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WORDSWORTH—SEER AND PATRIOT

William Wordsworth: His Life, Works, and Influence. By GEO. M'LEAN HARPER, Professor in Princeton University. 2 vols. (John Murray, 1916.)

The Patriotic Poetry of William Wordsworth: A Selection, with Introduction and Notes. By RT. HON. A. H. D. ACLAND. (Clarendon Press, 1915.)

THERE were at least two Wordsworths. Close analysis might discover more in a survey of the poet's long life of fourscore years, and the volume and variety of his poetical work. But every careful reader must acknowledge the line of demarcation which divides the first half of his life from the remainder. Had he died at forty—and then he would have lived longer than Burns or Keats, Shelley or Byron—he would have left a different reputation behind him. As it is, the light of the earlier period filters through a clouded medium, and his admirers are constantly reminded of the Greek proverb that the half is more than the whole. It would not be right to say that through twenty years of literary activity Wordsworth was a genius, and for the remaining thirty a pedant. But all his finest work was done, Matthew Arnold says, in a decade, and we may certainly say before he had reached the climacteric of thirty-seven—an age at which so many men of genius have been, not altogether prematurely, cut off. In every life the 'vision splendid' too easily fades into the light of common

day; and the more ardent and enthusiastic the youth in his dreams of freedom and the regeneration of the world, the more stolid and obstinate his conventionalism is only too likely to become if he be unhappily spared to live a life of restricted and dwindling energies beyond the physical boundary of threescore and ten.

It is quite true that in Wordsworth's case the line of distinction must not be too sharply drawn. No life can be cut in two with a hatchet. Continuity in the curve is not altogether broken, though its deflection be patent and undeniable. Traces of the poet's later style and habit of mind appear in his earlier work, and the magic touches which distinguish his inspired lyrics and sonnets are not altogether absent, though they are sadly rare, in the longer didactic poems which are characteristic of his maturity. The change was most marked in Wordsworth's political views; and this, whilst a cause of other changes, was itself an effect of causes more deep-seated still. Browning's 'Lost Leader' was never intended to portray Wordsworth's career exactly, but its bitter, pathetic lament was suggested by his desertion of the eager band of progressives who in his younger days had loved and followed and honoured him, glad to 'live in his mild and magnificent eye.'

> Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
> Burns, Shelley were with us—they watch from their graves!

Just as truly and splendidly was the earlier Wordsworth with 'the van and the freemen,' and it was impossible to repress a passionate sigh when he 'sank to the rear and the slaves.' For it is unfortunately true that Wordsworth's Muse became comparatively tame as he became prosperous, and found his later vocation in glorifying the established order in society, church, and state. He became afraid of any and every change, and was found 'still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.' Milton had made, as he himself said, of the sonnet a trumpet, and no one could sound such a blast upon it, such 'soul-animating strains,' as the

earlier Wordsworth. Later he declines upon ecclesiastical sonnets and a poetical defence of capital punishment; and whilst in the placid afternoon of the poet's middle and later life the light of his genius was never wholly extinguished, it was too often shadowed and beclouded, falling into the glimmer of twilight—'never glad, confident morning again!'[1]

I

It is the message of Wordsworth's 'glad, confident morning'—fresh, spontaneous, inspired—that has made his name immortal. We welcome the new biography by Professor Harper mentioned at the head of this article for many reasons, and not least for the emphasis laid upon this fact. It was quite time that the general impression left by the standard life of the poet written by his nephew Christopher, Bishop of Lincoln, should be modified by a biography on a similar scale, in which the due proportions of the actual life should be restored. It was natural that the Bishop should dwell upon the latter half of the poet's career, its dignified conservatism and the eminently respectable moralizings which so largely characterized his later verse. Professor Harper has possibly erred in going to the opposite extreme. But we think he is unquestionably right in portraying for the present generation the real Wordsworth, and guiding modern students of his work to the abiding source of its inspiration and influence. Professor Harper is impatient of the picture, too generally accepted, of the 'placid, egotistic, and dogmatic Wordsworth,' comfortably established at Rydal Mount and defending the established

[1] It is right to say that the position taken up is adopted with full knowledge of the interesting *brochure, An examination of the Charge of Apostasy against Wordsworth* (1898), by W. Hall White, better known as Mark Rutherford. The last sentence in it runs, "My sole aim is to show that he was no apostate, and that to the last he was *himself*." No charge of apostasy is made in this article against the noble-hearted poet; it is only contended that he "himself" changed. In some sense he admitted this, and the change was deeper than he knew. But the study of every part of the Poet's career and work gains from a knowledge of the whole.

order against 'low radicals' and revolutionaries in general. He desires to replace these views by describing 'a very great poet' and showing what is implied in being a poet indeed, a 'maker' for his own and for all time. Professor Harper's portrait is that of 'a youth inspired with faith that he was called to a divine mission; as a young man burning with zeal for his fellow men and with the fire of a generous philosophy, daring much, enduring much, renouncing much, for the sake of his beliefs; as a mature man vainly striving, as all men do, to reconcile worldly success with high ideals, and attaining meanwhile consummate technical skill and critical authority; as an old man, prematurely broken by the violence of his feelings, then as ever, under all the graces of his nature, a hard block of human granite.' The Wordsworth of orthodox tradition was not 'human,' as for example Burns, Scott, and Byron were human. Who did not love, while he honoured, 'the Shirra'? But outside the circle of those who knew him best, few presumed to 'love' Wordsworth; and they were not likely to be won by his genuine human kindliness when his admirers were picturing him as more like the 'moralist' than the 'poet' in his inimitable verses on 'The Poet's Epitaph.'

Professor Harper says that 'the two halves of his life are incongruous'; during the former part he was 'guided by hope; later, he was driven by fear.' Wordsworth himself says that at fifty he had lost '*courage* in the sense the word bears when applied by Chaucer to the animation of birds in spring-time.' We still know too little about the poet's early manhood. Mr. Harper says, 'His temper was impetuous. His self-will was strong. He felt the impulse of vagrant passions. His principles were of the kind that English society stamped with disapproval, as dangerous and subversive.' Wordsworth has virtually admitted as much in the *Prelude*—that unique example of poetic autobiography. While the poem describes, as the sub-title

tells us, 'the growth of a poet's mind,' it (quite rightly) draws a veil over much which would enable us the better to understand the *man*, and it stops tantalizingly short at a most interesting point. Professor Harper tells us little that is absolutely new, though he prints some hitherto unknown letters and a good deal of most interesting matter hitherto unpublished, from Dorothy Wordsworth's letters and journals. But he has produced a new portrait of a poet who is among the first six, if not the first three, that this country can boast. He has spared no pains in searching out all available sources of information, and has used his material with judgement and skill. He has, as we think, conclusively shown that the Wordsworth who so largely helped to renew poetry in the opening nineteenth century, and who has left a legacy which from time to time will aid in renewing the founts of inspired verse when they begin to run dry, was the *young* Wordsworth—ardent, enthusiastic, revolutionary, free, and determined to maintain the gospel of freedom against all comers. There is no need to disparage the work of the poet in middle and later life, and Professor Harper does not make this mistake. But the charge which he very temperately brings forward is this. From 1810–1815 or thereabouts :—

> 'While Wordsworth held to his ideals with unweakened grasp, many of them were different from those of earlier years. He lost much of his confidence in human nature. His sympathies became less general. The poor and humble still figured in his poetry, but in smaller proportion, in a less true proportion, considering the part they play in life. Liberty remained dear to him ; but equality, which was a vastly more important and imperilled principle, now became a matter for doubt and endless qualifications. The change may not have amounted to apostasy ; it was certainly reaction.'

It is noteworthy that simultaneously with the reaction against idealism which so often characterizes middle age, the quality of Wordsworth's verse changed. It did not become technically inferior. In some respects his mastery of metre and style increased. But its characteristic inspiration and charm wellnigh disappeared. As long as he trusted

human nature and his outlook was hopeful, says Professor Harper, 'his poetry retained its touching simplicity and that reverent realism from which the mind could spring to infinite spiritual heights.' But, partly through disappointment with the course of events in France, and mainly, it would seem, through changes in himself, his outlook narrowed, he lost the elasticity of spirit which had made him as a fountain in a desert, and he lost his hold upon the primal and perennial springs of the human heart. 'He turned aside, and *turned back*. The scope of his art grew narrow; it had once taken in the earth with the fullness thereof.' That is why Professor Harper lays deserved stress on Wordsworth's earlier work, and we recommend all lovers of the poet, who have not yet read these volumes, to procure and study them carefully. They are not beyond criticism. The material might have been wrought into a more artistic form. The note of eulogy is too uniform and undiscriminating. The stress laid upon the poet's political opinions is perhaps excessive, whilst much less is said than might well have been said concerning his unique insight into Nature and his distinctive interpretation of its message. But the work as a whole is finely done. It forms a splendid tribute to the poet's memory. It is invaluable as a contribution to our knowledge of the poet's life and activities in all directions, and it will take its own honoured place on the shelves of every true Wordsworthian.

II

Wordsworth's supreme claim upon our homage is that in his inspired moments he was a true Seer. Not so much an artist, a skilful painter in words, a subtle master of musical sounds,—though as an artist he ranks high—but rather as one possessed of immediate, intuitive powers of vision, one to whom it was given to behold the heart of all Reality. Some of his lines stand alone in English literature for their rare power of expressing the ineffable in words.

He himself claimed above all things to be 'a teacher,' but when he consciously reflects, analyses, and preaches, his chief power is gone. Wordsworth's philosophy is carefully thought out and well worth studying, but it is not poetry. The moments when he *sees* and can record in magic words the vision which enables others in their measure to see also, are those which give him a power, shared by few others, to refresh and renew the human spirit. Readers will remember how J. S. Mill in a period of deepest dejection ascribed his very salvation from melancholia to Wordsworth, who opened up to him 'the perennial sources of happiness.' Mark Rutherford was no light-hearted optimist, but he tells from his own experience how one who has once really learned Wordsworth's secret can never look upon the world with the old, sad eyes again. Matthew Arnold differs widely from these two very different men, but the lines are familiar in which he describes how Wordsworth loosed the benumbed heart of the world in purifying tears.

> Time may restore us in his course
> Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force,
> But where will Europe's latter hour
> Again find Wordsworth's healing power?
> Others will teach us how to dare
> And against fear our breasts to steel,
> Others will strengthen us to bear,
> But who, ah who, will make us feel?
> The cloud of mortal destiny
> Others will front it fearlessly,
> But who, like him, will put it by?

The true seer must have insight which enables him to discern Nature, Man, and God. To few is a revelation granted which lights up all three fields of human meditation. Some learn to understand Nature and man through their knowledge of God; others, studying either Nature or man alone, never pass beyond the bounds of their special province; and too many never reach the thought of God at all. To Wordsworth was given a mystical vision of Nature, reflected in the spirit of man, which enabled him to gain visions of God. But at first there is hardly any mention of God at

all. And not for some time did he gain that sympathetic understanding of man which enabled him to write some of the loftiest patriotic poetry in our language without losing touch with the common heart of humanity.

He tells us himself in the eighth book of the Prelude how love of Nature led to love of man. It was in 'severest solitude' that he learned an unconscious love and reverence of human nature, which stood him in good stead when he entered on 'that enormous City's turbulent world of men and things'; and when in deep anguish of heart, caused by the disappointment of his high hopes for humanity, he had almost lost faith and reason together, it was in Nature that he found the springs of calm restoration and refreshment. But the real significance to Wordsworth of the much abused word 'Nature' must be rightly understood, or his message will have little meaning. To the ordinary man Nature means 'the country,' as opposed to towns and streets. The genuine citizen finds it unutterably dull, like Dr. Johnson—'Sir, when you have seen one field, you have seen all fields; let us take a walk down Fleet Street.' And the lover of 'Nature' to-day is the man who finds more pleasure in skies and clouds, in meadows and lanes, than in shop-windows and the latest picture-theatre. Those who look somewhat deeper reverence 'Nature' as the embodiment of law and order, or are charmed by 'the beauty and the wonder and the power, the shapes of things, their colour, lights and shades,' though they never dream of believing that 'God made it all.' With others again the 'pathetic fallacy' prevails; they believe that 'in our life alone does nature live'; they read into the landscape around them the story of their own hopes and fears, sorrows and joys, and make the world outside a reflection of themselves, with which they fall in love, as Narcissus with his own image in the pool. None of these will find any secret of refreshment in Nature, or know the mood in which 'the heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world' is lightened,

or perceive the 'presence that disturbs with the joy of elevated thoughts,' or 'see into the life of things.' They have not learned Wordsworth's secret.

No laboured interpretation of the poet's words will ever reveal it. 'You must love him ere to you he will seem worthy of your love.' But this poet would have us learn of Nature, apart from all our conceptions of man and of God, in order that, having our eyes thus opened, we may be ready for all that is to be known of the human and the divine. Nature does not consist of so much inert 'matter'; nor is it the beautifully ordered result of 'laws' and processes; nor does it speak with the voice of a God made in man's image. *Nature is alive!* Such a phrase sounds to-day like a mere platitude. It is just as much or as little of a truism as Dale's celebrated exclamation, 'Christ is alive!' Genius changes truisms into 'truths that wake, to perish never.' The man who has learned to view Nature with Wordsworth's eyes can never look at a landscape again as he did before. But he must conquer Nature by obeying her and become wise by being humble. When Wordsworth tried to utter the secrets he had learned among the lonely hills, he was called, sometimes a rhapsodist, sometimes a Pantheist, little better than an Atheist. Stilling his own soul to a wise passiveness, and not as yet freely using the sacred name of God with its conventional associations, the poet might appear to be a belated Pagan, or a mere Nature-worshipper. But it is not the mere outward objects in their loveliness or majesty that he sees, nor the anthropomorphic Deity of popular mythology. For him Nature lives with a life and meaning of her own—not dead, not mechanical, not an abstraction, not the creature of human imagination, but quasi-personal—instinct with a vitality which can only come from an indwelling, informing, inspiring Spirit. The theologian of to-day with a superior smile claims perfect familiarity with these ideas; he sums up all in a word and learnedly propounds the doctrine of Divine Immanence,

which must be held side by side with Divine Transcendence. But the reality is apt to escape his formulae. In any case, the poet will often enable him to do what is constantly very hard—understand the meaning of his own words. The lines

> Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe!
> Thou Soul that art the Eternity of thought
> And giv'st to forms and images a breath
> And everlasting motion

are not a grammatical figure of speech, in which the poet 'personifies' a system, or an abstraction. They describe the living presence of One who has the power to speak to all who have ears to hear. Words at best are poor vehicles of thought, though Wordsworth at his best knows how to make them 'pierce and pierce,' like the notes of the nightingale. But his well-known words, 'something far more deeply interfused,' may easily mislead, unless interpreted in the light of their context. The 'thing' that is 'interfused' is 'a spirit that impels all thinking things, all objects of all thought.' On the other hand, the use of the sacred name 'God' might also mislead. Because the poet is thinking of the Divine Spirit not as Incarnate in the Divine Son, nor as entering into the personal life of man as Holy Spirit, but as entering into that which is impersonal and giving it life so that it moves and breathes and reveals with an imparted life and lustre of its own.

Hence Nature becomes 'unsubstantialized.' This is Wordsworth's own word for a state of rapture which all mystics know, which Tennyson experienced and described to Tyndall, and which he himself has enshrined in the well-known description of the 'growing youth' and his vision of the sunrise, in the first book of the *Excursion*.

> In such access of mind, in such high hour
> Of visitation from the living God,
> Thought was not: in enjoyment it expired.
> No thanks he breathed, he proffered no request:
> Rapt into still communion that transcends
> The imperfect offices of prayer and praise.

But ecstasy is rare. Man may be taken out of himself without actually losing both himself and the world together

in a state of trance. If we ask then what it is that man learns from vernal woods which books cannot teach, Wordsworth answers that

> With an eye made quiet by the power
> Of harmony, and the deep power of joy
> We see into the life of things.

Joy, quietude, harmony, communion with the innermost life of the wonderful Order that is round us, and of which we ourselves form a part—what secrets are these! The 'glee' of the daffodils makes the poet glad in such jocund company, but it is not given to all to share it, or to know the 'joy in widest commonalty spread.' Yet it is a part of the joy of the Creator Himself, who saw all that He had made, and behold it was very good. Such joy brings its own exultant quietude. And the very life of things—in what is it found? In communion and love. It is one life of consentient harmony, in which every note of the great diapason has its own individual meaning, yet is merged without being lost in the majestic music of the whole. All true poets teach that 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her.' But few have loved her like Wordsworth, or have had revealed to them as he had in the morning of his days her incommunicable secrets of quiet joy and all-pervading and transforming life.

III

It would be impossible here to trace the steps by which Wordsworth, without ceasing to be the poet of Nature, became as completely the poet and prophet of Man. His own story of the process in the *Prelude* remains our chief authority, while Professor Harper has amplified and explained the narrative in several very interesting chapters. But it is worth while briefly to inquire how the bard, who had listened in lonely places to the voices of the mountains and the winds, came to be the herald of political freedom and to write some of the noblest patriotic poetry in our own or any other language.

The first stage is found in the free, pastoral life of Cum-

brian valleys with which Wordsworth was familiar before he left home. Among the shepherds and 'statesmen' of his native hills he learned to trust and honour human nature as such, in spite of its faults and weaknesses. He speaks of the 'unconscious love and reverence of Human Nature' which he had learned before he mingled in the life of cities, and which he never wholly lost, though his trust was often rudely shaken. From Esthwaite and Helvellyn he passed to Cambridge and London. City and University each left an impress upon the growing youth. While some early ideals were shattered, a true and deep enthusiasm of humanity possessed him, as he saw the true dignity and capacities of mankind, even in the midst of guilt and degradation. In 1791, his twenty-first year, he went to France, and his own manhood fully awoke for the first time. What the French Revolution did for him must be read in his own words. His soul was stirred to its very depths. His heart was purified by pity and by terror; but still more was it mastered and swayed by newborn hopes and aspirations for the whole world of humanity. In France these visions were already being realized, the fairest dreams were already becoming true.

> Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
> But to be young was very Heaven!

Wordsworth at this time was 'republican' in the sense that one trained in the school of Nature must rebel against the narrowness and exclusiveness, the limitations and conventionalisms, the tyrannies and oppressions, of fossilized 'society' and the *ancien régime*. He had imbibed in his early years, almost unconsciously, the spirit of love and freedom, of life developing in beauty and harmony, but he had learned also the bitter lessons of disillusionment, as the life of great cities showed him what man has made of man. And now, in the dawn of a new day, hope was born which seemed to bear within it the power of its own fulfilment. Not in Utopia, he says,

> Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
> But in the very world, which is the world
> Of all of us,—the place where in the end
> We find our happiness, or not at all!

The process of education went on. In the Terror of 1793 the poet's faith was rudely shaken, but not overthrown. He was shocked by England's declaration of war against France, and indited a letter to the Bishop of Llandaff 'by a Republican,' which, however, was not printed, as it might have involved him in a charge of sedition. He was passing at this time through a period of mental storm and stress, of which no full account remains. He detested Robespierre, his associates and his methods, but in the years following 1793 he exulted in the victories of the French Republic as the champion of European liberty.

The career of Napoleon altered the whole perspective of the picture. Oppressed France became herself the oppressor of other nations. Men who with a great price had obtained their freedom—deceived by the glamour attending a leader of brilliant military genius, who in character was 'of men the meanest too'—were crushing the freedom of Switzerland and Italy, of Tyrol, Poland, and Venice. Wordsworth suffered an intolerable mental wrench in being obliged to think of fair France as the foe of fairer Liberty. But he could no longer hesitate. His own beloved land was resisting the tyrant, and his whole soul was re-united as he celebrated the cause at the same time of his country and of human freedom. For he never ceased to be 'a patriot of the world.' It was a great opportunity for a great poet, and Wordsworth's spirit rose to the emergency. He needed a trumpet through which to sound a clarion note, and he found it in Milton's sonnets. It was a bold undertaking for a Lakeside poet to attempt in the nineteenth century to echo Milton and try to bend the bow of Ulysses. But Wordsworth's strains were not echoes. His verse pealed forth a music of its own. For his own heart was animated by the spirit which alone can enable a writer, whether in

poetry or in prose, to emulate the masters of the grand style—sublime faith in great spiritual realities. Hence it was that in the hour of our nation's greatest extremity there was heard once more a 'God-gifted organ-voice of England.' Whatever happens to Wordsworth's place in literature, his 'Sonnets dedicated to National Independence and Liberty' will never die.

Many have been reading and re-reading them during the last two eventful years. Mr. Acland has rendered excellent service by re-publishing the best of them in a small shilling volume, together with 'The Happy Warrior,' and others of Wordsworth's patriotic poems, prefaced by an admirable Introduction of his own. The publication is most timely. 'We have to stand by one another here and now,' says Mr. Acland. The parallel betwen the conditions of European nations in the opening years of the nineteenth and of the twentieth century is close enough to make many of Wordsworth's soul-stirring lines sound as if addressed to ourselves. History does not repeat itself in details; we are fighting a bastard 'Napoleonism without a Napoleon.' But the spiritual conditions of the present gigantic conflict are almost the same as those in which our fathers waged war with indomitable energy for more than twenty years. A whole article might easily be devoted to the thoughts apposite to the country's present needs found in the sequence of sonnets written in and about 1802, while these form only a fraction of Wordsworth's patriotic poetry.

Take for example the sonnet, 'On a celebrated event in ancient history,' when a Roman general as a proud conqueror patronizingly proclaimed the liberty of Greece—

> A gift of that which is not to be given
> By all the blended powers of earth and heaven.

Or the one in which the names of Britain and Freedom are indissolubly joined—'We must be free or die, who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold which Milton held,' taken side by side with the fine

apostrophe beginning, 'Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour.' The parallel between the great militant Puritan and Wordsworth is irresistibly suggested by the latter sonnet, for it is Milton's voice that speaks in it, whose 'soul was like a star and dwelt apart,' yet whose heart 'the lowliest duties on herself did lay.' The stanzas are intended to brace and rouse. Their searching words often smite home and do not spare either Britain or its allies, either 1803 or 1916.

> England! the time has come when thou shouldst wean
> Thy heart from its emasculating food.

If a hundred years ago it was needful to inculcate 'plain living and high thinking,' the need is surely not lessened to-day; for, as another sonnet teaches, 'by the soul only the nations shall be great and free.' We can only indicate other striking parallels. What, for instance, could form a better comment on a recent speech of Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg with its references to the high boon of Teutonic *Kultur* to be bestowed by Germany after the war on Belgium, Serbia, and Poland, than the sonnet on 'The Worst Bondage'? It tells of servitude 'worse, far worse to bear' than that which the prisoner of war endures, 'a tyrant's solitary thrall'—

> 'Tis his who walks about in the open air,
> One of a nation who henceforth must wear
> Their fetters in their souls.

When, as we hope, a better peace than that of 1815 is granted to a shattered and distracted Europe, it will be well for those to whom is entrusted the reconstitution of a Continent to beware lest on any down-trodden people they impose the worst bondage of all—the fetter in the *soul*.

IV

Of the relation to God which underlay the poet's teaching concerning Nature and Man little can now be said. But a characterization of Wordsworth would be incomplete

if it were entirely ignored. He, of all poets, could not tolerate a landscape without a sky. He has indeed forbidden his interpreters in their exposition of his message to stop short with Nature and Man. In the fine 'Conclusion' to the *Prelude*—full of instruction to those who would read the poet's inmost heart—there is a striking passage which gives his view of Imagination. He says that it in truth

> Is but another name for absolute power
> And clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
> And Reason in her most exalted mood.

And he goes on to say that the main object of the poem now closing has been to show the true meaning of Imagination and to trace its growth and development in his own mind. There follows this significant passage:

> We have traced the stream
> From the blind cavern whence is faintly heard
> Its natal murmur; followed it to light
> And open day; accompanied its course
> Among the ways of Nature, for a time
> Lost sight of it bewildered and engulfed;
> Then given it greeting as it rose once more
> In strength, reflecting from its placid breast
> The works of man and face of human life;
> And lastly, from its progress have we drawn
> Faith in life endless, the sustaining thought
> Of human Being, Eternity, and God.

Such an insight as Wordsworth displayed into the deepest significance of Nature; such a faith as he preserved, despite the blows and shocks it encountered, in the cause and destiny of Man; neither of these could have been enjoyed and proclaimed without a very real and deep faith in God. In the early days of life this faith was latent. It was indeed expressed so dimly and vaguely, that his contemporaries counted him, as the earliest Christians were accounted, an Atheist, because he did not worship God in the accustomed orthodox fashion. But Wordsworth did his own and subsequent generations the inestimable service of enlarging and enriching the current idea of God. If men do not now style him a Pantheist, it is not so much because in his later years he showed that he accepted the tenets of orthodox

Christianity, but because we have learned that there is an element in what has been called Pantheism which belongs to full-orbed Christianity and which Christian orthodoxy must accept or lose half its power. The poet himself found that the impersonal manifestation of God in Nature was not sufficient when he came to deal with the problems and perplexities of Man. So also he found that the simple and noble faith in the possibilities of human nature with which he began could not be sustained under the pressure of the actual facts of life. His thoughts concerning Nature, man, and God were in truth inseparable. He considered himself from very early years 'a dedicated spirit,' but he only gradually perceived what were the deep implications of the call which as a youth he received from above. He held the loftiest views of the function of the poet, saying in a letter, 'To be incapable of a feeling for poetry, in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God.' He knew the value of human love; that 'by love subsists all grandeur, by pervading love; that gone, we are as dust.' But he knew also and said, not after the manner of the mere moralizing preacher, but as one who had long been a patient scholar in the school of Nature and of Humanity—

> Unless this love by a still higher love
> Be hallowed, love that breathes not without awe,
> Love that adores, but on the knees of prayer,
> By Heaven inspired: that frees from chains the soul
> Lifted in union with the purest, best
> Of earth-born passions, on the wings of praise
> Bearing a tribute to the Almighty's throne.

'Patriotism,' said Nurse Cavell in words that have echoed round the world, 'is not enough.' It is much, very much. It can change the coward's heart to steel, the sluggard's blood to flame. But the student of Wordsworth will learn how ardent love of country may be blended with profound love of Nature, large-hearted love of man, and humble, adoring love of God.

W. T. Davison.

LORD HARDINGE'S INDIAN ADMINISTRATION

Dispatches sent by the Governor-General-in-Council to the Secretary of State for India, during Lord Hardinge's term of office, 1910–16.

Resolutions issued by the Governor-General-in-Council, 1910–16.

Proceedings of the Imperial Legislative Council, 1910–16.

Speeches of Lord Hardinge. (Ganesh & Co., Madras.) 1913; and other speeches delivered by him since this volume was compiled.

Lord Hardinge. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras.) 1916.

Indian Local Self-Government Policy, 1915. (Supt. Government Printing, India, Calcutta.) 1915.

The King and Queen in India. By STANLEY REED, LL.D. (Bennett, Coleman & Co., Bombay). 1912.

Papers relating to the support offered by the Princes and Peoples of India to His Majesty in connexion with the War (Cd. 7624).

Despatches regarding Operations in the Persian Gulf and Mesopotamia (Cd. 8074).

All About the War: the Indian Review War Book. Edited by G. A. NATESAN, B.A., F.M.U., with an introduction by H.E. the Rt. Honourable Lord Pentland, P.C., G.C.I.E., Governor of Madras. (G. A. Natesan & Co., Madras). 1915.

I

WHEN Lord Hardinge returned to England from India, towards the close of April last, he laconically told the newspaper reporters who interviewed him on his landing at Folkestone that:

"India is perfectly quiet." [1]

These words speak volumes for Lord Hardinge's success as Viceroy and Governor-General of India from November, 1910, to April, 1916. That India should be quiet in spite of the world war in which she, as a part of the British Empire, is engaged, and in spite of German intrigue to employ Indian revolutionists to disaffect their countrymen, is a fact of which the retired Viceroy may well be proud.

This happy state of affairs is due primarily to the Im-

[1] *The Observer* (London), April 23, 1916.

perialism of Indians. They had considerable differences with the Government at the time the war broke out; but they patriotically refrained from carrying on any agitation that might hamper Lord Hardinge. Indians would have done no less for any other Governor-General; but the situation might easily have been mishandled had another man been at the helm of Indian affairs, who did not have Lord Hardinge's sympathy with Indian aspirations and his tact and polished manner in dealing with Indians.

II

The question of employing Indian troops in the war was a delicate one. Not that Indian soldiers had not been previously engaged in British expeditions. On the contrary, long before the Government of India was taken over by the British Sovereign from the Honourable East India Company, Indian contingents had been employed abroad. As far back as 1762, the Madras Government recruited Indian soldiers for an expedition to Manila, when that capital of the Spanish Colony was temporarily occupied by a British force. In 1779 Indian volunteers were called for to go to Bencoolan, Sumatra. In 1794 Indian soldiers were sent to Amboyna, one of the Molucca Islands in the Malay Archipelago, and helped to capture and to hold the Dutch Settlements. In 1794 and 1795, battalions of Indian soldiers were sent to Ceylon to do garrison duty at various points in that Island. In 1797 Indian troops were formed into an expeditionary force to go to Manila, but proceeded only as far as Penang, when the expedition was abandoned. In 1800 a small detail of the Bombay Infantry was dispatched to Persia as an escort to the British Envoy. In the same year a contingent of 5,000 Indian troops was sent to Egypt to fight for His Britannic Majesty against the French. In 1808 a detachment of Cavalry, Artillery, Horse Artillery, and Pioneers went to Persia. In 1810, when the British contemplated invading Java, it raised

7,000 Indian volunteers to go there, but subsequently gave up the venture. In 1818 Indian soldiers were again sent to Ceylon and Indian Sepoys fought side by side with the British in the Burma and the Afghan wars. In 1840 they were sent to China to punish the Chinese for destroying British property and insulting British officials. In 1858, when the embers of the Sepoy mutiny had hardly died out, they were taken to China a second time, and the British colours were planted on the walls of Peking by Brownlow's Punjabis. In 1867–68 they helped the British to defeat the army of King Theodore of Abyssinia. In 1875 they were sent to the Malay Straits Settlement to help to put down the insurrection at Perak, in which the British Resident had been killed. In 1878 they were dispatched to the Mediterranean to be in readiness in case the advance of Russians on Constantinople in the Russo-Turkish war should assume a dangerous aspect. In 1882 they were sent to Egypt to defend Imperial interests there, and bore the brunt of the fighting in that campaign. Early in 1885 another expedition was sent to Egypt to assist the British troops at Suakin. In 1888 Indians strengthened the hand of the British in enforcing Lord Dufferin's ultimatum to the Chinese, Tibetan, and Sikkim authorities. In 1901–02 Indian troops helped to quell the Boxer Rebellion in China. The Kaiser prevented the employment of Indian soldiers in the Boer War; but many Indians served as army doctors and stretcher-bearers, and a considerable contingent of British troops *who were in the pay of India* at the time hostilities broke out, took part in the South African Campaign. In 1903 Indian soldiers were sent to Somaliland, and they formed the bulk of the troops that accompanied Major (now Lt.-Col.) Sir Francis Younghusband on his Tibetan mission in 1902–04.[1] Indians had not, however, fought on the

[1] I have omitted reference to the many expeditions against the frontiersmen on the north-western boundary of India, in which Indians have been engaged on many occasions, and some of which were wars, engaging a large number of troops. Much space is needed merely to mention them.

European Continent, when the present war began in the autumn of 1914. At that time, narrow-minded and short-sighted but powerful persons strongly held the opinion that to employ Indian fighters in a European theatre of action would be to inaugurate a policy fraught with untold dangers. They alleged that it might give Indians an exaggerated opinion of themselves, and that the decrease of military strength in India might lead to disorder.

Lord Hardinge had the far-sight and the strength of character to ignore these prejudices. Indian troops were mobilized and thrown into the firing line on the Continent so quickly that they were fighting before contingents from Canada, which is much nearer France than India is, went into action. Contingents from India have been employed in theatres of war as far separated as France is from Tsing Tao, and northern Flanders from East Africa. They have covered themselves with glory everywhere. Many Indians have won the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Conduct Medal, the Military Cross, and Orders of Merit, not to speak of French distinctions. They have resisted the rigours of climate to which they were unaccustomed, and faced fire under novel conditions, in a manner that has won the admiration of eye-witnesses, friendly, neutral, and hostile.

Unfortunately, the Mesopotamia Expedition undertaken by the Government of India met with disaster at Kut. No one has, of course, suggested that the mishap was due to Indians, who have no hand whatever in the direction of military affairs, and are not even given the rank of Lieutenant and above. Some persons have not hesitated to blame Lord Hardinge for this failure. In view of the paucity of details available, the charge appears to be preposterous.

While Lord Hardinge set a precedent in the administration of the military affairs of India by sending the Indian Expeditionary Forces to Europe, he was not able to effect military reforms that have been crying out for attention

for a long time. Indians are not, as a rule, allowed to command a double company even in regiments entirely composed of them, nor are they, with the exception of Parsis, who number only about 100,000 persons, permitted to serve as Volunteers. Had these restrictions been removed, and a large citizen army raised, India would have been able to render far greater service to the Empire during this war than has been possible under the existing conditions. It was not given to Lord Hardinge to remove these bars. Nor was he able to put an end to the invidious and arbitrary distinctions made by the military authorities, who exclude from the Army all Indians except those belonging to certain castes and clans which they choose to label 'martial.' He, however, permitted the Indian Christians of the Punjab to enter the Army.

III

Lord Hardinge had the wisdom to let Indians take the initiative in the matter of suggesting that India should contribute towards the expenditure incurred on the expeditionary forces. To have taken any other course would have been an unseemly policy, if not worse. The Government of India is not representative. It is neither composed of Indians, nor is it put into power by Indians —matters which will require adjustment as soon as the war is over. Had it moved Parliament to empower it to bear some of the cost of the war, its action would have been tantamount to the British people imposing a burden upon the politically mute Indian tax-payers. Persons who believe that Britain conquered and rules India by the sword, would not have hesitated to resort to such a procedure. Lord Hardinge did not, however, exact tribute from the 'Dependency,' but trusted India's Imperialistic spirit to prompt her to make the offer. He found the Indians ready to respond. On September 8, 1914—almost immediately following the announcement that Indians were to fight in the war—the

Hon. Sir Gangadhar Madho Chitnavis, representing the Landholders of the Central Provinces in the Imperial Legislative Council, introduced in the Council a resolution that read:—

'That in view of the great war involving most momentous issues now in progress in Europe into which our august Sovereign has been forced to enter by obligations of honour and duty to preserve the neutrality guaranteed by treaty and the liberties of a friendly State, the members of this Council, as voicing the feeling that animates the whole of the people of India, desire to give expression to their feelings of unswerving loyalty and enthusiastic devotion to their King-Emperor and an assurance of their unflinching support to the British Government. They desire at the same time to express the opinion that the people of India, in addition to the military assistance now being afforded by India to the Empire, would wish to share in the heavy financial burden now imposed by the war on the United Kingdom, and request the Government of India to take this view into consideration and thus to demonstrate the unity of India with the Empire. They request His Excellency the President to be so good as to convey the substance of this Resolution to His Majesty the King-Emperor and His Majesty's Government.'[1]

This Resolution was supported by all the Indians in the Imperial Legislative Council, and was accepted by Lord Hardinge. In order to give this wish statutory sanction Mr. Asquith moved the following Resolution in the House of Commons on September 16, 1914:—

'That His Majesty having directed a Military Force consisting of British and Indian troops, charged upon the revenue of India, to be dispatched to Europe for service in the war in which this country is engaged, this House consents that the ordinary pay and other ordinary charges of any troops so dispatched, as well as the ordinary charges of any vessels belonging to the Government that may be employed in this expedition, which would have been charged upon the resources of India had such troops or vessels remained in that country or seas adjacent, shall continue to be so chargeable, provided that, if it shall be necessary to replace the troops or vessels so withdrawn by other vessels or forces, then the expense of raising, maintaining, and providing such vessels and forces shall be repaid out of any moneys which may be provided by Parliament for the purposes of the said expedition.'[2]

This motion was adopted unanimously.

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[1] Proceedings of the Imperial Legislative Council, 1914, also quoted in Cd. 7624 of 1914.

[2] *All about the War*, p. 108.

That the military liability of India has been thus limited shows an admirable restraint on the part of Britain, and insight into Indian conditions. India, in spite of the fairy tales about her hoarded wealth current in the United Kingdom, is a poor country. The average income of an Indian is computed, by official authority, to be only about 1½d. per diem. Indian authorities place it *much* lower. For decades the military expenditure has been a great burden upon the Indian tax-payer. It has more than doubled in thirty years, as is evident from the following figures: — 1884–5, £8,588,252; 1914–15, £21,809,608; 1915–16, £23,015,800; 1916–17, £23,165,900.[1]

It was urged, time and again before the hostilities broke out, that the strength at which the army was kept in India exceeded the Indian requirements. Significant proofs of the soundness of this contention were furnished during the Boxer Rebellion in China, and the South African (Boer) war, when a considerable body of Regular troops were withdrawn from India, without any untoward results. The truth is that, unrecognized by the British, India has been maintaining an army, partly British and partly Indian, large according to pre-war standards, ready to be employed for any Imperial purpose. In other words, she has, for a long time, been performing an Imperial duty that the other outlying members of the Empire have only recently taken up. This consideration, quite as much as that of poverty, rendered it necessary for the authorities to make India's financial burden as light as possible.

Besides the military contribution, a war loan amounting to Rs.45,000,000 (£3,000,000) has been raised in India. Indians have subscribed to the British war loans, and have liberally supported the relief funds started in India and in

[1] Figures extracted from *Statistical Abstract Relating to British India from* 1883–84 to 1892–93, and from the speech made by Sir William Meyer in introducing the Financial Statement in the Imperial Legislative Council, March 1, 1916.

Britain. The Maharajas and Nawabs, who possess and exercise sovereign powers in their respective States, have been especially munificent in contributing money, ambulances, aeroplanes, &c.

Though Parliament and public opinion in general in the United Kingdom and other parts of the Empire have applauded India's generosity, yet some persons persist in insisting that she must give more. Lord Hardinge refused to listen to such agitation. He had to increase taxation to meet the exigencies of Government finance. He was powerless to avert the set-back that the war had given to Indian commerce and industry. He, however, remained firm in his attitude that anything that India gave for purposes of prosecuting the war should be offered of her own freewill, and not forced nor even wheedled from her by Britain.

IV

In the early months of the war, the Governor-General was called upon to deal with an epidemic of political crime and other disturbances. The men in Bengal who had been responsible for terrorist outrages and robberies committed by gangs of highway-men (*dacoities*) ever since Lord Curzon partitioned Bengal in spite of the protests of Bengalis, began to show unusual activity.

On September 29, 1914, a shipload of Indians, consisting mostly of Punjabis, who had been refused entry into Canada, returned to India. Most of them had lost the little money they possessed, and had become embittered against the whole world. The attempt on the part of the authorities to send them to their homes in a special train was misconstrued. A collision occurred between the returned emigrants and the police, who are notorious for their rudeness. As a result, twenty-six persons were killed, and thirty-four were wounded.

In the meantime the situation in the Punjab had assumed

a threatening aspect. In the south-western part of the Province of the Five Rivers the rumour spread abroad that the British had been compelled to retire from India in order to strengthen the forces required to meet the German menace. Turbulent Musalmans organized themselves into bands and began to terrorize and rob the Hindus, who, on account of the Arms Act, had no weapons with which to defend themselves.

A conspiracy to overthrow the Government was hatched in the central part of the Punjab, by a number of men who had returned from the United States of America, Canada, and Asiatic countries. These returned emigrants are said to have come under the influence of the enemy. In any case, their minds had been poisoned by Indian revolutionaries. Many of them had grievances against the Canadian authorities, who had excluded them or their relatives from the Dominion. The revolutionaries found it quite easy to work upon the injured susceptibilities of these persons, and sent them back to India to use the opportunity offered by the war to undermine the foundations of the British-Indian Administration. The returned emigrants constituted themselves into a secret society and formulated a gigantic plot to disaffect Indian soldiers and to induce them to bring their weapons along with them when they deserted the colours, to loot arsenals and treasuries, and to blow up railway tracks and bridges, to cut telegraph lines, to wreck Government buildings, and to kill officials. A rising was to take place at a given signal on an appointed day. The authorities, however, learned of the conspiracy through policemen who were detailed to pose as revolutionaries and secure the confidence of the plotters. The plan was foiled. The conspirators were apprehended. A Special Tribunal tried the accused, and meted out heavy sentences to the persons found guilty. No less than twenty-four men were condemned to death, twenty-seven to transportation for life to the convict colony in Andaman Islands, and six to varying terms of imprisonment.

These sentences were deemed by Indians to be excessive, especially because the men who had been condemned were mere tools in the hands of Indians who engineered the conspiracy in the Punjab from the Pacific Coast of the United States of America, and whom the Indian authorities were powerless to bring to justice. They compared the action of the Tribunal with that of the South African authorities in dealing with De Wet and his gang of rebels. A strong agitation was started on behalf of the men who had been condemned to death. Sir Michael O'Dwyer, Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, however, considered that the reduction of the penalty would embolden conspirators and refused to alter the decision of the Special Tribunal.

When the matter was referred to Lord Hardinge, he readily extended clemency to the unfortunate men and commuted the death sentences of sixteen persons to terms of transportation for life. Persons who consider that the Governor-General's sole duty is to uphold the actions of his subordinates criticized him in unmeasured terms. They made out that he had played into the hands of the conspirators, who had not hesitated to throw a bomb on him and Lady Hardinge when they entered Delhi in December, 1912. They declared that his action would render it difficult for the executive to cope with the forces that make for anarchy and disruption.

Time has proved these prognostications to be merely the vituperation of men who wish to imitate Eastern despots. Lord Hardinge's magnanimity pleased Indians who had supported the Government in all matters so long as it did not assent to 'wholesale judicial murder.' Speaking many months after he had exercised clemency, Lord Hardinge could say that 'India is perfectly quiet.' According to a telegram recently received, from India, Sir Michael O'Dwyer stated that the conspiracy is 'dead.'

Since Lord Hardinge reduced these sentences, the 'Supplementary Lahore conspiracy case' has been con-

cluded. The Tribunal inflicted heavy sentences upon a large number of persons. The Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, so far as I know, has commuted only one capital sentence to transportation for life. In doing this, Sir Michael O'Dwyer has unwittingly provided an opportunity for Lord Chelmsford to continue the policy of clemency initiated by his predecessor.

A conspiracy to wage war against the King-Emperor in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh was detected before it had caused any loss of life or damage to property. A special Tribunal was constituted at Benares, which tried a large number of accused. Many of them had to be discharged for want of evidence, while some were convicted and sentenced.

The outbreak of these conspiracies made the officials exert pressure upon Lord Hardinge to create special machinery for the defence of the Indian Empire during the war. Most Indians felt that the existing measures were sufficient to cope with the situation. In view of the fact that, during the years immediately preceding the outbreak of hostilities, acts were passed to control the press and platform, which were more drastic than any measure put into force in the United Kingdom since August, 1914, they were quite right in considering further legislation unnecessary. The Indians did not, however, obstruct the Governor-General, and the bill, introduced on March 18, 1915, in the Imperial Legislative Council, was passed without a single Indian member voting against it. The passage of this Act was a great personal triumph for Lord Hardinge. I do not know of anything that has happened since German madness plunged the Empire into the present struggle that shows India's Imperialism more than the support of the Defence of the Realm Act, for modernized Indians are essentially liberty-loving.

V

Lord Hardinge made it plain to India on several occasions that the sacrifice she had voluntarily made to help Britain to win the war would give her a new status in the British Empire. Before the hostilities commenced, she was excluded from the Imperial Conference on the plea that she was not an autonomous unit; but on September 22, 1915, Lord Hardinge allowed the Hon. Mian Muhammad Shafi to move the following Resolution in the Imperial Council:

> 'This Council recommends to the Governor-General-in-Council that a representation be sent, through the Right Honourable the Secretary of State, to His Majesty's Government urging that India should, in future, be officially represented in the Imperial Conference.'[1]

In accepting the Resolution on behalf of the Government of India, Lord Hardinge declared that it had his deepest sympathy. He announced that he was '. . . authorized by His Majesty's Government, while preserving their full liberty of judgement and without committing them either as to principles or details, to give an undertaking that an expression of opinion from this Imperial Legislative Council, in the sense of the Resolution . . . , will receive the most careful consideration on their part as expressing the legitimate interests of the Legislative Council in an Imperial question, although the ultimate decision of His Majesty's Government must necessarily depend largely on the attitude of other members of the Conference.'[2]

There has not yet been an Imperial Conference to decide the issue, and the Home Government has not taken any definite action. The press of the Dominions has spoken, however, and every instance that has come to my notice has conceded that India's 'blood-sacrifice' has entitled her to be represented at the Conference.

The Indian members of the Imperial Legislative Council showed their appreciation of Lord Hardinge's services to

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[1] Proceedings of the Imperial Legislative Council, September 22, 1915.
[2] *Ibid.*

India, and his goodwill towards Indians, by unanimously voting that he should be chosen as the first representative of India in the Imperial Conference. This compliment does not of course imply that Indians will be satisfied if they are not represented in the Conference by one or more of their own countrymen.

Schemes have already been put forward for the purpose of providing new machinery for the transaction of the affairs of the Empire as distinct from those of the United Kingdom. They either have ignored India altogether, or have suggested that a British Minister should represent India. Such an assumption is directly contrary to Indian wishes. They will insist, with all the power they can command, that Indians duly elected by their countrymen, in strength sufficient to safeguard the interests of a land that is 1,802,657 square miles in area, and has a population of 315,156,396 persons,[1] shall represent them.

VI

The House of Lords threw out, last year, by a vote of 47 against 26, the motion to give the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh an Executive Council, a reform that Lord Hardinge was anxious to have effected during his régime. This measure sought to end the one-man autocracy in that part of India. The Council would have included an Indian. Indian public opinion was united in favour of this measure. Agitation for the reconstitution of the Government in this form had been going on for a long time, and had grown stronger year by year. When the new province of Bihar and Orissa was created in 1911, and a Lieutenant-Governor in Council was placed in charge of it, it was considered by all those who had carried on this agitation

[1] The figures are from the *Census of India*, 1911, Vol. I., pt. 2, pp. 2–3. If British India alone is considered, that is to say, if the Territories of the Indians who rule in their own right and name are excluded, the area is 1,093,074 square miles, and the population 244,267,542 persons.

that they would succeed. Sir James Scorgie Meston, the Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces, had expressed himself in favour of the change, though his immediate predecessor and others who had wielded, or expected to wield autocratic authority, were opposed to the reform. Their opposition carried the day, in spite of the support that Lord Hardinge gave to the measure. His Lordship was greatly disappointed. Speaking in the Imperial Legislative Council he said :

> 'As you are aware, the recent Proclamation was approved by the Governor-General-in-Council, by the Secretary of State-in-Council, and by His Majesty's Government, and in accordance with the law, was laid on the table in both Houses of Parliament. It may seem to you, as it does to me, a matter of serious concern that it should be within the power of a small body of Peers, who, perhaps, hardly realize the rate of progress made in this country during the past few years, to throw out a proposition put by the Government of India and His Majesty's Government before Parliament with the full approbation of Indian public opinion. It seems clear to me under the circumstances that modification of the law by which such procedure is possible is absolutely essential, and I trust this will be recognized by His Majesty's Government. . . . I can well understand that all educated people of this country will be disappointed at the result brought about by a small party in the House of Lords, but I would ask them not to be depressed, for I regard the proceedings of March 16 in the House of Lords as only a temporary set-back, and I feel as confident that the United Provinces will have its Executive Council within a very short period as that the dawn will follow the night.'[1]

The organs favouring the continuance of the one-man autocracy over the United Provinces bitterly criticized Lord Hardinge. They declared, to quote the words of one of them :—

> 'We regret that Lord Hardinge has permitted himself to make a public denunciation at Delhi of the recent action of the House of Lords regarding the proposed Executive Council for the United Provinces. No Viceroy of India has, to our knowledge, ever addressed a similar admonition to either House of Parliament. . . . In our view, this unfortunate Indian controversy is extremely deplorable. . . . It is a squabble which ought to be dropped at once, for it brings us nothing but discredit. For raising it, for pursuing it, and for keeping it alive, the Government, Lord Hardinge, and the Radical Press are exclusively responsible.[2]

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[1] Proceedings of the Imperial Legislative Council, 1915.
[2] The *Times*, March 29, 1915.

Such protests notwithstanding, the Secretary of State for India proposes to push this reform at the first possible opportunity. Indian public opinion is determined that the change shall be made.

VII

Not long before he pressed for this reform, Lord Hardinge had been compelled by circumstances to over-rule the authorities of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. A piece of land belonging to a mosque in Cawnpore had been acquired for the purposes of road-making. Musalmans were incensed and made representations to the local authorities, but without obtaining redress. Feeling ran high, and culminated in a riot, in which several persons were killed and many were more or less seriously injured. The local authorities apprehended many men and began vigorously to prosecute them.

This action of the provincial Government exasperated the Muslims all over the country. They were in an excitable mood on account of the war in which Turkey was engaged at the time.

Lord Hardinge saw that it was dangerous to permit a petty affair to assume sinister proportions. He hurried down to Cawnpore, inquired into the case, and adjusted matters quickly. His intervention offended the persons who support officialdom whether right or wrong; but his action poured oil on troubled waters.

VIII

Lord Hardinge showed himself quite as ready to take a bold stand against permitting an outside authority to trample on Indian interests as he was to modify the action of his subordinates. A memorable instance occurred towards the close of 1913, when he espoused the cause of Indians who had grievances against the South African Government.

The Indian immigrants in South Africa had trouble with

the authorities long before the present Union Government was inaugurated. The late Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, then Secretary of State for the Colonies, justified the Boer War partly because the Boers had maltreated the Indian settlers. Indians served in the Army Service Corps during the campaign, as I have already noted. The reorganization that followed the cessation of hostilities did not, however, remove the grievances of the Indians in South Africa.

On the contrary, their position steadily grew worse under the Union. All attempts to move the local and Imperial authorities to redress their wrongs having failed, Mr. Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi, Bar.-at-Law, the Indian leader in South Africa, determined to resort to passive resistance. The South African authorities dealt very harshly with the passive resisters, and matters approached a crisis. Indians all over India had been watching the movement with anxious interest, and many had subscribed to the funds needed for the passive resistance struggle. Feeling ran higher and higher as news reached India that the situation was constantly growing worse.

Lord Hardinge was at Madras at the time when matters assumed a threatening aspect. He at once took an emphatic stand in favour of Mr. Gandhi and his band of passive resisters. Speaking in reply to a number of addresses presented to him, he said :—

> 'Recently your compatriots in South Africa have taken matters into their own hands, by organizing what is called passive resistance to laws which they consider invidious and unjust, an opinion which we who watch their struggles from afar cannot but share. They have violated, as they intended to violate, those laws, with full knowledge of the penalties involved, and ready with all courage and patience to endure those penalties. In this they have the sympathy of India—deep and burning—and not only of India, but of all those who, like myself, without being Indians themselves, have feelings of sympathy for the people of this country. But the most recent developments have taken a very serious turn, and we have seen the widest publicity given to allegations that this movement of passive resistance has been dealt with by measures which would not for a moment be tolerated in any country that calls itself civilized. . . . I trust that the Government of the Union will fully realize the imperative necessity of treating a loyal section of their fellow-subjects in a spirit of equity and in accord-

ance with their rights as free citizens of the British Empire. You may rest assured that the Government of India will not cease to urge these considerations upon His Majesty's Government.'[1]

It required great courage on the part of the Governor-General of India to adopt such an attitude towards the Government of another member of the Empire. None of his predecessors had ever done so.

Lord Hardinge's espousal of the cause of the Indians in South Africa was decried as partisan and unstatesmanlike by a section of the press. The Viceroy, however, knew the people over whom he had been set to rule. His words, instinct with sympathy, cooled the heated Indian passions and averted trouble.

That Lord Hardinge was not contented merely to soothe Indian feelings by eloquence was well known. In 1911 he had passed an Act forbidding indentured emigration to Natal. This measure hit the Natal planters very hard, and they sent a delegate to India to beg the Government to modify the Act. Just before his retirement, Lord Hardinge followed up this measure by securing the consent of His Majesty's Government to the stoppage of indentured labour from India to all the other parts of the Empire where it was still going on, just as soon as arrangements for the change could be made.

IX

These bold actions of Lord Hardinge pale into insignificance when compared with his *coup de main* of 1911. In that year he urged His Majesty's Government to advise the King-Emperor to undo Lord Curzon's great blunder (the partition of Bengal) and to make other momentous changes. In accordance with this advice, His Majesty announced at the Imperial Assemblage (*Durbar*) held at Delhi that:

'We are pleased to announce to our people that on the advice of Our Ministers, tendered after consultation with Our Governor-General-in-Council, We have decided upon the transfer of the seat of the Government of India from Calcutta to the ancient Capital of Delhi, and

[1] The *Indian Review*, December, 1913.

simultaneously, and as a consequence of that transfer, the creation at as early a date as possible of a Governorship for the Presidency of Bengal, of a new Lieutenant-Governorship-in-Council administering the areas of Behar, Chota Nagpur and Orissa, and of a Chief Commissionership of Assam, with such administrative changes and redistribution of boundaries as Our Governor-General-in-Council, with the approval of Our Secretary of State for India-in-Council, may in due course determine.'[1]

This was a momentous step. Perhaps no graver action had ever been taken by the British during their governance of India. The impression the announcement made upon the large and varied Assemblage is thus graphically described by Dr. Stanley Reed in his brilliant work, *The King and Queen in India*:

'The scene that followed was extraordinary. Some cheered frantically; others entered into hurried conversation, criticizing the innovation; others more prudently kept silent, trying to think what the great change would mean. Of one thing there is no doubt. The secret had been well kept, and very few of those present knew that this announcement was to be made. It lacked, therefore, nothing of the element of surprise which is so essential to dramatic effect, and the circumstances of its delivery were as remarkable as the nature of its contents. One might justly compare the event with what many competent critics believe to be the most dramatic scene in fiction, the entry of the unknown knight into the lists in 'Ivanhoe.' Amid the babble of talk which followed—for curiosity and interest got the better of good manners—the Durbar came to a close. There was no room for an anti-climax to this brief speech.'[2]

More than four years have elapsed since then. The wounds of Bengal inflicted by Lord Curzon have now healed; though Bengalis have not yet quite become reconciled to the loss of the Capital and Bihar, and the British commercial community in Calcutta has not forgiven Lord Hardinge for lowering the status of the Indian city that gives them opportunities to grow rich. Desultory criticism for expending a large sum of money on Delhi continues. Generally speaking, however, time has justified the changes inaugurated by Lord Hardinge. The one objection that can be offered to the arrangements made in 1911 is that while the winter Capital of India is no longer in the same metropolis as the Capital of a Local Government, yet Simla remains the

[1] *The King and Queen in India*, p. 164. [2] *Ibid.*

summer headquarters of the Government of India and of the Punjab Government. The Government of India remains for a longer period at Simla than at Delhi, every year. To carry Lord Hardinge's policy to its logical conclusion, the Punjab Government must summer elsewhere. Some effort has been made to bring about this change, but so far without success.

X

Lord Hardinge's desire to govern India according to the wishes of Indians is also exemplified by the action he took to advance India educationally. Since the future progress of India's millions depends largely upon education, I shall present a brief outline of Lord Hardinge's educational policies and work.

The Census taken shortly before Lord Hardinge assumed the Viceroyalty and Governor-Generalship of India revealed an appalling illiteracy. Fully 94.1 out of every 100 persons were illiterate. Not one out of 100 women could read and write. From the statistics issued at the time by the Educational Department, it is quite clear that about four-fifths of the villages in the country had no schools whatever. In 1911–12 the total expenditure on education from public and private sources amounted to only £5,239,507. How utterly inadequate this amount was can be gathered from the fact that there must have been 36,750,000 children of school-going age in British India at the time.

Lord Hardinge announced at the Delhi Durbar that :—

> '. . . The Government of India have resolved, with the approval of His Imperial Majesty's Secretary of State, to acknowledge the predominant claims of educational advancement upon the resources of the Indian Empire, and have decided, in recognition of a very commendable demand, to set themselves to making education in India as accessible and wide as possible. With this purpose they propose at once to devote fifty lakhs (£333,334) to the promotion of truly popular education, and it is the firm intention of the Government to add to the grant now announced further grants in future years on a generous scale.'[1]

[1] *The King and Queen in India*, p. 160.

He created a special department to attend to education, sanitation, and local government, and placed at its head Sir Harcourt Butler, one of the most brilliant Britons who ever went out to India. Sir Harcourt Butler very soon justified his appointment. The latest report on education shows that the expenditure from public funds had risen to £6,681,591 16*s.* a year. In that year (1913–14), 19.6 per cent. of children of school-going age were being educated. The increase in the number of girls under instruction has been considerable. Greater effort is being made to prepare men and women as qualified teachers, and the quality of education that is being imparted has been improving. It cannot, of course, be denied that educationally India is still very backward; but the pace of progress during Lord Hardinge's Viceroyalty was accelerated, though unfortunately the depression caused by the war has led the Finance Member of the Viceroy's Executive Council somewhat to curtail the grant for education in the Budget for 1916–17.

One of the last acts of Lord Hardinge was to place an eminent Indian, Sir C. Sankaran Nair, at the head of the Educational Department, to succeed Sir Harcourt Butler, when he was made Lieutenant-Governor of Burma. Not many weeks before Lord Hardinge gave over the charge of his office to Lord Chelmsford, an important Resolution on the subject of 'female education' was issued over the signature of Sir Edward Maclagan, Secretary of the Educational Department. It frankly confessed that women's education was in a backward condition, and asked the Local Governments to suggest ways and means to stimulate its growth.

In addition to what Lord Hardinge did to give impetus to education under official management, he made it possible for Indians to create an unofficial University. He granted a Charter to the Hindu University in 1915, and laid the foundation stone of the institution at Benares in February last. This University will be unlike those at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and Lahore, inasmuch as it

will be a teaching and residential institution, whereas the others are mere examining bodies. It will make a specialty of teaching Hindu religion and metaphysics, while the Government institutions refrain from teaching religion.

Lord Hardinge laid the foundation stone of a medical college for women at Delhi a short time before his retirement. It is to be raised as a monument to Lady Hardinge, who died in 1915. Funds have been subscribed by Maharajas, Rajas, Nawabs, and other Indians, and the Government will support it by a recurrent grant. Qualified medical women will be employed to teach medicine, surgery, and nursing to Indian women. A large hospital will be attached to the College to enable the students to acquire practical knowledge of their profession.

The placing of sanitation and local government under the charge of the Educational Minister, and the increase of the grants from Imperial and Provincial funds, have led to progress; though it is not sufficiently important to receive notice here.

XI

The Imperial Durbar and the War gave Lord Hardinge exceptional opportunities to consolidate and improve the relations between his Government and the Indians who exercise sovereignty over large and small Indian States situated in various parts of the country. Many of the Maharajas, Rajas, and Nawabs proceeded on active service, many more sent their troops to fight, and all subscribed liberally to the war funds.

Lord Hardinge was very wise in stating emphatically, on more than one occasion, that his Government had not the slightest desire to encroach upon the sovereignty of the Indian Rulers nor to hamper them in the exercise of their sovereign functions. Since the relationship of Britain with our Rajas is a matter of supreme importance, I quote the following extract from the speech that Lord Hardinge made at Jodhpur towards the end of February last, when he

invested with ruling powers His Highness Maharaja Sumer Singh :

> 'We have recognized that, if a State is to be ruled justly and well, and to be a source of real help to the British Empire, it is only through the Ruler himself, supported by his Sardars (Chiefs) and people, that these results can be obtained.
>
> 'Irksome restrictions on the exercise of sovereign powers are apt to chafe and irritate a proud and sensitive spirit, with the result disastrous not only to the Ruler and his people, but also to the Empire at large. We have, therefore, made it our aim to cultivate close and friendly relations with the Ruling Princes, to show by every means that we trust them and look on them as helpers and colleagues in the great task of Imperial Rule, and so to foster in them a spirit of responsibility and pride in their work which no external supervision can produce.
>
> '. . . I rejoice to say that in my dealings with the Ruling Princes in India I have never found my confidence misplaced.'[1]

XII

A review of Lord Hardinge's Indian administration shows that his guiding thought throughout his term of office was to live and work solely to advance the interests of Indians. In championing the Indian cause he went further than any other Viceroy, and set a new precedent for his successors. The following words addressed to Civil Servants, culled from one of his last speeches in India, forcefully describes the task that confronts British-Indian administrators :—

> 'The new rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend is opening before you (British officials in India), and it is worthy of your greatest efforts. It requires in you gifts of imagination and sympathy and imposes upon you self-sacrifice, for it means that slowly but surely you must divest yourselves of some of the power you have hitherto wielded. Let it be realized that great as has been England's mission in the past, she has a far more glorious task to fulfil in the future in encouraging and guiding the political self-development of the people. The goal to which India may attain is still distant, and there may be many vicissitudes in her path, but I look forward with confidence to a time when, strengthened by character and self-respect and bound by ties of affection and gratitude, India may be regarded as a true friend of the Empire and not merely as a trusty dependent. . . . It is to this distant vista that the British official should turn his eyes ; and . . . it is by his future success in this direction that British prestige and efficiency will be judged.'[2]

No better advice can be given to British Indian officials.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

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[1] *The Indian Review* (Madras), March, 1916.

[2] Speech at the Simla United Service Club dinner.

MODERN POLITICAL ORATORY, AND ITS LESSONS FOR THE PREACHER

'ORATORY!' Mr. Augustine Birrell is reported to have said, 'there is none. Parliamentary oratory is dead—dead without hope of resurrection. The House would not listen to it to-day. The speeches it likes best are in the style of Asquith—plain, lucid statements, gathering up all the arguments, the right word, the clean phrase, and no frills.'[1] There is, of course, a touch and more than a touch of exaggeration in the words. The author of *Obiter Dicta* is one of those gay souls who defy you to take them literally. How can we say that political oratory is dead while speakers like Lord Rosebery, Lord Hugh Cecil, John Redmond, and Winston Churchill are still with us to delight and inspire, or, it may be, to provoke and incense? There is truth in the saying, nevertheless. The tastes of hearers and the ideals of speakers have changed. The very words 'oratory' and 'oration' seem to belong to a day that is not our day—the day of antimacassars and crinolines, of pot dogs and horsehair chairs. Yet the old school of oratory was not a thing to be laughed at. Doubtless, it was sometimes very unreal, very pompous, very stagey. But there was about it also a certain stately majesty which impressed men because it was really impressive. It could handle the stops of the great organ in a fashion that makes much of our modern speaking seem but a very thin and reedy treble. But, both in its strength and its weakness, it is now largely a thing of the past. The House of Commons and the great mass-meeting alike demand in a speaker simplicity and directness. He must say what he has to say and be done with it. He can no longer hope to make his

[1] A. G. Gardiner's *Prophets, Priests, and Kings*, p. 53.

platitudes endurable by making them pompous. The mere rhetorician carries his gaudy wares to an empty market. The fashion may change again as it has changed before, but, for the moment at least, the temper of our time demands above all things brevity and lucidity, and, as Mr. Birrell says, 'no frills.' The change is so marked and so significant that it is worth while pausing to present it in a little greater detail.

I

What, for example, has become of the stately peroration which, half a century ago, rounded off every great speech? On no part of his work did the orator spend such lavish toil. John Bright's perorations—and he is but one example among many—were written out in full and committed to memory. And even to-day the ear will not deny its tribute to the long, sonorous roll of the sentences, following each other to the finale 'like Atlantic breakers breaking in foam and thunder on the beach.'[1] But the rule of yesterday has become the exception of to-day. Mr. A. J. Balfour is, without doubt, one of the most winning and persuasive of modern parliamentary speakers, yet it can only have been by a mistake, says Lord Curzon, if he ever strayed into a peroration. 'I do not know,' adds the same authority, 'a single living speaker, with the possible exception of Lord Hugh Cecil, who perorates in Parliament as did Gladstone and Bright.'[2] The tradition still survives in a certain type of speaker who vainly tries to whip his limping sentences into something like a run at the finish by exhorting his hearers to hand down undiminished to posterity this great Empire, &c., &c. But this is mere fustian; as for the genuine article supply and demand alike have now well-nigh ceased.

The same is true of those classical quotations with which, in the last century, the dishes of oratory were wont to be

[1] Lord Curzon's *Modern Parliamentary Eloquence*, p. 70.
[2] *Ib.*, p. 70.

garnished. The last great master in this difficult art was Gladstone, and no one who can remember his Government of 1880–85 is ever likely to forget the magnificent fashion in which, in one of the noblest speeches of his life, he declaimed some half-dozen lines from Lucretius. Few, probably, of those who heard him had ever read Lucretius, but Lord Morley, who was present, has told us with what 'reverential stillness' the House sat 'hearkening from this born master of moving cadence and high sustained modulation to "the rise and long roll of the hexameter"—to the plangent lines that have come down across the night of time to us from great Rome.'[1] With Gladstone the practice of classical quotation in political speeches may be said to have come to an end. During many years of fairly diligent newspaper reading I can only recall one example. Politicians do not often 'quote' to-day, except, as Lord Curzon tartly says, from their opponents' speeches.

The tendency towards a simpler and quieter style of speech is also traceable in the decline of gesture. Sixty years ago the House of Commons was the scene of extravagant histrionic displays which to-day are simply unthinkable, or which, if they did take place, would excite only derision and contempt. Here, for example, is a shrewd and not unsympathetic observer's description of the speaking of Lord Lytton: 'His speeches as compositions are not excelled by anything that the House listens to. The topics are well chosen; the matter is admirably arranged; the style is thoroughly English and the composition is faultless; but the whole is marred and rendered ineffective by the strange voice in which it is uttered and the extravagant action by which it is accompanied'—action so extravagant, indeed, that the writer declares he could not describe it without the aid of a series of diagrams. Elsewhere, however, he makes the attempt, with this result: 'He [Lytton, that is] begins a sentence, standing upright, in his usual tone;

[1] *Life of Gladstone*, vol. iii. p. 20.

as he gets to the middle he throws himself backwards, until you would fancy that he must tumble over, and gradually raises his voice to its highest pitch. He then begins to lower his tone and brings his body forwards, so that at the finish of the sentence his head nearly touches his knees, and the climax is lost in a whisper.' Concerning another honourable member, an Irish contemporary of Lytton's, the same narrator says that his movements partook largely of the nature of St. Vitus's dance. On one occasion he addressed the House with such volcanic energy that his hearers feared lest he should break a blood-vessel, or fall down in a fit. Lord Palmerston wittily described it as a speech long to be remembered by all who *saw* it.[1] Speakers of this explosive type are still to be met with in America, where our more restrained methods are much less in favour. I remember listening once to a temperance orator in Nashville, Tennessee. The platform from which he spoke was fully fifty or sixty feet wide. Before he finished he had used the whole of it. But this is not our way; we are all for the quiet style. Lord Salisbury, one of the most commanding figures in modern politics, would hold great audiences without the aid of a single gesture, and with but the slightest variation in his penetrating monotone. I have seen Parnell addressing the House of Commons as immobile, but for the movement of his lips, as a statue. Bright himself, with all the vehemence of his passion, had no gesture except to raise his hand, and that not above the level of his breast.[2]

But of all contrasts between the political oratory of yesterday and to-day, the most obvious is on the score of length. Let me quote again from Mr. William White's notebook. Writing of one speech of the perfervid Irishman to whom reference has already been made, he says, 'The honourable member began at 5.20 and finished at 9.25; and it was amusing to see the surprise and dismay of hon-

[1] William White's *Inner Life of the House of Commons*, vol. i., pp. 10, 13, 41.
[2] G. M. Trevelyan's *Life of John Bright*, p. 384.

ourable gentlemen when they returned after three hours' or so absence and found him still on his legs. "What, not down yet! Why, he will speak for ever." ' About 7.30, that is, after he had been speaking above two hours, 'the honourable member delivered what seemed to be a very fervid peroration, and as it was confidently expected and hoped that the end was come the members of the Opposition cheered long and vociferously; but lo! instead of sitting down as it was expected he would the honourable member quietly said, "And now to business!" and the House found that all that had gone before was only preliminary; the "business" was yet to come.'[1] Imagine any private member talking for four hours on end to-day! Only on the rarest occasions —as for example the introduction of an unusually complex Budget—would such liberty be accorded even to a front-bench speaker. A recent collection of British speeches and orations[2] contains one of Gladstone's election addresses delivered in Midlothian in 1879, and Mr. Asquith's memorable 'Call to Arms' in the Guildhall shortly after the outbreak of the present war. Mr. Asquith's speech, in which there is not a word that is wasted, not a word that does not tell, occupies exactly seven pages; the vast volume of Gladstone's harangue spreads itself over nearly four times that number. Even on great occasions, when his illustrious predecessor would have held on his way joyful and triumphant for three or four hours, Mr. Asquith rarely exceeds one. It may be said, perhaps, that the comparison is hardly a fair one, that the two speakers represent two wholly different styles of oratory—the one copious and full like the sweep of some vast and brimming river, the other lean and spare, a very miracle of compact and sinewy strength. This is true, and I do not make the comparison in order to exalt the later style at the expense of the earlier, but only to illustrate again our changed ideals. For better or for worse

[1] *Inner Life of the House of Commons*, vol. i., p. 14.
[2] In *Everyman's Library*.

—and if there is gain in some directions there is loss in others —it is the style of Asquith, not of Gladstone, which is to-day in the ascendant. Men tire of diffuseness and ornament which is there simply for its own sake; they desire lucidity and business-like brevity, or, as Mr. Birrell would say again, 'the right word, the clean phrase, and no frills.'

II

The relative excellence of the two styles whose differences I have been briefly illustrating is a question with which I am not now concerned. Indeed for the speaker, whether of the pulpit or the platform, who knows his business, there is in this matter no ideal best; that is ideally the best which proves itself to be actually the best, and this again will be now one thing and now another as circumstances may suggest. Now, from what has been already said it must be abundantly clear that at the present moment the hearing public has made up its mind in favour of a style of speech simple and direct, and against that which is diffuse and ornate; it is to this it will most readily give ear; it is by this that it is most readily impressed. And this, surely, for the preacher is decisive. He must adapt himself to the conditions amidst which his work is to be done; he must make himself master of the means by which he can most readily gain access for his message to the minds of the men of this generation.

No preacher, I think, will shed many tears over the death of the old peroration. It belonged to an order of things which are not his concern. But this does not mean that he can afford to be careless about the way in which his sermon ends. 'Above all things,' said a former head master of Eton, in giving advice about speaking, 'take special pains about your peroration—you never know how soon you may require it.' But that, as Lord Curzon (to whom I owe the anecdote) says, was probably a prescription for sitting down with dignity, rather than finishing with

eloquence.[1] Well, the preacher need be anxious neither about his dignity nor his eloquence, but he ought to be anxious much more than he commonly is about the nature of the final impression which he makes upon his hearers. Who has not listened to sermons which, just when the preacher should have been drawing himself to his full height, and throwing his whole strength into one final wrestle with the consciences of his hearers, have run out in a feeble dribble of tame and pious commonplace? Sentences clean and straight and strong, winged like an arrow to their mark—let a preacher learn how to fashion these, and he need envy no man his perorations.

Nor will the preacher lament the decline of the practice of classical quotation. After all, the resources of the English language are quite considerable, and he is not likely to be visited by thoughts so high and rare that his mother tongue will be insufficient to their adequate expression. If, however, he should sometimes be tempted to enrich his own verbal poverty with one or other of those worn and shining coins which have strayed into our currency from the speech of other lands, let him at least be sure that he does not misname them. *Raison d'être* is not French, though I once heard a famous preacher so pronounce it; nor is it correct to talk, as the same speaker did, of maintaining the *statu quo*. For the half-educated man who employs French and Latin phrases 'dangers stand thick through all the ground'; his only safety is in English. I will add but one word, and in adding break my own rule: *Verbum sat sapienti*.[2]

In the matter of brevity some preachers will not be so easily persuaded. Nor shall I labour to persuade them. I am none the less confident that the force of things will prove too strong for them. The reaction against the pro-

[1] *Modern Parliamentary Eloquence*, p. 70.

[2] Even Bright himself once came to grief in attempting a Latin phrase in the House of Commons. He spoke of Disraeli as entering the House *crinis* (instead of *crinibus*) *disjectis*—with dishevelled hair. Gladstone, it is said, almost bounded from his seat with horror. (See Trevelyan's *Life*, p. 404.)

lixity of the pulpit has gone far, but it may be doubted if even yet it has spent itself. We may protest, and we may point our epigrams against a foolish and perverse generation which does not know what is good for it, but we shall be much more profitably employed in seeking to recast some of our intellectual methods, and adapting them to the new conditions under which to-day our work has to be done. If the House of Commons, with no injury to public business, has succeeded in cutting down by one half the speeches of those to whom it only occasionally listens, is it any wonder that Christian congregations are asking if thirty minutes is not amply sufficient for the man who gets his chance twice every week? And it *is* sufficient if only the preacher will be content to do one thing at a time, and with a merciless hand will shear away all irrelevancies and redundancies.

Thus far, in the changes that have been noted the pulpit has nothing to regret; they make only for efficiency and effectiveness. In one respect, however, it may well be doubted if reaction has not already carried us too far—I mean in the severe restraint which the modern speaker puts upon his emotions and upon the gestures which are their outward and visible sign. We are in danger, if I may speak bluntly, of growing a race of preachers who are too subdued, too quiet. We are afraid to let ourselves go. We too—though in a sense Paul did not mean—are ambassadors in bonds, and the bonds are of our own weaving. If God has given to a man a full, rich, emotional nature, why should he put it in chains? By all means let him and not it be the master; but when did starvation and irons make a good servant? We all know of great speakers who have achieved great things in spite of an almost icy self-restraint; but these are not the models for a preacher. It was not thus that the most amazing of modern political triumphs was won. 'He bore his hearers,' Morley writes of Gladstone in his marvellous Midlothian campaign, 'through long chains of strenuous periods, calling up by marvellous

transformations of his mien a strange succession of images —as if he were now a keen hunter, now some eager bird of prey, now a charioteer of fiery steeds kept well in hand, and now and again we seemed to hear the pity or dark wrath of a prophet, with the mighty rushing wind and the fire running along the ground.'[1] And in this respect, at any rate, the preacher will do well to prefer Gladstone above all his coldly impassive contemporaries. Nor, let it be said, is this merely a question of taste, good or bad. It goes to the very root of the speaker's and the preacher's business. In speaking it is not simply thought that has to be communicated, it is vital force; and the medium for that is not words alone, but the whole man.[2] And perhaps one chief reason for the comparative failure of some of the most gifted speakers lies in the depressed and devitalized personality through which the truth is offered to men.

III

I have spoken in the earlier part of this paper of some of the changes which have passed over the political speech of our time. I go on now to point out that notwithstanding all change the power of the great speaker shows no sign of weakening, nor has any other influence arisen seriously to challenge his ancient supremacy.

The only true crown of rhetoric, Charles James Fox used to say,[3] is a good division. He was no holiday declaimer. Eloquence with him was not for show but for use. Did it win votes? Now it is just here, we are often told, that the parliamentary orator comes hopelessly to grief. He may pour forth his eloquence by the hour, but who heeds him? The party whips have let each man know what is expected of him, and the bonds of party discipline do the rest. 'I have heard,' said a cynical Scotch

[1] *Life of Gladstone*, vol. ii., p. 593.
[2] See Dr. W. Mair's admirable little volume, *Speaking*.
[3] Sir George Trevelyan's *Early History of Charles James Fox*, p. 467.

member of William Pitt's day, 'many arguments which convinced my judgement, but never one that influenced my vote.'[1] Multiply men of this sort throughout the House and what becomes of the boasted influence of the great speaker? But the argument is a good deal less conclusive than perhaps it appears. A very hasty survey of our parliamentary annals will suffice to show that speeches *do* win votes. Not once or twice, but many times, the skill and energy of one resourceful champion have turned threatened defeat into victory and altered the whole parliamentary outlook.[2] And even if members of Parliament were as completely victims of the party-machine as they are sometimes represented, that would not prove that the day of the orator is spent. Thwarted on the floor of the House he would still have the public platform where he can not only win votes but determine great national issues. When we remember the solid achievements which stand to the credit of men like Bright and Cobden and Gladstone and Chamberlain and Lloyd George, achievements which they owe to the golden gift of speech, we may surely claim for the great orator a place among the makers of history. Nor does there seem to be any reason to anticipate any decline in his power in the days that lie before us.

What is the secret of this power? What is it that enables a man to exercise this strange wizardry over his fellows? I make no attempt to answer my own questions. At most it is only a partial answer which is within our reach. But there are two facts which usually go along with a great speaker's power. How far they explain it is another matter.

The first is hard work. Ruskin says somewhere that in his investigation of the lives of the artists whose works are in all points noblest, no fact ever loomed so large upon

[1] Quoted in *Political Orations*, edited by W. Clarke (*Scott Library*).

[2] Several instances are mentioned by Lord Curzon in the lecture referred to above, p. 22.

him, no law remained so steadfast in the universality of its application, as the fact and the law that they were all great workers. There is, of course, nothing new in this, and I had known in a vague kind of way that it held true of great speakers, but I confess I was not prepared for the evidence to it which a very little inquiry has revealed. With a few exceptions, so few as to be negligible, there is no one among the parliamentary leaders of recent years who has attained commanding influence as a speaker who has not paid the price in hard and continual toil. One of the first speeches by which Mr. Winston Churchill gained the ear of the House of Commons was written out six times in his own hand.[1] His father, Lord Randolph Churchill, not only wrote and repeated his speeches without notes and without alteration, but sometimes actually sent the MS. to the *Morning Post* in advance.[2] In memorizing and reciting his speeches Lord Randolph was but following the example of Lord Macaulay, Robert Lowe, Joseph Cowen, and probably many other brilliant parliamentary speakers. Mr. Bonar Law is generally reputed to be one of the readiest in debate among our public men to-day, but a parliamentary reporter declares that not only did he learn all his big speeches off by heart, but that he himself has listened to Mr. Law for an hour with a typewritten copy of the speech in his hands and that the delivery was word perfect. Perhaps no one ever felt the burden of a coming speech more than did John Bright. 'I am always ill for a week before speaking,' he said once. If he had to make a speech in the evening, Mr. Vince says, his nervousness and preoccupation made

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[1] *Prophets, Priests and Kings*, p. 229.

[2] See the *Life* by his son, p. 224, and Curzon's Lecture, p. 38. Of another orator who similarly sent his speeches in advance, it is recorded that once he dropped his manuscript in the street, and that, being picked up, it was found to contain such entries as 'Cheers,' 'Laughter,' and 'Loud applause,' culminating in '"But I am detaining you too long." (Cries of "No, no," and "Go on").' (Mr. G. W. E. Russell's *Fifteen Chapters of Autobiography*, p. 300.)

him almost unapproachable for the whole day.[1] Of Chamberlain's methods I have no precise information. But he once said to some youthful politicians, 'The mistake you young men make is that you don't take trouble with your speeches.' And a man needs to have very little experience in public speaking to know that the power to fashion those mordant sentences, keen and flashing as a sword-blade, with which Chamberlain hewed his way to fame, did not come without long and patient industry. A degree of natural aptitude sharpened by practice may often enable a man to be, as the saying goes, 'never at a loss for a word,' but the supreme endowment of the speaker is to be never at a loss for *the* word, and that is a gift sold only at the price of infinite labour.

The second thing rarely wanting in the highest class of political speaker is a great sincerity of soul, a certain moral elevation, that indefinable something which may be allied with cleverness, but yet is wholly different from it, and without which mere cleverness alone is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. Let a speaker once convey the impression that he is talking with his tongue in his cheek, that his whole soul is not engaged in the case of which he is the advocate, that in other circumstances he might have argued just as plausibly on the other side, and, though men may cheer as they cheer the dexterity of a juggler, he will never move them to great issues. One hesitates to mention names in such a context, but I shall at any rate be free from the suspicion of political partisanship if I say that Disraeli on the one side and Sir William Harcourt on the other both seem to have fallen short of the highest rank

[1] *John Bright*, in Victorian Era series, p. 206. Mr. Russell adds one or two further touches to the picture. When Bright was going to make a speech, he says, 'he was encompassed by safeguards against disturbance and distraction, which suggested the rites of Lucina. He was invisible and inaccessible. No bell might ring, no door might bang, no foot tread too heavily. There was a crisis, and every one in the house knew it; and when at length the speech had been safely uttered, there was the joy of a great reaction.'

from some failure here. Harcourt, says Lord Curzon, 'had many advantages as a speaker: a commanding presence, a classical style, a caustic humour, considerable erudition and a wide knowledge of affairs, but he failed to convince his hearers of sincerity or conviction.'[1] It is a severe, but not, one fears, an unjust judgement. Disraeli had still greater gifts, but he also falls short of the highest place, and apparently for the same reason. He spoke, it has been said, like one who listened to himself while he spoke. One who heard his speech in the House of Commons on the death of the Prince Consort wrote: 'It was cleverly done, artistically manufactured, and dramatically delivered. Every sentence was an excellent piece of joinery, and all agreed that it was a clever speech and praised it much. But it did not produce any marked effect on the House; for with all its artistic construction it lacked the Promothean fire of earnestness. We admired it, but it excited no feeling.'[2] In an address to the students of Glasgow University in 1872 Disraeli quoted a passage from Sophocles, and then added: 'In the perplexities of life I have sometimes found these lines a solace and a satisfaction; and I now deliver them to you to guide your consciences and guard your lives.' As a matter of fact, so Lord Curzon declares, Disraeli only acquired the quotation from an academic friend a little while before the meeting, and that a somewhat limited knowledge of Greek probably left him quite in the dark as to its meaning. They that do these things may win an hour's cheap applause, but the nemesis that waits on all insincerity is always nigh at hand to readjust the balance.

It is a much pleasanter task to turn to the other side of the parliamentary record. The triumph of Richard Cobden was as much a triumph of personal sincerity as of sound economics or of the zeal of the crusader. No one would claim oratorical gifts of even the second order for

[1] *Modern Parliamentary Eloquence*, p. 33.
[2] *Inner Life of the House of Commons*, vol. i. p. 163.

the late Duke of Devonshire. It is said that on one occasion he yawned in the middle of one of his own speeches. A lady at a dinner party good-naturedly rallied him on the subject. 'Ah! but madam,' he replied, 'you didn't hear the speech.' Yet Lord Curzon does not hesitate to say that 'the British Parliament has probably never contained a statesman who with fewer of the orator's gifts was more successful in producing an effect which even the orator sometimes fails to attain.'[1] Once more it was the triumph of incorruptible honesty added to saving common sense. And if to-day Lord Morley holds a place apart, and almost alone, in the reverent regard of his fellow countrymen, it is due not so much to his gifts as a speaker nor his attainments as a scholar, considerable as are the one and consummate as are the other, but to a deeper something which long ago led the miners of Northumberland to dub him 'honest John,' and which has made politics for him neither a trade nor a game, but a religion.

IV

The moral of all this for the preacher needs no pointing. It has in it both encouragement and warning. The day of the pulpit is no more past than is the day of the platform, provided always that the preacher will bring to his task both honest work and uttermost sincerity. He, too, can 'win votes,' if it is the winning of votes, the response of men's souls, on which his heart is set. 'To the prophets,' it has been finely said, 'preaching was no mere display, but a sore battle with the hard hearts of their contemporaries, in which the messenger of the Lord worked with the pity of his weakness upon him, at a supreme cost to himself and conscious that he must summon to his desperate task every resource of feeling and of art.'[2] Such preaching has

[1] *Modern Parliamentary Eloquence*, p. 37.
[2] Dr. G. A. Smith's *Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament*, p. 281.

never failed. It has great allies. It has an ally, albeit often a slumbering one, in every human breast. It has an ally, 'living and active,' in God Himself. Such preaching cannot fail.

The attempt is sometimes made to disparage the work of the preacher by reminding us of its fleeting and impermanent character. What floods of instruction, exhortation, and appeal are poured forth every week from the pulpits of our land; and what, men ask, comes of it all? Of the countless volumes of sermons that are annually issued from the Press, how many survive the year of their birth? Once or twice in a generation a great preacher arises, like John Henry Newman, or Frederick William Robertson, whose sermons take their place in our literature, but the rest vanish and are forgotten like a child's sand-castles before the advancing tide. We can count on the fingers of one hand all the books of sermons that the editor of *Everyman's Library* has thought it worth while to include in his seven hundred volumes of the world's literature. '"Vanity of vanities," saith the preacher, "all is vanity,"—even the preachings of the preacher himself.

But this quality of impermanence is no singularity of the preacher's work; it attaches to all human speech, to that of the politician no less than to that of the preacher. If sermons make but a poor show in *Everyman's Library*, political oratory fares no better. From Demosthenes downwards, with America thrown in to help, it can muster but seven volumes in all. Gladstone's speeches made a considerable noise in their day, but who reads them now? An enterprising publisher once ventured on an edition of them in ten volumes; I should be surprised to learn that he had ten pence for his pains. If there are any speeches in the English language which are safe against the tooth of time they are probably those of Edmund Burke. But the significant thing is that discourses which have been for succeeding generations a very mine of political wisdom only won for

their author at the time the nickname of 'the dinner bell of the House of Commons.' As prose literature the speeches of Burke are imperishable; as speeches, judged in the only way in which speeches can be judged, namely, by their influence on those who heard them, they were generally failures. Nor is the reason far to seek. They were not real speeches at all, but political treatises which happen to have been spoken. So that Burke is no real exception to that impermanence which belongs to almost all forms of the spoken word.

Therefore, let not the preacher hang down his head, as though some strange thing had happened to him that his words should so swiftly pass and be forgotten. If through them he is able *to serve his own generation by the will of God*, what matters it that afterwards they fall on sleep?

> He, whether praise of him must walk the earth
> For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
> Or he must go to dust without his fame,
> And leave a dead, unprofitable name,
> Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
> And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
> His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause!

And for him there is no other and no higher guerdon.

GEORGE JACKSON.

HOW TO MAKE OUR EMPIRE FIT FOR ITS WORK IN THE WORLD

The Educational Foundations of Trade and Industry. By Fabian Ware. (Harper & Bros., London and New York.)

The Industrial and Commercial Schools of the United States and Germany. A Comparative Study. By Frederick William Roman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, London and New York.)

The Issues for April, 1916, of the 'English Mechanic and World of Science,' 'Work,' and the 'Mechanical World.'

I

MR. STRACHAN DAVIDSON'S removal by death from the 'Master's Lodging' at Balliol, and the end of Dr. Lyttelton's long connexion as boy, tutor, and 'Head' with Eton, are events strictly pertinent for other reasons than time coincidence to the social and intellectual problems, a demand for whose solution is already making itself felt in as we hope, and allow ourselves to call them, the closing stages of the war. The novelties both of curriculum and method which schools and colleges, old or new, will alike be called upon to admit found their pioneers in the two most enterprising of nineteenth century Eton 'heads' as well as of their contemporary rulers of the society on the Isis presided over between five and six hundred years ago by the earliest educational reformer it ever had, John Wyclif. The late Master of Balliol in nothing showed himself a more apt and faithful pupil of Jowett than in his successful and enduring efforts to bring the Civil Service and Oxford together.

It was during the last half of the nineteenth century that Jowett first attracted to his college, often from primary

schools, lads with some aptitude for scientific workmanship or inquiry but quite innocent of the literary training that had hitherto barred the way to the blue riband of the matriculating student, a Balliol scholarship. Neither Jowett nor that Dean of Christ Church whom he succeeded (1855) in the Greek Professorship valued the older of the two classical tongues chiefly from the scholar's point of view. 'The great advantages of a classical education,' Gaisford had said, 'are that it enables us to look down upon our inferiors and opens up to us posts to which emolument is attached both in this world and that which is to come.' To Jowett Greek was an invaluable instrument of mental training, and its literature a refining ornament meet for the wear of the good citizens which it was his first ambition that his college should turn out. Gradually his views expanded. Balliol was to furnish pattern specimens of the rank and file in the body politic, but the pick of office holders in Church and State, to re-organize the Civil Service as well as the educational system, to supply the Crown with its best vice-gerents at home and abroad, and to rear a race of Imperial administrators and diplomatists. We were an Asiatic as well as a European power. The college, therefore, ought to be at once co-extensive with and representative of Eastern not less than Western civilizations, new as well as old. Hence the influx to the 'holy shades' of Wyclif and Jenkyns of the 'Japs' in such numbers as to make the place look like a suburb of Tokio. The principles of domestic and political administration not only found their way into college lectures like W. L. Newman's but duly reappeared in undergraduates' essays. In this way a future Canadian and Indian Viceroy, the present Lord Lansdowne, then Lord Kerry, needed little official apprenticeship for these high posts after exchanging the Balliol Groves for Westminster and Whitehall.

Meanwhile a former scholar of Balliol, afterwards honorary fellow and head master of Eton,—to-day its Pro-

vost,—had taught his pupils to use their hands as well as their heads, and on laying down the Headmastership in 1905 left in perfect order the workshops where so many Eton boys learned to be carpenters and cabinet makers. Even before the addition of these accomplishments to the study of the place, the playing-fields, the 'fagging' system, and other agencies calculated to develop various modes of physical ingenuity, had won Etonians a good character for being the general utility men of the Empire. In Australian gold mines or sheep-runs, in Canadian wheatfields or American cattle-ranches, the lads turned out by a Balston or a Hornby as by their successors, the two head masters already mentioned, showed themselves never wanting in using for their daily bread the limbs and muscles that a bygone race of 'Eton bucks' had looked upon as given them by Nature only for play. Whether it was pitching a tent, running up a shelter or hut, or cooking a dinner, the Eton emigrant was the William of Deloraine in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 'good at need.' Dr. Lyttelton's successor will not be chosen till July, and will, no doubt, be a classical man; while the workshops and other practical appliances are certain of improvement rather than neglect. At Balliol the new Master, Mr. A. L. Smith, has already begun in a spirit and with personal antecedents ensuring an advance upon the most enlightened tradition of Jowett and Strachan Davidson. As for the school workshops, Dr. Lyttelton started them at Haileybury when he went there in 1890. They still flourish there, and are now general elsewhere.

During the first week of last May, in the rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, there was held a meeting which presented some notable object-lessons in the private and public injury that may result from the neglect of physical science. The Chairman, Sir Ray Lankester, took classical honours in the Oxford schools; he owes alike his personal distinction and public usefulness to the happy

accident awakening in him a turn for zoological and physiological research. After these beginnings there gradually dawned upon him a full perception of the practical as well as intellectual value of physical studies. Another case in point of the same kind is Lord Rayleigh. This past President of the Royal Society, a Senior Wrangler, Smith's Prizeman, and Nobel Laureate, is no cloistered '*savant*' but a practical man of affairs with the most widely miscellaneous experience, demonstrating in how many different departments of thought and action science properly handled becomes the indispensable servant of the community at large as well as its own exceeding great reward. His Professorship of Experimental Physics marked the beginning of that self-education that set him on the alert for watching in every part of the world whatever inventions might be beneficially applied to the improvement of the soil on his Essex property and for the great efficiency of the pilots and the lighthouses that, since its establishment in 1512, have come within the jurisdiction of Trinity House. That is the historic body, brotherhood of which may almost be bracketed as an honour with the Freedom of the City, and whose uniform, on what Thackeray calls 'collar' days, was always worn by Mr. Gladstone in preference to any other form of Court dress. No apology is needed for detailed mention of these two signal authorities on the momentous subject that will form one of the legacies of the war.

The meeting now referred to did not separate before certain sufficiently definite and even peremptory resolutions had been passed. The principle underlying these was 'the necessity of making natural sciences an integral part of the educational force in all the great schools of the country, as well as giving it a place in the Oxford and Cambridge and the newer Universities' entrance test.' In addition to this the Government were entreated to lose no time in providing special encouragement for physical studies,

and in making our public servants more thoroughly up to their work by putting science in the front rank of competitions for the Civil Service, home and Indian. Above all the subject should be obligatory in Sandhurst and Woolwich examinations.

These suggestions are much less revolutionary than they may at first sight seem. In the mediaeval Oxford and Cambridge physics, to a greater degree than ethics or logic and far more than theology or scholarship, was studied by the ill-clothed, half-starved lads who thronged the church porches or any partly sheltered spot to hear lecturers like Grosseteste, Adam Marsh, and afterwards Roger Bacon, explaining the ceaselessly active processes in the great workshop of Nature. An acquaintance with these was reckoned not so much a desirable addition to as an essential part of a really liberal culture in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

'At first the Germans had a big lead over us in the manufacture of gases, owing to their superiority in chemistry, but now we have several establishments given over entirely to the making of asphyxiating gas.' So recently said the French Minister of Munitions, M. Albert Thomas, adding, 'German fiendishness has forced us to have recourse to this weapon, but I can't say I consider it of primary importance. Its successful use depends too much on conditions, and it can have little effect except in the initial surprise of attack.' As regards the relations of the laboratory to the battlefield the great Oxford chemistry teacher of the Middle Ages may have spoken in the same sense to the pupils who clustered round him under an improvised shed in Port Meadow. Roger Bacon had quite as definite notions as a Prussian scientist of making his researches and experiments subserve State uses and minister to the salvation of the body politic by enabling one half of it to destroy the other half. His discovery of the explosive power in charcoal and sulphur combined was proclaimed at Oxford at

least a century before it was tested in the first St. Albans fight as described in Bulwer-Lytton's *Last of the Barons*, reflecting, as with dramatic effect that work does, the genius and mastery over matter shown by this predecessor and namesake of the 'large-brow'd Verulam.'

'Villanous saltpetre' eventually displaced the good yew bow. Whenever that first happened the way for it had been prepared by Roger Bacon, not only by the success of his laboratory experiments but by his University discourses familiarizing, as these did, his audience with the idea of those great changes in the mode of battles, first witnessed under Bacon's personal supervision in the Barons' War and after his death continued at the instance and by the tradition of his disciples in the Wars of the Roses.

It is, however, to a teacher in advance of Bacon by more than a generation that there belongs the honour of having founded the natural science schools on the Isis. This was the twelfth-century ecclesiastic, Grosseteste, whose initiation of his classes into the '*arcana*' of the Universe brought the subject into such local vogue as for a time to eclipse the local interest in other branches of study. Under these men and their associates Oxford acquired European fame as a centre of physical instruction before becoming a school of Greek philosophy or letters, and even longer before the nameless scholar of Queen's defended himself against the attack of a wild boar on Shotover Hill by ramming a volume of Aristotle down the brute's throat. Grosseteste's chief colleague was his friend, Adam Marsh, described by Bacon himself as perfect in all knowledge, divine and human, and having for his sole compeers King Solomon, Aristotle, and Avicenna. 'The two greatest clerks in the world,' Marsh and Grosseteste, were personal friends and active sympathizers of Simon de Montfort, who thus in his conflicts with king and prince had on his side the latest and most effective adaptations of science to military attack

and defence. To none who in the Middle Ages studied under these pioneers of the learning which the twentieth century is called upon to re-organize did it occur that they, any more than their preceptors, were associated with pursuits at all inferior as regards intellectual or social prestige to any other departments of academic culture. Between 1440 and 1530 two Oxford contemporaries, Grocyn and Linacre, having perfected or greatly improved their Greek at Florence, had returned from their travels to their University, and were reading together Aristotle's scientific treatises. Grocyn, domiciled probably at Exeter College, was the earliest public lecturer on the Greek language; in the room next his Linacre had collected the pupils who formed the nucleus of the eager following that afterwards frequented the Linacre lectures at St. John's, Cambridge, and Merton, Oxford. Hence, on the Isis the beginning of the Linacre Professorship of Comparative Anatomy and Physiology founded about 1857 by the then Regius Professor of Medicine, Sir Henry Acland.

This revival of Oxford Physicism within a few years of the great Exhibition was attended with some *éclat*, and much that was as interesting as it was strange. Among those assisting at the inaugural ceremonies were Persian princes each in his fez, accompanied by a Syrian Christian from Beyrout; this intelligent and much observed stranger was greatly lionized by the High Church people, who declared 'some sinister stories about his antecedents to be only the malice of some missionary,' but who took very seriously the visitor's reports about the indignities inflicted by the Turks on the bishops, priests, and deacons belonging to any Christian power in ill odour with the Porte.

The connexion of the humanities with the healing art had begun at Oxford after the manner already described with Linacre. It was continued by the founder of the chair bearing his name. Of the Oxford physic teachers Roger Bacon, when exposing the untrustworthiness of the Arabian commentaries on Aristotle, was the earliest to

denounce the notion that theological truth can be opposed to scientific truth. That also formed a strong point with Linacre. After the pronouncements of Sir Oliver Lodge and Mr. Arthur Balfour it has almost become a commonplace.

Later experiences were to show that there existed no more of necessary opposition between physics and letters than there had been in the case of the sixteenth-century recreator of Oxford Science, Linacre, whose name is perpetuated by the Professorship of Anatomy on the Isis. The first occupant of the chair established by Sir Henry Acland illustrated that fact as signally as was afterwards done by one of his most accomplished pupils, H. D. Traill, or even by Huxley himself. George Rolleston, a chief organizer of and teacher for the natural science schools irreverently known as ' bones and stinks ' during the second half of the nineteenth century, had been accounted one of the best First Classes in the Michaelmas term of 1850. He would certainly have won any classical fellowship for which he might have stood, and was justly bracketed by those who knew them both with his contemporary, Henry J. S. Smith, of Balliol, an Ireland scholar, as well as double first before becoming the European authority on the theory of numbers and the mysteries of geometry. Born at Maltby Hall, 1829, near Rotherham, in the West Riding, Rolleston inherited from his father, the squire as well as vicar of the place, a great aptitude for the two classical languages, some of whose authors he could read at almost as early an age as J. S. Mill himself. His strong clear Yorkshire brains made him a power in the University; while his general antecedents invested him with something of the social not less than intellectual authority that in the thirties had in Newman's opinion marked out E. B. Pusey for the Tractarian leadership. At any rate, installed in the Linacre chair, Rolleston not only made the modern Oxford science school, but in doing so gave an impetus to the movement that has

since provided University teaching '*de omni re scibili*' on subjects so wide asunder as Palaeontology and the arts of agriculture or war, scarcely less on the Isis than in those great commercial and industrial centres, to each of which a University has become as indispensable as its council chamber, its art-gallery, its baths, or its suffragan bishop. Rolleston's usefulness and influence owed something to the happy chance that brought the British Association to Oxford in 1860, and diversified its proceedings by the debate on Darwinism, with Richard Owen and T. H. Huxley for the two protagonists. Huxley proved his loyalty to Darwin by championing evolutionist theories in which he found little or no support from Sir Richard Owen.

Rolleston at least began as a Darwinian of a temperate type. The Oxford controversy set him at work on the problem of brain classification. The earliest results of these researches appeared in a Royal Institution lecture January 24, 1862. That year witnessed a little later a renewal of the Owen-Huxley dispute. Rolleston now definitely took Huxley's side; afterwards he continued and enlarged his craniological and morphological studies. The views of cerebral development with which he had now identified himself were maintained and elaborated by him till the close of his life. To-day they have their monument in the unrivalled skull collection at the Oxford Museum. Their immediate result was his election to a fellowship of the Royal Society, and also to a fellowship at Merton in his own University. In 1873 he delivered the Harveian oration at the Royal College of Physicians. What further contributions he might have made to the subjects connected with his Linacre Professorship can only be a matter of conjecture. He had scarcely reached middle age when his health failed; he returned from a winter on the Riviera to die at Oxford on June 16, 1881. He was then only fifty; but he had lived long enough not merely to complete the inquiries which he had made his own, but to invest

Oxford with European as well as national prestige for its natural science school and its apparatus of all kinds for scientific study. Yet it was at Cambridge that the scientific movement of the nineteenth century really began. It was indeed directly due to the encyclopaedic Whewell's initiative. This was the prodigious Master of Trinity concerning whom Sydney Smith had been the first to say, 'Science is his forte and omniscience his foible.' His 'History' first, and his 'Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences' afterwards had combined with the British Association meetings and other agencies to stimulate and diffuse the long growing interest in the subject. His personal '*fiat*,' 1851, gave modern physics a place among Senate-house subjects. Three years later the natural science school had come into existence at Oxford.

Meanwhile personal forces unconnected with either seat of learning were winning fresh recruits among all classes for what Francis Bacon calls 'the interrogation of nature.' The earliest definite discovery arousing the popular mind to a sense of the services which science might render in the operations of daily life was Humphry Davy's safety lamp in 1815. Twelve years later Davy's pupil, Michael Faraday, produced an invention of his own, as valuable in its way as that of his master, and equally calculated to deepen the growing conviction that physical research might be so developed and manipulated as to become the most precious help and agent of nineteenth-century civilization.

In 1827 Faraday's improvements in lighthouse illumination contained the beginnings of that electric light which only became fully domiciled among ourselves and the rest of the world in 1894, nearly seventy years after Faraday's discoveries.

For other reasons than the practical and universal utility of his work, science was particularly well served by Faraday, and for this reason. Brougham and Whewell had so far stood forth as her chief champions, claiming something

like a monopoly of her defence and message. Modesty, deference to others, and consideration for weaker brethren were as little the virtues of these remarkable men as sweetness and light. Both in private as well as public always spoke *ex cathedra*, brooked neither rivalry nor contradiction, and treated those with whom they merely conversed much as might have been done by Sergeant Buzfuz if he had had them before him in the witness box. The loud-voiced vaunting by such as these of their insight into Creation's mysteries had already caused Sir Walter Scott to recall Shakespeare's words (2 *King Henry IV.*, Act i., Scene 2): 'It was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.' At the same time he wrote to Miss Edgeworth, 'I am no great believer in the extreme degree of improvement to be derived from the advancement of science; for every study of that nature tends, when pushed to a certain extent, to harden the heart.' In Germany, moreover, this great and good man had noticed with its results the tendency to materialism and what he once called a crass and supercilious intellectualism. He congratulated England on her counteractive to that tendency in his own great friends, Sir Humphry Davy first and Michael Faraday afterwards. For each of these Nature had a Divine Author, to whose supremacy those who would investigate her secrets must bow. Hence in his Royal Institution lecture on mental training Faraday said, 'The education of the judgment has for its first and last step—Humility.' This was the temper which reconciled Scott himself to science as a subject of school and college study, and which made a man so entirely different from him as John Hookham Frere say, 'Conchology or botany if you like—the great thing is not what you teach boys, but how to teach it well.' And here in passing one may notice that the fourteenth Lord Derby, who boasted of having been born in the pre-scientific age, during his Oxford Chancellorship between 1852 and 1869 not

only showed no classical bigotry but supported the natural science schools.

Happily, therefore, for both Universities a more amiable and rational attitude on the part of really representative men coincided with the very beginnings of the Industrial Revolution accomplished during the last century. It is the logical results of that movement abroad and at home which in connexion with the English school and college system the war has brought to a head.

So far the course of English scientific teaching has been conducted on the same line and by the same agency as was the case with elementary instruction generally before the Act of 1870. It has been, that is to say, the product of private initiative and individual enterprise. George Birkbeck, a Quaker by training and descent, when a student at Edinburgh, formed a friendship with Lord Brougham and lost little time in turning it to practical account. Subsequent experiences at the Glasgow Andersonian Institution suggested and gradually in all its details developed a scheme of instruction for working men by free lectures on the mechanical arts generally as well as in particular, the principles upon which machinery operates and the uses to which it may be applied. The movement began auspiciously, but afterwards produced comparatively little results, first from the absence of all money endowment, secondly from the illiterateness of the workmen, who, of course, all belonged to the darkest educational ages before 1870. As a pioneer, therefore, Birkbeck failed only because he had no foundation of primary teaching on which to raise his secondary super-structure. Nor, as a fact, had Parliament laid that foundation when the first organized impulse was given to scientific instruction by the Hyde Park Exhibition of 1851. The Prince Consort, we now know, saw deeper into the educational needs of his time than did any of his contemporaries. The deficiency as regards taste and training of our manufacturers, shown by comparison with our

foreign rivals at the Great World's Show, confirmed the misgivings rather than disappointed the scrutiny of Queen Victoria's husband. The Prince therefore took into his confidence on the subject a man who united first-rate business capacity with scientific knowledge of the most practical kind in a greater degree than any one then living. This was the future Professor Lyon (eventually Lord) Playfair; at that time his professional period had not begun, and he had held no other official post than the managership of the Clitheroe Print Works. The Prince Consort, however, could trust his own estimate of character; from the first he never doubted that in Playfair he had ready to his hand exactly the man he wanted. Within a shorter time than the Prince himself had ventured to hope the gate money of the World's Show in Hyde Park, amounting to £186,436, was devoted to purchasing as near as was practicable to the Exhibition's site a plot of ground in South Kensington, covered to-day by the South Kensington Museum. That the institution intended for the instruction of those engaged in the prosecution of arts and manufactures had come into being by the midsummer of 1857 was largely due to another member of the Prince Consort's staff, bracketed with Playfair, Sir Henry Cole, whose consummate taste, judgement, and irrepressible energy gradually transformed a school of studies into the incomparable Palace of Art.

Meanwhile important preparatory work in the same direction had been done elsewhere. During the four years that followed Queen Victoria's accession, the Board of Trade—or, as it was then called, the Committee of Trade—obtained from the Treasury £1,500 for creating a Central Government School of Design. This formed the beginning of the Science and Art Department. The Royal College of Science was a name coined much later. The Prince Consort's and Sir Henry Cole's influence, however, continued triumphantly to assert itself till nearly the close of the nineteenth

century after both had passed away. The Royal College of Science had existed by a humbler title since 1851. Several years had still to elapse before its transfer to South Kensington completed the Prince Consort's original scheme, the concentration in one official department of the scattered forces available for industrial teaching of every kind. That formed the great lesson which the Prince had been quick to learn, and which he never ceased to impress on the industrial classes of his adopted country as the moral of the 1851 Exhibition, English inferiority to Continental resource and skill in applying the results of science to the conditions of daily life in its ever varying vicissitudes. Since the Prince's time that counsel has never been enforced with so convincing a variety of fresh practical illustrations as in the second book at the head of this article. Nothing can be more suggestive or could prove more fruitful than Mr. F. W. Roman's analysis of the methods and the results, German and American, enabling him as they do to propose something like a model for English imitation. He is, of course, concerned rather to present a survey accurate and complete than to expound a policy or to express an opinion about the changes which cannot be delayed without national and imperial peril in our English system of teaching. Reform rather than reconstruction should be, then, our chief and immediate concern. No fresh University or public schools inquiry commissions are wanted. Properly administered, existing facilities are enough. The great thing to begin with is that neither at school or college should the traditional premium on classical learning be longer offered. At our schools the separation between the classical side and the modern or scientific side should be more thorough and definite than is sometimes the case. The boys also belonging to both sides should have the same access to Oxford and Cambridge. In other words, no question should be asked about the 'dead' languages in the competition for science Scholarships. On a lower rung of the educational

ladder there is danger in delaying improvement in the method of teaching foreign tongues, history, and geography. The responsibilities of the elementary schools, it must be thoroughly understood, are not at an end when the boy is sent out to earn his living. The supplementary course that really makes can only then begin.

In the work already mentioned, Mr. Roman has surpassed all other writers in showing the immense usefulness of continuation classes and the steps by which many difficulties in connexion with them can be surmounted. Sweeping and organic reforms there must of course be. They will prove the more practical and successful if they are carried out piece-meal, and every school or college is given an opportunity of putting its house in order before some external authority prescribes its entrance upon the new curriculum. The new lessons, by a little care and tact, can be introduced without much initial violence to existing studies. Moreover, it will be often found possible so to teach some of the old subjects which are left that they shall become the vehicles for conveying the desiderated and indeed essential knowledge of the new sort.

Geography would be learnt as a part of history. History itself in adroit hands, in addition to our own domestic annals, would include, without being in the slightest degree strained, an accurate estimate of the play of political and constitutional forces, popular sentiments and prejudice among our trans-oceanic kinsmen.

The new Eton Head Master will be definitely chosen shortly after these lines are read, in July. The fact of his being a classical man will not prevent his having modern affinities as strong as either of his two latest predecessors. The Prince Consort's Modern Languages Prize gave Eton a lead in those linguistic studies which events abroad are so powerfully stimulating. As for the development of science, it is an entire mistake to suppose that public school headmasters, whether at Eton or elsewhere, can accelerate it or

retard it. It is almost entirely a financial question. The appliances for scientific teaching are so costly that, without a public prepared to pay considerable extras, the greatest enthusiast can do little to increase it. On the other hand, of course, the University and Civil Service Examiners may make science compulsory. In that case there would be a large increase of the boys learning it; and parents would have to pay for the additional teaching. At first much embarrassment would be occasioned by the paucity of fully qualified scientific teachers. Probably many years would lapse before these were adequately forthcoming. That may well seem to demand not a little caution from those votaries of physical teaching who are pressing its claims on the great schools that are national institutions.

T. H. S. Escott.

PRESIDENT YUAN SHIH KAI AND THE MONARCHICAL MOVEMENT IN CHINA

(Died on June 5th, 1916)

YUAN SHIH KAI, President of the Republic of China, is a typical Chinese of the governing class. He first came prominently before the public eye after the muddle in Corea in 1894, when he was Chinese Imperial Resident there. Rightly or wrongly he was blamed, together with Li Hung-Chang, for that disastrous war with Japan which occurred during his Residency. Certain it is that his arbitrary manner did not make easier the path of Chinese diplomacy. Notwithstanding his mistakes and his many official enemies, Yuan Shih Kai continued in high favour at Court, and his prestige was undiminished. In 1898 he was Judicial Commissioner of Chihli, the Metropolitan province. This was the fateful year of the great *coup d'état*. Events had been proceeding apace, and Kang Yu-wei and the Reform Party were in high favour with the young Emperor Kuang Hsü, who had but recently taken over the control of the affairs of State from the Empress-Dowager.

Yuan Shih Kai was summoned to an Imperial audience, and the Emperor was so impressed with his seeming earnestness and sincerity for reform that Yuan completely won his confidence. The Emperor asked him if he would be loyal to his sovereign if he were placed in command of a large force of troops. Yuan protested he would faithfully serve his Majesty in the meanest capacity and to his latest breath. Deceived by these professions, the Emperor issued an Edict which laid upon Yuan the duty of army reform, thus placing in his hands the power which he has since wielded to such tremendous personal advantage.

The Emperor realized that the old Empress-Dowager

was the leader of the Reactionary Party, and would stop at nothing in her determination to frustrate his plans of reform. The Empress-Dowager's devoted henchman, the famous Manchu Yung Lu, had been her faithful ally all through her life of Court intrigue, and the Emperor knew that this man was the greatest champion of her reactionary policy. He determined, therefore, to have him removed. In four days' time the Emperor again summoned Yuan to another audience, and then revealed to him the entire plot of the Reform Party, which included the imprisonment of the Empress-Dowager and the assassination of Yung Lu, who at this time was in command of the foreign-drilled troops stationed at Tientsin. At the end of the audience the Emperor presented Yuan with the symbol of the Royal Command—a small green arrow—and ordered him to proceed at once to Tientsin, to seize Yung Lu, and have him instantly decapitated. Yuan was then to return to Peking, bringing with him the foreign-drilled troops; he was to seize and imprison the Empress-Dowager, and await further commands. On the accomplishment of this mission he was to be promoted to the office of Viceroy of Chihli, the greatest Viceroyalty in the Empire.

Yuan started immediately for Tientsin, and arriving about noon proceeded at once to the Yamen of Yung Lu, where instead of carrying out the commands of the Emperor, he betrayed the whole plot to the man he had been sent to assassinate, producing in proof of his statement the portentous green arrow. Yung Lu, instead of being alarmed, affected surprise that the Empress-Dowager had not been aware of the intentions of the Emperor. He left immediately for Peking to inform his Royal Mistress of the plot, and we know with what tragic and dramatic results for the Emperor and the Reform Party. The Emperor was imprisoned on a small island in one of the lakes in the palace grounds, where he went in fear of his life for twenty-three terrible months. The Reformers, as many as the Empress-Dowager could seize, were summarily executed. And so ended the fiasco

of the young Emperor's immature reforms, and the hundred days of freedom which he had enjoyed from her rigorous Regency. After this signal service to her person and cause Yuan rose still higher in the favour of the Empress-Dowager, and promotion and emoluments were rapid and costly.

In 1900 came the terrible Boxer uprising, and the flight of the Court to Hsi-an, the provincial capital of Shensi. Yuan was at this time Governor of Shantung, and after the allied armies had entered Peking he was one of the chief officials appointed by the Empress-Dowager to settle terms of peace. Later he was given command of the northern armies, and promoted to the powerful Viceroyalty of Chihli, which had been the very bait offered to him by the Emperor under such different circumstances. At this time Yuan's annual reviews were the talk of the military world, and year by year military attachés from all the Embassies at Peking and war and other correspondents were invited to the manœuvres. It was the common joke of the Yangtse Valley that attachés and correspondents were fed 'not wisely but too well,' and that they saw these military displays through roseate hues. These manœuvres had been carefully rehearsed beforehand, and were restaged with great skill, but when the foreign visitors at last realized the deception the famous Yuan reviews ceased to attract.

In 1908 the Viceroy Yuan Shih Kai celebrated his fiftieth birthday. In the Flowery Land the fiftieth birthday is a season of great festivity, and so with each succeeding tenth year. The Empress-Dowager showered honours and costly gifts upon her trusted minister, and all official Peking followed the imperial example, and attended the birthday celebrations to offer congratulations and present gifts. Prince Ch'un, the Emperor's brother, was conspicuous by his absence. He had obtained a few days' leave from duty at the Palace, and sent no presents for the Viceroy's jubilee. This was a studied insult to the favourite minister and was no doubt not lost upon him. Another most sinister incident

happened during the celebrations. To the surprise and alarm of the assembled guests, they read on two of the presentation scrolls words which conveyed a rebuke, with an implied suspicion of secret dark ambition, and they wondered who had had the temerity to introduce such scrolls at such a time. One scroll gave the date of the *coup d'état*, —the date of Yuan's betrayal of his imperial master; and the other scroll conveyed the wish of loyalty—'may the Emperor live ten thousand years,' followed by the unlawful and disloyal wish 'may your Excellency live ten thousand years.' This Chinese 'Banzai' (ten thousand years) was not applicable to any subject of the Manchu throne, and darkly hinted at Yuan's conspiring for the supreme power.

It seemed almost like 'the writing on the wall,' and when at the end of that fateful year, immediately following the decease of the Emperor and the Empress-Dowager, the great Viceroy was disgraced and banished to his ancestral home, the thoughts of all Peking officialdom reverted to the mysterious scrolls, and connected them with the absence of Prince Ch'un from the Viceregal festivities. Be that as it may, it is well known that when the Emperor Kuang Hsü wrote with his dying hand his valedictory Edict he prefaced it with these words—'She' (the Empress-Dowager) 'has always hated Us, but for Our misery of the past ten years, Yuan Shih Kai is responsible. . . . When the time comes I desire that Yuan be summarily beheaded.' Yuan had known ever since his betrayal of the Emperor's plans that there was ceaseless and vigilant enmity between Prince Ch'un and himself. His power was co-existent with and dependent on the life of the Empress-Dowager, and with all the love of gamble which no Chinese can resist he had hazarded his life for the fleeting power of the moment. Ten years of greatness and favouritism had poured their treasures upon him, but with the advancing age of his Imperial Mistress the hour-glass of good fortune was running low,

and when the woman who had controlled China for half a century gasped her life out in the Lake Palace, the last grains fell, and with them the blow of vengeance from Prince Ch'un.

To those who know China, the surprise was not that the blow had fallen, but that it had fallen short of his life. Ostensibly the great Viceroy was sent into retirement to nurse a gouty leg. The next three years were troublous times for China. The financial burden of the Boxer indemnities to the foreign powers was pressing heavily. The people were fighting the governments of the various provinces to retain control of suggested trunk railroads, while the secret persistent machinations of the Young China Party were now coming out boldly into the open. Rebellion and bankruptcy threatened throne and nation, and the outlook was dark indeed.

Yuan knew the ominous look of the times, and from his watch-tower of seclusion saw the storm advance. The infant Emperor Hsüan T'ung was too young to take any part in the affairs of State, and the effete Manchu Court needed the strong guiding hand of the late Empress-Dowager to take the helm at such a juncture to save the nation from disaster, and the throne and dynasty from destruction. Yuan was approached by the Court. Enquiries were made as to the state of his health, and he gave the enigmatic reply that his gouty leg was no better and no worse since the day he went into retirement. He was not to be drawn. On October the tenth, 1911, the storm burst, and red revolution ran riot through the stricken land. Province after province turned over to the Revolutionaries. Great Manchu strongholds like Nanking and Hsi-an were stormed and literally razed to the ground ; while their Manchu inhabitants, men, women, and children, were butchered in the streets, and none were spared. Last winter the writer went through the length and breadth of the Tartar (Manchu) city of Nanking, and the appalling scene of utter desolation is as vividly portrayed

before him to-day as when he saw it then. Not a scrap of wood remained from the general conflagration, not one brick had been left upon another by the fierce Revolutionaries. Root and branch the Manchus had been exterminated from Nanking; and so throughout China, South, West and Central, the cause of the Manchu seemed lost beyond recovery when Yuan was called to the aid of the State.

From the moment he entered Peking he was virtually dictator of China, and has remained so ever since. The inner history of those fateful days has yet to be written. How Yuan's northern soldiers were poured into Central China, and by their victories in Hankow and Hanyang called a halt to the Revolutionaries; how in Peking he won a diplomatic victory over the Manchu Court and Party, and finally bought them out with gold which the exhausted treasury did not contain; how he parleyed with the Republicans and brought peace to the troubled land—all this is a romance for the historian of more distant days than these to relate. Suffice it to say that Yuan was the only man for the occasion, and both Chinese and Manchus knew it, though neither trusted or loved him.

The infant Emperor and his Court were allowed to retain all the outward pomp and circumstance of Royalty, being permitted, for the time being at any rate, to remain within the Imperial Palace in Peking itself. For a few brief months Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the Revolutionary leader, was provisional President of the new Republic, but feeling his own inadequacy for this most difficult position, resigned in favour of Yuan Shih Kai. Thus it came about that the man who had risen to the highest posts of honour and power in the realm, at the hands of the Empress-Dowager, and who had later suffered such a total and utter eclipse at the hands of his enemy Prince Ch'un, became by one turn of fickle fortune's wheel the supreme ruler of China and her millions.

When Yuan assumed the chief executive power and took the oath of loyalty to the Republic the official and educated

classes of China must have breathed a sceptical 'How long?' From the very first days of his Presidency he has been suspected of ulterior designs. The nation has never truly forgiven him the part he played in bringing about the *coup d'état* in 1898 and the destruction of the Reform Party. The punishment has been an ever-increasing suspicion of his every executive act.

When the first Republican Parliament assembled, which should have devoted its time to urgent matters of State, the members used the precious days in party quarrels and mutual recriminations. After some show of patience the President acted as another Cromwell, and closed the doors of the Assembly. This autocratic act naturally did not add to his popularity. The President next set about quietly, but very successfully, replacing the juvenile and inexperienced amateur officials of the new Republic by his more matured and experienced friends of the old régime. This did not allay the increasing suspicion of the Young China Party, and the mutterings of the coming abortive storm were heard on every hand, and culminated in the fiasco of the second rebellion in 1912. The astute President now outlawed all who, like Dr. Sun Yat-sen, had been foolish enough to make the puerile attempt. Thus it came about that the chief leaders in 1911 who had been instrumental in bringing in the new Republic, and who had at its establishment been its Chief Executive Council, were now in 1912 fugitive from the very Republic they had been the chief factors in establishing.

The President's next step was to place his trusted northern troops in the chief centres of strategic importance. He garrisoned notoriously hostile cities like Ch'ang Sha in Hunan with troops from his own native province, and having by this means made his military predominance secure, he further strengthened his grip by supplanting the Civil Governors, appointing military officials in their place—all his own nominees and faithful supporters. It is interesting to note

that the President in his subjugation of China has adopted the very same methods as those pursued by the Manchu conquerors over two hundred and seventy years ago, when they brought China beneath their alien yoke.

Another politic advance soon followed. In some mysterious way the Executive was brought to see that it was to the country's advantage for the Presidential term of office to be extended from five to ten years. This was actually done, and later the term was again extended to cover the life of the President. He was further empowered to nominate his successor, and it is said that there rests in a strong chest in Peking the list of those he desires to follow him in the Presidential Chair. His far-sightedness is also seen in the diplomatic arrangements he has made for marrying his children into families of political importance. One of his daughters is said to be betrothed to the Manchu boy-Emperor—Hsüan T'ung—while one of his sons has been betrothed to the daughter of Li Yuan-hung, the universally respected Vice-President of the Republic.

In the religious world, too, his tactics have been no less thorough. On the one hand he accepted the suggestion of his Prime Minister, Ch'eng Lu-hsiang, a devout Roman Catholic, and called on Christendom for a Day of Universal Prayer. This call brought a hearty response from all Christians in China and beyond. On the other hand, he has most certainly sought to ingratiate himself with the Confucianists by re-introducing the old Confucian ritual upon all State occasions, and at his induction as President there was strict and punctilious observance of ancient Confucian ceremonies. He also revived the Imperial function of the worship of Heaven and Earth at the spring and autumn sacrifices, and has re-established the worship of the sage in all the Government educational institutions throughout the land.

Secure in Peking, all official posts of importance filled by his own nominees, the old Revolutionaries discredited and outlawed, and all strategic centres overawed by his

faithful northern troops, the President has prepared himself for the next great move. Quietly and persistently the country has been inoculated with an anti-republican virus, or rather shall we say the Republic has been manœuvred to assume that she was tired of republicanism, and wanted a monarchical form of government. This is not true, however, of the people as a whole. In fact, outside the *literati* and governing classes the general masses of the people are against further change; not that they are enamoured of the republican form of government, but that they want to be left alone and given a rest.

The whole movement for a monarchy has been engineered from Peking. The 'Chou-an-hui Bring Peace Association' is really the instrument of the President's Party. This Association has secured a certain number of Peking and provincial daily newspapers which strenuously advocate the claims of monarchy as the only means of bringing stability to the government of this, as they declare, distracted country. In all the large influential cities 'Branch Associations' have been formed, and from these have been forwarded to Peking bushels of memorials and petitions pleading for a change of government. The military and civil officials, the great Guilds and Chambers of Commerce have all been induced to promote and sign these petitions; and so the propaganda has grown apace, until the President and the Executive of the Government have had perforce to listen to the call of the nation. Thus it has come about that we have had a mock election by visible ballot, and the electorate has unanimously declared for a monarchy. If ever a voters' register was a 'fake' surely this Chinese register was one. Certain 'selected' officials, certain 'qualified' *literati* and gentry, certain 'patriotic' citizens comprised that register. In the province of Hunan voters were asked for whom they were intending to vote, and if they did not give a satisfactory reply they were disqualified and other electors more amenable were substituted. Those who voted for monarchy

had their travelling expenses provided—two hundred ounces of silver—the others had none.

By means of these devious machinations the President was 'called' to the Throne of China to found a new monarchy and to establish a Chinese dynasty. It was a flagrant betrayal of four hundred millions of the black-haired race. They never trusted him, and yet, failing another man, they had to place the new-born Republic in his strong hands. He took his Presidential oath of loyalty to the Republic, and then he as lightly broke that solemn oath. He might have gone down to posterity as one of the mightiest reformers of this most wonderful century, instead he chose the Imperial Yellow, and the ways of the old régime. It may be asked why was the President at such pains to manœuvre this call of the people for a King? Because the love of intrigue and secret society methods commend themselves to the subtleties of the Chinese mind. The circuitous route always makes a strong appeal, and no Chinese lets his schemes be known before they are fully matured. Perhaps another inducement has been to throw dust in the eyes of Europe, for we must ever remember that the Orient now masquerades on the stage of the world with its face towards the West.

Europe has been too seriously engaged with her own portentous affairs to give more than a passing glance at China. She has, however, given a word of warning to the President not to make haste, but that word of warning was resented by those who had engineered the monarchical movement, and was rejected by them as an interference with the sovereign rights of the nation. The preparations for the enthronement were proceeding apace when the smouldering fire of an outraged Republic blazed forth from many provinces, and President Yuan (expectant Emperor) has had to call a halt to monarchy and promise to respect the constitution of the young Republic.

F. C. Cooper.

F. W. H. MYERS

BORN at Keswick, in 1843, Frederick William Henry Myers was the son of the Rev. Frederic Myers, the first incumbent of St. John's Church, of that town, a Broad Churchman and a man of scholarly tastes. His mother was Harriet, the daughter of John Marshall, of Hallstead, Ullswater. Keswick is famous as the home and haunt of Southey, de Quincey, and Ruskin and of the poets Coleridge, Shelley, and Wordsworth; it is still the home and haunt of *littérateurs*; but so far as we know is the *birthplace* of but one eminent poet, and that is F. W. H. Myers.

From the delightful volume edited by his widow under the title *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*, we may gather the writer's undying impression of his early surroundings:—

> 'It was in the garden of that fair Parsonage that my conscious life began. *Ver illud erat.* The memories of those years swim and sparkle in a haze of light and dew. The thought of Paradise is interwoven for me with that garden's glory: with the fresh brightness of a great clump and tangle of blush roses, which hung above my head like a fairy forest, and made magical with their fragrance the sunny inlets of the lawn. And even with that earliest gaze is mingled the memory of that vast background of lake and mountain, where Skiddaw—ὀμὸς Κθωρών—hid his shoulders among the clouds, while through them his head towered to heaven; and Causey Pike and Catbells, with the vale of Newlands between them, guarded that winding avenue into things unknown—as it were the limitary parapet and enchanted portal of the world.'

Not even by Ruskin himself could this early scene be more exquisitely depicted; but Myers' description of the familiar landscape is less significant as a self-revelation than the story of his first grief. This was the sight of a dead mole crushed by a cart-wheel on the Borrowdale Road. He rushed to his mother to inquire if the little mole had

gone to heaven. Gently and lovingly he was told that it had no soul and could not live again.

'To this day I remember my rush of tears at the thought of that furry, innocent creature, crushed by a danger which I fancied it too blind to see, and losing all joy for ever by that unmerited stroke. The pity of it! The pity of it! and the first horror of a death without resurrection rose in my bursting heart.'

No incident could more fitly illustrate the Wordsworthian conception of the vision of childhood, so penetrating, so poignant, so immediate; only that for Myers the horror of death and the passion for immortality was never to fade 'into the light of common day.' The dead mole of the Borrowdale road supplied the *motif* of a yearning—almost an obsession—which he was never to lose, which was indeed to dominate his intellectual activity, his spiritual being throughout his career.

He left Keswick with his mother at the age of eight on his father's death in 1851. Educated at Blackheath, where he attended a preparatory school, and at Cheltenham, he passed in 1860 to Cambridge. He was a born classic, and the record of his Cambridge honours is remarkable: it included two university scholarships and no less than six university prizes (the Latin poem, the Latin essay three times, and the English poem twice): he was second classic in 1864 and second in the first class of the Moral Science Tripos, finally winning the blue ribbon of Cambridge scholarship, a Fellowship at Trinity. For four years he held the position of classical lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, but resigned in 1869 to accept a temporary appointment under the Education Department. Finally, in 1872, he was appointed a permanent School Inspector—a post which he held until within a few weeks of his death. In 1900 he was ordered to Italy for the benefit of his health; but in the following year he died at Rome. His body was laid to rest in St. John's churchyard, Keswick, near the

gateway of the parsonage garden. You may see on his tombstone a favourite line from the Odyssey which he himself thus translated :—

'Striving to save his own soul and his comrades' homeward way.' 'This,' he had said, 'is a line which I could wish graven on some tablet of my memory.'

To the great majority who know anything about him he is the author of the poem called 'St. Paul,' and he has no other claim to general interest. Though the comparative neglect of his other writings may be undeserved, the fact as stated is beyond doubt. 'St. Paul' is an achievement of youth, to Myers himself when he had come to years of maturity it would doubtless appear to be the product of a transient emotional phase which he had long outgrown. He would regard it with languid interest as an attempt at a prize poem, which happened to achieve a greater vogue than usually falls to the lot of the most successful prize poems and as an immature exercise inferior in importance to the scientific quest of immortality which engrossed his later life. This is not the first time the world has declined to accept an author's estimate of his work. In this case posterity supports the general verdict and raises Myers' poetry and prose essays to a pre-eminence which his *Phantasms of the Living* will never attain.

'St. Paul' was the first of his poems to appear in print. It had been composed for the Seatonian prize—an English verse competition on a sacred subject limited to Cambridge graduates. It was not awarded the prize, possibly, says Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, 'because it did not conform to the traditional requirements.' Three years later—in 1870—he published a small volume of collected poems, which was never reprinted as a whole when the edition was exhausted. Some of the poems, however, were re-issued in a later volume published in 1882 and entitled *The Renewal of Youth, and other poems.* This collection contains his 'Saint John the

Baptist' written in blank verse. Ruskin in 1872 wrote to Prince Leopold, 'The "John Baptist" seems to me entirely beautiful and right in its dream of him. The "St. Paul" is not according to my thought, but I am glad to have my thought changed.' Prince Leopold, by the by, and Myers were acquaintances; and the latter sincerely mourned the untimely death of the gentle, scholarly Prince, in whose honour he wrote a beautiful appreciation and a memorial poem (see *Science and a Future Life*). No one could write memorial tributes with greater taste and feeling than Myers, as all will admit who have read his brief notices of famous men preserved in the *Fragments of Prose and Poetry*.

Few will agree with Ruskin's preference for 'Saint John the Baptist.' It is written in flowing Tennysonian blank verse and is a sacred monologue like 'St. Paul.' There is hardly a phrase in the poem that can match for pure poetic power the characterization of the Baptist in those two noble lines of 'St. Paul':—

> John like some lonely peak by the Creator
> Fired with the red glow of the rushing morn.

This is the virile, fiery soul—the stern-browed prophet of righteousness and repentance, aflame with fanatic zeal and laying the axe at the root of the tree—which we have always imagined in our mind's eye. But in Myers' poem he is a mystic, with a yearning, consuming passion for Christ, pouring out the tale of his inner ecstasy like a mediæval St. Bernard or St. John of the Cross, in some sense a reed shaken by the wind, inasmuch as his eager spirit is moved by the gusts of his spiritual longings, a seer to whom the last sacrifice in Herod's hall is the consummation of the great quest.

> I wait it: I have spoken: even now
> This hour may set me in one place with God.
> I hear a wantoning in Herod's hall
> And feet that seek me; very oft some chance
> Leaps from the folly and the wine of kings;

O Jesus, spirit and spirit, soul and soul,
O Jesus, I shall seek Thee, I shall find
My love, my master, find Thee, though I be
Least, as I know, of all men woman-born.

There is nothing of the Rossettian earthliness in Myers' delineation of either natural or spiritual love; his thought moves in a high, refined atmosphere; but sometimes the excess of tenderness which inspires his thought, the beauty of woman or little children, brings him perilously near the brink of soft sentimentalism, as some of his love lyrics like 'Nora' or 'Phyllis' prove. Yet one remembers that his master, Tennyson, did not always maintain the same exalted standard; it was he that produced an 'Enoch Arden' as well as a 'Maud.' The linked sweetness long drawn out of Tennyson's blank verse of which we are reminded in 'Saint John the Baptist' hardly befits the strenuous energies of that strong prophet, however it may suit the contemplative mystic of Myers' conception. Nevertheless, Myers could never sink into the commonplace; he never wrote a poem which did not disclose some felicity of phrase or some beauty of thought, some noble emotion nobly expressed. There is always the refinement and self-restraint of a highly-cultivated, sensitive mind, open to every appeal of the beautiful in art and Nature and always susceptible to the glamour of 'the heavenly Anterôs,' the spiritual Presence that is everywhere revealed in the universe. He wrote but little that was inspired by the scenery of the Lake District or other regions of natural beauty; he was more interested in the vast cosmic energies of time and the world in their relation to the Spirit of eternity, the processes of evolution and the secret of the Universe. His admiration for the art of G. F. Watts inspired not a few of his lyrics, and there are some admirable verse-tributes to his friends and masters; but such poems as 'The Implicit Promise of Immortality,' the 'Ode to Nature,' 'A Cosmic History,' and the like disclose the real passion of his intellectual life.

'St. Paul' judged by its form alone is unique in modern verse. Even in Myers' own work there is no other example of a metre which he made peculiarly his own except in the poems 'Love and Faith' and 'A Prayer.' Critics have discovered an analogy in the prosody of Emily Brontë's 'Remembrance,' but a closer analogy is afforded by the familiar Sapphic metre of Horace. Compare *Integer vitae scelerisque purus* with the first and third lines of Myers' stanzas; on the other hand, the second and fourth, while preserving the Sapphic rhythm, are catalectic, that is, short of the last syllable.

Ruskin's criticism of 'St. Paul' as 'too studiously alliterative' hits on an obvious characteristic; for the use of words beginning with the same letter becomes a mannerism which results in such strange tautologies as 'a rending and a riving'! A poet-friend of the writer's describes it as a 'restless' metre—an epithet which recalls Myers' own phrase 'the tireless music of a psalm'; nor is it unfitting when we remember that we have St. Paul depicted as an eager, unresting saint, a Christian *Odysseus* torn between the interests of 'his own soul and his comrades' homeward return,' or, in more obvious language, possessed by a twofold interest, his own salvation and that of a sinning world.

The spiritual genesis of the poem is more interesting to most of us than its form. Myers owed to his mother's influence an 'eager faith' which on his return from Canada was to be vivified with a new impulse. This is how he himself describes the experience.

'I had been piously brought up, and although I had long neglected, had never actually cast off the Christian faith. But I had never as yet realized that faith in its emotional fulness. I had been 'converted' by the *Phaedo* and not by the gospel. Christian conversion now came to me in a potent form, through the agency of Josephine Butler *née* Grey, whose name will not be forgotten in the annals of English philanthropy, so to say, by an inner door, not to its encumbering dogmas, but to its heart of fire.

It was surely in a 'heart of fire' that the glowing measures of 'St. Paul' were forged. Ruskin wrote to him, 'I cannot tell you how grateful I am for the writing of that noble poem, though I cannot understand how you could have known so much of Death, and of the power of its approach in your fervid youth, and though I—in spite of all your and other very dear friends have taught me—feel too fatally the terror still. But it is partly a help to know that one does not work in the shadow alone.'

Myers had just had a vision of death when after his famous swim over the river below the Falls of Niagara he emerged on the American side and looked back on the tossing gulf. 'May death, I dimly thought, be such a transit, terrifying but easy, and leading to nothing new!'

This was a strain of thought he was never to lose even when he later on threw aside the orthodox Christian creed to become an Agnostic. For the Agnosticism passed with its 'scorn of human life, its anger at destiny, and its deliberate preference of the pleasures of the passing hour'; and Myers finally took refuge in the inwardness of the Christian ideal, its spiritual energy of Joy, its proclamation of Love as the characteristic element of the spiritual world—a Love that will not let us go, least of all on the mysterious threshold of the unseen world. He believed with all his soul in that background of Eternity which 'shows steadfast through all the pageants of the shifting world,' which 'gives majesty to solitary landscapes and to the vault of night, which urges one to go out and to be alone, to pace in starlight the solemn avenues and to gaze upon Arcturus and his sons.'

He dedicated 'St. Paul' to Mrs. Josephine Butler, and the poem ran through many editions. Its popularity is surprising because its manner is by no means 'popular'; yet it is never obscure and compels the interest of the reader by the humanness of its pathos and tenderness as well as by the steady glow of its spiritual intensity. The monologue

form is more suitable to a self-revealing and self-revealed mystic like St. Paul than to the herald prophet John the Baptist; while the author's knowledge of the apostle's Graeco-Roman environment enables him with both sympathy and skill to depict such scenes as that of 'Mars' Hill' and the conversion of Damaris. In the final edition of 1894 there are several emendations, omissions, and additions. Among the latter is the section based on the Pauline Hymn of Love beginning:—

Surely one star above all souls shall lighten,

while among the omissions is the curious passage on 'the fireship' with its somewhat Buddhistic application—a final leap into the Infinite or Nirvana of peace.

If the poetry of Myers owed more to Tennyson and Shelley than even to Wordsworth—it owed hardly anything to Henry Vaughan or George Herbert—it is clear that Ruskin largely influenced his prose style. But he is no slavish imitator of the Ruskin manner. On the contrary, in an age of notable prose-writers like Matthew Arnold and Walter Pater, he attained an individual excellence of style which was not surpassed by either of those writers, though both won a larger public repute. Between Myers and Arnold there are some strong points of resemblance in natural gifts and in the outward circumstances of their careers; but if Arnold excelled in touches of graceful humour and playfulness Myers was at least his equal in the beauty of his diction, which on occasion rose to heights of sustained eloquence and power. Every one knows the passage in the essay on 'George Eliot' where he describes his conversation with the famous writer in the Fellows' Garden at Trinity, 'her grave majestic countenance like a Sibyl's in the gloom,' the exposition of her negative creed and its effect on the listener's soul. Myers excelled in his subtle sense of the association between events or episodes in his own life and in history, and their natural surroundings. His critical essays contain all the better criticism because of his poetic

insight and feeling. He wrote these lines on a 'Grave at Grindelwald.'

> Here let us leave him: for his shroud the snow,
> For funeral-lamps he has the planets seven,
> For a great sign the icy stair shall go
> Between the heights to heaven.

If he had had to write prose instead of poetry on the theme, he would have said the same things: the symbolism of sky and alp and glacier would certainly not have been overlooked by him. This sense of association between nature and destiny gives an extraordinary distinction to his prose essays. More brilliant writers have written on Wordsworth than almost any other English poet of modern times; but Myers' monograph still holds a place of its own by the side of such penetrating studies as those of Raleigh and Bradley. It is indeed a classic among the biographies of the Lake country writers. In the same way, the essay on Virgil (see *Essays: Classical*) has the distinction of thought and style which belong to classical utterances; while that on Marcus Aurelius will bear comparison with the more famous essay on the same theme by Matthew Arnold. To Myers, Plato, Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius were the dominating intellectual forces of the ancient world. He never wrote directly about Plato, but Platonic idealism colours his whole conception of the universe and enters largely into his interpretation of Wordsworth's religion of nature. But of the three Virgil exercised on Myers the clearest and mightiest influence. The creator of the *Aeneid* seemed to him to be the spiritual link connecting the religion of the ancient world with the Christianity which fulfilled its truest aspirations and answered its deepest needs. To Myers, who loved both Virgil and Wordsworth, the spiritual relationship of the two poets was clear and potent.

Myers' critical gift, his exquisite taste, his delicate sense of the beautiful in nature, art, and religion, and his appreciation of spiritual values lend a remarkable charm to his literary studies. His pre-eminence in the field of literary criticism and scholarship was however to be subordinated

to that investigation of psychical phenomena to which he devoted his later life. The Society for Psychical Research was founded in 1882 by Myers and a small group of friends and fellow workers for the purpose of collecting evidence and carrying on 'systematic experiments in the obscure region of hypnotism, thought-transference, clairvoyance, spiritualism, apparitions,' and like phenomena. But almost a decade before this Myers' thoughts had turned towards the possible attainment of a scientific assurance of unseen things. He had passed through phases of Hellenism and agnosticism to a non-dogmatic Christianity. Christ appeared to him to be the supreme Revealer of immortality, and Tennyson's poetic exposition of this truth in 'In Memoriam' had sunk deeply into Myers' spirit. Tennyson, as we may gather from the essay on 'Tennyson as Prophet,' was to Myers the supreme champion of the spiritual view of the universe in an age of hard materialism, an age when the evolutionary hypothesis under the influence of Darwin, Huxley, and Clifford appeared to have wrecked the very foundations of faith and to have reduced the universe to a mechanism of blind non-moral forces. In justice to Henry Sidgwick, be it said that he did not encourage Myers' eager expectation that the unseen world would yield its secret to purely scientific experiments; nor can we gather that his fellow workers—Burney, Podmore, and Hodgson—and his close friends the Cowper-Temples and Russell Gurneys, keen and interested as they were in the study of psychical phenomena, were prepared to share Myers' ardent and consuming conviction that by this track lay the solution of the great enigma. But nothing daunted this eager Childe Roland pressed forward on his pilgrimage to the Dark Tower. Myers had a natural repugnance, as he humorously remarks, 'to re-entering by the scullery window the heavenly mansion out of which' he 'had been kicked through the front door.' But he overcame all scruples: he went bravely through the jarring processes of investigation, the scrutiny of evidence

and of mediums, all and sundry, and the sordid, disappointing round of trickery, half-truths, and negative results. His devotion was not less admirable because it must be pronounced a tragedy and the vain sacrifice of a noble, sensitive spirit to an unattainable goal. Such phenomena will always be of interest to the scientific mind; nor ought they to be abandoned to the crude, irrational, and haphazard inquiries conducted by untrained and curious people. So long as mystery in any form exists, it has a claim on the intelligence of mankind and makes an appeal to the reason which the latter cannot ignore. But *non tali auxilio, neque defensoribus istis* are the truths of the spiritual world to be established. A scientific proof of immortality is no more possible than a scientific proof of God's existence. The two truths—God and Immortality—stand or fall together; and doubtless the reason working on *a priori* lines or arguing deductively from the particulars of consciousness will always be ready to adduce considerations that favour the credibility of both—the Divine existence and the continuance of our life in a higher sphere. But logic can only aid, it cannot supersede, the intuitions of our own spirit; and it is *within* ourselves, 'deep-seated in our mystic frame' rather in the evidence of external things, that we find the surest grounds of a belief in immortality. 'Intimations' of the truth come to most of us and not only to the poetic soul of a Wordsworth: and these,

> Be they what they may,
> Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
> Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
> Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
> Our noisy years seem moments in the being
> Of the Eternal Silence.

Since the days of Myers, we have witnessed a remarkable change in the mutual relationships of Science and Religion. No longer are they ranged in opposing camps; no longer does the clash of controversy resound in our ears. More and more the scientist tends to merge into the theologian,

and to accept the possibility of a reality beyond the bounds of sense-perception. In these days Myers might almost have invoked the aid of Science in his noble quest instead of seeking to coerce her to support a belief which the facts of the universe appeared to deny. He suffered the fate of all pioneers in that he worked in an age which had not had time to adjust the relationship of its own discoveries to the whole realm of truth. He attached an exaggerated value to the scientific method which was tending to revolutionize all departments of knowledge and failed to realize that being merely a method, it did not *per se* ensure the solution of all the problems of the universe. In fact, the faith of the Christian in that age was surprised, challenged, and stung into a desperate self-defence by the current scientific dogmatism and feverishly sought to introduce into the armoury of Religion the supposed up-to-date weapons of its foe. We now see that Faith stood in no need of such an auxiliary. No communications from the departed, however authentic, can avail to establish the truth of immortality on a firmer foundation than that which is already laid; neither will we be persuaded, 'though one rose from the dead,' inasmuch as the witness is already within us.

Myers, it will be remembered, regarded Christ as the great Revealer of Immortality. Immortality indeed is the fundamental assumption underlying all His teaching, and this no doubt partly explains the fact that His direct references to the beyond are comparatively scanty, though in their very simplicity and naturalness sublime and sufficient. There is a certain reticence even in relation to such events as the raising of Lazarus, in the respect of which 'something sealed the lips of that evangelist.' Our Lord's teaching on this theme, as indeed the fact of His Resurrection, are revelations to *faith*. In the case of the Resurrection there are difficulties in the historic evidence which may never be resolved; but that the belief in His continued and spiritual

existence founded the Christian Church there is no doubt, even if all the circumstances which led up to the belief lie beyond our clear comprehension. Our acceptance of immortality on the Christian basis depends entirely on the kind of impression which the transcendent life and personality of the Founder of Christianity conveys to the spirit. In other words, the demonstration is of a religious rather than a scientific order.

Something, however, may be said on behalf of Myers. His inquiries paved the way to the study of psychic processes which in our own times has been carried to such a pitch of completeness. For example, in the activities of the subliminal consciousness—that region of mental life which lies below the threshold of the normal consciousness, we may discover evidence of 'a transcendental energy not derivable from physical evolution.' We know that along this line one of the sanest and ablest of modern theologians, Dr. Sanday, has sought for an interpretation and even an explanation of our Lord's transcendent personality. The science of psychology may be only in its infancy; and who can say that some new light on the reality of the after life may not be attained by its aid? As Myers said so eloquently, 'by small accretions sure foothold may be upbuilt, and he who stands on a narrow coral island in mist and night will in the end see more than he who floats dreamily amid the splendours of sunset which illumine an ever-shadowing sea.'

Indeed, to his own career we may apply the words he uttered in eulogy of one of his closest friends, Henry Sidgwick: 'To those hidden fervours Fate vouchsafed few occasions of outward enterprise, of manifest heroism. She left him content with the inward uplifting and the unnoted sacrifice and the secret habit of honour. Yet at length, with strangely solemn prevision, came to him that last opportunity which no Fate can begrudge us—the call of slow creeping Death.'

R. MARTIN POPE.

THE WAR THROUGH MANY EYES

AS the weeks go by the vastness and the horror of the Great War unfold themselves before all eyes. The world is in the crucible, and we watch the process of its purging with strained minds and hearts. The history of the race has known no such struggle, whether it be judged by the forces arrayed against each other, the resources which science has supplied for the destruction of life and property on land and water, or the new terrors of aerial warfare. Our own country has become that which we never expected—a nation in arms, and even neutral nations are involved in a hundred ways in the conflict. Leaders of far-seeing vision like Dr. Eliot wonder whether they have not presumed on their neutrality. 'Have the Americans no duty toward the support of public liberty, justice, and humanity in the world outside of their own borders?'

We turn to a suggestive little volume on *American Neutrality, Its Cause and Cure* (Putnam, 2*s.* net), by Prof. Baldwin. These lectures were delivered in Paris by the distinguished philosopher who describes himself as 'An Anglo-Saxon American first and foremost—an American who believes in his England and who also loves his France.' Prof. Baldwin did not dream as he crossed the Channel in the *Sussex* how vitally the war was to affect him and his family, but the ruthless attack of the submarine on that crowded and defenceless Channel steamer only lends emphasis to his contention. He points out that at the beginning of this war America had no general interest in foreign questions, but was pre-occupied with matters of industry and domestic politics. The American is in matters of positive governmental restraint and control 'the most submissive and docile democratic citizen in the world.' National isolation is

'not only a geographical fact, supplemented as this is by a moral atmosphere well conformed to it; it is also an explicit political doctrine.' Washington's policy to avoid 'entangling foreign alliances' became much more explicit in the Monroe 'doctrine' of 1823, whose effect was to confirm the United States in their policy of isolation. If Europe, it is urged, does not meddle in America, does America not in turn agree not to meddle in Europe? The docility of the Americans has been sorely taxed in this war. 'But,' Prof. Baldwin says, 'popular indignation without leadership has so far not sufficed to put an end to the national hesitation. What would not America be doing to-day if the McKinley Administration, not to mention other Governments less cautious, were at the helm of State? And what indignities without number have the American people endured, hiding their confusion under a national policy of isolation!' Prof. Baldwin goes so far as to say in another place: 'Had the United States lived up to its moral traditions and fulfilled its duty, if only to the extent of protesting its indignation and expressing its horror, many if not most of these unspeakable crimes would not have been committed.' In his view the Americans have lacked the wider vision which only the great Leader could present to their eyes with sufficient force and persuasion.

Before the war German influence in America had been permanently diminished. It was felt that its education was 'pedantic in its apparent thoroughness, lacking in constructiveness in its minuteness, intolerant in its assumption of superiority, unadaptable in its nationalism.' American students were learning to appreciate the originality and clarity of French scholarship and the sober empiricism combined with high scientific imagination of our own. Since the war German and Austrian intrigues have destroyed every vestige of sympathy or good feeling for them in the minds of most Americans. 'Nothing would more unify and rejuvenate the American sense of national unity than a decision to

sever relations altogether with peoples to whom diplomacy is a means to treachery and its channels those of perjury and fraud.' Alongside this growing bitterness towards the Central Powers there has sprung up 'a new respect and veneration for those nations which are giving their best manhood for the maintenance of political liberty and public law. The Americans feel that the ideals of all free and self-governing peoples are endangered as never before, and that France and England are fighting for what their own fathers fought for. They feel already the renewing of the historic bonds which bind them to France, the land to which they owe the achievement of the individual rights of equality and brotherhood, and to England that to which they owe the *Magna Charta* of constitutional government.' American democracy has gained a new conception of its kinship with the fellow-democracies of the world. Pacifism in the United States will bear the scars of this conflict. 'The Utopian and the dreamer who would plan the new map of a world suddenly converted to uprightness, and distribute righteously the fields of the planet to those who deserve to cultivate them —these men have lost their calling.' The American 'sees the impossibility of a neutral morality, the cowardice of failure in the duties which his own morality imposes, or in the acts to which the immorality of others compels. He must find his voice and take his place when the world's precious accumulations in years of peaceful effort and generous labour are imperilled by a Power reaching its ends by the means that gave to the Philistine his reputation and to the Vandal his name. The shudder that passed over the country at the execution of Miss Edith Cavell showed that in Americans, as in other civilized peoples, the lowest strata of moral repugnance had been touched.'

The conclusion which Prof. Baldwin reaches is that 'this is not a European conflict, it is not an un-American war; it is a human conflict, a world-war for the preservation and extension of what *is* of eternal value, the right to self-

government and the maintenance of public morality.' He hopes that the war will have drawn together the three Great Powers of the Atlantic that love justice and the life of peace—France, England, and the United States. If these could form a 'Pan-Atlantic League to enforce peace, inviting other nations to join them, a long step would be taken toward a more rational Utopia, and the spiritual interests of mankind would have a permanent and powerful Advance Guard.'

President Wilson has gradually been driven to the same conclusion. He told Congress on April 19 that the commanders of German undersea vessels had attacked merchant ships with greater and greater activity 'in a way that has grown more and more ruthless, more and more indiscriminate as the months have gone by, and less and less observant of restraint of any kind. . . . Tragedy has followed tragedy on the seas in such a fashion and with such attendant circumstances as to make it grossly evident that warfare of such a sort—if warfare it be—cannot be carried on without the most palpable violation of right and humanity. Great liners like the *Lusitania* and the *Arabic*, and mere ferry-boats like the *Sussex*, have been attacked without a moment's warning, sometimes before they were even aware that they were in the presence of an armed vessel of the enemy, and the lives of non-combatants, both passengers and crew, have been sacrificed wholesale in a manner which the Government of the United States cannot but regard as wanton and without the slightest colour of justification.' Americans regard themselves in this matter as 'responsible spokesmen of the rights of humanity.'

How those rights have been outraged is shown by the treatment of British prisoners at Wittenberg in the first months of the last year. That is one of the most revolting stories of the war. Fifteen to seventeen thousand prisoners were crowded into a camp that only covered ten and a half acres. Men of all nationalities were mixed together. Seven

or eight hundred were British. Every British soldier shared his mattress with a Frenchman and a Russian. Typhus was latent among the Russians, and all were plagued with lice, the great carriers of that disease. No precaution was taken by the authorities to prevent infection. One cupful of soft soap was served out at intervals of many weeks for a room containing 120 men. When the epidemic broke out the German military and medical staff precipitately left the camp. Captain Vidal, of our R.A.M.C., who was sent there in February, 1915, asked that the English who were still unaffected might be placed together in one compound, but his suggestion was insultingly refused by the German officer. There were no stretchers. Typhus cases had to be carried to the hospital on the tables on which men ate their food, and there was no soap to cleanse them; the infected mattress on which a patient had slept was often left for his uninfected comrades, who almost inevitably caught the disease. In March about 150 British soldiers were down with the fever. They 'were lying scattered amongst the French and the Russians, lying sometimes dressed in French, Belgian, or Russian uniforms which made them difficult to recognize. Major Priestley saw delirious men waving arms brown to the elbow with fæcal matter. The patients were alive with vermin; in the half light he attempted to brush what he took to be an accumulation of dust from the folds of the patient's clothes, and he discovered it to be a moving mass of lice. In one room in Compound No. 8 the patients lay so close to one another on the floor that he had to stand straddle-legged across them to examine them.' Our doctors were heroic, but they could not gain anything like adequate supplies of drugs, and sometimes feet became gangrenous, and there were no bandages to dress them. Two hundred and fifty to three hundred Englishmen were down with the disease, and sixty died. Coffins were carried out through a gate in the barbed wire, and were often greeted with jeers by the townsfolk who stood outside the wire and were

permitted to insult the dead. The cruelty of the administration of the camp from the beginning was notorious. 'Savage dogs were habitually employed to terrorize the prisoners; flogging with a rubber whip was frequent; men were struck with little or no provocation, and were tied to posts with their arms above their heads for hours.' The visits of Mr. Gerrard, American Ambassador at Berlin, and his representatives, led to great improvements in the camp, but Dr. Aschenbach, the chief German Medical Officer, only paid one visit of inspection during the whole course of the epidemic, and then he came in a complete suit of protective clothing, including a mask and rubber gloves. Once when the English doctors pleaded with him, as he stood outside the entanglements, for some medical requisite urgently needed, he curtly refused with the words 'Schweine Englaender.' The report makes one's blood boil. To distribute it all over the world would be another nail in the coffin of German *Kultur*.

Horrible as Wittenberg was, it is in keeping with all the action of Germany. No account of her atrocities has produced so deep an impression as the Bryce Report. Prof. Morgan has just issued a supplementary volume which includes eighty new and unpublished documents (*German Atrocities*. T. F. Unwin, 1*s*. net). He also gives a critical analysis of the German White Book on the Belgian atrocities, as to the expediency of which publication the Germans now seem to entertain considerable misgivings. In that White Book no attempt is made to deny the wholesale slaughter at Dinant. We are told again and again that 'a fairly large number of persons' were shot, 'all the male hostages assembled against the garden wall were shot.' After a while the laboured inventions that these deeds were the punishment of illicit francs-tireurs is dropped: 'In judging the attitude which the troops of the 12th Corps took against such a population, our starting-point must be that the *tactical object* of the 12th Corps was to cross

the Meuse *with speed*, and to drive the enemy from the left bank of the Meuse; speedily to overcome the opposition to this *was to be striven for in every way*. . . . Hostages were shot at various places, and this procedure is amply justified.' Having admitted an indiscriminate butchery the Germans take credit to themselves for preserving the most tender sentiments. Major Schlick says, 'I have subsequently often wondered that our men should have remained so calm in the face of such beasts.' Major Bauer actually plumed himself on the fact that the widows and orphans of the murdered men 'all received coffee' from the field kitchen next morning. Twenty-eight thousand words of the report are spent on Louvain, where it is alleged that the Belgian fire was 'murderous' in the extreme, though only five men of the company of Landsturm were wounded. 'The only thing that the German evidence proves is the sinister fact that the arrival of each detachment of German forces coincided with renewed massacres of the civilian population.'

Hundreds of diaries which Prof. Morgan has seen at the Ministry of War in Paris corroborate the conclusions drawn from the White Book. One German soldier states that sixty villagers, including women in travail, were shot because they had telephoned to the enemy. The diary of a German officer which came into Prof. Morgan's possession, concludes an entry recording the undiscriminating butchery of some two hundred civilians with this sentence: 'In future there ought to be an inquiry into their guilt instead of shooting them.' There runs through the German utterances an infatuated obsession that they 'enjoy a kind of moral prerogative in virtue of which they are entitled to violate all the laws which they rigidly prescribe for others. We have lately had an example of this which is of supreme horror. The Power which has broken all laws, human and divine, sought to dignify its condemnation of Edith Cavell with all the pomp and circumstance of a tribunal of justice. While thousands of ravishers and spoilers go free, one

woman, who had spent her life in ministries to such as were sick and afflicted, was handed over to the executioner. Truly, there has been no such trial in history since Barabbas was released and Christ led forth to the hill of Calvary.'

Prof. Morgan regards it as the fondest of delusions to imagine that all this blood-guiltiness is confined to the German Government and the General Staff. The innumerable diaries of common soldiers which he has read 'betray a common sentiment of hate, rapine, and ferocious credulity.' Documents in his possession recite how 'prisoners were harnessed to ploughs and carts, like cattle, and lashed with long leather whips; how a man who fainted from exhaustion was immediately bayoneted, while another who fell out of the ranks to pick up a rotten turnip shared a like fate; how wounded men were forced to stand naked for hours in the frost until gangrene set in, tied up for hours to posts with their toes just touching the ground until, the blood rising to the head, copious hæmorrhage took place from the nose, mouth, and ears; how yet others who, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, could not keep up on the march were bayoneted or clubbed where they lay.' The documents appended to his volume are the fruit of personal investigations at base hospitals, convalescent camps, and in many parts of France. The outrages on the civil population and on women and girls baffle description. It is due to the canker which has long been eating into the German character. 'The whole people were taught that war was a normal state of civilization, that the lust of conquest and the arrogance of race were the most precious of these virtues. On this Dead Sea fruit the German people have been fed for a generation until they are rotten to the core.' 'The whole people is infected with some kind of moral distemper.' We have discovered 'with a shock of dismay that the comity of European nations has harboured a Power which is European in nothing but in name, and is more completely alien to Western ideals than the tribes of Afghanistan.'

Prof. Morgan has thought much as to the way in which Europe can be delivered from a repetition of these outrages, and he can find none 'except an armed peace, with the elimination as its basis for a long time to come of Germany from the Councils of Europe.'

It is something like a relief to turn from these scenes of outrage to the battle-fields where justice will finally be meted out to what Lord Rosebery fitly calls 'the enemy of the human race.' No war has ever produced such a flood of literature as this. The history issued by *The Times*, and John Buchan's graphic volumes, gather up the results thus far reached on the various theatres of war. Special correspondents have furnished many vivid sketches of their experience of the fighting. A personal narrative by Mr. Frederic Coleman, *From Mons to Ypres with French* (Sampson Low, 6*s*. net) brings us very close to the actual battle scenes. The first words of his Preface are arresting: 'This is a plain tale. I am an American, and have believed from the commencement of the war that the Allies' cause was just.' He was one of twenty-five members of the Royal Automobile Club who volunteered to take their cars to Sir John French's head quarters in order to drive officers of the Staff. The volunteers embarked at Southampton on the day after Brussels had fallen and reached Havre on August 22. The great retreat had begun. Rumour had it that the 2nd Cavalry Brigade under General de Lisle had been wiped out at Audregnies, where they were instructed to hold the Germans at all costs and to charge if necessary. Colonel Campbell, by some misunderstanding of this verbal order, charged at once with the 9th Lancers. They had not got far when they found themselves confronted with a stout wire fence which there was no getting past. 'The only thing left to be done was to wheel to the right and to gallop for safety to the eastward across the German infantry front, thus affording the enemy such a target as infantry rarely obtains. . . The field across which they

had to gallop was so plastered by all sorts of fire that to do more than simply gallop and keep clear of fallen and falling comrades was all the men could do.' A trooper who had been with Captain Francis Grenfell got possession of a copy of General de Lisle's Brigade Order in which he commended 'the true cavalry spirit of the 9th Lancers in daring to charge unbroken infantry in order to save neighbouring troops, and that of the 4th Dragoon Guards in the effective support given without hesitation or thought of danger.' 'It was hell, that charge,' said the trooper with a grin, 'but I suppose it had to be done. Any way, to read over that order made it seem to have been worth while.' Men who took part in the charge thought that only a few had escaped, but the casualties of the 9th Lancers were really seventy-five and of the 4th Dragoon Guards two officers and fifty-four men. The charge achieved its object. It stopped the advance of the German infantry for at least four or five hours, and gave the 5th Division opportunity to retire southward. But it was a terrific time. 'A feeling of pessimism was creeping over us and becoming universal.' General officers all wore a worried look. One of Mr. Coleman's friends found himself in Haussy with instructions to wait for a transport train of the 19th Brigade. He got a cup of coffee, but in a moment or two found that the town had been absolutely evacuated. He got his car to the top of a hill leading away to the south when he saw a troop of Uhlans riding into the town from the other side. The sight made him jump into his car and tear away to Solesmes. Meanwhile Mr. Coleman had taken Lord Loch to the head quarters of the 5th Division. The division was said to have been badly hammered, but 'the infantry seemed in good shape, except for tired feet, and the artillery, horses and men, in fine fettle. . . Scars of battle were here and there apparent. Now a wounded officer would pass mounted, and now and again I saw a bandaged Tommy in the line. Battalions, regiments, and brigades streamed by, inter-

spersed with lorries loaded with ammunition. Long trains of motor-wagons full of provisions, sacks of flour, meal, and potatoes, boxes of biscuits, half beeves, bales of horse fodder—the food of the Army, horse and man. As I sat by the roadside one Battalion turned into a wheat field on the right side of the road and another Battalion into an adjoining field on the left. The boys pulled down the shocks of wheat and made beds of the bundles. . . Many refugees mingled with the columns of troops along the road. A cartload made up of two or three families from Maubeuge told us frightened tales of German atrocities. Touring cars loaded with French staff officers tooted madly in an endeavour to pass the lines of big wagons on the narrow road. Family wagonettes filled with well-dressed people were in the line. Now and then a lady of well-to-do appearance passed, walking behind a carriage loaded with goods and chattels. At one point the road was blocked with a lorry containing printing stores, with all the presses and other accessories of a head quarters staff office. More refugees, and then more Tommies trudging along, dusty and begrimed but all cheerful and strong; hot and tired, but with very few stragglers in evidence.'

Mr. Coleman gives a moving picture of the retreat on August 27 at St. Quentin. He was stationed a little to the north of the town to guide the men as they came on. 'Cheer them up as you keep them on the move,' were the staff officer's instructions. 'They are very downhearted. Tell them anything, but cheer them up. They've got their tails down a bit, but they are really all right. No wonder they are tired! Worn out to begin with, then fighting all day, only to come back all night—no rest, no food, no sleep, —poor devils! Yes, they are very down-hearted. Tell 'em where to go, and cheer 'em up—cheer 'em up.' That seemed to Mr. Coleman the most hopeless of tasks. 'Cheer them up, indeed! A fine atmosphere this, for cheer. Ragged and muddy and footsore they looked, straggling along.'

The first who caught Mr. Coleman's attention was 'a tall captain, an old acquaintance. He showed me his service cap, through the crown of which two neat bullet holes had been drilled. Both of the vicious little pellets had missed their intended mark, though one had ploughed a slight furrow along his scalp, leaving an angry red welt.' He asked Mr. Coleman to see what damage had been done. As he was probing a voice behind said: 'A close shave the little divil made that toime, shure.' 'Turning at the soft brogue, what was my surprise to see a Jock, in a kilt that looked as if its wearer had been rolled in the mud. Capless, his shock of red hair stood on end, and a pair of blue Irish eyes twinkled merrily. . . . As if entering himself in a competition of close shaves, the Irishman held his right ear between thumb and finger. "And what do you think o' that?" he queried. Right through the lobe of his ear, close to his cheek, a Mauser bullet had drilled a clean hole. "Close that, I'm thinkin'," said the proud owner of the damaged member, "and I niver knew how close me ear was to me head till that thing come along." A burst of laughter from the group that had gathered was infectious. The boys trailed off together, chatting over further stories of close shaves, leaving me thankful the Irish lad had come by, cheered *that* lot up, and so saved me that task.' Another group of a dozen Tommies and a sergeant came up, most disreputable in appearance. A running fire of banter between a diminutive member of the squad and the sergeant kept their spirits up. 'Shorty' introduced the set as, 'Fust in Mons and last out. In at three miles an hour and out at eighteen. That's us, you bet,' and he snorted, as the squad roared in appreciative mirth.

'Not long after a very woe-begone procession hove in sight. But few were in the squad, and they seemed very worn and tired. Red-eyed from lack of sleep, barren of equipment, many a cap missing, and not a pair of sound

feet in the lot. Every man had his rifle, but they looked very done. "Here are the pessimists at last," thought I. "It will take something to cheer *this* bunch."' When told where they would find their quarters, a cadaverous corporal announced, 'We've been rear-guardin'. We're proper rearguards, we are. Been doin' nothin' else but rear-guardin'.' Mr. Coleman assured him there was plenty of food a little farther on, but he would have his joke. 'I'm tellin' you, sir, if you'll not mind, that we're *proper* rear-guards, we are. And we 'ave learned one thing about *proper* rear-guards in this 'ere war right off, and that is that rear-guards ain't expected to eat. So we 'ave give it up, we 'ave. It's a bad 'abit any'ow. Ain't it, boys?' Off they trudged, grinning. 'The funereal visage of the spokesman turned and indulged in a sombre wink, whereat they laughed to a man, and I with them. Ah, well, it was an experience! I had not been long on that roadside when I realized that many of us had been labouring under a great delusion. It was not that some one was needed to cheer up the Tommy; it was that most of us needed the Tommy to cheer *us* up. The indomitable pluck of the soldier in the ranks and his effervescent cheeriness were to save that retreating army of Smith-Dorrien's as no staff work could have saved it had Tommy not possessed those characteristics to such remarkable degree. Many an officer whose hair had grown grey in the service said that day that Tommy was of finer metal than he had ever dreamed it possible of any soldier. The very air was full of unostentatious heroism.' One grizzled brigadier, seated on his horse, was heard to mutter, as he watched that straggling army. 'Ah! they may be able to *kill* such men, but they will never be able to *beat* them.' As the thousands streamed past Mr. Coleman began to look at them with new eyes. Beneath the grime and dirt and weariness he saw clear eyes and firm jaws. 'I realized that in front of me was passing a pageant such as man had rarely seen in the ages.

It was a pageant of the indomitable will and unconquerable power of the Anglo-Saxon.'

Major Bridges, of the 4th Dragoon Guards, went into St. Quentin on August 28 to collect stragglers. The great battle of Cambrai—Le Cateau had been fought two days before, when the British left broke up the movement intended to wipe out French's army. In a square at St. Quentin the major found more than two hundred men of various detachments seated on the pavement utterly exhausted and resigned to what appeared their utter inability to join the army. They expected the Germans every moment, and thought they had been abandoned to their fate. Bridges saw in a moment that no ordinary thing would rouse them. He stepped into a toy shop and bought a toy drum and a penny whistle. 'Can you play "The British Grenadiers"'? he asked his trumpeter. 'Sure, sir,' was the reply. In a twinkling the pair were marching round the square, the high treble of the tiny toy whistle rising clear and shrill. 'Round they came, the trumpeter, caught on the wings of the major's enthusiasm, putting his very heart and soul into every inspiring note. Bridges, supplying the comic relief with the small sticks in his big hands, banged away on the drum like mad.' They passed the recumbent group, and reached the last man. 'The spark has caught! Some with tears in their eyes, some with a roar of laughter, jump to their feet and fall in. The weary feet, sore and bruised, tramp the hard cobbles unconscious of their pain. Stiffened limbs answer to call of newly-awakened wills.' They are singing the old tune, and marching behind the major and trumpeter. Never a man of all the lot was left behind. Mile after mile they march to this music till they came close to Roye, where the major tells them food and rest are waiting. 'It isn't far. Good luck!' Clamour arose: 'Don't leave us, colonel,' they begged. 'Don't, for God's sake, leave us! They all left us but you. We'll follow you anywhere, but where to go when you

leave we don't know at all.' So the gallant major went with them into Roye, secured them food and billets, and turned them over to some one who would see they got on to their commands. No one can read Mr. Coleman's thrilling story without feeling new pride in our army.

A wider survey is given by 'Wilson McNair' in his *Blood and Iron* (Seeley & Co. 6*s.* net). That is not his real name, but he is a well-known special correspondent. His object is to put on record the emotions he and his friends experienced in the first days of the war when the world was still 'new to the game.' The midnight between August 5 and 6, 1914, was a night of heroes in Brussels. Liège still held out, and men were hurrying to the scenes of death in trains and motor-cars, afoot and on horseback. 'All the engines of man's making had been pressed into the service of destruction; they pant and storm towards their goal, shrilling through the quiet woods as though death were a carnival, not an hour of which might be lost.' That night the new Belgium was born. 'If the Germans had been given leave to march through Belgium there would have been no anxiety, no terror, no death; prosperity would have walked with the marching armies, and even afterwards the reckoning would not have been over-burdensome.' Mr. McNair thought as he wandered through Brussels that this stand of Belgium against the German was 'one of the great miracles of history. It was a stand like that of Horatius at the Bridge over the Tiber, like that of the stripling David against the giant of Gath.'

The sudden fall of Namur left our army isolated on the Belgian frontier. The French fell back under an unexpected and overwhelming attack. The British were alone with unprotected flanks amid hundreds of thousands of the enemy. At any moment the jaws of a huge trap might close and secure another Sedan for Germany. Some of our men were bathing when the German cavalry rode down upon them. Stark naked they seized their rifles

and held the enemy at bay till relief came. That British victory on August 28 saved the situation, and formed the starting-point of the terrific retreat from Mons. 'The story of these days is amongst the greatest, the very greatest, of all our history.' Whilst the Allies were in retreat the Germans made a raid from Amiens in some 400 motor-cars. Each carried four men in the uniforms of French or British officers. They had forged passports, and set themselves to spread terror through the surrounding towns and villages. One car even entered Havre, which was full of British soldiers and French Territorials. The sentries examined the papers, and let it pass, but further on a suspicious sentry ventured to ask questions. 'Instantly the car was set in motion. The sentry levelled his rifle, but before he could fire bullets were whizzing around his head, and the car had dashed away along the flat, broad road. The sentry continued to fire after the car, and the noise of his firing attracted the attention of a carter, who was driving his heavy wagon into the town. He saw his chance and took it. He drew his wagon across the road in front of the advancing car. Next instant the car crashed into the wagon and reeled back from it a mass of broken and twisted metal. Two at least of the bandits lay dead in the road, and the other two were quickly made prisoners.'

The Battle of the Marne, where Joffre's scissors cut down on the German army, was a revelation to Europe. The Germans wheeled over the Marne, leaving Paris on their right to attack the Allied Army. Then the taxi-cab army streamed out from Paris to form the upper blade of the scissors. The Germans had in their turn to seek safety in retreat. It became manifest that 'with all her preparation, all her organization, all her equipment, Germany was not invincible, that her power lay chiefly in her mechanical engines of war, and that, man for man, she was an inferior people.' 'There is no finer man and no finer soldier than the French officer. He is as brave as a lion, and as kindly

as a mother towards his men.' But the superstition of Prussian invincibleness lay like a nightmare upon him. Now it was lifted off. 'At the Marne system and discipline and oppression—the machine man—met the nobler and the truer discipline of liberty. . . . And the iron fetters were broken that had been made ready for the enslaving of the world.'

The Battle of the Aisne is described as one of the great world 'fights without a finish.' On the banks of that river 'the redemption of France and the safety of England were sealed.' Then came the four battles for Calais rounded off in the First Battle of Ypres. That was 'a battle of hanging on,' in which one man held five at bay. 'It was a battle of endurance rather than of wits, of dogged courage rather than strategy; it was and remains the greatest battle in the whole history of British arms.' The one question seemed to be, 'How long can the British soldiers hold on, and against what odds?' The advance of the Prussian Guard on November 11, 1914, upon the road from Menin was heroic, but 'the guns pounded them, the bullets mowed them down, the bayonets drank of their blood. Broken and withered they were cast back again—the remnant that remained—to the feet of their Imperial Master—whose behest they had so signally, yet so nobly, failed to accomplish.'

Mr. McNair heard an officer who had brought the first news from Ypres speak of the one great man of that fight. He lingered fondly upon the name of Tommy, as though it held for him a world of gracious and sacred memories. His voice was a little shaky, and his eyes were bright. 'Tommy,' he said, 'is wonderful beyond all the wonders. He is the miracle that has happened; the impossible thing that has come to pass. He is alone in his greatness and there is nothing like him upon the face of the earth. Who won the battle of Ypres? Tommy! Who confounded the plans of the enemy? Tommy! Who brought confusion

to all wise men who knew—because it was a case of knowing in all seriousness—that the defence of the city had become a wild impossibility? Again Tommy! It was Tommy's own battle this, and it belongs to him only.' The battle was 'pure murder prolonged over days.' 'When the enemy came against Tommy he came in droves, in solid masses, and attended by all the keenest and newest weapons of war. He came against lads who knew little of wayfaring after this pattern, the lads standing twenty feet apart, tired to death, unsupported, unrelieved. It was like a hurricane sweeping down upon a pack of cards.' The onslaught of the Prussian Guard was actually greeted with derision. In the most desperate moments Tommy's good nature and joy did not desert him. Mr. McNair refers to October 31, which a man who had shared its perils described to the writer of this article as the most perilous night the British Empire had ever known or ever could know in the future. News came that the battle line was broken, and the enemy about to advance upon Ypres. The Worcesters threw themselves into the death struggle, and sold their lives to hold back the Germans. 'This is Tommy at his very grandest, when he rises above the mere stature of a man, and is joined to the heroes who go easily in the high places of the earth.'

From Paris we get *Impressions de Guerre de Prêtres Soldats* (Plon-Nourrit). They do not deal so much with the clash of war, though that bursts through at times. Their domain is the spirit, the moral and the soul of the combatant. One chaplain has often given the Sacrament under conditions profoundly moving. 'Among the thousands of dying that I have already seen, scarcely ten have refused the consolations of religion.' 'And for how many who have escaped will this campaign be the point of departure for conversion and sanctification!' The chaplain was slightly wounded and taken prisoner, but managed to escape after six days of vexations and bad treatment. A young priest

lieutenant who was killed less than three months afterwards tells how he passed his crucifix round among the men, and bade those kiss it who wished to win the indulgence of a good death. That scene under fire may be criticized by a Protestant, but it shows the hold the Cross had on these French privates. Another officer in a fierce action recommended his men to have no fear but to pray much. He had given that counsel in the morning before the fighting. Now they prayed indeed. 'The good God gave me the grace of an extraordinary sang-froid; I am calm, feeling myself and feeling my men to be in the hands of the Master. And that confidence was not mistaken. There were killed and wounded in front and in the rear; but in my section no one was touched.' He had not asked God to preserve them from death, but as he often noticed, He does that without being asked, 'in addition.'

One chaplain describes how the men flocked in to Communion in the morning. The church was full. He guided their confession and taught them how to pray for pardon. 'I belong to Thee, Lord, protect me, protect my family. Meanwhile, I resign myself to Thee, for the present, for the future. What Thou wilt, I accept, with its pain, fatigue, privation, shed blood, perhaps yet more. . . . For me, for my country, for Thy glory.' There was a moment of deep emotion. Not one of those fellows could promise himself twenty-four hours of life. Four hundred and sixty soldiers received the Sacrament together. In the three days that followed more than three hundred of them shed their blood for their country. Such men have their faults, but we forget these in the virtues and sacrifices which are summed up in the fulfilment of their duty.

An English chaplain's experiences *With the Immortal Seventh Division* (Hodder & Stoughton) may fitly follow the story of the French priests. Mr. Kennedy joined the division in September, 1914, at Lyndhurst, where it was mobilizing. He shared their trek through Belgium, and

had a perilous ride with orders to Ypres. Shells were bursting in every direction, and as each fell he repeated: 'Because he trusteth in Thee' (Isa. xxvi. 3): 'And then bang! bang! and once more the danger was past.' He delivered his message, and then fell into a deep sleep for four hours. For the next two or three days he worked hard among the wounded. On October 31—'that fateful day, when it seemed impossible for the thin line of khaki to further withstand the tremendous onslaught of the enemy which had placed the Prussian Guard in its front line'—he buried young Prince Maurice of Battenberg. One of the men told him about the Prince's heroic death, adding, 'I loved him, sir, as a brother.'

Mr. Kennedy's horse fell heavily on him, and he had to return to England in November with an injured leg. It was not till March 16 that he was allowed to resume his duties. At the Front he was struck with the glorious health and fitness of our men. He had never seen such a collection of healthy manhood. Every day had its excitements. In Hooge they saw a homing pigeon let out of the loft of a cottage. A boy of eighteen was arrested with a large number of carrier pigeons, which formed an agreeable addition to the men's meal. Whilst the boy was under arrest a well-dressed man, calling himself Count ——, came forward to say he had known the youth for years and that the keeping of pigeons was his hobby. Something aroused suspicion, the man proved to be a spy and was shot.

The Seventh Division played a glorious part in the First Battle of Ypres. Mr. Kennedy, who was an ardent patriot, felt immeasurably prouder that he belonged to a nation which could produce such men. He did not come across a case of drunkenness among them in Flanders. Their hopefulness, courage, and fortitude astonished him. He has an interesting chapter on a chaplain's work in the field. 'The religious atmosphere at the front is unique. I can hardly say there is a general turning to God, but

certainly the realization of the nearness of God and eternity are very present to most men's minds. As a man said up at the Front, "Out here every man puts up some kind of a prayer every night." ' An officer who had been badly wounded said to Mr. Kennedy, 'Padré, I have been a wild man all my life, but last night as I lay wounded in the trenches, for the first time I realized God, and perfect peace came into my heart.' A young captain in the Guards who had been shot through the lungs with shrapnel said as he was dying, 'Mother, I am in perfect peace with God.' Two officers standing amid the ruins of Ypres found it distinctly unhealthy, owing to the heavy shelling which had begun again. As they withdrew a high explosive shell burst behind them. 'That was a near shave,' said one, 'let's go back and see where it fell.' It had fallen on the precise spot where they had been standing. It brought one of them to see Mr. Kennedy: 'I have never been baptized, so I suppose I ought to be baptized and confirmed.' He had already settled his relation to Christ.

Mr. Kennedy returned to his parish in Boscombe last September, and the following month succumbed to the disease which he had evidently contracted at the Front. He did not live to see his book published, but it is a record which enshrines a very sacred memory. Meanwhile others are carrying on similar work. No chaplain's story has been so thrilling as *With French in France and Flanders*, and a noble band of Wesleyan chaplains have endeared themselves to the British soldier and to the Empire by their heroic service. The Rev. E. A. Burroughs' mind is fixed on *The Fight for the Future*. That is the title of his little volume of addresses (Nisbet & Co.). The new world for which we look will have to be fought for. There has 'never been a better opportunity for cleaning slates and beginning over again.' In the midst of the ruins of our civilization God has been revealing Himself. The laws of Christ have been vindicated. Thousands have learned

that 'self-seeking, after all, is unnatural and unsatisfying, while sacrifice can be, not an irksome duty, but an inspiration and a joy.' No one can study the Supplement of the *London Gazette* for March 10, with its fifteen hundred brief stories of valour, without a thrill. Mr. Burroughs says, 'There is a hero in every man, and there is also, if you can get at it, the desire to let him out; but he only can come out by the door of sacrifice, and all the conventions of life in the old days tended to keep that door shut.' It has been opened by the war, and we must not let it close again. There is a saint also in every man, and the work of the future is to develop that sainthood. We owe it to those who have fallen to see that this is made a better world for others. We owe it to the men who will come home again to see that life becomes purer and a richer thing for them. Dr. Ballard has set himself to picture *Christianity after the War* (Kelly), and such a scheme of service can only be accomplished by a Church endowed with a new Pentecost. Dr. Ballard shows what the war has done and is doing, and writes with enthusiasm about 'The Prospective Call for Christian Improvement.' He thinks that Christianity will have to be more truly reconciled with itself; more manifestly correlated with modern knowledge, more definitely and effectively applied to modern life. In the last realm grave problems face us, but the way in which the Empire has been bound together in a new brotherhood, and the links that have been forged with France, Belgium, Russia, Italy, and Serbia in the gigantic effort to save Christian civilization from overthrow, promise well for the future. There is no difficulty which cannot be solved; no uplifting of society which cannot be accomplished, if the spirit that has prevailed among us during this war guides our action and prompts to Christ-like sacrifice and service for our fellows when the days of peace return.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

HENRY JAMES

THE little town of Rye in Sussex where Henry James had his English home is well deserving of that honour. Those houses, in which an antiquated design is beautifully adapted to the comforts, even the luxuries of the present, suggest what is to some minds the sum and substance of the truth about this writer, that he keenly felt the *prestige* of continuity and the charm of an old civilization, and that the only sphere he recognized was that of the wealthy and the fortunate.

Yet if he realized the beauty of old buildings, he was not very tender to old abuses; if he studied the rich and idle it was with no undue complaisance. He was so much of an artist that it was only by degrees that people realized what a moralist he also was, such a devout lover of beauty that you must read his books with attention to perceive that the beauty he worshipped was above all the beauty of goodness.

His two autobiographical books, from this standpoint, throw a light backwards over all his work. They reveal the earliest influences at work upon him, his father's high generosity and purity of aim, his mother's perfect unselfishness and devotion. One knows now whence he obtained that touchstone which he carried with him as an insatiably curious observer of what he would have called 'The European Scene.'

Notes of a Son and Brother shows him, in the most formative years of his youth, submitted to a training which was to feed his future genius by sharpening his perception of social differences and values. He laments the desultoriness of the educational plan which carried him from France to Geneva, Geneva to Bonn, and back again to Newport and Harvard, but it was really invaluable for the artist that he was to be. He impresses one as the quiet looker-on in that group of brilliant young people of which the outstanding figures to him are his brother William, 'with his intensity of animation and spontaneity of expression,' even then showing rich promise of his future eminence, and the charming, gifted Mary Temple, whose death marked for him and his brother 'the end of their youth.'

Of the atmosphere of his home he says, 'It would absolutely not have been possible for us in the measure of our sensibility to breathe more the air of that reference to a world of goodness and power greater than any the world by itself can show, which we understand as the religious spirit.' At the same time he finds it 'wondrous' that his

father's possession of this spirit 'should have been unaccompanied with a single one of the outward or formal, the theological, devotional, ritual, or even pietistic signs by which we usually know it.'

The incubating period in his case lasted long. He was thirty-two when he published his first noteworthy novel—*Roderick Hudson*. In this and in the series of books which followed, he took for his subject the American in Europe. He describes such quiet, simple, conscientious people as he himself had known, living rather provincial and drab-coloured lives, who find themselves plunged into a society of deep roots and old traditions, where the moral values to which they are accustomed seem to have suffered a sort of trans-valuation. His most famous essay in this line was the tragic little tale of *Daisy Miller*, but his *Portrait of a Lady* is only a study on a larger scale of an ardent and innocent American girl, victimized in the most decorous way by two scoundrels of the best cosmopolitan society.

Many people prefer these earlier books, with their clear, hard objectivity, and their crisp, lucid style, to the novels of his later period. But to those who love the later books, and particularly the three great novels, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Ambassadors*, and *The Golden Bowl*, this seems like preferring a Copley Fielding water-colour to a Venetian scene by Turner. In his later books he dropped his prim, impersonal tone and dared to be himself. He has achieved an intimacy with his personages which is almost uncanny. You do not realize at first how elusively and delicately you are led into the heart of your subject or of what fine threads the texture of your enchantment is woven. Great things, sensational things, happen in his books. But they arrive, as such incidents do in real life, borne on in the current of life itself. It is hard to remember any one who can show as he can the gradual dawning of a purpose, the forming of a suspicion, or the mere yielding to the pressure of circumstances. He greatly admired the art of Paul Bourget, and we have all felt the interest of the ingenious analysis of motive and exhibition of the springs of conduct that one finds in books like *Le Disciple* or *Un Divorce*. Yet, by the side of Henry James, M. Bourget has the air of a professor demonstrating with diagrams.

What he felt himself vowed to before he was out of boyhood (we learn it from the *Notes of a Son and Brother*) was the cultivation of discrimination, the development and constant exercise of a fine 'taste.' But this never became the amoral, not to say immoral, aestheticism of Wilde and his school. He loved what he found in old towns like Rye, the air of 'ancient' peace and fulfilled renown. He loved the perfection of a great house like Knole, where every piece of furniture stands in its place like a note of music, contributing to the harmony of the whole. He loved the talk of accomplished women and distinguished men, as it may be heard in certain drawing-rooms of London, or Paris, or Rome. In writing, he hated all that was banal, obvious, over-emphatic, slovenly, or vulgar, and his constant search for the expression that should be fine enough and exact enough to satisfy him makes some passages of his later books rather difficult

reading. In practice he seems to subscribe to the dictum of Benedetto Croce, that 'Art is expression' and that perfect art is simply perfect expression. He is never content with the *à peu près* which has to satisfy most of us.

His view of the place that aesthetic interest may fill in life is a high one. The mistress of Poynton lives so utterly in and for her 'things' that she is ready to commit any treachery to keep them. In the *Aspern Papers* the hero is prepared to perpetrate an act of very shabby meanness for the sake of elucidating a riddle of literary history. The ordinary man hardly realizes the force of such motives. Yet nothing makes one more realize the strength of the moralizing strain in Henry James than his portrait of Gilbert Osmond, the Italianate Englishman, who has all the taste, all the feeling of what is aesthetically 'right' that native gifts and assiduous culture can give, and yet with it all contrives to be so hideously mean and unlovely.

He carried the touchstone of which we have spoken with him in the course of his studies of European society during the twenty years before the war, and it showed him, with all the charm and urbanity that appealed to him so strongly, an appalling greed and materialism. These women who dress so splendidly, these men who fare so sumptuously, are all possessed with the craze for more money or more pleasure. A dreary covetousness is the note of the society to which we are introduced in *The Wings of the Dove*, only lit up by the figure of the exquisite American girl, whose early death is *escompté* in so despicable a fashion by her particular friend and the friend's lover. It is interesting to know that some traits in this figure, perhaps the most touching in all his novels, were suggested by his admirable young cousin, Mary Temple.

Cruelty and treachery were the things Henry James seems to have hated most, and next to them probably anything in the nature of bullying or aggressive rudeness. One reason for his admiration of the code of the old civilization was that it raised courtesy to the rank of a virtue. He was a severe critic of his native land, but who has given us finer types of Americans? We need only recall the quixotic honour of Strether, the poor gentleman of letters, who is the real hero of *The Ambassadors*, or the American millionaire in *The Golden Bowl*, a figure in which the union of gentleness with latent force suggests a resemblance to the ideal American,—Lincoln.

Nothing illustrated better the supreme effectiveness of Henry James's method at its best than the *dénouement* of this story, when Maggie and her father, each all in all to the other, agree without a word to separate and to put the ocean between them, in order to save what may yet be saved of the honour of their homes. To have imagined beings of such high honour, such reticence and tenderness, is to have done no small thing for one's country, and this America owes to her distinguished son, the most eminent of all American-born men of letters since Hawthorne.

But he is ours too. We can never forget that, in the darkest hour that our country has known for more than a hundred years, he chose

to make himself one of us, taking his stand, quietly and without display, as he had taken it all his life, on the side of humanity and true civilisation. It may well be that when his books (highly as we prize them) are no longer read, this deed of his will keep his name fragrant among England's children, 'to live with the eternity of her fame.'

DORA M. JONES.

RELIGIOUS AND RACIAL CONFLICT IN CEYLON

THE Buddhist anarchic movement which compelled the Government to proclaim martial law from the middle of June until the end of August last year in Ceylon has several striking resemblances to the recent Irish 'rebellion.' An account of that movement is given in the Government Blue Book, in the English and vernacular press of the Colony, and in Mr. P. Ramanathan's book, *Riots and Martial Law in Ceylon*, 1915. A judicial account of those disturbances was written by Sir Robert Chalmers, who, during his brief governorship, manifested deep interest and sympathy with the Sinhalese and their national religion. It was fortunate that a man intimately acquainted with their sacred literature and philosophy, and who specially cultivated the friendship of Buddhist scholars, both monks and laymen, was at the head of the Government during a great national crisis. With the exception of a few extremists, all the various peoples are unanimously agreed that Sir Robert Chalmers was one of the greatest Governors ever sent to Ceylon. His high character and wise statesmanship, his unswerving devotion to duty and impartial administration of justice, deeply and favourably impressed men of all races and creeds in the Island. He was therefore not likely to indiscriminately condemn the Sinhalese for the greatest calamity that has befallen them during the last three hundred years.

The proximate cause of the disturbances, which occurred at Kandy on May 28, 1915, during the celebration of the nativity of Gautama Buddha, was the disappointment of the Sinhalese at the decision of the Supreme Court which restrained the Buddhists from conducting their religious procession past a Mohammedan mosque with the accompaniment of music. They bitterly resented this decision, which they regarded as a menace to their religion, and especially as a violation of a treaty made between the British Government and the Kandyan chiefs a century ago. Their lawyers and publicists argue that a Christian Government must maintain and protect Buddhist rites and worship, the monks and the temples, exactly in the same way that Buddhist kings had done long centuries ago. They have appealed against the Government to the Privy Council; whatever the final decision may be it will inevitably have a far-reaching effect on the political and religious life of the country.

It is probable that this alleged grievance alone would not have produced any serious disturbance if there had not been a deeply rooted economic cause. The Sinhalese people in the Kandyan

provinces, being without commercial aptitude, local trade has been largely captured by Mohammedans from Ceylon and South India, who are a most virile and enterprising race. These traders are regarded by the villagers 'with the feelings entertained at all times and in all lands towards transitory aliens who make money out of the local peasantry by supplying their wants at "the shop," and frequently securing mortgages of the lands of thriftless debtors.' Add to this the hostile articles in the vernacular press against the Moslems (six Sinhalese editors were prosecuted for these by the Crown), and the Buddhist traders' associations formed for the furtherance of exclusive interests, and we have all the elements of a dangerous explosion among a volatile population. It was this combination of religious passion and commercial rivalry which gave the outbreak its original strength and caused it to spread with startling rapidity over nearly the whole of Buddhist Ceylon.

For several days the spirit of revolution was abroad; the authority of law and order was openly defied, and lawlessness came in free and uncurbed. It seemed as if desperate men would overwhelm the country with disaster; they certainly, for a few days, shook the foundations of British rule in the colony. Many of the rioters were armed with guns and other deadly weapons. The Moslems had their property looted, their houses and shops wrecked, their mosques desecrated and burnt, their persons outraged, wounded, and murdered. Atrocious crimes were committed by the Sinhalese during those days of madness. In one district they adopted the barbaric method of outraging the Moslem women by cutting away their ears in order to remove valuable jewels. Several hundreds of them escaped to India by steamer and train, some fled terror-stricken to the jungles, and large numbers had to seek protection with the English and the Ceylonese from the unbridled cruelty of the Sinhalese Buddhists. Colombo, the capital of the island, was dangerously threatened by thousands of rioters, who not only ransacked valuable business premises, but looted and destroyed large quantities of food stuffs. In many places the people were faced with famine. Little or no work was done in harbour. The railway service was more or less suspended, and even a train conveying troops to a disaffected district was held up by the rioters. During that brief reign of terror 108 mosques were burnt and damaged, 4,425 Moslem shops and houses were looted and destroyed, 25 Moslems were murdered in cold blood, 189 wounded, and at least four Moslem women were brutally outraged. The damage to property is estimated at nearly six millions of rupees. The number of rioters brought before police and District Courts and Special Commissioners was 8,786, of whom 4,497 were convicted, while 3,519 were discharged. The special Commissioners remitted to field general courts-martial 412 cases, of whom 54 were acquitted and 358 convicted of treason, murder, &c. There were 33 sentenced to death, of whom 49 had their sentences commuted to penal servitude.

These judicial statistics show the formidable nature of these disturbances. It is doubtless true that many of the rioters were

ignorant, fanatical men who at any moment were ready to defy Government and its authority. According to official statistics there is a large percentage of criminals among the Buddhist population. For many years now the growth of Buddhist criminality has been one of the most serious social problems in Ceylon.[1] Unfortunately, the criminal population were not solely responsible for that reign of anarchy. Associated with them were some highly intellectual and wealthy men. Government officers, schoolmasters, native doctors, and influential merchants were found among the leaders. Probably the most important Buddhist organization in Ceylon is the Maha Bodhi Society, which in many respects was not unlike the Irish Sinn Fein. Sir Robert Chalmers rightly described it as disloyal. The loyal section of the Ceylon English Press has repeatedly called attention to the disloyal and seditious activity of a small but influential section of the population. The writer has not sufficient evidence to state with any certainty what were the motives which caused the intellectuals to join that anarchic movement. One thing, however, is certain. For some time eminent Englishmen have been described as bloodsuckers and tyrants; their personal characters have been impugned and derided, and the Government have been accused of impoverishing the people. The 'intellectuals' have called themselves 'patriots,' 'nationalists,' and the like; they have proclaimed their utmost loyalty to the King, but at the same time, they have scattered broadcast seditious literature, which was certain to produce calamitous results among the people. Recently a loyal Sinhalese gentleman reproduced specimens of this class of literature in the Ceylon Press. Unless the Buddhist leaders and a few other men were trying to overthrow the British Government, it is difficult to understand why they published such disloyal pamphlets. They were written by men who know the meaning of words, and must have been aware what effect such words would inevitably have on the people. An independent witness who travelled over a large part of the disturbed area in the south has placed on record the names of several Government officers who incited and led the rioters. He states that a leader said, in the presence of a large number of Moslems, that 'the time has come to do away with the Moslems, and the term of British rule has come to an end, and that the Moslems should adopt Buddhism as their religion.' Many intelligent people in the Colony believed that a widespread anarchist organization had been secretly working, and that the birthday of Buddha, the Indian apostle of peace and goodwill, was the time fixed on to start their revolutionary work. This view has since been expressed in the Government Blue Book, which ominously says that 'there is a decided opinion amongst those whose duty it is, and has been, to visit the lately disturbed areas, that the movement was not intended to be continued solely

[1] The statement in the article on Ceylon Buddhism by Dr. T. W. Rhys Davids in the *Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics*, that there is little crime amongst the Buddhists, is most erroneous.

against the Moslems, but was to be directed ultimately against the Europeans.' It also says 'the courts-martial that have sat have found many accused guilty of treason, and the evidence produced shows indirectly that a seditious undercurrent has been travelling through the greater portion of the island.' Obviously these are very serious statements; they are made on the authority of men whose long residence in the Colony, and intimate knowledge of the people, entitled them to most careful consideration. The Buddhist monks, with but few exceptions, did little or nothing in restraining the violent activities of their co-religionists. Sir Robert Chalmers seriously doubts whether the entire body of Buddhist monks did condemn the lawlessness that prevailed to a most alarming and lamentable degree on the anniversary of the nativity of Buddha. When we remember that there are several thousands of monks in the Island, who are supposed to exert unrivalled influence over the Buddhist population, the statement made by the Governor is of great significance. Though it is officially stated that German influence had nothing to do with the disturbances, several Germans in recent years have become Buddhist monks in Ceylon. They are now interned. No one can understand that movement, whether he lives in Ceylon or England, unless he is familiar with Buddhist, and in a few instances, 'Christian' attacks on British rule and its alleged demoralizing influence on the population. They have sown the wind, and they reaped the whirlwind.

Just as in Ireland, so in Ceylon, the vast majority of the population remained steadfast and unmovable in their loyalty to the Crown. In the Tamil Provinces there was no unrest, the Burgher community rallied almost to a man to the Government, and the majority of intelligent Sinhalese reprobated the deeds of the wild section of their race. The Roman Catholic Church, which claims more than 80% of the total Christian population, was conspicuous for its spontaneous loyalty. The priests, most of whom are of non-British birth, made a profound impression on the Sinhalese Roman Catholics in their earnest appeals to them to remain loyal. This is one of the bright spots during a time of national unrest and extensive disturbances.

The Ceylon Government, like the Executive in Ireland, did not anticipate such a rebellious movement. Probably not since the Indian Mutiny, when the troops were sent to India, were the Government forces so weak as last year to deal with the uprising. Certainly if the Buddhists had intended to overthrow British rule, they could not have chosen a more suitable time. With but a small number of English and native troops in the island, and a large number of Englishmen away from the island fighting for their King, the Buddhists, if they had been well organized, might easily have taken possession of the Government—for a time. Fortunately, organization has never been their strong point. Seeing a conflagration raging over two hundred miles of country, and large masses of infuriated men, often under leaders of great influence, burning property, looting shops, murdering and wounding men, and maltreating women, it was inevitable that

martial law, which affects innocent and guilty alike, should be proclaimed. The Government have been criticized for not dealing with those disturbances by the local police forces. Their reply is that those forces were ludicrously inadequate to deal with that movement. Just as in Ireland, so in Ceylon, swift and stern measures were needed to crush those rebellious men who tried to plunge a country into anarchy and ruin when the Empire was confronted with a powerful adversary. Martial law and its vigorous application was the only security for life and property. Ceylon never knew before what martial law meant, because, happily, the occasion for this drastic remedy for a dangerous disease had not arisen. The great majority of men in Ceylon believe that the seditious movement could only be rooted out by martial law. Rapine and bloodshed had to be punished with a severity which would make any repetition of them impossible for generations to come. Weakness would have been interpreted as cowardice. There can be no doubt that some innocent persons were inadvertently punished. The amazing number of persons convicted, the large area the conflagration covered, and the rapidity with which it spread, made a few mistakes inevitable on the part of the military and other authorities. We should remember that if the Government had not acted swiftly, and used all the forces at their command, an overwhelming disaster would have fallen on civilization and religion. After what has happened in Ireland it is astonishing to know that some persons in England and Ceylon desire to arraign the Government for their swift and effective suppression of that riotous and seditious movement. There are a few Christian Sinhalese, whose loyalty is beyond suspicion, who have asked for a Commission. It is significant that they joined the Buddhists in this request, seeing that they have often been denounced for their betrayal of Sinhalese 'nationalism' because of their Christianity. This request has been refused by the home Government. There are many reasons why this refusal was inevitable. Since the riots bitter articles and insinuating cartoons against the officials have appeared in a section of the Ceylon Press. A new law had to be passed recently to deal more effectively with this class of literature, which was a disgrace to the Colony. It was believed that if a Commission had been granted, those who made violent speeches and wrote violently in the newspapers would regard it as a victory for their extreme propaganda work. Some men, who for a short time believed that a Commission was necessary, were shocked at the political doctrines of those men who clamoured for it. The men who regarded themselves as the official advocates of the Buddhists were most unfortunate in their methods of gaining the goodwill of England. It is strange that many people in Ceylon imagine that the English authorities are easily influenced by men who are well known as truculent opponents of the local Government and bitter antagonists not only of Christianity but of Western civilization. Many of those who asked for a Commission would like to destroy all Christian institutions in the Colony. The influential newspapers, the *Observer*, the *Times*, and the *Inde-*

pendent, which represent the views of all moderate men in the Ceylon communities, and the two organs of the Roman Catholic Church, agree with Sir Robert Chalmers' statement in the Blue Book that 'the appointment of a Commission could only do harm, and serve to encourage the disloyal element in the community.' The loyal Ceylonese admit that the Government had to use military force to quell the disorders and root out sedition; they also believe that they are to-day pursuing a wise and strong policy which will heal the open sore of Buddhist Ceylon.

HENRY LONG.

A GREAT GEOGRAPHER

BY the death of Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S.—appropriately eulogized as the 'Nestor of Geography'—a long and eminently useful career was brought to an end on January 30, 1916. It was not a little ironical that a man who had so extensively travelled the world, enduring the strain of its severest climates, encountering dangers on land, ice, and sea, among savage men and beasts of prey, and in his eighty-sixth year was still hale and hearty, should succumb to a mishap with a lighted candle whilst lying in bed. But for that tragedy, it is not too much to say, there are valuable services he could yet for a considerable while have been rendering to the cause he had been so deeply interested in for nearly two-thirds of a century. Only as recently as last spring he had returned from Mont Estoril, in Portugal, bringing with him material for fresh volumes of geographical interest. He had been a prolific and versatile writer, beginning soon after his return from the Arctic, when only twenty-two years of age, with the story of his experiences, under the title of *Franklin's Footsteps*. In addition to numerous volumes which he had edited for the Hakluyt Society, of which for several years he had been president, upwards of half a hundred more were the direct fruits of his authorship, not to mention articles of great value in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, the *Geographical Journal*, and other publications. He had the pen of a ready writer; his memory was almost phenomenal, remaining unimpaired to the day of his death; and his only recreation was a fresh piece of work.

It was at Stillingfleet, in Yorkshire, on July 20, 1830, that Clements Robert Markham was born. He was a son of the parsonage, his father being Vicar of that place and Canon of Windsor. Among his immediate ancestors he reckoned a great-grandfather who was Archbishop of York. It was to a very early period, however, that he had to trace his way in following the ancestral line to its starting-point. The year of his birth, it may be incidentally noted, was the one in which the Royal Geographical Society was founded, the two events coinciding almost to a day. Whatever interest this may possess arises from Sir Clements' long and honourable association with that Society, which he did so much to make the premier Geographical Society of the world. He was elected a Fellow in 1854; for a quarter of a

century he was one of its honorary secretaries; and for twelve years its president, in the last-named position holding office continuously for a longer term of years than any of his predecessors. Those twelve years were years of remarkable prosperity to the Society. As a secretary, we are told, he had been a moving spirit; as president he became a controlling power. His official position coincided very largely with the era of the Dark Continent's discovery, and he had much to do with welcoming on their return such great Africans as Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Grant, Galton, Baker, Stanley, and Selous.

The Markhams had been more or less a naval family for generations, and young Clements, on leaving Westminster School at the age of fourteen in 1844, entered the service. During those youthful days he visited many parts of the world, and had some exciting experiences hunting Riff pirates in the Mediterranean. In the last two years of the eight he spent in the Navy he gained the more valuable experience which probably turned his mind definitely in the direction of exploration. In 1845 Sir John Franklin had left England in charge of an expedition for the discovery of the North-West Passage. After a long period of anxious waiting, with no tidings to break the ominous silence, a series of expeditions were despatched from both England and America in search of Sir John and his party, and these numbered fifteen in all from 1848 to 1854. It was in connexion with one of these, as a midshipman in the *Assistance*, under the command of Ommanney, that young Markham spent these two years in Arctic exploration. To the end of his days he maintained a great interest in everything pertaining to Polar research. For years after general interest had subsided with the discovery by McClintock of the fate of Franklin, he continued to advocate the renewal of exploration in Arctic regions; but it was not until 1875 that his persistent efforts bore fruit in the dispatch by the Government of two ships, the *Alert* and *Discovery*, under Captain Nares. He himself accompanied the expedition as far as Greenland. Perhaps the outstanding feature of his presidency was the revival of Antarctic exploration. He was, not without reason, called the father of modern Antarctic research; and in consonance with that assertion a minute of the Royal Geographical Society records that 'the recent renewal of Antarctic exploration on a large scale was mainly due to his initiative, enthusiasm, and energy.' With him originated the first expedition to the Antarctic under Captain Scott, and owing to his insistency a relief ship was dispatched by the Government, when two years elapsed without news of the expedition. It has been said that the first success and subsequent disaster of the gallant explorer were respectively the greatest joy and the keenest sorrow of Sir Clements' life.

On retiring from the Navy in 1852, Markham spent two years in Peru, exploring the country and investigating its interesting remains of the Inca period. The result was embodied in a volume entitled *Cuzco and Lima*. The knowledge of Peru he acquired during this

visit placed him in a position to render unique and invaluable service to humanity. The cinchona plant was discovered to be indigenous to those regions, and its product, which was at first generally known as Peruvian bark, was found to be a wonderful febrifuge, and a specific in the treatment of malaria It was decided to introduce the plant into India, and in 1860, Markham, having been appointed by the Secretary of State for India, once more went to South America, accompanied by a collector and three assistants. In carrying out their mission of collecting plants and seeds for transmission to the East, this small party had many adventures and ran considerable risks while penetrating into remote parts of Peru where probably no European had ever been before. The work was successfully accomplished, and in due time a flourishing plantation was established on the Neilgherry Hills, in South India. From the one plantation many others have been formed, and some conception of the vast benefit which has been the outcome of the project is to be gathered from the fact that the invaluable product of the cinchona plant, which had formerly cost some twenty shillings an ounce, can now be purchased for a few pence. *Travels in Peru and India* (1862) was the immediate literary outcome of his activities in connexion with the undertaking. He maintained a keen interest in Peru, and indeed in South America generally, as witness the numerous volumes, geographical, historical, &c., of the succeeding years.

Another important duty was soon found for one so highly qualified. In 1867 the Abyssinian War broke out, and Clements Markham was appointed by the Government as geographer to the expedition. He was with Sir Robert Napier throughout the campaign, and was present at the storming and capture of Magdala. For his services on this occasion he was created a Companion of the Bath, in addition to being awarded the Abyssinian war medal. It was in this expedition that he first met Stanley, who accompanied it as correspondent for the *New York Herald*.

When the biography of this 'leading representative of British geography' comes to be written, it will reveal a wonderful record of interests and activities. Among these there will be the work he did whilst in charge of the geographical business of the India Office, also his great part in the successful effort to place geographical teaching and research in the position it now occupies in connexion with the Universities. He was largely responsible, too, as it will appear, for the almost embarrassing growth of that department of the Royal Geographical Society's operations which concerns itself with the training of military officers, travellers, and colonial officials in practical surveying; and much besides.

Dr. J. Scott Keltie, who knew him so intimately, said, 'He was the staunchest of friends and the indomitable champion of any cause he made his own.' He died rich in honours and academic distinctions. It has been truly said, 'The world is all the poorer by his death.'

ALFRED DUMBARTON.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by Dr. James Hastings, with the assistance of Dr. John A. Selbie and Dr. Louis H. Gray. Volume VIII. Life and Death—Mulla. (T. & T. Clark. 28*s.* net.)

ONE-HUNDRED-AND-EIGHTY-FIVE scholars of many countries and of various creeds contribute one or more articles to the new volume of this *Encyclopaedia*, which has now completely established its claim to be an invaluable work of reference. Dr. Barber writes on 'Lullists,' Dr. Geden on 'Mercy (Indian),' and 'Monasticism (Buddhist, Hindu), Dr. Moulton on 'Magi,' and Dr. Tasker on 'Longsuffering.' In the article on 'Methodism,' Dr. Simon and Dr. Findlay collaborate, dealing respectively with 'History and polity,' and with 'Doctrine.' Under such sub-headings as 'The Rise of Methodism,' 'Attitude of the Clergy,' 'Provision of the Sacraments,' Dr. Simon shows how 'the Methodists were diverted into a path which gradually but decisively diverged from the Church of England.' Future historians of the Methodist Revival will have no excuse for erroneous statements on the important questions which are here treated with fullness of knowledge. Dr. Findlay condenses into an article, all too brief, a lucid account of the religious conditions of the age in which Methodist doctrine was moulded. Of the doctrinal standards he says: 'While they present no formal confession or dogmatic scheme, the *Notes* and *Sermons* contain the full evangelical creed in solution; they are a working standard framed for a preaching ministry, and have proved a sufficient regulative canon for a Church that retains its evangelical consciousness and is concerned above all things to preserve the life and convey the spirit of these authoritative documents.'

As an indication of the fullness with which great themes are treated, which need to be expounded from different points of view, it must suffice to mention that a biological discussion of 'Life and Death' is followed by twelve articles, giving summaries, *inter alia*, of Hebrew, Buddhist, and Christian teaching. Subjects similarly treated are 'Light and Darkness,' 'Magic,' 'Mercy,' 'Missions,' 'Muhammadanism,' &c. Other contributions which will have special interest for the readers of this *Review* are 'Meditation,' by Dr. Denney, 'Moravians,' by Bishop Hassé, 'Logos,' by Dr. Inge, 'Metaphysics,' by Dr. Mackenzie, 'Materialism,' by Dr. Tennant.

As the successive volumes of this unique *Encyclopaedia* are pub-

lished, its readers' obligations increase to the Editor for his foresight in planning so elaborate a work, and for his wise selection of authors who, with scarcely an exception, have insight as well as learning. A feature, greatly prized by students, and to be specially commended, is the remarkable accuracy of the detailed references.

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

One section of this book has been published separately, and has already been noticed in the pages of this Review. It deals with 'Christ's Miracles of Feeding,' and occupies about one-third of the present volume. The rest is concerned with various features of our Lord's earlier Galilean ministry, amongst these being the Parables of Sowing, the Sending of the Apostles, the Stilling of the Storm, and the New Law of Sacrifice. Dr. Abbott's method in this portion of his monumental work, *Diatessarica*, has been already explained at some length. Where St. Mark's tradition has been modified, altered, or omitted by St. Matthew or St. Luke, Dr. Abbott claims to show that in a large proportion of instances St. John intervenes to explain St. Mark's tradition. He points out these cases of 'intervention,' and discusses them in detail. But he attempts also to answer the question, What about the instances of peculiar Marcan tradition where St. John has not intervened? Such a treatment, including an examination of the exact words employed and the minutest details of the forms of the several traditions, is necessarily long and elaborate—too long, perhaps, for the average reader. But the combination of exact scholarship and literary insight which Dr. Abbott exhibits, makes even his most minute analysis instructive, and careful students of the Gospels find even his numerous digressions suggestive and very often helpful.

Whether the learned author makes out his whole case is another matter. No one should attempt to judge finally till the work is done; least of all should judgement be pronounced on two or three issues only. The argument is cumulative, and full scope should be allowed for the marshalling of details. In many cases Dr. Abbott's ingenuity will be pronounced excessive. Particularly is this the case where the process of 'spiritualizing' a plain narrative—e.g. the accounts of miracles—is supposed to bring us nearer to the original facts than a literal interpretation. Long ago, in 'The Kernel and the Husk,' Dr. Abbott showed his bias in this direction, and it has rather increased than lessened in the course of years. But no one can understand either Jesus or the evangelists who does not set himself steadily to answer the question how far the original meaning of our Lord's words has been unconsciously modified by his reporters, and those from whom they gained their information. And readers who emphatically dissent from many of Dr. Abbott's conclusions will be the first to acknowledge that his way of putting some of these

questions has proved a veritable 'eye-opener' in the study of sacred and very familiar words.

An illustration may be found in the author's examination of the meaning of our Lord's parables. Were these 'dark sayings,' or illuminating figures of speech? If the former, were they so intentionally, and why? Was any part of the teaching of Jesus esoteric? And if so, was the exposition of the Teacher's inner meaning given at the time, or were Christ's 'proverbs,' or 'parables,' largely unintelligible till after His ministry had closed in His death and resurrection? And lastly—for this is Dr. Abbott's special point—how does the relation of the Four Gospels to one another shed light on these difficult questions? Is it true that the Fourth Gospel enables us to understand what would have remained unintelligible by the light of the Synoptists alone? Another subtle point worked out by Dr. Abbott turns upon the fact that in St. John there are found hardly any specific precepts given by Christ to His disciples—'not more than three or four'—while even outside the Sermon on the Mount the pages of the Synoptists are full of explicit commandments. Why is this, and how is the relation of the Fourth Gospel to the Three illustrated by the fact?

Dr. Abbott's reading in extra-canonical Jewish and Hellenistic literature has been both wide and careful. Many examples of Jewish usage adduced from these writings shed light on the form of Christ's utterances, as may be seen in the author's sections on 'Exorcism,' and on 'the new law of purification.' But Talmudic usage will hardly persuade the ordinary reader to believe that when Christ's hearers wondered at His wisdom and said, 'Is not this the carpenter?' they meant, 'Is not this indeed a carpenter?' that is, an exceedingly skilful Rabbi. Not many of Dr. Abbott's readers, however, have earned the right to contemn him as a fanciful exegete. He has forgotten more about the Gospels than many of them have ever learned.

A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Epistle of St. James. By James Hardy Ropes. (T. & T. Clark. 9*s.* net.)

Professor Ropes describes this epistle as 'a religious and moral tract having the form, but only the form, of a letter.' It deals with a variety of topics, but gains a certain unity from the writer's own traits of sincerity, good sense, and piety. It is 'probably the pseudonymous production of a Christian of Jewish origin, living in Palestine in the last quarter of the first century or the first quarter of the second.' It reflects the conditions of Jewish life in Palestine, and in some of the ideas Hellenistic influences are strong. 'The interweaving of the two strains contributes much to the freshness and effectiveness of the epistle as a hortatory essay.' The Introduction discusses the literary type of the Epistle, showing that in the Christian Church letters as literary works, not merely as private communica-

tions, were produced almost from the first. The literary relationships of St. James's Epistle are also discussed at length. The vocabulary of James contains about 570 words, about 73 of which are not found elsewhere in the New Testament. First Peter, which is about the same length, has 68 words of its own. Dr. Ropes says that the Epistle probably bore the name of James from the first, and that thereby was probably intended the brother of the Lord, but he holds that the title and the tradition 'create no overpowering presumption that he was the author.' He writes Greek with entire facility, and was probably accustomed to read the Old Testament in the Septuagint Version. We are not able to accept the view here taken, but the learning and research lavished upon the Commentary entitle Dr. Ropes to a careful study. His notes are of very great interest and importance. In i. 17 he reads 'with whom is none of the variation that belongs to the turning of the shadow.' In ii. 18 'thou' and 'I' are taken as equivalent to 'one' and 'another.' The note on 'the early and late rain' deserves special attention.

History of the Study of Theology. By Charles A. Briggs, D.D. 2 vols., each 2*s.* 6*d.* net. (Duckworth.)

Dr. Briggs gave a course of lectures on this subject to students of Union Theological Seminary, New York, in the winter of 1912–13. He combined the methods of the lecture-room with those of the Seminary and at the close of each section opportunity was given for discussion. His daughter has now prepared the unfinished lectures for publication, adding to them here and there with skill and judgement. The outline begins with the study of theology in the time of Jesus and in the Apostolic age, then it passes to the next centuries, giving special attention to the schools of Alexandria and Antioch. Four chapters trace the Study in the Middle Ages from the ninth to the fifteen centuries, and a closing section describes the theology of the Renaissance, the Reformation, and the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries. The leading features of each period are summed up in compact statements, and these are filled out in a luminous and suggestive way. The work is a critical and biographical survey of the whole course of theological study down to our own times, though no attempt has been made to give an account of living theologians. The section on Methodism shows how 'Deism was overcome in Great Britain and her colonies by the vital religion and Christian experience of Methodism, a genuine developement of British Christianity, yet strongly influenced by the Pietism of the Continent. Methodism was, indeed, an historical recompense for the influence of Puritanism upon Continental Christianity.' Miss Briggs has done her difficult task in the most efficient style, and the two small volumes are packed with matter. Theologians of all schools will find them invaluable.

Forerunners and Rivals of Christianity. By F. Legge. 2 vols. (Cambridge University Press. 25*s.* net.)

The appearance of this important and scholarly work affords a fresh proof of the fascination which research into the ancient faiths of civilization exercises over so many minds in this age. A generation ago the inquiring student would have looked in vain (to mention but one example) for a connected and illuminating account of the Eleusinian mysteries. He would have been largely dependent upon a private investigation of the sources of information provided by Plutarch, Apuleius, Clement of Alexandria, and other ancient authorities, and might even then have failed to estimate their importance in the evolution of religious ritual and their particular influence on the development of Greek religion. This failure would largely be the result of the prevalent habit of studying ancient cults as isolated phenomena instead of co-ordinating and comparing them with preceding and contemporary faiths of other peoples. This method, of course, in relation to Christianity itself, starting as it did with the assumption of its supernatural origin, produced a one-sided conception of uniqueness which the study of comparative religion has done so much to modify. Mr. Legge, availing himself of the researches of Foucart, goes very fully into the characteristics of the cult of Dionysus after discussing the effect of the conquest of Alexander upon the religious conceptions of the Graeco-Roman world. He passes in review the Egyptian faiths of Isis and Osiris, Gnosticism in the general pre-Christian sense of magic, astrology, and demonology, and the faith and practice of the Essenes and Simon Magus. For most readers the first volume, the contents of which have been indicated, will naturally possess a greater interest than the second, which, with equal fullness, surveys post-Christian Gnosticism, the Ophites, the *Pistes Sophia*, Marcion, the worship of Mithras, and finally Manes and Manichaeism. It is a vast field, and Mr. Legge has accomplished his task, so far as we can judge, with a large measure of success. Cumont might be supposed to have said the last word on Mithraism, and certainly his brilliant researches into this notable rival-religion, Christianity's fiercest competitor, form the bases of all future study on the theme; but Mr. Legge, while utilizing Cumont's material, does not always accept his conclusions. Enough, however, has been said to demonstrate the value of this work for all students of the ancient faiths in their relation to Christianity.

Devotions from Ancient and Mediaeval Sources (Western). Translated and arranged by Rev. Charles Plummer. (B. H. Blackwell. 5*s.* net.)

A book which will make available for thoughtful Christians the prayers of ancient and mediaeval Christendom has long been desired: and the need is fulfilled by the present anthology of devotions. Confining his selection to the treasures of the Western Church, Mr. Plummer, with equal scholarship and refinement of taste, has collected

and translated from the old service-books, missals, and breviaries, a series of prayers, which, in quality and quantity, adequately represent the devotions of the past ages of the Church. Not only have they been translated with great care and discrimination, but they are arranged in sections for the sacred seasons, saints' days, and the daily services of the Church: there are also prayers for special occasions, and, what is even more significant, prayers for the departed. Incidentally, the intercessions show how the Book of Common Prayer stands in need of enrichment. The present war has undoubtedly quickened an interest in the whole subject, and created a desire for such prayers which this collection will largely satisfy. Some of the most striking prayers are drawn from the Mozarabic liturgies, which are a closed treasury to most Christians. There is a richness and distinctive eloquence in many of these Mozarabic petitions which bears out Mr. Plummer's opinion that they are among the most beautiful and pathetic ever written.

A Pocket Lexicon to the Greek New Testament. By Alexander Souter, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 3*s*. net.)

Prof. Souter was struck in his Oxford days by the need of publishing books for students at a moderate price, and this little Lexicon has been issued to meet that want. His aim has been to give the forms of Greek words in the New Testament and their meanings as exactly as possible, according to the best knowledge now available. He has omitted matters connected with declension, conjugation, gender, &c., and has made no reference to passages in the New Testament except in cases where the reader might be left in doubt which of two or more senses to choose. He hopes his work may be of service to the beginner who uses Moulton's smaller Grammar (Kelly), and also 'to the experienced scholar, who sometimes forgets the meaning of a word, and may be grateful for some of the information culled from the Latin Fathers and not easily accessible.' Students and preachers will find it a handy volume to have with them on a journey. Dr. Moulton's 'invaluable *Prolegomena*' has been studied very closely, and Prof. Souter expresses 'the profoundest obligation to the *Vocabulary* of Moulton and Milligan.' The newer knowledge throws 'a flood of light on passages hitherto misunderstood or regarded as unprofitable (e.g. 1 Cor. x. 8, Jas. i. 8, 1 Peter ii. 2), and sweeps into the dustbin a deal of the well-meant but hair-splitting theology of the past (cf. εἷς), quite unsuited as it was to the comprehension of plain first-century Christians.' There are extended and very useful paragraphs on εἰ, κατά, παρά, and the notes on Χριστός, σωτήρ, κόσμος, are full and helpful. Every one who uses the Lexicon will be grateful to Prof. Souter and to the Clarendon Press.

From Egyptian Rubbish-Heaps. By James Hope Moulton. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These lectures were given at Northfield in August, 1914. They show how much new light has come from the immense number of documents which during the last twenty years have been discovered in Egypt. Some of these are classical writings, others bear directly upon the New Testament. You find in them all the kinds of writing you would expect to find in sacks of waste paper collected in one of our own streets. Many are census papers, and these go to prove the exactness of Luke's reference to the enrolment under Quirinius. Others illustrate the home life of the time, and help us to understand the parable of the Prodigal Son and the letters of St. Paul. It is a suggestive introduction to a fascinating study, and it is full of vivacity and interest from beginning to end.

Reconciliation between God and Man. By Dr. J. Sparrow-Simpson, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* net.)

Dr. Sparrow-Simpson begins with the Incarnation. 'God was in Christ'—he unfolds the meaning of the phrase, and points out that it would not be incarnation were it wholly comprehensible. 'It shows the quality of all ultimate realities, which is to explain innumerable problems while themselves remaining mysteries.' Then he turns to Christ's own teaching about Himself, and shows how He left Himself to the Apostolic interpretation. He understood their narrow limits, yet He did not write a single word. 'He combined a penetrating consciousness of their limitations with a perfectly serene assurance of their capacity.' There is force and beauty in the discussion of the Eucharist, though it opens the door for somewhat high doctrine.

The Political Relations of Christ's Ministry. By Stephen Liberty, M.A. (H. Milford. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The writer of this book was for some time Sub-Warden of St. Deniol's Library, and dedicates it to the memory of Mr. Gladstone. He treats the narrative of our Lord's Temptation as *wholly* symbolical and as having primary allusion to national affairs. In dealing with the Herodian element in the situation, the nature of the Roman toleration of Judaism, the native demand for direct imperial government, and the comparative freedom of the Sanhedrin under the procurators, he has sought to suggest new applications of known facts to the elucidation of the Gospels. His chief aim, however, has been 'to vindicate afresh the right of the Christian Church to hold up the example of its Master in dealing with the policies and social condition of contemporary life.' The theme is suggestively worked out.

A new edition of Dr. A. B. Davidson's *Ezekiel* in the Cambridge Bible (8*s.* 6*d.* net) was prepared by Dr. Streane, who died last September after he had passed a few sheets for press. The Revised Version is used, and a few omissions or abbreviations have been made. Where

too little consideration appeared to have been given to a different interpretation from that adopted by Dr. Davidson, sub-notes have been added in square brackets and references to later study of the book and of the prophetic function are also added. It is a commentary which deserved such editing, and it has been done with scholarly care for which all who use it will be grateful.—*St. Paul's Letter to the Philippians.* (Kelly. 8*d.* net.) This is the first of a set of 'Manuals of Fellowship,' and is edited by W. R. Maltby. It gives a new translation intended to bring out the rich meaning of the letter and a set of questions which not only provoke thought but lead to heart-searching as well. It is a manual that will do great service to groups of Bible students.—*Christ and Sorrow.* By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 1*s.* net.) The Bishop of Durham has been passing through deep waters himself, and these twelve messages for stricken hearts have a very tender note. They are full of sympathy, full of Christ, full of hope. All those to whom the war has brought heavy loss will find rich consolation in these beautiful thoughts.—*Sanctuary Worship.* By Rev. E. F. H. Capey. (Hooks. 2*s.* net.) These responsive services, sentences, and prayers are arranged with great taste and should be very useful in churches that have no liturgy. Alternative forms are given to avoid monotony, and masters such as Bishop Andrewes and Dr. John Hunter have been laid under contribution. Mr. Capey has a high ideal of public worship, and his little book will be of service to all who have to lead the praise and prayer of a congregation even where they do not actually use his book.—*Aspects of the New Theology from Dr. J. Naumann. The Church Year of Grace from Modern Continental Divines.* By the Rev. Joseph Miller, B.A. (Elliot Stock. 8*s.* 6*d.* net each.) Mr. Miller's translations are well done, and the writings to which they introduce English readers are simple and direct in style, devout and thoughtful in tone and spirit. Dr. Naumann says of Belief in the Resurrection: 'Oh, let us believe in the living power of Jesus Christ! He is still for us the truth, for He is Himself the archetype of man, and of the champion which God wills us to be.' The sermons in the second volume are evangelical and practical.—We have also received *The Gospel Drama* (C. W. Daniel. 5*s.*), which actually holds that 'a mystical view of the Scriptures is plainly the only consistent view,' though it states that if readers of this book 'look for a confirmation of the correctness of the interpretations given in it they look in vain.' That is prudent, though it does not recommend the interpretations.—*The Church with the High Threshold.* By R. Moffat Gautrey. (Kelly. 7*d.* and 1*s.* net.) Mr. Gautrey writes for those to whom Duty is clothing itself in loftier demands. Religion accords well with that spirit. Discipleship is 'a great conviction, issuing in a glorious crusade.' The autocracy, the austerity, the peremptoriness, and the ultimatum of Jesus are powerfully set forth by one who feels that 'to re-awake the ancient chivalry we must re-assert the ancient challenge.'—*The New Personality and Other Sermons* (Fleming, Revell & Co.), noticed last quarter, is published at 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By George Earle Buckle in succession to W. F. Monypenny. Vol. IV., 1855—1868. With portraits and illustrations. (Murray. 12*s.* net.)

THE new volume of Disraeli's Life begins with Lord Derby's refusal to grasp the helm in 1855. This gave Lord Palmerston his opportunity, and left Disraeli out of office for many years. In 'the maturity of his unique political talent' he had to be content for more than twenty years to lead Her Majesty's Opposition. He did not altogether escape the reproach of being factious, but Mr. Buckle holds that he incurred it in comparative moderation, and deserved it but seldom. Yet, though his attitude was in a high degree both patriotic and effective, those years left their mark upon him. 'His genius, abundant as it was on the critical side, was at least as much creative as critical; yet, when it was at its height, its creative side, so far as politics, his chosen sphere, was concerned, was starved, and the critical side abnormally developed. The marvel is that, when, in his declining years, he came tardily by his own, sufficient original faculty should have remained to enable him to leave an imperishable mark on the history of England and of the world.' Mr. Buckle quotes freely from Disraeli's letters. Those on political topics are lighted up by the friendly gossip which he pours out to Mrs. Brydges Willyams. He tells her in 1855 that he was much struck with the smallness of Napoleon III. 'He did not seem taller than our Queen. I understand he enjoyed his visit very much, and greatly captivated Her Majesty, once so much prejudiced against him. I was greatly disappointed with the Empress. For me she had not a charm. She has Chinese eyes, and a perpetual smile or simper which I detest. She was always playing with the royal children, who doted on her, and was sometimes found sitting on the edge of a table. What do you think of that? The courtiers were horrified.' The Emperor talked freely with Disraeli in Paris a year later, but formed a singularly inept judgement of him. He thought he was like all literary men, 'ignorant of the world, talking well, but nervous when the moment of action arises.' Count Vitzthum sat near Disraeli at a luncheon in 1855 where he said, 'I have watched Gladstone very carefully, and am convinced that his strength of will is inflexible. Bright is sometimes blunt, but his eloquence is most powerful. He has not the subtleness of Cobden, but he has far more energy, and his talents are more practically applied.' A letter during the Crimean War says Lady Londonderry is in despair about her son in the trenches. 'The trenches are so near the enemy, that we lose forty *per diem*

by casualties! *Casualties*, she says, and truly, what a horrible word to describe the loss of limb and life!' When the Mutiny broke out Disraeli grasped its significance and tried to stir up the Ministry. It needed all the Queen's insistence to induce Palmerston to send out an adequate force, and valuable time was lost through the refusal to make use, save to a very limited extent, of steamers instead of sailing vessels. Disraeli entered with zest into the marriage festivities of the Princess Royal, without a thought of the troubles that were to follow that 'fateful alliance.' In 1858 Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer for the second time in Lord Derby's ministry, and was able to tell the Queen in due course that 'the Budget has had a complete success.' The Conservatives went out of office next year, and it was not till 1867 that Disraeli's parliamentary triumph came with Household Suffrage. His brilliant speech carried the second reading in the House of Commons, and next year he became Prime Minister. Mrs. Disraeli's pride and happiness were overflowing, but her husband showed that he knew what such elevation meant in his famous reply to congratulations: 'Yes, I have climbed to the top of the greasy pole.' There Mr. Buckle's most interesting volume leaves him.

A Thousand Years of Papal History. By W. E. Beet, D.Lit. (Kelly. 1*s.* 3*d.* net.)

This Manual begins with St. Peter, who probably spent some time at Rome, and traces the growth of the Papacy down to the reign of Hildebrand, under whom it became a world power. The list of pontiffs shows how vast a field has had to be covered in 128 pp., but the little book is alive and full of interest from first to last. It lays a firm foundation for fuller study, and gives three pages of bibliography for those who wish to pursue the subject further. Lord Macaulay said, 'The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs.' We watch the growth of their influence under Damasus, who ruled the Roman Church for eighteen years with strength and vigour, and Innocent I., who regarded himself as the heir of St. Peter, and rendered the pontifical authority 'a holier thing.' The Manual is no dry catalogue, but helps us to understand the power which such popes as Gregory the Great, Leo IX., and Hildebrand exercised. It is an amazing story, and we get very near to the heart of it in this masterly epitome of a thousand eventful years.

La Controverse de Martin Marprelate, 1588–1590. *Episode de l'histoire littéraire du Puritanisme sous Elizabeth.* Par G. Bonnard. (Genève: Jullien. 4*fr.*)

M. Bonnard is convinced that an exact knowledge of the Puritan mentality is indispensable for any one who wishes to understand our literature for the last three centuries. As a Swiss he has also felt a natural curiosity as to forms and doctrines which owed their

origin to his own country. For some years he has made a special study of the origin and growth of Puritanism, and the present work is a fragment of one that he had hoped to publish, though he may never have leisure or strength to accomplish it. He is master of the Marprelate literature, as his ample notes and appendices show. He points out that about 1589 a profound change took place in Society. The victory over the Armada gave the whole nation a feeling of power and made it conscious of its essential characteristics. After a long eclipse Puritanism aspired to play its rôle anew in the life of England. It soon exercised a marked influence on our literature. Marprelate and his adversaries were among the first to turn from courts and aristocratic circles to address the people, and to make it the judge of a great cause. The nation found its old democratic spirit. Martin is the first Englishman of modern times to give a literary form to that spirit. M. Bonnard reviews the whole history in a most interesting way. The controversy is unique because of the astonishing personality of the Puritan pamphleteer. Satirist as well as polemic writer, that libellist becomes a dramatist, a romancer, an orator. He is in turn serious and bantering, eloquent and sprightly, indignant and ironical. He tells pleasant stories and disputes skilfully. He is always the same, yet each of his productions seems to show him in a new light. The Puritans never found another champion so personal, so able to play upon the crowd. The work is one of very special interest for all students of this famous controversy.

The Primates of the Four Georges. By A. W. Rowden, K.C. (Murray. 12*s.* net.)

The eight Archbishops of Canterbury of whom Mr. Rowden writes have somewhat faded into the distance, but he makes them all stand forth as living figures. He has carefully studied the Wake MSS. at Christ Church, Oxford, and has brought out many new facts and a host of picturesque details which give vivid interest to his biographies. Wake was perhaps the greatest of the Georgian Primates, Secker the most effective preacher, and Charles Manners Sutton the most imposing and courtly figure. Dr. Herring played an historic part in York at the time of the Young Pretender's march from Scotland. He was a great patriot, to whom George II sent his special thanks. Mr. Rowden is not blind to the foibles of these archbishops, nor to the nepotism and self-seeking of some of them, but his fidelity makes his set of portraits more life-like. The relations of Wake to the father of the Wesleys, and of Potter and Secker to the sons, are well brought out, and the eight lives give a general view of the religious life of England under the Georges which it would not be easy to get anywhere else in so compact a form. We seem to live through the public history of the period as we study these pages, and we sincerely hope that Mr. Rowden will give us another volume on the Georgian Archbishops of York.

Mary Slessor of Calabar: Pioneer Missionary. By W. P. Livingstone. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This book reached its fifth edition within a few weeks of publication. It is an extraordinary story of a woman's pioneer work among the most unattractive savages of the West Coast of Africa, where she was something like a queen. She was a Scotch factory girl, the daughter of a drunken shoemaker, but she had a good mother, and soon became an earnest Christian and a most successful mission worker in Dundee. In 1876, at the age of twenty-eight, she went out to Calabar. At first she taught in the school, then she made a tour of the stations, where she came into contact with the raw heathen, and found herself down at the very foundations of humanity. A white woman was so strange a sight that children would run away screaming with fright when she appeared, and 'the women would crowd around her, talking, gesticulating, and fingering, so that the chiefs had to drive them off with a whip.' She worked in such scenes for thirty-nine years, building up civilization and Christianity with an influence over the natives which grew deeper every year.

'*I Remember.*' By George Penman. (Kelly. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a racy book of memories. It has many pleasant things about Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Spurgeon, Dr. Parker, and famous preachers whom the writer has known. He remembers both Rudyard Kipling's grandfathers. Joseph Kipling he often heard in his teens. 'He was a good, devoted minister, and much respected; but he was as plain as the proverbial pikestaff in appearance, dress, type of mind, preaching, and everything. He belonged to a well-to-do Cumberland farming family. The brilliancy of the grandson did not come from him.' Rudyard Kipling's great mental powers came from the other side of the house, and of the courtship of the Rev. G. B. Macdonald we get a good story. Mr. Penman has been a keen politician, and he has much to say about social life and work and wages which is of great interest. The retrospect of the incredible improvements made in every department of life during the last sixty years fills him with thankfulness and hope, and makes this book a tonic for these days of anxiety and strain.

David Morton: A Biography. By Bishop Hoss. (Nashville: Smith & Lamar.)

David Morton was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, who died in 1898. For eighteen years as Secretary of the Board of Church Extension he carried on a campaign of education and interest, travelling thousands of miles to visit the Southern and Western States. It was said of him: 'If you want a man that can go on a bare rock and raise a crop without seed or soil, David Morton is the man. He has money, sense, and Methodist religion.' During his term of service 3,817 churches were aided, nearly a million dollars raised for church-building, and in the last four years nearly one church a day was built. Bishop Hoss describes the home in Virginia

from which Dr. Morton sprang. 'The slaves were treated with the extremest kindness, and greatly revered their master.' David was devoted to them all, old and young. He became a preacher in 1854, and ten years later was elected President of the Russellville Academy for Girls, then he served as Presiding Elder. He was a delegate to the First Oecumenical Conference in London in 1881. His home life was one of great happiness and blessing. The story is skilfully told.

St. Patrick and his Gallic Friends. By F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Hitchcock gives some interesting facts as to St. Patrick and his connexion with Pelagius. He is inclined to doubt whether Patrick wrote the breastplate hymn, and that leaves only the Confession and the Letter to the soldiers of Coroticus. He draws out the facts of the saint's life from the Confession, and thinks that if he was born in 372 he may have visited St. Martin of Tours. His relations to Orientius of Auch, Honoratus of Lerins, Hilary of Arles, and Germanus of Auxerre throw light on Patrick's training and the religious life of the times.

The Nestorian Monument in China. By P. Y. Saeki. (S.P.C.K. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.).

The publication of this work has been made possible by the generous guarantee of the Marquis of Salisbury. Professor Saeki is a Japanese scholar who regards the famous monument of the early Christian Church at Hsi-an-fu in Western China as a torch which reveals the nature of the civilization which Japan received from China during the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618–907). The Nestorian missionaries arrived in China at the beginning of this period, and found the country singularly open to foreign influence. The tablet is 9 feet high, 3½ wide and not quite a foot in thickness. It is a black, subgranular oolitic limestone, and was found in 1625 several feet below the surface of the ground. The same year a Latin translation of the inscription was made by the Jesuit Nicholas Trigaunet. Prof. Saeki's Introduction, which covers 161 pages, deals exclusively with the history of the stone and the dynasty, then he translates the inscription, and gives 75 pages of learned notes on the text. In the Appendix the Syro-Chinese text of the inscription is given, and other Chinese documents.

The 'New' Lloyd George and the Old. By E. W. Walters. (Johnson. 8*s.* net.)

Mr. Lloyd George has been described as 'the most subtle, the most resolute, and the most wilful force in politics.' The War has added vastly to his reputation, and made the Empire and all its Allies his debtors. Mr. Walters traces him from his Welsh village to Parliament and to Cabinet honours. His work as Minister of Munitions is described in an interesting chapter. The book is brightly written and full of interest.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

***Aristodemocracy from the Great War back to Moses, Christ, and Plato*: An Essay. By Sir Charles Waldstein. (Murray. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

This book is a protest against war, and maintains the possibility—even the certainty—of international peace in the future. Sir Charles Waldstein hates war and loves peace as much as any Pacifist, but he is convinced that 'it is not only right but our sacred duty to fight German Militarism with all the means of fair warfare which human ingenuity can devise and human courage can bring into the fight. We cannot believe that passive submission to German aggression can be heroic or in any sense wise or moral.' He holds that had the United States protested against the action of Germany in Belgium, and other outrages, a new era might have been introduced. The essay is divided into four parts: The Disease of War and its Cure, The Inadequacy of Modern Morals; Nietzsche; The Moral Disease and its Cure; Outline of the Principles of Contemporary Ethics. The true cause of war is found in the defective moral consciousness of the Western world. August, 1914, seemed the most favourable moment for Germany's premeditated war. Sir Charles shows how the German *Kultur* of the past, which all acknowledge and respect, has been perverted by the spirit of modern Germany. The old Germany has been swept aside or submerged by commercial *Streberthum* in the service of military force. As a young American student, Sir Charles attended several of Treitschke's courses of lectures from 1873 to 1876. 'His enthusiasm, his emphatic diction, and violent assertiveness were all expressive of the Prussian spirit in its most unattractive form; and the ruthlessness with which he disregarded and directly offended the national or social sensibilities of many of his hearers showed how he was imbued . . . with the brutal force of Bismarckian principles of blood and iron.' He was neither a gentleman nor a true historian, but a publicist who consciously subordinated his search after truth and his study of the past to the fixed demands of a living policy. Sir Charles has much to say of class hatred and envy in Germany. The jealousy of trade and professional envy permeates all classes and sets one against the other. The criticism of Nietzsche is discriminating, and Sir Charles puts into logical and intelligible form an outline scheme for the moral regeneration of our own times, and of the Western civilized nations such as would render war impossible in the future. It rests on man's duties as a social being, and on his duty to himself and to God. Since 1870 Bismarck, Moltke, and the present Kaiser are responsible for the Germany that is, and even more than these,

Treitschke, Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann, and Nietzsche, have 'created the fundamental and ultimate and still the most pervasive and efficient mentality of the young Germany of to-day.'

Under Three Flags. By St. Clair Livingston and Ingeborg Steen-Hansen. (Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

When war broke out the writers of this book were peacefully motoring through Germany. Their car was confiscated by the military authorities, and they travelled to Paris in dirty, crowded, third-class carriages. They had lived in Paris for three years, but had never seen the French people as they really are until the war lifted the veil from their eyes. 'Mothers were wonderful, speeding their sons and husbands off to the war dry-eyed; everything was orderly, methodical, and calm.' They found one cab-driver feeding his horse with lumps of sugar from a bag. 'I weep,' he said, 'because we must part. He is young and strong, and can serve his country, while I am but a lump of useless clay, sixty years old.' The two nurses went to Charleroi and held bandaging classes for the women. 'Haggard, wild-eyed civilians of every age and condition, forced to march in front of the Germans for their protection, flashed past—stumbling, falling, fainting with fear and misery, and kicked aside to die when they could march no longer. We rescued them as they fell, bleeding from wounds, both French and Germans.' With the help of a cripple they rescued a two-days' baby and its mother from the cellar of a burning cottage, and the party was fired on in front of the hospital by German soldiers wearing Red Cross armlets. The cripple dropped, but was rescued and brought into the hospital after the soldiers had passed, his leg riddled with bullets. At Termonde the ladies saw 'a regiment of German soldiers, dead as they stood tightly packed together—the result of the Belgian mitrailleuse.' At Saint Omer they saw the British Tommies swarming over the station—'Tommies washing, Tommies shaving, Tommies writing postcards home, Tommies drinking hot coffee,' &c. We get glimpses of life in Paris and then move on to Serbia, where the nurses were terribly needed. The day of their arrival at Nisch they went straight to the big civil hospital as assistants in the dressing-rooms. Sometimes there were no beds, and patients lay on heaps of straw or wrapped up in a blanket, but never once, in the many hospitals visited, did they hear murmur or complaint from the sick Serbian soldiers. After many exciting experiences they shared in the funeral of Serbia, joining a 'caravan' on its way to Monastir. Every one will do well to read this thrilling story.

The Luck of Thirteen. Wanderings and Flight through Montenegro and Serbia. By Mr. and Mrs. Jan. Gordon. (Smith, Elder & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Gordon was acting engineer to Dr. Berry's Serbian Mission from the Royal Free Hospital, and his wife, an Artist and V.A.D.,

was the sharer of his labours. For six months they worked in Serbia, helping to clean and prepare six hospitals. Mrs. Gordon learned Serbian and helped Dr. Helen Boyle, the Brighton mind specialist, to run an out-patient department to which tuberculosis and diphtheria patients came in shoals. She had a nasty fall, and helpers had come, so husband and wife set out for Salonika to find a disinfector which had gone astray. They had sixteen or seventeen fellow passengers in the third-class wooden-seated railway carriage to Nisch. Orchards for the manufacture of plum brandy were so thick with fruit that there was more purple than green in the branches, and between the trunks glimpses were caught of square, white, ruddy-roofed hovels with great, squat, tile-decked chimneys. 'Some of the houses were painted with decorations of bright colours, vases of flowers or soldiers, and on one was a detachment of crudely drawn horsemen, dark on the white walls, meant to represent the heroes of old Serbian poetry.' Nisch was a great overgrown village of one-storied houses. In Salonika they breakfasted in the street and climbed up the steep streets, marvelling at the inexhaustible picturesqueness of the place. They returned to Nisch to take charge of £1,000 worth of stores for Dr. Clemow's hospital in Montenegro. Their adventurous journey is racily described with the help of clever little tailpieces by Mrs. Gordon and colour plates by her husband. There is also a good route map. Scutari seemed to have 'miles and miles of walls with great doors. The main streets branch out into thousands of impasses each ending in a locked door. There are hardly any connecting streets, for somebody's walled garden is between.'

Germany in Defeat: Second Phase. By Count Charles de Souza. (Kegan Paul. 6*s*.)

Readers of *Germany in Defeat: First Phase* will welcome the appearance of the sequel. Like its predecessor, this second instalment of Count Charles de Souza's work, from the title-page of which the name of Major Macfall now disappears, is emphatically a book not merely to read, but to re-read. At times one may, perhaps, hesitate to follow the author quite all the way, or to accept his every statement as established beyond the possibility of discussion, addition, or reconsideration. The part played by Russia in the world war, for instance, appears in our judgement to have been accorded too slight a treatment; for it perhaps exercised a more determining influence upon the course of events in the west than the Count seems inclined to allow. How far the German Higher Command was conscious of strategic, as distinct be it remembered from tactical, defeat after the Marne is another point which might be discussed. There is, moreover, at times to be discerned a somewhat excessive dogmatism of tone on the part of the writer; *dicta* such as 'this cannot be correct,' when based not on the evidence but upon what may be described as *d priori* considerations, do not always carry conviction. But, however that may be, Count Charles de Souza has given us a most

able, suggestive, and thought-provoking account of the operations that followed the battle of the Marne and culminated in the first battle of Ypres, the battle which, in the words of our author 'marked the total collapse of the German offensive in the west'—a verdict which we most fervently hope that the event will prove to have been sound. A series of twenty-two maps, simple but remarkably clear, illustrate the text. Count Charles de Souza displays an intimate acquaintance with the first principles of war, and out of the fullness of his knowledge has given us a second volume which will richly repay close and careful study. Another volume will complete the work.

German Barbarism: A Neutral's Indictment. By Leon Maccas. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The writer of this book is a doctor of law in the University of Athens. M. Paul Girard describes him in the Preface as a Greek who loves France and knows her. 'He has fathomed the depths of her character and discovered the inexhaustible resources of will and energy concealed beneath an apparent, yet much exaggerated, levity.' The Germans have introduced into war a new law, a new morality. This little volume shows us what it is. It describes the German theory of war, and shows its application in a series of outrages against enemy subjects, against neutrals, and prisoners of war. It has chapters on German treachery on the battlefield, the bombardment of undefended towns, the killing of the wounded, the murder, torture, and violation of women, and other subjects. Names and dates are given, and we tremble with indignation as we read the horrible stories. The German soldier must bear much of the responsibility for these outrages. Officers also are named whose actions deserve to be branded as infamous. The sophists of Germany have unchained the wild beast, and professors, historians, and philosophers must share the condemnation with military writers and leaders. This book will stiffen the resolve of all who read it to stem the tide of German barbarism.

La Belgique Loyale, héroïque et malheureuse. Par Joseph Boubée. (Plon Nourrit et Cie. 3 francs.)

M. Carton de Wiart, counsellor of King Albert, describes this book in a prefatory letter as one whose interest is due to observation, reflection, and eloquence. M. Boubée lived in Belgium for a long time, and some of those whose heroism he recounts have been his own pupils. He took part in some of the scenes which he describes, and shows how Belgium has sacrificed the riches of her labour, the beauty of her cities, the gold of her harvests, the blood of her sons, without hesitation and without regret, in order to be faithful to her signature. Germany has not only devastated the land, but has not shrunk from an added crime in trying to rob Belgium of her honour. In the first chapters of his book M. Boubée vindicates the loyalty of Belgium to its neutrality, then he describes the 'heroic effort' made

by the little country, unprepared for war, against her mighty neighbour. Her early victories were heroic, but they could not stem the tide of invasion. It was thought that Anvers would hold any army for a year, but all these expectations were falsified. The heroic effort of Belgium has set an aureole of glory round the head of that little people and its King more luminous than any set there by the history or art of the past. From one end of the civilized world to the other a shout of enthusiasm has hailed that sublime spectacle.

Above the Battle. By Romain Rolland. (Allen & Unwin. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. C. K. Ogden, who was translated these essays with much care and skill, speaks of their lucidity and common sense—the qualities most needed by every one in thought upon the war. With matchless insight and sympathy the French master gives permanent form to our vague feelings. Love of France inspires every word that he has written. The volume opens with a letter to Gerhart Hauptmann, written the day after the destruction of Louvain, calling on him and the intellectuals of Germany to protest with all their energy against the 'vile despotism which mutilates masterpieces and murders the spirit of man.' 'A piece of architecture like Rheims is much more than one life: it is a people—whose centuries vibrate like a symphony in this organ of stone.' M. Rolland says the conquered Belgians have robbed Germany of its glory. We do not think he is altogether fair to Russia when he speaks of 'the crimes of Tsarism,' but he wishes France to be victorious not only by force but by her large and generous heart. 'I wish her to be strong enough to fight without hatred' those whom she pities as misguided brothers. There is a notable freedom from bitterness in these penetrating essays.

The Self-Discovery of Russia. By J. Y. Simpson. (Constable & Co. 6*s.* net.)

Russia has been surprising the world and surprising herself. 'There is a very real sense in which she will gain more out of the present war than any other of the Great Powers involved, since she will have evolved politically in its few years through stages that have taken other countries centuries to pass.' The war has revolutionized the economic life of the villages in particular, through the prohibition of vodka. The war between Germany and Russia is a war not between two Governments but two peoples. The whole Russian attitude to life stands in completest contrast to the German. Prof. Simpson shows how the Unions of the Towns and of the Zemstvos have worked under the aegis of the Red Cross Society during the war. Their resources enabled them to outstrip the strictly Governmental agencies in the care of the sick and wounded. 'Their organizations crept nearer and nearer to the actual fighting line in the form of field hospital and hospital train, tea and coffee stalls, and field shops.' Up to July 1, 1915, 715,679 sick and wounded, 60% of the whole,

passed through, or stayed in, the Moscow Zemstvo institutions alone. Gradually a great share in provisioning and clothing the army was laid upon the Unions, and they took an active part in providing munitions. The war has thus brought about an increased mutual co-operation between the Government and the people which is bound to affect the future life of Russia. The reformation due to the prohibition of vodka is wonderful. Men work with a new spirit, women are no longer insulted or beaten. Dr. Simpson describes his visits to the Galician front, writes on the future of Poland and on religion in Russia to-day. He holds that there is a land of spiritual and material wealth waiting to be possessed. The Russian people invite our co-operation in many directions, and the alliance promises the highest results for both empires. The book has some excellent illustrations.

The King's Indian Allies: The Rajas and their India. By St. Nihal Singh. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This book is a cyclopaedia of the Rajas and their India. It is full of figures and splendid portraits, and its stores of information are so ample and are arranged in such a lucid way that it will claim a place on the shelves of every student of Indian life. The country is really divided between the British and the Rajas, whose rule extends over 850,000 square miles of territory with 78,000,000 inhabitants. Mr. Singh shows what the Rajas are doing to remove illiteracy and correct social abuses. He gives a list of the Rajas who have helped us in our Great War. They keenly appreciate their alliance with the King-Emperor, and are well aware of the benefit of British rule. Personal sketches are given of the Rajas, their administration, and the limitations set on it by Britain. Their private life is picturesquely described. The second part of the volume deals with the physical features of the India of the Rajas, the races and clans, the religions, civil conditions, life in town and country, education, arts, and crafts. There are few men who know India as Mr. Singh does, and he sets forth his stores of information in the most suggestive and impressive way in this timely and fascinating volume.

German Policy before the War. By G. W. Prothero. (Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Prothero directs attention to the ideas and principles, the ambitions and motives, which have produced in Germany a state of mind favourable to war; to the historical events and economic and political conditions which have contributed to strengthen the warlike tendency thus aroused; and to the course of international politics, especially during the last ten or eleven years, which made it very difficult to avoid an armed conflict. He is convinced that the attack on France and Russia was but a preliminary step. 'The frontiers on either hand once secured, the forces of Germany—military, econom-

ical and financial—could, without let or hindrance, flood the Nearer and the Middle East. From this point of vantage, with enormously increased resources and heightened prestige, the final challenge might safely be issued to Great Britain for the empire of the world.' The study of 'The Philosophy of Militarism' is illuminating. Kant's 'categorical imperative' has been perverted into the duty of serving in the army and making war; self-culture also is a duty, and brings with it the right to dominate the world. The war of 1870 prepared the way for the economic expansion of Germany and intoxicated the people with pride and ambition. The survey of Germany's foreign policy throws much light on the motives that have led to the present war.

Letters Written in War-Time. Selected and Arranged by H. Wragg. (H. Milford. 1*s.* net.)

These letters range from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century. They begin with the Paston letters, and include Queen Catherine's letter to Henry VIII about Flodden, Queen Elizabeth's letter to James VI after the defeat of the Armada, an illuminating set of Cromwell's letters, some touching correspondence of Charles I and Henrietta Maria. Collingwood, Nelson, Wellington, Sir Charles Napier represent the fighters of more recent times. It is a wonderful little collection, which reflects the spirit of heroic times in the past, and will be eagerly studied in this war time. We wish Mr. Wragg would give us another volume of letters from the rank and file. There is ample material, and it would bring us even closer to the clash of arms than this enlightening little anthology.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vol. XI. (Nelson & Sons. 1*s.* 3*d.* net.)

This volume begins with the entry of Bulgaria into the war. The reasons for the German campaign in South-Eastern Europe were manifest. Turkey was hard pressed for munitions, and the conquest of the road to Constantinople would release for Germany supplies of food, cotton, metals, and conceivably of men. The German plan which sought a speedy decision had long gone to pieces. If the Allies concentrated their efforts on the western and eastern fronts it was not likely that she could long resist. Her aim was, therefore, to draw off our strength to a remote and irrelevant *terrain*. The position in Gallipoli and Egypt is sketched, and the political situation in France and Britain. The German failure to take Riga or to cross the Dvina showed that it was an ill day for her armies when they followed the flaming track of the Russian retreat which led them to the inhospitable mires of the Dvina and the Pripet. Russia learnt from the six months of desperate conflict the importance of fire in modern warfare. 'A battle will always be won or lost as the fire equipment of one force is less than the other.' The last chapter on the over-running of Serbia is a tragedy of the war. The

Appendices include papers as to the execution of Miss Cavell, the American Note on November 5, and the British Blockade Policy. The Table of Events down to September 30, 1915, will be of great service.

An abridged edition of *Ordeal by Battle* has been published by Messrs. Macmillan (1*s.* net). The original matter has been reduced by about one-third, and an Introduction added, which forms a commentary on recent events. It deals with the need for national service, the passage from Voluntaryism to Compulsion, the fall of the Liberal Cabinet, the decline of the Coalition Government, the state of Public Opinion, the Gallipoli Campaign, and the paralysis of a nation. Mr. Oliver holds that we are making 'such heavy weather of the war' because we have failed to replace 'the pilot of the calm by the pilot of the storm.' The cheap edition is a public boon.—*Pope Benedict XV on the Great War* (Burns & Oates. 1*s.* net) gathers together the papal utterances on the war and the peace which is to follow it. There is much that shows Benedict's horror of the war and his care to uphold the spirit of 'Neutrality of the Holy See,' but we miss any note of righteous indignation at the outrages committed by Germany on land and sea.—*The Universal Mind and the Great War.* By Edward Drake (C. W. Daniel. 2*s.* 6*d.* net). This is an outline of a new religion—Universalism. It caricatures Christianity in the vain attempt to supersede it.

Landmarks of Polish History. By August Zaleski (Allen & Unwin. 6*d.* net). This brief survey of the rise and fall of Poland from 964 A.D. to our own day will be of service to many. She attempted to practise democracy while the rest of Europe was largely autocratic and had not entirely thrown off the traditions of feudalism. The Poles hope that from the tumult of the world's struggle a united and independent Poland will emerge.—Another pamphlet, *The Polish Question as an International Problem* (Allen & Unwin. 6*d.* net), is part of a forthcoming work written in Warsaw. The attitude of Europe to the three partitions of Poland is shown, and the history of the question is traced down to the present time. The interest of Great Britain in a renovated Poland is forcibly described.—Another of these sixpenny booklets gives *An Outline of the History of Polish Literature* by Jan de Holewinski. It begins with the great Polish writers and scientists of the fifteenth century and brings the record down to the present day. It is just the outline which English readers need to understand how the soul of Poland, since 1795, has been 'kept alive and nourished by its literature, its language, and its religion.'—*Poland as an Independent Economic Unit* (6*d.* net) is an impressive account of the wonderful material resources of the country. —*The National Music of Poland* (6*d.* net) is a brief history of great interest.

GENERAL

A Tribute to the Genius of William Shakespeare. (Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* net.)

This is the Programme of a Performance at Drury Lane Theatre on May 2, 1915, the Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death, and is 'humbly offered by the players and their fellow-workers in the kindred arts of music and painting.' Mr. W. L. Courtney, 'Hon. Literary Adviser,' supplies the Foreword to this Tribute 'to the Master-Intellect of the Ages.' The times have been unpropitious, yet in a sense the effort to recall Shakespeare's 'patriotic love of his native land' was never more opportune. The list of artists and musicians who combined to pay their homage is noble and representative. But the glory of this volume is in its illustrations, each of which is a work of art reproduced in the finest style. The frontispiece, by Sir Edward Poynter, is 'The Ides of March.' Portraits of Mr. H. B. Irving, Mr. Martin Harvey as Hamlet, Mr. Arthur Bourchier, Madame Navarro (Mary Anderson), Sir George Alexander, Miss Evelyn Millard, Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Sir F. R. Benson, Miss Gladys Cooper, Sir Herbert Tree, Lady Tree as Titania, and a series of Shakespeare scenes and characters make this a souvenir worthy even of the master to whom we owe a debt we can never hope to repay. He has been studied for three centuries with growing wonder, and his influence will live on as long as England lives.

On the Art of Writing. By Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

These lectures, delivered in the University of Cambridge in 1913–1914, regard the Art of Writing as a living business. The 'small vivacities' which lit up their delivery at the University add spice and zest to the volume. To read it is not merely an education in style and literary criticism, but a delightful introduction to the authors and books of all ages. The most lively passages are perhaps to be found in the Interlude on Jargon. Sir Arthur strides through that Vanity Fair, flouting the grotesque sayings that 'walk circumspectly round the target,' and then fancy that they have hit the bull's eye. Jargon prefers circumlocution to short, straight speech, and habitually chooses vulgar, woolly, abstract nouns rather than concrete ones. The lecture on style will help many. The first and last secret of a good style consists in thinking with the heart as well as the head. The writer must put himself in the reader's place. 'Man at the best is a narrow-mouthed bottle.' Everything must therefore be ordered and arranged in the most helpful way. Style in writing is much the same thing as good manners in other human intercourse, and the

first sin against both is to obtrude or exploit personality. Style is 'the power to touch with ease, grace, precision, any note in the gamut of human thought or emotion.' One of the most notable passages in the lectures is the praise of the Authorised Version. Forty-seven men produced it, yet it has a 'rhythm so personal, so constant, that our Bible has the voice of one author speaking through its many mouths: that, gentlemen, is a wonder before which I can only stand humble and aghast.' Sir Arthur is a fit professor of English literature, for he holds that it surpasses that of Rome and may vie with that of Athens. His lectures go far to substantiate that claim, and no one can study them without a new sense of pride and pleasure.

Christianity and Politics. By William Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. (Murray. 6*s.* net.)

In these interesting and timely Lowell Lectures, Archdeacon Cunningham shows how different bodies of Christians have sought to bring Christianity to bear on political life. The European War has put a heavy strain on the resources of the nations engaged in it. 'Pacifism, which professed to be the last result of scientific sociology, has been discredited as impracticable in Europe.' For a century and a half religion had been waved aside as no longer a matter of public concern, but the last year has brought it fresh recognition as a force in political life. Men have been forced to realize, as they were ceasing to do, that Christianity has an important part to play in shaping the destinies and maintaining the influence of a nation. Roman Catholic writers never allow themselves to forget that the work of the Church is essentially spiritual and that the importance of material conditions is only incidental. The principles propounded by the Jesuits as to social and political life have greatly influenced Romanism, and Presbyterianism represented the Scriptural model of a polity, whilst the Independents stood for the supremacy of conscience. Of both these Dr. Cunningham has much to say that is illuminating. Wesley's 'whole energy was devoted to fostering the growth of spiritual life in individuals. In so far as he paid attention to secular affairs in political life he was only concerned to notice how they reacted on the personal religion of men and women.' Dr. Cunningham somewhat overlooks Wesley's guidance of his people as to voting for members of Parliament, and his protests against smuggling. He thinks he has given little suggestion as to the moulding of society itself on Christian lines. General Booth realized that unfavourable physical surroundings may often prove an almost insuperable hindrance to the growth of personal religious life. The lectures on Religion and Public Spirit, Humanitarianism and Coercion, Class Interests and National Interests, Christian Duty in a Democracy, are full of suggestive things, and there is a useful appendix on The Attitude of the Church towards War. Dr. Cunningham says 'the world is ready to respond to a Christianity which sets forth a

faith in the living power of God and holds out fresh hope for mankind; and which, by fostering the sense of personal duty, can exercise an immediate and a far-reaching influence in the regeneration of Society.'

Marlborough, and other Poems. By C. Hamilton Sorley. (Cambridge University Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Captain Sorley was killed in action last October at the age of twenty. He had already shown rare intellectual and spiritual gifts, and seemed to have a great future before him. The beautiful portrait prefixed to this volume makes one understand the high hopes which his friends cherished. There is one piece of prose describing a night passed behind the lines which has real force and insight, and makes us wish that more had been included. The title-poem, written in March, 1914, shows how the wind-swept Marlborough downs awoke the schoolboy to

> The revelation that is always there,
> But somehow is not always clear to me.

He compares himself to Jacob after the night of wrestling.

> I, who have lived, and trod her lovely earth,
> Raced with her winds and listened to her birds,
> Have cared but little for their worldly worth
> Nor sought to put my passion into words.
>
> But now it's different; and I have no rest
> Because my hand must search, dissect, and spell
> The beauty that is better not expressed,
> The thing that all can feel, but none can tell.

In another poem he dreams of the day when he should have a son:

> But I'll put custom on the shelf
> And make him find his God himself.

He wonders how the boy will find God. From the daisies, or the roaring breakers, or in the rain (where I found mine).

> —A God who will be all his own.
> To whom he can address a prayer
> And love him, for he is so fair,
> And see with eyes that are not dim
> And build a temple meet for him.

It is work full of promise, full of deep religious feeling, and keen interest in all human things. There is the seeing eye and the throbbing heart behind it, and we dimly discern how much this war is costing us in the loss of such young poets as Charles Sorley and Rupert Brooke.

The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester. Vol. 3. No. 1. Jan. to March, 1916. (6*d.* net.)

More than six thousand volumes have already been given or promised to the new Library at Louvain, but though this is an excellent start, much has yet to be done to replace the quarter of a million volumes so insensately destroyed by the Germans. The new Rylands building which is to be completed by the end of this year or the beginning of 1917 is greatly needed. The number of readers shows no decline, though there are fewer male readers on account of the war. A lecture by Dr. Rendel Harris on 'The Origin of the Cult of Apollo,' and one by Prof. Elliot Smith on 'The Influence of Ancient Egyptian Civilization in the East and in America,' add greatly to the value of this Bulletin. In connexion with the tercentenary of the death of Shakespeare an exhibition of his works, his sources, and the writings of his principal contemporaries has been arranged at the Rylands Library. The catalogue (1*s.* net) gives a brief sketch of the dramatist's life and times, a chronological table of principal events, and a description of the various exhibits which include, besides Shakespeare's own works, a collection of schoolbooks, many of which were current in his day. Sixteen facsimiles of great interest are given.

A Cathedral Singer. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.) The boy and his mother are a lovely pair, and their little home in New York is almost idyllic in its affection and refinement. The mother sits as a model in an art school to get her boy a piano, and his wonderful voice has just won him a place in the cathedral choir when he is killed in a street accident. It is a heart-breaking loss, but the mother is strengthened to bear it by her faith, and she finds a new life in the service of others. It is an exquisite bit of literature—Messrs. Williams & Norgate are issuing a uniform edition of Professor Jack's writings in neat half-crown (net) volumes. The first is the well-known *Mad Shepherds*, and the old shoemaker who 'spent his breath in proving that God doesn't exist and his life in proving that He does,' the inimitable shepherd 'Snarley Bob,' and the arresting figure of the elector's wife gain interest with further acquaintance. It opens a new vein in the study of psychology and one that makes a rich yield. *Alice in Wonderland* has been cleverly illustrated by Mr. Gordon Robinson (Kelly, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), whose full-page coloured pictures and black-and-white drawings have caught the romance of the famous tale. The frontispiece catches one's fancy at once, and every picture will add to the delight with which a boy or girl follows the famous adventures.

The Athenaeum Subject Index to Periodicals is issued at the request of the Council of the Library Association. The Index for 1915 will have not less than 10,000 entries, selected from more than 400 English, American, and Continental periodicals, and Messrs. W. H. Smith can supply subscribers to the Index with any periodical on loan at a

charge of 4d. The Class Lists, dealing with the European War, Language and Literature, Music, Theology and Philosophy, and other subjects, can be had for one shilling net. Under Theology and Philosophy there are 1,081 entries under 614 headings. Spiritualism and Psychical Research are included, and so are the Angels at Mons. Missions occupy a whole page. Another section deals with History, Geography, Anthropology and Folk Lore in the same workmanlike fashion. These class lists will be consolidated with additional matter in one alphabet to form the Subject Index for 1915. It is a piece of work that has involved untold labour to the librarians, who have undertaken it voluntarily, and it has been carried out with the utmost care and expert skill. Further help is needed in the preparation of the Index, and all who can introduce it to new subscribers will be doing great service in this most valuable piece of voluntary work.

The Stars as Guides for Night Marching in North Latitude 50°. By E. Walter Maunder, F.R.A.S. (Kelly. 1*s.* net.) We know no guide for those who have to march or travel by night that will compare with this. It gives four sets of star maps for north, east, south, and west, showing how the constellations appear in the sky at various periods of the year. Mr. Maunder makes everything clear, and the maps are wonders. This fascinating star atlas will be invaluable for soldiers and a real treasure for scouts.—*The Official Year-Book of the Church of England* (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* paper, 2*s.* 6*d.* cloth) has been rearranged and condensed, and is now published at a lower price. But though some sections have been omitted, a considerable amount of new matter has been introduced. Five special articles describe Church work in the navy, the Church Army's work in war-time, Prayer Book revision, Church finance, and the effects of the war on education. The Year-Book is more useful and indispensable than ever.—*The London Diocese Book for* 1916 (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* net) is one of the books that every Churchman relies on for guidance and information. Prebendary Nash, who had edited it since 1902, died in May, 1915, but his brother, Canon Nash, has taken his place, and the latest and most reliable information is given in the most convenient form.—*The Painter as Prophet.* By Frank C. Raynor (Kelly.) A sympathetic study of eight masterpieces by G. F. Watts which reveal his philosophy of life. It is an attractive little exposition.—*An Experiment in Educational Self-Government.* By James H. Simpson. (Liverpool: Young & Sons. 1*s.* net.) This is a description of an experiment in a lower form of a Public School. Mr. Simpson was led to make the attempt through Mr. Homer Lane's account of The Little Commonwealth in Dorset. The experiment was conducted with great tact by the master, and the boys soon took a keen interest in it. Some impeachments and convictions are described. The holding of office never made the boys show the smallest sign of conceit or priggishness, and the results in discipline and on character were distinctly encouraging.—In *Ship-*

ping after the War, the Rt. Hon. J. M. Robertson, M.P. (Cobden Club, 2*d*.), seeks to show that a prohibition policy on the lines of the Navigation Act would prove a fiasco in practice. He holds that if British traders would set themselves to carry on their business with commercial efficiency in all respects they will never have cause to repent of doing without the fallacious devices which so signally failed in the hands of their ancestors.

Darlington's *Handbook to London and its Environs* (6*s*.) has long been recognized as the most complete guide to the city. Sir E. T. Cook has thoroughly revised it for a sixth edition, new maps and plans by Bartholomew have been added, and the three indexes now cover 84 pages and include 12,000 references. It has delightful illustrations by Herbert Railton and other masters, and is so compact and easy to consult that it may justly be described as indispensable both for visitors and those who live in London or its environs. The accounts of portrait galleries, museums, city churches, and other subjects are very bright and instructive, and make this a book to read as well as to consult. It will kindle new enthusiasm for London in the minds of all who use it.—*Casual Labour at the Docks*. By H. A. Mess, B.A. (Bell & Sons.) The new volume of *The Ratan Tata* Series is a careful study of the methods of engagement of dock labourers, their irregular earnings and kindred subjects. It is a piece of work on which much skill and sympathetic study have been spent. If machinery for regulating the influx of fresh labour can be set up when the war ends or even earlier we may be saved from a repetition of the scenes of the past.—Messrs. Morgan & Scott send us two booklets on *The Anarchy of Ethics* and *The Evangelical Movement* (6d. net each). The first deals with moral problems raised by the war in a very suggestive way; the other shows what we owe to the Evangelical Revival, and will stir hope of revival in many hearts.—*The Missionary Spirit and the Present Opportunity*. By Henry F. Hodkin, M.A. (Headley Bros. 1*s*. net.) The first part of the new Swarthmore Lecture shows what the missionary spirit is and how it has manifested itself at various epochs, and especially in the Quaker movement. In the immediate past various causes prevented the realization of God's nearness, but the 'great common failure' that has come to our civilization is leading many to a new discovery of God. Mr. Hodkin dwells on the relation of Friends to the present opportunity. The passage about war will be read with interest, but to our minds it is far from satisfactory. Every one, however, will agree with the writer that 'words fail to express the possibilities of these momentous days.'—*Knowledge and Character*, by William Archer (Allen & Unwin. 6*d*. net), is a plea for a system of education which shall build up character through knowledge and not apart from it. Mr. Archer holds that moral and intellectual enlightenment ought to go hand in hand.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (April).—Mr. Havelock Ellis discusses 'The Psychology of the English.' The qualities of adventurous energy and restless aspiration, of original initiative, of personal self-government, of free and spontaneous organization, which have specially stamped the English genius, possess an incomparable value and are indispensable to every fruitful and civilizing movement which humanity may undertake. Mr. Gribble writes on 'The Danger for Holland.' 'If the Dutch do not know how a triumphant Germany would treat them, it is certainly not for want of a fair warning.' The Germans have claimed Holland on the grounds that it consists of the sediment of German rivers, that the Dutch are their cousins, and that they want the country and would know what to do with it. Mr. Gribble found that the masses in Holland were anti-German to a man and a woman. The intellectual and artistic classes were also overwhelmingly in favour of the Allies, though there was a small minority of pro-Germans among them. Mr. Gribble shows the danger that there is for Holland in certain quarters. The danger can be avoided if measures are taken in time, but if not taken, the country is likely to become 'by evolution, instead of conquest, an appanage of whatever the war leaves of Germany. To the vast majority of Dutchmen that prospect will assuredly be detestable. They are not likely to be reconciled to it by the torpedoing of their liners: an outrage which seems likely to modify the views even of pro-Germans, and bring about the opportune introduction of precautionary measures.' Mr. Porritt in 'A Presidential Campaign' thinks that it is now improbable that the Democrats will have the advantage of a divided Republican party this year.

The Dublin Review (April).—This is the last review that will bear the name of Wilfrid Ward as Editor, and we all feel poorer by his departure. His Lives of Wiseman and Newman are classics, and his broad and tolerant spirit made him a model Editor. His death is a personal sorrow to many who only knew him by his literary work. The Bishop of Southwark writes in this number of the *Review* on 'Spain and the War.' He says, 'The vast majority of the people of Spain are on our side, but we feel deeply the tendency of the clergy and religious to be hostile to us.' There are powerful motives for being grateful to Spain.' Her friendly neutrality has enabled France to withdraw many troops from her frontier and to utilize them against Germany. Her fruit trade has suffered to the extent

of about £2,000,000 a year by the war, and 'we shall be wise to help Spain in every way we can.' 'The Religious Ideal of the Slavophils' deals largely with Khomiakov, the systematizer and unifier of the religious beliefs and holy dreams of Slavophil philosophy.

Hibbert Journal (April).—Prof. L. P. Jacks' vigorous article on 'An Interim Religion' denounces the 'naked evil' manifested in the policy and actions of Germany throughout the war. 'We are fighting hell,' he declares, 'the very Genius of the Pit.' A temporary transformation in these islands of the religion of love and peace into something of a sterner quality is urgently needed if right is to be done. An article on 'Germany's Self-Revelation before the war,' by E. W. Hallifax, enforces the same lesson. An unsigned article on 'The Apocalypse of War' declares that the war has 'shaken the religious life of Europe to its foundations as it has not been shaken for 400 years.' Man has been priding himself during the last century on his mastery over nature, but has neglected the task of mastering himself. The war sheds a lurid light upon the need of making good this terrible deficiency. The Rev. W. Temple bases our hope of immortality on the love of God, and urges that faith in God as the God, not of the dead, but of the living, is the paramount need of to-day. The author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia* dwells on the need of reinforcement for the Church by the power of the Holy Spirit, and sketches the kind of religious awakening for which it should hope and prepare. Two interesting articles on educational subjects are by Sir Roland Wilson and Mrs. Clement Webb.

Journal of Theological Studies (April).—A learned note by Mr. C. H. Turner discusses the first developments of Canon Law in Gaul. In 'The Deification of Man in Clement of Alexandria,' Father Lattey, S.J., writes some further notes of great interest on the meaning of 'deification' in the first and second centuries. Should θεός, when used in reference to man, be translated GOD, or God, or a god? The meaning of apotheosis in the ruler-worship of the Roman Empire needs further elucidation. Other articles are 'Ordination Prayers in the Ancient Church Order,' by Dr. Vernon Bartlet, 'Marcion's Dualism,' by Dr. R. B. Tollington, the 'Situation of Tarshish,' by W. Covey-Crump, and 'The Last Supper and the Paschal Meal,' by Professor Burkitt. Dr. Sanday, in revising Mr. J. K. Mozley's book on the Atonement, welcomes him as 'a real theologian.'

The Church Quarterly (April).—The Dean of Norwich writes on 'Shakespeare as a Churchman.' The material is scanty, but 'the speeches which assert a conviction of the divine government of the world are numerous, and are put into the mouth of all sorts of characters, with whom the reader is expected to sympathize. Any careful reader will be convinced of the dramatist's own faith in God. Nor is there anything in what we know of his personal character which suggests that the teaching he gives on the conduct of life is in any way insincere.' Two articles by the Bishop of Lichfield and Mr.

Conran, Chaplain to the Forces, deal with the National Mission. Mr. Conran suggests a simple form of devotion to be used in Church or elsewhere. The Bishop refers to three departments of life and action in which our nation needs to recognize Christ's sovereignty. He must be enthroned in our homes, we must seek for unity and brotherhood in the larger family of the nation, and must effectively proclaim His sovereignty to all nations.

Constructive Quarterly (March).—Prof. Sokoloff, of Petrograd, gives an account of 'The Orthodox Church of Constantinople.' Its Patriarchs preserved the supreme ecclesiastical power developed by Byzantium and added to it considerable civil authority under the Turks. It is a wonder that the Greeks did not perish in the stifling Mussulman atmosphere, but they succeeded in saving their faith and the rights and privileges of the Church. There are very few nunneries, and Mount Athos is 'still the centre where monastic achievement is at its height, and ascetic virtues adorn a host of recluses. There are twenty monasteries, dating from long ago, many hermitages, cells, and caves, in which salvation is sought by Greeks, Russians, Serbs, Bulgars, Rumanians, and Georgians.'

The Political Quarterly (March)—'National Organization and National Will' shows that the real strength of a nation lies in the unity and illumination of the national will. From this manifold energies will stream which constantly renew the strength of the nation. In the present war the national conscience is satisfied. 'Sufferings and sacrifice have brought no wavering.' The menace to the freedom of Europe due to the organization for war in Germany was far greater than we knew, and this serious situation has to be fully and soberly faced. Men, munitions, and money are required for carrying on war, and the position as to each of these is considered. Prof. Merriman discusses the Monroe Doctrine. The war has strengthened the resolution of the United States to retain the doctrine, 'at least for some time to come, as a cardinal feature of its foreign policy.' Many other important subjects are included in this valuable Quarterly.

The Round Table (June).—The leading article, on 'The Principle of Peace,' shows that the root principle of Prussianism is worship of the State-idea. It looks on humanity as a pack of animals to be cajoled or driven. Men are simply the material out of which the State itself is built. The result is 'the atrophy of conscience, the guardian of the moral law and the avenue of spiritual truth.' The Prussian Allies are fighting for the extension of the principle of despotism; the Allies of the Entente are fighting the battle of liberty. The War has set in clear perspective the character of the British Empire or Commonwealth as a Society of peoples united in loyalty to a Constitution which has for its primary end the securing of liberty to every human individual within it. Other articles discuss 'The Labour Movement and the future of British Industry,' and 'The German-American Submarine Controversy.'

The Holborn Review (April) is an excellent number. It opens with a paper by Rev. Buchanan Blake on the 'Christian Principle of Life'—the development of self in service to others. 'War in Heaven' is a title which speaks for itself, and the article on it by J. P. Langham enforces the lesson that 'the present struggle is the ultimation [*sic*] on earth of the combat of ideals,' in which every Christian should take his part. Joseph Maland writes on 'The Fellowship of Silence,' and a very attractive 'appreciation' of Mary M. Sharpe is contributed by Rosamund Kendall. An article on the State purchase of the liquor trade is much more favourable to that policy than one which lately appeared in this *Review*. It is to be hoped that temperance reformers will not oppose measures which advance temperance because they do not secure total abstinence or prohibition. Prof. Peake's survey of theological literature is instructive and valuable, as usual.

Expository Times (April and May).—Sir W. Ramsay contributes two critical and exegetical articles on the Trial of Our Lord and the Denials of Peter. Lady Ramsay furnishes a suggestive note on 'Her that kept the door,' illustrating house-arrangements in Palestine. 'The Mysticism of Greece,' by Adela M. Adam, lecturer at Girton and Newnham, contains an instalment of the writer's survey of a fascinating subject. An article of great and fruitful interest is Dr. H. R. Mackintosh's 'Revelation of God in Christ.' We cannot summarize it; it should be read and mastered, especially by ministers. Dr. Warschauer's article on 'The Mystery of the Kingdom' is not very satisfactory in its attempt to expound the eschatological teaching of our Lord.

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American Journal of Theology (April).—Prof. Burman Foster opens with an inquiry into the effect of critical scholarship on theological students and ministerial efficiency. He comes to the conclusion that the ordinary candidate for the ministry enters the divinity school as 'a finished religious and theological product,' and that he leaves it with his carefully cherished ideas overthrown and with little definite to set in their place. But this need not cause discouragement, says Dr. Foster, for though the theologian in the youth is unfinished and still growing, his personality is greatly developed and he possesses a religion which will mature into a more abiding theology. A college which achieves such a result has fulfilled (according to Prof. Foster) its 'legitimate function'! A very instructive article by G. E. Wolfe on 'Troeltsch's Conception of the Significance of Jesus,' cannot be summarized. The value of the paper lies in its discussion of the relation between 'the historical Jesus' and the 'Christ-Mysticism' without which Christianity as a religion would perish. Prof. Mellone, of the University of Manchester, deals with 'Degrees of Truth,' a subject that needs careful handling. The tendency of the article may appear sceptical and its attack upon 'certainties'.

disturbing. But everything depends upon the use made of the doctrine of degrees of truth, and on that subject Dr. Mellone hardly touches. Other articles are 'The Conversion of the Baltic Slaves' and an instalment of 'The Logic of Religion.'

Bibliotheca Sacra.—The current issue (April) contains an interesting article by Dr. Bernard C. Steiner on 'Keynotes of the Centuries in relation to the Great War.' His aim is to group the main facts of an epoch together so that the trend of human thought may be discerned and the direction of human progress traced. For example, 'the keynote of the eleventh century is the rise of papal power.' Again, 'the thirteenth century is the time of the critical struggle between Church and State.' With the beginning of the eighteenth century 'we find the struggle for the balance of power on land and the control of the ocean, together with the coming of the benevolent despot, who should cause his people to prosper because he willed it so.' Of such despots Napoleon was 'the last and the greatest, but failing to realize the growing power of nationality, his "vaulting ambition overleapt itself," and he died a prisoner in St. Helena.' Of the present war Dr. Steiner says that Germany's exaggeration of the principle of nationality renders her position an anachronism; although modern scientific inventions are used, it is on behalf of 'an antiquated cause.' The Quadruple Entente stands for the principle of internationality. Therefore, 'the present gigantic conflict is the attempt of nationality to overthrow internationality, and, like all attempts to restore an anachronism, is certainly destined to fail, while the principle of internationality is as certainly destined to lead the nations into still closer relations until, like the States of the American Union, all the countries of the world may walk together in peace and quietness.'

Harvard Theological Review.—To the April number Prof. F. G. Peabody contributes an article on *University Preaching*. 'The first characteristic which impresses one in English University sermons, since Newman's time, is their prodigious length.' Canon Liddon's famous sermon on 'Immortality' is said to 'suggest, in its thirty-one closely printed pages, a timeless leisure in its hearers.' Another feature of these sermons is that their subjects seem usually to have been selected 'not so much for moral or religious edification as for the elaborate discussion of some topic of philosophy or theology.' In the United States University sermons are preached under conditions which require that they should be 'of such a quality as to induce the voluntary attendance of young people in the course of their education.' The aim should be 'to win and hold attention. . . . Much may be accomplished by cogency, compactness, brilliancy, and epigram.' Prof. Peabody's judgement, based on a comparison of the two methods, is that 'the University preacher may attempt too much, but he may also attempt too little. . . . He may win attention, but lack authority. He may entertain, rather than sus-

tain.' If the English tradition has encouraged 'impersonal, scholastic, and prolix discourses,' still it has something to teach American preachers, whose aim is to be 'ardent, personal, and practical.' Dr. Phillips Brooks is described as 'the unrivalled master of University preaching.' In his sermons 'the blending of the personal with the permanent, the incidental with the universal, seems complete.' Some of his Harvard discourses were afterwards preached in English churches, and the verdict in both countries was that the English tradition of 'insight and depth' had been 'amplified by the more graphic and vivid method of the American pulpit.'

Methodist Review (New York), March–April.—Chancellor Day winds up his controversy with Dr. Buckley on 'Restore our Episcopacy.' He makes out a good case; whether it is likely to prevail in the General Conference is another question. Bishop Neely in another article furnishes important suggestions on what a General Conference ought to be, but some of these, we fear, are counsels of perfection. The character of an ecclesiastical assembly is actually determined by its constituent elements. Dr. Parkes Cadman's study of Archbishop Cranmer is well-balanced and illuminating. Prof. C. G. Shaw eulogizes the genius, and deplores the pessimism, of Thomas Hardy, the novelist. 'Why is a College?' is a question American in its form, and it is discussed in interesting American fashion by Dr. Levi Gilbert, of the *Western Christian Advocate*.

Methodist Review (Nashville), April.—The new Editor, Dr. H. P. Du Bose, opens with a paper on 'The Star of the Bab,' giving an account of Bahaism. Dr. S. P. Cadman begins a series of articles on 'Monasticism in the Christian Church,' by describing with knowledge and critical discrimination the characteristics of Eastern Monachism. Three articles are devoted to the memory of Francis Asbury, whose centenary is being celebrated. There are seventeen articles in all, and amongst the rest perhaps the most interesting concern Methodist Re-union in America, written by Bishop Hendrix and Dr. E. M. Randall.

The Princeton Review (April) contains three massive articles, 'Redeemer and Redemption,' by Prof. B. B. Warfield; 'What is a Miracle?' by Caspar W. Hodge; and 'The Problem of Revelation,' by H. W. Rankin.

Review and Expositor (Louisville).—Dr. Len Broughton defends President Wilson's policy for National Defence against Mr. Bryan, and President Mullins expounds 'The Response of Jesus Christ to Modern Thought.'