great war. For in Bohemia, at least, John Hus is reverenced not so much as a religious martyr as the hero of the Czech race in their long struggle with the Teuton. That struggle has not yet ceased; after five hundred years it has once more broken out in the present bitter conflict between the Slav and German races, in which the quiescence of the Czechs is due rather to stern political necessity than any cooling down of fundamental antagonism.

The real position of John Hus, in fact, is often misunderstood. He is popularly regarded as another instance of Rome's vengeance upon all who dared to aspire to what we should now call Protestant convictions, as a Reformer before the Reformation who suffered one hundred years before Luther for the truths which Luther preached. Such a position can only be accepted with considerable reservations. Hus was indeed a martyr for the truth, but the truth for which he died was not strictly Protestant truth; while it is certain that in his own mind the tenets he advocated were not considered incompatible with strictest loyalty to the Roman Church. He was a reformer, undoubtedly, but the reforms for which he pleaded had commended themselves to more than one of Rome's most trusted advocates, and would have met with the support of St. Bernard or of Grosseteste, especially if certain extravagances of statement be regarded in their true light as the result of the heated politics of the times. He was

bitterly opposed to the papal indulgences, but so, also, were many other devout Catholics. There is, in fact, nothing more difficult for the historian to determine than the exact position in Roman Canon law and theory of this whole question of indulgences in the times of Hus and Luther. Of the vulgarities and monstrosities of the practice there is no doubt, but how far these abuses commended themselves to the conscience and law of the Church it is difficult to decide; nor is the determination rendered the more easy by the intrusion at every turn of the other questions mixed up with it—for instance, the question of the power of the Pope to alter, without consent of council or authorisation of the doctors of the Church, the creed and practice of centuries.

In the martyrdom of Hus, the careful student may discern a curious tangle of forces and movements, some of which have passed away for ever, though others are still among us. First and foremost, as we have already pointed out, we must put the struggle of Czech and Teuton. From earliest days the history of Bohemia had been marked by the intense rivalry of these nations, the mutual hatred of a Slavonic race thrown into the midst of German peoples. When in 906 the invasion of the Huns—who must not, of course, be confounded with the Magyars—destroyed the Slav power, it left German influence supreme in the Bohemian Church. The bishopric of Prague was filled with Germans and subjected to the distant archbishopric of Mainz. The Germans have never been beloved by subject peoples; throughout the centuries their *Kultur* has distinguished itself by its brutality, and the hatred between Czechs and Teutons did not grow less with the lapse of years. Fifty years before the martyrdom of Hus the race-consciousness of Bohemia reached its maximum in the election of Charles IV. of Luxemburg, King of Bohemia—son of the blind King John ('Ich dien'), who fell at Crecy—to the crown of the Empire. For Bohemia this was the golden age of her history. The university of Prague, founded in 1847, reached a reputation that placed it next to Paris and Oxford. The church of Bohemia was also nationalised, and cut off from the age-long dependence on Mainz; while the priests were required to use the national language in their sermons on Sundays and holy-days, as also in the reading of the Creed and the Lord's Prayer. A series of Czech reformers, with Milicz of Kremsier and Conrad of Waldhausen at their head, set to work to restore the discipline and morality of the clergy, a task in which they were powerfully assisted by the archbishop of Prague, John of Jenzenstein. On all sides there was a deep religious and national movement which, though kept within the safe bounds of denunciation of the grievous irregularities of the clergy, needed little to turn it into actual revolution.

Foremost among the leaders of this national movement was John Hus, who thereby was thrown into ceaseless controversy with the Germans. One of the results of this struggle is well known. On January 18, 1409, the race-feud came to a head in the memorable split in the university. The Germans in Prague were driven out,

and founded the university of Leipzig. The expulsion was largely due to the influence of Hus; he was at once appointed rector of the mutilated university that remained. 'Praise God,' he said in one of his public sermons, 'we have excluded the Germans.' In reality, it was one of the most fatal moves Hus ever made. Hitherto he had been the head of a national movement. The sympathies of many were estranged, their pockets injured, by the withdrawal of the Germans from Prague. Hus had destroyed that Teutonic opposition in the university which, so long as it continued, made the Czechs a nation united by hatred. Henceforth they had leisure to become divided among themselves, while this violent step told heavily against Hus in later years. The expelled Germans, for their part, spread abroad the tale that they had quitted Prague for fear of being infected with the heresies of Wyclif.

The mention of Wyclif introduces us to the second of the complex forces which led to the martyrdom of Hus. The precise date at which the works of Wyclif were first introduced into Bohemia is uncertain, but there is no doubt that they were carried to Prague by courtiers in attendance on Anne of Bohemia, the wife of Richard II., and by the travelling students attracted to Oxford. Some of the Czech manuscripts of Wyclif's works, written at Kemerton in Gloucestershire, by Nicholas Faulfiss and George Kniyehnicz, are still extant at Upsala. Probably Hus himself was introduced to Wyclif by the celebrated Jerome of Prague, who in 1399 returned from Oxford bringing with him copies of Wyclif's *Trialogus* and other later works. 'Young men and students,' added Jerome, 'who did not study the books of Wyclif would never find the true root of knowledge.' John Hus flung himself with enthusiasm into this study and drank deep of the great English heresiarch. There is, in fact, little that Hus himself wrote that is not a plagiarism, often verbatim, from the works of Wyclif. Whole sections of Wyclif's great work *On the Church* are incorporated by Hus as his own without the change of a jot or tittle. For the most part he incorporated without fully understanding the radical nature of the teaching.

But even the study of Wyclif could not be separated from the race-struggle. Wyclif was a thorough-paced Realist—far be it from us to disturb the ashes of the past and explain the inwardness of this great battle of the schools—while the Germans were out and out Nominalists. In itself this was sufficient for the Czechs to be Realists, who welcomed with eagerness the writings of the English Realist. Now the Nominalists had persuaded themselves that no Realist could possibly hold orthodox views concerning Transubstantiation. To this extent, undoubtedly, they were right; the Nominalist could more easily juggle away the 'substance' that remained after consecration than a thorough-paced Realist. In putting himself at the head of the Czech Lollards, Hus probably persuaded himself that he was leading another struggle in the endless battle of the Aristotelians and Platonists. Hus, like his master Wyclif, because he was a Realist, was committed to the doctrine of

Remanence, though it must be confessed that he had no very clear conception of the drift of his own teaching.

To Hus, the advocate of the Czech in his struggle with the Teuton, the precise nature of the religious teaching of Wyclif was always secondary to its political values. It was Wyclif's insistence on the right of the State to control the priest and to take away the endowments of erring clerks, the subordination of the Church to the Nation, that appealed to Hus, rather than the refinements of his theology or of his logic. The chief cause of the success in fact of Wyclif's revolt in Bohemia as distinct from his failure in England lies in the fact that in Bohemia Wyclif's disciples found a great national party with the maintenance of which his principles became identified, while in England his followers drifted into doctrines which, rightly or wrongly, seemed anti-nationalistic to the victors of Agincourt. Politics in the one case gave the success, in the other was the cause of failure. The events of history are rarely simple; least of all in the complex sphere of religious life.

In one matter only do we find in Hus any tendency to diverge from the teaching of Wyclif. This was his encouragement of communion in both kinds, a matter to which neither Wyclif, nor Hus himself before his imprisonment, had paid attention. The refusal of the cup to the laity was originally a Manichaean heresy, and as such was condemned by Leo the Great and Gelasius I. That the condemnation still held good in the twelfth century is evidenced by Gratian's incorporation in his *Decretum* of Gelasius's decretal, a fact which Hus was not slow to point out. But with the growth of the dogma of transubstantiation, there arose numerous regulations to prevent the careless handling of the elements, the dropping of crumbs, the spilling of wine, or the leaving the Blood upon the lips. To prevent this last, the custom grew of dipping the host in the wine and water, an innovation only suppressed with difficulty in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Gradually the custom spread of administering the wafer only. But as yet there was no law; the matter was simply a usage, founded, we may grant, upon excessive veneration. The authority lacking in the Scriptures was supplied by the logic of Thomas Aquinas, whose dialectics demonstrated that Body and Blood were both contained in the wafer. The matter was clearly a test case. Scripture and the authority of the early Church were acknowledged to be against the practice. But Rome rallied all her forces to the defence of her customs. She realised correctly that the attempt to judge the developments of sacerdotalism by early usage or an appeal to the Scriptures was fatal to her claims. So when Hus, after some hesitation, decided at Constance that the gospels and customs of the primitive church supported the Utraquists (the technical name for those who defended the giving of the cup to the laity) the enemies of Hus were only hardened in their determination to crush him as a dangerous revolutionist. After his martyrdom this one element in his teaching in which Hus stepped out for himself became the rallying cry of a large section of his followers.

Judged by himself, it is very doubtful whether Hus to-day would have been more than a name to a few searchers amidst the dust of the past. He was fortunate, however, in incarnating in himself a great national movement, and it is to Hus as the national hero of revolt against the German that the Czechs turn to-day. Incomparably smaller both as a theologian and leader than Wyclif, he was yet more fortunate in what we may call the stage-surroundings of his career. The last days of Wyclif are obscure; we can only discern with difficulty the figure of the great reformer as, partly paralysed at Lutterworth, he poured out his endless polemics. But Hus was imprisoned and martyred amid all the stirring scenes of a great council, the greatest that had been held since Nicea. The eyes of the world were fixed on Constance, and it was with all Europe looking on that on July 6, 1415, John Hus was led out to die.

As he passed through the churchyard from the cathedral in which he had been condemned, Hus saw a bonfire of his books. He laughed, and told the bystanders not to believe the lies circulated about him. On arriving at the execution-ground, familiarly known as 'the Devil's Place,' where now is the granite monument to his memory, Hus kneeled and prayed 'with a joyful countenance.' The paper crown of the heresiarch that he was wearing fell off, and he smiled. 'Put it on again wrong way up,' cried the mob, 'that he may be burnt with the devils he has served.' His hands were tied behind his back, and Hus fastened to the stake. 'Turn him round towards the West,' cried the crowd; 'he is a heretic; he must not face the East.' This done, a rusty chain was wound round his neck, and two faggots placed under his feet. Reichental, a burgher of Constance whose duty was to look after the provisioning of the Council, and who has left us some interesting woodcuts of the scene, offered to call a priest. 'There is no need,' replied Hus; 'I have no mortal sin.' For the last time the marshal of the Empire asked him if he would recant and save his life. Said Hus:

> 'God is my witness that the evidence against me is false. I have never thought nor preached save with the one intention of winning men, if possible, from their sins. In the truth of the gospel I have written, taught, and preached, to-day I will gladly die.'

So they heaped the straw and wood around him, and poured pitch upon it. When the flames were lighted,

> 'he sang twice, with a loud voice: "Christ, Thou Son of the Living God, have mercy upon me." When he began the third clause: "Who was conceived of the Virgin Mary," the wind blew the flames in his face. So, as he was praying, moving his lips and head, he died in the Lord.'

The beadles piled up the fuel, 'stirred up the bones with sticks, split up the skull, and flung it back into the flames, together with his coat and shoes,' which the marshal bought from the executioner, 'lest the Bohemians should keep them as relics.' The ashes were then heaped in a barrow and tilted into the Rhine.

H. B. Workman.

THOMAS FULLER, 1608–1661

'QUAINT OLD FULLER' is a classic in English literature. His biting, racy, abounding wit, if it has been equalled, has never been excelled. His pages are full of healthy, shrewd sense and counsel. Still his fame and popularity, though of considerable extent, have scarcely equalled his desert. He has been far less widely known and valued than many very inferior writers and than those who know him best would expect. It is not difficult to find some explanation of this state of things. His greatest works, *The Church History of Britain* and *The Worthies of England* appeal only to a limited circle. The troublous times of the Civil War and Commonwealth in which he lived, and his adherence to the Royalist party, still further limited his constituency. Fuller was no partisan. He did not deal in attack and denunciation. His opinions were temperately expressed. Much of the wealth of information garnered in his *Worthies of England* was gathered in his travels as Chaplain in the Royalist forces. While his output of writing and publishing was large, his life was short. 'Old' as he is called, he was only fifty-three at his death. While his chief works passed through many editions in or about his own days, they fell into oblivion for a couple of centuries, after which a re-issue began. Indeed it is not going too far to say that the finest recognition of Fuller's great merits has been in our own days in two works by a Manchester man of business—a noble life of Fuller and an edition of his *Collected Sermons* by J. Eglington Bailey—a recognition which Fuller with his literary instincts would have greatly appreciated. The diversion of Mr. Bailey's life (1840–1888) was ardent research in the wide field of English literature. His rich library included all available works of Fuller, a remarkable collection of seventeenth-century theological literature, topographical and genealogical books of the English shires, a choice collection of English poetry and of Ruskin's works, many hundred volumes of shorthand books, as well as many local histories of Lancashire and Cheshire. His pen was ever busy. *Fuller's Life*, 'with notices of his books, his kinsmen and his friends,' was Mr. Bailey's best work, as interesting as it is exhaustive. Fuller lives before us in its 800 pages as Johnson lives in Boswell. No pains were spared in perfecting every detail. Mr. Bailey visited every place that entered into Fuller's wanderings. The work is a mine of information respecting Fuller's life and times. Bishop Davenant, of Salisbury, was his uncle.

A still more valuable monument in honour of Fuller is Mr. Bailey's edition of Fuller's *Collected Sermons* in 1891. This was the first edition in collected form. The sermons were published singly, and their acquisition after such a lapse of time was a difficult task.[1] Time and love accomplish much. The editing of both works is a

[1] Although the title in each of the two vols. says 'Collected Sermons' the binding is lettered *Selected Sermons*.

marvel of exactness. The second work was not quite finished when Mr. Bailey died, and it was completed by his friend of kindred tastes, Mr. Axon. It is dedicated to Prof. J. E. B. Mayor, of Cambridge, and includes a brief life of Mr. Bailey as well as one of Fuller given as a lecture by Mr. Bailey. Every sermon or group of sermons has a facsimile of the original title-page and a very full Introduction, giving all details of place, date, and general character. The old spelling is preserved.

Fuller is a master in the analysis of character and motive, reminding us in this respect of William Law a century later. His pictures of Hebrew kings and prophets live and breathe. He writes of them as of men of his own day. Whatever his subject, he brings to bear upon it all his knowledge of history and human nature. He is at home in Scripture, applying its lessons to the facts of his own day with marvellous skill and force. He was a born allegorizer, a word-artist by instinct. May pictorial preachers of the gospel never die out!

The first piece in the *Collected Sermons* is a comment on Ruth, preached in the ancient church of St. Benet, Cambridge, in or about 1631. Fuller had been appointed minister there a year before and was only twenty-three years old. The comment is thoroughly characteristic, displaying all the qualities of apt illustration which distinguished his ministry to the end. The subject was one which drew out his best powers, Naomi, Orpah, Ruth, Boaz becoming living, speaking parables. Conversations take place between them in most dramatic fashion. Naomi does her best to persuade Ruth to return with her sister to Moab, but in vain. Orpah is rather severely treated as a backslider from God. *Gleaning* teaches lessons of courtesy, charity, contentment. 'Some have so hard hearts that they would leave their grain to be destroyed by beasts and vermin rather than that the poor should receive any benefit thereby. Cruel people which prefer their hogs before Christ's sheep, mice before men, crows before Christians.' 'Poor people must learn this lesson, to know the meaning of these two pronouns, *mine* and *thine*; what belongs to their rich masters, and what pertains to themselves.' Elimelech's removal to Moab suggests much pithy counsel on emigration. Fuller does not relish the Puritan emigration to the west. 'If any do demand of me my opinion concerning our brethren who of late left this kingdom to advance a plantation in New England, surely I think, as St. Paul said of virgins, He had received no commandment from the Lord, so I think rather the counsel best that King Joash prescribed to Amasiah, Tarry at home; I conclude therefore of the two Englands, what our Saviour saith of the two wines: No man having tasted of the old, presently desireth the new, for he saith the old is better.' On ch. ii. 12, the preacher has much homely counsel about the hen and chickens as a symbol of God's loving providence. The wings of the mother-fowl both protect and nourish. 'Let us then strive to hide ourselves under the wings of the God of heaven. Hark how the hen clocks in the Psalms and Canticles, how

she clocketh in Matt. vii. 7, xi. 28.' Unfortunately the comment ends with the second chapter of Ruth. 'Meek' Sarah awakens some doubt.

The only reason for the title of another piece, 'Joseph's Party-coloured Coat,' is the combination of an exposition of the Lord's Supper, 1 Cor. xi. 18–30, with eight sermons on various topics. Other extended comments are on Christ's Temptation, in twelve sermons at St. Clement's, Eastcheap, where Bishop Pearson's exposition of the Apostles' Creed was delivered, and on Jonah. Other notable sermons are on the true idea of Reformation, on Contentment, and on Assurance. 'The Just Man's Funeral' has very plain reference to Charles the First's death. The titles of other sermons awaken expectations of rich instruction which are not disappointed: 'The Best Employment,' Acts x. 38; 'A Gift for God alone,' Prov. xxiii. 26; 'The Best Act of Oblivion,' Ps. xxv. 7; 'The Best Name on Earth,' Acts xi. 26; 'The Worst of Evils,' Eph. ii. 3; 'How far Grace can be Entailed,' 2 Tim. i. 5; 'An Ill Match Well Broken Off,' 1 John ii. 15. The following comment is modern in tone: 'It is generally conceived that the Gospel of St. Mark was indited by the apostle Peter, and that from his mouth it was written by the hand of John Mark, whose name now it beareth. If so, then we may observe, that Peter's denying of his Master, with all the circumstances thereof, his cursing and swearing, is more largely related in the Gospel of St. Mark than in any other; but as for his repentance it is set down more shortly there than in other gospels, so short are God's servants in giving an account of their own commendations, which they leave to be related by the mouths of others.' It may seem strange that Fuller published a panegyric on Charles II, written in the fulsome strain of those days. But we must remember that Fuller's death took place before the scandalous side of the King's character developed itself.

Fuller's chief works are as follows: *The Church History of Britain* from the earliest days down to 1648,[1] of which four early editions appeared; the best modern one is by Rev. J. S. Brewer. J. Nichols edited the History very carefully, modernizing the spelling, the edition going through four reprints. *The Worthies of England* are classified by their counties. Mr. Bailey thinks the *Church History* the greatest work; others will give the palm to the *Worthies*, so full of the finest patriotism. *The History of the Holy War*, the story of the Crusades; *A Pisgah Sight of Palestine* proclaims its subject plainly; *The Holy State and the Profane State*, vignettes of different aspects of a religious and a worldly life, has always been a favourite; a little book, *Good Thoughts in Bad Times, Good Thoughts in Worse Times, Mixt Contemplations in Better Times* has been often reprinted and happily represents Fuller's spirit; *Abel Redivivus* is a compendium of 107 lives of divines, of which Fuller wrote seven in his sententious style; *The Cause and Cure of a Wounded Conscience* has

[1] The title-page says 'from the birth of Jesus Christ.'

been often reprinted in our day to the edification of many. The rarest work is the original of a poetical piece published in 1681, entitled *David's Hainous Sinne, Heartie Repentance, Heavie Punishment.* Mr. Bailey sought long before obtaining a copy of the original through his friend, Mr. Axon. Spencer's *Things New and Old*, an old folio, which has been reprinted, contains some eighteen quotations from sermons by Fuller which no longer exist; the quotations are given in the *Collected Sermons*, vol. ii. Two other works, *History of Cambridge University*, Fuller's own university, and *History of Waltham Abbey*, where he was curate, are bound up with the *Church History* and are also published separately. Of so short a life 'the harvest is plenteous.'

J. S. Banks.

SOME WONDERS OF RADIOGRAPHY

Dr. Knox's fine volume on *Radiography* (A. & C. Black, 25*s.* net), marks a revolution in the treatment of wounds and disease. It belongs to the *Edinburgh Medical Series*, of which five volumes have already appeared, and has been written by an expert with the widest experience as director of the electrical and radiotherapeutical department of the Cancer Hospital and honorary radiographer at King's College Hospital and the Great Northern Central Hospital. Dr. Knox is also Captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps and in charge of the X-Ray department of the 4th London General Hospital. His book is a technical and practical treatise of the highest importance, and is supplied with sixty-four plates, 246 illustrations in the text, and a coloured frontispiece showing six appearances of the X-ray tube in action. There is no need to dwell on the vital importance of the treatment here described. It was only in 1895 that Röntgen annexed a new world for the healing art by his discovery of the X-rays. Now the system has its recognised place in therapeutics, and every day it becomes a more essential ally of the doctor and the surgeon. Mr. Souttar, in *A Surgeon in Belgium*, describes a visit paid to the military hospital at Furnes by Madame Curie, who brought her large X-ray equipment for work among the wounded and stayed for a week. A storeroom was fitted up as an impromptu radiographic department, the windows were painted over and covered with thick paper, a dark-room was made with the aid of a cupboard and two curtains. Electric current was gained from a motor-car in the courtyard, which snorted away whilst Madame Curie took radiographs for all the hospitals in Furnes. These her daughter developed and the photographs were of the greatest service. Mr. Souttar thinks a car might be devised which would place the X-ray equipment at the disposal of every cottage hospital or country house. The X-ray apparatus is delicate and has to be used with much skill. For the stomach, with its comparatively slow movements, an exposure of a fifth to a tenth of a second is sufficient to give sharp pictures; in the case of the heart the exposure must be

limited to $\frac{1}{10}$ second to produce a sufficiently sharp silhouette. The lungs show up well in these instantaneous photographs. To secure such plates requires a short-current impulse through the X-ray tube of great intensity. 'Complicated and expensive apparatus is not absolutely essential to ensure the production of good negatives. The important point is for the operator to make the most of the apparatus at his disposal.' He must have a thorough knowledge of the X-ray tube, for that is always the ruling factor in radiography and therapeutics, and must have accessory apparatus which enables him to control the tube and reproduce at will conditions which are known to lead to good results. A tube has just been invented in America by D. D. Coolidge which marks the greatest advance since the discovery of the rays. It is entirely free of gas, and has a vacuum 1,000 times greater than the ordinary tube, so that it is impossible to pass a current through it in the ordinary way even with the most powerful apparatus. It is claimed that it will give 'accuracy of adjustment, stability of hardness, possibility of exact duplication of results, unlimited life, great range of flexibility, absence of inverse radiation, and extremely large output' for deep therapeutic work and also for instantaneous radiography. It needs special caution to avoid a serious burn, as the tube itself gives little or no visible sign of fluorescence. All parts of the human body can be radiographed. By means of the compressor diaphragm the secondary rays which affect the value of the radiograph can be screened completely, and the parts under examination 'kept absolutely at rest, so that want of sharpness, due to voluntary or involuntary movement, to respiration or pulsation of the heart, is eliminated.' Some parts of the body can be compressed three or four inches without causing any discomfort to the patient. The time of exposure is thus greatly reduced. Dr. Knox describes the apparatus and the arrangement needed for a small installation, for a special hospital and for a hospital for military service. For army work the radiographer should be 'conversant with the mechanical details of all parts, and should be able to pack, re-install, and get into working order quickly.' Practice will soon bring this facility, and several orderlies or nurses should be trained to carry on the work at any time. Caution must be used where repeated examinations of a patient are necessary. If work is done at close range a screen of aluminium, 1 mm. thick, should be put in front of the tube. This retards the softer rays which are likely to damage the skin. Special care is necessary if good prints, such as are really helpful to the surgeon, are to be turned out. Mr. Souttar, in his work at Antwerp and Furnes, came to the conclusion that if a bullet is pressing on some nerve, interfering with a joint, or in any way causing pain or inconvenience, it should be removed, but its mere presence in the body will do no harm, and the surgeon who removes such a bullet 'does not know his work.'

The X-rays do much to localise any foreign object in any part of the body. That is comparatively easy in the limbs, but in the skull, thorax, and abdomen the greatest difficulty may be experienced.

Dr. Knox shows with what skill the radiographer adapts himself to difficult conditions in examining the heart, the stomach, or the eye. The treatment of ulcers and lupus has given wonderful relief. An operation should be performed where needed soon after the administration of the rays, so that the exact position may be noted. Mr. Phillips contributes a section on Radium Therapy. When a radium atom has become unstable, a re-arrangement of its constituent parts is brought about, accompanied by the sudden expulsion of an electrified atom of helium.

From a definite quantity of radium there thus arise 'streams of electrified matter, the particles of which move at about 12,000 miles per second, carrying a positive charge, and constituting the well-known positive or Alpha rays.' Some better ways for using this kinetic energy in medical treatment will doubtless be discovered. When an alpha particle strikes against the atoms of a gas, it splits them into numerous minute fragments—the electrified dust of atoms—just as a bullet if fired through bags of flour would fill the air with fine dust. In the case of air at normal pressure and temperature, Mr. Phillips reckons that 158,000 electrified bodies, electrons, and positive ions are liberated to move actively in all directions. Radium has been used for healing purposes for several years, and the methods of application have gradually improved. It can be taken as an inhalation alone or combined with oxygen. Its action is then primarily upon the lungs, and care is needed to avoid injurious effect. It is absorbed into the blood, by which it is circulated throughout the body. By means of a liquid-air plant, the emanation can be forced into small platinum tubes which may be inserted into the substance of a tumour. The use of radium is yet in its infancy, and many developements may be expected in the future as experience accumulates and a more complete knowledge is gained of the action of radiations upon cell processes. 'Some of the most unfavourable cases respond to treatment in a marked manner, while others, which appeared most favourable subjects, respond hardly at all.' That is probably due to a condition of cell which responds to a particular type of ray. Experiments are being actively carried on by many workers to discover why one case responds and another fails. If a solution can be arrived at it will go a long way to establish radiation treatment on a sound, intelligible basis. Dr. Knox thus sums up the situation: 'In all probability the treatment of malignant disease by radiations is not nearly so efficient as it may be in the future. With advancing knowledge, improvements in apparatus and technique, and a more perfect understanding of the tissue reaction to radiations, there is every hope that in the near future a great advance in results will be attained.'

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Fourfold Gospel. Section III. The Proclamation of the New Kingdom. By Edwin A. Abbott. (Cambridge University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Abbott's elaborate work on the four Gospels proceeds apace. The latest instalment includes twelve sections, covering the earlier part of our Lord's ministry. The titles of some of these will indicate the character of the whole—The Calling of the Fishermen, Authority and Unclean Spirits, Jesus Healing, the Forgiveness of Sins, Jesus and the Sabbath, the Appointment of the Twelve. But the method of handling these familiar themes is the author's own. He compares the title of his book to a high-road and the section-headings to cross-roads. The high-road is a continuous investigation into thoughts—those of the Four Evangelists and through them the thoughts of Christ concerning the Kingdom—while the cross-roads represent investigations into words.

Readers who are unfamiliar with Dr. Abbott's mode of treating his subject may think him not only diffuse, but confused. His excursions and divagations are almost endless, and the author seems to be following clues which only he can understand. In reality, order and method have been observed through all the rapidly multiplying volumes of *Diatessarica*. The verbal investigations are always ingenious, sometimes distinctly illuminating, while even Dr. Abbott's admirers must admit that some of them are fanciful, and therefore in such a subject misleading. One mentioned in the Preface concerns the translation of νύσσω, which may mean either to nod or to swim, but the application of this ambiguity to the narrative of the miraculous draught of fishes is not convincing. Another is a somewhat far-fetched explanation of Mark's phrase '*to become* fishers of men,' which Dr. Abbott understands to be an error for 'unto life,' and the number of such suggestions in this single volume is considerable. We have found, however, the minute study of the usage of words which is so characteristic of the author, to be full of interest, even when we could not accept his conclusions.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this part of Dr. Abbott's work is the examples he gives of 'John's intervention in the Synoptic tradition.' This, according to our author, takes place for the most part 'with a view to elucidating Mark where Luke omits, or alters, some Marcian tradition.' The Fourth Gospel is treated throughout

as supplementary to the other three, often in very subtle ways; the Johannine accounts are described as correcting the interpretations likely to be put on the Matthæan and Lucan narratives, whilst often accepting, or adding to them. The close study which Dr. Abbott has given to the Fourth Gospel has convinced him that while it is largely poetic in its character, it is closer to history than he had previously supposed. In this he probably leads the way for some of the best criticism of the twentieth century.

On the last point we must not leave a wrong impression. The valuable truth conveyed in the Fourth Gospel is, in Dr. Abbott's view, mainly symbolic. It is, he says, 'a Gospel of Four Dimensions, incompatible with familiar facts, self-contradictory. . . . yet suggesting to us a world beyond expression—the length and breadth and depth and height of God's regenerating love.' He considers the portrayal of the personality of Christ in this Gospel to be 'illogical and inconsistent,' and the evangelist's method of delineation is said to be 'indirect' and even 'tortuous.' Dr. Abbott's own estimate of the Gospel is, however, in some respects so high that he will forgive us for saying that there is a good deal of inconsistency, if not illogicality, in his own judgements. But most readers of these pages will be found alternately agreeing and disagreeing with the author from end to end of his book, and the value of the work does not lie in its power of securing acquiescence in a multitude of detailed opinions. Dr. Abbott is a scholar who combines great spiritual insight with a power of 'toiling terribly' over linguistic and other details, and the effect of his work is to fascinate and delight, not least those who certainly could not subscribe to his theology.

Deliverance: The Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World. By H. Osborn Taylor, Litt.D. (Macmillans. 6*s.* net.)

Dr. Osborn Taylor has chosen a fine subject, and has already proved his powers as a historian, especially of thoughts and ideas in the ancient and mediæval worlds. The present essay is disappointing. The author surveys mankind indeed 'from China to Peru,' but his separate studies of religious faiths are somewhat too much made up of quotations, and show too little of fresh, appreciative insight. The conclusion of the whole, alas! is lame and impotent. The various chapters of the book deal with Chaldæa, China, India, Zarathustra, Israel, Greek Poetry and Philosophy, 'Jesus,' Paul and Augustine—a sufficiently wide field to cover in a comparatively small volume. The need of 'an adjustment between the instincts and faculties of human nature, and the powers conceivably controlling its accomplishment' is recognized, and the efforts made to meet that need in various religions and philosophies are described. The salient features of each are fairly well brought out, but Dr. Osborn Taylor does not contribute any fresh or striking features to an inquiry which has been made generally familiar by a number of able books on the comparative study of religions. 'Jesus' here

takes his place in a list which includes Confucius, Plato, Paul, and Augustine; and while the writer recognises that there is more than his pen can unfold in the message of the gospel, the short chapter devoted to this subject is the least satisfactory in the book. That unenviable distinction might, however, be claimed for the last chapter, entitled 'The Arrows are Beyond thee.' We would not presume to understand it. The last paragraph is indeed 'beyond' us. Does the writer suppose that Christians believe that 'human personality is necessarily a passing phase,' that eternity and 'thyself, O man!' do not fit each other, and that body and mind are both impermanent? He says that 'musing Christian saints' are only contented with the thought of 'absorption in Deity,' which is a Buddhistic, or Pantheistic, but essentially *not* a Christian conception. Apparently the author classes himself among the 'less rapturous, more analytic tempers,' and finds his freedom of spirit in the thought that 'only infinite life is suited to eternity; not man, but GOD.' We cannot congratulate him upon this part of his work. While he has sketched, more or less imperfectly, the ways in which freedom for the human spirit has been sought by saints and sages in ancient times, the hope of 'deliverance' held out to his modern readers is slender indeed.

The Miracles of the New Testament. By A. C. Headlam, D.D. (John Murray. 6*s*.)

Principal Headlam has given us a sane, strong exposition and defence of the Christian view of miracle. The problem is treated in relation to the stream of current ideas of science, philosophy, and critical inquiry. No rash claims are made. The discussion is studiously moderate, and even tolerant of a faith in spiritual reality that falls short of conviction in regard to certain incidents in the miraculous record. If men cannot believe in these they must not be asked to say that they do. They must be asked to think, and particularly to set their minds in an attitude which does not antecedently reject the possibility of miracle. But Dr. Headlam leaves us with no doubt as to his own sure conviction of the truth of the miraculous. His judgement is not in suspense. This is mainly the result of the wise and illuminating definition of miracle he has reached. 'A miracle means really the supremacy of the spiritual forces of the world to an extraordinarily marked degree over the mere material.' This is in every way admirable. Much of its value results from the positions expounded in what seems to us the best of Dr. Headlam's chapters—the third—on *Miracles and God*. For the conception of God here, as elsewhere, dominates our constructive theories of His relation to the world-order. 'I cannot help feeling that there are many signs that old-fashioned dogmatic beliefs are passing away. Science is ceasing to bind us to a hard, mechanical theory of nature. . . . The mathematical conception of a Deity whom man has created in his own image is making way for a fuller realization of

what is implied in the idea of a Personal God. . . . But although these changes are taking place in contemporary thought, it is only slowly that this becomes realised, and many are still hampered by old-fashioned views of God, or Nature, or the Bible.' (p. ix.) The historical evidence for miracles in the New Testament is carefully reviewed in the light of the critical study of the Gospels (ch. v.). The Resurrection and the Virgin Birth are frankly considered in the two chapters that follow. These and the miracles of healing illustrate the principle that rules throughout the New Testament—that 'miracles are worked in the power of the Holy Spirit' (p. 336). 'The Spiritual is supreme in man and nature. This truth will, I believe, best enable us to understand what we mean by miracle, and how God works miracles.' Dr. Headlam's general conclusion is, 'If I am asked whether this or that miracle is credible or not, the answer that I would give would be this: I do not see that we can set any limits to the power of God's Spirit; I cannot limit the power of God to suit the limitations of my own imagination. . . . I have frankly confessed throughout that while the evidence that we have for miracles as a whole is good, the character of the Gospel narrative is not such as to enable us to be certain that every event took place exactly as it is reported. . . . What the limits of error may be, it may not be possible to judge, but no difficulty about any detail ought to prevent us from accepting the general teaching of the Gospel.' (p. 339). It is a sign of the times that this admirable and scholarly series of Lectures, the founding of which constitutes the memorial of the Australian ministry of Bishop Moorhouse, were delivered not only in Melbourne, but also to communities of native Christian teachers and University students in Japan. They are clear, constructive, conservative in the best sense, and will be found of great service to working ministers in a period of transition.

Studies in the History of Natural Theology. By Clement C. J. Webb. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This work is a most important contribution to the philosophy of religion. The author is a well-known teacher of philosophy in the school of *Litteræ Humaniores* at Oxford, with a grasp of the whole history of his subject and an especial scholarly interest in the Middle Ages. His competence in the former sphere is attested by his little manual on the *History of Philosophy* in the Home University Library, and in the latter by his edition of John of Salisbury. But it is as the Wilde Lecturer in Natural and Comparative Religion that he has made his most noteworthy contributions to modern thought. The earlier volume, *Problems in the Relations of God and Man*, presented the substance of the lectures for 1911, and was largely used and quoted by the authors of that more popular if less original book, *Foundations*. The present volume gives to the world the fruit of the work accomplished in the same lectureship during the academical years of 1911–12 and 1912–13. The two books should be read

together. To the genuine student they are a means of grace. They present the picture of a devout, learned, and balanced intellect wrestling in the spirit of reverence and humility, so characteristic of our best English religious thinkers, with the greatest problems of the human mind.

The particular book before us is divided into three unequal parts. The first chapter is an Introduction to the History of Natural Theology. The second is concerned with the tenth book of the Laws of Plato, and the third, which comprises by far the largest part of the book—nearly two-thirds of the whole—with the Natural Theology of the Middle Ages. Mr. Webb, in his careful definition of the term 'natural theology' (first used by Raymond of Sebonde), ranges from Varro to Dr. Wilde, the founder of his lectureship; he comes to the conclusion that the sphere of natural theology is the sphere of general reflection upon the objects of religious experience, so far as this experience is open to all men, and not peculiar to a particular race, community, or individual. But the fifty pages whereby this conclusion is reached contain a rich discussion of the mutual relations of philosophy to religion, and lead to a just and victorious attack on the position of Pfleiderer, who declines to recognise any philosophy of religion before Spinoza. Mr. Webb maintains that the natural theology of the earlier thinkers is still fruitful for the student of the philosophy of religion. The treatment of the natural theology of Plato is so fresh and living as to prove this main contention. Stress is laid upon the modernity of Plato's problems. The discussion of the value of Plato's recognition of an evil soul or souls as the source of disorder in nature is most valuable in face of our modern reluctance to believe in a devil. And in particular, Mr. Webb's justification of the Christian doctrine of propitiatory sacrifice as supporting and inspiring a lofty morality is singularly profound and opportune.

The lectures on the mediaeval period deal with certain typical thinkers; Anselm, Abelard, Thomas Aquinas, Raymond of Sebonde (who owes his fame to the longest of the immortal essays of Montaigne), Pomponazzi, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who passes as the founder of Deism, and who properly belongs to the modern rather than to the Middle Ages. Mr. Webb has elsewhere and often treated of Anselm and the famous ontological argument, but there is much that is fresh in this chapter. He subjects the *Summa contra Gentiles*, the central work of the Middle Ages in natural theology, to an even more searching scrutiny. Raymond and Pomponazzi are slighter but still interesting thinkers, and nowhere else can the English reader obtain such a clear treatment of their thought. The chapter on Lord Herbert forms a fitting epilogue to the work. We cordially commend this book to every student of Christian doctrine who is anxious to think out the ultimate implications of his faith.

The Ideals of the Prophets. By the late S. R. Driver, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Driver left instructions that a volume of his sermons should be published, and chose some that he wished to appear in it. That selection has been considerably enlarged by the editor, Dr. Cooke, in order to form a group representative of his ordinary teaching and connected together by a certain unity of subject and treatment. Most of the discourses bear on the ideals of the Old Testament prophets. All of them were delivered in Christ Church Cathedral, and there is about them a dignified simplicity, a clearness of statement, and a well-balanced judgement that are very impressive. Isaiah supplies eight out of the twenty texts. The survey of Sennacherib's invasion from Isa. xxxvii. 81 is illuminating, and the sermon on Lam. i. 12, gives a survey of the scenes which the prophet had himself witnessed. 'The book consists of five distinct elegies, each constructed with great art, almost every line marked by that broken plaintive rhythm which seems to have been generally chosen by the writers of Hebrew elegy, and each abounding with images which appeal to every reader by their pathos and force.' Dr. Driver thought that the prophets of Israel 'had no knowledge of a future spiritual life in heaven; revelation is progressive; and they only made *advances* towards that doctrine.' 'The Fall of Lucifer' and 'Vexilla Regis' are two sermons of special interest. Nor should we overlook that on Mal. i. 11.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 12*s.*)

The Commentary on First Corinthians appeared under the names of the Bishop of Exeter and Dr. Plummer, but the bishop's increase of episcopal work and his ill-health have thrown the whole responsibility for this volume on Dr. Plummer. His Introduction, which covers nearly fifty pages, is divided into ten sections, which deal with the authenticity of the Epistle, its occasion, problems and probabilities, and kindred subjects. He says there is 'no letter which enables us to see so deeply into the working of the writer's mind and heart. Thankfulness, affection, anxiety, entreaty, and indignation come to the surface in successive waves, and the last of these is expressed with a severity and bitterness which can be best understood when we keep in mind his repeated assertion that the attacks on his character and authority have compelled him to break out in what must look like a hateful indulgence in self-praise and self-assertion.' The difficult problems of the twelfth chapter fill thirty-five pages. He describes the explanations of the stake in the flesh, and adds, 'When all the arguments for and against these and other guesses have been considered, the fact remains that we still do not know, for the evidence is insufficient.' The same exhaustive care and balanced judgement are manifest in all Dr. Plummer's notes.

Types of Christian Saintliness. By W. R. Inge, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 1*s.* and 2*s.* net.)

Dean Inge set himself in these three lectures to bring out the chief characteristics of Catholic, Protestant, and Liberal Christianity. The shortcomings into which each type seems most liable to fall are carefully pointed out. The differences between them correspond to real differences of character and temperament, and have but little connexion with denominational classifications. 'The saint differs from the virtuous man in possessing a strain of heroism, of enthusiasm, and of spontaneity, in his moral conduct.' The dean regards cloistered saints as one-sided and imperfect types. 'Some of them —not the best—really led what seem to us *useless* lives. They were good, no doubt, but good for *what?*' The Catholic type of piety has a consciousness of belonging to a great institution, a mighty world-power, with a remarkable history. It exhibits also a genuine unworldliness, but its danger is intolerance, indifference to truth, and unwillingness to learn. Noble and beautiful as this type of saintliness is, it will not, taken alone, conduct us to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. In Protestant piety the saint is a lonely wrestler with God, like Jacob. 'He distrusts or disdains many of the helps which the Catholic finds so useful: he will work out his own salvation through God that worketh in him, without any human intermediary.' Yet this individualistic type of Christianity has carried out nearly all the social reforms which can be set down to the credit of the Christian religion. It has lacked imagination and reflection, and has shown a tendency to compromise with the world, but a revival of the best Evangelical type of Christian saintliness is greatly to be desired. The third type is the Liberal Churchman, who might set himself 'to show in his own life that there is no necessary connexion between intellectual candour or courage and religious lukewarmness or want of spirituality.'

The Quest for Truth. By Silvanus P. Thompson, F.R.S. (Headley Brothers. 1*s.* net.)

The Swarthmore Lectures make a notable series, and the new volume will be eagerly read. Prof. Thompson says 'truth, in its essence, consists in the strict observance of the correspondence between word and fact.' This leads to a suggestive study of veracity, equivocation, casuistry, and of the use of words. The quest for truth is hindered by over-respect for venerated authority, false humility which blinds men from exercising any independent judgement, and also by the determination to make up the mind when the materials for arriving at a sound judgement are wanting. To these hindrances must be added a tendency to temporize, a craving for originalities, and inexact use of words. The quest for truth in history, science, religion, and morals is briefly passed in review and the question of 'pious frauds' is considered. It is not necessary to discuss external authorities 'when all the while the key to authority lies in our own

bosoms.' This leads to 'the central point in the distinctive beliefs of the Society of Friends, the reality of immediate personal revelation, the postulate that the human soul possesses a faculty of intuitive perception of divine things.' The way in which religious doctrine to be of value must be the outcome of personal spiritual experience is brought out, and emphasis is laid on 'collective religious experience,' which for the Quaker is as real as individual experience.

A Prince in the Making. By Henry Howard. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The qualities that are familiar to readers of Mr. Howard's previous books reappear with undiminished power in his latest volume. These studies of that ancient classic of Israel, the story of Jacob, drive home its numerous lessons with a practical and forceful earnestness. Imagination and insight, experience of human life and knowledge of human nature, a gift of literary style clear and felicitous, render the reading of Mr. Howard's sermons a delight. The preacher will find in them models of what character-discourses should be, while the Sunday-school teacher in charge of elder scholars will here find material for many a useful lesson. Mr. Howard's manner and matter are equally instructive.

The Great Texts of the Bible: Jeremiah to Malachi. Revelation. The Greater Men and Women of the Bible: Hezekiah to Malachi. Edited by the Rev. James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 6*s.* net per volume.)

These three volumes well sustain the reputation of the two series to which they belong. The texts are chosen with a keen eye to the needs of the pulpit, and they are explained and illustrated in a way that will be of real service to busy men who have not large libraries. The volume on the Revelation is excellent both for what it includes and what it omits, and the gallery of Greater Men and Women is very attractive. The material here will not tempt men to neglect preparation, but will put at their service a wonderful supply of the choicest material drawn from sources within the reach of few ministers. Teachers also will find these volumes a treasury of the best exposition and illustration.

The Fellowship of Silence. Being Experiences in the common use of Prayer without Words. Edited by Cyril Hepher. (Macmillan & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Hepher took part in the New Zealand Mission of Help, and there attended a meeting for Silent Fellowship, out of which this book has grown. Dr. Hodgkin and his daughter give an impressive account of Quaker silence, Dr. Percy contributes a catholic-spirited chapter on 'Outward Signs and Inward Light,' and the Rev. J. C. Fitzgerald shows 'the power of silence for healing and conversion' by some remarkable pages of personal experience. Some readers will, how-

ever, be repelled by his description of the meditation before a crucifix. Mr. Hepher tells how the hour of silent fellowship in the little New Zealand Church blessed all who shared it. 'Seeking God, side by side, every man helped his fellow.'

The Divine Master in Home Life. By the Rev. H. C. Lees, M.A. (Religious Tract Society. 3*s.* 6*d.*) These Sermons seek to set Christ forth 'in the wonder of His incarnate sympathy.' The first three describe Him in His own home in heaven, in His Father's House, and in His Mother's home; the rest show His relation to Sunday, to children, to business, &c. Each subject is worked out in a very suggestive and practical way. The book will be greatly prized in every Christian household.—*John's Ideal City.* By William Wakinshaw. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a volume of sermons whose message is illustrated and enforced from the lives of men and women. Mr. Wakinshaw is always simple and evangelical; he is not blind to the evils of society, yet he is an optimist who inspires others with his faith in human nature and in divine grace. The story of John Newton leads to the reflection that 'such miracles of grace, with variations, are perpetually occurring.' The volume will strengthen the hands of all Christian workers.—*Meditations on the Cardinal Virtues.* By the Ven. A. Ward, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 6*d.* net.) The scheme of Archdeacon Ward's little book is similar to that of his *Meditations on the Seven Deadly Sins.* Each of the four virtues, with its opposite vice, is defined and explained, two texts are given for meditation, three practical reflections are drawn, and suggestions added for a short devotional exercise. It is both suggestive and practical.—A twelfth edition of the Rev. W. J. Heaton's *Should not the Revised Version of the Scriptures be further revised?* (F. Griffiths. 6*d.* net) has just appeared with a *Foreword* by Sir Edward Clarke, who trusts that before many years have passed a new Version may appear and justify 'the movement in which the author of this "popular tract" has taken so able and diligent a part.'—*The King's Scout.* By the Rev. H. G. Tunnicliff. (Allenson. 1*s.* net.) Twenty-one Old Testament stories told with zest and freshness and well applied to the life of boys and girls.—Messrs. Morgan & Scott are issuing an edition of *The Authorized Version* in eight shilling (net) volumes. The Old Testament will fill six volumes and the New Testament two. The text is printed in paragraph form without chapter or verse divisions. The type is bold, the paper good, and the cloth binding neat. Other bindings and an India paper edition are arranged, and the volumes can be had in a cloth, leather, or oak case.—*Winning the Children.* By the Rev. A. Stanley Parker. (Allenson. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Thirty parable and story addresses to the young which are full of life and point. They hold attention and teach good lessons in a way that will fasten them firmly in the memory.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Rabindranath Tagore. A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Rhys attempts here to relate Rabindranath Tagore both to the old tradition in India and to the new day anticipated in his writings. When the poet was lying ill in London he scanned the omens of the time with much uneasiness. He spoke to Mr. Rhys 'with alarm of the temper of the great nations and the life of the great cities like Paris and London, whose love of luxury, need of sensation, and craving for excitement were up against every finer instinct he cherished.' He dwelt on the forces that threatened disruption as though the moral map of Europe lay spread before him. That was not much more than a year before the war broke out. Frequent allusions to the same topic in his books show that this was not the passing fancy of a sick man. His own bearing had an imperturbable peace about it. 'He seemed to have the power to make an ordinary room, a London house, a lecture hall, a company of people, the vehicle of his Indian serenity.' His childhood was lonely, but Nature was a kind of loving companion, always with him, and always revealing to him some fresh beauty. She 'shut her hands and laughingly asked every day, "What have I got inside?" and nothing seemed impossible.' Mr. Rhys gives some attractive details of the poet's education and his happy marriage. When on the verge of forty, within a few months he lost his wife, his daughter, and his youngest son. Yet he felt that 'this death-time was a blessing.' 'I knew now what Death was. It was perfection—nothing lost!' Mr. Rhys discusses the master's chief writings, which have interpreted the East to the West as no other poet has done. Some critics hold that his finest work is to be found in his short stories. 'For him, houses have souls, old ruins may be powerful as witches in their sorcery, a river-stair can count the footfalls of ages, and a door can remember its dead.' His school of peace at Shanti Niketan shows how education can be made musical. It began in 1901 with two or three boys, as an attempt to revive the forest school of India. There are now two hundred pupils. The poet's religious influence is felt by all. He is keenly alive to 'the new predicament of India' and to the needs of men and women all the world over. He might have been content to be a dreamer, but 'a sharper force drove him to look to the ailment of his time, and he became . . . its healer, its discerner, and its lyric poet in one.' Four portraits and other illustrations add much to the charm of this sympathetic study.

Quaker Women, 1650—1690. By Mabel Richmond Brailsford. (Duckworth & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The early Quakers never lose their fascination, and Miss Brailsford has thrown new light on the 'heroic Englishwomen who travelled,

preached, and suffered at the time of Fox.' Most of them have been left in obscurity for more than two centuries, but diligent search in manuscripts and pamphlets preserved at the Friends' Library in Devonshire House has yielded much treasure for this volume. It opens appropriately with a description of Fox's influence upon the women of his day. The persuasive eloquence, the sufferings, and the heroism of the women preachers completely refuted the doctrine of their inferiority, and 'by his own personality, at once winning and courageous, no less than by the character of his message, Fox was peculiarly fitted to be their Apostle.' Elizabeth Hooton, his first convert, was a married woman nearly fifty years old. She became his first preacher, and suffered much in English prisons and in America. She wrote letters pleading for the reform of the gaols, and warned the Mayor of Derby that he will suffer the fate of Dives 'if he will not regard the poor and in prison.' The devoted band that followed in her steps regarded Fox as their 'deare Father.' One of them told him, 'My soul breatheth to thee over all the mountains and seas!' Margaret Fell was the 'nursing mother' of Quakerism, and her power of organization was of much service to the Society. She allows 'singing for joy, when moved by the Spirit,' but describes singing in church as 'more like May-gaming than the worshipping of God.' There is a trace of hardness in her treatment of Elizabeth Holme, whose pathetic little story of married life is one of the gems of this volume. Miss Brailsford's tribute to these heroic women does not blind her eyes to the virtues of to-day. 'Any mean street of our modern cities will furnish examples of such feats of heroism or endurance as were shown by the early Quaker women, performed day by day on a less public stage, but from motives equally high and self-sacrificing.' A closing chapter traces the causes for the decline of Quakerism to the cessation of persecution and the loss of the early Evangelical spirit, but Miss Brailsford shows how the horizon of the Society has broadened and social problems have received growing attention. The message of the Society is needed to-day as much as ever, and there are many signs that it is not being delivered in vain.

Eighteenth-Century Nonconformity. By J. Hay Colligan, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Colligan has sought to separate the mass of detail in the history of eighteenth-century Nonconformity, and to bringout the principles of development which were at work. The result is a brief survey of the whole period which is both interesting and illuminating. Mr. Colligan shows that 'the eighteenth century was disastrous to Nonconformity by the liberty which it allowed the individual in the fundamental matters of the Christian Faith.' He regards the darkest decade for Christianity in England as that between 1730 and 1740. Pluralism had become a scandal in the Established Church, and Arianism in the meeting-house 'had nearly destroyed enthusiasm for everything which Nonconformity represented.' The conversion

of the Countess of Huntingdon and the formation of the first Methodist Society were events connected with the Church of England, 'but without their aid historical Nonconformity never would have rallied.' Methodism 'inaugurated a period which marked the recovery of the fundamental facts of religious experience.' But Mr. Colligan's concern is with Nonconformity, its fathers, its controversies, its doctrinal views, its meeting-houses, liturgiology, and hymnology. Philip Doddridge 'did more for orthodox Nonconformity than any of his contemporaries, not excepting Watts. His theological views were broader than those of traditional orthodoxy. He gave a new setting to Evangelicalism, and he placed the Christian mysteries in a light that was both rational and reverent.' His students caught his spirit and maintained 'a high, honourable, able, practical, evangelical ministry.' Methodism popularized music in public worship, and Mr. Colligan speaks of its hymns 'as songs of certainty and of personal experience.' The eighteenth was not a believing century, 'but by means of sacred song, men found themselves shifted into a realm where emotion once again had its rightful place in divine worship.'

The Journal of the Rev. John Wesley, M.A. Edited by Nehemiah Curnock, assisted by Experts. Standard Edition. Vol. VI. (Kelly. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This volume covers the period from September, 1778, to July, 1784. On December 1, 1782, Wesley's Diary, 'of which for forty years we have lost sight, reappears, and, with but a few slight breaks, due chiefly to sickness, continues until within a few days of the writer's death.' It is wonderful how it enriches the period included in this volume. The Journal is an amazing record of tireless industry and devotion, but even more impressive witness is borne by these formal entries of the occupations of almost every hour from four in the morning till half-past nine at night. They cover 260 pages in the parchment-bound original, and as years pass the writing becomes increasingly tremulous, but every line reveals the man who meant to be busy as long as he lived. Wesley notes on February 28, 1784, '11 at Mr. Clulow's on business.' That was the day on which the Deed of Declaration was signed, and a full-page illustration in this volume shows the endorsement of the Deed, Wesley's signature, and the acknowledgement at the public office. Next day was Sunday, and he enters 'communion, at brother Clulow's, dinner, conversed, prayer; 2.30, sleep.' Such entries bring these vanished days back to life. There is an important note on Wesley's *Calm Address to the American Colonies*, which brought a hurricane of abuse upon his head, and the blank in the Journal between September 22 and November 12, 1776, is skilfully filled up from letters and journals. The notes are of great value, and the illustrations, which have been chosen with much skill, add sensibly to the interest of a volume which reflects the highest credit on both editor and publisher.

The British Empire. Six Lectures. By Sir Charles P. Lucas, K.C.B., K.C.M.G. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.)

Sir Charles Lucas, as head of the Dominions Department of the Colonial Office, has gained a claim to be heard on such a subject as this. He dedicates his volume to the members of the Working Men's College as an attempt to state shortly, simply, and honestly how the Empire came into being, and what it means; to explain that it is not, as the Germans hold, a mere creation of force and fraud; and to prove that it is at once the interest and the duty of all Englishmen, poor as well as rich, to maintain it. The six lectures describe 'England in the Making, The Seventeenth Century, the Eighteenth Century, the Age of Queen Victoria, the Empire of the Present Day, the Meaning and Use of the Empire.' First we watch the bold adventurers who laid the foundations of the Empire. Through Shakespeare's eyes we see 'how new discoveries of an awakening world were leavening English thought and fancy.' The record of the seventeenth century raises the question, 'Why did the English go to India?' This is the answer, 'Because trading enterprise was in their blood, because other European people had gone and were going, because they found trade profitable for themselves and profitable for their country, because they preferred to bring the produce of England in their own ships to depending upon foreigners.' The case is reasonably stated and the blots on our overseas history are not ignored. The eighteenth was pre-eminently a century of fighting. Mixed motives operated, but the nation had a constant call from its connexions and its interests over the seas, and to that call it was bound to listen. Our Empire at the present day is one of diversities. We have carried Western science and British constructive ability into other regions of the globe. The contrast between our policy and that of Germany is well brought out, and in the closing lecture, 'the meaning and use of the Empire' are shown. England is the Mecca of our scattered race. 'By the smaller peoples and by the native races it is associated, dimly or clearly, with liberty.' The conquerors have been continually giving; annexation has spelt freedom. This book will strengthen the faith of all who read it in the destiny of our Empire, and will inspire new resolve to save ourselves and our allies from the iron yoke of Germany.

Writers of the Day: H. G. Wells. By J. D. Beresford. *Arnold Bennett.* By F. J. Harvey Darton. (Nisbet & Co. 1*s.* net.)

This series opens well. We are all interested in Mr. Wells and Mr. Arnold Bennett, and these studies give the facts of their lives and an estimate of their work which is both critical and sympathetic. Mr. Wells was born at Bromley, where his father, who had been a famous Kent bowler, kept a general shop. As a draper and a schoolmaster the future novelist viewed life from many angles before he was twenty-seven. He has at times the strangest sense of detachment

from himself and all the world, which he watches as from some remote point of space. Mr. Beresford has chapters on the romances, the novels, and sociology. 'Through all his work moves the urgency of one who would create something more than a mere work of art to amuse the multitude or afford satisfaction to the critic. His chief achievement is that he has set up the ideal of a finer civilization.' Arnold Bennett is a solicitor's son, and was in a London solicitor's office till he realized that he was one of Nature's journalists, and could earn greater sums by more congenial work. He spent nearly eight years at Fontainebleau, where many of his books were written. He is the novelist of the Five Towns, and no writer on 'middle or higher industrial life ever presented his material with such a literary equipment and outlook.' He presents 'this passionless panorama of life' with an easy mastery. 'He uses few images—he thinks in things, not in pictures,' and his 'severe grey words' are closely adapted to the scenes of his stories. The crudity of sexual and physical emotion in his fantasias is plainly pointed out, and it is shown that his Five Towns scenes have no life, no feeling for the underlying reality and torment of soul. He takes no account of religion, which is still a powerful thing in middle-class life. 'Wesleyanism is the Five Towns form. Arnold Bennett never understands it; it is as alien to his temperament'—or at any rate to his artistic temperament—as love of natural beauty. Each book has a good portrait, and both are well written and discriminating.

Ruysbroeck. By Evelyn Underhill. (Bell & Sons. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Jan van Ruysbroeck is regarded as the greatest of mediæval Catholic mystics, yet we are ill provided with studies of his life or translations from his works. That gives added value to this little volume from the pen of an acknowledged expert, who says that Ruysbroeck's career 'seems to exhibit within the circle of a single personality, and carry up to a higher term than ever before, all the best attainments of the Middle Ages in the realm of Eternal Life.' He was born in 1293 in the little village between Brussels and Hal from which he takes his name. At eleven years of age he ran away from home to join his uncle, a canon of the Cathedral of St. Gudule in Brussels. This uncle had been converted by a powerful sermon from the easy-going life of a prosperous ecclesiastic to the austere quest of spiritual perfection. His nephew was welcomed to 'a home soaked in love, governed by faith, renunciation, humility; a forcing-house of the spiritual life.' For twenty-six years Ruysbroeck lived in Brussels. In 1343 he and two friends found a home in the old hermitage of Groenendall, near the city. An Augustinian Priory grew out of this settlement, and there Ruysbroeck died in 1381. The bulk of his works represent the last thirty years of his life, and 'the intense certitude, the wide deep vision of the Infinite which distinguishes them, are the fruits of those long hours of profound absorption in God for which' he found place in the silence of the woods. Many

passages of his writings show his close observation of nature and his love of birds. He told his brethren that every word was uttered under the immediate domination of an inspiring power. Gerald Groot stayed often at the Priory and formed a deep friendship with the warmhearted old mystic. Miss Underhill gives a brief account of each of Ruysbroeck's admittedly authentic works, and devotes chapters to his doctrine of God, of man, and the active, interior, and super-essential life as set forth in his writings. He had a strong sense of sin, which he regarded as Egotism displaying itself as pride, laziness, self-indulgence, coldness of heart, or spiritual self-seeking. Self-denial and bodily mortifications he regarded simply as means of sanctity. He was 'no advocate of a cloistered virtue or a narrow perfectionism.' Many will be grateful for this discriminating study of the great mystic of Flanders.

Select Documents, illustrating Mediaeval and Modern History. By Dr. Emil Reich. (P. S. King. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a welcome addition to the growing list of volumes bringing original documents within the reach of ordinary students. Dr. Stubbs with his *Select Charters*, and Dr. Gardiner with his *Documents Illustrative of the Puritan period*, and Gee and Hardy, *Documents Illustrating Church History*—to mention only three—are valuable because they challenge attention to the 'scraps of paper' which govern the various movements of political and religious history. Dr. Emil Reich's volume, now brought down to a manageable price, ranges over a far wider field, from the Edict of Milan in 313 to the Constitution of the German Empire in 1871; and comprises the fundamental documents of the States of Europe, as well as some important documents belonging to the history of the Church. How varied is his choice is shown by the fact that his list includes not only the main treaties of European history and the great formative pronouncements of national politics, like Magna Carta and the declaration of American Independence, but also typical Papal Bulls—like Unam Sanctam—documents illustrative of the 'Terror' in France, a selection from the Pseudo-Isidorian Decretals and from the Decrees of the Council of Trent, and from Luther's Ninety-five Theses. To all these important excerpts Dr. Reich adds an introduction, placing the document in its proper historical setting; and also a short bibliography. It is not every one whose mastery of general history is sufficiently wide and accurate to justify his claim to select the most important documents of history. But there is no doubt as to the qualifications of Dr. Emil Reich in that field, which he made peculiarly his own; for it was only during his excursions into the sphere of omniscience that he provoked criticism. The book will prove of great value to all who are desirous of obtaining a sound foundation for their knowledge of history. There are seventy pages of index—an admirable feature in a work of this nature, with its infinite amount of detail.

B. M. Malabari: Rambles with the Pilgrim Reformer. By Sirdar Jogendra Singh. With a Foreword by Sir Valentine Chirol. (Bell & Sons. 2*s.* net.)

This is an important contribution to the literature which has for its object the reconciliation of the East and the West. The subject of this memoir, who died some time ago, devoted his whole life to that propaganda; and the author is distinguishing himself in making the Indians realize that they have, in the British, kind-hearted friends who are seeking to advance them morally and materially, and interpreting Indian ideals and traditions to the Rulers of Hindostan. Mr. Malabari was born a few years before the Sepoy Mutiny. He came in contact with Christian missionaries very early in life. He was never converted to Christianity, but he accepted the Christian ideals and gained the friendship of the leading missionaries in and around Bombay and in other parts of India, and was highly esteemed by them.

He wished to see India advance politically, but he felt—and felt rightly—that the real progress of India would come through the individual being set free from social tyranny. Without the breakdown of caste and the banishment of customs which prescribed a low status for woman, allowed polygamy, and enforced widowhood, he could see no hope for India. Above all, he considered that marriage in infancy and parenthood in early boyhood and girlhood blighted the physique and intellect of his people. He therefore strove to induce his countrymen to reconstruct society. He used his pen and private influence with British high officials, and with Rajas and other distinguished countrymen, to advance the cause of social reform, and above all, to champion the cause of woman. His greatest success was his securing the passage of the Age of Consent Act by the Government of India. Had he allowed inclination rather than duty to rule his actions, he would have given up his life to poetry, art, and philanthropy. In his early manhood he issued a book of poems in his mother-tongue (*Gujarati*), its publication being brought about by missionary influence. Later he brought out one or two other volumes of poems. His command over English was marvellous. He edited a weekly newspaper (*The Indian Spectator*), and a monthly review (*East and West*), from Bombay, both written and printed in English. He also wrote in English a book containing his impressions of England, and other works.

The last six *People's Books* (Jack, 6*d.* net) are most timely. *Germany*, by W. F. Waugh, M.A., begins with the Holy Roman Empire, describes the rise of Prussia, and then explains the government of modern Germany, its foreign and home policy, and closes with a valuable chapter on German culture. Mr. Waugh says that 'taken as a whole, the nation undoubtedly believes that ethics and politics have nothing to do with each other, and that Germany's greatness is unique.' *The Hohenzollerns*, by A. D. Innes, is a little book that every one will want to read. He says that William II.

'began with an inordinate conception of the power and mission of Germany and the German Kaiser; a conviction that the Imperial sword was the sword of God, which, in course of time, translated itself into the new creed that the Almighty is the Kaiser's Minister.' *Heinrich von Treitschke*, by Maximilian A. Müggе, gives an account of his life, and chapters headed War, England, Unity, which furnish a bird's-eye view of his teaching. There is much which will be useful to those who wish to pursue the subject further. *Belgium*, by Frank Maclean, is divided into eight sections which describe physical and political features, the history, the towns, the country, industries and manufactures, the arts, music and drama, literature. There is an appendix on the Congo and a useful bibliography. The book is quite a mine of information. *The British Army of To-day*, by Capt. A. H. Atteridge, traces the beginnings of our army and its development down to the present. It is a book that every one will be eager to read. *A French Self-Tutor*, by W. M. Conacher, is wonderfully clear and full, and the two pages headed 'How to use this book' will be very helpful to beginners.

The Life and Teaching of William Honyman Gillespie. By James Urquhart, F.S.A. (Scot.) (T. & T. Clark. 1*s.* net.) Mr. Gillespie was a Scottish lawyer who devoted himself to working out the *d priori* argument for the being and attributes of God. He died in 1875, and his widow, who died in 1886, devoted part of her fortune to extending the circulation of her husband's work. A brief biographical sketch is given in this volume, with an extended summary of the argument on which Mr. Gillespie lavished his thought for forty years. The book will appeal to all theologians, and a valuable bibliography of the ontological argument, given as an appendix, will be of much service to students.—*Booth of Hankow.* By W. A. Tatchell. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Dr. Tatchell has told the story of his friend and colleague with skill and tenderness. Robert Booth was the gift of Irish Methodism to China, and he did noble service at the Hankow hospital and won a high reputation by his Red Cross work in the Revolution of 1912. He was an ideal medical missionary, whose hospital was kept up to the highest standard and whose medical and surgical skill was of an exceptionally high order. His friend says he was always ready when an emergency arose, and during a crisis he did not fail. He was a splendid athlete and as sound and robust in his Christian character as he was 'fit' from a physical point of view. This little book will make a deep impression on all who read it.—*Heroism in Daily Life.* By E. W. Caust. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Many will be grateful to Mr. Caust for his memoir of his two brothers. The elder lost his life in bravely trying to save a father and several boys who were holding on to the sides of an overturned yacht. The other brother was a devoted Methodist minister who died at the age of twenty-seven. The book will make a deep impression on young readers. It is a loving tribute to two bright and useful lives.

BOOKS FOR WAR TIME

With the German Armies in the West. By Sven Hedin. Authorized Translation from the Swedish by H. G. de Walterstorff. With 119 Illustrations and 4 Maps. (John Lane. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Lane has done national service by issuing this English translation of Sven Hedin's work. The Swedish explorer owes much to the good will of our Indian officials, but he has no friendly word for our country in this war. He speaks of 'England's faithlessness towards her Teutonic kinsmen.' He states, in defiance of all facts, that 'England had wanted war.' He allows that 'the English mercenaries, whatever their faults, show great personal courage, and fight with bravery and contempt of death.' He has all his patrons' contempt for treaties, and actually seeks to turn the scale on their side in regard to Belgium. 'A moral judgement is now being passed over Europe. Woe to the people which has not in time past put its house in order, or which relies on paper treaties and declarations when force sits in the judgement seat, and when none but the strong and wakeful inspire respect in all directions.' 'In more than one respect this war has demonstrated the impotence and futility of all conferences and conventions of Geneva, the Hague, and other places, bearing names which now have an empty and illusory sound.' His visit to Ostend wakes his enthusiasm. 'Now German imperial power stood like an impenetrable iron wall on the brink of the sea, with its spear pointed at the heart of England. The first goal had been reached; England—fearful of her world supremacy on the sea, and jealous of the rapid commercial and economic rise of Germany—had made up her mind to join in the fight and had declared war on Germany.' France is to be pitied. The writer has caught the very tone of his hosts. 'Among the Germanic race there is not a vestige of national hatred of the French, nothing but good-will and sympathy.' When, one asks in bewilderment, was this new temper born? Only when German treachery was baulked of its victim and Britain turned the flames of German hatred on herself. Ghurkas, says this jaundiced observer, are no good in Europe. 'Therefore I contend it is an act of cruelty to them to force them over to the white man's country—to die all to no purpose.' The interest of the book lies in its descriptions of the strength and set purpose of Germany. 'They have staked their lives and their existence on one single goal. About the result they have no doubt. They *must* win, otherwise their country is lost.' It must be remembered that Sven Hedin's visit began on September 15 and finished on November 12. Much has happened since that time, though when

he began his visit he found the whole of the German aristocracy in mourning for lost relatives. He made his tour 'to study the psychology of war and to see how far civilization, Christianity, and pacificism had advanced nineteen hundred and fourteen years after the birth of Christ.' He makes light of the stories of the cruelty of German soldiers. 'Such tales are entirely without foundation.' 'The wave of vandalism which passed over a part of Louvain was let loose by the inhabitants themselves.' 'The anger felt by the German soldiers at the treachery of the civil population is justified.' One is dumb in the presence of such an apologia. Perhaps the Swedish champion will even defend poisonous gases and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. He describes the Swedes as the Teutons of the North, and himself studied at the University of Berlin, but even that does not justify his spirit. At Antwerp he pities the wounded Englishmen. 'Nevertheless one feels greater pity still for the Belgians who have been left in the lurch by their great tempters and "protectors," and who have lost their country and their independence.' He tells us that he has on various occasions witnessed scenes of Belgian misery and distress which nearly broke his heart, yet he has the effrontery to ask, 'Whose is the fault?' Even the Imperial Chancellor could have enlightened him. We do not accept his verdict, 'Here is a nation which cannot go under and which will never be conquered,' but it is well to be reminded of our enemy's resources. 'Truly Germany seems inexhaustible in vital and material force.' 'It is this *will* to win which permeates the entire German army and makes such a deep impression on the stranger.' Pastor Münch told Sven Hedin how profoundly impressed he was by the 'spiritual cravings' of soldiers and officers. 'War was carried on, not only with rifles, bayonets, and artillery, but also with the weapons of the fear of God and prayer'!

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vol. II.—IV. (T. Nelson & Sons. 1*s.* net.)

The second volume of Mr. Buchan's history describes the retreat from Mons, Von Hindenburg's victory at Tannenburg, the Russian capture of Lemberg, and the battles of the Marne with the German retreat to the Aisne. Those to whom the story is most familiar will find much light thrown on the strategy of the various engagements, and the clear and vivid record is of enthralling interest. In describing the retreat from Mons good use is made of the striking letters from Chaplain Owen S. Watkins. The French staff-work broke down in the confusion of retreat, and no information as to the collapse of the Sambre defence reached the British Commander-in-chief till the afternoon of the following day. The British army remained in position at Mons and was led into fighting a battle in a most perilous position against greatly superior numbers. This wonderful retreat, during which complete discipline and faithfulness were preserved along with humour, gaiety, and unquenchable spirits, forms an achievement more remarkable than the most signal victory. The French

troops also showed that their temper was as good when they were the anvil as when they were the hammer. We have not met so graphic an account of Von Hindenburg's victory as is given here. For years the veteran had made the defence of East Prussia his hobby. He knew every inch of the wildernesses and morasses, and turned his knowledge to terrible account when he overthrew the Russian army and gained the first complete and decisive victory of the war. The chapter on the battles of the Marne is even more thrilling. Mr. Buchan says, 'No praise can be too high for the dash and drive of the Allies, wearied troops as most of them were, and for the tactical excellence of the leading.' The Germans showed their skill in their forced retreat, but their strategy had grossly failed and henceforth they were on the defensive. The closing chapter on 'German methods and aims' adds much to the value and interest of this fine volume.

The third volume opens with the war at sea. Mr. Buchan gives a spirited description of the battle of the Bight of Heligoland and shows how it led to a change in German naval policy. There was increased activity in mine-laying and the use of submarines. The exploits of the *Emden* and the *Koenigsberg* were magnified because they were the exceptions, while the British capture of German merchantmen was the rule. Two chapters on the Battle of the Aisne give a clear account of the topography of the district and of the hard and sanguinary 'soldiers' battles' fought out there. The first Russian advance to Cracow is clearly traced, and there are valuable chapters on 'The Political Situation' and 'The War in Africa.' 'The Fall of Antwerp' is a thrilling chapter. The world has never known such an emptying of a great city, and some day it will be seen that the essence of war was not 'in gallant charges and heroic stands, but in those pale women dragging their pitiful belongings through the Belgian fields in the raw October night.' Volume IV. describes the heroic struggle in West Flanders which culminated in the battle of Ypres, one of the most remarkable contests in the history of the British army. Mr. Buchan makes us live through those terrible three weeks when 100,000 of the Allies had to face half a million of the enemy. Sir John French said in his dispatch: 'I venture to predict that the deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which will be found in the military history of our times.' Lord Roberts died as the battle of Ypres was closing, but he had lived long enough to know that victory had been won, though at tremendous cost. The two assaults on Warsaw, the war in the Far East, with the capture of Tsing-tau and the raids of the *Emden*, the South African rebellion and the sea battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands are all described in a way that stirs one's pulses and helps one to understand the nature of the conflict. More than forty maps and plans enable a reader to follow every stage in the battles by land and sea.

At the Front with Three Armies. My Adventures in the Great War. By Granville Fortescue. (Melrose. *6s. net.*)

Mr. Fortescue, as correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, covered more mileage during the first four months of the war than any other writer for the press. He was in Belgium when hostilities began, and saw the early acts of the drama in all their hideousness and their heroism. 'The tragedy of the conflict is the annihilation of Belgium.' He has tried to be scrupulously just in all he writes of Germany. But when the desolation of Flanders comes to his mind 'no phrase of condemnation seems too strong for the ruthless Teuton. There is no atonement that can blot out the crime of Germany.' A heartrending account is given of the exodus from Liége when the first German shell burst on the city, and the people moved in a wave to the station. Mr. Fortescue heard the explosion when the bridge was blown up to prevent the enemy crossing, and managed to take a picture of the wreck. Then he got safely away to Brussels. In those days the capital was confident and courageous. In the Boulevard du Nord the upper windows of every shop showed the national flag and a restless throng moved along buying up eagerly each fresh supply of newspapers. Four thousand Germans were sent out of the country. The Belgian troops treated them more as protectors and friends than as enemies, buying, with their own money, milk for the children and bread and wine for the men and women. They did not then know the real character of their foe. When the Civil Guard took part in several of the earlier actions they were treated as civilians. 'Captured with arms in their hands they were summarily shot.' As part of the scheme of intimidation the Germans thus 'legalised murder.'

Mr. Fortescue found a striking contrast between the Belgian soldier, who was of the stolid type that saw nothing amusing in the incidents of soldiering, and the Frenchman, who met every circumstance of warfare with a smile. He conceived a great respect and affection for the French conscript during the time he saw him in the firing line. 'He has a great soul.' He pronounces the French artillery the best in the world. That opinion was formed at the very outbreak of hostilities, and it has been confirmed on every battlefield where the French gunners have had a chance to show their mettle. The highest tribute is paid to our Expeditionary Force as 'for its size, perhaps the finest army the world has seen. Man for man no other organization could produce their physical superiors. In training they were all veterans. They were enthusiastic marksmen. The infantry was of the famous English brand which sticks till the last round. The cavalry was the best that hunting officers could make it.' In the retreat from Mons 'the English army shines resplendent.' Mr. Fortescue had also experience of Germany in wartime as correspondent of *The New York American*. He regards the weakening of the forces in the West after the Battle of Lemberg as 'a vital error. It is said that it saved Vienna. This is doubtful,

as Vienna was not in imminent danger, but it surely lost the Germans Paris.' The defeat of the Crown Prince's army within sixty miles of Paris is described, and the bombardment of Rheims forms the subject of a thrilling chapter. The taking of Antwerp was 'more of a moral than a material victory.' Mr. Fortescue's 'Conclusions and Impressions' claim special attention. He has nowhere seen the enthusiasm and outward expression of patriotism as it exists in Germany duplicated in any other of the fighting countries. Russia alone approaches the same spirit. The fighting strength of such a country must not be underrated. The book is vividly written and well illustrated.

La Guerre. Causes immédiates et lointaines l'intoxication d'un peuple. Le Traité. Par Ernest Denis, Professeur à l'Université de Paris. (Paris: Librarie Delagrave. *fr.* 8.50.)

Prof. Denis dedicates this book to the memory of his son, a lieutenant in the 220th regiment of the line, who was killed in Lorraine last August. He traces the events which led up to the present war without hatred for Germany, but with a clear conviction that she is the victim of one of those debauches of madness 'which the gods let loose on individuals and nations, intoxicated by too constant good fortune.' In this orgy Germany has stained herself by abominable crimes, and disgraceful deeds which cannot be expiated, and which she herself will not forgive when she gets free from the delirium which possesses her. France suffers terribly from the injuries which Germany has wrought in her frenzy, but she suffers scarcely less at 'the pitiful humiliation of a nation which has so long held a place of honour in humanity, and which, apostate and felon, abjures the creed which would have given it the mastery of its own spirit.' M. Denis describes with much important detail the outbreak of hostilities, and shows that the policy of Germany led inevitably to universal war. He pays warm tribute to Edward VII. Very careful of his word, a true gentleman, he knew clearly what he wished, said exactly what he thought, and had an innate horror of false reports and equivocal manœuvres. The Kaiser is undoubtedly popular in Germany. He has drawn his people with him into the mythic world which he has created and in which he lives the life of a wild enthusiast. He is not separated by any essential difference from the Pan-Germanists, and with him hypertrophy of the national pride is complicated by pious adoration of the monarchic principle which he incarnates. M. Denis devotes his last chapter to a consideration of the terms of peace which will have to be dictated to Germany. She wished to rule the world, but the Allies stand for equilibrium. They are resolved that no nation, whatever its number of inhabitants, shall have its existence menaced by another power. Respect for nationalities must also be secured, for each nation is necessary to the rest. The suppression of the system of armed peace will have to be

secured. Germany must not persist in maintaining her formidable military machine. Her own interest will require her 'to accept the disarmament which will be neither humiliating nor dangerous for her, since it will be universal and simultaneous.'

Mr. Milford has issued *More Papers for War Time* (2d.). *The Removing of Mountains*, by the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*, sets forth faith as the cure for the disaster and confusion of war. 'When we can lift our pieties and our conventions into harmony with the knowledge of God, the world shall be ours.' The mountains of international antipathy will be removed and peace will be brought to a warring world. *International Control*, by W. G. S. Adams, M.A., reprinted from *The Political Quarterly*, argues that true nationality is not incompatible with internationalism but complementary to it. The twentieth century must see the establishment of an international control which will itself be the safeguard to all nationalities of peaceful self-development. In *The Price of Blood* Kenneth Maclennan thinks we may dare to hope that from the altar on which our young life is laid down there may come redeeming influences that shall live on, ever bringing forth fruits worthy of the sacrifice. *Biology and War*, by Prof. J. A. Thomson, asks how we may counteract the racial impoverishment that this war will bring. 'A stronger encouragement of chivalrous marriages,' freshened enthusiasm for all-round fitness, may help to avert some of the evils. The Bishop of Winchester has a good subject in *The Visions of Youth*. He asks whether the younger generation will really face the two things which are essential in any progress to a better Europe and a better Christendom. The first is the need of personal character, the second is the significance of Christ. Mr. Clutton-Brock writes on *Bernhardism in England*. Fear lest there should be no meaning in the universe, no sense in the spiritual efforts of man, sway the Bernhardist. He calls it facing the facts, but it is really a timid theory. 'It is the Christian who obeys Nietzsche's command to live dangerously. It is the Bernhardist who grows angry at the spectacle of his rashness.' *Chariots of Fire*, by Frank Lenwood, says the issue between militarism and mutual trust will be sternly fought, but the chariots of fire will win the victory in God's own time. *The Only Alternative to War*, by A. Herbert Gray, argues that if we are to help the world to see that in the following of Christ and not in strife lies the fullness of life we shall have to rise to a new type of discipleship. *The Ethics of International Trade*, by Henri Lambert, of Charleroi, holds that 'the unique and fleeting opportunity is now offered of laying the first free trade foundations of a co-operative association between the nations of Europe, which would mark the beginning of an era of boundless economic and social progress, as well as the advent of universal peace.' In *India and the War*, John Matthai, of the Ancient Christian Church of South India, argues that the war will strengthen the spirit of nationalism among the educated class of India, who are a loyal body willing to co-operate with the Government. 'The primary cause of

the hostile element in Indian nationalism is the extent to which Indians are shut out of the higher offices; to remedy this is the immediate necessity.'—Dr. James H. Moulton discusses *British and German Scholarship*. The intellectuals of Germany have lent themselves to the militarist propaganda. 'Fatally deficient in the saving gift of humour, the nation has developed a megalomania which imagines civilization destined to die with itself.' He refers to the way in which German scholarship has in the past arrogantly ignored the best work of other nations, but there has been 'a marked improvement in recent years, and a real republic of letters never seemed nearer than it was when the great chasm suddenly opened between us and our fellow workers.' Dr. Moulton wrote his paper before the poison-gases and the sinking of the *Lusitania*. 'By these crimes, official Germany has shown that there is no longer a conscience to appeal to.' Mr. Clutton-Brock, in *Are we to punish Germany, if we can?* suggests that 'our business in this war is to conduct it with the aim not of punishing our enemies, but of securing a lasting peace after it.' 'Germany must be mastered and held down like a child that has lost all control of itself, but not hated or shattered with a blind violence like her own.'

France in Danger. By Paul Vergnet. Translated by Beatrice Barstow. (Murray. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.)

M. Vergnet's book was published in October, 1913. It shows the scope and progress of the Pan-German League, and the strange conflict which raged between it and the Emperor as to Morocco, 'both equally devoted to the power and prestige of Germany, and differing only in the bellicose or pacific means by which they wished to secure the supremacy of their country.' The Kaiser's 'friends were attacked and disgraced by sensational revelations. Every effort was made to isolate him,' till the latter months of 1908 'witnessed a complete evaporation of the imperial prestige.' The Pan-German campaign for increased armaments leads to the question 'Who will still be ready to deny that France is in danger?' The League at its congress in Breslau on September 7, 1913, declared that Germany 'hungered for territory.' M. Vergnet says that 'everything is ready on the frontier line from Luxemburg and Belgium to Aix-la-Chapelle for a rapid offensive in tremendous force.' The theory is beginning to gain credence in high German military circles that an army which has become the ideal weapon of warfare must be used, or it will deteriorate. France is in danger not merely because of all the old reasons which still exist and are aggravated every day, but also because of the 'deliberate will and concerted plan of a powerful society of bellicose doctrinaires, who have made her final annihilation at no very distant date the first condition of the gigantic work towards which imperial Germany aspires.' It is an eye-opening book, and events have shown its terrible perspicacity.

German Philosophy in Relation to the War. By J. H. Muirhead, LL.D. (Murray, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Hegel's exaltation of the State and his leaning to the Prussian form of monarchy have led many to regard him as the philosopher of the Prussian military tradition. But, as Prof. Muirhead shows, the key-note of militarism is the doctrine that the State rests upon force, whilst Hegel contends that the binding cord is the deep-seated feeling of order that is possessed by us all. Nor did he allow that war was the end of the State. He regarded it as the failure of politics. It is in the violent reaction against the whole Idealist philosophy that set in shortly after Hegel's death that we have to look for the philosophical foundations of present-day militarism. Feuerbach tried to combine materialistic and humanitarian ideas, but 'Max Stirner,' who in some remarkable ways anticipates Nietzsche, declared that he owed nothing to man or State: 'I annihilate it, and put in its place the society of egoists.' Of Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi, Prof. Muirhead gives a brief but illuminating sketch. From 'causes partly intellectual, partly economical, partly political, Materialism in our age has made itself particularly at home, and developed its most fatal consequences in Germany.' We have not escaped the taint, and some wise and helpful suggestions are given for remedying the present state of things in the closing pages of this timely and interesting discussion.

Britain's Deadly Peril. Are we Told the Truth? By William le Queux. (Stanley Paul & Co. 1*s.* net.)

This is a sequel to *German Spies in England.* Mr. Le Queux thinks it 'safe to say that in more than one direction we have displayed an imbecility of moderation which has tended to encourage the Germans in the supreme folly of imagining that they are at liberty to play fast and loose with the opinion of the civilized world.' The treatment of enemy spies, of alien enemies, the tolerance which has allowed the Germans freely to import food and cotton, and probably an enormous quantity of copper smuggled through in the same ships, are dwelt on. The writer of such a book deserves well of his country.

From Training Camp to Fighting Line. By James Bent. (Kelly. 6*d.* net.) The Dock Mission in Salford, of which Mr. Bent is pastor, has sent nearly a hundred and fifty men to the colours, and their simple letters give wonderfully vivid pictures of their perils and escapes. It is a thrilling little book, which every one who wishes to understand life at the front ought to read.—*Militarism versus Feminism.* (Allen & Upward. 6*d.* net.) This pamphlet is based on the belief that 'militarism has been the curse of women, as women, from the first dawn of social life.' We cannot accept some of its positions, but there is much to provoke thought in this pamphlet.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Christ of the Men of Art. By J. R. Aitken. (T. & T. Clark. 15*s*. net.)

This book is itself a gallery of sacred art. Its coloured frontispiece is the 'Infant Christ and St. John in play' by Rubens, and twenty reproductions in photogravure and twenty-eight in half-tone are included. The Crucifixion by Scott Lauder, reproduced for the first time from the original in St. Andrew's Catholic Church, Edinburgh, is a wonderful piece of work, with the sunshine behind the head of Christ. The 'Temptation in the Wilderness' by William Hole is another striking photogravure beautifully reproduced. The masters of many lands bring their tributes, and Mr. Aitken traces their work from the early centuries, through the triumphs of Byzantine, Italian, and Spanish art to the Christ of the Flemish and Dutch, and of other lands. The survey closes with British art. Mr. Aitken says that even in his 'Crucifixions,' Perugino is able to convey the sense of repose and to touch our religious emotions with his quiet reserve and spacious scenes. His masterpiece, in the chapter-house of St. Maria Madelena, Florence, is a beautiful painting with a landscape which soothes and refreshes those who gaze on the Crucified. Sir Walter Armstrong thinks 'Christ at the Column' incomparably the finest of all the religious pictures of Velasquez and indeed of the whole Spanish school, though we agree with those who place his Christ at the Cross' still higher. The drooping head and thorn-pierced brows are full of power and pathos. Mr. Aitken holds that the future will see a return to the simple painting of the Son of Man and the joyous telling of the Gospel story. The doctrinal painting of the Middle Ages is not likely to be repeated, but the vision of Christ the Helper and Comforter is coming back again. 'The nations are waking from godless dreams, and the soul of the world is up for the Highest.' That is the note on which this volume closes. Noble tribute is here paid by the men of art, and every one will be moved by their devotion to bring his own offering.

Essays of Joseph Addison. Chosen and edited with a preface and a few notes. By Sir James George Frazer. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 8*s*. net.)

The Preface to these Essays forms an attractive approach to Addison's masterpieces. The idea of a visit to Coverley Hall, with its pictures, its muniment room, and its unfinished sketch of a paper intended for the *Spectator*, is delightfully done, though we do not quite like the reflection on Will Honeycomb's marriage. The dream in St. James's Park, where Sir Roger and Will are tracked to the

Temple, is another device which does more than any antiquarian notes to quicken a reader's interest. The first twenty-four Essays are from *The Tatler*, ten from *The Guardian*, one from *The Lover*, eight from *The Freeholder*, which was issued during the Rebellion of 1715–6 with a view to confirming the loyalty of the nation to King George. One hundred and forty-one are taken from *The Spectator*. The selection includes nearly all our favourite essays, and the notes are few but helpful. There is a full index, and the clear type and good paper make these volumes very pleasant to read. It is a great literary treat to have this selection added to *The Eversley Series*, and one can understand how much these essays did to cultivate the taste and soften the manners of the early years of the seventeenth century.

The new volumes of the *Service Kipling* (Macmillan & Co. 2s. 6d. net) are very welcome. *Kim* (2 vols.) is confessedly one of our finest Indian stories, and every phrase reveals a master hand. *The Day's Work* (2 vols.) gives twelve short stories that it would not be easy to match. 'The Bridge Builders,' 'The Ship that Found Herself,' 'William the Conqueror' and 'The Brushwood Boy' are all here with other little masterpieces. The last four volumes are *Traffics and Discoveries* and *Actions and Re-Actions*, which are given to short stories interspersed with brief poems full of spirit and insight. 'With the Night Mail, a Story of A.D. 2000,' describes the aerial post for Quebec in that realistic style of which Mr. Kipling has the secret, and wherever one opens the volumes there is something to quicken the pulses and excite the imagination. *The Service Kipling* is now complete, and the twenty-four blue cloth volumes will make a splendid addition to the belles lettres section of any library.

The four latest volumes of *The Home University Library* (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net) will be very welcome. *Belgium*, by R. C. K. Ensor, shows that the war has set the little country in a new light to those who forgot that its nobility headed the Crusades and that its common people established the first free city life north of the Alps. The Belgians are an old and a proud nation, and have a good deal to teach other countries. Their wonderful industry and thrift, their unrivalled transport facilities, and their attempts to deal with the housing question—perhaps the most successful made in any European country—are specially worthy of note. Its geography, history, political conditions, art and literature are carefully described in this valuable little book. Clement C. J. Webb's *History of Philosophy* begins with Thales and comes down to Kant and his successors. It is well planned, clear, and full of interest. *Political Thought in England*, by Ernest Baker, deals with the Idealist School represented by T. H. Green, Bradley, and Bosanquet, and gives two chapters to the Scientific School of which Herbert Spencer is the chief figure. The discussion of Mr. Norman Angell's work is acute and timely. The last pages on the new conception of the State towards which we seem to be moving are very suggestive. Mr. Bailey has followed up

Dr. Johnson and his Circle by another little masterpiece on *Milton*, 'the most lion-hearted, the loftiest-souled of Englishmen, the one consummate artist our race has produced, the only Englishman of letters, who in all that is known about him, his life, his character, his poetry, shows something for which the only fit word is sublime.' Milton has nothing in him of 'the universal, and universally sympathetic insight of Shakespeare,' but 'no man rises from an hour with Milton without feeling ashamed of the triviality of his life, and certain that he can, if he will, make it less trivial.' The poet's life and character are discussed at length, and three chapters are given to the earlier poems, 'Paradise Lost,' 'Paradise Regained,' and 'Samson Agonistes.' Milton was a passionate man who lived in passionate times, and the art in which he 'embodied, transcended, and glorified' these passions is 'an eternal possession not only of the English race but of the whole world.'

Hark to these Three. By Sturge Moore. (Elkin Mathews. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a stimulating talk about style. The young writer who is dissatisfied with his first novel is told that 'any act, utterance, or report which we feel to be exquisitely appropriate to the conceived occasion, has style; it liberates sympathy and replenishes the soul. Thus art increases life. If phrases jolt and clash we are distraught and thrown out of humour.' Style should crown effort as a day's work might culminate in an exquisite dream. Stanton holds that 'literature only triumphs when it is a genuine part of life: it must not be a mere pastime.' There is much lively discussion, which ends in the assertion that 'all qualities are good. Style is the tip-top harmony of all, the more manifold the more enduring.'

The Messiah. Rev. R. A. Cumine. (J. & J. Bennett. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the Life of our Lord in blank verse. The verse is smooth and in good taste: but it is an open question whether the simple and beautiful prose of the Authorised Version is not an infinitely nobler medium for conveying a spiritual impression than any such experiments as this. We do not agree with the writer in thinking that 'verse is stronger than prose and more easily remembered'—at least as an invariable rule—and certainly not such verse as this when compared with the prose of King James' translators. On the other hand, there are readers who may derive help from the pictorial verse in which the gospel story is here presented, even while conscious that verse is not a satisfactory medium of exegesis and theology.

English Architecture from the Earliest times to the Reformation. By G. A. T. Middleton, A.R.I.B.A. (Kelly. 1*s.* net.)

There is a wonderful vein of romance running through the story of English architecture. It illustrates our political, social, and religious history in a most complete and fascinating way. England was the

only country in Europe blessed with a long-sustained peace during the Middle Ages. People lived safely in open villages, each of which has its own separate church, which was altered or added to as circumstances required. It is now agreed that the Roman basilica had less influence on British architecture than had been supposed. Mr. Middleton describes the Pre-Norman and Norman periods, the vaulting of the Gothic period, the development of tracery, and the Gothic mouldings and enrichments, with the help of seventy illustrations. It is a valuable and most interesting manual.

The Sword of Youth. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) This story is dedicated 'to the soldier-youth of England in this war of theirs.' It is the record of a Kentucky boy who on his seventeenth birthday sets out to join the Confederate Army which had already cost his mother a husband and four sons. The lad's determination, the mother's agony, the two years of fighting, then the brief desertion to reach his mother's death-bed, all are told in a way that stirs one's heart. Lucy Morehead, girl as she is, plays a brave woman's part in her lover's tragedy, and they have their reward when peace comes. Mr. Allen has never done a finer piece of story-telling. Joe is a real hero, and his loyalty to the cause makes a noble man of him, as it is doing of hosts of our soldier-youths to-day.—*The Chronicles of the Imp*, by Jeffrey Farnol (Sampson Low & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.*), describes a little fellow of nine years old who plays an important rôle in the courtship of Uncle Dick and the charming Lisbeth. The young people have their romance, and despite the cruel Aunt who threatens to cut off her niece with the proverbial shilling they venture to marry. The Aunt arrives on the scene too late, but in her heart she rejoices that the young folk have made their happy venture. The Imp has a genius for personating Robin Hood and red Indians, and he plays well into the hands of the lovers. It is a story that warms one's heart.—*Windyridge.* By W. Riley. (Herbert Jenkins. 1*s.* net.) This story made its reputation as a living picture of life in a Yorkshire village, and this cheap edition deserves a place in every family library. It is a real pleasure to read such a story.

The Vital Forces of Christianity and Islam. (H. Milford. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The six studies in this volume were written by missionaries to Moslems for successive numbers of the *International Review of Missions*. Dr. Zwemer's Introduction describes the qualifications of the writers and the distinctive character of their contributions, and Professor Macdonald contributes a closing study. He points out that Islam is not only a spiritual religion but is also 'Calvinism run wild, outdoing all the vagaries of the most *outré* Dutch confessions.' The Bible, and especially the figure of Christ in the Gospels, should be allowed to speak for themselves. 'Many Moslems find rest in Christ as a solution of the problems of the world and of the mystery of the universe.' Mr. Gairdner, who has been a C.M.S. missionary in

Cairo among educated Moslems for a quarter of a century, says that the character of Christ does attract the Mohammedan and will do so more and more. Canon Dale, of Zanzibar, thinks that the influence of Mohammedanism on the character of the East African Moslem is very unsatisfactory. Fatalism paralyses his sense of moral responsibility, and the spirit of humility and love, of truth and purity is often sadly lacking.

The Establishment of Minimum Rates in the Tailoring Industry under the Trade Boards Act of 1909. By R. H. Tawney, B.D. (Bell & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

An earlier volume of this series dealt with the establishment of minimum rates in the Chain-making industry. The evidence was collected between March, 1913, and May, 1914, so that it does not reflect the disturbance of war time. Experience here shows that the establishment of a legally obligatory minimum gives an impetus to Trade Unionism among the most helpless workers, and facilitates movements to secure a higher standard rate and better working conditions. One foreman says that since the minimum rate was introduced the girls do 33 per cent. more work than before; another finds that 85 girls do what 100 did before wages were raised. This compensates the employers for the advance in wages. Such a study is not only of great interest but of real economic importance.

Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, No. 2 (6*d.*). Dr. Vander Essen, the Louvain Professor of History, gives a brief account of the Library destroyed by the Germans. It contained more than 250,000 volumes, with a magnificent collection of more than 850 incunabula. The Governors of the Rylands Library have decided to make a gift of books from their set of duplicates to form part of the new Library at Louvain. Prof. Bedale has prepared a translation and description of the 58 Sumerian Tablets from Umma which were acquired for the Rylands Library three years ago. This quarto volume will be published shortly.—*The Fylde Chant Book* (Kelly. 1*s.* net) may be strongly commended for use in Nonconformist churches. It has been popular in Lancashire for some years, and the new selection of 76 hymns, none of which appears in *The Methodist Hymn-Book*, has been made with taste and care. It contains some beautiful children's hymns. The Canticles, twenty-three psalms, and the services for the Lord's Supper and Infant Baptism are included.—*The Church Missionary House.* By Irene H. Barnes. (C.M.S. 6*d.* net.) A readable and well illustrated account of the house and its working. It tells just what friends of the C.M.S. in all parts of the world want to know about headquarters.—*The New Zealand Official Year-Book*, 1914. (Wellington: Mackay.) The size of this year-book, which runs to 1,020 pages, will indicate what a treasure-house of facts it is. The historic and official statements, the statistics as to commerce, education, and all the varied life of the Dominion are to be found in the most compact form in this well-arranged volume.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The Edinburgh Review (April) on 'The Neutrality of Sweden' attributes the main cause of any want of Swedish sympathy with Germany and France to an ancient haunting fear of the aggressiveness of Russia. That is probably a mere bugbear, but if the Tsar would give back to Finland her constitutional liberties, that country would once more become the most loyal part of the great Russian Empire. Sweden would then see that Russia harbours no designs on her liberties. If also Russia would give back the Aland Islands 'unfortified, and permanently neutral,' that would still further improve upon the occasion. David Hannay describes 'England's Tradition of Sea Power.' From the time of Elizabeth our policy has been 'to look to the sea, to seek for what can be protected on the sea.' 'To look to great armies as the permanent, necessary, and most important elements of her armed strength,' would be for England to introduce 'a novelty of enormous and disastrous consequence.' In 'National Ideals: English and German,' Mr. A. D. Hall says our ideal has been freedom as against the German ideal of governance. 'We claim that the ideal of the free individual is nobler and more permanent than that of the unified State.' An article on 'The Rules of Maritime Warfare' urges that protest should be made against the conduct of Germany in her war by land and sea. 'In the dark pages of history which will record the horrors of this war, the burthen of reproach on civilised men would be at least lightened if it were also recorded that neutral nations did not stand unmoved spectators of the crimes committed by Germany against the laws of humanity.' Mr. Prevost Battersby, in 'The New Mechanism of War,' holds that Germany has never got beyond 1870. Even before that she learned nothing from the American Civil War, and declined to be taught anything by South Africa, where she regarded us as a 'crowd of cowardly bullies.' Both the Kaiser and the Minister of War have had to apologise 'to the army, and to the cavalry in particular, for the errors in training them, for many of which the Kaiser was personally responsible.' In our own army there was much opposition in high places to the machine-gun, 'yet it has proved in scores of fights, more often perhaps than any other weapon, a decisive factor. The motor-cycle has only won its most valued place after much opposition; the automobile, the armoured car, and the aeroplane, were long neglected. Our cavalryman's training has proved its value completely, and the superiority we have developed in the air is the most amazing sight with the army in Flanders. 'We sweep

the skies as once we swept the seas, with inferior but more effective forces.' It remains for us to 'grasp, mentally and mechanically, the tremendous possibilities that lie before' the aeroplane as a weapon of offence.

The Quarterly Review (April).—Four papers on 'German "Kultur"' head this number. Sir W. Ramsay shows that 'the German race has had an honourable share in the progress of science; but their influence has not been preponderating; and with some brilliant exceptions their scientific men have rather amplified in detail the work of the inventors of other nations.' Sir William thinks that 'an overweening sense of the importance of plodding organization as having contributed to their own success, and a conviction that in it civilization consists,' has turned the plodding, industrious Germans into bloodthirsty aggressors. During the last half century they have been growing less religious, and at the same time less moral. 'Their collective morality has seriously declined.' 'English manufacturers have suffered from a species of organized piracy, consisting in the deliberate infringement by Germans of the patents which they hold; from the difficulty of securing justice in the German Courts, or the reappearance of the infringers under a new name, until from sheer weariness, or reluctance to throw good money after bad, the unequal contest had been abandoned.' Prof. Murray says 'in sheer straightforward professional erudition Germany easily leads the way.' There is more devotion and more loss of proportion. 'In England there is more humanity, more interest in life, more common sense, and, as an almost inevitable consequence, less one-sided devotion and less industry.' Mr. Porritt writes of 'The Pro-German Propaganda in the United States.' 'Persistence, thoroughness, and resourcefulness are as characteristic' of that as they were of Germany's forty years' preparation for war.' Prof. Vinogradoff gives a very interesting account of 'A Visit to Russia.' What impressed him most was the spectacle of a grand mobilization of society in the service of the Commonwealth, a mobilization not decreed nor ordered but spontaneous and organic.'

The Round Table (March).—This quarterly review of the Politics of the British Empire has an important article on 'The Schism of Europe.' It regards the war as the result of the rejection of democracy by Germany and Austria in the years 1848—70, and its bitterness as 'due to the fact that two irreconcilable principles, autocracy and democracy, are struggling for supremacy in Europe to-day.' In 1848 a national assembly of Germany drew up a Grundrecht for union which would have made Germany a true federation, but this scheme was rejected and the German Empire as formed under Bismarck's guidance was a triumph for the Prussian autocracy. 'All power centred in the Government, and the Government was the King and the nobles backed by the army. The people were regarded not as ends in themselves, but as beings to be drilled, disciplined, and manœuvred into obedience to the will of the governing classes.'

That system is in full force to-day. Bismarck watched the Kaiser's course with dismay. His sagacious, if unscrupulous, mind saw the inevitable outcome of the reckless policy of interfering in other people's affairs. He began, too, to realize the danger of the system he had created. Seeing whither systematized autocracy was leading, he made the remarkable avowal in his later years, "If I were not a Christian, I would be a Republican." ' The chief events of the last fifteen years are passed under review, and the writer concludes that when the German autocracy has met its Sedan the people may take their destinies into their own hands. 'And when that happens, the mainspring of militarism and the Prussian cult of power will be destroyed.' Another important article deals with 'Nietzsche and the "Culture State."'

Hibbert Journal (April).—The opening article gives distinction to the number, containing as it does a paper by Bergson on 'Life and Matter at War.' Prof. Bergson shows with characteristic vividness and force what issues are really being joined in the stupendous conflict that is shaking Europe to its foundations. Many have pointed out how mighty, even in a material sense, are the moral forces now at work for the Allies, but few have shown so well the contrast between 'the force spread out on the surface' and the 'force in the depths—a power of creation which makes and re-makes itself at every instant.' The Editor's paper on 'The Tyranny of Mere Things' is very suggestive. He holds out the hope that lessons may be learned from a world-war which could not have been brought home piecemeal by smaller conflicts. Miss Underhill gives a mystic's view of 'The Problems of Conflict,' and Prof. P. Gardner and Rev. A. F. Blunt present two companion pictures of German 'Kultur.' Other articles bearing on the same inexhaustible subject are 'The Meaning of the War,' by Count Keyserling, 'German Socialism and the War,' by M. W. Robieson, and 'Carlyle's Germans,' by J. M. Sloan.

Journal of Theological Studies (April).—Prominent among the Notes and Studies in this number is a long paper of fifty pages by Dr. W. H. Frere on Early Ordination Services, an attempt to reconstruct two tractates that have come down to us embedded in the 8th book of the Apostolic Constitutions. Rev. J. W. Hunkin contributes an original and very suggestive paper on a well-worn theme—'The Synoptic Parables.' He follows Jülicher in his critical methods, but pursues an independent investigation of his own. Father Connolly discusses Nestorius' version of the Nicene Creed, and Dr. M. R. James contributes further 'Notes on Apocrypha.'

The Holborn Review for April is a good number. Prof. Lofthouse writes well on 'Nationality and War,' though some will find his paper disappointingly abstract. Dr. James Lindsay, under the title 'A Great Philosophical Theologian,' reviews the recent life of Dr. Flint, and Prof. Peake renders the same appreciative service to

the memory of Dr. Fairbairn. Rev. H. S. Seekings would have enriched his article on 'The Morality of the Sermon on the Mount—can it be practised to-day?' if he had utilized Dr. Peabody's recently published volume on the subject. Other articles are on 'Japan and the Great War,' 'Some Changes the War may Make,' and 'Dante's Conception of Hell.' The most important article in the number in some respects is 'The New Anthropomorphism: the Conception of a Finite God'—being the inaugural address of Prof. E. J. Price, M.A., B.D., on his appointment to the chair of Philosophy and Religion at the United College, Bradford.

Expository Times (April and May).—The interest of this periodical is well sustained, although—perhaps because—there are not many solid articles bulking largely in the composition of each number. In April we find 'Fresh Light on the Book of Daniel,' by Dr. Pinches; 'National Hate,' by Rev. J. Pinkerton; 'Conflict in Prayer,' by Rev. E. Shillito; 'Gog and Magog,' by Prof. S. H. Horne, and 'In Praise of Faith,' by Dr. Garvie. The May number contains 'The Tragic Schism,' by Rev. J. A. Robertson; 'Breach for Breach,' by Prof. Buchanan Gray; 'The Idealist Reaction against Science,' by Principal Iverach, and 'John Mark,' by Prof. Case, of Chicago. But the Editor's Notes, the section 'Contributions and Comments,' and the Notes on Books contain abundant matter of interest, especially for ministers, whose tastes are largely studied by the discerning Editor.

Church Quarterly (April).—The Bishop of Vermont writes an appreciative article on 'Father Benson,' founder of the Cowley Society, who is described as 'one of the greatest spiritual forces in the English Church during the latter half of the nineteenth century.' 'His personal asceticism, never obtruded, and never overcast with gloom, was to all who witnessed it a marvel. He seemed to have risen superior to ordinary necessities of food and sleep, and to have become indifferent to pain and discomfort.' There is an interesting article on 'Old London Churches in Tudor and Stuart Literature' and a short paper on Sir W. Ramsay's latest volume by the editor, Dr. Headlam. It deals chiefly with the credibility of St. Luke's account of the taxing under Quirinus.

Calcutta Review (April).—Mr. Robertson writes on 'Maeterlinck and his Message.' 'He is a prophet of the life of healthy-mindedness and of straightforwardness and of the truly spiritual love.' Prof. Coyajee inquires 'What Germany has lost by the War.' Germany can never forgive the Kaiser and his advisers for beginning a war which must end a period of unprecedented economic prosperity for the country.' The national income had grown from 1,075 millions in 1896, to 2,000 millions in 1912. The development of her mercantile marine had almost justified the Kaiser's boast that 'Germany's future is on the seas.' Prof. Coyajee says she could not have launched into war at a more inopportune time for herself.

International Review of Missions (April).—The Rev. Dr. Ritson's article, 'Christian Literature on the Mission Field,' embodies the findings of the Committee appointed by the Continuation Committee of the Edinburgh Conference. 'Literary work should have its place side by side with educational and medical and philanthropic work on the programme and in the budget of every board.' There is a timely article on 'The work of Continental Missionary Societies.'

The Moslem World (April).—Dr. Barber writes on Raymund Lull, the sixth centenary of whose martyrdom falls this midsummer. He was a spiritual and intellectual giant. 'He loved with his whole being, with his mind as well as his heart, with all his might.'

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review.—The April number opens with an article on 'Mysticism in Present-day Religion,' by Dr. Rufus M. Jones. He regards the tendency to define mysticism as a life-type as being a movement in the right direction, but maintains that mysticism cannot safely be isolated and made a 'way' either of knowledge or of life. Of Miss Evelyn Underhill's books he speaks in terms of high appreciation, though he regrets that she is 'too much under the spell of the outworn thought-forms through which the great mystics whom she loves endeavoured to utter themselves.' The conclusion arrived at is that we can best help our age towards a real revival of Mysticism, 'not by clinging to the outgrown metaphysic to which Mysticism has been allied, but by emphasizing the reality of mystical experience, by insisting on its healthy and normal character, and by indicating ways in which such dynamic experiences can be fostered and realized.' Professor Lofthouse writes on 'The Atonement and the Modern Pulpit,' urging that this is 'not a doctrine which may be pressed by the theologian but forgotten by the preacher.' Because sin is a fact and 'a fact as real and terrible among the respectable and church-going classes as among the outcast and criminal,' the preaching of the Atonement must have its right place. 'Let it be content to follow the imperative of conduct . . . and the modern mind will be forced by its defects to find in the Atonement the one thing needful.' Dr. Edwin H. Hall, Rumford Professor of Physics in Harvard University, reviews Sir Oliver Lodge's British Association Address. Due recognition is made of the President's intellectual vigour, instinct for vital questions, and power of popular exposition. Regret is expressed that his efforts in religio-philosophic discussion and psychical experimentation have distracted him from physics. But no scientific man can quarrel with the dignified declaration of his faith: 'The methods of science are not the only way, though they are our way, of being piloted to truth.'

Bibliotheca Sacra.—In the April number Dr. G. H. Trever writes a thoughtful article on 'The Apostle Paul's Contribution to the Philosophy of Religion.' Such a philosophy St. Paul did not, of course, consciously construct, but he did give expression to 'great

fundamental ideas which any philosophy of religion worthy of the name must incorporate into itself.' His key to universal history was 'personal fellowship between God and man,' once established, then by sin forfeited, but re-established through historical revelations culminating in Jesus Christ. Dr. George D. Wilder, of Peking, expounds the significance for future civilization of 'China's Attack on the Opium Problem.' He expresses the hope that 'the moral earnestness aroused in Great Britain by the present European war will keep alive the sense of responsibility to continue to the end her aid to China in this war on opium.' The Honourable F. J. Lamb contributes a paper on 'The Theological Seminary and Jural Science,' pleading that in Christian apologetics due weight should be given to the principles of the Science of Jurisprudence. For example, in estimating the value of evidence, it should be remembered that it has been made 'constituent in Jural Science that evidence (1) embodied in writing, and (2) preserved in proper custody (3) for a generation, fixed at thirty years, is competent and admissible evidence. . . . The experience of centuries has confirmed the soundness, value, and wisdom of the rule. The documents that constitute the Bible are evidence and distinctly within the Ancient Document rule.'

American Journal of Theology (April).—The first article, by Prof. B. W. Bacon, of Yale, is on 'Jewish Interpretations of the New Testament,' and in it the work of Montefiore and Friedländer is described as that of men who have attempted the favourable interpretation of Christianity to their co-religionists. Professor Shirley Case has a good subject in 'Religion and War in the Græco-Roman World,' but it is difficult to summarize a paper the interest of which depends on its detailed illustrations. Prof. H. P. Smith, in discussing 'Protestant Polemic against Roman Catholicism,' is rather hard on the Protestants for not bringing out all the excellence of their opponents' case. The learned Professor will be able to illustrate his own admirable principle in the next theological controversy in which he happens to be engaged. The article on 'The Gospels and Contemporary Biographies,' by C. W. Votaw, is concluded in this number. The most interesting article to many will be the attempt of Dr. E. S. Ames to show the relation between mystic and scientific knowledge, and even to indicate how the two may be reconciled or combined! Quite apart from the last praiseworthy but somewhat utopian attempt, the analysis given by the writer of knowledge as understood by the mystic and by the scientific man is most instructive. Dr. Ames thinks that what this generation needs is 'a development of controlled and disciplined intelligence, warm and vital with instinct, eagerly aspiring to fulfil man's deep and growing needs, and to illuminate his pathway.'

Methodist Review (New York) (March-April and May-June).—One of the most trenchant articles that has appeared in this Review for some time is that by Chancellor Day, of Syracuse, on 'Restore our Episcopacy.' It deals with questions that concern the Methodism

of the United States, but Methodists in this country who are acquainted with the facts must admire the vigour with which Dr. Day pleads for the position of the Bishops as it was until quite lately, when the 'age-retirement' and 'local quadrennial assignment' resolutions were carried. Dr. S. P. Cadman's paper on 'The Council of Constance' gives a graphic account of that remarkable assembly, and its treatment of John Hus. Articles bearing on the war are 'Thoughts on the Present Crisis,' by Dr. R. J. Cooke; 'The Dogmatic Character of German Culture,' 'The Church in Europe at the Opening of the War,' and 'Two Interpreters of History,' by Prof. J. M. Dixon. A biographical sketch with portrait of the late Bishop M'Intyre appears in the May number. In this number also is a paper on Browning's poem of 'Saul,' as compared with Charles Wesley's 'Wrestling Jacob,' ably and interestingly written. Other articles are on 'Missionary Bishops,' and 'The Consciousness of Jesus'—a difficult subject, needing the greatest reverence, delicacy, and skill in the handling. We notice an appreciative review of *The Chief Corner-Stone*, the volume of essays on Biblical and critical subjects written by Wesleyan Methodist scholars and edited by Dr. Davison.

The Methodist Review (Nashville) (April).—The first article on A. T. Bledsoe, 'sometime editor of this review,' depicts a striking personality, interesting chiefly to southern Methodists. Dr. James Mudge's 'Books on the Inner Life' deals with A Kempis, Samuel Rutherford, Scupoli, de Sales, and other devotional writers. The article on 'Bergson's Contributions to Religious Thought,' is timely and well written. Dr. S. P. Cadman, well-known and honoured in this country, contributes a very interesting paper on Erasmus. Dr. Cadman seems to be giving much attention just now to Church History, and is possibly preparing for a forthcoming volume on some section of the subject. Prof. W. O. Carver reviews the work of 'Eucken and Royce on the Problem of Christianity,' and W. D. Weatherford answers the question 'What is it to be a Christian?' partly in the words of a child of seven years of age.

The Princeton Theological Review (April) contains three articles, 'The Continuity of the Kyrios-Title in the New Testament,' by G. Vos; 'Calvin's Doctrine of the Creation,' by Dr. B. B. Warfield; and 'The Life and Work of John Hus,' by R. Du Bois Bird. The Reviews of Recent Literature contain much able and thorough theological work.

The Review and Expositor (Louisville, Ky.) (April) contains an account of Pope Benedict XV. by the Hon. R. Murri; an article on 'The Jesus of Liberal Theology,' by President Mullins; 'Probable Moral and Religious Results of the War,' by Dr. W. T. Whitney; and other articles entitled 'The Bible and the State,' 'Impressions of the late E. Judson, D.D.,' and 'The Rise of Seminary Sentiment among Southern Baptists.' The reviews of books possess one merit—that of brevity.