
A table of contents for the *London Quarterly Review* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_london-quarterly-and-holborn-review_01.php

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Contents.

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JANUARY 1918

DEMOCRACY AND THE CHURCHES

Democracy after the War. By J. A. HOBSON. (George Allen & Unwin, 1917.)
Religious Education and Democracy. By BENJ. S. WINCHESTER. (Abingdon Press, 1917.)
The War and Democracy. By R. W. SETON-WATSON and Others. (Macmillans, 1915.)

IT is the main war object of the Allies to 'make the world safe for democracy.' But what is democracy? Is it the solution of all our problems? Has it ever yet been attained, or does it remain an end or goal in itself, a kind of Summum Bonum in the world of national life? In the application of the word made by President Wilson in several utterances there is no room for question. When he defines it as 'the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own government'; or when he defends the rights and liberties of small nations, the 'universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as will bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free,' he carries all except autocratic militarists with him. When he described to the Pope the aim of the Allies to 'deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and actual power of a vast military establishment controlled by an irresponsible government,' a government which having committed unspeakable crimes against humanity in the attempt to secure world-

domination, 'now stands baulked, but not defeated, the enemy of four-fifths of the world,' he spoke for the conscience of humanity in words which themselves are half-battles. They made many Christians wish that such ringing notes had come from one who professes to be Christ's vicar upon earth, instead of being indignantly addressed to him. So far as democracy means a protest to the utmost against all tyrannical attempts from without to crush the spirit and independence of free peoples there can be no question about its meaning. Happily there is practically no question in this country that it is our duty to make any sacrifice and bear any burden that we may render the world safe for democracy now—and, it may be, for all future time.

That this was the real issue at stake in the war did not at first appear. The occasions of war are not the causes of war. In the first instance Britain was roused by the arrogant contempt for treaties involved in the shameless invasion of Belgium and by the inhuman and disgusting cruelties perpetrated upon an unoffending people. During the early months of the war all strength of mind and heart was concentrated upon resistance to the sweeping blow against Europe so long prepared in secret and delivered with unscrupulous and coldly calculated brutality. After the first onrush of invading hordes had been stayed at the Marne and the first battle of Ypres, this nation had to prepare as best it might in forty weeks to cope with the munitions of war which Germany had been accumulating for forty years. It was not until well on in the third year that the real nature of the cause for which half the nations of Europe were spending their very best in life and treasure began fully to appear. The entrance of America into the conflict in April, 1917, illumined it as by a lightning flash. The great, free, peace-loving people across the Atlantic, so long resolute not to be entangled in the broils and confusions of European politics, had the truth forced upon them

that the cause with which their very existence had been identified was at stake. The whole United States saw, what had been clear to some of their statesmen from the first, that the Allies in Europe had been fighting America's battle as well as their own, that Freedom all the world over was in peril from the mingled fraud and force of an Empire which had fooled them by fair words while it was dishonourably plotting against them by foulest means. When America took her place in the far-flung line of the Allies and almost simultaneously Russia threw off the shackles of Tsardom, the real meaning of the colossal conflict could no longer be in doubt. It was not an 'Entente' of certain European Powers against certain other closely compacted 'Central Powers,' but the rights of free peoples throughout the world that were to be vindicated once for all against irresponsible dynastic rulers wielding immense military forces. The Kaiser and his henchmen had proved the power of a militaristic ring to plunge all Europe into carnage and misery and they were prepared to 'the multitudinous seas incarnadine,' in order to satiate their savage lust for power. Just as in the American Civil War the meaning of the tragic conflict became clearer as time went on, that 'this nation could not continue to exist half slave and half free,' and the later course of events moved forward as if prepared before the foundations of the world, so in this far greater world-struggle it is virtually in behalf of one cause that so large a part of the world, from China to Brazil, from the Orkneys to New Zealand, is in arms against Prussian militarism and those who, willingly or unwillingly, are supporting it. The cause is summed up in the one word—Democracy.

The more need therefore that we should clearly understand the meaning and implications of a word on which so much depends. No little ambiguity unfortunately attaches to it. Quite wrongly it has been identified with direct government by 'the masses of the people,' meaning

apparently the wage-earning classes. Half a century ago Robert Lowe protested in the House of Commons against 'lowering the institutions of the country to the level of democracy,' and too many still confuse democracy with ochlocracy, the rule of the mob. Aristotle (*Politics*, ii. 7) named as the three kinds of good government—monarchy, when a State is governed by one person; aristocracy, when it is governed by a few; and a polity or free State, which is governed by the citizens at large; the perversions of the three being called respectively a tyranny, an oligarchy, and a democracy. The last is supposed to be a corruption of the best kind of polity. It is perhaps impossible to fasten down rigidly the use of such words, but it would be well if we could use the three—autocracy, oligarchy, democracy—as denoting without any invidious associations government by one person, by few, and by many, respectively. Aristocracy is a question-begging title; we all desire government by the best men—if we only knew how to get them. In Lincoln's famous definition of democracy, 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people,' the second clause is the most important. All State government is of the people, all is professedly for the people; the differentia of democracy is government by the people either directly or through chosen representatives.

Self-government then is essential; but what is the nature of the self that governs? And who shall keep the keepers? At the outset a few considerations need to be borne in mind. First, government by the people means *all* the people, not 'the masses,' not one section, however numerically large. Secondly, under modern conditions such government cannot be exercised directly, as in the Greek πόλις or City-State, where all free citizens could actually meet in one building. Such a constitution rested upon a basis of slave-labour. The multitude were slaves, of whom Aristotle said that, though a slave may enjoy bodily pleasures, 'no one allows that he partakes of happi-

ness,' any more than in the rest of the life of the free citizen. Thirdly, democracy does not necessarily imply any precise form of self-government. It is consistent with hereditary monarchy, as in Great Britain, or with a certain autocracy, as of President Wilson, who at this moment has perhaps more power entrusted to him in the war than the All-Highest Kaiser himself, who disclaims all responsibility to man.

The form of government is of course important in its place. The people, like a king, may reign but not govern, real power having been cunningly taken out of their hands. Dr. Johnson, following Goldsmith, may exclaim over the small proportion of human ills 'which laws or kings can cause or cure.' George Wither is nearer the mark when he points out that imprudent legislators may cause greater mischief than those who break laws.

> For he that many laws doth break
> May wrong but one or two,
> But they who one bad law shall make
> Whole kingdoms may undo.

That nation is in a measure free which has successfully emancipated itself from all outside interference. It is more fully free when there are no self-imposed fetters which interfere with real self-government. But the question comes at last whether it is able rightly to govern itself, so as to secure its own true welfare. Democracy may mean 'anarchy *plus* the street-constable.' All who love freedom are sympathizing at this moment most deeply with Russia, a mighty nation in the making, which has thrown off one kind of tyranny, and is slowly and with difficulty learning how to protect itself from another.

Democracy is exposed to many dangers. In the course of history it has, like other modes of government, exhibited serious faults. Corruption—and there are many forms of bribery—extravagance and wastefulness, indiscipline, inefficiency and disorganization, selfish individualism, and

sordid commercialism, are only some of these. It may be in danger of proceeding by mere counting of heads, without weighing them—what such a lover of liberty as J. S. Mill called a 'false democracy,' one in which minorities were not adequately represented. And the chief danger of democracy is the demagogue, from whom no sure method of deliverance has yet been found. The history of the growth of freedom in this country is full of instruction on that point, but we must not digress into the subject, except to say one thing. The period immediately succeeding a war is of crucial importance. War sets loose certain forces which may operate in the direction of reformation or revolution, but the forces of reaction also develop with greatly increased power. Only four years passed between Waterloo and Peterloo. We have been experiencing during the last three years the beginning of a process, the end of which none can foresee. Everything must be sacrificed, including personal liberties of all kinds, that we may win the war. 'Commandeering' is as familiar as high prices and the restriction of food. D.O.R.A. is supreme. The individual is ready to yield almost unlimited power to the State, and the State makes everything yield to the successful prosecution of war. The old conditions of freedom may be restored when war is over; also they may not. They cannot all be restored speedily and safely. Democracy in all free countries is on its trial; it has been at sore disadvantage in the conduct of war compared with militaristic autocracy, and its power to cope with reaction after war remains to be tested.

For it is not with the political side of democracy as a form of government that we are chiefly concerned in this article. We have learned by the experience of the last half century that social democracy, industrial democracy, economic democracy, are at least as important as political forms of government. 'Democracy is a spirit and an atmosphere,' says Mr. Zimmern in his introduction to the

Essays mentioned at the head of this article, and 'its essence is trust in the moral instincts of the people. A democratic country is a country where the government has confidence in the people and the people in the government and in itself, and where all are united in the faith that the cause of their country is not a mere matter of individual or national self-interest, but is in harmony with the great moral forces which rule the destinies of mankind.' All national questions are ultimately moral questions. De Tocqueville said long ago that if a country is to be free it must have faith. Faith in righteousness and truth, in honour and fidelity, in freedom and peace—and these mean at the long last, faith in GOD. It has been seen during the last two years that four great causes—personal liberty, national democracy, international fellowship, and abiding peace for the world—are closely linked together. These noble ideals of social and national life are being opposed at the moment by one most formidable enemy, militaristic autocracy in concentrated form. More than a military victory needs to be won, though that is indispensable and comes first in order. Meanwhile it is most desirable to see how matters stand with us at home and what part is to be played in the conflict by the Churches of Christ, the Prince of peace and rightful Lord of all.

Mr. Hobson's book is useful as a strong representation of the claims of 'democracy' from one point of view. He holds that 'effective democracy nowhere exists either in the politics or industry of any nation.' The forms of political self-government may be found in Britain, France, and America, but 'nowhere does the will of the people play freely through these forms.' Popular opinion and aspirations act only as 'exceedingly imperfect checks' on existing abuses of self-government. He traces in detail the inter-working of various reactionary agents, and considers that they are to be opposed not so much singly and separately as by a concerted and concentrated effort to secure the

triumph of democracy, the power of a self-directing people to order its own political, industrial, social, and moral life according to its own will. We need, for example, in this country to realize the truth about the structure of a society in which 'the whole fabric of material and moral civilization, involving the lives of countless millions of the common people, can be brought to ruin by the misguided will of tiny groups of men at governing centres over which the common people have no control.' On one page he draws a literal circle intended to exhibit 'a poisonous co-operative interplay of parasitic organizers, feeding on the life of the peoples by mastering and perverting to their own base purposes the political, economical, and moral activities of humanity.' Between 'the people' and real self-control is fixed a great gulf 'of improperty, the power of the classes, which requires Militarism, Protectionism, Imperialism, the absolute State, and the politics of international antagonism.' These mischievous forces, he tells us, find natural allies in 'the servile press, the servile school, and the servile Church.' Militarism and War, for example, 'nowhere find a more whole-hearted support than in the country rectory, unless it be the Wesleyan pulpit.' Elsewhere he allows that in some Churches are to be found 'a more liberal theology, a closer spiritual communion, and a common social ethic.'

We cannot follow Mr. Hobson into detail, or it would not be difficult to point out many serious mistakes. In the case of the 'Wesleyan pulpit,' for example, he attributes to a militaristic spirit the resolute determination to suppress the militaristic conspiracy against the freedom and peace of Europe, before it is too late. In other respects also the writer's prepossessions prevent him from seeing facts in their due proportions, and his strong bias betrays him into extreme language, which does not help his own cause. But we hold that he is perfectly right in his attempt to see things together, to trace out the inter-working of forces

which strongly aid one another for good or for evil, and in claiming that self-government by the people should be made a reality in social and economic as well as in political life. It is not too soon to be studying the problems thus raised. At the next election, eight million additional voters will receive the franchise, of whom six millions will be women. The Labour Party, largely under Mr. Henderson's guidance, is being reconstructed. Co-operative societies are in future to be included, members not in Trade Unions are to be recognized, and 'labour' is to be understood to include brain-work as well as hand-work. What effect will be produced by these changes it is impossible to prophesy, but they are certainly very important and appear all to be of great value. The whole configuration of parties may be altered in the Parliament of next year. That wise preparation needs to be made for the immediate future is certain. Perhaps it is not fair to expect that in the throes and crisis of the fourth year of war adequate attention should be given to clamant social needs. But the auguries in matters of such vital importance as Mr. Fisher's Education Bill, the Ministry of Health question, and the subject of Liquor Control, are none too favourable. If it be said that there is 'no time' for a decision now, what is likely to be said amidst the whirlpool of conflicting claims and interests during the next five years?

A wider and deeper question remains. It may seem that we have been too long in reaching it, but a gradual approach was necessary. How far are 'the people'—say in Britain, France, and America—prepared to be in full reality the self-governing democracies which in theory they claim to be and to some degree actually are? Do they possess clearness of vision enough to perceive their own highest needs and driving power enough to secure them? And if not, what is most required that we may, in the old phrase, 'educate our masters'—or rather, that the people, as one united whole, should know the highest when they see it

and strive with all their strength for its speedy realization?

Nearly fifty years ago Matthew Arnold wrote, 'We have never yet been a self-governing democracy, or anything like it. The difficulty for democracy is how to find and keep high ideals. . . . Our society is probably destined to become much more democratic; who or what will give high tone to the nation then? That is the grave question.' (*Mixed Essays*, pp. 26, 27.) Events have moved very rapidly since that time. Arnold's fears, shared by De Tocqueville and others, for a future in which 'the aristocracy' with their 'grand style' would no longer give a 'high tone' to a misguided multitude, have vanished. Ideals in national life have changed since the middle of last century, and they will change yet more fundamentally during the next few decades. The true welfare of the people is better understood and more consciously kept before our minds than ever before. We may adopt some words of General Smuts, who, as an eminent colonial leader, has so often well expressed British feelings and aspirations. 'We want to see greater happiness among all classes of the community. We want to see more justice in this country. We want to see less poverty and less luxury. We want to see better standards of living more generally diffused throughout the community; we want more economic freedom and security for all workers in a world in which, I hope, there will be no idlers, rich or poor.' How are these and other high hopes for a new and better order of things for the peoples of the world to be realized?

Responsibility rests heavily indeed at this time upon statesmen and politicians of all types, those who hold office and those who have the ear of the multitude, all men of light and leading. In the front rank stand those who represent the Churches, laymen and clerics. Christian Churches as a whole have been freely charged of late with utter incapacity and failure to lead the nation in the solution

of its problems. It has been said for example (1) that they have been one-sided, biassed in favour of the 'Haves' against the 'Have-nots,' or unduly swayed by the privileged classes, as their most influential supporters. (2) Religious people as such have not set themselves to solve social problems, but have pointed rather to an unseen Heaven, in which the inequalities of the present life will be redressed. (3) Tried by the searching test of war, the Churches have failed to prevent it, they have often justified it in un-Christian fashion, and they appear to be quite incompetent to grapple with the great questions of industrial and economic welfare, now become more urgent than ever. We do not propose to discuss the measure of truth to be found in these sweeping allegations so far as the past is concerned. The fact that they are made by some persons, with the exaggeration which naturally arises from alienation of spirit and sympathy, at least indicate certain directions in which Christians may learn their duties towards the democracy of the future.

The main duty of the Church of Christ, especially of its ministry, does not lie in the direction of 'politics,' or of 'social problems.' Individuals will take individual action according to their conscience in all matters which affect their citizenship. The main business of the Church is to Christianize the world, and in setting about the task it will be found that the first duty is more fully to Christianize the Church. Elaborate ecclesiastical organization, intended to help the Churches in their work, may hinder their evangelizing power. If apostles and prophets and teachers 'serve tables' for half their time, the work of the other half is sure to be seriously affected. Further, with the details of social and economic questions ministers as such are not fitted to deal. It is not for the occupant of a pulpit to pronounce dogmatically how delicate and complicated problems of statesmanship are to be decided. A clergyman who has been accustomed to lecturing and laying down the

law often finds it hard to learn that in the details of political and economic questions he is only a layman, and often a very poor representative of well-instructed lay opinion.

On the other hand, an immensely important work lies open for the Church, led by its ministry, in the education and shaping of the democracy of the future. It is the business of the Church, for example, (1) to declare the moral and spiritual principles on which the satisfactory solution of these problems depends; (2) to create an appropriate spirit or atmosphere in which they may be rightly discussed; and (3) to provide the moral and spiritual dynamic by which alone they can be satisfactorily settled. The Christian Churches of to-day may shew what the motto of 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity,' so enthusiastically acclaimed in 1789, means when rendered into the language of democracy in 1918. Christianity alone can lay the basis of the equality of men as in the sight of God, the infinite value of the individual soul, the unspeakable preciousness of each one of those 'for whom Christ died.' Men never have been, never will or can be, equal in respect of their faculties, environment, or vocation. But equality of powers and burdens and opportunities—the removal as far as possible of barriers of caste, privilege, and prejudice, the opportunity freely to develop the potentialities lying hidden in each, even the humblest—may be secured as the true basis of democracy, and religion alone can provide it. Liberty for the individual and for the community follows from this. Fraternity cannot be produced to order, or manufactured in response to a demand, 'Be my brother, or I will kill you.' If any society has done more to secure the brotherhood of man than that which is based on the Fatherhood of God and the Sonship of Christ, we have yet to make its acquaintance.

But abstract principles are useless unless translated into action. Much has been done of late in this direction. A declaration of the Methodist Episcopal Church, U.S.A., in 1908, adopted almost immediately by the Federal Council

of the Churches of Christ in America, opens with the words, 'We deem it the duty of all Christian people to concern themselves directly with certain practical industrial problems. To us it seems that the Churches must stand for the following —equal rights and complete justice for all men in all stations of life.' There follow some dozen clauses dealing with the main duties of the Church in relation to the Labour world, which we have no space to transcribe. The document ends with the message—'To the toilers of America and those who by organized effort are seeking to reduce the hardships and uphold the dignity of labour, this Council sends the greeting of human brotherhood and the pledge of sympathy and of help in a cause which belongs to all who follow Christ.'

If it be said that this is dated some years ago and concerns another country than our own, it may be noted that Canon Barry, a Roman Catholic of the Liberal type, wrote in his brilliant book, *The World's Debate*, published only a few weeks ago, 'Democracy and Christianity ought to recognize each other as by origin and spirit of the same nature.' The Archbishop of York, in a speech delivered last November in the House of Lords, regretted that in that House there was no direct representative of labour, but desired himself to advocate the cause of the workers. He maintained their right to have a voice in the continuous control and management of industries, as recommended in the Whitley Report, and strongly denounced the 'dehumanization' of industry which has been only too marked a feature in the industrial conditions of the past. The Council of the 'Life and Liberty' movement in the Church of England, the chairman of which is Rev. W. Temple, lays it down as one of the first planks in its platform that 'The Church has not given effective witness to the mind of Christ in regard to such matters as international relations, industrial order, wealth and poverty, and the like.' The movement aims at remedying this defect, and Mr. Temple has resigned the important rectorship of St. James's,

Piccadilly, in order that he may give himself entirely to this work. Nonconformists are not behind in these matters. The report of the Conference to consider the closer co-operation of the Evangelical Free Churches, published only last November, puts in the forefront of its evangelistic programme the promotion of 'a more sincere and honest acceptance of the implications for men and nations of Christ's teaching on the Kingdom of God, as set forth in the New Testament.' These are encouraging signs of the times. It is impossible to state in a few words all that the Christian Churches might do in the compass of the next generation if all their members set themselves heartily to remove class-prejudices and misunderstandings, to prevent class-jealousies and class-wars, and to promote close social, as well as industrial and economic, co-operation between Capital and Labour.

The vital importance of Education in our national welfare seems now at last to be dawning upon a country, always proud of its practical ability and always vaguely suspicious of 'ideas.' In the best kind of educational reform lies one of the chief avenues to the only kind of democratic 'equality' which is desirable and practicable. A poor professional man will strain all his resources to give his children the only patrimony with which he can endow them—a good education. The working man should have similar opportunities provided. If Mr. Fisher is allowed to have his way—and more than the money for which he modestly asks—he will put the possibility of the best type of education within the reach of all. One exception he expressly makes—religious education is not within his purview. No wonder statesmen fight shy of it. The very name has become a by-word, associated as it has so constantly been with bitter and fruitless controversy. Prof. Winchester, in the volume named at the head of this article, has given an instructive survey of religious education in its relation to democracy, and has suggested excellent

plans and programmes of week-day religious instruction. For what is to become of the British democracy during the next half-century if education is to advance in all departments except that of religion? We have learned something of the character of education in Germany since 1870, and have found out to our cost the kind of results it produces. What can the Church do for the democracy in the way of a truly Christian education? Sunday schools have been declining in numbers for many years past. The religious education given in primary, secondary, and front rank public schools is, alas!—what it is. Children are not trained at home in religion as once they were. One danger to be guarded against at all costs is lest the Churches, grasping after many things, should neglect the duty and opportunity nearest home, and fail to solve the problem of the Child.

Great opportunities await the Church of Christ during the next few years. They are attended now, as always, by great difficulties and great dangers. When a great and effectual door is opened, there are sure to be 'many adversaries.' If it is true that there never has been a pure democracy, it is also true that never yet has there been a pure Church of Christ. But the peoples are struggling to realize themselves, and the Churches are struggling to realize the mind and will of their Divine Lord. When the efforts of the two are united, the kingdoms of this world will indeed have become the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. The hopes of 1789 were blighted and ended in the rise of a Napoleon. The hopes of 1848 were even more sadly disappointed. Mazzini was before his age when he proclaimed 'Humanity as the interpreter of God's law' and democracy, guided by the will of God, as most likely to interpret God's will aright. But he dreaded lest democracy, like theocracy and monarchy, should forget the law of God, and fail accordingly. In the coming era—would we could add, 'of the restitution of all things,'—we, like other

democracies for whom the world is to be made safe, must beware 'lest we forget.'

It depends upon the Churches whether the peoples remember in time and to good purpose. 'Democracy is possible,' wrote Dr. Woodrow Wilson before he became President, 'only among peoples of the highest and steadiest political habit. It is the heritage of races purged alike of hasty, barbaric passion and of patient servility to rulers, and schooled in temperate common counsel. It is an institution of political noonday, not of the half-light of political dawn.' Its fortunes at this moment in the world at large are not exactly trembling in the balance, but they are far from being fully assured. A true δημοκρατία, a people self-governing, united and free, can only be realized in proportion as individual citizens have learned the meaning of that self-government, which is true freedom, given by the Son, who makes free indeed. Milton's picture of a true commonwealth, as 'one vast Christian personage, one mighty growth and stature of an honest man,' will be realized some day. But carefully framed clauses in an elaborate constitution, skilful balancing of rival forces and tendencies, Houses of Parliament, manhood suffrage, referendum or plébiscite, will never be sufficient to secure that high end.

Can the Churches of to-day succeed? Not in doing the whole work, for that is in the hands of God, but in forwarding it as it should be forwarded in this great day of the Lord, when it might appear as if the very elements are being dissolved with fervent heat, and the old world and the works that are therein are being burned up. That can only be achieved by a Church which is itself 'purged by the spirit of judgement and the spirit of burning.' If the Churches of Christ were but united in the spirit of their Lord, as they formally are in His name, what might they not accomplish? It would seem as if Christ were waiting, almost in vain, for His people to overtake Him in His

thoughts and purposes for them. He waits to lead them by that Spirit, who is the true ὁδηγός or Way-Guide, into paths of peace and triumph, when—not the Governments of Europe shall be Christian in name—but the peoples of Europe and of the world shall be self-ruling and free because they are Christians indeed. This would be the fulfilment of the prophecy which formed the text of the first Christian sermon, preached in the synagogue of Nazareth by the Anointed One, who had been sent to preach good tidings to the poor, delivery to the captives, recovery of sight to the blind, and to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord. It depends upon the faith and fidelity of the Church of this generation how much of this great saying is to be fulfilled in their ears.

W. T. Davison.

INDIAN RECONSTRUCTION

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I

THE question of reconstructing the Indian Government is at present receiving serious attention. The Right Hon. Edwin S. Montagu, P.C., M.P., the Secretary of State for India, accompanied by Mr. Charles Roberts, M.P., the Earl of Donoughmore, and party, is now visiting that country, and inquiring into the nature of the reforms that are needed.

The head of the Mission has not turned forty, and has great driving-power. He spent four years at the India Office as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India, and during the parliamentary recess of 1912 he travelled in India. He has among Indians the reputation of being imaginative and sympathetic. Mr. Roberts is just

fifty. His tall and strongly-built body is capable of great physical and mental exertion. Indians think highly of his gifts of head and heart, and particularly of his ability to grasp their point of view. During the initial stages of the war he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for India, and expressed in warm terms Britain's gratitude for India's ready and whole-hearted response to the Empire's cause at the most critical moment of its history. The assurance that he then gave that the British view Indian aspirations through a new angle of vision thrilled Indians, and his selection to accompany Mr. Montagu was acclaimed by all sections of Indians. Lord Donoughmore is not much known in India: but he is only forty, energetic and progressive. As Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords he has had experience in dealing with contentious matters, and has acquired the reputation of being judicial-minded. The Unionist members of His Majesty's Government, and the great political party to which they belong, could not have made a better choice for their representative on the Mission than the noble Earl. These three political leaders have taken out with them Sir William Duke, who retired, in 1911, from the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal, after twenty-nine years of service in India, and who is now a member of the Council of the Secretary of State for India, and Mr. M. C. C. Seton, Secretary in the Judicial and Public Department at the India Office; both capable and experienced men, and, for officials, quite sympathetic.

The compactness of the Mission is greatly appreciated by Indians, whose experience of the nicely-balanced Royal Commissions appointed from time to time to inquire into Indian affairs of one sort or another has not been of the happiest. These Commissions have cost India a good deal of money, but their recommendations have generally proved disappointing to Indians.

The investigation that the Montagu Mission is now carrying on in India is not, so far as I can judge, to be

prolonged; though opportunity is to be afforded to leaders of various communities to express their views. After consultation with the officials and non-officials, a scheme for the reconstruction of the Indian administration is to be prepared and submitted to His Majesty's Government for action.

The procedure sounds simple and eminently practical. If every one concerned shows imagination, it ought not to be difficult to arrive at a settlement by mutual consent. Unfortunately, however, conditions in India have been all against developing the spirit of compromise in the various parties. A small group of officials who are mere 'birds of passage' in India monopolize power—legislative and executive. A somewhat larger section, composed of merchants who are also not permanent residents in the country, wield a great influence over the ruling class, and constantly clamour for more privileges. Indians of intelligence and culture are either forced to become subservient to the powers that be, or are driven to constitute themselves into an uncompromising opposition. It would require statesmanship of the highest order to reconcile these clashing elements, and to secure their consent to a series of reforms that would enable India to move forward appreciably on the path of constitutional government. Concessions that would seem revolutionary to one section are likely to appear to be not worth having to the other.

It is not merely a struggle between the 'ins' and 'outs.' Behind the impulse to retain monopoly on the one side, and to come into power on the other, there is an essential difference in outlook. The present generation of Britons look upon India as a charge that they have inherited, and they are naturally averse from making any changes that may lead to mismanagement of her affairs. Indians, on the other hand, feel that India is theirs by right divine, and that they should have every opportunity to shape her internal affairs according to their national

ideals, even though such self-expression may betray them into mistakes.

The report of the Public Services Commission vividly brings home these differences in outlook. The majority report, signed by all but one of the Commissioners, refers, in chapter iv., *General Statement of the Existing Problems*, to the European claim 'that the maintenance of British rule (in India) has its corollary in the employment of a European element[1] in the more important services' (p. 16). This statement follows in chapter vi., *Methods of Recruitment:* 'In the first (group) we place the Indian Civil Service and the police department, in both of which the nature of British responsibility for the good governance of India requires the employment in the higher ranks of a preponderating proportion of British officers' (p. 22). Mr. Abdur Rahim, at present acting as Chief Justice of the High Court of Judicature, Madras, writes, in his minute of dissent:

> 'The points of view from which the majority of the Commissioners and myself have approached the question of employment of Indians are substantially different. The question they have asked themselves is, What are the means to be adopted for extending the employment

[1] The statistics given in the report clearly indicate how overwhelming is the preponderance of the European element in the public services. We learn that '. . . out of the existing 11,064 appointments on Rs. 200 (£13 7*s.* 6*d.*) a month and upwards, only 42 per cent. was held by Indians and Burmans of pure Asiatic descent on April 1, 1913. Then, as we ascend higher up in the scale, the position grows much worse. Out of 4,984 posts carrying salaries of Rs. 500 (£33 7*s.* 6*d.*) a month and upwards, only 942, or 19 per cent., were filled by them as against 4,042, or 81 per cent., occupied by Europeans or Anglo-Indians (Eurasians). When we reach the salaries of Rs. 800 a month and upwards, which to a large extent, though not entirely, indicate the level of higher appointments of supervision and control—for there are some provincial appointments of a less important character which carry a salary of Rs. 800 (£55 7*s.* 6*d.*), and a few of Rs. 1000 (£86 19*s.* 6*d.*)—only 242, or 10 per cent. of the appointments were held by Indians as against 2,259, or 90 per cent., filled by Europeans and Anglo-Indians. Reference is made in paragraph 34 of the majority report to the progress made in this respect from 1887 to 1913. In the region of appointments carrying salaries of Rs. 200 (£13 7*s.* 6*d.*) and upwards, the percentage has risen from 34 to 42 since 1887, and in appointments of Rs. 500 (£33 7*s.* 6*d.*) and upwards, from 12 to 19 per cent. This during the space of a quarter of a century.' (*Report of the Public Service Commission.* p. 411.)

> of Indians? . . . But the proper standpoint, which alone in my opinion furnishes a satisfactory basis to work upon, is that the importation of officials from Europe should be limited to cases of clear necessity, and the question therefore to be asked is, In which services and to what extent should appointments be made from England? The suggestion involved in the majority's point of view is that special measures are necessary for finding employment for Indians in the administration, and that the practical question, therefore, is how many or how few posts are to be handed over to them. On the other hand, the view which, upon a review of the situation, has forced itself on my conviction, is that if Indians have not established a footing in the higher ranks of administration, it is not through their own fault; it is due to barriers of many sorts that have been raised in their way. It will be sufficient if the disabilities be removed and the doctrine of equal opportunity and fair dealing be established as a practical measure. No special protection or favour will be necessary if the need for protection is guarded against.' (*Report of the Public Service Commission*, p. 411.)

Mr. Abdur Rahim states, in a prefatory note, that the main proposals that he has put forward 'were virtually formulated in consultation with' (p. 394) Mr. G. K. Gokhale, the distinguished Indian, who died shortly before the Commission had reached the end of its labours. Mr. Gokhale told me not many months before he passed away that 'the public services of India are ours by right divine, and it is not a question of how many Indians shall be admitted into them, but of how few non-Indians shall be allowed to enter them ('What India Wants,' *Daily News and Leader*, August 27, 1917). That, in essence, is the *Indian* point of view. The word Indian has been italicised to remind the British reader that in this matter all the Indian communities, in spite of social and religious differences, stand united. As Mr. Abdur Rahim states:

> '. . . No one who lives in India and knows the people can fail to perceive that a vast welding force has come into existence. It may be safe to assert that whatever undesirable significance the caste system may have had in the past, the educated classes of Hindus would at the present day regard it as an undeserved and cruel aspersion of their character to have it suggested that they do not sympathize with the uneducated masses or would not deal fairly by them in the discharge of their official duties. No doubt there are erratic and narrow-minded men among the Hindus, but so there are in all nations and communities. The Hindus above all have been the organizers of the Indian national congress, whose proud boast to-day is that its title "national" has been amply justified. It is pointed out that almost

all the important items in its original programme have received warm support of the leaders of all Indian communities, whether they speak from the congress platform or from the Moslem League or from the Sikh Khalsa. The unifying and democratic spirit of Islam is well known, and among the Muhammedans there have been no such relics of an old system as the castes to mislead those whose knowledge of the Indian people is mostly historical and theoretical. Further, it must be remembered that care for the poor, so definitely enjoined by all religions of the East, has developed in the Indian character generally almost an overflow of charity and generosity, while the new movements have helped largely to divert much of that fund of philanthropy into more regulated channels.' (*Report of the Public Service Commission*, p. 398.)

There is, among Indians, general agreement not merely in regard to the Indianization of the public services of India, but also in respect of the agency that should control the executive. Early in 1916, delegates of the Indian National Congress and of the Muslim League, which, between them, represent the majority of intelligent classes of India, formulated a scheme of constitutional reforms, to which further reference is made later. It shows that there has been great progress in India since the Morley-Minto reforms were on the anvil, towards the end of the last decade. The Muslim League was founded at that time to secure for Musalmans, who, until then, had refused to take part in political agitation, a share of the political rights and privileges adequate to protect their interests as the second largest Indian community, in consonance with its prestige as the ruler of India in the pre-British days. Hindus and other non-Muslims denounced the movement as mischievous, and bitterly criticized Lords Morley and Minto for what they considered their capitulation to Muslim demands for preferential treatment. Less than ten years later, this same body has joined hands with the older and larger political organization of India (the Indian National Congress), and that organization has admitted the Muslim claims for special consideration. An Englishman who claims to be largely responsible for the birth of the Muslim League was so appalled at the spectacle of his child going wrong that he recently poured forth his wrath in the

columns of the *Daily Mail* (London). Other Englishmen had, however, anticipated that the Hindu-Muslim split was only a passing phase. Lord Morley writes in his fascinating *Recollections*, the Indian portion of which occupies the bulk of the second volume and constitutes a record of events which no student of Indian affairs can afford to neglect :—

> '. . . . Everybody warns us that a new spirit is growing and spreading over India ; [Sir Walter†] Lawrence, [Sir Valentine] Chirol, Sidney Low, all sing the same song : " You cannot go on governing in the same spirit ; you have got to deal with the Congress party and Congress principles, whatever you may think of them : be sure that before long the Mahometans will throw in their lot with the Congressmen against you. . . ." ' (p. 173, vol. 2).

How can Indian Muslims and non-Muslims remain untouched by the spirit of nationality, when they derive sustenance from the same land, when they breathe the same air, when the same blood flows in their veins, when a community of interests exists between them, whether they recognize it or not ?

The spirit of nationality is animating Indian Christians, and they are throwing in their lot with their countrymen of other religious persuasions. Raja Sir Harnam Singh, of Kapurthala, an outstanding personality among Indian Christians, writes in *The Indian Demands*, which, in a small compass, offers to the British public the opportunity of learning how India feels about political reforms :

> ' It has been said that India cannot be looked upon as a nation because of her varied religions and tongues, but the spirit of nationality has been awakened in us, and true love of country knows no barriers of caste and creed or language, as was shown recently when the leaders of the Congress Committee and the Muslim League united on a common platform ' (p. 53).

The desire of the Indian Christians to stand shoulder to shoulder with their non-Christian countrymen in matters affecting nationality is revolutionizing the Hindu and Muslim attitude towards them. Instead of being taunted as denationalized, they are being welcomed as patriots. Support is being given to their demands for separate repre-

sentation. The leader-writer of *New India* (Madras) gave expression to enlightened Indian opinion when he wrote recently :

> 'The time has come when the Hindu and Muslim communities should stretch out friendly hands to their Christian brethren, welcoming them as natural allies in the struggle for Indian freedom, and recognizing their place in the great Indian nation.
>
> 'A redistribution of territorial areas is necessary, as a basis for representation, and, in the new electorates, proportional representation must be accepted in some form. As the Musalmans have agreed to a certain proportion of Muslim . . . Members (of the legislature), so should Christians also have their due proportion, thus safeguarding their special interests, and lending their aid in the solution of general questions.' (Leader in issue of October 2, 1917.)

That the nationalist impulse in India is not anti-British has been proved by the war. Stray attempts have no doubt been made to foment trouble while Britain was engrossed in the conflict; but responsible Indians have utterly refused to have anything to do with them, and, therefore, the Government has found it easy to suppress conspiracies. Dr. Arthur Berriedale Keith rightly observes in his thoughtful work, *Imperial Unity and the Dominions :*

> ' . . . it cannot be without a lesson to the more intelligent of our fellow subjects in the Empire, that, while India was able to send men to the front in France at the time of greatest need, the Dominion [Union of South Africa] in which Indians have been treated worst not merely was powerless to send aid, but was in the throes of a dangerous rebellion ' (p. 528).

But for the loyalty of the educated classes it would have been impossible for the Government of India to 'bleed India white'—to use Lord Hardinge's significant expression, by sending in the autumn of 1914 most of her troops to the firing line. Mr. Montagu was not guilty of exaggeration when, on July 12, 1917, he said, in the House of Commons, that ' the share of the Indian people in this War, from the beginning to the end, has always been greater than the share of the Indian Government in this War, and always more willing than the share of the Indian Government' (*Parliamentary Debates*, House of Commons, July 12, 1917. Vol. 95, No. 93, p. 2201).

The insistent Indian demands to fight for the Empire and to bear their share of the burden of war, have produced in Britain an atmosphere in which Indian aspirations for self-government can be considered with sympathy. Reference has been made to Mr. Charles Roberts' 'new angle of vision.' The Prime Minister said, in the House of Commons on October 29, 1917, shortly after the Montagu Mission had left these shores for India, that the 'memory of the powerful aid which they (Indians) readily accorded in the hour of our trouble will not be forgotten . . . when the affairs of India come up for examination and for action.'

II

The wisdom of undertaking, at the present time, the task of framing a scheme for Indian reconstruction, cannot be over-rated. To defer it would have been both ungraceful and inexpedient. Not long ago Britain found it necessary to convert the reconstruction committee that had been set up by the Asquith Government into a department presided over by a Minister of the Crown and provided with adequate funds and staff to work out a scheme for reconstruction after the war. Indians would not have been impressed with Britain's solicitude for their welfare if they had been told that the work of preparing for Indian reconstruction could not be undertaken until the return of peace. It would have been a blunder to pursue such a course of action in the earlier period of the war; but to have persisted in it after the Mesopotamia revelations would have been to court disaster, for they proved that the system of Indian governance could not be permitted to continue even during the war, much less after its conclusion. The Rt. Hon. Lord Islington, the Under-Secretary of State, who is at present acting for Mr. Montagu during his absence from London, thus pointed out the moral of the breakdown in Mesopotamia, in the course of a speech that he made on July 12, 1917, in the House of Lords:

'Whilst the military system in India has broken down through over-centralization and will have to be carefully considered and revised after the war, so I believe the same may be said with equal urgency and equal reason of the civil system of Government too. . . . The present centralized system continues to accumulate into its own hands the daily expanding activities and ambitions of that wide continent with its divers provinces, and as this goes on I believe the Viceroy must find himself more and more becoming the mouthpiece rather than anything else of groups of high centralized Departments out of touch with provincial sentiment. . . whatever may be said against individuals . . . it is obvious to us all that in large measure it is the system of which they are but the servants that is wrong and requires revision. . . .' (*Parliamentary Debates*, House of Lords. Vol. XXV. No. 56, p. 959.)

That the Government of India was wooden, inelastic, and antediluvian came as a surprise to stay-at-home Britons, who had been taught to look upon it as an efficient mechanism. Indians, however, had, for decades, spoken of the Administration as cumbersome, and out of touch with the people and with the spirit of the age. The Mesopotamia scandals confirmed them in their opinion, and gave a tremendous impetus to the movement for self-government, which had already assumed large proportions.

The war itself has greatly intensified the Indian longing for self-government; for it is a struggle of nationality against world-domination, a struggle between freedom and autocracy. Indians feel—and feel rightly—that, in aiding the Empire and its Allies to secure the right of self-expression for Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro, Rumania, and other countries, they have been helping to bring near the day when India will also be a self-governing unit of the Empire instead of a mere dependant.

III

It is clear from the foregoing statement that the task that confronts the Montagu Mission is of a dual character—partly administrative, partly political. The government of the country needs (1) immediately to be decentralized and (2) to be made responsible to Indians.

The political issue dominates the situation, for two

reasons: (1) Indians are clamant, and they will continue to remind Britain that her rule in India will be un-British in character until their aspirations have been satisfied; and (2) the solution of the administrative problem lies through the solution of the political problem. The Indian system failed in Mesopotamia because it was too far removed from Westminster to be adequately supervised by Parliament, and because it was so constituted that Indians could exercise no check upon its actions, nor could they compel it to make greater use of India's man-power than it chose to do. Not until the Government of India is made responsible to Indians, and they are in a position to insist that the greatest possible use shall be made of Indian resources, can it fulfil the requirements of the time, and the danger of future breakdown be avoided. Even if it be conceded, moreover, that administrative efficiency can be secured in India without giving Indians opportunity for self-expression, there would be discontent—and disaffection. A perfect government superimposed upon India that did not appeal to the Indian imagination, that failed to enlist Indian co-operation, would be thoroughly un-British, and unworthy of the age in which we live; and it would collapse, sooner or later.

IV

Various schemes have been put forward for the solution of the Indian problem. A memorandum on post-war reforms signed by nearly all the elected members of the Supreme Legislative Council of India was submitted to the Viceroy and Governor-General in October, 1916. For lack of space it is impossible to quote it here; but Lord Islington's summary of 'the chief measures proposed' by its signatories will serve to give the reader an idea of its contents:

> '*First*, a large increase in the numbers of Members of the Imperial and Provincial Legislative Councils.
>
> '*Secondly*, the grant to the Legislative Councils of the power to pass laws and resolutions on all matters of Indian administration with the exception of the direction of military affairs, foreign relations,

declarations of war, the making of peace and the entering into treaties other than commercial, which were to be vested in the Government of India. These laws and resolutions were of course to have a binding character, and the only safeguard would have been the exercise of the veto by the Governor-General in Council or Governor in Council, as the case might be.

'*Thirdly*, the abolition of the Council of the Secretary of State.

'*Fourthly*, the grant of autonomy to Local Governments, and the grant of an immediate and full measure of local self-government.' (*The Problems of Indian Government*, pp. 8, 9.)

The Indian National Congress passed, on December 29, 1916, a scheme of constitutional reforms, which was adopted, two days later, by the All-India Muslim League. It followed the general lines laid down by the memorandum. The authors of this scheme demanded, among other rights, that 'of revising Indian tariffs and customs-duties, of imposing, altering, or removing any tax or cess, modifying the existing system of currency and banking, and granting any aids or bounties to any or all deserving and nascent industries of the country.' (*The Indian Demands*, *p.* 102.)

Lord Islington, speaking in his private capacity, has surveyed the problem from the semi-official point of view. He strongly advocates giving autonomy to the provinces, though, in the matter of giving Indians control over legislation and the executive, he is not willing to go as far as either the memorandum or the Congress-League scheme.

Two draft constitutions framed by Indians along the lines of federal government have come under my notice. Mr. Joseph Baptista's *Proposed Constitution for India* contemplates the conversion of the informal Indian National Congress into a legal body in which would be vested legislative power. Mr. H. H. Manghirmalani was in Australia 'when the best intellect of the Island Continent had gathered together in the last Federal Convention, which was convened by authority of the different colonies, for the purpose of devising a most liberal and up-to-date democratic scheme of government suitable to bring in all Australia in a Federal Union'; and his scheme of self-government is modelled largely on the Australian pattern.

Mr. Lionel Curtis, of the Round-Table group, is at present in India engaged in propounding a scheme of constitutional reforms. I am told that his proposals will show that he and his colleagues are anxious to provide Indians with scope for self-expression in the governance of their country. In view of this consideration, it is only fair to defer criticism of tentative suggestions regarding India which have been put forward in the literature issued by the group.

Persons who advocate provincial autonomy for India argue that the federal system is the only one that can be applied to large countries with variations of climate, race, and creed, such as the United States of America, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australia, and the Union of South Africa. They assert that British India has two and one-half times the population of the United States of America, that Americans are a homogeneous people compared with Indians, who vary greatly in race and religion, and even speak different languages, and, therefore, that provincial autonomy is a greater necessity for India than for the United States.

Such an argument ignores the essential unity that underlies all variations of population in India. It, moreover, inspires in the heart of the Indian nationalist the fear that the provincialization of Indian affairs might lead to the accentuation of provincialism, and undermine the feeling of national solidarity that, during recent years, has been growing rapidly in India.

Suspicion is easily aroused in India, because Indians have had so many unfortunate experiences. In 1858 they were solemnly assured, by the Royal Proclamation, that :

> '. . . it is our further will that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.'

This pledge notwithstanding, not until 1902 were Indians allowed to enter the commissioned rank in the Indian Army

through a postern gate. This opening proved so narrow that the number of Indians who were given commissions, in the fifteen years that have elapsed since then, did not exceed a dozen, and these men were put by themselves on a special list, quite apart from those holding the King's Commission. In the autumn of 1917 provision was made to enable Indians to enter the commissioned rank through the front door. This decision is momentous, *if* it means that the racial bar has been really removed. That the position of Indians in the civil employ of the Government is not what the Proclamation of our illustrious Queen guaranteed it to be, is evident from the figures that have been culled from the *Report of the Royal Commission on the Public Services in India.*

According to the Secretary of State for India, the 'policy of His Majesty's Government, with which the Government of India are in complete accord, is that of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration, and the gradual development of self-governing institutions, with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire.' Mr. Montagu would have done better had he persuaded his colleagues to alter the sequence of the clauses: because Indians, like all other sensible people, attach more importance to possessing the power to save themselves from the vagaries of the executive than to holding Government positions carrying large salaries. For some mystic reason, the official mind seems incapable of grasping that elementary fact. Even so clever an Englishman as Lord Morley writes in his *Recollections* that 'he half suspects that what they (Indians) really want a million times beyond political reform, is access to the higher administrative posts of all sorts, though they are alive to the inseparable connexion between the two' (p. 182). The British will commit an egregious mistake if they fail, at this moment, to realize that with Indians it is more a question of acquiring legis-

lative power than of being given important Government posts.

Of the two problems, the one of 'increasing the association of Indians in every branch of administration' is easier to solve. The Public Services Commission has gathered together an enormous amount of valuable material, which merely needs to be viewed from a new angle of vision. Lord Islington, its Chairman, has admitted that the war has greatly altered the situation, and I understand he is prepared to recommend an increase in the proportion of posts to be ear-marked for Indians, and a consequent modification of the proposals regarding entrance into the Indian Civil Service, police, &c.

Mr. Montagu's Mission will not find it easy to arrive at the right solution of the problem of advancing India to a sort of half-way house on the road to self-government, which will give her sons scope for their initiative and responsibility. So far as I can see, that object can be achieved only by delimitating the governance of India into two separate spheres:

(1) the Imperial, including foreign and military affairs and strategic communications, to be controlled by the British, in consultation with Indians; and

(2) domestic affairs, to be administered by Indians.

It has been the misfortune of Indians that during recent decades even such institutions of self-government as the *panchayet* system (of which Dr. Matthai has recently published a careful study in his work entitled *Village Government in British India*) which existed in the country, have disintegrated. It is, therefore, necessary to reconstruct the Indian system from the bottom up. I trust that in performing this task, Britain will show a fine perception of present-day requirements, and courage in meeting them.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

THE JUDGEMENT OF THE CROSS

EVERY judgement we make is at bottom a judgement of the Cross, or judgement about Christ. We thereby accept Him as a Saviour, or we do not. He stands for the good, the true, the beautiful, and all that these imply or represent. We may be, and indeed usually are, unconscious of the fact, but a fact it remains—and that the most important in the world. Our decision for Him or against Him determines our future and our fate. Just as *negare est affirmare*, to deny some particular thing is to affirm some other and opposite particular thing, so to repudiate the Good is to accept the evil and to say, if not in so many words, 'Evil, be thou my God, my God!' To renounce the true is to welcome the false. And to despise the beautiful is to honour the ugly and base and sordid. At every turning of every road we meet the Cross, and at every turning of the road called life we have to make our choice, some decision, which will colour, influence, mould all our subsequent actions and steps. The present makes or mars the future. And if we examine our thoughts or conduct, even in the most superficial way, we shall see how every deed of ours has involved some judgement, whether we knew it or not. We cannot utter a single sentence, we cannot be logical or illogical, we cannot pursue the simplest course or turn a page of the story we are writing, without affirming or denying something, and casting in our lot for the time at any rate with the good or the bad. We proceed, whatever way we may take, by a series of secret or open discussions, in which the mind (perhaps without the least realization of the truth) weighs the case before it, and balances the rival pretensions of the respective competitors for attention. We are always

doing this—*et adhuc sub judice lis est.* Thought, as Hobbes so very wisely said—thought is quick. And perhaps in a moment or less than a moment of our measures antagonistic claims are considered and judicially debated with a lightning dispatch. This of course does not enter into clear consciousness, but is none the less effective and real. People who profess to settle everything by sheer common sense or the light of nature, in the shortest possible way, so to speak at sight, are no exceptions to the rule. To put it spatially, as we are psychologically bound to do, they think and deliver a verdict, the steps of which if thus translated would cover miles with the velocity of luminous waves. The coarsest matters of speculation, the cheapest, the most unostentatious, all connote a tribunal, a judgement-seat, and opposing advocates. It is all a matter of evidence, a trial by an invisible jury and a final pronouncement, however speedily the case is discussed and the sentence delivered. The smallest affair must have a moral complexion and tremendous moral issues. And the ultimate result means we confess or deny Christ, we conclude either for Him or against Him. He is the very basis or substance of all our theses. And if we do not range ourselves in His camp or on His side, we *ipso facto* reject His authority and His power. 'He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad.' It is through the conscience or moral sense, call it what we will, that Christ works, and we acknowledge or dispute His Will. As said St. Paul, whether we eat or drink or whatever we do, we honour or dishonour our Lord. There is no middle course, and the *via media* only exists to enable shirkers and shufflers to explain away their obvious duty. The one crucial test or criterion is the Cross of Christ. Will we serve Him or another? Do we recognize His standard or some far looser and more vulgar one? In our most frivolous moods, at our meals and our amusements, the same inevitable judgements go on, and we gather new strength or

greater infirmities, according to the way in which we shape our behaviour, our resolutions—or, in a word, decide. Any trifle, such as a toy or a jest, may be our particular and temporary cross, at the cross-roads. The eternal lies in the passing moment, the universal creeps out of the purely local, and leavens the whole area of thought and action. And we are ever trying things and being tried ourselves. The judge also himself is being tried by the prisoner, and the prisoner by the judge. We may never escape this vital ordeal and the ultimate choice.

It is idle to plead, as we may eventually do, that we never pretended to decide, we merely allowed the stream of events to follow its own course and settle things for us, and took our chance or risks. But this implies a false psychology. The fact that we acted in a certain fashion shows plainly that we were moved by certain desires or intentions, and obeyed a definite judgement, however hasty and superficial. We cannot deny our own mental processes, and we justly pay the penalty of our precipitate and unwise determinations. It is impossible for even the stupidest person to disown his personal faults, though he may choose to name them 'misfortunes'—as if they were his illegitimate children. The process is the same for all, for the philosopher and the man in the street. The unconscious reasoning resembles the conscious, though it chooses to disclaim the affinity. We fool and deceive ourselves at our peril. There was the Cross calling us to decide for Christ or to deny Him, and conscience all along was telling us the right judgement to make. '*Mens conscia recti*' *errare non potest.* Yes, and *mens inconscia recti*, if allowed free play and an open field, also makes no mistakes. Each new experience is a new ordeal, and *fiat experimentum Crucis.* The scales are produced, the two courses of action are deliberately weighed, if in less than a fraction of a moment of time, and the final choice effected. Every case is and must be a crucial case. We find it impossible to escape

from our antecedents or heredity. Our environment and the personal equation, which are for ever arising, on the pathway of progress or retrogression, are really independent of temporal conditions. They appeal to us as qualitative and not quantitative theses. A moment counts as an eternity with such instances. The problem, so to speak, in stating itself solves itself. We start from the everlasting and universal Cross, and we end at the Cross. We either in each example confess and accept Christ, whose yoke is easy and whose burden is light and we learn of Him, or we crucify Him afresh and put to an open shame. Immortal destinies hang upon our Yea or Nay. Here is no Centre of Indifference, no Neutral Territory.

'*Semper de crucibus pendula causa tenet.*'

We cannot excuse ourselves for a wrong decision by lack of time, by want of the necessary materials, factors, or evidence for judgement. We all possess as our birthright the *semen aeternitatis*, the Judgement of the Cross, and by this we stand or fall—it is *articulus stantis aut cadentis animæ*. If honest, we must be aware that we live for ever beneath its tremendous shadow, which saves in the very act of judging. The process is one and inexorable. Christ, the Saviour Judge, the Judge Saviour, persistently appeals to us, Spirit to spirit, and declares the right road. Never man spake like this man, and still He speaks, 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' the same doctrine that we find taught in the Bhagavad Gita. For we find Christ before Christ everywhere, in the Brahman and Buddhist and Chinese literature. For the Logos spoke even before Heraclitus. 'All day long I have stretched forth My hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people.' The *Verbum Dei*, the Logos, must for ever speak, bear witness, because it is the *Verbum Dei* or Logos.

Theosophy settles nothing. Twenty or twenty-five years ago the present writer—in conjunction with Professor Max Müller—carefully examined the pretensions of this bastard science or mock religion, or whatever it calls itself, and found them baseless and ridiculous. Theosophy possesses no foundations outside the realms of fancy. Madame Blavatsky is hardly a name by which to conjure, and Mrs. Besant may fairly be considered a worthy successor. Buddhism of the latest fashion, brought up to date and the demands of modernity, put into a sham logical form, can only deceive those who wish to be deceived. Christ, on the contrary, never explains and never apologizes. Theosophy goes about crawling on all fours and endeavouring to excuse its own absurd existence. Its very completeness as a theory of things condemns it to the mind of the sober metaphysician. Whereas the contradictions of the Cross, the antagonisms latent or patent in Christianity, afford the best proofs of its verity, the supreme synthesis of its inherent positive and negative elements. For the oppositions unite on a loftier plane, and where no contradictions exist there is no truth. And the gospel is nothing but a string of statements which violently refute each other, and yet they appeal with all the force of inspiration alike to heart and head. This fundamental fact Theosophy ignored. And yet the Anabolic Process, in its building up, follows the line of most (and not least) resistance. Heraclitus saw it, Hegel knew it, but not Madame Blavatsky and not the preposterous Mrs. Besant. Genius exemplifies and corroborates our point. The tallest peaks, the most soaring waves, all rise from a common ground below, the promise and prophecy of more spacious times with infinite possibilities. They spring from the main stream of fluid water or earth. For the earth, solid as it seems, is really fluid, and respires with regular systole and diastole like any healthy animal with lungs. Or, to put it in another way, it continually ebbs and flows like a mighty sea. But

now and then genius leaps out of the humdrum ordinary course of things in a great jet or spurt of spiritual life. It covers centuries in its stride, and it is for ever at cross purposes with itself, affirming and denying the same things perpetually. But the vast altitudes of genius cannot be maintained, cannot even be comprehended by the majority, by a cosmos at the time unfitted and unequal to them. They may be, nay, they must be (as with Giordano Bruno and Leonardo da Vinci) ventures far in advance of public opinion and general thought or belief. Opinion, the stormy petrel of revolution, has this way. It is, as Shelley wrote, immeasurably in advance of institutions. But in the remote future students discover all their best thoughts were stolen by ancient seers and prophets. It is idle to protest, *Pereant qui nostra ante nos dixerint!* Genius lives in the eternal realms and sees everything *sub specie aeternitatis*, and recognizes no boundaries of time or place. It thinks in other and larger forms. It cannot reason temporally, locally, spatially, and acknowledges no limits. The process is direct, a divine immediacy. Only genius properly understands genius or may define genius. But this genius never will do, and indeed never can, without denying its nature. But it delivers *judicia aeterna*. It will not stoop below its native stars, below its native heaven. We find it dwelling in paradoxes, and repeatedly contradicting itself. It makes some grand affirmation one moment or lays down a positive law, and the next moment asserts the contrary with a sweeping negative, because no two moments cover the same ground or synchronize or are exactly alike. Genius cultivates a sweet unreasonableness, and does not live in the fool's paradise or dreamland or cloud-cuckoo land of Theosophy and its artificial world.

Science has been called, by Herbert Spencer, Quantitative Prevision. It deals with kinds rather than with degrees, and it assures us (if we require such assurance) that God Himself is the same kind of moral agent as ourselves. Other-

wise religion and worship would be utterly impossible, a pitiful form, a miserable farce. God has stamped His sign-manual of the Cross on our minds and hearts, so that as soon as we begin to feel and think and speak and act we discover the Cross at all the many turnings of the way. We are so constituted at birth, as we realize gradually in education, that we are governed and regulated and directed thus. The spirit of contradiction, the best part of us, the very foundation of faith, the priceless jewel of humanity, invariably impels us to doubt or dispute the message of the Cross. It is at once our safety and our condemnation. We must be the one or the other of the two thieves between whom Christ was crucified, the penitent or the impenitent. When the wrong way seems pleasant or profitable the temptation is great, and it may be overwhelming, as it was with Lot. But the wilderness often affords a better place for us than the well-watered pastures of Sodom and Gomorrah. And *non semper pendebit inter latrones crucifixa veritas*. The crucified truth or good or beauty always conquers in the end, because it is divine, omnipotent, and God rules or overrules as well as reigns. But He does not wish us to acquiesce in His sovereignty, unless we have examined its credentials and believe, because we know and are sure, that the real is the rational and the rational the real. But yet there will always remain the unredeemed contradiction, the unreconciled antagonisms, the earthly *contra* as well as the heavenly *plus*. The half is greater than the whole, two and two make five no less than four, and the finite embraces an infinite side. For, as Benedetto Croce teaches, 'The spirit is reality and the whole of reality,' and nothing at bottom exists but spirit.

And God fulfils Himself in many ways—

God the sum of all contradictions. In the Divine Logic, which lies beyond logic, the logic both of the heart and the head, in which feeling and thought and will are one, the

reasonable and the unreasonable stand and work side by side. Swift's doctrine of 'sweetness and light,' adopted and paraded and marketed by Matthew Arnold, marches for ever in tune and time with the complementary doctrine of 'sweetness and darkness.' 'Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour'—Saviour and Judge.

> Thus he came at length
> To find a stronger faith his own;
> And Power was with him in the night,
> Which makes the darkness and the light,
> And dwells not in the light alone,
> But in the darkness and the cloud.

The accursed fallacy of explanation, which riddles Theosophy through and through like a sieve, leaves nothing behind it but a monstrous vacuum posing and imposing as a plenary revelation. 'It is the glory of God to conceal a thing.' And the message of the Bible, both of the Old and New Testaments, does this. It half reveals and half conceals. If it said more and told us everything, there would be no room for faith, no place for the reasoning faculties. But it declares nothing that we can discover for ourselves. And the Mysteries, the language of symbols in which it speaks, demand time and patience for even approximate solutions of their problems. Any cult or creed that presents us with a cut-and-dried system of logical propositions stands thereby condemned. It is impossible that we should ever know all on this plane of existence. That would be reversing the position of the Creator and the created, making God finite and man infinite. And though Professor Hastings Rashdall may accept and hug to his heart a limited and ineffectual Deity, he is in the minority of the writers and believers like a boy with a toy monkey on a stick. Who could really worship a finite God? And how shall such a Being inspire us with the loftiest ideas and ideals, or draw us upward and onward with the drawing of the Cross? To explain away evil in this way, and lay the onus on the

Deity, is a miserable makeshift, a desperate expedient, a forlorn fallacy. God is Infinite or He is nothing—a mere glorified Man. He comes to us at the first discredited and discreditable, He claims our prayers and praises all to no purpose. And if finite, He may not avoid the imputation of our imperfections and consequently of our sin. But a Suffering God, in spite of the old and absurd prejudice of theologians against His passibility, rests on a very different footing. In His own nature, in Himself, He must be absolutely perfect and infinite; but in His relations to us, He undoubtedly accepts our conditions. 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted.' As a Creator and on the human or earthly side, He fell thereby so far from perfection. But in the very act He rose to higher altitudes than before. And in the Incarnation He fell also and at the same time rose higher still. While in His Crucifixion, His Eternal Crucifixion, He fell to the lowest possible point, and likewise rose again from the uttermost depths to the supreme summits of Divine Being. In denying His Deity for our welfare and our salvation, He became more a God, and by emptying Himself in the kenosis attained His extreme pleroma, His ultimate apotheosis.

The Cross of Christ is the measure of man's sin and of God's love, the measure of the human fall and the divine fall, and also the pledge and promise of the corresponding final exaltation. To rise very high we must first stoop very low. And now the Cross remains for ever as the centre and symbol of all our judgements. Not that we must endeavour to imitate Christ, because as we have shown elsewhere all such imitation would be the worst possible homage to His life and death. No other age can be an exact replica of a past age, since precisely the same conditions can never repeat themselves. But though the letter changes and it is the office of the letter to kill, the spirit is the same for ever, and to this we can return, though we have never left it or grown beyond. And the spirit energizes

through the Cross, by its perpetual judgement, which is the promise and earnest of our salvation. There is no private door into the kingdom of God, nor any short cut to the heaven of grace. If we really and truly come to Calvary and anchor there, we experience at once a vast and vital change, the baptism of the Spirit of Christ, just as 'at a certain stage of the animal's perceptual consciousness, it becomes transformed into rational and receptive self-consciousness.' Then our own deification begins, we enter upon the spiritual and everlasting plane. Accidents no longer happen to us, as Nietzsche said, for all that now happens to us is our own, whether what we call good or bad, what we think life or death. 'All things are yours; whether Paul or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life or death, or things present or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ's is God's.' And let us be thankful that God and not man is our judge, and the Cross in condemning saves and delivers us for ever.

F. W. Orde Ward.

THE EASTERN QUESTION

The Eastern Question: An Historical Study in European Diplomacy. By J. A. R. Marriott. (Clarendon Press, Oxford. 1917.)

The Balkan League. By T. E. Gueshoff, formerly Prime Minister of Bulgaria. Translated by C. C. Mincoff, First Secretary at Bulgarian Legation. (Murray.)

OF the two books at the head of this paper, the former deals with a question which for many centuries has had a large place in international policy, during the last five years has become specially pressing, and is at the present hour of supreme importance. For there can be no assured peace until the hopelessness of Turkish misrule has been replaced by some rearrangement, giving a fair prospect of security and development to the broad lands where for so long time anarchy has reigned. This rearrangement can be wisely made only in the light of the past history of what is or was the Turkish Empire. Hitherto we have had no book dealing satisfactorily in compact form with this all-important topic, and bringing it up to date.

This want is supplied in Mr. Marriott's book. It is a history of Turkey, i.e. not only of the Turkish race, but also of the various Christian races which have been or are still under Turkish rule. The writer has given to his topic a lifelong attention, marked by great ability and fairness. His book is well written, historically accurate, and sufficiently full for intelligent knowledge of the subject.

The second volume gives decisive evidence confirming an important statement quoted in the first; and, coming as it does from a Bulgarian ex-premier, it has for us great interest.

The first 'Introductory' chapter of Mr. Marriott's work is a most excellent preliminary view of the entire subject. It concludes with an assertion that the present war is an outcome of a German conviction that the free development of the Balkan races would be a 'death-blow to the ambitions of Central Europe in the Near East'; and that 'in order that Austria-Hungary might keep a road open to the Aegean, and to prevent a change of gauge between Berlin and Basra, the world must be flung into the crucible, Belgium, peaceful and unoffending, must be ruthlessly devastated, given over to arson, pillage, and abomination of every description, . . . the whole world must groan in pity and suffering.' Our author appropriately adds, 'In order to face the future fearlessly and to shape it aright, nothing is more indispensable than a knowledge of the past. Nor can that knowledge safely be confined to the few who govern; it must be diffused among the many who control. To diffuse that knowledge is the purpose of the pages that follow.'

The next chapter, on 'Physics and Politics,' prefaces the history with a description of the all-important geographical position of Turkey in the centre of the Old World, and occupying the adjacent parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. At some length it describes the influence of the geographical shape of the Balkan Peninsula on its history.

In chap. iii. we have 'The Advent of the Ottomans' from their home in central Asia, and their 'Conquests in Europe.' It is introduced by an apt quotation from a French historian, Albert Sorel, who says, 'There is no Turkish nation at all, but only conquerors encamped in the midst of hostile populations: the Turks do not by any means form a state, but an army good for nothing but to conquer, and tending to dissolve as soon as they are compelled to stop.' In order to explain their victorious entrance into Europe, Mr. Marriott gives a necessary and very excellent account of the various races and nations already

there, yet unable to prevent the Turkish conquest; down to the capture of Constantinople in A.D. 1453.

In chap. iv. we have 'The Ottoman Empire: its Zenith,' down to the death of 'Suleiman the Magnificent.' Of him, on p. 78, our author says, 'In the reign and person of Suleiman the history of his nation reaches its climax; as warrior, as organizer, as legislator, as man he has no superior, perhaps no equal, among the Ottoman Turks. Physically, morally, and intellectually Suleiman was richly endowed; a man of great strength and stature; capable of enduring immense fatigue; frank, generous, amiable in character; indefatigably industrious; a capable administrator, and no mean scholar. But despite his brilliant gifts, sedulously cultivated, the reign of Suleiman is, by general consent, taken to mark not only the zenith of Ottoman greatness, but the beginnings, though at first hardly discernible, of decline.'

In his reign the Ottoman invasion reached its furthest extension, in the siege of Vienna. On p. 80 we read: 'The failure of the greatest of the Sultans to take Vienna, and his withdrawal in the autumn of 1529, mark an epoch in the history of the Eastern Question. A definite and, as it proved, a final term was put to the advance of the Ottomans towards Central Europe. The brave garrison of Vienna had rendered an incomparable service to Germany and to Christendom. Here at last was a barrier which even Suleiman could not pass.'

In the year 1535 Francis I, in his disastrous conflict with the Emperor Charles V, 'turned for assistance to the Sultan Suleiman. The treaty then concluded between the French monarch and the Ottoman Sultan is of the highest possible significance. It is indicative of the position to which the Turks had by now attained.' This alliance 'was cemented and perhaps more consistently maintained by his son,' Henry II. See pp. 83, 86.

At the beginning of chap. v. on 'The Decadence of

the Ottoman Empire,' on p. 95, we read, 'When the Sultan Suleiman passed away in 1566 the Ottoman Empire had already reached and passed its meridian. In the seventeenth century the symptoms of decay are manifest. Sultan succeeds Sultan, and, as one brief reign gives place to another, the decadence of the ruling race becomes more and more obvious. Anarchy reigns in the capital, and corruption spreads from Constantinople to the remotest corners of the empire.' That corruption has gone on to our day.

An explanation of this utter and hopeless failure is found in casual descriptions, here and there in the above chapters, of the Turkish race and its ideals. So on p. 70: 'Under the strict injunctions of the Koran the infidel must either embrace Islamism; or suffer death; or purchase, by the payment of a tribute, a right to the enjoyment of life and property.' This implies that, apart from tribute, imposed at the conqueror's will, the Christian has no rights. This dooms to bondage all Christian races governed by the Turk.

This bondage is aggravated by the indolence of the conqueror. So on p. 71: 'There is a proverbial saying in the East, *where the Turk plants his foot the grass never grows again.* To a nomad it is a matter of indifference whether it does. He is a herdsman, not a tiller of the soil. Agriculture and commerce are alike beneath his notice, except, of course, as a means of revenue.' This accounts for a certain tolerance on the part of the Turks. They need the Greeks and Armenians as intelligent and useful slaves; and this explains their entire treatment of their Christian subjects.

Another element in Moslem rule is an utter disregard of human life, Christian or Moslem. So p. 77: 'Entirely devoid of pity or scruples the new Sultan (Selim I) began his reign by the murder of his two brothers and eight nephews.' On p. 96: Selim's 'son and successor (1574–95)

began his reign by strangling his five brothers. . . . His successor had to better his father's example by the simultaneous slaughter of no less than nineteen brothers.' During the last century the Sultan Mahmud II (1808–1839) destroyed the privileged corps of the Turkish army, numbering many thousands. So p. 193: 'As the Janissaries advanced on the palace they were mown down by the gunners: they then fled to their own barracks, which were battered with shell fire until the whole body of the Janissaries of Constantinople had perished in the blazing ruins. The blow struck in Constantinople was repeated in every city of the empire where there existed a body of Janissaries.' A government which sets such an example cannot be tolerated in the brotherhood of the Christian nations.

All this does not imply that the race is altogether bad or worthless. Under Bulgarian rule, before the Balkan War, more than 500,000 Turks for many years lived in peace and security, in concord with their neighbours. So, in less numbers, under Russian rule in Transcaucasia. The Turks are good servants, but bad rulers.

Chap. vi. introduces an altogether new element in the history of Turkey, viz. the entrance upon the scene of Russia, under Peter the Great in A.D. 1689–1725. The decadent empire then found a new and powerful neighbour on its northern frontier, ever casting his eye on the sunny south, which commanded his only access to the open sea. This political interest was strengthened by religion; the oppressed Christians in Turkey and the Russians being members of the same Eastern Orthodox Church. Naturally the latter were eager to rescue the former. This was very conspicuous under Catharine II, in A.D. 1762–1796; and it has continued to our day.

Another chapter in Turkish history began with Napoleon. During his first campaign in Italy, the young conqueror saw the immense importance of Turkey as a stepping-stone to a realization of his vast ambition. His second enter-

prise was his invasion of Egypt, followed, after the destruction of his fleet, by his invasion of Syria, hoping to return triumphant to Europe through Constantinople. This having failed, he continued intrigues in the Levant; and at Tilsit in 1807 he negociated with the Tsar about the disposal of Turkey. But all this came to nothing. This episode is well set forth in chap. vii.

Before the fall of Napoleon another new element changed the whole aspect of the Eastern Question, viz. the uprising of the oppressed Christian races. Of these, Serbia was the first, in 1804; stimulated probably by the French Revolution. It was soon followed by a revolt of the Greeks.

The indolence of the Turk had for some time left very much of the administration of the empire in Greek hands; thus making use of their superior intelligence. This revealed to the Greeks their own superiority. The revolt began in what is now Roumania, which was then ruled, under the Turk, by the so-called Phanariote Greeks. In 1821 it spread to the Morea, where (p. 183) was 'lighted a torch not to be extinguished till a new nation had taken its place in the European polity.'

Of this revolt, the story is well told in chap. viii. In spite of the heroism of the Greeks, it became evident in 1827 that they would be overpowered. Fortunately at that time the foreign policy of England was in the hands of a great statesman, George Canning. While keenly alive to the danger of Russian aggression, he saw plainly that, in the interests of all parties concerned, the Greeks must not be left to be crushed by Turkish barbarians; and further that the only way to rescue them was by force. In alliance with Russia and France, a British fleet was sent to the Levant, and, as we read on p. 197, 'before the sun went down on October 20 (1827) the Turko-Egyptian ships had disappeared, the Bay of Navarino was covered with their wrecks,' and the Greeks were saved.

'The news of the battle of Navarino was received with

amazement throughout Europe, but by the English Government with something like consternation.' For unfortunately 'Canning had died two months before the battle of Navarino, and Wellington, who, after five months' interval, succeeded to his place, made no secret of his dislike of Canning's policy.' Our author adds, 'The one anxiety of the New Government was to preserve the independence and integrity of the Ottoman Empire. No language could have been more nicely calculated to defeat this object. Turkey was, of course, encouraged to persist in her attitude towards Greece, and to renew her quarrel with Russia. Russia was permitted, and even compelled, to engage single-handed in war with the Turks. Thus all the fruits of years of diplomacy on Canning's part were carelessly dissipated in a few months by his successors.' Nevertheless (p. 199) in '1830 Greece was declared to be an independent and monarchical State under the guarantee of the three Powers.'

In chap. ix. we have an account of the subsequent rivalry of the European Powers, either to obtain possession or influence in Turkey or to prevent Russia from doing so; and in chap. x. the story of 'The Crimean War.' On p. 214 Lord Palmerston is represented as saying that 'All we hear about the decay of the Turkish Empire, or its being a dead body or a sapless trunk, is pure and unadulterated nonsense.' On the other hand the Tsar Nicholas (p. 229) considered that 'the Turk was in a state of hopeless decrepitude.' He said, 'The country itself seems to be falling to pieces . . . we have on our hands a sick man—a very sick man.' He adds, 'He may suddenly die upon our hands. . . . I put it to you, therefore, whether it is not better to provide beforehand for a contingency than to incur the chaos, confusion, and certainty of a European war, all of which must attend the catastrophe if it should occur unexpectedly and before some ulterior system has been sketched.'

Our author asks, on p. 235, 'Can the Crimean War be

justified before the tribunal of impartial history? Retrospective criticism has tended to the view that the war, if not a crime, was at least a blunder, and that it ought to have been and might have been avoided. Sir Robert Morier, writing in 1870, perhaps expressed the current opinion when he described it as the only perfectly useless modern war that has been waged. Lord Salisbury, some twenty years later, enshrined in classical phrase the opinion that "England put her money on the wrong horse." We may fairly say that the resistance of Britain and France saved Roumania from being swallowed up by Russian despotism. On the other hand, we note that, after a victory in 1878, which put European Turkey under Russian control, Bulgaria ultimately gained, and Servia retained, their complete independence. It seems to me that, in each case, if the British Government had, with resolute diplomacy, supported the Christian races in the Balkan Peninsula, their independence would have been gained without war.

The rescue of Roumania was for a short time marred by its division into two principalities, Wallachia and Moldavia. Against this, Gladstone wisely said (p. 265): 'Surely the best resistance to Russia is by the strength and freedom of those countries that will have to resist her. . . . There is no barrier like the breasts of freemen.' He was supported by Lord John Russell and Lord Robert Cecil, who afterwards became Lord Salisbury. 'They were unable, however, to prevail against the official view.'

In chap. xii. we have 'The Balkan Insurrections,' especially that in Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1875; and the Treaty of Berlin. On p. 303 Mr. Marriott admits that by this Treaty 'the Sultan recovered 2,500,000 of population and 30,000 square miles of territory,' and he quotes, on p. 307, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, for many years our all-powerful and very able ambassador in Turkey, as saying, 'It is next to impossible that the Powers of

Christendom can permit the Turk, however triumphant, to cast his yoke again over the necks of any emancipated Provincials. . . . The very idea of reinstating any amount of Turkish misgovernment in places once cleared of it is simply revolting.'

Our author also admits, on p. 305, that the division of Bulgaria into two parts was 'not merely inequitable but manifestly absurd.' But he does not condemn Lord Beaconsfield as the real author of all this, and of the surrender of the Armenians, after being rescued by Russia, into the clutches of the Turk. The terrible significance of this last betrayal is seen in the infinite contrast between the condition for many years past of the Armenians under Russian rule in the Caucasus and under the lawlessness across the Turkish frontier. Moreover he passes in silence over his description of the reported Bulgarian atrocities as 'coffee-house babble,' and his provocative speech at the Guildhall: see Holland Rose on *The Development of the European Nations*, pp. 171, 175. This support of the Great Assassin roused the indignation of a great part of our nation, which found decisive expression at the next General Election.

This perverse support of Turkey did much to prevent a satisfactory settlement of the Eastern Question. It is a most serious blot on the reputation of a great statesman, and has done much to overshadow great service previously rendered by him to our country. The leniency of Mr. Marriott's treatment of this most unfortunate miscarriage of British diplomacy is my only criticism of this admirable volume. And it does very little to lessen its value.

Chap. xiii., on 'The Balkan States' describes 'The Making of Bulgaria, Modern Greece, the Cretan Problem.' In chap. xiv. 'A New Factor in the Problem' appears, viz. 'German Policy in the Near East.' On p. 349 we hear 'the heartrending cries of the Armenian Christians, butchered in their thousands to make a Sultan's holiday.' His 'blood-stained hand (p. 354) no respectable sovereign could grasp

without loss of self-respect. That consideration did not deter the German Emperor. . . . On the Sultan's birthday, in 1896' . . . soon after the massacres 'there arrived a present from Berlin.' In 1898 a visit was paid to him by the German Emperor and Empress. On this visit, comment is needless.

In chap. xv. 'The Macedonian Problem,' i.e. the difficulties caused by its mixed population, is discussed; also the 'Habsburg Policy in the Balkans,' and 'The Young Turk Revolution.' In chap. xvi. we have the marvellous story of 'The Balkan League and the Balkan Wars.' One element, on pp. 408–10, demands most careful attention at the present time.

At the close of the war between the Balkan States and Turkey, disagreement arose about the distribution of the territory won. 'On June 8 (1913) the Tsar of Russia offered his services as arbitrator. . . . Serbia accepted the Tsar's offer; but Bulgaria, though not actually declining it, made various conditions.' As to what followed, Mr. Marriott refers us (see pp. 392, 409) to the second volume at the head of this paper, by I. E. Gueshoff, who till a month before this time had been Premier of Bulgaria, and one of the chief authors of the Balkan League. On p. 92 of this smaller book, he says, 'Contrary to the unanimous decision of the Bulgarian Government and without the knowledge of the Cabinet, on June 29 the Second and the Fourth Bulgarian armies, acting on order from the Headquarters, attacked our allies. Those who advised and ordered these attacks have been blamed by no one more implacably than by me. . . . But however much History may condemn this criminal act, she must acknowledge that the Bulgarian nation is not responsible for it. . . . The only constitutional body of the nation, the Cabinet, knew nothing of the order given; it even countermanded the movement, which had evidently been made against its will. It appealed to the Russian Government to intervene and stop hostilities on both sides.'

This is a Bulgarian version. Another similar volume, to which Mr. Marriott has kindly called my attention, gives the Serbian view. See below. Amid differences on the surface, there is on all main points practical agreement; confirming Gueshoff's statements.

Mr. Marriott's volume closes with a very able 'Epilogue,' giving evidence for the suggestion in the 'Introductory' chapter of the cause and motive of the present war. In contrast to his predecessor, William I, throughout his whole reign William II has been cultivating the friendship of the Turkish Sultan. For this unnatural alliance there must have been an adequate reason, good or bad. It is easily found. The Balkan States (p. 429) 'alone stood between the Central Empires and the realization of their dream of a *Mitteleuropa*, stretching from Hamburg to Constantinople. Nor was Constantinople the ultimate goal. From Constantinople a highway was in building which should carry German traders and German soldiers to the Persian Gulf. Once established there, what was to hinder a further advance? The flank of the Great Sea-Power had been turned: there was no longer any insuperable obstacle between Germany and the dominion of the East.'

This project was endangered by the alliance of the Balkan States and their unexpected victory over the Turks. This was lessened, but not removed by the 'criminal folly' of the Bulgarian attack on Serbia. But Serbia remained; and Bulgaria, which had already thrown off the Russian yoke, might revolt against German guidance. Therefore Serbia must be crushed, even at the risk of war with Russia and France. This seems to me the easiest explanation of the whole case. It helps to explain both the Bulgarian attack on Serbia and the Austrian bombardment of Belgrade.

Mr. Marriott does not attempt 'any permanent solution of the Eastern Question.' Yet he suggests principles which point clearly to the direction in which such solution must be sought.

The whole volume reveals the utter and absolute hopelessness of Turkish rule, due, not to intolerance, but to the indolence and incapacity of the Turks, taken in connection with Moslem refusal to recognize the equal rights of Moslems and Christians. Our author justly says, on p. 442, 'The allied Governments are pledged beyond recall to the setting free of the populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; and the turning out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as decidedly foreign to Western civilization.' With Asiatic Turkey, which must be an important element in any negotiations for peace, he does not deal.

The claims and welfare of the Christian races must be a prime consideration in the final settlement. Nationality must be ever kept in view; but not as the only determining factor. Mr. Marriott wisely says, on p. 443, 'If the principles solemnly proclaimed by the Allies are to prevail; if the new map of Europe is so drawn as to respect them, the Balkan lands will be divided among the Balkan peoples. But the geographical distribution of those peoples is so complex, the ethnographical demarcation is so disputable, that the mere enunciation of the nationality principle will not suffice to secure a satisfactory settlement. Greeks, Bulgars, Albanians, Roumanians, and Southern Slavs will have to learn to live side by side in the Balkan Peninsula on terms, if not of precise mathematical equality, at least of mutual forbearance and good will.' In learning this lesson, a hopeful start has been made. For more than a generation, in spite of occasional friction, these various races, in times of peace, lived together with a fair measure of mutual toleration.

The amazing events noted above, which will go far to shape the future history of the world, are in Mr. Marriott's book portrayed, in their dramatic changes of outlook, with historical accuracy and sufficient fullness. Pleasant to read, full of information, and giving the mature thought of a man who has made Modern History his life-work, it is

one of the most valuable historical books I have seen. Moreover, it is specially needful and appropriate at the present time. For the victorious peace to which we are looking forward must deal with the Eastern Question; and this can be wisely done only in the light of its past history. I warmly recommend it to the careful study of all our readers.

Equally valuable from another point of view is I. E. Gueshoff's small volume on *The Balkan League*; which contains many original documents of first-rate importance, and thus enables the reader to look at matters as they appeared to a Bulgarian Prime Minister, who took a leading part in forming the Balkan League, and who was himself educated at Owens College, Manchester, now the Victoria University.

Another small volume, mentioned above, viz.: *The Aspirations of Bulgaria*, by 'Balkanicus' (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.), confirms decisively Gueshoff's statements. Taken together, these volumes leave no room for doubt that the fatal attack by the Bulgarians on the Serbians was determined on, and carried out, by the military party and the King, without the consent or even the knowledge of the Cabinet. He says, on p. 72, that two days after the attack 'the Ministerial Council (a meeting of the Cabinet) came to a decision that the armed conflict on the frontier should be stopped. General Savov (Commander-in-Chief) was called to the Council, his explanations were heard, and he was ordered to stop any further military activity on the frontier.'

The same writer confirms Gueshoff's statement that a month before this time he had resigned his office as premier because he could not approve the King's military policy. The Serbian writer blames him for his timidity in not offering more strenuous opposition. But it is not easy for us to judge how difficult such opposition would have been. He also traces the whole to Austrian intrigue.

An admirable description of the Balkan states and races

is given by Noel Buxton, M.P., Chairman of the Balkan Committee, in a small volume entitled *The War and the Balkans*. (George Allen & Unwin.)

In conclusion I must claim for the Christians of the Balkan Peninsula and of Asiatic Turkey our deepest sympathy. They have suffered much more than words can tell by the perverse and clumsy policy, or culpable indifference, of the British Government and people. At the close of the Crimean War, Turkey was absolutely in the power of England and France. But nothing effective was done. At the Congress of Berlin our Government powerfully supported the oppressor.

To the Serbians our sympathy will be given, for they are our allies. Technically, the Bulgarians are our enemies. But, as I have proved, this was in opposition to their constitutional leaders. The Greeks are now our allies.

The new map of South-eastern Europe and Western Asia must be marked out, not according to the action towards us of the various races, but with a view to the greatest good of all parties concerned. The progress, during the thirty years preceding the Balkan War, of the nations which have escaped from Turkish anarchy, encourages a hope that they will be a welcome addition to the family of the Christian nations. The disposal of Asiatic Turkey is a far more difficult problem which will have to be faced in the negotiations for peace. Meanwhile I most heartily recommend to all our readers a careful study of these most useful and interesting volumes.

J. Agar Beet.

VISCOUNT MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS

Recollections. By John, Viscount Morley, O.M. 2 vols. (Macmillan & Co, 1917.)

DESPITE his position on certain great questions, few public men have stood higher in the esteem and confidence of the country than Viscount Morley. He won his first honours in the field of literature, and amid the strain of politics he managed to produce his masterpiece, the biography of his old chief, who learned to lean upon him as his right-hand man. From literature he passed to the House of Commons, wondering at first whether he had done wisely to leave his books and his publicist's pen for the vicissitudes of political action. The waste of time, to one whose years had been industrious and practical, seemed not far short of heart-breaking, but he soon reflected that what was good enough for Gladstone and Bright was quite good enough for him. In the close of his long and honoured life he has taken his countrymen into his confidence in these illuminating volumes. They throw light on his own career and on the principles that have guided it; they also form a great portrait gallery in which we watch the chief actors in the life of England during a crowded half century. Viscount Morley has fought many battles, but he has always been just and generous to his opponents, and those who have most resolutely withstood some of the measures with which he was identified will not be least eager to pay their tribute to his high sincerity and judicial temper.

John Morley was born in Blackburn in December, 1838. His father was a surgeon in the town, who had come from one of the Yorkshire valleys near Halifax; his mother was a native of Northumberland. 'The surgeon

was born a Wesleyan, but turned to the Church of England, though he was negligent of its ordinances, critical of the local clergy, and impatient as if of some personal affront of either Puseyites on the one hand or German infidels on the other.' He was a lover of Channing, but Dr. Chalmers was the ecclesiastic whom he most admired, both as preacher and church governor. His son says, 'As domestic disciplinarian he was strict, and the rigours of Sabbatical observance forced on us a literary diet that neither enlightened the head nor melted heart and temper.' He was a born lover of books, and used to carry a pocket edition of Virgil, Racine, or Byron to read as he visited his patients. His son went to a school in Blackburn kept by a well-known Independent. Then he had a short spell at University College, London, and passed to Cheltenham College. There he competed for a prize poem on Cassandra. He did not win a prize, but was consoled by the master's verdict that the verse showed many of the elements of a sound prose style.

From Cheltenham he won a scholarship at Lincoln College, Oxford. It gave his father 'a little whimsical pleasure to think that John Wesley had been a Fellow of the College, nominated thereto by a rector whose two names happened to be' those of his son. 'For many terms,' says Viscount Morley, 'I was lodged in Wesley's rooms, sometimes ruminating how it was that all the thoughts and habits of my youthful Methodism were so rapidly vanishing.' Thomas Fowler, afterwards the Head of Corpus, was his tutor. 'His firm clearness of exposition, his ready helpfulness, his patient perseverance in work, his kindness, his sterling worth' laid Morley under a great debt. He says, 'Seldom did I miss a sermon of the Bishop's at St. Mary's, for Wilberforce excelled any man I ever heard, ecclesiastic or secular, in the taking gift of unction. For this I must confess an irresistible weakness. The only rival within my experience, unless it were Guthrie

at Edinburgh, was Spurgeon in South London; he had a glorious voice, unquestioning faith, full and ready knowledge of apt texts of the Bible, and a deep, earnest desire to reach the hearts of congregations, who were just as earnest in response.' Canon Overton was 'a friendly and popular man' at the scholars' table; Cotter Morison, six or seven years Morley's senior, was hard at work on his life of St. Bernard. He was full of spirit, and had the art of kindling new life in his companions. The College authorities were greatly exercised when he brought 'a too ill-scarred prize-fighter' to his rooms to give him lessons in self-defence. 'It was a long journey to the little Holy Club of Oxford Methodists that had, in the face of gay opponents, gathered itself in the same ancient quadrangle a hundred years before.'

John Morley had intended to take Orders, but Oxford shook his foundations. 'Rationalism and natural science blew defiant bugles against the old tradition.' He became a convert to philosophic Liberalism, which he says, 'stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgement of all claims of external authority, whether in an organized Church, or in more loosely gathered societies of believers, or in books held sacred. In law-making it does not neglect the higher characteristics of human nature, it attends to them first. In executive administration, though judge, gaoler, and perhaps the hangman will be indispensable, still mercy is counted a wise supplement to terror. General Gordon spoke a noble word for Liberalist ideas when he upheld the sovereign duty of trying to creep under men's skins—only another way of putting the Golden Rule.' That was Morley's creed, to which he was to render lifelong fidelity.

After leaving the University he spent some months in Paris with a young pupil. He was then called as a barrister, and in later days long regretted that he had not followed

that profession 'with its immense opportunities, its honourable prizes, its fine gymnastic in combined common-sense, accurate expression, and strong thought.' He turned to journalism, though he deemed himself fortunate when he secured more freedom from its urgencies by work for the Macmillans, who treated him with constant and zealous goodwill and indulgent confidence.

When he came to London at the age of five or six and twenty, George Meredith, ten years his senior, extended to him 'a cordial, indulgent, and ever faithful hand.' He was then living in a modest cottage near Esher. 'His voice was strong, full, resonant, harmonious, his laugh quick and loud. His personality seemed to give new life, inner meaning, vivacity, surprise, to lessons from wholesome books and teachers, and to shower a sparkling cataract of freshness on them all. Even the sight of a devoted worker persevering in unrewarded toil against clouds of difficulty was in itself no ordinary stimulus. My interest and love for a book as a book he had no share in; it was to him no more than a respectable superstition, with which for himself he had no more sympathy than Darwin had. Loud and constant was his exhortation. No musical note from a lute, it was the call of the trumpet from live lips. Live with the world. No cloister. No languor. Play your part. Fill the day. Ponder well and loiter not. Let laughter brace you. Exist in everyday communion with nature. Nature bids you take all, only be sure you learn how to do without.' By and by Meredith moved to Box Hill, where he worked and slept in his little chalet. 'Anything grander,' he said, 'than the days and nights at my porch, you will not find away from the Alps, for the dark line of my hill runs up to the stars, the valley below is a soundless gulf. Then I pace like a shipman before turning in. In the day, with a SW. blowing, I have a brilliant universe rolling up to me; after midnight I sat and thought of Goethe, and of the sage in him, and the

youth.' Viscount Morley's comment is, 'This is Meredith as he lived, and at his best.'

Another friend and teacher of these days was John Stuart Mill, to whom Morley was presented in 1865. Mill had been much impressed by an article of Morley's in the *Saturday Review* on 'New Ideas.' He wrote to Morley: 'Wherever I might have seen that article I should have felt a strong wish to know who was its author, as it shows an unusual amount of qualities which go towards making the most valuable kind of writer for the general public.' Morley became a pretty regular guest at Mill's Blackheath Sunday dinners. 'The host's perfect simplicity and candour, his friendly gravity, his readiness of interest and curiosity, the evident love of truth and justice and improvement as the standing habit of mind—all this diffused a high, enlightening ethos that, aided by the magic halo of accepted fame, made him extraordinarily impressive.' Mill was convinced that all the grand sources of human suffering are 'conquerable more or less by human effort. The process is slow; many generations perish in the breach; every mind intelligent enough and generous enough to bear a part, however small, will draw an enjoyment in the contest which he would not for any bribe in selfish indulgence consent to be without.' Mill's distrust of 'thunderings' always came home to Morley after an hour with Carlyle. 'You walked away from Chelsea stirred to the depths by a torrent of humour. But then it was a splendid caricature; words and images infinitely picturesque and satiric, marvellous collocations and antitheses, impassioned railing against all the human and even superhuman elements in our blindly misguided Universe. But of direction, of any sign-post or way out, not a trace was to be discovered, any more than a judicial page, or sense of any wisdom in the judicial, is to be found in his greatest pieces of history.' It was a relief as Morley passed homewards along the Embankment to fling himself into the arms of any 'practical

friend of improvement, whom genial accident might throw in one's way.'

Morley was much attracted to the Comtists, but 'the anti-sectarian instinct, confirmed by the influence of Mill' held him back. 'Habitual association with men like Spencer, Tyndall, Huxley, who bitterly condemned official Positivism as Catholicism minus Christianity, had something to do with it.' By the influence of Cotter Morison Morley was in 1867 appointed Editor of the *Fortnightly*, in succession to G. H. Lewes. For fifteen years he made it the embodiment of Liberalism in 'its most many-sided sense.' It contained work by Arnold, Swinburne, Meredith, Rossetti, Bagehot, Huxley, Pater, Lewes, Harrison, Leslie Stephen, Pattison, Myers, and J. E. Cairnes. Meanwhile he was busy with the *English Men of Letters*. Editorial supervision brought its anxieties, but the series made a great reputation and some of its volumes form a high-water mark. Viscount Morley has much to say about authors, and it is delightful reading. Herbert Spencer was inexorable and uncompromising in his ideas, but in life, conduct, and duty the most single-minded and unselfish of men. With Leslie Stephen Morley had the most intimate relations. His critical estimate of *George Eliot* in the 'English Men of Letters,' Morley thought to be the best that the world had seen for many a day. Matthew Arnold he greatly admired as an incomparable critic. He places him in the front line of his generation 'in serious drift, influence, importance, and social insight.' Disraeli told Arnold on the strength of his current phrases that he was the only living Englishman who had become a classic in his lifetime.

Morley was a regular contributor to the *Saturday Review*, and was often alone in the editorial ante-room on a Tuesday morning with Lord Salisbury, who was also waiting for his commission. In 1880 he succeeded Greenwood as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Stead was his assistant. 'He was invaluable; abounding in journal-

istic resource, eager in convictions, infinitely bold, candid, laborious in sure-footed mastery of all the facts, and bright with a cheerfulness and geniality that no difference of opinion between us and none of the passing embarrassments of the day could ever for a moment damp. His extraordinary vigour and spirits made other people seem wet blankets, sluggish creatures of moral *défaillance*.' The *Pall Mall* fought steadily against the Irish Coercion Act of 1881, and it found itself in a difficult position when it had to justify the arrest of Parnell and his imprisonment at Kilmainham. Bright wrote a long letter, perceiving the difficulty of Morley's position, but adding that 'it was all his own fault for having opposed coercion in January.' Lord Houghton wrote in the same vein, adding a strong censure of Gladstone. It was distracting enough, and Morley told Chamberlain everybody talked as if he had got himself into an absurd fix, and was trying to wriggle himself off the hook. 'However,' he concludes, 'we won't give up. But my painfully unstatesmanlike aversion to John Bull in a passion makes me a bad hand at this moment.'

Mr. Morley entered Parliament in the spring of 1883 as member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. He had stood for Blackburn in 1869 and for Westminster in 1880, but both were forlorn hopes. His success at Newcastle was largely due to Spence Watson, a large-minded Quaker, with a stirring gift of the tongue and a brave and noble heart. Joseph Cowen was the other member. Chamberlain warned Morley that after the opening hours men found that life in the House of Commons answered none of their expectations. But he soon began to enter into the spirit of the place, and saw nothing during the twenty-five years he was a Member to shake his faith in the inherent virtues of representative government or of the party system. He came to agree with Mr. Gladstone, who called faint-heartedness the master vice. He once told Morley a secret of effective speaking: Collect facts and figures as accurately

and as conclusively as you can, and then drive them home 'as if all the world must irresistibly take your own eager interest in them.'

Morley increased his hold on his own constituency during a threatened strike at Elswick, and kept his seat at the election of 1885. For twelve years he had been on most friendly terms with Chamberlain, and at the close of 1885 they had long and intimate talks about Ireland. Morley made a speech to his constituents on December 21, which committed him to some form of Home Rule. 'People listened respectfully and with close attention, and then, as I noted at the time, went away to think it seriously over.' Chamberlain told him plainly: 'Do not let us attempt to blind ourselves to the fact that on the most important issue which has arisen since you were in Parliament, we are working against each other and not as allies.' In January, 1886, the Salisbury Government was defeated, and the Queen sent for Mr. Gladstone. Next day Morley was offered the Irish Secretaryship. He consulted Chamberlain, who told him that he did not see how he could honourably refuse. Morley drew up seven separate strong reasons against his fitness for the post, which he recited to Mr. Gladstone. The Premier swept them aside wholesale, made a cordial speech about confidence in his loyalty, and evidently meant him for a special ally. Morley says, 'I know too well the responsibility of the step I have taken, to have room for a spark of elation.' For some days after his acceptance of office he cherished the idea that he might be useful as a buffer between Chamberlain and the Prime Minister, but he says, 'I ought to have known better. A few days were enough to dispel the illusion. No individual was to blame. The governing forces of the situation were intractable.'

Viscount Morley describes the next seven years as a 'dramatic period.' When Chamberlain and Trevelyan

withdrew from the Government Lord Acton said that 'Morley's importance is excessive.' Morley rejoins, 'Why was this? Only because the person last-named was thorough, had a firmer record on the policy; had a watchful eye on men tempted to be backsliders; was good friends with the Irishmen, and stood for them in the Cabinet. The secret was quite simple. In moments like this it is the men who know their own mind who are important even to excess.' He feels that his own part was as dust in the balance compared with the moral authority of Lord Spencer, without whose 'earnest adhesion to the revolutionary change in the principles of Irish Government, the attempt would have been useless from the first, and nobody was more alive to this than Mr. Gladstone himself, both now and afterwards.'

The Gladstone Government was defeated on its Irish Bill in 1886, and Mr. Balfour became Irish Secretary. Viscount Morley says, 'The hazards of an Irish Minister made of him a new captain in the strength and nerve of man of action, and here, though I could not applaud, I soon had good reason to appreciate. . . . Balfour's favourite weapon was the rapier, with no button on, without prejudice to a strong broadside when it was wanted.'

As to Parnell, Viscount Morley feels that the pen of Tacitus or Sallust or de Retz would be needed to do full justice to a character so remarkable. In protracted dealings Mr. Morley found him 'uniformly considerate, unaffectedly courteous, not ungenial, compliant rather than otherwise.' He had no humour and little or no personal ambition. 'He had taken up a single course against enemies who seemed invincible; his people had given him their trust; he bent his whole strength on winning; he was as confident as his nature would allow him to be confident of anything that his arms would conquer; for laurels he did not care. His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career.' He was obstinate, and seldom wise enough

to take advice. After the divorce case he was defiant, but he had to be told definitely that his leadership had become impossible. The terrible drama closed on October, 1889. Morley was at Mentmore chatting with Lord Rosebery. A telegram was brought in. Lord Rosebery looked at Morley and read it: 'Parnell died last night at Brighton.'

In 1892 Mr. Morley again became Irish Secretary. Many illuminating extracts are given from his journal, which show the anxieties of the office and describe visits paid to all parts of Ireland. He felt the state of Clare to be a disgrace to civilization, and went to see things with his own eyes. A big, heavy, respectable-looking man was smoking at a shop-door. 'That's Mr. ——, the Poor-law Guardian, whose house was fired into the other day.' Yet the little town had no rags and no beggars. Its streets were pretty full; its shops well stocked; its farmers well-clad and well-looking.

The most pathetic pages in the *Recollections* describe how the Cabinet of 1894 had to stand firm for Mr. Gladstone's resignation. He had opposed Lord Spencer's naval estimates, which he held to be grossly excessive. Spencer had a decided majority in the Cabinet. Mr. Gladstone asked Morley to come to dinner and said, 'I will tell you my estimate of the Cabinet.' Morley went. After dinner Mr. Gladstone and his friend Armistead sat down to a game of backgammon. Morley had to tell Mrs. Gladstone the fatal news. Her husband had said on his return from the House of Commons that he was fagged, and that Mr. Morley would tell her how things stood. 'It was as painful as any talk could be. However, I had no choice. I told her that the reign was over, and that the only question was whether the abdication should be now or in February. The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. Had gone through so many crises, and they had all come out right in the end; had calculated that the refreshment of the coming journey to Biarritz would change

his thoughts and purpose. I told her that language had been used which made change almost impossible. Well, then, would not the Cabinet change, when they knew the perils with which his loss would surround them? I was obliged to keep to iron facts. What a curious scene! Me breaking to her that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation; the rattle of the dice on the backgammon board, and the laughter and chucklings of the two long-lived players, sounding a strange running refrain. The Gladstones went to Biarritz. On their return Morley called to see his chief, who talked about his resignation, but still clung to hopes that it might be averted. It was not till three weeks later that at the close of Cabinet business Gladstone said in a quiet voice that when the prorogation speech was settled the moment would have come 'to end his co-operation with the members of the Cabinet.' 'The words fell like ice on men's hearts, there was an instant's hush, and we broke up in funereal groups.' A week later Kimberley attempted to speak words of farewell. He bravely forced out a few sentences, and not without tears came to a stop. Harcourt followed. 'Mr. Gladstone, who had sat composed and still as marble, closed the scene in a little speech of four or five minutes—the sentences of most moving cadence, the voice unbroken and serene, and words and tones low, grave, and steady. He referred to differences upon a question of vital moment, and upon a decision which he could not but regard as fraught with disaster. But "those who could no longer co-operate with honour, could at least part in honour." He was glad to know that he had justification in the state of his senses. He was glad, too, to think that in spite of vital difference on a public question, private friendship would remain unaltered and unimpaired. Then he said in a tone hardly above a breath but every accent heard, "God bless you all!"'

Morley had agreed with Gladstone as to 'the ships and the millions and the European peace,' but he felt that Ireland was his 'pole-star of honour.' He could not consent to break up the party, but urged that Mr. Gladstone should retire. When Lord Rosebery became Prime Minister, Morley wished to escape from the Irish Secretaryship and become Secretary of State for India. It was found impossible to release him.

After Mr. Gladstone's death in 1898 Mr. Morley spent 'four years of pretty vigorous exertion' in preparing the Life of his old chief. The sales for the first year were over 30,000, and in ten years 130,000 copies had been issued. The heavy duty was, he says, by no means unrelieved. 'The recollection of our unbroken sympathy in great tasks, the well-remembered voice, his gestures, traits of manner, the flash from his falcon eye, accompanied and sustained me through it all.'

It was not till 1905 that he became Secretary of State for India. He held that responsible post for five years, going to the House of Lords in 1908 that he might continue his work. His notes of correspondence with Lord Minto showed with what capacity he handled many problems of policy. To students of Indian history these pages of the *Recollections* will be of abiding importance.

Mr. Morley had shared Gladstone's feeling about the increase of the Navy. He was opposed to the Boer War, and told Chamberlain that we went wrong at the Bloemfontein Conference, where Lord Milner at the first point of difference with Kruger broke off negotiations. He took an unpopular position, and in the present war has shown the same limitation of view. Nor do his references to the Kaiser and the Baghdad Railway show any premonition of coming troubles. When the German Emperor visited England in November, 1907, he writes that it 'will much improve the chances of a little decent calm all over Europe. I saw much of him at Windsor, and was surprised

at his gaiety, freedom, naturalness, geniality, and good-humour—evidently unaffected. When I talked, as we all should, about the impossibility of forecasting British rule in the Indian future, he hit his hand vehemently on his knee, with a vehement exclamation to match, that British rule would last for ever. When I told this to Lord Roberts he laughed and said, "The Emperor doesn't know much about the facts."' He adds to Lord Minto: 'In your *most private car*, I confide to you that important talks took place about the Baghdad Railway.' In May, 1910, Viscount Milner sat next to the German Emperor at luncheon at Haldane's with Lord Kitchener on the other side. His Majesty 'opened our talk with vivacious thanks for the kindness that his son had received in India. He was loud in particular recognition of the quality of the officer who attended him. I don't think I ever met a man so full of the zest of life, and so eager to show it and share it with other people. How much of his undoubted attractiveness is due to the fact of his being the most important man in Europe, who can tell? I had the same sort of feeling about one who was at the moment the most important man in the United States, when I stayed with him at the White House in Washington. The same day there was a consultation in Sir Edward Grey's room as to the Baghdad Railway.' Various references to the Baghdad railway will be found in the *Recollections*. In November, 1906, 'it is beginning to assume a position of *actualité*, and I hope we shall find a good way through its entanglements.'

Lord Morley's religious views are touched on here and there in his volumes. He knows his Bible well, as many apt allusions prove. Ezekiel's word about his wife's death impresses him. 'I wonder what the commentators make of it?' He tells his friend, Dr. Spence Watson, in 1908, that his visits to him 'with your wife reading the Bible to your young and loved ones of a morning, stand out in a soft and golden light.' The criticism of Mill's posthum-

ous essay on Theism is disappointing. The master had gone further than the disciple, who seems to think that the parallels to our Lord's teaching in the Talmud detract from His greatness. He made a noble answer at Newcastle to those who let fly a bolt at his theological opinions. 'Religion,' I said, 'has many dialects, many diverse complexions, but it has one true voice, the voice of human pity, of mercy, of patient justice, and to that voice your candidate, to the best of his knowledge and belief, has always done all he could to listen.' He tells Lord Minto in reference to some question of clemency: 'When you have leisure peruse the Beatitudes.' In referring to a conversation with Mr. Asquith, Viscount Morley says, 'Christianity, the New Testament, the Golden Rule, are the Evangel of Mercy, but then what Lessing said—that Christianity had been tried and failed, the religion of Christ remained to be tried—is hardly less true than it was a hundred years ago.' It is impossible to bring out the manifold treasures of these volumes, but it is significant to turn to the Sunday reverie on Hindhead which closes the *Recollections*. 'Has not your school—the Darwins, Spencers, Renans, and the rest—held the civilized world, both old and new alike, European and transAtlantic, in the hollow of their hand for two long generations past? Is it quite clear that their influence has been so much more potent than the gospel of the various Churches? *Circumspice*. Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath? These were queries of pith and moment indeed, but for something better weighed and more deliberate than an autumn reverie.' It is a great question, and Christianity can face it with sure confidence, though it has far to go before it reaches the fullness of Christ.

JOHN TELFORD.

FASHIONS, FOIBLES, AND FEUDS OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY LETTERS

Macvey Napier's Correspondence, 1879.
Reminiscences of a Literary Life. By CHARLES MACFARLANE. With an Introduction by J. F. TATTERSALL. (John Murray.)
Recollections. By VISCOUNT MORLEY OF BLACKBURN. (Macmillan.)
The Tongue of Tradition and the Pen of History. An autobiographic manuscript given to the present writer by his late friend, James Peddie Steele, Edinburgh M.D.

THERE died, towards the close of last summer, at Florence, a man who formed a personal link between the most characteristic memories of three capitals at very different epochs. The great newspaper thoroughfare of London from Blackfriars to Charing Cross was traversed by no figure more conspicuous than a well-set-up wayfarer, whose clear pink and white complexion, broad expanse of frilled front, and gold-headed walking stick, might have caused him to be taken for a physician surviving in a high state of preservation from the old Georgian era. As a fact he doubled the part of all-round journalist by occasional contributions to the evening press and regular annotations in the *Lancet*, then under the brothers Wakley. A doctor, by title and degree, he was above all things a student, first in the British Museum reading-room, secondly of human nature generally as manifested in all sorts and conditions of men, from a literary, scientific, and after a very decorous Scotch fashion, convivial. A graduate in arts as well as science of Edinburgh University, between taking his degree and settling in London he had begun at once his professional practice and cosmopolitan training as

travelling physician to a lady of quality, in the old early nineteenth-century way on a grand tour, covering nearly the whole of Europe. He returned to a very select circle of patients in the South Belgravian district, grouped round the patroness to whose health he had ministered on his journeys. His duties to these invalids left him abundant time for the reading and the writing which he loved.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, the Rector of Dalkeith Grammar School, he had been grounded with thoroughness and accuracy by his father in the Greek and Latin rudiments; as well as brought up on the bright and inspiring traditions of the *Edinburgh*, not only of Jeffrey and Cockburn, but of Sir Walter Scott himself. He was probably the one survivor of those who had preserved to the twentieth century the notes of Sir William Hamilton's lectures, taken when he attended them in 1854–1856, the last two years of that philosopher's life. Among young Steele's seniors there were still living those who could recall for him in their habit as they lived and lectured—Sir William's father, who had filled the Glasgow chair of Anatomy, his grandfather, the sometime Glasgow professor of Botany, and, in the year after Waterloo, Sir William's own achievement, not undervalued by himself, and looked back upon with more pride by his countrymen than his subsequent dissertation (soon raised to the rank of a metaphysical classic) on Cousin's doctrine of the Infinite. This was the philosopher's establishment in 1816 of his claim to the family baronetcy, forfeited by his ancestor's refusal to forsake the Stuarts and swear allegiance to William III. Sir William himself had professed at Edinburgh not only logic and various branches of mental science, but, in 1821, history also; within ten years of his death a selection from his writings appeared—*Discussions in Philosophy and Literature.* The editors of this volume—Mansel and Veitch—derived some help in their work from the impressions communicated

to them by Steele, then a young man of between twenty and thirty. The youth's special preparation for the medical calling was now beginning. Among his teachers none was more distinguished or did more to mould his mind than J. Y. Simpson, the practical discoverer of chloroform and assistant Professor of Pathology. The acquaintance thus made proved of unexpected value for other than professional reasons. Simpson had known the future Empress Eugénie from her girlhood; the Second Empire was no sooner established than in addition to being medical adviser he became a personal favourite and constant visitor to the Tuileries. In that capacity he showed business qualities so untiring and such shrewd insight into everything concerned with the investment of money, that he became on these matters the unofficial adviser of the Emperor and Empress. When, therefore, several years later Steele began his Continental travels Simpson's commendation opened to him the court life of the Second Empire at the Tuileries, Chantilly, and Fontainebleau. These opportunities and a familiarity with modern languages took him behind the diplomatic scenes during the period of plot and counterplot including or introducing the Austro-French-Italian wars of the eighteen hundreds. Few medical men of his time could have brought therefore to the practice of their profession, knowledge so various, natural aptitudes so great and improved by such a variety of exercise as Steele possessed on setting up a practice at his native Edinburgh.

Here the door of periodical letters opened itself from a mere accident. Daniel Defoe's *Edinburgh Courant*, long since converted from its original Whiggery to Toryism, then had for its editor as well as chief and sometimes only writer James Hannay, who had begun life in the Navy, and whose nautical antecedents, followed by his fine literary performances, made his career in many respects the British parallel of the French Pierre Loti. Hannay, by nearly ten years Steele's senior, was vigorously engaged in the not

very successful or indeed practicable attempt to make the Conservative sheet the rival of the Liberal *Scotsman*. Lack of success and of effective co-operation were telling on Hannay's spirits and health. Contributors were behindhand with their articles. Steele, in the capacity of doctor and friend, calling upon him found that the shortage of copy had got upon his nerves. Sir William Sterling Maxwell, of Keir, was expected to deliver an epoch-making address on the fortunes of Scotch Conservatism, there was absolutely not a shot in the locker, and a letter had just been received from the wife of a man from whom an article had been expected, to say that her husband was sick in bed. 'You will, I suppose,' said Hannay reverting to himself, 'give me a prescription.' The orthodox interval of pulse-feeling, chest-rapping and then on the doctor's part dubious head-shaking ensued. At last the medicine man, after a few moments of silent abstraction, said, 'Well then! I prescribe a leader, and it shall come to you before dinner together with a pill and a draught which you may take, if you like, from my surgery.' That leader converted its writer into an indefatigable and successful journalist of a type now extinct, leading the way to many similar employments in other quarters and eventually securing for Steele the position of the *Daily News* correspondent at Rome when, some ten or fifteen years later, he exchanged England for Italy. No member of the faculty could still retain a professional manner inspiring greater confidence into the valetudinarian widows and spinsters who had their home in a southern climate for their health's sake. So the doctoring and writing went on together, and the representative of the newspaper which had Dickens for its first editor rose to social as well as professional importance in the Eternal City.

Meanwhile an older and more famous man of medical training and literary tastes had long been delighting readers of all ages by his stories of military and political life at home

and abroad. This was Charles Lever, with whom accident gave Steele a slight acquaintance. The author of *Charles O'Malley's* talk, then exceedingly varied and vivacious, attracted the younger man even more than his writing. Lever's residence at Brussels, Bonn, and Carlsruhe had yet to be followed by his smaller diplomatic appointments in Italy; but he had intimate friends in the consular service and regarded himself as destined for some position in it. At any rate he possessed an inside knowledge of the subject, enabling him to give Steele on his next Continental tour valuable hints and introductions regarding what and whom to see, and how.

The Florence that the youthful Steele first knew was the city whose bright and miscellaneous English colony was still dominated by Walter Savage Landor. Robert Browning, with the poetess, his wife, had settled at the villa Casa Guidi in 1846; and Steele had heard the poet himself read aloud within a day or two of their having been written his lyrics: 'How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix,' 'Saul,' 'The Lost Leader' and the 'Pied Piper of Hamelin.' When he had finished the bard slapped his hand upon the table with the words: 'This, I think, can be understanded of the vulgar and may make friends.' By this time Dickens' novel, *Bleak House*, was finding, and especially in Florence, more readers than it secured on its publication. The novelist himself had visited the Tuscan capital a few years earlier. The supposed identity of the English gentleman at the Villa Landora with the Lawrence of the story increased the local interest in the book. Had Landor resented the caricature? On the contrary Steele found him rather proud of it than otherwise; while he further volunteered the opinion that Leigh Hunt's friends had acted downright foolishly in disturbing his peace by proclaiming him the original of Harold Skimpole. 'Never,' said Landor, 'was there such a ridiculous ado over breaking a butterfly on a wheel. The personal history of literature

of all ages is that of the squabbles between the men who make it; and one may well ask why Isaac Disraeli never gave a chapter to the quarrels of authors.'

Of these presently, beginning, in their due place, with those feuds between the literary Leviathans of Auld Reekie which were fresh in the memories as the events of yesterday with those who formed and stocked the mind of James Steele. At Florence Steele's residence overlapped by little that of Thomas Adolphus Trollope and his highly-endowed second wife, who wrote *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*; it covered much if not most of the years spent on the Arno, after their retirement from England, by Ouida and Henry Labouchere; both of these had passed away some two or three years before Steele's death. But if in his time the elder Trollope only revisited Florence at long intervals, the place possessed till her death in 1879 the latest and most long-lived survival from the Byron and Shelley period. This was Jane Clermont, satirically called by T. A. Trollope, Mrs. Sumphington, from a supposed resemblance of her conversational reminiscences to the Byron and Shelley Table Talk of Trelawny, caricatured by Thackeray in *Pendennis* as Captain Sumphington. The lady, however, could and did make better contributions concerning the famous men she had known than those ridiculed by the novelist as coming from Byron's sometime satellite at Bungay's dinner-table in Paternoster Row. Some of these, pretty freely circulated in the Florence of Steele's time, may now be recalled. Jane Clermont, who still retained her disgust at Trelawny's account of his part in the burial of the drowned Shelley, had in the seventies become *dévote*. Notwithstanding the religious seclusion of her life, under her priestly confessor and director, the old Eve still lingered in her temperament, and together with the ruins still visible of her beauty she kept the occasional asperity as well as freshness of speech which in other days first charmed and then wearied the creator of 'Childe

Harold'; her treatment by him she contrasted to the last with the self-sacrificing generosity of the poet who perished in the storm off Spezzia, exactly two years before Byron died of his zeal for Greece, aggravated by bad weather and rheumatism, at Missolonghi. As for Jane Clermont's circumstances, she lived with fair comfort on what Shelley had left her, though much of the legacy had been lost in a theatrical speculation. Byron, it seems, had done nothing. That was the secret of the exactly opposite judgements which she passed on the two poets, whose personal character and literary genius she had come to think could not be correctly appraised without the knowledge that she alone possessed. Some one had referred to the two men first meeting each other at Geneva and not in the Clermont presence. 'Nothing of the sort,' put in the lady. 'I was present at the time, brought them together, and so ought to know. They came into an apartment where I happened to be—Shelley to lunch on lettuces and lemonade, Byron on beefsteaks or ale or whatever he could get.' The exact place was the dining-room of a little house near the Thames, and still standing in West Street, Marlow. Here Byron had come from London for a mid-day meal with Shelley. 'On his arrival the host was out, there were no signs of food in the room which he entered and where I awaited Shelley's appearance. Byron I saw was getting irritable from hunger. I contrived to place before him the coarse, simple, British fare, which his rude, rough taste really preferred to any delicacies. When therefore Shelley returned to toy with his dew-washed vegetables, he found Byron, devouring everything I had set before him, holding a big mug of ale to his lips and his mouth full of bread and cheese.' As for Jane Clermont's first sight of the writer who in the early months of 1812 had gone to bed obscure and woke up to find himself famous, the Clermont account is plausible, and there seems no reason why it should not have been on this wise. She shared the poverty of the Godwin-Shelley household,

then in very low water. Why should she not add to the common resources by going on the stage? The mention of Shelley's name would ensure an interview with the older poet, then omnipotent at Drury Lane. Byron was all civility, smiles, and promises; he did nothing however to help her to the public boards, In the year after Waterloo his quarrel with his native land and all his personal connexions with it broke into open war. The great general who had overthrown Napoleon provoked the poet's scorn and curses, the King was the fourth of the fools and oppressors called George, one of his foremost statesmen, Castlereagh, a wretch, never to be named but with imprecations and jeers. The Church did nothing but weep over her tithes. The country gentlemen were living for rent. Early in 1816 the bard, duly inspired by the Muses with these anathemas on his country and his age, mounted his horse at the door of the house in Piccadilly, possessed and occupied during the last century by the then doyen of English journalism, Lord Glenesk, rode down to the House of Lords, was assailed on entering Palace Yard with a storm of rotten eggs, brickbats, and boos. Within a week he had left England for ever, and soon became in a fair way of renewing his acquaintance with the would-be débutante of Drury Lane. The singer of 'Don Juan' may have enjoyed the society, she protested that he never had her heart. Byron's conversation, steeped in the pessimistic and cynical brutality of the Regency period, was contrasted by the lady with Shelley's ethereal and utopian enthusiasm. Finally she would not allow him the praise of a disinterested devotion to the land he had sung, and in the cause of whose liberty he had died. The truth was, from the lady's point of view, that the poet had put a great deal of money into Greek investments; he was ambitious for what he considered a proper return. In a word he aimed at the honour afterwards actually offered to the fifteenth Earl of Derby, and was resolved on becoming the occupant of a Greek throne.

Jane Clermont lived till 1879. Through the haze of years she saw increasingly to the last in magnified outline the part filled by herself in the most famous and familiar episodes connected with the two poets, who had each of them worshipped at her youthful shrine. The 'pen of history' and the 'tongue of tradition' had told Doctor Steele much better worth remembering than gossip about the amours of early nineteenth-century notabilities and the feminine imitation of Byron's lameness, which, unexpectedly overseen by the illustrious cripple himself, fixed his vindictive hatred on Jane Clermont, as she said, for the rest of his life. Any great transactions going forward at whatever European points drew the doctor from his Tuscan seclusion. In this way he found himself at Berlin during the Congress of 1878, with Beaconsfield and Salisbury for the British plenipotentiaries. His old friend Busch, as Bismarck's secretary, was in attendance, and told him how at the second sitting his chief turned round to him with the remark, '*der alte Jude das ist der mann*' (the old Jew, that is the man). A week or two later Busch secured Steele the rare and difficult privilege of an interview with the German Chancellor, who made no secret of his and his colleagues' admiration for Disraeli, adding, 'You English do not seem to realize the value of having a statesman, Asiatic by birth, as the ruler of your chiefly Asiatic Empire.'

Few persons have been qualified to profit as much as Steele contrived to do from a course of European travel, not unusual in his own day, and, as it would seem to the present ubiquitously locomotive age, altogether insignificant. The reason was that while yet a home-staying youth his shrewd and far-seeing father had laid in his mind a sound foundation composed of the knowledge of the day before yesterday, including not only events, but the men who helped to make them and the conditions under which they worked. Travel in itself is not a basis on which any useful superstructure can be raised. The histories given to us at

school or college supply instruction about remote periods without the connecting links, described most justly by Steele's father as necessary to the understanding of our own times. These links the old man taught his son to find in the periodical literature which had been the novelty of his youth, and which was still represented by the *Edinburgh* and the *Quarterly Review*. Both publications, Steele (*père*) patriotically contended, were really the product of Scotch Tory brains. For if Sir Walter had not approved the venture of Brougham, Jeffrey, and others its success would have been much less early and decisive. As for the *Quarterly*, that found its creator in a Scotch publisher living in London, with the giant of Scotch literature, Sir Walter, and his son-in-law Lockhart for the publisher's advisers. More than this, the doctrine accepted in Steele's youth was that if the *Edinburgh* had not misconducted itself there would have been no room for any rival. From the stormy youth of the Scotch trimestrial date the historic literary feuds of the nineteenth century's first half. Before these came the public to the north of the Tweed had learned to look upon the Whig 'blue and yellow' as intensifying and impersonating whatever could most exalt, gratify, and to the furthest limits possible could disperse the feeling and message of Scotch patriotism. The *Review* not only had a Scotch place of issue; it received greetings on every side as at once the mirror, creation, and microcosm of Caledonian intellect, science, and art. Wherever men met, talked, in club, library, dining-room, or mart, a spark had only to be elicited; it was immediately caught, preserved, and brought to the *Review*. The Whig admiration for Bonaparte did not end with the Napoleonic wars. Anything, said the Edinburgh reviewers, would be better than a return of the Bourbons. Therefore if he would and could, by all means let the Duke of Wellington's antagonist place himself at the head of French affairs. Hitherto Sir Walter Scott had been interested in and actively promoted the Constable

venture, as the periodical first was. He could not tolerate the line now taken. Not only did he withdraw, but the reasons for his withdrawal were those which brought the *Quarterly Review* into existence rather less than a decade afterwards. Sir Walter's protest against the treasonable tendencies of the *Edinburgh* propaganda began by causing differences in the *Edinburgh* camp, and something like a triangular duel, in which the parties were Horner, Jeffrey, and Brougham. The seeds of future discords were left behind, and a state of things brought about, unexpectedly propitious to the London venture discussed by Canning, Gifford, and John Murray the second for two years past, resulting in the appearance of the *Quarterly* during the winter of 1809. The pen-and-ink squabbles of the period were confined to the men on the 'blue and yellow' among themselves; the staffs, like the rank and file at the two organs, never personally fell out, but kept at a respectful distance from each other in print. Neither periodical suffered from its rival. Indeed the one rather helped the other than injured it. The Scotch publication had not only led the way but had created the South British appetite for the Albemarle Street issue (for in 1843 the purchaser of Sandby's book business, John Murray the second, had moved from the unfashionable Fleet Street to the brighter neighbourhood of Piccadilly). Scott had broken with the *Edinburgh* men for their ultra-Gallican sympathies, but still found the society he liked best in their number. He enjoyed above all things his dinners with Lord Murray, Jeffrey, Cockburn, and others of that file, recording these feasts as always 'pleasant, capital good cheer': 'Much laughter and fun—I do not know how it is, but when I am out with a party of my opposition friends the day is often merrier than when with our own set. Jeffrey and Harry Cockburn are both very extraordinary men. The secret of the charm, however, I think is that when men of both parties meet, they do so with a feeling of novelty. We have not worn out

our jests in daily contact.' The scene of these hospitalities might be the English or the Scotch capital; if the latter they awoke admiring interest among those who listened to the accounts of them circulating through Princes Street. It seemed as if the convivialities of the Baron Bradwardine in *Waverley* had been revised and brought up to date by men with whose achievements, whose social calibre, intellectual glories, shrewd witticisms, and crushing repartees North Britain then rang.

Contrast the harmony thus promoted among men of very different views and prejudices by the 'feast of reason and flow of soul,' with the difficulties that made life a burden to the most accomplished of Jeffrey's successors in the *Edinburgh* chair. Mawcy Napier followed Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh* editorship, and held it from 1829 to 1847. Between these years Brougham and Macaulay were making their reputations, thanks chiefly to the opportunity given them by Napier, owing also not a little to his sagacious editorship and fruitful suggestions. What was Napier's reward?

One of Thackeray's round-about papers sets forth the discomforts, perplexities, and vexations of the man singled out by fate for the conduct of a magazine. Napier's correspondence, had it been published then, instead of near a quarter of a century later, might have moved him to swell the catalogue of his woes. Editorship indeed, in the strict sense of the word, proved the least difficult and invidious of Napier's duties. Scarcely a number appears, or is in preparation, that is not endangered by the internecine rivalries of the most eminent writers. Napier had not only to act as arbiter between conflicting claimants for treating the chief subject of the time, but to keep the peace when distance only prevents his crack contributors from flying at each other's throats. Brougham and Macaulay are not only for ever fighting about the place given to their pieces in the periodical, the number of pages they are to occupy,

the line to be taken and the necessity of leaving every detail of policy and principle to their infallible judgement; they are habitually imputing, at the same time, to each other a double dose of original sin. Thus Brougham—or Macaulay himself, as the case may be—so far from being fitted to take up a particular topic, is congenitally debarred from doing so by moral as well as intellectual reasons. This vein was usually reserved for political opponents. In 1831 John Wilson Croker was a bad, a very bad man, partly no doubt because his edition of Boswell's *Johnson* must be pronounced ill-arranged, ill-written, and ill-printed, but chiefly, it may be conjectured, because Croker was a Tory and wielded one of the most effective pens in the Albemarle Street trimestrial. Sometimes Napier had the audacity to meditate new blood for his review by considering or even accepting a composition by Thomas Carlyle. Both his great writers are up in arms in a moment. Brougham shakes his head, and warns his chief of the probable consequences; Macaulay, through Leigh Hunt, entreats the editor to remember that Carlyle is merely a clever man absurdly over-rated by puffing friends.

Such were the literary amenities of the epoch now recalled. At the same time a very pretty pen-and-ink fight was going on between the antiquary, Sir Harris Nicolas, and 'plain John Campbell,' whose industry at the Bar and in the press had helped him to the Woolsack in 1859. This was the Scotch lawyer who wrote those *Lives of the Chancellors*, to whom Sir Charles Wetherell applied Dr. Arbuthnot's epigram on Curll's biographies that he had added a new sting to death. Nicolas, in reading this work, saw reasons for questioning some of his statements about Queen Elizabeth's Sir Christopher Hatton. Going carefully into the matter, he not only found the suspicions just, but lighted on other inaccuracies; in the *Westminster Review* he either exposed them himself or ensured their detection by others. The affair, looked back upon after

the best part of the century, seems a teacup's storm. It agitated, however, the entire social and political atmosphere of the time, sowing as it went the seeds of fresh quarrels, to vex the peace of a later generation. One interesting and creditable point is brought out alike by Macfarlane's reminiscences and Lord Morley's *Recollections*. The writing craft, growing in popularity, grew also in good manners and the appearance of goodwill among its steadily multiplying votaries. No one now living is so well qualified as the writer who has made the French encyclopaedists his own subject to give an account of the *Saturday Review's* youth and its development out of the Peelite *Morning Chronicle* under Douglas Cook, that "Napoleon of editors" as he was called by Mrs. Lynn Linton, who wrote for him *The Girl of the Period*, and who added to her description, 'But mercy on us, what a temper!—has he not stormed at me, swore at me, yes! and even hit me, when I did not do exactly what he wished?' Cook's writers were often more Cookian than himself; and they, not he, began and fomented the long-forgotten feud between college-bred and non-University penmen. The books, however, which suggest these remarks remind one that when writers no longer drew their mutual swords they still could practise the gentle art of disparagement in a true Boswellian fashion; for the Laird of Auckinleck, running down *Tristram Shandy* at the height of its fame, spoke of Sterne to Johnson as a dull fellow. 'Why! No, sir,' rejoined the sage; who, however, later in the evening, as his biographer puts it, 'tossed and gored a good many persons.' The *Saturday Review*, as might be gathered from John Morley's narrative, introduced no doubt a new literary set into the journalistic polity. H. S. Maine, the author of *Ancient Law*, a sometime Fellow of Pembroke but a tutor at Trinity Hall, had among his pupils William Vernon Harcourt, whom he recommended in the right quarter, when the *Saturday* staff was being formed. Meanwhile at Oxford, Mark Pattison was doing something

of the same kind. In this way more than one Fellow of Oriel, notably T. C. Sandars, the happily surviving Albert Venn Dicey, in addition to his already enrolled brother Edward, afterwards Charles 'Austin, a Fellow of St. John's (Oxford), who in the *Saturday* first nicknamed the oldest of the penny papers, the *Daily Telegraph*, as 'Jupiter Junior,' found a place among the innumerable and endlessly growing Oxford recruits. About this time the older and non-Academic Fleet Streeters took the aggressive against the new-comers with their high-sniffing and superior airs. The leader and intellectually quite the most powerful of the old gang was Robert Brough, who when he chose could combine the spirit of the social and political leveller with the dagger of the literary assassin.

Inde illae irae. These formed the nearest approach to the literary amenities characteristic of an earlier day and already described; though in the later instances it was the personal animosity, not of civil war, but of social bitterness against a common enemy outside. Imperceptibly and surely the strife subsided. Before the nineteenth century's last quarter the feud had lost all reality, and had dwindled on both sides to a petty species of quite contemptible cliquo mania. Macfarlane relates isolated instances in which at an earlier date the same sort of fizzling process periodically occurred. From this time forth the most notorious of the squabbles, roughly but quite wrongly placed under the head of literary amenities, were altogether personal affairs. The same covers holding together Tennyson's inscription to Robert Browning of 'Tiresias and other Poems,' contain the lines to E. Fitzgerald, complimenting 'old Fitz,' the author's Cambridge-intimate, on his golden Eastern lay, the Englished quatrains of the Persian *Omar Khayyam.* The two British bards had put the buttons on their respective foils, which an untoward fate, rather than any vulgar jealousy, forced them, against themselves, sometimes to cross. Browning, as Tennyson knew not or had forgotten,

had himself also discovered the Persian astronomer-bard, who *now* against his translators, with and without, as it would seem, any set purpose on the other side, became a literary battlefield, calling forth Browning's most militant energies against the East Anglian man of letters who had poached on the Oriental manor. Another feeling may have animated those who had to do with this always insignificant and long since properly forgotten fray. In those days London University had received from the spiteful silliness of the old seats of learning the sobriquet of 'Stinkomalee.' During Tennyson's Cambridge days Browning had picked up every sort of useful and ornamental knowledge at the 'University College,' the germ of the University of London. The old training and the new culture eyed each other with little cordiality. The partisans of each found their champion in 'old Fitz' and the destined successor to Wordsworth as laureate. Both sides, therefore, gradually, if not unintentionally, mixed up other issues with the original controversy. The two bards, the unwitting cause of the whole bother, stood aloof. A little later John Forster's review of *Paracelsus* did more than any other single fact to establish Browning's claim to the laurel which, from that time forward, he wore with perennial freshness and growing admiration. Tennyson, always impressed by his brain power if not by the beauty of his verse, was foremost among the poetic fraternity to welcome him to Parnassus. A more notable difference, that which at various times separated Dickens and Thackeray, was entirely the creation, not of the true protagonists, but of their parasitic backers; both men were surrounded by disciples and toadies, who without any reiteration from their self-styled chiefs, made the pettiest incidents an occasion for raising a fresh battle-cry. The only considerable combatant among the Dickensians was Charles Lever; his caricatures of the man who wrote *Vanity Fair* by the style of Elias Howl in *Roland Castrel*, caused a nine days' sensation,

but nothing more. The Freeman-Froude episode proved of wider and longer interest, and naturally finds a place in the literary memoirs of the time.

> Where from alternate tubs,
> Stubbs butters Freeman, and Freeman butters Stubbs.

So sang the present writer's former tutor and always invaluable friend, the late Thorold Rogers. Froude's consummate style seemed to Freeman another ground of offence because it threw a meretricious glamour over what the oracles of his school declared to be perversions of history and fact. Then came the edifying spectacle of Swinburne's change of front towards Rossetti, to whom, at that time, he owed more than to any other one man of genius among those he knew. To Burne-Jones, as Rossetti's most illustrious pupil, the author of *Poems and Ballads* dedicated his first series of these compositions. After more than a decade of adulation of 'the master'—with pen as well as pencil, the bard of *Atalanta* turned round on his idol with what Mrs. Malaprop would have called 'a nice derangement of epitaphs,' apostrophizing him as the painter who could not paint and the singer who tried to sing but failed. The Victorian era had nearly run its course when other flowers of controversy were exchanged between comrades in their craft and social intimates in their daily life like R. Louis Stevenson and W. E. Henley, about whom, with the origin of the difference, some Macfarlane of the future may have more to tell than seems seasonable now. Meanwhile the literary fashions of the period had changed with the development of its feuds, especially in respect of the essay. That variety of composition, in the hands of its sixteenth-century master, Montaigne, sometimes, as in *Raymond Sebond*, a coherent exposition of personal conviction or its opposite, was for the most part a vehicle for the disjointed expression of kaleidoscopic views of human nature, character, and life. Francis Bacon invested this sort of

writing with a compactness, method, and sententious pregnancy of his own. Then came the application of the *Spectator* polish; and the essays of the Queen Anne's men remain the most perfect specimens of finish, blended with ease. The middle of the nineteenth century witnessed a new departure by the country parson A. K. H. B., the literary father of a countless progeny and the setter of fashion which has not yet lost its vogue. Lord Morley's shorter papers, as well as those of FitzJames Stephens, in the *Saturday Review* and elsewhere, became patterns in that kind of writing, sensibly influencing all the leader-manufacturers of their age. The pens trained by Dickens, especially G. A. Sala, heralded a reaction against the older severity of form. In the hands of R. L. Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling the essay once more furnished a pretext for the writer taking the whole world into his confidence, somewhat after the manner of Montaigne.

T. H. S. Escott.

THE DECADENT MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE

THE latest movement in European literature has been called by many names, none of them quite exact or comprehensive — Decadence, Symbolism, Impressionism, for instance. It is easy to dispute over words, and we shall find that Verlaine objects to being called a Decadent, Maeterlinck to being called a Symbolist, Huysmans to being called an Impressionist. These terms, as it happens, have been adopted as the badge of little separate cliques, noisy, brainsick young people who haunt the brasseries of the Boulevard Saint-Michel, and exhaust their ingenuities in theorizing over the works they cannot write. But, taken frankly as epithets which express their own meaning, both Impressionism and Symbolism convey some notion of that new kind of literature which is perhaps more broadly characterized by the word Decadence. The most representative literature of the day—the writing which appeals to, which has done so much to form, the younger generation—is certainly not classic, nor has it any relation with that old antithesis of the Classic, the Romantic. After a fashion it is no doubt a decadence; it has all the qualities that mark the end of great periods, the quantities that we find in the Greek, the Latin, decadence: an intense self-consciousness, a restless curiosity in research, an over-subtilizing refinement upon refinement, a spiritual and moral perversity. If what we call the classic is indeed the supreme art—those qualities of perfect simplicity, perfect sanity, perfect proportion, the supreme qualities—then this representative literature of to-day, interesting, beautiful, novel as it is, is really a new and beautiful and interesting disease.

Healthy we cannot call it, and healthy it does not wish to be considered. The Goncourts, in their prefaces, in their *Journal*, are always insisting on their own malady, *la névrose*. It is in their work, too, that Huysmans notes with delight '*le style tacheté et faisandé*'—high-flavoured and spotted with corruption—which he himself possesses in the highest degree. 'Having desire without light, curiosity without wisdom, seeking God by strange ways, by ways traced by the hands of men; offering rash incense upon the high places to an unknown God, who is the God of darkness'—that is how Ernest Hello, in one of his apocalyptic moments, characterizes the nineteenth century. And this unreason of the soul—of which Hello himself is so curious a victim—this unstable equilibrium, which has overbalanced so many brilliant intelligences into one form or another of spiritual confusion, is but another form of the *maladie fin de siècle*. For its very disease of form, this literature is certainly typical of a civilization grown over-luxurious, over-inquiring, too languid for the relief of action, too uncertain for any emphasis in opinion or in conduct. It reflects all the moods, all the manners, of a sophisticated society; its very artificiality is a way of being true to nature; simplicity, sanity, proportion—the classic qualities—how much do we possess them in our life, our surroundings, that we should look to find them in our literature—so evidently the literature of a decadence?

Taking the word Decadence, then, as most precisely expressing the general sense of the newest movement in literature, we find that the terms Impressionism and Symbolism define correctly enough the two main branches of that movement. Now Impressionist and Symbolist have more in common than either supposes; both are really working on the same hypothesis, applied in different directions. What both seek is not general truth merely, but *la vérité vraie*, the very essence of truth—the truth of appearances to the senses, of the visible world to the eyes

that see it; and the truth of spiritual things to the spiritual vision. The Impressionist, in literature as in painting, would flash upon you in a new, sudden way so exact an image of what you have just seen, just as you have seen it, that you may say, as a young American sculptor, a pupil of Rodin, said to me on seeing for the first time a picture of Whistler's, 'Whistler seems to think his picture upon canvas—and there it is!' Or you may find, with Sainte-Beuve, writing of Goncourt, the 'soul of the landscape'—the soul of whatever corner of the visible world has to be realized. The Symbolist, in this new, sudden way, would flash upon you the 'soul' of that which can be apprehended only by the soul—the finer sense of things unseen, the deeper meaning of things evident. And naturally, necessarily, this endeavour after a perfect truth to one's impression, to one's intuition—perhaps an impossible endeavour—has brought with it, in its revolt from ready-made impressions and conclusions, a revolt from the ready-made of language, from the bondage of traditional form, of a form become rigid. In France, where this movement began and has mainly flourished, it is Goncourt who was the first to invent a style in prose really new, impressionistic, a style which was itself almost sensation. It is Verlaine who has invented such another new style in verse.

The work of the brothers De Goncourt—twelve novels, eleven or twelve studies in the history of the eighteenth century, six or seven books about art, the art mainly of the eighteenth century and of Japan, two plays, some volumes of letters and of fragments, and a *Journal* in six volumes—is perhaps in its intention and its consequences the most revolutionary of the century. No one has ever tried so deliberately to do something new as the Goncourts; and the final word in the summing up which the survivor has placed at the head of the *Préfaces et Manifestes* is a word which speaks of *tentatives, enfin, où les deux frères ont cherchés à faire du neuf, ont fait leurs efforts pour doter*

les diverses branches de la littérature de quelque chose que n'avaient point songé à trouver leurs prédécesseurs. And in the preface to *Chérie*, in that pathetic passage which tells of the two brothers (one mortally stricken, and within a few months of death) taking their daily walk in the Bois de Boulogne, there is a definite demand on posterity. 'The search after *reality* in literature, the resurrection of eighteenth-century art, the triumph of *Japonisme*—are not these,' said Jules, 'the three great literary and artistic movements of the second half of the nineteenth century? And it is we who brought them about, these three movements. Well, when one has done that, it is difficult indeed not to be *somebody* in the future.' Nor, even, is this all. What the Goncourts have done is to specialize vision, so to speak, and to subtilize language to the point of rendering every detail in just the form and colour of the actual impression. Edmond de Goncourt once said to me—varying, if I remember rightly, an expression he had put into the *Journal*—'My brother and I invented an opera-glass: the young people nowadays are taking it out of our hands.'

An opera-glass—a special, unique way of seeing things—that is what the Goncourts have brought to bear upon the common things about us; and it is here that they have done the 'something new,' here more than anywhere. They have never sought 'to see life steadily and see it whole': their vision has always been somewhat feverish, with the diseased sharpness of over-excited nerves. 'We do not hide from ourselves that we have been passionate, nervous creatures, unhealthily impressionable,' confesses the *Journal*. But it is this morbid intensity in seeing and seizing things that has helped to form that marvellous style—'a style perhaps too ambitious of impossibilities,' as they admit—a style which inherits some of its colour from Gautier, some of its fine outline from Flaubert, but which has brought light and shadow into the colour, which has softened outline in the magic of atmosphere. With

them words are not merely colour and sound, they live. That search after *l'image peinte, l'épithète rare*, is not (as with Flaubert) a search after harmony of phrase for its own sake; it is a desperate endeavour to give sensation, to flash the impression of the moment, to preserve the very heat and motion of life. And so, in analysis as in description, they have found out a way of noting the fine shades; they have broken the outline of the conventional novel in chapters, with its continuous story, in order to indicate—sometimes in a chapter of half a page—this and that revealing moment, this or that significant attitude or accident or sensation. For the placid traditions of French prose they have had but little respect: their aim has been but one, that of giving (as M. Edmond de Goncourt tells us in the preface to *Chérie*) '*une langue rendant nos idées, d'une façon distincte de celui-ci ou de celui-là, une langue personelle, une langue portant notre signature.*'

What Goncourt has done in prose—inventing absolutely a new way of saying things, to correspond with that new way of seeing things, which he has found—Verlaine has done in verse. In a famous poem, *Art Poétique*, he has himself defined his own ideal of the poetic art:

'Car nous voulons la Nuance encor.
Pas la Couleur, rien que la Nuance!
Oh! la Nuance seule fiance
Le rêve au rêve et la flûte au cor!'

Music first of all and before all, he insists; and then, not colour, but *la nuance*, the last fine shade. Poetry is to be something vague, intangible, evanescent, a winged soul in flight 'toward other skies and other loves.' To express the inexpressible he speaks of beautiful eyes behind a veil, of the palpitating sunlight of noon, of the blue swarm of clear stars in a cool autumn sky: and the verse in which he makes this confession of faith has the exquisite troubled beauty—*sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose*'—which he commends as the essential quality of verse. In a later poem of poetical

counsel he tells us that art should, first of all, be absolutely clear, absolutely sincere: *L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même.* The two poems, with their seven years' interval—an interval which means so much in the life of a man like Verlaine—give us all that there is of theory in the work of the least theoretical, the most really instinctive, of poetical innovators. Verlaine's poetry has varied with his life; always in excess—now furiously sensual, now feverishly devout—he has been constant only to himself, to his own self-contradictions. For, with all the violence, turmoil, and disorder of a life which is almost the life of a modern Villon, Paul Verlaine has always retained that childlike simplicity, and, in his verse, which has been his confessional, that fine sincerity, of which Villon may be thought to have set the example in literature.

Beginning his career as a Parnassian with the *Poèmes Saturniens*, Verlaine becomes himself, in his exquisite first manner, in the *Fêtes Galantes*, caprices after Watteau, followed, a year later, by *La Bonne Chanson*, a happy record of too confident a lover's happiness. *Romances sans Paroles*, in which the poetry of Impressionism reaches its very highest point, is more *tourmenté*, goes deeper, becomes more poignantly personal. It is the poetry of sensation, of evocation: poetry which paints as well as sings, and which paints as Whistler paints, seeming to think the colour and outlines upon the canvas, to think them only, and they are there. The mere magic of words—words which evoke pictures, which recall sensations—can go no further; and in his next book, *Sagesse*, published after seven years' wanderings and sufferings, there is a graver manner of more deeply personal confession—that 'sincerity, and the impression of the moment followed to the letter,' which he has defined in a prose criticism on himself as his main preference in regard to style. 'Sincerity and the impression of the moment followed to the letter,' mark the

rest of Verlaine's work, whether the sentiment be that of passionate friendship, as in *Amour;* of love, human and divine, as in *Bonheur;* of the mere lust of the flesh, as in *Parallèlement* and *Chansons pour Elle*. In his very latest verse the quality of simplicity has become exaggerated, has become, at times, childish; the once exquisite depravity of style has lost some of its distinction; there is no longer the same delicately vivid 'impression of the moment' to render. Yet the very closeness with which it follows a lamentable career gives a curious interest to even the worst of Verlaine's work. And how unique, how unsurpassable in its kind, is the best! '*Et tout le reste est littérature!*' was the cry, supreme and contemptuous, of that early *Art Poétique;* and compared with Verlaine at his best, all other contemporary work in verse seems not yet disenfranchised from mere 'literature.' To fix the last fine shade, the quintessence of things; to fix it fleetingly; to be a disembodied voice, and yet the voice of a human soul: that is the ideal of Decadence, and it is what Paul Verlaine has achieved.

And certainly, so far as achievement goes, no other poet of the actual group in France can be named beside him or near him. But in Stephane Mallarmé, with his supreme pose as the supreme poet, and his two or three pieces of exquisite verse and delicately artificial prose to show by way of result, we have the prophet and pontiff of the movement, the mystical and theoretical leader of the great emancipation. No one has ever dreamed such beautiful, impossible dreams as Mallarmé: no one has ever so possessed his soul in the contemplation of masterpieces to come. All his life he has been haunted by the desire to create, not so much something new in literature, as a literature which should itself be a new art. He has dreamed of a work into which all the arts should enter, and achieve themselves by a mutual interdependence—a harmonizing of all the arts into one supreme art—and he has theorized

with infinite subtlety over the possibilities of doing the impossible. Every Tuesday for the last twenty years he has talked more fascinatingly, more suggestively, than anyone else has ever done, in that little room in the Rue de Rome, to that little group of eager young poets. 'A seeker after something in the world, that is there in no satisfying measure or not at all,' he has carried his contempt for the usual, the conventional, beyond the point of literary expression, into the domain of practical affairs. Until the publication, quite recently, of a selection of *Vers et Prose*, it was only possible to get his poems in a limited and expensive edition, lithographed in facsimile of his own clear and elegant handwriting. An aristocrat of letters, Mallarmé has always looked with intense disdain on the indiscriminate accident of universal suffrage. He has wished neither to be read nor to be understood by the bourgeois intelligence, and it is with some deliberateness of intention that he has made both issues impossible. Catulle Mendès defines him admirably as 'a difficult author,' and in his latest period he has succeeded in becoming absolutely unintelligible. His early poems, *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, *Hérodiade*, for example, and some exquisite sonnets, and one or two fragments of perfectly polished verse, are written in a language which has nothing in common with every-day language—symbol within symbol, image within image; but symbol and image achieve themselves in expression without seeming to call for the necessity of a key. The latest poems (in which punctuation is sometimes entirely suppressed, for our further bewilderment) consist merely of a sequence of symbols, in which every word must be taken in a sense with which its ordinary significance has nothing to do. Mallarmé's contortion of the French language, so far as mere style is concerned, is curiously similar to the kind of depravation which was undergone by the Latin language in its decadence. It is, indeed, in part a reversion to Latin phraseology, to the Latin construction, and it has

made, of the colour and flowing French language, something irregular, unquiet, expressive, with sudden surprising felicities, with nervous starts and lapses, with new capacities for the exact noting of sensation. Alike to the ordinary and to the scholarly reader it is painful, intolerable; a jargon, a massacre. Supremely self-confident, and backed, certainly, by an ardent following of the younger generation, Mallarmé goes on his way, experimenting more and more audaciously, having achieved by this time, at all events, a style wholly his own. Yet the *chef d'œuvre inconnu* seems no nearer completion, the impossible seems no more likely to be done. The two or three beautiful fragments remain, and we still hear the voice in the Rue de Rome.

Probably it is as a voice, an influence, that Mallarmé will be remembered. His personal magnetism has had a great deal to do with the making of the very newest French literature; few literary beginners in Paris have been able to escape the rewards and punishments of his contact, his suggestion. One of the young poets who form that delightful Tuesday evening coterie said to me, 'We owe much to Mallarmé, but he has kept us all back three years.' That is where the danger of so inspiring, so helping a personality comes in. The work even of Henri de Regnier, who is the best of the disciples, has not entirely got clear from the influence that has shown his fine talent the way to develop. Perhaps it is in the verse of men who are not exactly following in the counsel of the master—who might disown him, whom he might disown—that one sees most clearly the outcome of his theories, the actual consequences of his practice. In regard to the construction of verse, Mallarmé has always remained faithful to the traditional syllabic measurement; but the freak of the discovery of *le vers libre* is certainly the natural consequence of his experiments upon the elasticity of rhythm, upon the power of resistance of the cæsura. *Le vers libre* in the hands of most of the experimenters becomes merely rhymeless, irregular prose.

I never really understood the charm that may be found in this apparently structureless rhythm until I heard Dujardin read aloud the as yet unpublished conclusion of a dramatic poem in several parts. It was rhymed, but rhymes with some irregularity, and the rhythm was purely and simply a vocal effect. The rhythm came and went as the spirit moved. You might deny that it was rhythm at all; and yet, read as I heard it read, in a sort of slow chant, it produced on me the effect of really beautiful verse. But *vers libres* in the hands of a sciolist are the most intolerably and easy and annoying of poetical exercises. Even in the case of *Le Pèlerin Passionné* I cannot see the justification of what is merely regular syllabic verse lengthened or shortened arbitrarily, with the Alexandrine always evident in the background as the foot-rule of the new metre. In this hazardous experiment Jean Moréas, whose real talent lies in quite another direction, has brought nothing into literature but an example of deliberate singularity for singularity's sake. I seem to find the measure of the man in a remark I once heard him make in a café, where we were discussing the technique of metre: 'You, Verlaine!' he cried, leaning across the table, 'have only written lines of sixteen syllables; *I* have written lines of twenty syllables!' And turning to me, he asked anxiously if Swinburne had ever done that—had written a line of twenty syllables.

That is indeed the measure of the man, and it points a criticism upon not a few of the busy little *littérateurs* who are founding new *revues* every other week in Paris. These people have nothing to say, but they are resolved to say something, and to say it in the newest mode. They are Impressionists because it is the fashion, Symbolists because it is the vogue, Decadents because Decadence is in the very air of the cafés. And so, in their manner, they are mile-posts on the way of this new movement, telling how far it has gone. But to find a new personality, a new way of

seeing things, among the young writers who are starting up on every hand, we must turn from Paris to Brussels—to the so-called Belgian Shakespeare, Maurice Maeterlinck. Maeterlinck was discovered to the general French public by Octave Mirbeau, in an article in the *Figaro*, August 24, 1890, on the publication of *La Princesse Maleine*. 'Maurice Maeterlinck nous a donné l'œuvre la plus géniale de ce temps, et la plus extraordinaire et la plus naïve aussi, comparable et—oserai-je le dire?—supérieure en beauté à ce qui il y a de plus beau dans Shakespeare . . . plus tragique que *Macbeth*, plus extraordinaire en pensée que *Hamlet*.' That is how the enthusiast announced his discovery. In truth, Maeterlinck is not a Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan violence of his first play is of the school of Webster and Tourneur rather than of Shakespeare. As a dramatist he has but one note, that of fear; he has but one method, that of repetition. In *La Princesse Maleine* there is a certain amount of action—action which is certainly meant to reinvest the terrors of *Macbeth* and of *Lear*. In *L'Intruse* and *Les Aveugles* the scene is stationary, the action but reflected upon the stage, as if from another plane. In *Les Sept Princesses* the action, such as it is, is 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' and is, literally, in great part seen through a window.

This window, looking out upon the unseen—an open door, as in *L'Intruse*, through which Death, the intruder, may come invisibly—how typical of the new kind of symbolic and impressionistic drama which Maeterlinck has invented! I say invented, a little rashly. The real discoverer of this new kind of drama was that strange, inspiring man of genius whom Maeterlinck, above all others, delights to honour, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. Imagine a combination of Swift, of Poe, and of Coleridge, and you will have some idea of the extraordinary, impossible poet and cynic who, after a life of brilliant failure, has left a series of unfinished works in every kind of literature; among the finished

achievements one volume of short stories, *Contes Cruels*, which is an absolute masterpiece. Yet, apart from this, it was the misfortune of Villiers never to attain the height of his imaginings, and even *Axel*, the work of a lifetime, is an achievement only half achieved. Only half achieved, or achieved only in the work of others; for, in its mystical intention, its remoteness from any kind of outward reality, *Axel* is undoubtedly the origin of the symbolistic drama. This drama, in Villiers, is of pure symbol, of sheer poetry. It has an exalted eloquence which we find in none of his followers. As Maeterlinck has developed it, it is a drama which appeals directly to the sensations—sometimes crudely, sometimes subtly—playing its variations upon the very nerves themselves. The 'vague spiritual fear' which it creates out of our nervous apprehension is unlike anything that has ever been done before, even by Hoffmann, even by Poe. It is an effect of atmosphere—an atmosphere in which outlines change and become mysterious, in which a word quietly uttered makes one start, in which all one's mental activity becomes concentrated on something, one knows not what, something slow creeping, terrifying, which comes nearer and nearer, an impending nightmare.

La Princesse Maleine, it is said, was written for a theatre of marionettes, and it is certainly with the effect of marionettes that these sudden exclamatory people come and go. Maleine, Hjalmar, Uglyane—these are no men and women, but a masque of shadows, a dance of silhouettes behind the white sheet of the 'Chat Noir,' and they have the fantastic charm of these enigmatical semblances, 'luminous, gemlike, ghostlike,' with, also, their somewhat mechanical eeriness. The personages of *L'Intruse*, of *Les Aveugles*—in which the spiritual terror and physical apprehension which are common to all Maeterlinck's work have become more interior—are mere abstractions, typifying age, infancy, disaster, but with scarcely a suggestion of individual character. And the style itself is a sort of abstraction, all

the capacities of language being deliberately abandoned for a simplicity which, in its calculated repetition, is like the drip, drip, of a tiny stream of water. Maeterlinck is difficult to quote, but here, in English, is a passage from Act I. of *La Princesse Maleine*, which will indicate something of this monotonous style :—

> 'I cannnot see you. Come hither, this is more light here; lean back your head a little towards the sky. You too are strange to-night! It is as though my eyes were opened to-night! It is as though my heart were half opened to-night! But I think you are strangely beautiful! But you are strangely beautiful, Uglyane! It seems to me that I have never looked on you till now! But I think you are strangely beautiful! There is something about you. . . . Let us go elsewhither—under the light—come!'

As an experiment in a new kind of drama, these curious plays do not seem to exactly achieve themselves on the stage; it is difficult to imagine how they could ever be made so impressive, when thus externalized, as they are when all is left to the imagination. *L'Intruse* for instance, seemed, as one saw it acted, too faint in outline, with too little carrying power for scenic effect. But Maeterlinck is by no means anxious to be considered merely or mainly as a dramatist. A brooding poet, a mystic, a contemplative spectator of the comedy of death—that is how he presents himself to us in his work; and the introduction which he has prefixed to his translation of *L'Ornement des Noces Spirituelles*, of Ruysbroeck *l'Admirable*, shows how deeply he has studied the mystical writers of all ages, and how much akin to theirs is his own temper. Plato and Plotinus, St. Bernard and Jacob Boehm, Coleridge and Novalis—he knows them all, and it is with a sort of reverence that he sets himself to the task of translating the astonishing Flemish mystic of the thirteenth century, known till now

only by the fragments translated into French by Ernest Hello from a sixteenth-century Latin version. This translation and this introduction help to explain the real character of Maeterlinck's dramatic work, dramatic as to form, by a sort of accident, but essentially mystical.

Partly akin to Maeterlinck by race, more completely alien from him in temper than it is possible to express, Joris Karl Huysmans demands a prominent place in any record of the Decadent movement. His work, like that of the Goncourts, is largely determined by the *maladie fin de siècle*—the diseased nerves that, in his case, have given a curious personal quality of pessimism to his outlook on the world, his view of life. Part of his work—*Marthe*, *Les Sœurs Vatard*, *En Menage*, *A Vau-l'eau*—is a minute and searching study of the minor discomforts, the commonplace miseries of life, as seen by a peevishly disordered vision, delighting, for its own self-torture, in the insistent contemplation of human stupidity, of the sordid in existence. Yet these books do but lead up to the unique masterpiece, the astonishing caprice of *A Rebours*, in which he has concentrated all that is delicately depraved, all that is beautifully, curiously poisonous, in modern art. *A Rebours* is the history of a typical Decadent—a study, indeed, after a real man, but a study which seizes the type rather than the personality. In the sensations and ideas of Des Esseintes we see the sensations and ideas of the effeminate, over-civilized, deliberately abnormal creature who is the last product of our society: partly the father, partly the offspring, of the perverse art that he adores. Des Esseintes creates for his solace, in the wilderness of a barren and profoundly uncomfortable world, an artificial paradise. His Thebaide raffinée is furnished elaborately for candle-light, equipped with the pictures, the books, that satisfy his sense of the exquisitely abnormal. He delights in the Latin of Apuleius and Petronius, in the French of Baudelaire, Goncourt, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Villiers; in the pictures of Gustave

Moreau, of Odilon Redon. He delights in the beauty of strange, unnatural flowers, in the melodic combination of scents, in the imagined harmonies of the sense of taste. And at last, exhausted by these spiritual and sensory debauches in the delights of the artificial, he is left (as we close the book) with a brief, doubtful choice before him—madness or death, or else a return to nature, to the normal life.

Since *A Rebours*, Huysmans has written one other remarkable book, *La-Bas*, a study in the hysteria and mystical corruption of contemporary Black Magic. But it is on that one exceptional achievement, *A Rebours*, that his fame will rest; it is there he has expressed not merely himself, but an epoch. And he has done so in a style which carries the modern experiments upon language to their furthest development. Formed upon Goncourt and Flaubert, it has sought for novelty, *l'image peinte*, the exactitude of colour, the forcible precision of epithet, wherever words, images, or epithets are to be found. Barbaric in its profusion, violent in its emphasis, wearying in its splendour, it is—especially in regard to things seen—extraordinarily expressive, with all the shades of a painter's palette. Elaborately and deliberately perverse, it is in its very perversity that Huysmans' work—so fascinating, so repellent, so instinctively artificial—comes to represent, as the work of no other writer can be said to do, the main tendencies, the chief results, of the Decadent movement in literature.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Notes and Discussions

NEW LIGHT ON LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT

CHRISTIE'S London sale-room will next month be watched with extraordinary interest both in Europe and in America. The catalogue of the sale reads like a romance. Here are one hundred and sixty-six letters in the handwriting of Lorenzo the Magnificent, with account-books and ledgers that throw a flood of light on the economic and industrial life of Florence in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Mr. Royall Tyler has written a preface to the Catalogue, which gives the history of this unique collection. It formed part of the embassy-archives of Pietro Alamanni, the Ambassador of Florence at Milan, and afterwards at Rome and Naples. Lorenzo had no secrets from him. He often made duplicates of his letters and sent them by different routes for greater security. 'When both copies reached the Ambassador he delivered one and kept the other.' The papers cover the last three years of Lorenzo's life, May, 1479, to April, 1492. The letters are unknown to historians, and have been in the hands of this younger line of the Medici family, which branched off from the parent trunk six hundred years ago. A century after the letters were written Costanza Alamanni married Raffaello di Francesco de' Medici. He represented the Grand Dukes of Tuscany at Ferrara, and carefully kept the letters they addressed to him. Through his wife he seems to have come into possession of the Lorenzo correspondence, which his descendants, the Marquis Cosimo de' Medici and the Marquis Averardo de' Medici, have now decided to offer for sale in London.

The Preface says: 'Such a treasure may well have tempted a diplomatist of an historical turn of mind, for it gives a matchless picture of Lorenzo's last years, a period full of melancholy interest to Florentines as being the close of the most brilliant passage in their city's annals, and the prelude to decades of foreign invasion and internal strife. Lorenzo, preserving the outer appearance of a private citizen, was, in fact, the most influential man in Italy, and constantly used his mastery in the service of peace, holding the balance of power between Lodovico Sforza of Milan, Ferdinand I, King of Naples, and Pope Innocent VIII.'

Sixtus IV had died in 1484, after thirteen years of disgraceful nepotism. Mr. Symonds describes him as 'the first Pontiff who deliberately organized a system for pillaging the Church in order to exalt his family to principalities.' A scholar of the time complains: 'Our churches, priests, altars, sacred rites, our prayers, our heaven, our very God, are purchasable.' The Pope and his con-

federates laid a plot to assassinate the Medici brothers. Giuliano was stabbed to death, but Lorenzo escaped with a slight flesh wound. This was in 1478. Sixtus died in 1484, and Lorenzo established confidential relations with the new Pope, Innocent VIII. His daughter Maddalina was married in 1487 to Innocent's son, Franceschetto Cibò. The husband was small of stature and tame-spirited, with no ambition save to get and to spend money. The traffic which he and his father carried on 'in theft and murder filled the Campagna with brigands and assassins. Travellers and pilgrims and ambassadors were stripped and murdered on their way to Rome; and in the city itself more than two hundred people were publicly assassinated with impunity during the last months of the Pope's life.'

The letters show that Lorenzo had a difficult course to steer. He was well fitted for this task, for, as Villari says, 'he was very swift of resource, full of prudence and acumen, dexterous in his negotiations with other powers, still more dexterous in ridding himself of his enemies, and equally capable of daring and cruelty whenever emergencies called for bold strokes. He was alike regardless of honesty and honour, respected no condition of men; went straight to his ends, trampling over all considerations, whether human or divine.' According to Villari, Lorenzo may be studied to most profit in his own writings 'and in his letters, many of which are still unpublished.' Now the golden opportunity has come. An autograph letter of three and a half folio pages bearing Lorenzo's signature was sent to Pietro Alamanni on May 11, 1489. Lorenzo is anxious about the relations between the Pope and the King of Naples. He fears that an agreement entered into by the Lord of Camerino with the King of Hungary, who is a kinsman of the King of Naples, 'may make the Pope angry and suspicious, with the result that he may be moved by the Venetians and the Lords of the Marches either to be stubborn and hold out, or to come to terms with the King by means of the Venetians, which he might think a prudent thing to do if he were persuaded that he cannot trust the writer or Lodovico' (Sforza of Milan). Lorenzo's 'one object has been to convince the Pope that he ought to trust' them in order that 'if they thought it opportune, they might get the making of terms between the Pope and the King into their own hands.' Lorenzo thinks this might be done if Lodovico, to whom the letter was intended to be read, 'would take pains to prove to the Pope that it would be in his own interest to come to terms, at the same time offering his services as a mediator; and general satisfaction would be the result, whilst any other course might lead to trouble. This method seems the most likely to succeed in view of the Pope's character, though the King's own character is also a matter to be considered, and that may be productive of further difficulties.'

Secret instructions to Alamanni, partly in cipher, are added on another half sheet. 'Lodovico's change of front is nothing new, and of small import, but the writer expects that either the Venetians will

become threatening and Lodovico will yield, or the Pope will make terms through the Venetians.' Alamanni is to ask Lodovico what induced him to change, though Lorenzo believes that he does not 'know himself, the truth being that he is afraid, now of the King, now of others, and will finally act as his mood dictates,' and 'give himself away cheap.' His nephew, for whom he was regent, had been married to the granddaughter of the King of Naples in February, 1489. A later letter says, 'Lodovico must now make up his mind, as the time for temporizing and paying both sides with words has gone by.' Alamanni is to tell him so plainly. The King of Naples makes unfounded complaints, and Lorenzo suspects him of using this device to obtain his 'support with the Pope, forgetting the demands of honesty, and the writer's relationship to the Pope. Perhaps, too, the King of Naples nourished some sinister design against Lorenzo the Magnificent, and being unable to find any real justification, he seizes upon shadows. Lorenzo condemns such practices.' Some quaint touches relieve these diplomatic messages. The Magnificent expresses his relief on August 14, 1489, that a great danger has been avoided by Lodovico's prudence. He considers that they have had luck in that their adversaries bungled. 'They have made as great a mess of it as the writer did of a cabbage he once tried to cook, and forgot the salt.'

The dispute between Pope and King is still acute in February, 1490. 'The Pope,' Lorenzo tells Alamanni, who is now in Rome, 'cannot prevail over the King by force—let him then put up with him, and try to attract pity on himself.' If it were possible to mediate, to the Pope's honour, Lorenzo would be highly satisfied. He exhorts the ambassador to use all his wits to attain that object. Three days later Lorenzo reports that he has talked with Pier Filippo Pandolfini, on his return from Rome, and 'remains firm in his opinion that he would not be sorry if Messer Giovanni's promotion to the Cardinalate were put off for a year.' He fears to displease the cardinals, and Alamanni is to do his utmost to preserve and increase their goodwill. 'Alamanni will have no trouble in keeping the Pope's. The Cardinals are many, and of divers natures; he must, therefore, exercise greater diligence and spare no pains physically and mentally.' Lorenzo's son was elected Cardinal when he was fourteen, and became Pope as Leo X. in 1513. The first Medici Pope, under whose rule the Reformation was born, gave his name to what is called the Golden Age of Italian culture.

In March, 1490, Lorenzo sends two bottles of Vernaccia wine to Alamanni. There is no good *vino greco*, but this is excellent, and if it finds favour at Rome he will send forty bottles. In May he reports that a quantity of wine is being sent from Montepulciano. In June he writes that his 'zeal for the Pope's interests makes him bold to urge his Holiness to create three or four upright and learned Cardinals, for they are badly wanted. Hermolao,' Patriarch of Aquileia, 'is a good man, and Messer Feline another who thoroughly deserves advancement.' His daughter highly recommends one Franco, for

whom Lorenzo wishes the Pope to reserve the incumbency of San Donato, as the present holder is dying.

Account books and ledgers which will appear in the auction rooms in February prove what important business the Medici carried on as bankers, wool and cloth merchants, manufacturers of objects of luxury, jewellers, and dealers in every kind of commodity. 'The sums of money they turned over show that they must have amassed enormous wealth, and the richer they grew the wider became their enterprises; they had houses in France, at Constantinople, Brusa and Gallipoli, Adrianople and Pera; they bought up raw wool on the Spanish market and flooded Italy and the Levant with the product of their looms.' These letters began in the year that Savonarola was recalled from Genoa to Florence by his superiors at the request of Lorenzo, with whose last years his life was so tragically intertwined.

JOHN TELFORD.

THE INNOCENTS' FESTIVAL

WE are only just beginning to discover that the Innocent and the Injured, 'woman the victim of the common lust,' children, the old, the helpless, have the divine privilege of suffering most in this world. With individuals and States, with the private person and the people, experience is the same. The weak, not the wicked, bear the Cross for others, and they never attempt to 'pad' it. Look at France and Belgium, Serbia and Rumania, and the Jews not only of our time but of all times. Then think of the hell-sent Germans, the super-devils, to whom nothing is sacred, who fear neither God nor man, and are so infamous that they invoke the Almighty as an accomplice in their worst atrocities, and have shown that culture with no religion and no morality is absolutely worthless. They have made our boasted civilization a nullity, a sham, and shame. But if they have brought home to us the truth that the weak must ever be safeguarded, because on these the concentrated brutalities and beastlinesses of the devil man chiefly fall, the sufferers will not altogether have suffered in vain. We easily understand this in the little circle of our own families and private interests. But we must enlarge our boundaries and take in all, the very latest, the most insignificant, to the shelter of our compassion; our hearts must extend an infinite hospitality to every one who needs. For we are, whether we like it or not, whether we choose it or not—our brothers' keepers. The insufferable reek of the German abominations and horrors, in calculated cruelty and lust, and world-policy's lying, makes the whole earth stink. The fountain-heads and streams have been poisoned deliberately, and life tainted at its source. A demoniacal frenzy, blind and deaf and merciless, possesses a great nation as if it desired to surpass all previous records of civilized (far worse than any barbarian) infamy. And who have been the hopeless victims,

outraged, crucified, tortured in the most dreadful deaths? The little nations, whom the destroyers had solemnly sworn to protect and preserve. And of the little nations, who were those delivered to agonies of affliction and torment? The women, the children, the babies, the aged, and dying. It is well to remember these things, and to take such measures that these terrors and tragedies shall never occur again. We must treat the Germans as they seem to demand, like the enemies of the human race. They have acted the part of the spawn of Satan. Their nameless deeds of refined and exquisite wickedness set them apart for ever as an accursed race.

But there is another side to this awful and intolerable picture. If we look with the lessons of history in our minds and the faith that is the fruit of love, we shall see behind the terrific drama the Cross of Christ uplifted, as it ever has been, and Christ crucified with the sufferers themselves. The burden is His, the bitterness is His, the extremity is His, the *scandalum mundi* is His. 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted.' That master key opens every lock and offers the sole solution. 'Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.' Even this answer does not explain, does not satisfy, does not respond to our needs. And if the problem could be explained, it would remain unintelligible still. The mystery of evil is utterly insoluble. It is enough to know that some things are beyond our faculties of comprehension. But we do know this, that if we suffer with Christ we shall also reign with Him. The cosmic paradox presents difficulties that admit of no interpretation on this side of the grave. But it is sufficient to be assured that Christ knows and cares and hangs with us on the same cross, and that the birthpangs of a new era are long and sharp and piercing. For if God in each fresh revelation has Himself to be crucified again on His eternal cross, it becomes immediately a privilege (and not a penalty) to live and agonize and die with Him. We are thereby made participators in the supreme divine prerogative, we are called to share with Him the glory, to divide with Him the power of governing the world. Our prayers, our tears, our pains and penalties, all work together with His endless Passion, to work out some near or distant redemption—

> 'And that divine, far-off event,
> To which the whole creation moves.'

The cultivated callousness of the Germans, their love of frightfulness, their appetite for inconceivable monstrosities and all that is most unnatural, only hasten and cannot hinder the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven, the reign of brotherhood and peace. But these despairs and darknesses must be first, they prepare the way. There is a moral obligation for them, and for all the immoralities. They enter into the basic principle of being, by which life (more life) can only come out of death (more death). The old doctrine of God's impassibility has been refuted and denied by the events of history again and yet again—if the Incarnation is not enough.

The truth appears to be the exact and very opposite. God suffers a thousand times more than man, just because He must suffer, because He is God, because it is His business—'*c'est son métier.*' And we, whom He allows to be His coadjutors, must assist Him to the very best and fullest extent of our abilities, by the humble acceptance of our lot, by a patient and cheerful endurance of the worst. *Homo capax Dei quod aeternus.* We have a great cloud of witnesses, of martyrs who went before us, of Christ Himself, 'who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame.' Could we demand a greater example, a grander authority for the wrongs of violated Innocence? Physical pain is bad to bear, mental and moral pain are worse. But this pain in the end turns round and denies itself, and death becomes a transformation of life and glory.

The mother's love, that bids her bear the uttermost and endure impossible things for the sake of her child, testifies at any rate to the fact that human nature by divine grace is not unequal to the direst lot of suffering. *Est deus in nobis.* For the Christ within us, the God within us, inspires us, when all seems lost, and we appear to stand alone on the last and blackest ledge of tragedy, to count all but gained. In the darkness is kindled the guiding light, in the most tremendous sacrifice the saving deliverance, and from nothing we pluck everything. To win the whole world we find is to lose our own lives and souls; and to lose our own lives and souls, for Christ and for others, is to win and possess them for ever and ever. No one hitherto has fathomed the possibilities of human nature, when reinforced and armed and completed by divine energy. When we think we have arrived at the final ultimate of our powers, we discover there are higher heights and deeper depths beyond, the borderland of the infinite. There is at bottom a dynamic as irresistible as destiny, that captures the end in the beginning, the prize itself before it pursues the farther goal. *Deus complet hominem, homo complet Deum.* 'I can do all things, through Christ that strengtheneth me.' However much we give away to others, in God's service there are boundless reserves left behind, on which we can draw with unfailing confidence. And the more we give, the more we get; the more we have, the more we are. Yes, and this is what the Innocents of all times and all climes have proved, the inexhaustibility of Divine Grace. There are triumphs that are disasters, as the Germans are finding out when it is too late. And there are defeats that transcend any successes. The world can realize now that the race is not to the strong, but to the weak, the victims and the victors are one and the same. The Cross is the Crown. Therefore we must keep for ever the holy Festival of the Innocents.

F. W. Orde Ward.

TERTULLIAN'S DEFENCE OF CHRISTIANITY

THE Cambridge University Press has recently issued a work[1] of no small value to the students of early Christianity. Tertullian's defence of the faith has always been regarded by patristic experts as one of the treasures of third-century Christian literature, alike for its brilliant rhetoric, its passion and intensity of style, its argumentative vigour, and for the revelation it affords of the striking personality of its author. Moreover it throws a vivid light on the social customs and manners and on the religious observances of the empire, while its historical allusions form a valuable addition to our scanty information of the period. The late Professor John E. B. Mayor, a Latinist of unrivalled erudition in his own generation and with but few equals in the annals of scholarship, frequently lectured on Tertullian's *Apology* in the divinity schools of Cambridge, and before his death had already published a portion of his notes on the text. After his death his executors committed to the able hands of a former student of Prof. Mayor's, Dr. A. Souter, Professor of Humanity at Aberdeen University, the task of editing the whole of the annotations for publication. This act of *pietas*, as Dr. Souter describes it, has been performed with the scholarly accuracy and skill which was to be expected from one who is himself an acknowledged authority on Latin patristics. Dr. Souter has further enriched the volume with an English translation of the text. Those who know Prof. J. E. B. Mayor's methods of annotation will agree with the translator that the notes are not of a type intended for schoolboys; but they have one crowning virtue: they usually quote in full the illustrative passages to which the annotator refers in his interpretation of the text. The result is that the notes give the careful student a valuable compendium of patristic testimony on numerous interesting phases of the relations between early Christianity and its imperial environment. Further, the fact that Tertullian is 'the most difficult of all Latin prose writers' lends an enhanced value to Dr. Souter's translation—an achievement which confers a distinct boon on students of the early Church.

The condensed elliptical manner of Tacitus, who in his later works deliberately tramples on the Ciceronian tradition, has often suggested a comparison with Carlyle's maturer style: but Tertullian's Latinity suggests the same parallel. The frequent rhetorical questions, the sharp satirical exclamations, the fierce declamatory touches are in keeping with the writer's fervid earnestness and red-hot Puritanism. But he surpasses Carlyle in the richness of his vocabulary. Unusual words and compounds—like *caccabulus*, *decacchino*, *exorbitatio*, *disfector*, *disfungo*, *solitarius*, *vernaculus*, *apocerteresis*, *exancillo*—are as remarkable a feature of his prose style as are the gorgeous and liturgical terms of Francis Thompson's poetry. There are *hapax legomena* which suggest a mind hurried by its own emotions into a rich and florid vocabulary—a sort of

[1] *Q. Septimi Florentis Tertulliani Apologeticus.*

polysyllabic exuberance rather like a roaring spate of language than an even-flowing stream.

But it is chiefly his matter which demands attention, even if it fail on occasion to evoke admiration. There is not much reticence in Tertullian, nor is it his habit to use much embroidery; he deals with facts in plain language and he calls a spade a spade. To the charges of incest and hideous cannibalism urged against the Christians, he utters a terrific 'tu quoque' to Rome by recalling the loose customs of her early and contemporary society and the moral degradation of her gods and people portrayed in the literature of the past. He makes fierce play with the unedifying polytheisms of the national religion, starting with the blunt assertion: 'We cease to worship your gods from the moment we learn they are no gods.' He then proceeds to satirise the images of deity after the manner of the deutero-Isaiah: 'We are condemned to the mines and quarries: it is from thence that your gods get their origin'—they are but cold manufactured statues of dead men. Christians actually deserve praise for renouncing them! The Lares or household gods are part of the domestic furniture: they appear in auction-catalogues: 'divinity is knocked down to the highest bidder' and 'religion goes begging about the taverns.' Whether Tertullian is really an effective advocate when he indulges in these ironical invectives is doubtful: he is more to the taste of the modern mind when he appeals to the universal craving for God and to 'the evidence of the natural Christianity of the soul.'

Tertullian puts in a strong plea for a better understanding of Christianity, which is misjudged by rumour and ignorance. And he makes a telling defence of the political loyalty of the Christians. If they cannot worship the Emperor, at least they pray for him. 'Who,' he asks 'are to a greater extent enemies and persecutors of the Christian than those about whose majesty we are arraigned?' He urges that the enrolment of the Christians among the legal associations (*inter licitas factiones*) is a more fitting act of imperial policy than persecution, seeing that the Christians 'recognize the world as a commonwealth belonging to all.' In chap. 39 he gives the famous picture of the inner life of the Christian community, dwelling on its philanthropy and brotherliness, its frugality and prayerfulness. And he ends at the note of the innocence of the Christian. 'As there is an enmity between what is of God and what is of man, when we are condemned by you, we are acquitted by God.'

R. MARTIN POPE.

WAR-AID FROM THE SMALL UNITS OF THE EMPIRE

STRAY items announcing gifts from the small units of the Empire have been appearing in the newspapers, at frequent intervals, for over three years. They have, as a rule, been printed in inconspicuous corners and in small type. The cumulative effect of the patriotism

shown and the sacrifice made by the Crown Colonies and the Protectorates of the Empire dotted all over the globe has, therefore, been almost altogether lost upon the reading public in the United Kingdom and the self-governing Dominions. A connected study of the various gifts made by what may be called the babes of the Imperial family brings home the fact that this war is being fought by the Empire as a whole, and not merely by a few of its members.

How often one has to consult the atlas to find where an island or an archipelago that has just exhibited patriotism is situated! For instance, 99,999 out of 100,000 persons, if asked to describe the location of Niue, or Savage Island, would be as much at sea as the island itself. It is so small that the only way it can be located, even with the aid of the map, is by noting its exact latitude and longitude. It is one of the Islands in the Pacific Island Group, almost due west from Lima, Peru. It has a population of about 4,000 persons who belong to the same race as the Maoris, and was annexed by New Zealand some seventeen years ago. This little protectorate, early in the war, contributed £164 to the Empire Defence Fund, and offered to provide 200 men to fight for the Empire in any part of the world where they might be needed. The letter that accompanied the gift was signed by twelve chiefs. It was unique, in that it was written as if coming from the island itself. It read, in part: 'I am the island of Niue, a small child that stands up to help the kingdom of George V. There are two portions we are offering—(1) money; (2) men.'

Then there is Johore. To most persons the name is meaningless. The fact that its ruler is called a Sultan locates it, for most inquirers, as somewhere in the Orient. Johore, as a matter of fact, occupies the southern extremity of the Malay Peninsula, which extends south of Siam, and is just north of the Island of Sumatra. It is 9,000 square miles in area and has a population of 250,000. The Sultan of Johore, besides making numerous other contributions to help to prosecute the war, presented the British Government with a squadron of aeroplanes that cost £31,500.

The contributions that have been made by the small units of the Empire fall into two categories, namely (1) those made by the Britons residing there as officials, planters, or merchants; and (2) those given by the people themselves, or 'natives' as they would be called by some persons. Not many of the Britons residing in the small units of the Empire have been able to volunteer for the army; but they have rendered invaluable service by enabling their particular Colony or Protectorate to send materials needed for the prosecution of the war, or for the civil population in Britain. Few persons in this country seem to realize how useful it has been to the Empire to have within its control the great variety of materials that have come from these parts. To mention a single instance, had it not been for the quick action of Sir Harcourt Butler, the Lieutenant-Governor of Burma, Britain might have been very seriously handicapped in the war because the wolfram, from which is extracted tungsten, indispensable

for munitions and for hardening the steel in the big guns that have been smashing the enemy in every theatre of war would have been drained away, perhaps eventually to reach German hands. Sir Harcourt arranged to give special facilities to wolfram mining, with the result that the output has been very much increased since the war began. Fortunately for Britain, most of the wolfram in the world is obtained from one or another of the units of the British Empire, and thus she has been assured a plentiful supply of this necessary material. Again, the planters of Mauritius have given millions of pounds of sugar to our Government. In September, 1915, they gave 2,000,000 pounds, 1,000,000 for the army and 1,000,000 for the navy. They have made further gifts since then.

It is to be admitted that Britain has had to pay for much of the materials that have been sent to her from her overseas children, and that the planters and merchants who have sent them from Crown Colonies and Dependencies have made fortunes out of their shipments. It is, nevertheless, important to bear in mind that these materials have been of the greatest use, and that had they been under enemy or even under neutral control, they would have been much more difficult to obtain.

The contributions made by the people themselves have been of a voluntary character, and untainted by considerations of profit. A few instances will give an idea of the popular enthusiasm for the war in the back-waters of the Empire. The South African chiefs have been profuse in their protestations of loyalty. Chief Lewanika, of the Barotses, for instance, wrote, for himself and on behalf of his people: 'We shall stand always under the British Flag.' Griffith Lerothodi, paramount chief of the Basutos, sent a message to the High Commissioner for South Africa: 'As I am unable to be with my King in person, I beg to know whether I may show my loyalty and the loyalty of the Basutos to his Majesty the King by giving monetary assistance to be raised by calling on each Basuto to pay a sum of one shilling to the funds now being raised for the relief of sufferers by the war. The Basutos and myself are grieved at seeing our King attacked by enemies when we his servants cannot assist him.' The Somali chiefs wrote, 'With the Government against the Germans we are one, ourselves, our warriors, our women, and our children By God it is so.' The Uganda chiefs begged the Governor to allow them 'to go to England and join the English army with our 500 men.'

The aid proffered by the Africans did not end in mere words. Their assistance has taken many forms. Chief Khama, for example, stationed his men at every railway bridge and crossing in the Kalahari desert, which borders upon German South-West Africa, and therefore is a most important outpost. In addition, this faithful chief gave money to help to prosecute the war. It was only £817, to be sure, but it meant much to him and to his people, for they are extremely poor. The gift also meant much to the British, since it was the tangible expression of loyalty to the Crown. All the African tribes have contributed what they could. They have not held back

because their gift was small. Chief Linchwe, paramount chief of the Bakhatla tribe, sent £386 14*s.*, contributed by the members of his tribe. The Basutos collected £2,861 for the Prince of Wales' Fund in 1915, and later raised £40,000 in cash and kind which they gave to his Majesty for war purposes. The sum was made up of £21,565 in cash, 4,000 head of cattle, and 5,754 head of small stock. When one considers that there are only about 400,000 Basutos, and that they are, without exception, poor, it will be realized that such a large contribution involved great sacrifice for individuals. The money was used by his Majesty to purchase aeroplanes. Chief Mai Arri, of Bornu, who enjoys a personal income of only £180 a year, wanted to give £80 to Sir Frederick Lugard, the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief. Sir Frederick, however, would accept only £10, telling the old chief that £80 would be disproportionate in view of his small income. Another chief sent £40, with apologies 'because we are a poor people and have not much.'

It is difficult to give an idea of the varied character of the contributions made by the subjects of the King in the Crown Colonies and Protectorates. All sorts of objects have been given—either for the use of the Army or for conversion into money for the war-chest, or for the relief of wounded heroes. Chief has vied with chief in making donations. When Chief Mesai Moran, of the Matapatu clan, in British East Africa, gave 30 bullocks, Chief Ode Kashu, head of the Loita Mesai, gave 150 bullocks and 200 sheep. Chief Masikondo gave 21, and other Mesai chiefs gave 50 bullocks. The Kavirondo chiefs of the Misumu district, north of Victoria Nyanza, collected a herd of 3,000 goats as their war-gift. The East African chiefs and tribes have given, in all, over 5,000 head of live stock and many bags of corn to the authorities. A bee-keeper in Jamaica sent a barrel of honey, because, as he explained, 'honey is good, honey is medicine, and also honey makes good liniment.' Indians settled in British Guiana gave rice. One family gave 2,000 pounds of this cereal, and another Indian gave 3,000 pounds, while the colony, as a whole, sent half a million pounds of it. The Maoris of New Zealand set aside a portion of their potato harvest to send to starving Belgium, the aggregate totalling several tons.

Nothing could be more touching than the contribution sent early in 1916 by a band of loyal Gilbert Islanders employed on Fanning Island, in the Pacific. At the beginning of the war, before the enemy was cleared out of the Pacific, the Germans had shelled Fanning Island and destroyed the cable-station there. Thus the war was made real to the simple islanders. Their gruesome experience with the Huns inspired them to make a contribution to help the Allies to carry on the fight against the Germans and punish them for their wrong-doings. The subscription amounted, in all, to six pounds ten shillings and sixpence. Only one man could afford to give ten shillings in a lump sum; the others spared sixpenny bits.

Some of the races inhabiting the small parts of the Empire have given men to fight and to serve behind the lines, in addition to contri-

buting money and materials. Newfoundland, for instance, has sent a contingent, generally known as the 'Caribous,' the members of which have covered themselves with glory. Private Gardener, a youth of 23, the son of a Newfoundland fisherman, coming from Trinity Bay, went up to the German trench quite alone, in the grey of the dawn, and ordered the occupants to surrender. They took him to be an officer with a big force behind him, and 72 Germans and one officer came out and surrendered, and followed their captor to the British lines. Newfoundland offered, on the outbreak of the war, to provide and to maintain 500 men, fully equipped. The battalion has been kept at full strength, notwithstanding heavy losses at Gallipoli. Jamaica pledged herself to send a war contingent of five battalions with reinforcements, and also promised to become responsible for one million pounds of the war-debt, while the Home Government would be responsible for the payment of all charges for the contingent, including pensions and separation allowances. The residents of the Barbadoes, Dominica, and other islands of the West Indies were greatly disappointed because the Imperial Government did not accept the offer of a West Indies contingent. Young men who were determined to fight the Germans on the Continent paid their own passage to England to join the colours, while public-spirited men gave the passage money in other cases. Fiji has sent something like 500 men, many of whom have fallen or have been wounded while fighting for the Empire.

Red Indians belonging to various tribes and nations are fighting in the Canadian contingent. Fifty of them travelled from Hudson's Bay for six weeks, covering 200 miles, to a military station where they could enlist for service at the front. The Six Nations Indians of Brantford, Ontario, undertook to raise a company of 120 officers and men. Canadian negroes also enlisted in the Expeditionary Force, while others joined the battalion, consisting exclusively of them, raised for work behind the lines at the Western front. Africans have been engaged in fighting, almost since the beginning of hostilities. They form about one-third of the expeditionary forces operating in East Africa, and have proved to be brave, trustworthy soldiers. Thousands of them are engaged in war-work behind the lines.

These are, of course, not the only non-European subjects of the King who are fighting for his Majesty. Indians of all races and creeds have been in the firing line in several theatres of war, almost since the very outbreak of hostilities. But India is not a small unit of the Empire, and her services to the common cause cannot be treated here. The Maoris of New Zealand persuaded the authorities, with great difficulty, to let them go to the front, where they have acquitted themselves manfully.

The contributions made by the small units of the Empire, when put beside those made by the larger portions, do not appear impressive. Patriotism, however, is to be measured by the ability to give rather than by the size of the gifts. Judged by that standard, the gifts of 'the babes of the Imperial family' are sanctified by sacrifice.

CATHLEYNE SINGH.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Fourfold Gospel: Section 5, The Founding of the New Kingdom. By E. A. Abbott, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 16*s.* 6*d.* net.)

A REMARKABLE piece of Biblical work is here brought to a close. More than twelve volumes of Dr. Abbott's *Diatessarica* are directly concerned with his great theme, while the series mounts up to twenty when certain supplementary volumes are included. The method pursued in his elaborate exposition of the Gospels is the same throughout. Dr. Abbott's object is to trace out in fullest detail the meaning of the Incarnate Word through the words that have been handed down to us. The words are exceedingly important, not least to those who treat them with reverent freedom, seeking to understand not the letter, but the spirit of the record. Every word has a history. Dr. Abbott unfolds this, by showing the continuity between the thoughts of Jesus and those of the Hebrew Scriptures, fulfilled in Him. But not the Hebrew alone. He makes full use of the LXX and other Greek translations, as well as the Aramaic Targums. Shades of meaning, which none but a scholar deeply versed in these writings could detect, are unfolded with fascinating delicacy and insight. Doubtless Dr. Abbott often finds in the words more than they contain; his method is open to that serious danger. But it is easy to allow for 'fancifulness,' and the process of examination is as interesting as it is instructive.

The application to the Fourfold Gospel is made as follows:— The first place is given to Mark, as the earliest Synoptist from whom the other two borrowed. We are bidden to note, not only what they borrow, but what they reject or alter. The question is then asked, 'How does John act where the Synoptists differ? Does he remain silent, or does he intervene? And if he intervenes, does he intervene for or against Mark, the earliest of the Evangelists?' Here, again, the inquiry is full of instruction, but it must be said that in many cases it is far too minute, every hair's breadth of distinction being seen through a high-power lens, and the 'intervention' of John, traced out with wonderful ingenuity, seems rather to exist in the constructive imagination of the critic. We say this, not as pronouncing final judgement on Dr. Abbott's work, which we are not qualified to do. We give what we think will be the impression made upon the minds of very many who, with a fair amount of scholarship, have been

reverently familiar for years with these most sacred writings. Some readers of Dr. Abbott will find more, others less, of material which commends itself as bringing us nearer to historical fact and to Him who is the centre and subject of these narratives. All who value the Gospels must gain very much help and instruction in ***Diatessarica*** which they cannot find elsewhere, and be grateful to the venerable author for the erudite and indefatigable labours of the last twenty years.

The more so because Dr. Abbott never loses sight of the Word in the words. The gain achieved through this minute attention to phraseology, the author tells us, has been 'some increase of reverent recognition of the blended beauty and awfulness of the mysterious ways of the Eternal Word through whom is revealed the Eternal Thought.' In this last volume especially he has been called to consider 'Life reached through Death.' He has reached a reverent recognition of its meaning through close examination of the records. And by this is meant not merely intellectual insight, but 'spiritual insight into the Sacrifice of Christ on the Cross as being no isolated event, nor arbitrarily forecordained mystery, but the natural centre round which there revolves the universal sphere of visible and invisible existence, so far as we mortals can rightly conceive of it.'

The last sentence reveals Dr. Abbott's strength and weakness. His interpretation is eminently spiritual. His views on miracle, on the meaning of 'nature,' on the Person of Christ, and the true significance of His work for men, will not be shared by all who study his pages. Many will agree with us in thinking that often in rejecting what he calls 'husk' he has cast away 'kernel' also. He finds in the death of Christ the salvation of men in so far as they are content to accept 'the Spirit of the Son of Man, that is to say of that ideal Humanity to which all human beings own allegiance, and which we Christians identify with Jesus Christ. . . . In accordance with the law of self-sacrifice the Son of Man passed through apparent defeat on the Cross to the real victory of the Resurrection, through the death of the grain of wheat to the life that beareth much fruit. We are to do the same.' That is a part of the meaning of the Cross, a very deep and fruitful interpretation of it. It is not the whole and not the deepest part of the meaning. This, perhaps, Dr. Abbott himself would acknowledge, though he might not agree with us as to the form in which a fuller evangel of the Cross should be proclaimed. But after many years of patient study of his successive volumes and of cumulative benefit derived from them, we would record the gratitude which we believe hundreds of readers have felt to the author, as well as cordial congratulation on the completion of his long and arduous labours.

Studia Sacra. By J. H. Bernard, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.* net.)

The Archbishop of Dublin discusses such subjects as The Descent into Hades and Christian Baptism, St. Paul's Doctrine of the Resur-

rection, The Evidence for the Resurrection of Christ, The Virgin Birth of Christ, Bishops and Presbyters in the Epistle of Clement of Rome, and Prophets and Prophecy in New Testament Times. There is much here that Bible students will find very suggestive. Dr. Bernard cannot accept Augustine's view that 1 Peter iii. 19–20 refers to 'a preaching by the pre-incarnate Christ to the contemporaries of Noah, imprisoned in the darkness of ignorance.' He thinks that we cannot escape from the assertion of a ministry of Christ in Hades after His Passion. As to Clement's Epistle, 'the careful choice of words compels us to recognize a distinction between' the presbyters and the bishops at Corinth in 97 A.D. 'That there were several ἐπίσκοποι is plain; the monarchical episcopate had not yet established itself there any more than it had a few years earlier at Philippi (Phil. i. 1).' But Clement's argument seems almost to require that the bishops as ministers of worship are distinguished as a kind of inner circle from the presbyters, who were all ministers of rule. All the essays deserve close attention.

The Valley of Decision. By the Rev. E. A. Burroughs. Fourth Impression. (Longmans & Co. 5*s.* net.)

The fact that a fourth impression of this book has been called for in nine months shows how its 'plea for wholeness in thought and life' has been taken to heart. In his new preface Canon Burroughs tells us that if he were to alter his argument it would be to make its challenge more uncompromising. The events of the past year have made it more clear than ever that the Spiritual is 'the ultimately real, and that history is made neither on battlefields nor in munition factories, but in the hearts and consciences of men.' The religious outlook on life is gradually coming by its own, but shows no sign of influencing conduct and action on anything like a national scale. That is the burden of the book, and we are thankful that it is being so widely read.

Good Ministers of Jesus Christ. By William Fraser McDowell. (Abingdon Press. $1.25 net.)

It was a great honour to be asked to deliver the Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching at Yale University, and Bishop McDowell has made excellent use of his opportunity. On his way to be a student in the School of Theology he carried with him the lectures of Phillips Brooks and Bishop Simpson, little thinking that he would be the second Methodist bishop in the roll of lecturers. His object has been to lay hold for the ministry of principles steadfast and eternal even in the day when the earth is rocking under our feet. His eight lectures treat the Ministry of Revelation, Redemption, Incarnation, Reconciliation, Rescue, Conservation, Co-operation, and of Inspiration. Our Lord's ministry is taken as the type of ours. Bishop McDowell does not quote largely. His work is the matured fruit of

a life spent not only in the pastorate but in high positions of responsibility in the Church. 'Jesus Himself had a keen, acute sense of God. His altitude is our model. . . . Surely, this thing that meant everything to Him cannot have been exhausted in Him,' The ministry of Jesus was a revelation of God. 'He knew Him. He was like Him, He revealed Him.' That is the way in which the subject is treated in this volume. Christ's 'altitude will save you from taking a small, meagre, narrow, unworthy view of the meaning and scope of redemption.' His Incarnation also is not an event closed and ended. We are to be witnesses of Him, living epistles, helping to make and show that new humanity which is renewed in the likeness of its Creator. 'We can only recover Him for preaching purposes by recovering His own conception of His redemptive work in its fullness and largeness.' You cannot make a great ministry, though you can secure immediate effectiveness upon a small idea or truth.' The last lecture is on 'The Ministry of Inspiration.' To make such ministers God gives us His Spirit, His truth, consecrates our lives, and perfects our personalities. 'So, to keep us inspiring He keeps us at work, ties us up with all human need, makes us His sons, fights our battles with us and for us, keeps us from evil, and makes us men like that other Minister in whom He was always well pleased.' This is a book that gets to the soul of the minister, and the soul also of his ministry.

The Faith of a Farmer. Extracts from the Diary of William Dannatt. Edited, with an Introduction, by J. E. G. De Montmorency, M.A. (Murray. 5*s.* net.)

Mr. Dannatt was a very successful farmer at Great Waltham, Essex. His Farmers' Note-book has had a large circulation, and these extracts from his diary show what a large-hearted, Christian man he was. He has much to say about hunting, and that vigilant oversight of farming operations which is the foundation of success. A servant works better and more contentedly for a strict master than for a slack one. He knows the value of Sunday for farm servants and for the farm horse which he loves. He loved the Church prayers and the Sacrament, but sacred pictures and representations of the Crucifixion did not please him. He liked to think of Christ as He was when living and as 'He looks now, alive, but not dead upon the Cross.' The spiritual experience is very rich, and his account of the peace of God filling his heart in his last illness is beautiful.

Sermons Preached in Westminster Abbey. By R. H. Charles, D.Litt., D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)

Canon Charles has preached these sermons at various times during the last four years. He says in a brief preface that 'their object is mainly practical; yet their appeal is not to some limited province of man's being, but to the whole man as one who thinks and wills and feels, and is a denizen of two worlds.' The sermons are very profit-

able reading. They deal with great passages from the Gospels and Epistles, and keep close to the fundamental problems of Christian life. Without private prayer 'there can be no permanent spiritual progress, no permanent uplifting of the character, no persistent growth in unselfishness, in true heroism, in true saintliness. For prayer in its essence is human desire, human longing, human aspiration lifted Godward, and in such high communion transformed into strong resolve and enduring purpose, and then sent forth to work God's will on earth.'

Our Boys Beyond the Shadow. Edited by Rev. Frederick Hastings. (Sampson Low & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) This book deals with subjects that are always in our minds, and in which our interest becomes more acute with every fresh sorrow that the war brings upon us. The fifteen contributors are keenly alive to the anguish of many homes, and anxious to bring them rich and abiding comfort. Nor will any one who reads this book doubt that they have succeeded. There are not a few points on which many would join issue with them, but for the most part the papers are kept very close to the teaching of the New Testament, and not a few incidents are given which throw light on 'the amount of vital religion lying hidden and unguessed behind many careless exteriors until some chance word reveals it.'—*Means and Methods in the Religious Education of the Young, with special reference to the Sunday School.* By John Davidson, M.A., D.Phil. (Longmans & Co. 3*s.* net.) Dr. Davidson is an expert in the training of teachers, and his book gives his reasoned conclusions and suggestions on the subject, and shows how educational theory can be translated into actual teaching practice. He feels that the religious teacher of to-day must base his teaching on a wider conception of religion than any definable in the set terms of a Church creed, and must seek to ensure that the religious knowledge gained by his pupils shall be 'translated, not to the dead page of an examination paper, but into the living page of a religious and moral life.' It is one of the most complete and helpful manuals for Sunday-school teachers that we know.—*The Achievements of Christianity.* By J. K. Mozley, B.D. (S.P.C.K. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is one of a series of evidential books, and it shows how the world has been made better by Christianity. Mr. Mozley describes the religious achievement, the political and social influence, Christianity and the arts, and the Christian character. It is an impressive summary of the blessings Christianity has brought to the world.—*Holy Communion and Reservation. Four Articles.* By Bertram Pollock, C.V.O., D.D. (Murray. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) These articles first appeared in the *Church Family Newspaper.* They do not pretend to be more than a slight discussion of a question which affects true religion and worship, but they bring out very clearly the directions of the Prayer Book, and show how they differ from the rubrics in the Prayer Book of 1549. The Prayer Book which every clergyman has promised to use and no other 'except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority,' contemplates no Reser-

vation at all. It meets the case of the sick by providing a special service for their Communion. The bishops are plainly 'stretching a point in allowing any Reservation, even within clearly defined limits, before the revised Prayer Book, containing the new Rubric, is sanctioned. It is quite another thing to expect them to go further and permit Reservation to be used beyond the purpose of "serving the sicke person," and to approve of the independent adoration of the consecrated Elements after and apart from Holy Communion.' Dr. Pollock states his case clearly, and his words will carry conviction to reasonable minds.—*If a Man Die.* By the Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Eight studies of deep interest. The arguments for a life beyond the grave are very clearly stated, and the whole book will bring strong comfort to mourners. Dr. Jones believes that those whom we speak of as dead are more alive than we are. 'Their life is richer, larger, fuller.'—*The Virgin's Son.* By Bertram Pollock, C.V.O., D.D. (Murray. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) The Bishop of Norwich thinks that 'the Virgin Birth is bound up with the sinlessness of the Lord's human nature, with the union of Godhead and manhood in the one Person of our Lord, with the fellowship of man in Him, with the representative and thus efficacious character of our Lord's redemptive work and His consummation of the human race, of which He is the head.' This position is clearly and persuasively worked out.—*Prayers for Boys.* Collected and arranged by Rev. H. H. M. Bartleet, M.A. (Birmingham: Cornish Bros. 1*s.* net.) The Precentor of St. Michael, Coventry, prepared this felicitous little volume at the request of the choristers of the Collegiate Church. The prayers are taken from the Book of Common Prayer and from Canon Bright's Ancient Collects, with a few additions. Each morning and evening has its prayers and psalm, and there are a few prayers for special occasions. *The New Prophecy.* By R. K. Arnauld. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Arnauld doubts 'whether Christ's Second Coming will be postponed beyond another fifty years or so. It may be very much less.' The Seventh Head of Rev. xvii. he thinks is the Teutonic power, and the Latter Day 'Mighty King' the modern German Power, the last manifestation of the Teutonic Head. In this present war the 'Mighty King' stands up and is broken. We are not convinced that the new prophecy is any more to be relied on than the old.—*The Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Romans.* A paraphrase by Alex. Pallis. (Liverpool Booksellers Co.) Mr. Pallis omits vi. 14–viii. 30 as not genuine, and makes without explanation various corrections of the Greek text, which seem to us quite arbitrary, as also is the suggestion that the Epistle was addressed to the Alexandrians.—*The Minor Prophets Unfolded: Hosea.* By A. Lukyn Williams, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) The prophecy is divided into twenty-nine portions for devotional reading, with a brief exposition and critical notes. The message of Hosea comes close to the needs of our day, and this very suggestive little volume will be warmly welcomed.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Correspondence of John Henry Newman with John Keble and others, 1839–1845. Edited by the Birmingham Oratory. (Longmans & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

More than a quarter of a century ago Newman's sister-in-law edited his letters during his life in the English Church. The present volume gives a further selection of his correspondence in the six years before he became a Roman Catholic. The editors have supplied an historical framework which throws light on many subjects and persons mentioned, and adds deeply to the interest of the volume. It is a tragic study of what Newman described as his deathbed in the Church of England. We see him moving forward step by step to the inevitable catastrophe amid the heartbreak of friends like Keble and Pusey, and the strained solicitude of men and women to whom he had been an object of untold affection and esteem. No one can read the letters to and from Keble without feeling how his heart was torn by Newman's distress and by his final decision. He writes, 'You are so mixed up in my mind with old and dear and sacred thoughts, that I cannot well bear to part with you, most unworthy as I know myself to be; and yet I cannot go along with you.' Pusey tried to comfort himself with the thought that Newman was the subject of 'a special call or dispensation, having for its object the promotion of some great blessing or improvement in the Roman Church,' but Newman brushed that notion aside. He held that those who had confidence in the Church of England were safe to remain in it. For himself he felt that the Anglican Church was in schism, and that there was no salvation 'for one who is convinced of this, and remained in it.' His account of the way in which he had come to believe in the Supremacy of the Church of Rome through his study of the Fathers and of the Monophysite and Donatist controversies is intensely interesting, though it fails to affect our judgement. There is no need to dwell on that aspect of the volume; what we prize in it is the revelation of Newman himself. His sympathy with his dying friend Bowden, his love of Keble, his descriptions of his work are delightful. 'What I dislike is *beginning any* work—and what I like is having a swing of it, when *in* it.' 'When I got to the end of my *Arians* I had no sleep for a week, and was fainting away or something like it, day after day.' He compares the Long Vacation to 'bedtime at school, soothing and oblivious—people go and bathe in the sea, we drink waters, or travel, or rusticate, and annoyances are forgotten.' When the strain of his position was becoming intense he tells Keble, 'I hope it is not wrong to be cheerful, for I cannot help being so. Surely to keep in an equable frame of mind is the only way to view things healthily and rightly, and to

lose heart and spirits is the way to get excited, or in some way or other to lose the gift or to hinder the bestowal of "a right judgement in all things."'

Church and State in England to the Death of Queen Anne. By H. M. Gwatkin, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 15*s.* net.)

Prof. Gwatkin was engaged for some years on this survey of English Church History. Dr. Watson, the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, tells us in a brief Preface that it was written at intervals, especially during his vacations, and is now published as he left it with the correction of a few lapses of the pen and the filling in of a few days that had been left blank. Later research has changed our ideas of the origin of the parish and its priest, but it is only in a few such points that the work is not quite up to date. Its chief interest lies in its condensed and incisive judgements on men and movements. The writer puts into these the result of a life-time of study. Augustine of Canterbury was 'rude and overbearing' in his dealing with the British bishops as to the adoption of the Roman date for Easter and the Roman mode of baptism, and instead of differences there arose a deadly quarrel which his successors could not heal. Anselm was one of the few gentle saints of the Middle Ages, but to a blameless character and unruffled temper he added 'an inflexible sense of duty and an utter want of worldly prudence.' 'A more irritating opponent could hardly have been found for such a man as Rufus.' The chapter on 'The Separation from Rome' is very suggestive. George Fox reminds Professor Gwatkin of Wesley. 'But Fox knew his Bible and little more, while Wesley was one of the best read men of his time; and in religion Fox was revolutionary, Wesley conservative.' The chapters are short, but full of matter, and the book makes one regret that the author, to whom we owe so much, was not spared to bring it down to our own day.

Selections from the Correspondence of the first Lord Acton. Edited with an Introduction by J. N. Figgis, D.Litt., and R. V. Laurence, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 15*s.* net.)

The two volumes of Lord Acton's letters already published have whetted the appetite for more. The Editors have made the present selection with a view to throw light on the great scholar's development. It begins with some charming letters written in his school-days to his mother. He tells her in 1844: 'I am a perfect linguist, knowing perfectly—that is, so as to be able to speak them—English, French, German, and can almost speak Latin. I can speak a few words of Chinese, Greek, Italian, Spanish, and Irish. I also know Chemistry, Astronomy, Mechanics, and many other sciences, but do not know botany.' That is a good foundation for the European reputation of his later years. After some time at Oscott and at Edinburgh he studied under Döllinger at Munich.

Döllinger captured him from the first, and their friendship remained unbroken until the death of the older man in 1890. After 1870 Acton was aware of an increasing gulf between himself and his teacher, but the principles which Acton adopted at Munich 'form a criterion for all his later judgements, and determined his course alike in religious and in political controversies.' The letters to Mr. Gladstone are the most important in this volume. Their perfect confidence in each other is delightful. Acton was in Rome at the time of the Vatican Council, and he tells Mr. Gladstone on January 1, 1870: 'The only invincible opponent is the man who is prepared, in extremity, to defy excommunication; that is, who is as sure of the fallibility of the Pope as of revealed truth. Excepting Strossmayer and perhaps Hefele, I don't know of such a man among the bishops; and some of the strongest admit that they will accept what they do not succeed in preventing.' When Newman's famous letter appeared describing the Ultramontanes as an 'insolent and aggressive faction,' Gladstone wrote: 'I never read a more extraordinary letter than that of Newman to Bishop Ullathorne, which doubtless you have seen: admirable in its strength, strange in its weakness, incomparable in speculation, tame and emasculated in action.' Acton himself ran no small risk of being excommunicated as Döllinger was. But he remained in the Roman communion. He belonged, as he once said, to the soul of the Catholic Church, but was not in sympathy with its official government.

The Religious History of New England. (Milford. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The lectures gathered together in this volume were delivered in King's College, Boston, in the winters of 1914–15 and 1915–16, under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. The Committee in charge of the arrangements consisted of representatives of the Harvard Divinity School, and the affiliated schools, Andover Theological Seminary, and the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge (Mass.). They give an interesting survey of the Congregationalists, Unitarians, Baptists, Quakers, Episcopalians, Methodists, Universalists, and Swedenborgians. It proved impossible to secure a lecture on the Roman Catholic Church. Nearly a hundred ministers came to New England in the first twenty years after the colony was founded, and nearly all of them accepted parish charges. They were for the most part graduates of Cambridge University, and were of 'a much higher professional type than the clergy who went to Virginia and Maryland, where their influence was comparatively slight.' The Congregationalists had services on Sunday morning and afternoon. Nothing savouring of liturgical worship—not even 'dumb reading' of the Scriptures, that is, without comment, was tolerated. The seats all had their social valuation.

Dr. Rufus Jones gives a most interesting account of the Quakers, and Dr. Huntington of the Methodists in New England. The Congregational pastors looked upon the Methodist preachers as

heralds of strange doctrines, and enthusiasts who might kindle the flames of fanaticism. Their opposition was a serious obstacle to Jesse Lee's work, but he was built on a large plan, and did remarkable service as an evangelist. Each of the eight lectures gives a clear and trustworthy account of the history of the various Churches in New England, and students on this side of the Atlantic will do well to consult it carefully.

George Wyndham, Recognita. By Charles T. Gatty. With Illustrations. (Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a friend's tribute overflowing with affection, and bringing out a hundred intimate details of the life of one who adorned the motto that he often gave to Mr. Gatty: 'Courage, Love, and Fun.' It is a beautiful book, to which all who admired Wyndham and regret his loss will turn again and again for refreshment in these trying times. He said to Mr. Gatty in 1912: 'Just come in to whatever meals you can, it is the only leisure I have. Life is flying past me like a dream, and I cling to old friends more and more.' Mr. Gatty says, 'I have experienced many kinds of welcome in my life, inspired by various motives, but his greeting spoiled me for every other. I always seemed to arrive at the very moment I was wanted. My work was the one subject that interested him. His work had just got to the point where I might be of use.' Mr. Wyndham's love of truth and perception of beauty glowed in his Ronsard and all his work. 'It was the fountain of his romantic chivalry and loyalty in things political.' His delight in pregnant phrases never left him. His power to enjoy a joke was a constant safety-valve in the strain of political life. He was a wonderful talker, but his speeches were not always effective. When he dropped elaboration and spoke simply he did best. Mr. Balfour once said to him: 'Why do you prepare speeches? You know what you want to say, don't you?' His account of the visit of King Edward and Queen Alexandra to Ireland in 1903 when he was Chief Secretary is full of happy touches. Mr. Gatty does not say much about politics, but his picture of his friend's lighter hours will give joy to all who look upon it.

The Life of St. Francis Xavier: Evangelist, Explorer, Mystic. By Edith Anne Stewart. With Translations from his letters by David MacDonald. (Headley Bros. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Between 1899 and 1914 the Society of Jesus in Madrid published all the existing Letters of Xavier in their original form with numerous other letters and documents, and the two oldest and most valuable Lives of the Saint which till then had been only available in MS. The Letters had previously been accessible only in MS. or in very poor Latin versions or translations based upon them. Since this material was published no popular Life of Xavier has appeared in English. Miss Stewart has now supplied the want by a volume of extraordinary charm and interest. The translator of the Letters

has rendered her valuable help throughout, and the illustrations have been very happily chosen. Xavier is an outstanding figure in the history of missions, but he is still greater as a saint. 'He was intoxicated with the beauty of holiness. There is a colour, a tender grace, a naïve childlikeness about his life that we associate with the angels of Fra Angelico or the bright figures of Botticelli.' Loyola won him in 1534, and in March, 1540, the little company undertook a mission to India at the request of John III of Portugal. Bobadilla was chosen as the leader, but he fell ill, and Loyola, who was ill himself, called Xavier to his bedside, and explained the situation. 'There is now something for you,' he said. Xavier replied with great joy and promptitude: 'Well, then, forward! Here I am!' Next morning he left Rome.

His ship reached Goa on May 6, 1542, when Francis was thirty-six. There he laboured with apostolic zeal till September, when he set out for Cape Comorin. He visited villages where the people had become Christian eight years before, but had no one to teach them the creed or commandments. 'When I arrived in these places,' he wrote to Loyola, 'I baptized all the children who were not baptized, so that I baptized a great multitude of infants who could not distinguish between their right hand and their left.' The children gave him no rest, and made him teach them some prayers. After working a year in the pearl fisheries he returned to Goa with a number of natives to be trained in the college there. In 1545 he went to Negapatam and Malacca. In 1549 he ventured to Japan, where he had great success for two years. His last mission was to China; after many disappointments he managed to get set on shore on the desolate beach of Sancian, and died of fever on November 27, 1552. He had begged the King of Portugal to send preachers and 'the Holy Inquisition.' There, as Miss Stewart points out, he made a fatal mistake which led to the vineyard being wasted, but his own love and devotion were Christlike, and his memory is an inspiration.

Birkbeck and the Russian Church. By W. J. Birkbeck. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Athelstan Riley has collected and edited these papers by his friend, which were written between 1888 and 1915. Mr. Birkbeck was an expert and an enthusiast on all matters affecting the Russian Church, and spoke Russian with accuracy, and knew Old Slavonic also. Mr. Riley gives a graphic account of his dear and intimate friend. Mr. Birkbeck succeeded to a considerable fortune, and travelled in many lands. He was a master in liturgical studies, and was an accurate and cautious theologian. 'He was persuaded that the modern papal claims and system were dangerous exaggerations, and historically and theologically untenable, whilst the Eastern position, fairly stated, would stand.' His papers describe the great celebration at Kieff of the 900th anniversary of the Conversion of Russia, and give many intimate scenes in the life of Russian personages and

episcopal residences. Mr. Birkbeck was companion to Bishop Creighton at the Czar's Coronation in 1896, and gives many interesting descriptions of the religious ceremonies of the Russian Church. Its doctrine also is carefully explained. The Revolution has changed many things, and Mr. Riley's 'postscript' shows that it is impossible to forecast events. The volume is the work of a High Churchman, and its views do not always commend themselves to us, but it will be studied with great sympathy and interest by a wide circle of readers.

History of India from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the late Captain L. J. Trotter. Revised by A. H. Hutton, B.D. (S.P.C.K. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Captain Trotter's History was published in 1874, and revised by him in 1899. It won a high reputation for its freshness and vigour. The writer used his own judgement in regard to such problems as the work of Warren Hastings and his friend Sir Elijah Impey, and made use of documents which Macaulay had misread or overlooked. Mr. Hutton, who is Reader in Indian History at Oxford, has revised the whole work in the light of recent research, and has added two chapters dealing with the last nineteen years. His description of the viceroyalty of Lord Curzon is of special value and interest, and the work is brought down to the Durbar at Delhi, held by George V, accompanied by Queen Mary, in December, 1911. It is both readable and reliable; a book that ought to be in every public library, and to be studied by every well-informed Englishman.

Studies in Greek Scenery, Legend, and History. Selected from his Commentary on Pausanias' 'Description of Greece.' By Sir James George Frazer. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)

This is a welcome addition to the *Eversley Series*. The account of Pausanias was first published in 1898 as an Introduction to Sir James Frazer's version of the *Description of Greece*. As his work goes on Pausanias takes more and more notice of the aspect and natural products of the country which he describes. 'He mentions the various kinds of oaks that grew in the Arcadian woods, the wild strawberry bushes of Mount Helicon on which the goats browsed, the hellebore, both black and white, of Anticyra, and the berry of Ambrosus, which yielded the crimson dye.' Interesting sketches are given of Greek scenery and of famous places such as Delphi and Sparta. There is also a fine estimate of Pericles reprinted from the ninth edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.

Thrice through the Dark Continent. By J. Du Plessis, B.A., B.D. (Longmans & Co. 14*s.* net.)

Mr. Du Plessis is Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church at Stellenbosch. He gives in this spacious and well-illustrated volume a graphic account of his journeyings in the

heart of Africa between 1913 and 1916. He left England in one of the fine West African liners, and landed at Seccondee, the port of call for the hinterland of the Gold Coast. The railway there plunged at once into primaeval forest, from which it did not emerge till it reached Kumasi. The journey which took Sir Garnet Wolseley's army four months was covered by train in a single day. The missionary work of each region is noted, and the scenery of the districts traversed is described with great skill. One bit of primaeval forest gave the traveller an undefined sense of mystery and dread. The Shadow of Death seemed to encompass him, chilling him to the marrow and filling him with an indescribable horror. The region around the Tuburi Lakes is one of the most densely populated parts of Africa. From one point he counted not less than a hundred villages within a radius of three miles. They are waiting for the gospel with uplifted heads and outstretched arms. Mohammedanism is invading the district, and the Church of Christ 'stands before a piercing call to action, a solemn duty to act decisively and immediately, and a grave responsibility if she evade or postpone action.' In the Western Sudan there is a magnificent opening for medical missions.

Highways and Byways in Wiltshire. By Edward Hutton. With Illustrations by Nelly Erichsen. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.)

There is a quiet charm about this volume which well accords with the nature of the county. Mr. Hutton begins with Old Sarum, from which the whole ecclesiastical and civil population moved to the new city of Salisbury in 1227. Mr. Hutton severely criticizes the vandalism of the excavations of the Society of Antiquaries in 1912, which had spoiled one of the great silent sanctuaries of England which 'nature had hallowed with its own beauty and the long past of our country had covered as with a shadow.' There is a delightful chapter on Salisbury and its cathedral. Then we set out for Benerton. The Church of England has produced many saintly figures so full of a courtesy as to confuse her enemies. . . . Of these George Herbert is, perhaps, the most perfect; at any rate he is the most national.' He was kinsman to the Earl of Pembroke, and Wilton House lies about a mile to the west. Amesbury, Glastonbury, and Llan Iltard, in Glamorgan, were the three chief perpetual choirs of Britain. In each were 2,400 saints, 'a hundred for every hour of the day and night in rotation perpetuating the praise of God without rest or intermission.' The memory of Guinevere still invests the place with a halo of romance, but even the site of her monastery is conjectural. The account of Bradford-on-Avon, with its bridge chapel and Saxon church, is of great interest. Every step we take in Mr. Hutton's company indeed brings out some new treasure, and Miss Erichsen has caught the spirit of the lovely manor-houses and the fine churches like St. John's, Devizes, and Malmesbury Abbey.

The Middle Years. By Henry James. (Collins. 5*s.* net.) In these years Mr. James was living in Half Moon Street. His visits

to George Eliot, Lord Tennyson, and Mrs. Greville are described, and we see how London impressed itself on the young American, who was now learning to love it. The scene in which G. H. Lewes, all unconsciously, handed him back his two volumes: 'Ah, those books, take them away, please, away, away!' is inimitable. Tennyson supplied balm to the young author when he went and told him that one of his short tales was 'more to his taste than no matter what other like attempt.' The involved style of this fragment is extraordinary, but it lends a special flavour to a very charming bit of autobiography.

The Next Thirty Years. By the Right Hon. Viscount Bryce, O.M. (H. Milford. 1*s.* net.) This is the Presidential Address at the Annual Meeting of the British Academy, July 19, 1917. Viscount Bryce gives his 'Thoughts on the Work that awaits Students of the Human Sciences.' It is a survey of some of the fields in which the work of the Academy is likely to lie during the next thirty years. Students of the sciences of nature tell us that the more they learn about nature the more they can foresee to be learnt. Every discovery opens a path to fresh discoveries. Viscount Bryce points out the directions in which students may hope to travel in history, in philology, economics, law, and politics. The world grows more full of living questions and more full of interest to eager-minded students.—*Religious Changes in Oxford during the last Fifty Years.* By R. W. Macan, D.Litt. (Milford. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) The Master of University College read this paper before the Oxford Society for Historical Theology. When he went up from Charterhouse Canon Liddon had just electrified the University by his Bampton Lectures. Other notabilities of the time pass before us on this crowded canvas, though the Master feels as he reads their biographies a little ashamed that he was not more awake to their merits when they were alive. The paper is full of interest, and Dr. Macan asks whether 'in Oxford Evangelicalism, Criticism, Catholicism' might not 'unite to mould, for the whole company of faithful people, bonds of union, not easily broken, whatever problems of thought or of practice may yet be to solve.'—*Thomas A. Edison: The Life-Story of a Great American.* With eight illustrations. (Harrap & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) We are all Edison's debtors, and this lively record helps us to measure the service he has rendered to the world of business. It describes his boyhood and his early inventions, and shows how untiring and indomitable he has been in his experiments. In order to complete one of his batteries, he spent five years in experimenting with nickel tubes at a cost of more than a million dollars. His fertility and ingenuity are as notable as his indomitable industry. This book shows that fact is more wonderful than fiction.—*A Preacher's Half-Century.* By Joseph Dixon. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Dixon describes this volume as 'a short sketch of an ordinary Wesleyan minister, with a few comments.' It begins at Grantham, and ends at Brighton, giving many facts about London Methodism, and gathering up the lessons of a fruitful ministry. It is full of interest from beginning to end.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

My Four Years in Germany. By John W. Gerard. Late Ambassador to the German Imperial Court. Illustrated. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Gerard entered on his work in Berlin in September, 1913, having resigned his position as Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York. He thus had time to become familiar with his work and with the German authorities before war began. He found the Emperor very friendly, and saw a good deal of the Crown Prince, whom he describes as 'a most agreeable man, a sharp observer, and the possessor of intellectual attainments of no mean order.' Mr. Gerard says his one defect has been his eagerness for war, though he has described this war as the most stupid ever waged in history. This opinion must be compared with the statement the Prince made to an American lady as to the wars by which Germany was to become master of the world. When war broke out Mr. Gerard rendered conspicuous service to Belgium and to our prisoners of war. The astonishing letter which the Kaiser wrote to President Wilson with its tissue of falsehoods is given in facsimile, and among the illustrations is the medal struck to commemorate the sinking of the *Lusitania*. The dedication of the Leipzig monument in 1913 had inflamed the martial spirit in Germany, but Mr. Gerard thinks that the attitude of the people in the Zabern affair and their evident and growing dislike of militarism really determined the Kaiser and the ruling class to make war. Mr. Gerard played his part with rare courage and decision: and he has done the world no small service by unmasking the horrible conspiracy. He does not minimize the difficulties that confront the Allies. Germany has vast military and naval resources, nor will she 'break under starvation or make peace because of revolution,' but he sees clearly that there must be no German peace. If there were the old régime would only wait for a favourable moment to strive again for the mastery of the world.

The Ways of War. By Professor T. M. Kettle, Lieut. of the Dublin Fusiliers. With a Memoir by his Wife, Mary S. Kettle. (Constable & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Prof. Kettle is described by his friend, Mr. Lynd, as one of the most brilliant figures both in the young Ireland and the young Europe of his time. When war broke out he felt that Britain, France, Russia entered it 'purged from their past sins of domination.' In August and September he was war correspondent for the *Daily News*, and witnessed the agony of Belgium. He came back with burning indignation against Prussia. To him Germany was 'the outlaw of

Europe.' He found it impossible to hold aloof, and entered the war as 'an Irish soldier in the army of Europe and civilization.' Mrs. Kettle gives a beautiful little Memoir of her gifted husband. When he joined the 'Army of Freedom' in November, 1914, he was a great asset to the recruiting committee, and made brilliant speeches all over Ireland. 'The absentee Irishman to-day,' he said, 'is the man who stays at home.' He sailed for France on July 14, 1916, was in the thick of the hard fighting at Guillemont, and was shot near Ginchy on September 9. He was 'intensely Catholic, and always flaunted the banner of his religion.' His pungent papers on 'The Gospel of the Devil' are scathing criticisms of Bismarck, Nietzsche, and Treitschke, who 'preached the Gospel of the Devil, the Gospel of domination, cruelty, and planned barbarism. Whatever intellectual prestige he came to acquire will no more save him than brilliancy will save Lucifer.' The book is a memorial of a life of great gifts laid on the altar of righteousness and liberty, and the sacrifice will not fail to inspire others who have given themselves to the same cause.

A Roumanian Diary, 1915, 1916, 1917. By Lady Kennard. (Heinemann. 5*s*. net.)

Lady Kennard, the wife of Sir Coleridge Kennard, left London in the summer of 1915, for Bucarest, and found it a happy little town where 'everybody smiles, and hardly any one has anything to do.' She was there, apparently, when Roumania entered the war, and served in the Military Hospital, where she was called 'Little Mother,' and came 'to love each individual man.' She says, 'The men are dears, and I have discovered that a few parcels of cheap sweets distributed make up for long hours of almost unendurable suffering.' Some tragic pages of the diary chronicle the retreat to Jassy and the sufferings of the peasants in the trains and on the roads. The most terrible scene is the fate of the last train from the capital, 'overladen with over-weary destitution, paralysed already at the start with poverty, ignorance, and fear.' It collided, and was derailed. 'No one knows how many hundreds died there by the roadside, some in the flames of the engine's exploded petrol tank, the greater number crushed into one huge formless mass of flesh and horsehair, splintered bones and wood.' The account of the destruction of the petrol wells and works is very graphic, and the misery Roumania has endured makes one's heart bleed.

From Cambridge to Camiers under the Red Cross. By E. M. Spearing, V.A.D. (Heffer & Sons. 2*s*. net.)

When war broke out Miss Spearing was engaged on research work on Elizabethan drama. Her second volume perished in the destruction of the Louvain University Press. When the first Borough Red Cross Hospital was opened on November 2, 1914, at Cambridge, for wounded Belgian soldiers she became one of the staff, and a year later was

sent to a military hospital at Camiers. Her little book is one of the gems of the war. She has the art of making her patients real to us. She lets them talk in their broad Scotch or their Cockney dialect. They tell thrilling stories of the retreat from Mons. 'Fancy getting 80,000 men and a few toy cannon against all them 'undreds of thousands with their Jack Johnsons, 16in. 'owitzers, and all.' The work was strenuous and heart-breaking, but it had rare compensations. The nurse came 'to the conclusion that the ranks of the British army are filled with gentlemen in the best sense of the word.' She realized 'the extraordinary potentialities of the most ordinary man.' The book is full of things one is glad and proud to know.

Senlis. By Cicely Hamilton. (Collins. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The writer first tramped into Senlis on a dripping day in December, 1914. She walked one moment through orderly streets, and then round a corner came face to face with burned-out houses and utter ruin. The Hun had left his mark on the peaceful little city. House after house had been deliberately set on fire. German troops entered Senlis on September 2, when Paris seemed within their grasp. Peaceful citizens were compelled to march in front of the German troops that they might be shot down by their own countrymen; the Mayor, who had counselled quiet submission, and six other hostages were shot in cold blood. The tragedy of the city is a moving one. It is a relief to turn to its history before the Norman Conquest, and to watch the rejoicings in its cathedral when Henry of Navarre, who had left his mistress Gabrielle d'Estrées in Senlis, sent her word that he was Sovereign in Paris. The account of Notre Dame of Senlis is full of interest, especially the description of the carven calendar on its western front. The little book is brightly written, and its illustrations, which include pictures of the ruin wrought by the Germans, add much to its effectiveness.

The Coming Democracy. By Herman Fernau. (Constable & Co. 6*s.* net.)

This volume has special significance as the work of a German writer who has already in *Because I am a German* made what the *Times* calls 'a masterly and courageous attack on Prussianism.' He deals first with 'Some problems for future German historians.' His own study of the documents, and of such facts as the annexation craze which infected the ranks of the German Socialists, compels the confession 'that no war of modern days has ever borne the stamp of a war of conquest more unmistakably than that which Germany, on August 1, 1914, embarked upon against one-half of the world.' The German army is 'feudal, not national; dynastic, not democratic.' 'Any one who is acquainted with the internal development of affairs during the reign of William II will also know that the Kaiser's thirst for personal possession and power does not merely extend to the army as a whole, but has also thrust the General Staff

and the Ministry of War into a subordinate position.' We do not agree with Herr Fernau when he says that Germans have not been called barbarians because of the atrocities committed by their soldiers, but because of their political serfdom, &c. He pushes his democratic theories too far at this point. Half-measures would be treachery to the millions who have fallen. 'Democracy is the only possible basis of any genuine culture, the only enduring basis of the future peace of nations. Onward! . . . to Democracy!' 'This will and must to-morrow be the battle-cry of Europe in general, and of Germany in particular.'

Sven Hedin: Nobleman. By K. G. Ossiannilsson. (T. F. Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is an authorized translation by H. G. Wright, M.A., of an open letter to Sven Hedin by a Swedish writer, who was once the ardent admirer of his countryman, but has been altogether alienated by the distinguished explorer's German proclivities. He grows indignant over Hedin's blindness to the havoc wrought in Belgium, and his admiration for everything which Germany and Turkey have done. Hedin hoped to drive Sweden into the arms of Germany and to make her the ally of the Central Powers. He used his reputation as a writer, and spoke and lectured up and down Sweden to bring about that end. His bias and moral blindness are scathingly exposed.

A Second Diary of the Great War. By Samuel Pepys, junr. (John Lane. 5*s.* net.) The second Diary runs from January 1, 1916, to June 30, 1917. It is as quaint and racy as the earlier volume, and that is saying much. Pepys, junr., has as keen an eye as ever for the foibles of his household and his friends, and he lets us see his own weakness by many an artless touch. The whole course of the war is mirrored in the gossip of the Club, and the circles in which Pepys moves. He feels keenly the tragedy of Lord Kitchener's death, and shares the joy over successes at Verdun and in Flanders. The *Times* goes up to 1½*d.*, 'which is a hard matter; only, it being taken by all men of consequence, and is most weighty exact reading, and in particular, of an extraordinary excellence in its judging of us authors of books, I am minded to bear it.' Mr. Kettelwell's illustrations are full of life and spirit.—*With the Anzacs in Cairo: The Tale of a Great Fight.* By Guy Thornton, C.F. (Allenson. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Thornton had some painful experience in grappling with the temptations which the slums of Cairo laid for his men. He risked his own reputation to save them, and was successful again and again. The whole thing was a nightmare of horrors. The majority of the soldiers acted splendidly, but a small percentage behaved as badly as it was possible for men to behave. His suggestions for reform deserve prompt and careful consideration. —*The Heart beneath the Uniform.* By J. Glenelg Grant. (Mor-

gan & Scott. 2*s*. net.) Real stories of a great work done among sailors and soldiers at the Rest in Cardiff. They fully bear out the title. One young fellow who had been wounded, and was not fully recovered, felt that he must go back again to the firing line. When news came that he had been killed they remembered his parting words: 'I feel I am travelling to God along a path of glory.'—*Nelson's History of the War*. Vol. XVII. By John Buchan. (Nelson & Sons. 1*s*. 3*d*. net.) This volume begins with the opening of the Roumanian campaign, of which an illuminating critique is given. It describes the Carpathian campaign, and the work of Falkenhayn and Mackensen. High praise is given to Venizelos for his passionate patriotism, in which there was nothing parochial, and his unearthly patience. The chapters on Verdun, the position at sea, the campaign in the air, and political transformations are of great interest and importance.—*Neutrality versus Justice*. By A. J. Jacobs. (T. F. Unwin. 2*s*. net.) Mr. Jacobs has devoted half a lifetime of earnest thought to the subject of international relations. He holds that mutual protection is as indispensable to law and order in the case of nations as it is among individuals. No society has ever existed except by virtue of the protection which the individual must receive from his fellows. Mr. Jacobs argues that 'an international agreement for mutual defence' is the only security for the future. It is an able discussion of a vital question.—*In the Wake of the War: Parliament or Imperial Government?* By Harold Hodge, M.A. (John Lane. 5*s*. net.) Mr. Hodge feels that there is only one memorial really worthy of the great dead in this war, and that is a better England and a better Europe. It hardly seems credible that British policy after the war can be allowed to remain amorphous and inorganic. Mr. Hodge discusses party and the parliamentary system. British public men are brought up, he says, on talk. Words, not acts, are their currency. He would withdraw the work of the Foreign Office, Admiralty, War, India, and the Colonies from Parliamentary control, and commit it to an Imperial Council, including representatives of all the self-governing Dominions and India. The plan is well thought out and well presented.—*Submarine Stories and Adventures*. By E. W. Walters. (Kelly. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.) Any one who wishes to know and see how a submarine is constructed and how it works should read the introductory pages of this fascinating book. It has some fine diagrams, and the stories of fights with submarines are enthralling.—*Canada and its Relations to the British Empire*. (Macmillan & Co. 1*d*.) This is an address by Sir J. W. Flavelle, Bt., delivered in Toronto last April. He believes in Canadian autonomy, but looks forward to a Scheme of Federation after the war by which the Overseas dominions would have their place in a Parliament 'which would be charged with the duty of interpreting, in our relations with other nations, those principles of justice and liberty and service which are the pride and honour of our race.'

GENERAL

Priest of the Ideal. By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THIS book takes the form of a pilgrimage to the chief shrines of English Christianity. Washington King comes over from America with unlimited resources to buy up some of our cathedrals, churches, and castles which may provide his country with much needed spiritual background. He secures Richard Hampden as guide, and they visit Glastonbury, Iona, Holy Island, Durham, and York, recalling the days of our national saints, and seeing what Britain counts as its chief treasures. Hampden consents to go with the American because he hopes to use him as a touchstone to find out what is our true spiritual gold. Hampden is a lover of men and a servant of Christ. God's power to change character and life expressed itself in him. 'His secret was that he had put his life unreservedly on the altar.' He died as a soldier in France, disclaiming all personal distinction. 'I am not great, it is humanity that is great, *man* who is great, godlike. My face will show out in another place by and by. Christ died on the cross, but His face is repeated in humanity. It is part of what we are all to be.' Hampden gains strength and power at every step of the pilgrimage. The American is slower to realize the spiritual values, but the war enlightens him, and he enlists at last in a Canadian regiment. He gives up his material quest for an ideal one. All he has is England's. 'She is suffering not for herself but for us all.' Trevor, the young Foreign Office courier, King's first English friend, goes to the Front and is wounded. He wins the heart of the York girl, who is turned into a noble woman by the sorrows of the time. It is all delightfully suggestive, and it is a story with a great moral. Both England and America learn the real spiritual value of life by the war, and Christ becomes more and more the Saviour and guide of the world.

The Road and the Inn. By James John Hissey. (Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* net.)

We owe many books to Mr. Hissey which open one's eyes to the never-ending charm of England. His latest volume is the chronicle of a leisurely tour in a motor-car from his home at Eastbourne up to the Dukeries, and back by East Anglia and Kent to his much loved Sussex. He shunned large towns, made no plans, consulted no maps or guide-books. He was well repaid. Many a delightful surprise he had in some moated house or some church with special features of interest. 'Martin Abbey,' which puzzles him on an ancient map, is evidently 'Merton Abbey,' and the odd saying on p. 391 slips in

'manager' for 'manger.' Ewholme has its page, Mr. Hissey will find, in the *Life* of Mr. Gladstone. But our traveller uses his eyes well, and we get the benefit. He is not afraid of homely things, and in his hands they yield many a touch of romance. There is something to learn on almost every page, and it is a pleasure to learn it. That pleasure is increased by full-page illustrations from Mr. Hissey's drawings and photographs. Cromwell's evil deeds are a favourite explanation of the damage done to churches. One clerk confessed to Mr. Hissey: 'I baint historically sure, but it's safe to put it down to that old sinner!' A little decorated chapel not far from Walsingham was called Shoe House because the pilgrims to the shrine left their shoes there and finished their pilgrimage barefoot.

(1) *Nationalism.* 4*s.* 6*d.* net. (2) *Sacrifice and other Plays.* 5*s.* net. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co.)

1. India's problem from the beginning of history has lain in the fact that races ethnologically different have there come into close contact. India's history has been that of her social life and attainment of spiritual ideals. The Nation of the West burst in to this Indian world which it now rules. It has established order, and made it possible for the various peoples to come in closer touch with one another, and cultivate a communion of aspiration, but India is 'suffering from this conflict between the spirit of the East and the Nation of the West.' Sir Rabindranath says Indians cannot help loving Europe. In the heart of Europe runs the purest stream of human love, of love of justice, of spirit of self-sacrifice for higher ideals. The Christian culture of centuries has sunk deep in her life's core.' But he feels that 'Europe is supremely evil in her maleficent aspect where her face is turned only upon her own interest, using all her powers of greatness for ends which are against the infinite and the eternal in Man.'

2. These plays seem to take Western readers into a new world. 'Sanyasi' describes the way in which the ascetic leaves his care for the love of a little maid only to find that she had died when he first tore himself away from her. Sanyasi breaks his staff and alms-bowl. 'This stately ship, this world, which is crossing the sea of time,—let it take me up again, let me join once more the pilgrims.' 'Maline,' the king's daughter, is an 'image of light.' The Brahmins want her to be banished, but she wins them over when she appears among them. The note of the play is, 'Cannot faiths hold their separate lights in peace for the separate worlds of minds that need them?' 'Sacrifice' tells how Govinda brought blood-sacrifices to an end. A fine comparison is drawn between love, which is for the surface of the world coming and vanishing like a dream, and duty, which is underneath 'like the rude layers of stone, like a huge load that nothing can move.' In 'The King and Queen' Vikram is roused from his dream of love by his queen and saves his country from the vultures that are preying upon it. There is wonderful charm in the new world to which these plays give us an entrance.

The Other Side of the Hill and Home again. By F. W. Borcham. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Borcham is as fresh and forceful as ever. He has a great gift in choosing titles such as 'Maxims of the Mud,' 'The Enchanted Coat,' and 'The Ministry of Nonsense,' and when he has excited our curiosity he regales us with many a pleasant story or shrewd bit of philosophy. He has read widely and well, and has a happy art of weaving into his essays incidents drawn from every quarter. It is a real refreshment for mind and heart to turn over these pages, and every one of them has some hint for the enrichment of life.

The Ivory Tower; The Sense of the Past. By Henry James. (Collins & Co. 6*s.* net each.)

Henry James was a citizen both of the Old World and the New. His two last stories revolve between them. Graham Fielder, the hero of *The Ivory Tower*, is American born, but has spent his life in Europe till he comes over to inherit a fortune. Ralph Pendrel, the chief figure in *The Sense of the Past*, has never left the United States, till at the age of thirty he comes to London, where a fine old house has been left him. Each man is in a strange world. Fielder gets on our nerves with his Hamlet-like indecision. He allows his old friend to strip him of most of his fortune, and shows a want of resolution that is astonishing. Rosanna, the girl whom he had known in Europe, is now a great heiress with the sole control of twenty-two million dollars. She is a strong, far-seeing woman, no beauty, but the finest character in the book. *The Sense of the Past* comes over Ralph Pendrel when he spends a night alone in his Queen Anne house. A portrait comes to life, and the two men change places. Pendrel makes love to the girl of a century ago, who is wonderfully alive, but he discovers by and by that he has chosen the wrong sister. The American Ambassador thinks him mad, and we don't wonder. Then Pendrel escapes from the past into his own present, and finds his American sweetheart arrived to seek her lost lover. It is the weirdest of tales, but it is fascinating, though the conversation is over-elaborated. Unfortunately each story is a fragment, but the *dénouement* is made clearer, especially in Pendrel's case, by the detailed notes which Mr. James dictated as to the unfolding of his plot. No statesman brooding over the fate of an empire could go into more particulars or put his whole mind into the problems more completely. The notes are quite as interesting as the stories.

Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept. Translated from the Italian of Benedetto Croce. By Douglas Ainslie, B.A. (Macmillan & Co. 14*s.* net.)

This most important book of 606 pages is divided into four great parts. The first contains the Pure Concept, the Individual Judgement, and the *a priori* Logical Synthesis, and is subdivided into three

sections with their respective headings. The second part deals with the Forms of Error and the search for Truth, in eight sections. This is an invaluable Part, and as new as any portion of the book, and those who have been on the same quest will find their faith confirmed in their knight-errantry. The fourth part is exceedingly interesting, being a recapitulation of the history of Logic from the beginning, and revolves round the theory of the Concept. It embraces five sections, and would interest every one who cares to know the course of speculation. It may be that Prof. Croce has said the last words on Logic. Mr. Ainslie has performed his work well, and though occasionally we come to a stand at unfamiliar words, we must congratulate him heartily on his success in rendering idiomatic Italian into idiomatic English. There is no Index, but on the other hand a full and masterly table of contents, with guiding marginal directions on every page. But why does the Translator compound a Greek word with a Latin one? Surely 'hyper-philosophy' is better than 'super-philosophy'? If there had been any doubt as to Croce's position among thinkers this volume places him at once in the very first ranks and among the giants of philosophy. It is, as Croce says himself, a second edition of his thought rather than of his book, as most of it had been published earlier in his 'Outlines of Logic as the Science of the Pure Concept.' The wealth of wisdom, of deep insight, of incisive judgement, range of reading, the audacity of the original conclusions, mark this great book as an event in philosophical literature.

Missing. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins, Sons & Co. 6*s.* net.) This is a tragic story of the war. The writer's experience of operations at home and in France has helped her to sketch the course of the war, and to paint the scenes of hospital life, whilst the glories of the Lake District weave an indescribable charm around Nelly Sarratt's honeymoon, and the dark days that followed when her husband was missing. Sir William Farrell and his sister greatly interest us, and Nelly herself grows into a splendid woman under the sharp discipline of her husband's death.—*Unconquered.* A Romance. By Maud Diver. (Murray. 6*s.* net.) Sir Mark Forsyth almost marries the wrong woman, but the war saves him. Bel Alison fascinates him, but when he is wounded in France she is glad to escape and Sheila Melrose wins the man whom she has loved since she was sixteen. Mark's mother is as attractive as Sheila, and she also has her romance, which ends delightfully. The story is charming and absorbing.—*The Red Planet.* By William Locke. (Lane. 6*s.*) Major Boyce, one of the chief figures in this war story, is a victim to fear which betrays him into dastardly deeds. To save his self-respect he does things which make him a national hero and win him the Victoria Cross. His good genius is the crippled major who tells the story. Love and war blend in this enthralling book.—*The Dwelling-Place of Light.* By Winston Churchill. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) Edward Bumpus has gone down in the world till he

became gate-keeper at Chippering mill. His elder girl has rare gifts, but she falls a victim to the owner of the mill, whilst her younger sister goes far astray. The working of the mill and the strike are very powerfully described, and the wreck of Janet's life is heart-breaking. The good Samaritans who befriend her in her trouble are very fine characters, and Janet has a wonderful charm.—*Christine.* By Alice Cholmondeley. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) There is one Prussian without stain in this romance, and he is the young soldier who loves Christine. All the rest are odious, and when England enters the war the brilliant student of the violin finds no friends. She gets away from Berlin only to die of double pneumonia on her way to Switzerland. It is a vivid picture of Germany on the eve of the war. The English girl finds the inmates of her Berlin boarding-house obsessed with the idea that their country is surrounded by enormously wicked people, 'all swollen with envy, hatred, and malice, and all of enormous size. In the middle of these monsters browses Germany, very white and woolly-haired and lovable, a little lamb among the nations, artlessly only wanting to love and be loved, weak physically compared to its towering neighbours, but strong in its simplicity and the knowledge of its *gute Recht.*' There is much of this irony in this clever story. It is a book that warms the heart of a patriot.—*Summer: A Novel.* By Edith Wharton. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) This is a tragic story of a girl who loses her honour and is married by her guardian whom she has hated. Mr. Royall is a far finer man than the lover who has left her to bear her disgrace, and she seems as though she might see it at last. It is a powerful but unpleasant story.—*The Sunday at Home*, 1916–7. (R.T.S. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a volume to be proud of. It is full of things which readers want to know about, and its portraits of celebrities and its full-page illustrations are very attractive. Dr. Watkinson's articles, Amy le Feuvre's serial, Ramsay Guthrie's short stories, the Editor's pages, and the articles on various phases of the war are outstanding features of a very attractive volume.—*Modern Pagans.* By Charles M. Sheldon. (Methodist Book Concern. 50*c.* net.) The Wallaces are a prosperous and united family, but all, save the mother, sit loose to the church and religion. The visit of an evangelist leads to a memorable change.

The Popular Library (C. H. Kelly. 1*s.* 8*d.* net) has made a delightful beginning. The first set of volumes includes stories by Dumas, David Lyall, Florence Bone, Annie S. Swan, and Gordon Stables. There is an absorbing story of schoolboy life by Ernest Protheroe, Sir Harry Johnston's fine life of *David Livingstone*, Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad*, and an edition of *A Christmas Carol*, with the happiest of illustrations by Gordon Robinson. It is a boon to get such dainty volumes at such a price. The Library has already won great favour, and its reputation will grow.—*Bulletin of John Rylands Library, Manchester.* (April to August, 1917. 1*s.*) The tributes to Dr. James Hope Moulton by Mr. Guppy, Dr. Peake, and

the Rev. W. F. Moulton are very beautiful and very touching. Prof. Tout's paper on 'Mediaeval Town Planning,' with eleven full-page illustrations, will be studied with great interest.—*Registration and Publication of Directors' Names.* By Herbert W. Jordan. (Jordan & Sons. 6*d.* net.) A careful account of the Act passed last August.—*Report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State* (S.P.C.K. 3*d.* net), giving the Constitution and an Enabling Bill.—*The Sword or the Cross*, by E. Cecil Beman (Universal Publishing Co. 6*d.* net), is a pacifist's attempt to show 'how to end the war.'—*Boys' and Girls' Ask-at-Home Questions.* By Marian E. Bailey. (Harrap & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a book for children. It answers questions that they have actually asked about birds, insects, plants; about the sky, the earth, the air, the human body; about railways and inventions, and endless other things. The explanations are clear and accurate, and they are brightly given.—*Church Reform.* Compiled by the Rev. J. F. Howson and H. S. Woolcombe. (S.P.C.K. 6*d.* net.) These 'Suggestions for the use of Study Circles' have been skilfully prepared, with special reference to the report of the Archbishops' Committee on Church and State. The S.P.C.K. pocket-books, calendars, and almanacs range from 2*s.* 4*d.* net to 1*d.* All are well arranged, neatly got up, and seem to meet every need of clergy and laity in the most convenient form. The *Churchman's Remembrancer* will be very useful to busy men, and the street almanac, with a picture of Selby Abbey, is packed with information. —*Marching as to War.* By H. G. Tunnicliff, B.A. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.* net), describes soldiers of Christ, such as St. Bernard, Elizabeth Fry, and Xavier in a way that will inspire young folk to make the best of their lives.—*Letters to the Happy Warrior* (Kelly. 1*s.* net) is a piece of Mr. Bardsley Brash's racy work. It overflows with sympathy, and is full of lovely things about Julian Grenfell and other heroes of the war. In *Towards the New Era* (Kelly. 4*d.* net) Samuel Keeble gives a draft scheme for Industrial Reconstruction which every Englishman will do well to study.—Miss Wood's *Songs at Sunrise* (Kelly. 8*d.* net) are true poetry, and make us understand the heart of a devoted missionary.—*Uncle Reg's Stories for the Bairns.* (Kelly. 1*s.* 9*d.* net.) Bible stories and stories of animals told in the raciest fashion.—*The Old Country. A Book of the Love and Praise of England.* Edited by Ernest Rhys. (Dent & Sons. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This book is published for the Y.M.C.A., and has a little preface by Sir Arthur Yapp on its work for our men. It is a very happy selection, and will be a real treasure in the kit of a soldier or sailor.—*More than this World Dreams of.* By Coulson Kernahan. (R.T.S. 1*s.* net.) A little book which will strengthen faith in the power of prayer. Some striking incidents are given as to the blessings it has brought. Every Christian will be grateful to Mr. Kernahan.—The Methodist Diaries for 1918 (1*s.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* net) have several new features, and are attractively bound in Pluviusin, which is more durable than leather. The wants of laymen and ministers are met in the most useful way. The Sheet Almanac (1*d.*) is specially good.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (October).—Dr. Shadwell, in 'International Socialism and War,' traces the collapse of the Old International and the New. The Socialists did nothing in 1870 or in 1914 to prevent war. German Socialists despised their foreign colleagues just as German military and scientific men despised all other military and scientific men. Mr. Steed's 'What is Austria?' is an important study. His account of a conversation with the Austrian Ambassador on July 20, 1914, is very significant. He assured the Ambassador that England would intervene if German troops entered Belgium. When he reported this conversation at the Foreign Office he was told that they 'had reason to believe German policy to be pacific, and to expect Germany to exercise a restraining policy upon Austria.' No one should overlook Miss Kingsley's account of 'The Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem,' and the ambulance work now carried on by the Association. Mr. St. Loe Strachey writes on 'The Vital Element in Poetry.' 'The poetry which has one or two atoms of the true gold in it is infinitely more valuable than all the silver verse in the world.'

Hibbert Journal (October).—The Editor draws attention in the first article to a subject which has not been sufficiently considered by the sanguine supporters of an International League of Peace. The existing empires of the world are war-made, and the abolition of war would imply vast and far-reaching changes—political, economic, psychological, and moral—implying a revolution the vastness of which baffles imagination. To abolish war, says Dr. Jacks, is to 'pull out the linchpin of empire, to alter the basis of all national groupings, and to give a new goal to industrial endeavour.' It is not impossible, but those who talk lightly about it had better do a little thinking first and for one thing read this article. The Countess of Warwick, dealing with another aspect of the subject, points out that without complete reconciliation between nations there can be no perfect peace. Principal Selbie's article on 'The Reconstruction of Theology' is sensible and moderate, but it does not shed much light upon a difficult subject. The last paragraph wisely points out that the problem is not purely intellectual. 'Without the very definite attitude of surrender and self-expression which faith involves, it is very hard to see how men can ever attain to religious assurance and peace.' Dr. N. M'Nicoll draws attention to the personal element in the Indian Poetry of Devotion. As in his work on Indian Theism,

he points out the measure of recognition of a personal God in thought and worship, discernible amidst the Polytheistic and Pantheistic elements characteristic of Hinduism as a whole. Prof. Percy Gardner answers the question, 'Are the Anglican Modernists honest?' with an emphatic affirmative.

Church Quarterly Review (October).—The Bishop of Ely pays a beautiful tribute to Henry Barclay Swete. 'He was not a man of affairs, nor an ideal chairman, nor an impressive speaker, nor a great preacher,' yet his was a 'great professoriate, justly memorable, and fruitful of the highest good.' His lucidity and directness, with an occasional homely phrase, bore witness to quieter years spent in the country. As Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge he sought to call labourers into this vineyard of sacred study. The Bishop of Southwark writes on 'Our Use of the Reserved Sacrament,' and there are other articles of special interest.

Round Table (December).—The survey of 1917 shows that there has been a significant rallying of the neutrals to the Allied Cause. 'Month by month mankind has declared more and more emphatically for the Allied cause and against German Kultur,' which is 'irredeemably materialist. Its desire for domination is insatiable.' The situation in India is explained in an article of special value, and 'America's Part in the War' is described by a New York correspondent, who says that it is becoming clearer day by day that the English-speaking peoples are the mainstay of the coalition against Teutonic aggression, and that upon their future close association depends the effectiveness of any League of Nations.

Expository Times (October and November).—The new volume which begins with the October number opens well. Canon Winterbotham's article on 'Was, then, our Lord mistaken?' puts the whole subject of our Lord's human knowledge well before the reader. It is full, however, of perhaps insoluble difficulties, and its discussion, we fear, causes more disturbance of faith than it cures. A study of Mephibosheth, his character and the incidents in which he was concerned, illustrates well one of the by-ways of sacred history. Dr. H. Cowan writes on 'The Conflict of Faith and Unbelief in France, 1670-1802.' Dr. Moffatt continues his 'Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews'—not the kind of subject to be studied in fragmentary instalments. Prof. A. G. Hogg always writes suggestively, and his paper on 'If God be for us' is no exception to the rule. The treatment of Christ's stilling the tempest is, however, hardly convincing. Rev. G. A. F. Knight, under the heading, 'A New Setting for the Teleological Argument,' points out a long series of facts in the inorganic world which go to show that the arrangement and contents of the different layers of the earth's crusts imply Mind and long and ample preparation for the life of mankind upon the earth. Rev. G. Jackson's paper in the November number on 'The Book-

shelf by the Fire' deals with Penn's 'Fruits of Solitude,' which R. L. Stevenson did so much to make known. Both numbers of this periodical are full of varied matter full of interest, especially to ministers.

Constructive Quarterly (September).—Mr. Mozley, in 'The Church and the World,' says that true thought on their relations is an urgent need. The Church's appeal is to the world's conscience. The haunting doubt whether He cares for the world and whether 'His power is equal to His goodwill, is laid to rest for those who see the triumph of the Cross.'

AMERICAN

American Journal of Theology (October).—Three Luther articles occupy places of honour—'Luther's Place in Modern Theology,' by I. W. Buckham, his 'Relation to Lutheranism,' by W. H. T. Dau, and his 'Doctrine of Good Works' by W. J. McGlothlin. Much more attention is being given to the Luther celebration in the United States than in this country. Lutheranism is indeed much stronger and more influential there than in Luther's own land, and some might say that the genius and spirit of Luther's religion, as maintained by immigrants from Scandinavia, Holland, and Germany, stand a better chance of expression and development in America to-day than they had previously had in history. Dr. Buckham's article on Luther's theology is comprehensive and fair. He is not blind to the faults of his hero, but does justice to the great qualities of mind and heart which set Luther in the front rank of Reformers. Dr. Buckham finds at the heart of Luther's faith a principle the adoption of which to-day would, he thinks, bring about a re-united Christendom—'Christian experience centring in Christ,' as a basis of faith, life, and church union.

Harvard Theological Review (October).—Prof. Fullerton, in 'Zionism,' describes a visit in October, 1914, to Tell Abib, the Jewish settlement outside Jaffa. It is only five years old, but had about 5,000 inhabitants. Roomy avenues and pretty little squares gave an appearance of space. A perfect sewerage had been installed; there was a large, well-built school, trees were planted along the side-walks and in the parks, electric lights swung at the corners. The city is the most complete embodiment of Zionism.

Bibliotheca Sacra (July).—Dr. David Foster Estes writes on the 'Contents of the Consciousness of Jesus.' Forty years he held the theory, expounded a few years ago by Dr. Sanday, that 'the treasure which through the divine act of Incarnation was uniquely possessed by Jesus, lay hidden from even His own consciousness amid the "subliminal" treasures of His spiritual nature, awaiting the emergence into consciousness and the opportunity for dominance in His nature which would come through the experiences which would follow upon the resurrection.' In this article some of Dr. H. R. Mackintosh's objections to the theory are discussed; Dr. Estes lays great stress

on 'the indwelling activity of the Holy Spirit,' and concludes that the indwelling Spirit was 'the organ of the impartations and communications from the Father.' 'The Higher Allegiance,' by Bernard C. Steiner, is a contribution to the solution of after-war problems. In a brief historical sketch it is shown that the sense of the importance of the Nation has steadily grown in the several States of America. In the same way, 'the process of unification of mankind will inevitably progress. . . . Progress is never continuous, and setbacks must be expected; but the forward-looking man must also expect the eventual coming of the time when allegiance to any nation shall have been succeeded by allegiance to mankind. Above the nations is humanity, and only by serving all men can one serve aright the God who created and who loves all men.'—Francis Howe Johnson writes in the October number on 'The Logic of the Entente Cordiale.'

Methodist Review (New York), September and October.—Dr. A. H. Tuttle compares Methodism fifty years ago and now, dealing with its intellectual, moral, and spiritual life and the enormous developments of its ecclesiastical organization. The gain implied in the last feature brings with it inevitable drawbacks and dangers in the United States as elsewhere. Dr. Mudge's article on 'Chips from Emerson's Workshop' is based upon the philosopher's *Journals* recently published in ten volumes. One Luther article appears in this number entitled, 'What the World owes to Luther,' by Dr. J. B. Remensnyder. Other articles are 'Mental and Spiritual Hygiene,' by Prof. Oscar Kuhns, 'The Poet's Interpretation of War,' and 'Over the Top' by Prof. Nixon. The Arena contains an appreciation of the late Principal Denney.

Methodist Review (Nashville) contains a worthy tribute to the memory of Drs. J. Hope Moulton and J. Shaw Banks, by Prof. J. H. Michael, of Toronto, formerly a tutor at Headingley College. The article on 'The First Circuit Riders in the West,' by W. W. Sweet, is illustrated by a map of the Western Conference Districts in 1811. The splendid work accomplished by Methodism among early immigrants and Western pioneers is graphically described. In discussing the 'Constitutions of the two Great American Churches' Dr. R. G. Smith renders a service to all students of world-wide Methodism as well as to those immediately concerned. He is also helping to prepare the way for closer relations between two immensely influential Churches.

The Review and Expositor (Louisville), October, is virtually a Luther number. Five articles deal with Luther's view of the Church, his doctrine of the Sacraments, his preaching, his social influence, and his relation to mission work. In criticizing the deficiencies of the great Reformers on the side of foreign missionary enterprise, Prof. Carver hardly realizes the conditions of the time and the enormous effort necessary to lift and change the mediaeval Church with the Pope at its head. Luther proclaimed a universal gospel and prepared the way for its extension over all the world.