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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL 1918

THE UNITED STATES AND THE WAR

WHEN the greatest catastrophe that has befallen the world since wandering hordes overran the Roman Empire was needlessly precipitated by the Teutonic powers, the United States imagined itself beyond the sphere of conflict. For two years and more we held to an artificial neutrality which made us apologists for unprecedented outrages that shocked the universal sense of fairness and humanity. At each repeated and more monstrous offence men said: 'This is archaic and uncivilized war; all rules have been thrown away, all chivalry discarded. We cannot justify such diabolical conduct, but it is not our war and we will not intervene.' The familiar principle of American diplomacy bequeathed by President Washington that we should steer clear of European imbroglios was emphasized by pacificists, pro-Germans, and disaffected Irishmen, who, thoroughly aware of the rising tides of our indignation, were the more anxious to bind us to its strict observance. They took advantage of the plea that for nearly three hundred years we had been slowly striving, as had other nations, toward a better justice, more mercy for the unfortunate and oppressed, keener sympathy with the suffering, and a fuller respect for the right of men and women to be treated as ends in themselves, and not as pawns in the great game of civilization. But they ignored the equally great and now more imperative plea that no

nation can withhold itself from the battle against enthroned wrong and obtain peace out of such abject acquiescence. Upon being reminded that there had been epochs in her history when the United States was compelled to resort to the crude instruments of bloodshed in order to vindicate spiritual conceptions and preserve her soul alive, they were either silent or revealed a humiliating subjection to Kaiserdom which defeated itself.

Presently the issue became paramount whether we should continue an inglorious policy that threatened us with eventual dismemberment by consenting to the doctrine that the earth belongs to the strong, who may conquer and keep it by any means within their power, or take up arms to overcome the greed and selfishness in our own hearts, and also against a formidably organized military autocracy abroad intent on the destruction of Christian society. The conviction that the reptilian proposals and shameless deeds of Germany made her a standing menace to mankind was scouted by those of her own kind, but eloquently expressed by patriotic and far-sighted publicists. At first it was hard for many to believe that she was as vile as she has shown herself to be, or that she could defy all restraints of international law, deliberately nullify every provision which mitigates the horrors war inflicts, and plan campaigns with malice aforethought to set up her dominion by the assassination of justice and freedom. Consequently those thus sceptically inclined hesitated before plunging the nation into an ocean of blood.

Their reluctance was fortified by the recently elected Democratic administration, which assumed office without the knowledge of governmental arts which experience affords, and certainly with no thought of impending hostilities. Its prominent members assured us that this people had no national ambitions to gratify, no lust for aggrandisement to be fed. On the contrary, it was the mission of the United States to win lasting distinction by

showing corrupted Europe a more excellent way. The President's chief aim was to convene the plenipotentiaries of the world in conference, and there arrange the terms of a lasting and universal peace. Emissaries of Germany canvassed the country in behalf of this attractive dream, and extolled the unfortunate but misinterpreted phrase about being 'too proud to fight.' Unwary sentimentalists and enthusiasts who fell into the Teutonic trap endeavoured to persuade educators, clergymen, members of Congress, labour leaders, reformers of every stripe, and the nation as a whole that we had everything to gain and nothing to lose by posing as the friends of all and the foes of none in an irrepressible strife betwixt right and wrong. From these fundamental misjudgements of the question came the foolish venture of Mr. Ford and his associates to 'get the boys out of the trenches' by the Christmas of 1915, and also the wave of pharisaism which demoralized not a few pulpiteers who have forfeited public confidence by their inability to apprehend the moralities of the situation.

But Prussianism could be depended upon to demolish the pacificist and awake the slothful. It was the self-revelation of Germany that turned the scale against her and caused us to abandon the policy which she construed as cowardice. Mexico was offered several States of the Union if she would invade us. We were told that we could not traverse the highways of the world without permission from the Kaiser: that our vessels might not sail without wearing the insignia of subservience to him. The treaty torn to pieces at Liége was but the symbol of a perfidy that made agreements worthless against a purpose which recognized nothing but success. And when the history of the complicated events preceding April 6, 1917, is fully written it will furnish surprising details of chicanery and fraud which have permanently degraded Germany and disgusted Americans. We are not the 'idiotic Yankees' Von Papen deemed us, neither are we visionaries

after the manner of Mr. Ford, and we venture to hope the sequel will show that we are not the knaves Pro-Germans would have had us become. Our Secret Service officers detected Zimmerman in the act of making proposals against our safety which were as grotesque in their stupidity as they were malevolent in their motive. Von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador at Washington, strutted before the American people for three years as their avowed defender, professing the character of a gentleman and those standards of conduct which the representative of one friendly nation ordinarily observes while he is the official guest of another. During the whole of that period he was a loathsome conspirator, plotting against public order and security; the personal centre of an organization for the perpetrating of crimes of sabotage, incendiarism, and espionage.

All this and more was well known to the President when he accepted the challenge of those who willed to win by force, and would not leave us out of their reckoning. Religionists who believe that a moral governance rules in the affairs of men can point to the fact that Germany's cruelties and lies have wrought her impending collapse. If she had not invaded, enslaved, and impoverished Belgium, it might have been difficult to array the prowess of the British commonwealths against her. If there had been no wolfish desecration of France, a million of whose heroic sons have died to save our sister Republic; no dropping of bombs on the defenceless cities and towns of Great Britain, from whence came the laws, the letters, the traditions, the love of liberty which we enjoy, we could scarcely have kept alive the agitation which will yet regenerate us. The sinking of merchant ships, the murder of non-combatants on the high seas, the machinations that outvie those of the Mafia, completed our disillusionment and thrust us into the war. We cannot forget Antwerp, Louvain, and Cardinal Mercier. Translated into terms of American history, these names stand for Bunker Hill, Lexington, and

Patrick Henry. We cannot forget your immortal expeditionary force at Mons, the Anzacs at Gallipoli, the Canadians at Ypres. They are the inspiring hosts crowding the background of this grim drama in which we now figure. We entered it to preserve self-respect, to justify our claim to live as we have always lived, not as the Hohenzollerns insist we shall live. In the cause of righteousness we protest with means, men, and an undaunted temper against that word 'Verboten' which Germany has branded on the face of Christendom in lines of fire and massacre. For after all, America is not a title for merely material affluence and boundless resources. It is indicative of a living spirit, born in travail, developed in the rough school of hardship: a spirit which has proper pride, great resolution, passionate and lofty attachments, a deeply underlying ethic; and it is vastly more important that these should live than that we should live. This conclusion has become apparent to the majority of our citizens and is leavening the rest. We are in arms against the Central Powers not only to make the world safe for democracy, but also to make democracy safe in the world. Their triumph would obliterate the ideals we cherish, more sacred to us than individual existence itself, and end in our downfall, setting these tyrants free to exploit mankind for their own interests. Even a stalemate which left Germany wedded to her idols would perpetuate the crushing armaments which are the despair of social progress. Therefore, we are now a world-power engaged in a world-war, nor shall we evade, by shrinking within ourselves, whatever may be the cost of a position we were tardy in taking, but propose tenaciously to defend to 'the last man and the last dollar.'

If I may be allowed a personal word, as a son of Britain and a citizen of the Republic, it is to me, and to multitudes who feel as I feel, a source of profound relief and gratitude that the one English-speaking nation which but yesterday was beyond the orbit of a common destiny now moves

within its radius, and further, that in doing this it ratifies the vital necessities which induced the Motherland to stand in the breach against ruthless, iniquitous barbarism. The late John Fiske presaged this ratification in an address which he was to have delivered in 1901 at Winchester, England, upon the celebration of the millennial of King Alfred. The theme he selected for that occasion dealt with 'The Beginnings of Federalism in New England as Related to the Expansion of Alfred's World'; and an outline of his argument is found in his biography by John Spencer Clarke. Tracing the nature and functions of the two factors of integration and differentiation in the political evolution of the British people, and broadening his survey to include the great groups that inherited and developed English speech and English political methods and institutions, he found two world-questions which, at the opening of the twentieth century, were engaging the attention of the students of politico-economic history. These questions, he tells us, were of peculiar import to the British people and their place in the modern world. The one was the awakening of China, in which is involved the balance of political power in Asia; the other was the flaming forth of militant Germany, in which is involved the balance of political power in Europe. Great Britain had vital interests to maintain in Europe and Asia, and it was not at all improbable that in the near future she would be forced into a war in defence of these in one or both continents. If waged with a strong naval power the conflict would extend to all her provinces; in fact, throughout the world, and the people of the United States could not remain disinterested spectators of such an Armageddon. It was also Mr. Fiske's belief that the early years of the twentieth century would see all English-speaking peoples of the world moving toward a much stronger political integration than had hitherto existed, not only for their own protection against tyrannical aggression, but also as a major factor

in furtherance of international comity and universal peace. No other American, whether statesman, publicist, or philosopher, has uttered a more sure word of prophecy concerning the world-cataclysm. Equally sure was his visioning of that closer partnership between the divisions of the British Empire and that better understanding between it and the United States which are now at hand. Had Mr. Fiske lived even a few weeks longer and developed fully the ideas he had in mind for this address, it would probably have been welcomed among English-speaking peoples as a bright signal pointing the way to their closer articulation, and it might have had a marked influence upon their history.

II

It will naturally be asked what has been done to make our place in that union effective. One of the commonest complaints is that if our country had been prepared for war the Allies might already be able to dictate terms of peace. I do not hesitate to say that the complaint is born of sheer ignorance. Two million trained and disciplined troops equipped on April 6, 1917, to the last button, would still have been compelled to wait for shipping facilities. There has not been a day since the declaration of war when our soldier power has not far exceeded our transport power. Another frequent assertion is that if we had been prepared there would have been no war. To credit this statement is hopelessly to misconceive the mind and purpose of the German Government. From the standpoint of the Kaiser's general staff it made no difference whether the United States had ten thousand or ten million men at her disposal. Berlin was confident that the submarine depredations would starve the Allies into submission within a few months, and that in the meantime American troops and supplies could not be sent to their rescue. The fate of the German Empire was staked upon this theory, which has been smashed in

practice. To bring about the breakdown we have had to subordinate our policies to the exigencies of the entire situation and order our affairs accordingly. Nor can the extent of our military developments be measured by the number of American troops in France, although they are there, and are constantly arriving there, and will remain there until the work we have given them to do is finished.

It may not seem heroical to lend money to the Allies, or to expedite the transit of their food and supplies, or to refrain from interfering with their munition arrangements here, or to build lumbering tankers and cargo boats, or to hold back eager brigades of first-rate quality while we forward coal and steel billets. But as Mr. Balfour and other statesmen have advised us, such prosaic service happens to be the best we can render at this juncture. Again, too many Americans supposed that, once war was declared by us, nothing remained to be done except decree the conditions under which the German Empire would be permitted to exist. Time has shown that the task we have in hand is not quite so simple, and that the exalted privilege of prolonged sacrifice for the principles that gave our nation birth and happiness requires patience, knowledge, and wisdom. Nine months ago the American army and navy were little more than a nucleus for their present dimensions. The mobilization in the summer of 1916 of a defensive force of one hundred and five thousand men on the Texan border revealed the chronic incapacity of a non-military, democratic people for undertaking the minor operation of guarding the northern bank of the Rio Grande against the lawlessness Germany's agents had excited in feeble and divided Mexico. I accompanied the New York Division as chaplain, and observed that the ammunition for the few machine-gun units had been procured from the Canadian Government, the boxes containing it still bearing the British crown and cipher. Doubtless the spies who were there, as they are everywhere, and who reported

adversely upon our military prowess to their masters, discerned these and other tokens of our lack of fighting equipment.

Yet while the War Department was at its wits' end to furnish belated supplies, the pacificist propaganda previously mentioned was rampant throughout the Republic. Not only Teutons, but Russian Jews, college professors, rabbis, preachers, and a former English Nonconformist clergyman ran to wild extremes, the pace being set by them and an ex-Secretary of State who stoutly maintained that war was an essential evil and peace an absolute and not a derivative good. It would be superfluous to discuss this theory at length, since it has ceased to count, nor is it necessary that the peculiar circumstances which accentuated it should be further related here. The truth is, the inexorable logic of events moved far more rapidly than the logic of propagandists, and what they advanced in confident discourse to applauding coteries was invariably confuted by renewed instances of German bestiality.

Americans are rationally pacificist to a man, but evidently the enemy would have none of it, and the large majority of my countrymen resolved that from now on our combined armies should represent a holy alliance to enforce peace with justice. At this point we encountered the further difficulty that our extensive industries were unorganized for war purposes. Those who managed them did so on the normal competitive basis, and were loth to surrender their commercial independence. Artisans, tradesfolk, farmers, who form the staple of our population, were engrossed in their daily vocations. The lure of fabulous profits and high prices debauched some of the baser sort. The President had been returned to the White House in the autumn of 1916 by the deciding vote of those who raised the slogan that he had kept us out of war. Rock-ribbed Republican States such as Kansas and Colorado contributed to the defeat of his opponent, Mr. Justice

Hughes, which, though deeply regretted at the time by warm sympathizers with the Allied cause, is now seen to have been a blessing in disguise. For had he succeeded Mr. Wilson, and commenced hostilities against Germany, as in all likelihood he must have done, narrow recalcitrants would have divided the nation for partisan ends by contrasting his foreign policy with that of his predecessor. It was fortunate that the Chief Executive who held us in leash for two weary years of 'watchful waiting' at last felt that he could take the momentous step without hazarding a national schism, and fearlessly devote the American people to the prosecution of the war. They knew how unusually forbearing and generous his attitude toward Germany was, and how despicably it had been treated. Hence when he told them in unforgettable language that Prussianism could be vanquished by nothing but the sword, they bared it at his word.

Here as everywhere in American statesmanship the President and what he is and does is all-important. His critics give him credit for an acute sense of the filiation of ideas, of their scope and purport; but complain, or rather were wont to complain, that he had a dull or uninterested eye for the play of material forces, and for the rude methods that sometimes go to the attainment of wise political ends. They asserted that, like another academic celebrity, Mark Pattison, Mr. Wilson was a scholar, an historian, and to a given degree, a political philosopher of a speculative complexion, but with no fight or mastery in him. In the world, they averred, a great minister of State must be either anvil or hammer, and it was indisputable that Mr. Wilson had chosen to be anvil. He was baffled in his efforts to settle vexed affairs because he had formed no acquaintance with the lower yet requisite elements that make history. While these things were being discussed he noted with meticulous care the registrations of public opinion, and secretly gathered overwhelming proofs of the faithlessness

of the enemy. He also showed himself an astute manager of the wayward tides of popular sentiment, and succeeded in the weighty undertaking of intensifying the social and political coherence of a confused democracy, and in reducing its discordant factions to a negligible quantity. When the opportune moment came, 'the recluse of Princeton' emerged true to the blood of his Scotch ancestors, a Puritan statesman, sternly intent on victory. Since his decision was made it has been generally admitted that on the dialectical side he has proved his right to the regnancy he now exercises. Right or wrong, he has always possessed processes of thought and a felicity of phrasing which make him a force to be reckoned with in letters and diplomacy. No American, and it would seem from all I can gather, no Briton, can fail to realize that he has enriched and dignified the manifold reasons for the Allied cause.

Yet even his enthusiastic admirers are conscious, as he must be, that the demands of his office go beyond intellectual or moral guidance. He should have that capacity for appraising men, for the choice of subordinates, and for the supervision of their several departments, which can ensure the triumph of his principles, or he will fall short as an executive who can drive officials and policies to their appointed goal. Perhaps this is asking too much of any President, however gifted, since it is well known that Mr. Lincoln's selection of generals was not always a happy one, and that in financial expedients he confessed himself a tyro. On the other hand, the positive traits of leadership Mr. Wilson has exhibited are invaluable, and he grows daily in the esteem and affection of the nation. But its best brains are not, as yet, found in his Cabinet. Should the war linger unduly, or those to whom he has delegated its serious responsibilities fail therein, political considerations will be set aside, and the people will insist upon administrators who are equal to their duties. There is a marked sentiment that it would be something more than seemly,

something more than just, indeed a proceeding of the highest wisdom in summoning individuals to the service of the State, either for advice or co-operation, to disregard even more than has been done the differences which separate them upon political questions. The ablest, the most courageous and provisioned men we have should be enlisted, and with a view only to these qualifications.

The loyal support of Republicans in Congress and at large has prevented what otherwise would have been a grave disability and a fertile source of embarrassment once divided counsels had prevented concerted action. Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt, our two living ex-Presidents of that political faith; Mr. Root, also a Republican, who has the most subtle and lucid mind in public life on this side of the Atlantic; Mr. Hughes, the rival of Mr. Wilson in the last Presidential contest; Senator Lodge, who maintains the fine traditions of Massachusetts as our most intelligent commonwealth, and other nearly as well known Opposition statesmen, had pledged their allegiance to war measures, while Mr. Bryan, Speaker Clark, Senator Stone, and Congressmen Kitchin were lukewarm, and Senator La Follette was openly rebellious. The Cave of Adullam would now be empty of notables except for La Follette, its permanent tenant, who has been accused of treasonable utterances, and is under an investigation conducted by his Senatorial colleagues. Mr. Bryan is speaking in behalf of the war; Speaker Clark's only son is in the ranks; Senator Stone and Congressman Kitchin replied to the recent papal overtures for peace by voting to declare war on Austria, and that knight-errant, Mr. Ford, has transferred his huge automobile factories to the Government for war purposes. Thus the retrograde movements of Southern and Western politicians, some of whom represent numerous voters of Teutonic origin, have been checked by the unanimity of the Opposition party, which is more prolific of talented men than that of the Democrats.

III

The admirable axiom that the war cannot end 'until Germany is either powerless or free' is widely accepted here, but its endorsement has necessitated a revolution in sentiment and methods, to ensure which every kind of agency has been busily engaged. Even now contented provincials in remoter regions are slow to realize the crisis which is upon us. But the majority of these follow the President from habit because for them he embodies the integrity of the nation. An abundance of printed matter containing the speeches of President Lowell and Dr. Eliot, of Harvard, Professor Hazen, Mr. James M. Beck, the British Premier, Mr. Asquith, and gentlemen I have already named, has been circulated broadcast. The press, headed by *The New York Times*, *New York Tribune*, *The Philadelphia Ledger*, *The Louisville Journal*, *The Springfield Republican*, and *The Boston Transcript*, has done yeoman service. Books like those of Lieutenant Hankey and Lieutenant Dawson, the son of Dr. W. J. Dawson, sell by the thousand. Magazine articles written by well-known correspondents who have visited France and Belgium are reprinted in pamphlet form. Mr. Gerard's volume, reciting his illuminating experiences as Ambassador to Germany, is bought up as fast as new editions can be issued. The report of the Bryce Commission is the substance of countless homilies and appeals in Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. Authorities like Toynbee, Bland, Chambry, Morgan, Struyken, and others to the number of at least fifty, including proofs found in German papers, have been set out to speak for themselves without colouring or rhetoric. Associations for national defence and the succour of the Allies have shot up on every side. The Chautauquas of 1916 and 1917 were monopolized by orators who urged the rural communities in which they were held to a whole-hearted support of the Government. Bill boards and wall spaces blaze with coloured lithographs and arresting advertisements of a patriotic kind. Signs of

loyalty to the President, and of appreciation for Great Britain, for France, for Italy, are posted in halls and business houses, at the cross-roads, and on the thoroughfares. Every rank and condition has been reached by the American predilection for pitiless publicity. And when the casualty lists appear they will but bring nearer the day of reckoning for the Hun.

This crusade has been stimulated by the example of the British Empire. Its homogeneity under fire has kindled our warmest sympathy and a desire to emulate its processes. The gravitation which draws together the men of the Homeland, Ireland, Canada, South Africa, the Antipodes, India, and the Islands of the Sea impresses Americans as one of the most significant and inspiring phenomena in the history of nations. We have felt a similar compulsion, and are convinced that if we would escape the doom which has fallen upon Russia, we must still further weld into a compacted whole the polyglot crowds which flock to our shores and enjoy our institutions, too often ignorant of their real meaning or inimical to their reasonable requirements. We have needed the pressure of war for the formation of a new sense of nationality. We knew we had opened the doors very widely, indeed, had practically taken them off their hinges, and invited immigrants of every sort and description to enter and make themselves at home, and without waiting until they had become acquainted with the elemental principles of democracy, permitted them to have a hand in determining what should be our municipal and national policies. When these aliens appeared before the courts for naturalization papers, and upon being asked what was the capital of the United States, replied, 'Hoboken,' we solaced ourselves with the reflection that Rome attributed its ultimate strength to the mixed character of its population, and that we had vitality enough to fuse into oneness the contributions from all parts of the earth which were being flung into the melting-pot. This

pot we still have, but it is not so full of unassimilated specimens of humanity as it was at the beginning of 1915.

The Sixty-Fifth Congress reassembled in extraordinary session to register the revolution at which I have hinted, and evinced the thoroughness of its conversion to vigorous measures by squelching a few obstreperous gentlemen of German or Irish proclivities, and promptly voting four thousand million pounds for the war. This sum exceeds by six and one-half times the total cost of the Civil War from 1861 to 1865. Enabling Acts of a special character placed all industries and transportation systems at the disposal of the Government. The output of factories and farms, of the coal and steel trades, of manufactures and provisions of every kind, were submitted to State control. We have our meatless, wheatless, sugarless days, and we relish them. Mr. Hoover, favourably known in Great Britain as the successful Chairman of the Belgian Relief Commission, was appointed by the President the custodian of the nation's food. When one remembers that Kansas alone grows enough wheat to feed the United States, the magnitude of Mr. Hoover's charge is palpable. In a hundred ways which space forbids us to mention the life and energy of the nation have been diverted by Congress into its dominant enterprise. The President's executive functions, always far more extensive than those of a constitutional monarchy, were augmented by specific legislation which constitutes him virtually a Dictator. He commandeers all ships and shipbuilding yards and railroads and waterways of the Great Lakes, regulates exports, determines prices and marginal profits, and is the Commander-in-Chief of the armed forces of the nation. Moreover, there is a general willingness to comply with any further requisitions or powers of dispensation for which he may see fit to ask, however drastic they may be.

It goes without saying that these extensive changes among a people who detest centralization have not been

wrought without irritating mistakes and needless delays. But only when the entire scope of the President's plan to consolidate the nation for war is plainly perceived, can it be adequately estimated. Nor could Napoleon himself have reorganized us on such gigantic terms, and for a war like this in the time which has elapsed since we began it. Of course we have blundered, and the wonder is that in the effort to make over a democracy like ours into a moving and aggressive military machine so few blunders have occurred and such progress has been made. No one scans it at close range without the growing conviction that America, while slow to anger, is an incalculable force when aroused, and that the aggregate of her resources, whether spiritual or material, will soon be felt in that balance of power where the freedom of the world is at stake. That the nation is aroused is obvious; what is not so obvious is the remarkable way in which the Government is carrying out a tremendous scheme. Having put his hand to the plough the President will not turn back; behind him is the momentum of an accumulating purpose which will push that plough to the end of the furrow. We recognize our shortcomings, and the disagreeable national conceit which is the product of isolation and ignorance has already subsided in view of what our Allies have achieved and the nature of the joint tasks we have assumed. We shall have need of poise to escape the subversive pessimism which attends the road we have to travel, and the captious fault-finding to which that pessimism gives rise. Nor are we reluctant to copy the methods of those who have gone this troubled way before us, or to profit by their trying experiences. The formation of a War Council is a step in the right direction. This reconstruction at the top is designed to oversee all matters concerning our field armies and the relations between them and the War Department. On suitable occasions members of the Council will be sent to the front to confer with the generals in command and

thus keep the Administration in constant touch with actual developments. The system manipulated by Sir William Robertson in London may well serve as a model for us. Nothing, so we are told, occurs on any line of battle that is not at once communicated to him. There is no working in the dark, no mere conjecture of what is needed. Greater distance will make the operation of a similar system more difficult here, but it is indispensable.

IV

The subjoined information was obtained from the Secretaries of the various Departments and members of the Cabinet, who courteously complied with my request for the facts, and said that other measures were under consideration, and some already adopted, which would give additional comfort to the British public could they have passed the censor. What can be transmitted is sufficient to contradict the insincere animadversions of the enemy upon the value of our participation in the war. If Russia is definitely out of it, and Trotzky, after parleying with the Germans, assures us with pious presumption that he craves a general and not a separate peace, the United States can and will make good the lamentable lapse of Russia. That this may be done, Congress, after placing unprecedentedly large sums of money in the war chest, passed the Selective Draft Law, which supplanted voluntary enlistment, and provided a reserve of ten million men between the ages of twenty-one and thirty. A million and a half have been called to the Colours; another million and a half are soon to be called, after which successive drafts will furnish the requisite numbers. The corps of officers has increased from twenty thousand to eighty thousand, and those not in active service are in schools provided for their instruction. The Ordnance Bureau and Quartermaster's Corps are spending six hundred million pounds for the manufacture of rifles, machine guns, and heavy

artillery. The Government has determined to secure twenty-five thousand of the latter of a sufficient calibre to make possible an opening for and protect any advance our infantry may attempt. Other weapons and furnishings are being turned out upon a commensurate scale. Locomotives for war service are built at the rate of thirty a day, and this speed is an indication of the rapidity of production in various industrial branches.

The outstanding success of the Air Craft Production Board is the invention of the 'Liberty' motor, pronounced by the Secretary of War to be the greatest single achievement of his department. Its secret is jealously guarded, but what has been reported of its merits by those who should know gives ground for believing that it guarantees the permanent supremacy of the air to the Allies. The Army Medical Department has an enlistment of seventy thousand physicians and surgeons, a Dental Reserve Corps comprising two thousand six hundred commissioned officers, a Regular Nurse Corps with a proposed enrolment of thirty thousand women, and a Sanitary Corps of two hundred and fifty experts on hygiene. Plans have been completed for twenty base hospitals, one of which, located on Long Island, will accommodate fifty thousand men. Ways and means are also being devised for returning the wounded to civil life fitted to earn a livelihood in pursuits adapted to their condition.

On December 20, 1917, Secretary Daniels informed the Committee on Naval Affairs that in January, 1916, we had only three hundred ships in commission; now we have one thousand, with four hundred and twenty-eight capital or important ships and three hundred and fifty submarine chasers in the building, making a grand total of one thousand seven hundred and seventy-eight vessels of war either actually afloat or in course of construction. The sum of three hundred and seventy-five million pounds is being spent upon additions to the navy, in the making of which

new records have been established. Vessels which formerly took twenty-two months to build are now scheduled for completion within half that time. Arsenals have been doubled and trebled in capacity; foundries, machine shops, warehouses, dry-docks, piers, have been altogether or in part erected, and on these land structures alone twenty million pounds are being spent. Hundreds of vessels of various types and tonnage have been taken over by the Government for transport service, patrol duty, mine-sweeping, coast defence, and submarine-chasing. Among these are one hundred and fourteen Austrian and German ships, including the giant liner, the *Vaterland*, and representing three-quarters of a million tonnage. There are one hundred and seventy-five thousand officers and men in the naval service, as compared with seventy thousand nine months ago. The Marine Corps has grown from ten thousand to thirty-five thousand officers and men, some of whom were the first American soldiers to sail for France. There is a further force of fifty thousand men in the Naval Reserve from which to draw upon when necessary. Every commissioned battleship and cruiser is fully manned, and since the early part of May, 1917, our destroyers have been operating with the Allied naval forces in European waters.

The United States Shipping Board, which exists for the purpose of increasing the merchant marine tonnage, was asked to build a fleet of one thousand and thirty-nine vessels with the utmost dispatch, after which a second appropriation was authorized adding five million tons more to the original amount, and thus providing for a merchant fleet of eleven million tons, and costing three hundred and sixty million pounds. By the close of 1918 at least five million tons of shipping will be afloat, representing the deadweight of sixteen hundred ocean-going vessels. Negotiations have recently been concluded with European neutral nations, and are in process with Japan, whereby the United States will have the immediate use of four

hundred thousand tons of their shipping. The Board has taken over four hundred and three ships from the private yards of America, and unless some unforeseen obstacles prevent, this entire scheme, which has just been placed under new management, will be completed in the allotted time.

V

Two loans totalling one thousand million pounds have been floated by the Treasury in the last few months; both being over-subscribed, the second by more than fifty per cent. A financial authority of New York City assured me a week ago that if a loan ten times this amount had been offered at four per cent. with an allowance of one year to cover the subscription the nation would have taken it up. We have engaged ourselves thus far to spend approximately three billion six hundred million pounds, or eighteen billion dollars, on the war, not counting ordinary expenses. It is interesting to compare this statement with the expense account of Great Britain during the war. Official records show that for the three years and two months to September 30, 1917, the British National Debt has increased three billion pounds, or less than we propose to spend this year. We have loaned one billion four hundred million pounds to our Allies, which is almost exactly the sum which Great Britain has loaned to her Allies and Dominions. But the impressive fact is that out of the total she has so far spent on the war the Motherland has raised one billion six hundred million pounds by taxation, or at a greater rate than is provided by our war tax. As a matter of fact, Great Britain's taxation is several times as heavy as ours, yet the people have cheerfully sustained it, and also purchased bonds out of their savings. Eleven million persons have bought our bonds, which shows that they were an attractive proposition, but twenty millions more capable of investing in them have not yet followed their example. It is evident that we have done little more than scratch the crust of

our financial ability. Capital has always found more profitable returns for investments in an undeveloped country than bonds of any sort afford. But as the war debts pile up credits will be absorbed to discharge them, and the absorption must be met by the issue of national securities.

Yet we should be cautious about deceiving ourselves or our Allies regarding the performance of impossibilities by this nation any more than by other nations. The redemption of assurances that we shall send millions of men to the trenches requires from us almost more than has been done by any people because of the ocean expanse which rolls between the men and the trenches. Primarily it is not a question of whether the necessary funds shall be found by taxation or by loans. It is not a question of funds at all. There are untouched billions of credit in existence, but they might all be absorbed with the only effect of raising the scale of prices and making the problem more difficult. We are spending two hundred million pounds a month, and are discussing raising four billion pounds annually. That would be one hundred and eighty pounds for each family in the United States. If war depended on finance alone, instead of work and human resources, the end would be in sight. You will ask if we are willing to work, to bury smaller issues, and each of us account for one of the enemy, soldier against soldier, artisan against artisan, and so on through every age, sex, and condition? It is idle to say that we have fully girded our loins for the fray, or that all are in a fighting frame of mind, while waste and luxury are visible in every public resort, and workers carry on their class feuds as though there were no crying need to consolidate capital and labour against the common foe. The waste of resources is flagrant, but the deterioration of spirit which it signifies is worse. I am glad to say, however, that although there is large room for improvement, there is no cause for doubt regarding the response of the country any more than that of Congress.

Our labour leaders, of whom Mr. Samuel Gompers is easily first, have shown a commendable sense of responsibility, and the wage-earners have seconded their patriotic and unselfish efforts. The exceptions, which prove the rule get so much attention that there is danger of the general good conduct being overlooked. Merchant princes, traction magnates, and bankers have freely volunteered their services to the Government, quite a number of millionaires being engaged on the Council for National Defence, and elsewhere in a public capacity, at the nominal salary of one dollar a year. The owners of the telegraph and telephone services have handed them over to the naval and military authorities. As I write the news comes that the railroads have followed suit. An inventory of all industries has been made, and a purchasing plan adopted which will effect great economies. Our surplus stock of wheat has been shipped to Europe, and we shall forward what Europe will still need by going without ourselves.

Here let me inquire through your pages what the British people propose to do about the infamous drink traffic which consumes so much food material, and makes such insignificant returns in nourishment, to say nothing of the vice, crime, and misery it inflicts upon the nation. This question is more frequently put to our Food Conservation Board than any other relative to the United Kingdom; why in these times of shortage its brewers should be allowed to continue their trade? Are we expected in this country, which has just received from Congress an amendment absolutely prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors—and one which, when ratified by two-thirds of the States, as it probably will be, must then become constitutional law—to deny ourselves the normal amount of food in order that British and Irish distilleries and breweries should be maintained? I am aware of the numerous difficulties which beset this matter, but I am enforcing it on its economic side, and because we find it

hard to convince American audiences that there can be a serious shortage of food in Great Britain so long as the obstinate fact confronts them that thousands of tons of grain and sugar are devoted weekly to 'the trade.' Arthur Mee's arraignments, *The Fiddlers* and *Defeat or Victory*, and the articles of the London *Spectator*, are widely read and commented upon here. I cannot verify all the assertions and statistics they contain, but I know they have enough of truth in them to dismay every lover of the United Kingdom. Drink still goes hand-in-hand with Germany to subdue the Motherland, and what repressive measures have been enacted against it do not deal with the depraved instincts which foster its hold on a great people. These must be exterminated by the discipline which has found an entrance to your royal palaces, but is still repudiated not only by many of the workers of the nation, but by men and women of station and intelligence from whom, under these extraordinary circumstances, we feel we have the right to demand an accounting.

We turn, in closing, to more agreeable topics. The Red Cross Society has raised its membership to thirteen millions and its funds to twenty million pounds. The Young Men's Christian Association asked for six million pounds as a war fund and received ten millions. These organizations will relieve the destitution in France, Italy, Serbia, and Armenia, and provide hostels and recreation centres at home and abroad for the army and navy. Other religious and philanthropic agencies clamour for mention, and if nothing has been said about the Churches it is because they have been the dynamic of every spiritual and moral work undertaken here at this time. There is no sanctuary of God in the United States which does not have its Service Flag, with a star embroidered upon it for every man who has joined the army or the navy from the ranks of its membership. The women have turned their Church parlours into workshops for the Red Cross and places of entertainment for the

troops. Ministers, priests, and congregations committed to their charge devoutly feel that the entrance of the United States into war is a solemn and transcendent event, which marks the abandonment of our continental seclusiveness, and the inception of a governing ideal of international fraternity, in which the peoples of the world are one society, with each individual pledged to the general welfare, order, and security, and the institution of a league of peace and goodwill. The sectarianism which in many instances no longer has a rationale for its claims, has been temporarily reduced to zero, if not by virtue, yet by necessity. That the Evangel of the New Testament will find fresh fields and opportunities for its redemptive energies in the chastened race to which the Church must presently make her appeal is our firm belief, and one, as we think, founded upon both reason and revelation. That she may prove herself to be a sufficient vehicle for the conveyance of the saving grace of the Everlasting Father, through Jesus Christ our Blessed Lord, is our fervent prayer. These sentiments are entirely consistent with those authoritatively declared by President Wilson in his answer to the Pope's recent overtures, when he said: 'The object of this war is to deliver the free peoples of the world from the menace and the actual power of a vast military establishment, controlled by an irresponsible Government, which, having secretly planned to dominate the world, proceeded to carry the plan out without regard either to the sacred obligations of treaty or the long-established practices and long-cherished principles of international action and honour.' Until that deliverance has been wrought, not by the means we would have chosen, but by those the enemy has thrust upon us, Christendom cannot possess the justice and liberty which are requisite for the growth of the Church and the Kingdom of God. In the faith and purpose that it can be wrought, the moral tragedy retrieved, and the Christian ideal restored, the people of the United States are one with the Motherland.

S. Parkes Cadman.

TESTAMENTARY ETHICS

I

A FEW months ago I published an article in the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW in the course of which I dropped the remark that the wage of the worker was the first charge upon industry—including of course the brain worker no less than the manual. To the remark I appended a footnote to this effect. 'It was with fear, and not with astonishment simply, that I read recently in the column of wills one item. The head of one of the largest industries of its kind left about a quarter of a million, of which he bequeathed £1,500 for distribution among some of his employees. No other public legacy was named. It was time we had war. And no hell could be worse than the unavailing passion of such a soul to return and give freely away.'

In the course of a few days from publication I received the following letter from a correspondent unknown to me, whose name I have no leave to give. 'I have read with much pleasure and appreciation your article in the LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW of this month, "The Moralization of Religion." With the main arguments I am in entire sympathy, especially with your remarks on obedience. It is therefore, while I follow and accept your theory, that I think I should call your attention to the one point in your article I resent. The remarks on page 173, more particularly the footnote expressing your horror and astonishment on reading the notice of the will of a large employer of labour who bequeathed £1,500 to his employees but made no other public legacy. . . . I am also an employer of labour. I have made my will—but I have left no public legacy. I have taken John Wesley's advice, "Get all

you can, save all you can, *give* all you can." I have kept this precept for more than fifty years. The power to give, the disposition to give, the joy of giving has been mine for all these years. I have chosen the better part. Instead of hoarding during my life and bequeathing what I cannot take with me at my death, I have given during my life, sometimes to sacrifice. I have also helped my family relations during my life, rather than saving to bequeath them a legacy at my death. For aught you know the employer of labour you hold in such horror may have done the same. By your condemnation of all who do not bequeath public legacy you do them injustice. I write you, for I think this part of your paper may prejudice acceptance of your main argument.'

II

To this I replied as follows: 'It was no such people as you evidently are that were in my mind. I have known several like yourself, who gave with one hand as freely as they took with the other, and enjoyed not money but the able making and free spending of it. Some of them I knew well enough to love. The person that was in my mind I also knew, though slightly. He was one of a class with which I have come into a good deal of contact, as I have lived much in great industrial centres, and in friendly, or even intimate, contact with their captains. He made his large fortune by the means of operatives to whom he paid the market wage enforced on him. And then he was done with them, except for such things as hospital subscriptions. He gave nothing over and above that to his partners—as such operatives were, and are, and will in the future secure recognition that they are. Their skill, honesty, and order in the working (with whatever trying rebates) made a far more valuable asset in his concern than their wage repaid. And the shocking thing to me was that out of all that fortune he did not leave anything

to those by whom he made it, nor anything to the public or nation that secured him in the making and enjoyment of it. What chiefly struck me was not his leaving nothing to the public (I might have expressed myself more clearly) but his showing no kind of recognition *in justice* to those who in a very real sense made his fortune for him. I do not overlook the vast value of his business skill in organizing both work and markets. Let it be very highly paid. But the note was inserted to back up my remark in the text that the wage of the worker is the first charge upon industry. This is only one phase of the modern principle that a man is more than a sheep, and person more than property. The law is only coming to recognize that offences against life or person are more than any against goods. And I hope the war will help this principle mightily.

'Wesley's maxim was a very good and high one for the social situation of a hundred and fifty years ago. And those who have lived by it have been among the salt of the earth. But we are passing into a totally different social world, with new, and still higher, moral ideals, which our evangelical Christianity is too slow to recognize as really its own. What used to be regarded as charity is becoming a matter of debt and justice. I am sure it must grieve you, with the heart and principle that are in you, to see how often large fortunes are left by their owners entirely within their own family, who have already far more money than thay have either taste or conscience to use, while educational and similar objects are starving.

'I trust you will not take my remarks as conveying anything but the greatest respect for yourself, your principles, and your practice. And there are many like you, I know. But we are where two worlds meet. And the principles which far surmounted the general tenour of the England of the "bloods" a century and a half ago, and which owed so much to the great Evangelical movement, are themselves being surmounted by the movement which

is carrying forward Christianity on the ethical and social side. New depths and ranges of Christian obligation are coming upon us in the heat of our social stress, and in the new vision now given us both of the mind of Christ and, especially, of that Kingdom of God which ruled it all. It has been a misfortune to evangelical religion (as has often been pointed out) that it has been so slow to enlarge the individualist ethic of its origin, and to realize the social implicates of its creed in any other forms than those of voluntary philanthropy. There are few nobler things in the world than the evangelical philanthropy of the last century. But it is not enough. Here, as often, the good may be the enemy of the best, and religion itself, and even well-doing, may become the agent of an egoism of whose social effects the public becomes more and more impatient. I recognize with respect your practice in life of the giving spirit. All I say is that our social and Christian ethic is passing into a plane where that spirit will take new forms less dependent on the solitary goodwill of conscientious possessors. I am very grateful to you for opening your mind to me.'

III

The subject continued to work in my mind, and I put down a few more reflections which I thought of sending to my correspondent in the way of friendly exchange of ideas. But as I received no reply I did not carry out my notion. I have wondered, however, whether there might not be some willing to have these considerations under their attention. It is a matter of great interest, and it calls for caution and discrimination.

Before I go to these farther reflections I may interpose a similar case. By a coincidence, a few weeks after I had the letter named, I found among the wills announced in the daily press an account of one which disposed of an estate of (roundly) £330,000 with the following gloss: 'I

do not leave anything to public charities, having had the pleasure during my lifetime of meeting my inclinations in that respect.' Here is a rich text for the comic spirit of the universe to play on with its irony. The whole thing seems to be viewed as a matter of inclination and the pleasure in its gratification. Yet, to be just, it is possible that the testator, or his lawyer, was without skill to do more than express in a pompous and absurd form what may not have been so grossly egoist in its intention. One wonders sometimes why more people do not give of their superfluity during their lifetime, if only for the pleasure of watching the boon. It may be that this testator had more sense of responsibility than he had the wit to say. He may have belonged to the class whose formal rhetoric does not do entire justice to their meaning or motive, and his bounty may not have been so despotic or so hedonist as it appears. Inclination may really have meant obligation. Knowing nothing of his inclinations one is free to believe that they may have risen above the gastric flushes of a charity dinner, the abnormal glow of a Christmas time, or the 'vanity of giving.' Or, though he was an M.P., they may have had something better than tactical judgement behind them. But, taking the words at their face value, it does seem to stir either pity or fear when, amid the monitions and dispositions of death, a man is cast for his ruling consideration on nothing more solemn or noble than the pleasure he has had in meeting his own inclinations. Do not even his burglars likewise? A fortune like that, made out of industry, out of an ill-paid, hard, and dangerous industry, when charged in the will with no kind of return to the society whose security enabled him to make so much, or to the labour whose toil and peril assisted him to do it—such a fortune would seem to call for some other disposition than, 'I gave to please myself, and to please myself I refuse to give.' Some might say the frown of God was on such wealth, and on the civilization that admires and

envies it. The downcome of such a civilization they might say is the fruit of its fundamental egoism, in collision with the Kingdom of God. But it may seem less extravagant to say that His blessing cannot be on it; and that the *débacle* of such a civilization cannot be used as an indication that God has retired from active concern in His business with men, or become but a sleeping partner in society. What is beyond death is the Kingdom of God without the hulls and obstacles which distort it here; and in such a realm such a person might well be of all men the most amazed and dismayed, if not the most miserable.

IV

The reflections to which I alluded were these. What it seems to me the Christian man should say to himself is:

> 'Tis but in giving that I can atone
> For too much wealth amid their poverty.

He should not only say, 'I am not free just to keep. I must also give, and freely give,' but he must go further. He should say, 'I am not free to give by whim or accident, just as some object happens to capture my fancy, enlist my sympathy, or is put before me by an influential friend, also captured. I must give under an *obligation*, which not only makes me give but rules my manner and object of giving.' The duty and the method of giving are not created by mere incidents, preferences, or affections alone! The form of Christian duty is prescribed by the will of God expressed in the actual situation of the hour. We not only need a sense of responsibility, but such a sense should be guided by the best possible knowledge of the large situation round us. I mean this. A man in providing for his family the gifts he devises is not only moved by affection, but he holds it to be of obligation. Not to provide for his own is infidelity; for they are his as a trust and not as a *peculium*. It is an obligation prior to what I describe as arbitrary giving, giving to objects that happen to seize

a vagrant interest, or the interest of those who have the knack of getting at the donor. When he does pass into that outer, and apparently more gratuitous, circle of bequests, and turns to selecting his beneficiaries, the pressure of obligation should not cease. Should he not begin by asking if any claim is still unmet? I speak of obligation which is not legal like paying debts, but moral, like the recognition of those employees who have been the labour partners in his concern. Before he can give the rein to the purely voluntary, and even arbitrary, interests which attract benevolent fancy, or which are suggested by one who has his ear, is it not his duty to search whether there are any obligations upon him of the more subtle kind, obligations of a kind not yet fully realized by the stage of ethical progress reached by the commercial conscience of his less Christian compeers? Has he exhausted all the moral, and especially the Christian, obligations upon him when he has benefited his family? Granted that he feels before God that he ought to give outside, is he then free to give just as he likes, without a principle equally divine with the impulse? Is he free to give in a generous wilfulness, owning no claim, no will of God as to the manner of giving or the selection of objects, but acting in a way so voluntary that it can be even wilful and then eccentric? Is he quite free, outside obvious obligations, to give to whatever seems to him good in a casual way or on a chance spur? Has he, in making the usual provisions, "satisfied divine justice"? Has he so met all the claims of the finer and newer justice of the Kingdom of God as to feel that no man, and no class of men, has any right to be aggrieved if he choose to pass them by, and that he may now do absolutely as he will with his own? Is there not a moral limitation to his right of arbitrary selection among the objects he would help? Does he ever cease to be but a steward for the Kingdom of God and the New Humanity?

It is well known that many people, whose whole life

and thought have been engrossed with enterprise and acquisition honourable enough, feel at sea when they begin to turn their leisured years and benevolent eyes on the vast variety of causes round them which do not exploit others but benefit them. In a great number of cases the social knowledge of the generous donor has not qualified him to judge well between the beneficent interests that compete for his help. What does he do? Does he take competent advice? Does he leave his friends and turn to leaders in selecting his objects? Shall we ever reach a time when possessors shall court competent advisers as they themselves are now courted by earnest collectors? Having decided, say, for hospitals, or for education, does our good donor then go to some experienced head of such an institution and say: 'Tell me which department of your work needs and repays most help, and guide me as to the shape you think it should take'? At present very often he does thus consult; but often he does not. His charities are not taken as seriously as his business. His success has perhaps given him great self-confidence. He selects for himself objects which may be oddities. And, having selected, he has been known to tie up his gift with conditions which those who really understand the matter find either embarrassing or impossible. They do not know his business as he does, but they know the business of beneficence, or of education, or of social need, as he does not. They know the whole social situation, or the higher economic conditions as he does not. He pours money into hospitals, perhaps, where the returns are prompt, obvious, and touching, he does not sink it in education, which needs time to tell. Or if he would aid education, does he always act according to knowledge? Is he sure whether the scientific or the humanist side means more for social weal or for local benefit at the present moment? Has he considered that education is less liable to abuse and demoralization than hospitals, seeing that the education has given him (if it

be real education) a self-corrective power, which is not given to the person who is cured? Education (which I mention as the chief contrast to the obvious philanthropies) is a far more difficult and subtle science than is dreamt of by many men with a laudable desire to aid it. It is governed by principles which may be very different from the principles which make business success, and which may become engrained in the mental habits of the captains of industry. And the proper consultants in the application of such funds are those familiar with educational ideals and practice. I remember one educational institution of the higher kind which was ruined beyond recall by the confidence with which it was taken in hand by a trust of minor business men without any education in the proper sense of the word, or any wish to be guided by those who had. The large and general idea may be within the range and competency of the layman, but the expert should have a very free hand in the *modus operandi* and the perspective of practical values. We all know how the course of time has exposed the absurdity of some of the old bourgeois bequests. There is much amusing as well as profitable reading to be found in certain parts of Professor Courtney Kenny's book on *Endowed Charities*. There he describes the quaint provisions of many of the old wills in which the imperative and successful merchant, with a mind moulded by his own matter and an egoism death could not quell, endeavoured to go on ruling from the tomb, and to commit his trustees in perpetuity to his hobbies; till Parliament had to step in to release such obsolete trusts from their unworkableness.

Reflecting on such things, is it intrusive to suggest that, since to some the giving of even large sums may not really draw blood, the generous mind of the donors might, as part of doing something that really costs, and as a vital element of the gift, force themselves to use in the distribution of wealth some of the self-distrust which serves men so ill in its acquisition? And, to do the best for their benevolent

intent, they might correct a very natural opinionativeness by turning to an experience beyond their neighbour's, or even their lawyer's, whose purview may be too like their own. They might consult those who have been in contact with a great variety of social classes and interests, and who see these from a position which enables them to know them in a public perspective of value or need. If they had misgivings about the exclusive devotion of charity to hospitals they might consult those whose deeper insight taught them the value of education, and education moral and religious in particular. I know this is widely done. But I also know that it is widely neglected. I am sure also that my suggestions to the latter class would be approved by the experience of the former. And they might address their own soul in the silent hours where the generous impulse often has its rise. They might ask thus: 'Have I taken as much guidance as I should from those who can gauge the concrete and providential situation which prescribes the right form of duty or help, those skilled to know where help would be most fertile? Have I taken from them as much guidance as I have been used to take in investments less public and less high? I have been very busy, and some things in connexion with the deeper needs and subtler conscience of society I do not understand as well as I do the principles and secrets of industry. I did not, in the business of acquisition, jump at each scheme laid before me by sanguine, ingenious, and insistent people who had a way with them. I did not do it even when the thing was commended to me by those whose friendship I valued. I examined the situation with the most skilled and expert help I could find. But in the matter of distribution have I been as careful? Have I taken the same precaution? Have I listened to those who knew, rather than to moving addresses, or to *personae gratae* I met in a vacation? Have I gone with those who touched my heart, or have I gone with my good heart to

those who had the right to be experts of social need and veterans in judicious help? Have I grasped the meaning when I heard it said that the best philanthropic investment is education?'

That, I would suggest, is a line of reflection that might be followed by one who was struck with the fact that Christ's first sign of pity was teaching before feeding (Mark vi. 54), and who felt he ought not to take giving less seriously than getting. He might wish to apply to the distribution of wealth, canons, however different, yet as sound as those he used with such success in the production or investment of it. He might get beyond maxims now obsolete (however good in their day), and more egoist than the modern conscience likes. We are all discovering that it is even more difficult to help people than to employ them, when it is a case of dealing with them collectively and not as individuals. Collective bargaining eases things in certain ways, but collective benefaction is an art which is not yet in the easy stage. I am not speaking of individual aid or sympathy to cases personally known and understood. But to give money in the way of public legacy or institution is a problem which does not grow easier. And it raises, for the conscientious, subtler questions of obligation than the good old souls were in a position to realize. It is not in all cases enough to say: 'My heart is touched, my interest stirred,' except at quite the initial stage. Our charity, like our creed, needs to be moralized, and the sphere of obligation needs to be extended both in its range and in its nature. We may have to repair here an inherited lack or poverty of the communal mind, and to correct the egoism of philanthropy as well as that of religion.

P. T. Forsyth.

THE MENACE OF ISLAM[1]

OF the works mentioned below on a vast, complex, and important theme, the first four are at once the most modern and most significant. The title given to the fourth is so uncompromising, that it seems to demand some such word of explanation as is furnished by the introductory note of Dr. C. H. Stileman, late Bishop of Persia. He writes :—

> Not every one may know that Dr. Zwemer is a distinguished American missionary, with a close knowledge of the problems which face the spread of Christianity in Mohammedan lands. He has for many years lived in Moslem countries, and is a recognized authority on them. So far back as 1890, when I was a C.M.S. Missionary in Turkish Arabia, he was travelling round the Arabian coast, with a view to establishing stations for the American Arabian Mission, of which he was for the next twenty years one of the pioneers.

The summary of the present situation, therefore, contained in his well-printed volume is based upon direct personal contact with the facts, no less than upon prolonged study. As such, it merits respectful attention. There are indeed very many more writers on the subject of Islam than those here specified ; but these may be fairly said to represent the latest attempts to bring the whole vast issues before British readers, and especially to press

[1] *Islam.* By Ameer Ali Syed, M.A., C.I.E. (Constable & Co.) *Mohammedanism* : Lectures on its Origin, its Religious and Political Growth, and its Present State. By C. Snouck Hurgronje, Professor of Arabic in the University of Leiden. (Putnam's Sons.) *Mohammedanism.* By D. S. Margoliouth. (Williams & Norgate.) *Mohammed or Christ?* An account of the rapid spread of Islam in all parts of the globe and the methods employed to obtain proselytes, its immense press and suggested means to be adopted to counteract the evil." By S. M. Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S. (Seeley, Service & Co.) *The Reproach of Islam.* By W. H. T. Gairdner, B.A. (Student Volunteer Missionary Union.) *Muhammad and His Power.* By P. De Lacy Johnstone, M.A., M.R.A.S. (T. & T. Clark.) *The Call of the Dark Continent.* By F. Deaville Walker. (Wesleyan Missionary Society.) *The Story of Islam.* By Theodore R. W. Lunt. (United Council for Missionary Education.) *Studies in the Religions of the East.* By A. S. Geden, M.A., D.D. (Kelly.)

them upon the attention of all in Christian Churches who are interested in Foreign Missions. There can be no possible question as to the intelligence, and—we must believe—the sincerity, of these writers. It is thus all the more noteworthy that they should present to the modern world such utterly different estimates of their theme. It would be impossible to find a more thorough-going contrast than the conception of Islam put forth by Ameer Ali Syed and by Dr. Zwemer. The former not only pronounces it all good in every particular, but regards it as the future religious hope of humanity; whilst the latter views it as a colossal evil, both in itself and in its widespread hindrance to the truest development of humanity.

Drs. Hurgronje and Margoliouth apparently care little for the religious aspect of the case. To the former it is mostly a political study, to the latter a literary investigation. Dr. Hurgronje is specially anxious to help on a harmonizing arrangement between Islam and modern civilization. Dr. Margoliouth contents himself with a carefully compressed narration of the facts, with only very slight and passing reference to any relations between Islam and Christianity. We cannot pretend to be satisfied with either of these standpoints. But both works are extremely valuable, alike for their studious impartiality and the manifest competence of the authors to deal with the subject they undertake. They are rightly regarded as experts, and consequently provide some most valuable material for estimating, fairly and accurately, what is the actual position and promise to-day of the second greatest religion in the world—the only faith that threatens to dispute with Christianity the future allegiance of humanity.

It must be conceded that the whole subject of Islam is greatly ignored, and consequently under-rated, by the people of these realms, religiously no less than politically. Recent events in connexion with the frightful world-war which is upon us have compelled a certain amount of

attention to some countries where Mohammedanism has had full sway for centuries, as also to the only modern Government which has stood as the political representative of Islam in power or influence. But Turkey has been so long both decadent in itself, and an unsavoury subject for British consideration, that even apart from its latest association with German dishonour and barbarity, and its own damnable share in Armenian massacres, it is hardly likely to do much credit to Islam in modern eyes.

If, however, under the limitations of these pages, we dismiss merely political matters, and view the question before us only in avowedly Christian light, it is surely a tremendous mass of living reality that we have to face. More than two hundred millions of convinced, uncompromising, devout, religiously aggressive Moslems, more than ninety millions of whom are under definite British rule, and more than seventy-six millions under other Western or Christian Governments. If that actual fact does not strike the imagination and move the heart of the Churches to serious concern, then there can be no surer sign of their Laodicean decrepitude. No apology, therefore, is needed for a brief endeavour to understand and appraise what is occasionally referred to in these days as 'The menace of Islam.'

'Menace' is undoubtedly a term of reproach. It connotes the possibility of harm, the actuality of danger. That is certainly a serious suggestion to make concerning a religion which embraces at least one-eighth of the population of the globe. It should be possible, however, to ascertain whether the reproach is well-grounded or not; and whether the Christian Churches in this country, or in America, are either doing their part, or well advised in trying to do any part, towards meeting whatever peril the spread of Islam may involve. For that it is spreading in some lands to-day, and not only opposing but overcoming Christian influences in many directions, does not admit

of honest doubt. Nor is it only in Western or Central Africa that the conflict 'Mohammed or Christ?' is assuming such grave aspects. Here is the deliberate testimony of Prof. Du Plessis, a South African Boer of French descent, who is now Professor in the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church at Stellenbosch.

> 'I have referred to the houses and granaries of the Mundang, the smelting furnaces and forges of the Lakka, the cattle of the Tuburi, the ponies and cultivated fields of the Bana. These peoples are self-contained, they are able to supply their own needs. They ask nothing of European civilization, thankful though they are that settled government prevails, and that slave raiding is a thing of the past.
>
> All they need is the Gospel. For that they are waiting, as it were, with uplifted heads and outstretched arms. Mohammedanism stands ready to swallow them up. Mohammedan emissaries are now knocking at the door of these nations, hitherto inaccessible, but now open to trade, commerce, and religion. They are nations that are well worth winning. Christianized they would act as a powerful bulwark to stay the spreading wave of Mohammedanism. Moslemized they would impart greater impetus to that wave. The Church of Christ to-day stands before a piercing call to action, a solemn duty to act decisively and immediately, and a grave responsibility if she evades or postpones action.[1]

If this is—as undoubtedly it is—a typical representation, then it is indeed high time that for Christian, even more than for political reasons, the regrets and pleas of Prof. Hurgronje were heeded. He says with all emphasis that in the modern Moslem problem,

> the whole civilized world and the whole world of Islam are concerned. The future development of Islam does not only interest countries with Mohammedan dominions, it claims as well the attention of all the nations partaking in the international exchange of material and spiritual goods. The principal condition for a fruitful friendly intercourse of this kind is that we make the Moslem world an object of continual serious investigation in our intellectual centres.

How far fruitful and friendly intercourse can come to pass between Moslems and Christians, is indeed a complex and difficult problem. The blending of broad-minded charity with loyal devotion to highest truth is perhaps the most necessary but least easy of all modern religious duties. Certainly it is so in regard to Islam, as we shall

[1] *Thrice through the Dark Continent, from* 1913 *to* 1916.

be compelled to demonstrate even before this brief summary closes.

The whole story of the rise and spread of Mohammedanism in the seventh and eighth centuries has been reliably and often told, and all instructed Christians ought to know something about it. Our concern at the moment is not with what Islam was, but what it is. In whatever way it arose, here it is in our Twentieth Century midst, with a position and an influence in the world which neither politician nor Christian missionary can afford to ignore. The vaunted unity of Islam is a fiction. There are at least three great divisions, quite as distinct from each other as are in Christendom the Greek, Roman, and Protestant Churches. In Africa, Malaysia, and some parts of India, about sixty millions belong to the animistic type, styled by Gottfried Simon 'heathen Mohammedans.' In Persia and parts of India are found the Shiahs, to the number of about ten millions. Whilst of the Orthodox, or Sunnis, there are some 126 millions. But here again there are distinctions. Eighty-five millions belong to the *Hanafi* school; sixteen millions are *Maliki*; the *Shafis* include some twenty-four millions, and about one million are known as *Hanbali*.

It stands to reason that this vast host of genuine 'believers' in the Prophet of Arabia, cannot exist in the midst of modern humanity without exercising some real influence in many directions. This is the more sure because every Moslem is a missionary. The very fact that all thought of propagating Islam by force seems to have died out practically—though not in theory—and that if we ignore an enfeebled Turkey, there are no Mohammedan powers wielding any political influence, leaves the more need to appreciate the quiet and insidious but unceasing aggressiveness which characterizes the Moslem faith. Except for a couple of feeble attempts in England, at Liverpool and Woking, nothing in the way of organized missions is attempted in the name of Mohammed. None

the less is it true, as Dr. Zwemer points out, that 'in most countries where the population is still heathen, Islam is gaining ground.' Under Western or Christian governments, and where what may be termed Christian civilization prevails, the only reminder of the existence of Islam is the way in which the devout Moslem, openly and unabashed, at all times and places, performs his devotions. That Mohammedans may be roused on occasion to a dangerous fanaticism, is only too luridly illustrated in the fearful tragedies of the Indian Mutiny. On the other hand, it would ill become us not to appreciate the fervid loyalty with which myriads of Indian Mussulmans responded to the need of the Empire when the present war broke out.

But no amount of loyalty to the Empire affects the stability and fervour with which the average Moslem not only maintains, but strives to propagate, his belief. Just at present, the greatest field of such activity, personal and insidious rather than united and proclaimed, seems to be in Africa. Exactly how many Moslems are found in that vast continent is hard to say. Probably Dr. Zwemer's estimate of forty-two millions is near the truth. Certainly the number is increasing. Central Africa, the Soudan, and Sahara, constitute a vast territory which is a veritable 'Darul Islam'—land of Islam. 'There,' says Mr. Gairdner, 'those desert tribes, fierce and violent as the Arabs of Mohammed's Arabia, are learning to-day a yet fiercer enthusiasm for Islam.' In the West Coast district, not less than thirty millions of Mussulmans remind Christianity of its failure, and constitute the Christian menace of the future. In the French Congo, one in every ten of the whole population is Mohammedan. In the Nile basin, Islam is getting definite hold; whilst in Somaliland there is a solid block of one million fanatical Moslems. On the East Coast it is much the same. 'Islam is coming in like a flood, from the north and east, where Zanzibar is a veritable hotbed for the promulgation of Mohammedan

influences. Indeed, it looks as if in a comparatively short time all Africa will be under the sway of Mohammed.'

This special menace of Islam in Africa does not mean that in other parts of the world the Moslem faith is moribund. On the contrary, says Dr. Zwemer, 'the Moslems in India are active in the spread of their faith, and are gaining many converts from among the low castes, especially in those very regions where there are mass movements towards Christianity.' When it is borne in mind that the total Moslem population of India is now nearly sixty-eight millions, and that all these are potentially if not actively missionaries, it seems to bring almost within vision the prediction of Mr. C. Y. O. Donnell, one of the English census officials, that 'in about five hundred years the whole of India will be an entirely Mohammedan country.'

This imperfect summary must here suffice as a reminder of the extent and vitality of the Moslem world to-day. The main enquiries suggested by the works before us and the facts they connote, are three: (I) What does Islam really stand for, religiously and ethically? (II) What is the nature and promise of its present development of propagandism? (III) How are Christian Foreign Missions thereby affected?

(I) The religious and ethical influence of Mohammedanism depends necessarily upon its doctrinal and practical essentials. These may be briefly yet fairly stated as follows. The main articles of Moslem faith rest on four great foundations, and five practical supports, or pillars. The final foundations are (1) The Koran, said to be the eternal Word of God, uncreated, and absolutely inspired in every detail; (2) The Hadis, or Traditions; (3) Ijma, or the agreement of the learned doctors; (4) Qias, or the analogical reasonings. From these are derived some half-dozen definite articles of faith, viz. (i) The forsaking of all idols; (ii) the acceptance of the absolute unity of God; (iii) Absolute belief in Mohammed as the chief and final Prophet of God; (iv) Acceptance of the Koran as infallible, unchangeable, incomparable.

eternal; (v) Adoption of Mohammed's rules of practical devotion; (vi) Submission to all the laws of the Koran in regard to domestic, social, and political relations. These admit of varying interpretations by the many differing Moslem schools, but in some form or other they are essential.

The rules of Mohammed as to practical life, constitute the five 'pillars' of Moslem devotion. First comes the recital of the *Kalima*, or Confession—'There is no Deity but God, and Mohammed is the Prophet of God.' Secondly, *Namaz*—the five stated periods of daily prayer. Thirdly, the observance of the annual thirty days' fast of *Ramadan*. Fourthly, the practice of *Zakat*, or almsgiving. Lastly, the *Hajj*, or pilgrimage to Mecca. Circumcision is a universal Moslem practice, but is not incumbent upon adult converts.

Many interesting and important details as to the carrying out of these practices, are given in the works above named. Our task, in this brief summary, is to estimate as fairly as possible those specific traits of character and influence which are inseparably associated with the foregoing tenets. Here, as so often, there are two sides to be noticed. On the good side the following must in fairness be acknowledged. Islam puts an end for ever to idolatry, alike in its ancient pagan or modern heathen forms. It gave a pagan country, in an age debased by ecclesiastical superstitions, a real faith in a real and living God. It put an end to some revolting pagan practices, such as the murder of female children. Even as to polygamy, which was then practically unlimited, something at least was done to improve matters. In Prof. Margoliouth's words, 'Perhaps the formula "regulation of sexual relations" would be sufficiently precise and sufficiently vague to describe what was done.' In regard to women, the one thing which it did for them, on which Islam's advocates never fail to dwell, was to grant them the right to possess property and

arrange for its disposition. As to slavery,[1] whilst no thought of its final abolition is suggested, definite regulations are made for the benefit and protection of slaves, which compare very favourably—says Dr. C. H. Robinson—with the laws laid down in the Pentateuch. It was undoubtedly a good thing—and would be still more so to-day, if the prohibition were observed—that intoxicating drink, together with gambling and usury, were forbidden. During the later triumphant periods of Islam's world-progress, undoubtedly much was done to promote general education, with a correspondingly real increase in knowledge. The doctrine of a genuine brotherhood amongst all Moslems was also enforced, to an extent which has been too often sadly lacking in countries called Christian. Again, in regard to the Zakat, or poor-rate, it must be acknowledged that Moslem provision for the poor is highly commendable. Perhaps this is one great reason why in Islam suicides are so rare. It is certainly to the credit of Moslems that they never hesitate to confess their faith, or perform their devotions, at any time or in any place. In fact, as intimated above, all Moslems are missionaries; and often all the more influentially because insidiously, seeing that as travellers and merchants, wherever they go on business, their faith goes with them. However much we are compelled to discount the Mohammedan estimate of the Koran, no one will deny that there are to be found in it—as well as in Islamic literature generally—some lofty sentiments in regard to the Divine nature, and some noble ethical ideals in connexion with human conduct. Whence it occasions no surprise that we find so many modern educated Moslems

[1] When Prof. Hurgronje avers that 'setting slaves free is for Islam one of the most pious meritorious works, and at the same time the regular atonement for certain transgressions of the sacred law: so that according to Mohammedan principles slavery is an institution destined to disappear'—one cannot but submit, with all respect, that the conclusion is much larger than the premisses. To say nothing of the fact that the door is left wide open for the perpetual bringing in of any number of additional slaves—all of whom are at the disposal of their master,

ranging themselves on the side of the most worthy democratic conceptions and purposes. In face of all these good traits, which might be truthfully emphasized, it can be understood how Dr. Robinson, even though he writes as an advocate of Christian Missions, can avow that 'we cannot honestly regard the spread of Islam during the last 1,300 years as a calamity. It is impossible to say for how many centuries those evil practices which Mohammed forbad would have remained unchecked, had it not been for Islam.'

Having thus frankly and unhesitatingly acknowledged the good traits which are to be found associated with Islam, we are the more truly both free and bound to take careful cognizance of the bad, so that from balancing the two we may discover what reasons actually remain for regarding the spread of Mohammedanism as a 'menace' to the genuinely Christian conception of human life, or to the worthiest ideals of modern civilization.

It is only too easy, from the Christian standpoint, to point out those features of Islam which make it 'the worst opponent that Christian faith has to face.' The very fact that much good may in some respects be associated with it, brings it within the category of the lies which are half truths, and, therefore, as Tennyson reminds us—'a harder matter to fight.' As a brief review makes no claim to be a theological treatise, enumeration without elaboration must here again suffice. (i) The Koranic conception of God is both crude and hard, as insufficient for all the needs of humanity as false in its reference to the Christian Trinity, and far removed from Christ's supreme revelation of the universal divine Fatherhood. (ii) Its estimate of human nature is no less at fault. No attempted philosophical wriggling can secure moral freedom for humanity on Koranic lines. The summary is as true as brief, that Islam's fatalism 'made men reckless on the battlefield, but bred practical immorality in times of peace.' (iii) The personal

claims of Mohammed are simply intolerable. His boundless assumptions are quite unwarranted, and his estimate of himself as the veritable Omega of God's revelation of Himself to mankind, is as demonstrably false as supremely presumptuous. (iv) Hence it cannot but follow that the all-prevalent Moslem estimate of Mohammed is lamentably exaggerated; on the whole, it is as false as fulsome, and quite contradicted by Mohammed's known life and character. (v) The mission of Mohammed was indebted for its marvellous success quite as much, to say the least, to the sword, as to its insistence upon monotheism. The Moslem's fiery, triumphant valour was kindled no less by greed and lust than by religious conviction. There is no reason to doubt that a modern Jihad, were it possible, would reproduce all the ancient horrors. (vi) When the five practical pillars of Islam are scrutinized, they are very far from recommending themselves as the worthy essentials of a universal religion. The form of confession lends itself more than usually to unreality; the prayers become mere mechanical repetitions; the fast of Ramadan is a gross mockery in the vast majority of those who practise it; the necessity of almsgiving puts a premium upon beggary; the pilgrimage to Mecca gives occasion for the worst immorality, no less than the greatest physical danger of spreading disease. The really devout Moslem leaves the holy city sick at heart, even if he escapes other serious harm. (vii) The whole estimate and treatment of women on the part of Islam is definitely unworthy and degrading. This might only too easily be demonstrated under all these heads—the general estimate of womanhood; the laws relating to polygamy; the unlimited permission, and so far promotion, of divorce; the premium put upon slave concubinage; the inevitable degradation of family life; the actual condition of women in the Moslem world, through all the centuries even until now; the falsity of the Moslem boast, as by Ameer Ali Syed and others, that Islam has abolished prostitution,

the truth being, as Bishop Steere says, that 'the streets are empty of these women because the houses are full of them, and there is no scandal because there is no shame.' (viii) The Islamic boast as to the protection or good treatment of slaves vanishes before the fact that slavery is endorsed as a permanent institution in human life. (ix) So, too, the brotherhood of Islam is no human brotherhood at all, but only a narrow and intolerant fellowship for avowed Moslems, capable of being associated with the narrowest and cruellest bigotry. (x) Islam also includes and develops superstitions to such an extent as to make it least of all likely to purify or elevate the minds of the heathen tribes whom it reaches. (xi) It is no more true that Islam puts an end to drink and gambling, than that it prevents prostitution. (xii) Its firm assurance as to an after life is vitiated by its gross materialism in representing that life, alike for the good and the bad. Herein one can quite understand how anxious modern apologists like Ameer Ali Syed are to dismiss this grossness all as merely 'figurative.' But it is a vain attempt, in face of all the testimony to the contrary both from doctrinal and practical sources. No honest reader of the Koranic Sura Lvi can accept such pseudo-explanations—even if the direct witness of theologians like Al Ghazali is set aside—together with the unshakable convictions of 'the large masses of Moslems' whose literalism even Ameer Ali Syed is compelled to acknowledge. (xiii) By the same Moslem apologist it is affirmed that 'the pictures of a future existence in the Koran are all drawn to suit the comprehension of the people among whom, and the age in which, the New Gospel was preached.' In the degree in which this is true, it is the condemnation of Islam. For it means that by the very sacred changelessness of the Koran, the sensuous and sensual delights of Mohammed's Arabs become the only standard and hope of succeeding generations as long as the world lasts. Such an eschatology will assuredly not be

tolerated by the humanity of to-day. (xiv) The whole case, therefore, may be truthfully summarized in the assertion that Islam, as a religion, is only helpful to low grades of paganism or heathen tribes, and even for them it is far from being the best. It is well to lift them a little above their low level; but it is emphatically ill to leave them there. Progress on Islamic lines is impossible. That this is no prejudiced Christian libel, is abundantly shown by the condition of those lands where Islam has had fullest unchecked opportunity to do its best. That condition may be left to speak for itself in Arabia, Persia, Turkey, Morocco, Africa, as well as in many parts of Asia.

II. The dangers to all that is best in Christian civilization from the propagandism of such a faith, admit of being very definitely stated, and only too clearly demonstrated. Practical fatalism, a low standard of ethics, a finality of doctrine which bars out all possibility of progress, a real stagnation arising from that finality, with all the risks and evils accompanying stagnation,—these inalienable factors of the Moslem faith make its extending influence to be as real a menace to the best hopes of humanity, as the spread of an epidemic is to the health of the community.

It were only too easy a task to show how this stagnation has wrought and is still causing deadly harm in all realms of human existence: physical, mental, moral, social, political, no less than spiritual. For which reason the modern propagandism which is ever proceeding insidiously on practical lines, and is in these days taking on new forms theoretically, deserves much more heed than it receives from all who desire the best for coming generations. Christian thinkers and teachers, above all others, should watch the more recent features of both the theoretical or doctrinal phases of this propaganda. The Wahhabism which spread in North India at the beginning of the last century, but was suppressed, still maintains vigorous existence and anti-Christian influence in Eastern Arabia.

and at the important college of Deoband. But inasmuch as it seeks to 'bring Mohammedanism back to the point at which its author left it, and stereotype it there for all time,' it is not so much to be regarded as the attempt represented by Ameer Ali Syed and the late Sir Syed Ahmad Khan to revive the teaching of the former Mutazilite school, which may be pronounced Islamic heterodoxy. It set at defiance the rigid but orthodox doctrines of an eternal Koran and human fatalism; and for a time made some headway. But it was crushed by the influence of Al Ashari, and is only now being rehabilitated with a view to bring Islam more into accord with modern thought. On these lines many modifications in both Islamic doctrine and practice are being suggested by the New Islam school. But as Lord Cromer said, 'reformed Islam is Islam no longer'; and all the attempts of the reformers to cover up this fact by violent attacks upon Christianity are not likely to prevent the modern world from seeing and appreciating what is undeniable.

It is a very serious factor in the case that, speaking practically, the propagandism of Islam is definitely helped by means which are not likely to diminish. These can only be mentioned here, but they merit careful notice. The possibilities of the modern press throughout the world afford splendid opportunities which Mohammedan apologists are most alert to employ, for making known their tenets. The Christian or Western governments not only maintain a religious neutrality—which after all plays into the hands of Islam—but in not a few cases protect, and even subsidize, Moslem efforts, and forbid Christian Missions. Moreover, the methods by which Islam spreads in Africa and India are not seldom such as Christianity cannot adopt; whence the Moslem cult reaps a real advantage. To which must in fairness be added the ceaseless if not disinterested watchfulness which Moslems display to get and keep hold of the children. Marriage in non-Moslem countries does

more for Islam to-day than the sword did in its earlier history.

III. From the very brief and incomplete summary here presented, it cannot but be perceived that the case for Christian missions to Moslems is at once the most difficult, and in some countries the most necessary, of Foreign Missionary undertakings. The need for such specific effort is most pressing. In Africa it may truly be described as overwhelming. When Islam once gets hold of native tribes, it seems generally impossible to dislodge it. But it cannot be denied that when such work is seriously contemplated, opportunity and difficulty come hand in hand to meet the Christian Churches. Boundless opportunities are afforded to-day by the disintegrating processes which are taking place in Islam itself, as well as in the almost unlimited opening everywhere of doors which have hitherto been fast closed. But no more difficult task exists for the Christian teacher than to convince the average Moslem that his Mohammed is not to be compared with our Christ. It has been only too truly said that the task of the Christian missionary to Moslems is 'to get the proudest man in the world to take the thing he hates, from the hand of the man whom he despises.' Readers of Dr. Tisdall's excellent little volume on *Muhammadan Objections to Christianity* will soon convince themselves as to the vast amount of knowledge, skill, and patience required of the missionary to Moslems. It goes without saying that by reason of these great and complex difficulties, many improvements in missionary method and devotion are called for.

And yet the last thought which should come to the Christian student may legitimately be one of hope. The notion suggested by some timid or unwilling Christians that missions to Moslems are impracticable and ineffectual, is abundantly contradicted by facts. Dr. Zwemer's chapter upon 'The dying forces of Islam,' and 'The fullness of time in the Moslem world' are much more than refutations of the

hopelessness which in some quarters yet prevails in regard to missions to Moslems. To take only one portion of the picture:

> There was a time when we spoke of sweet firstfruits in Moslem lands. To-day we witness whole sheaves gathered for the coming harvest. In Java alone there are over 24,000 converts from Islam, and more than 300 baptisms every year. In Sumatra the missionaries speak of the arrest of Islam in its progress among the pagan tribes, and point to the miracle of God's grace among the Battaks. From Bengal we hear of large numbers gathered into the Christian Church. In nearly every district, writes John Takle, in Bengal, there are to be found Moslem converts, and in one district—Nadia—there is a Christian community at least 5,000 of whom are either converts, or descendants of converts, from the Mohammedan faith.

The opposing influences and powers are certainly not to be underrated. There is crucial need to bring them home to the mind and heart of ordinary Christians. But they are now not nearly as great as those which Paul and his co-workers faced, when they first made holy onslaught upon the might of Rome and the subtlety of Greece. Whether the marvellous changes now taking place in that eastern corner of the Mediterranean—including the historic wresting of the Holy City on December 11, 1917, from the Moslem tyranny of four centuries—is to be regarded as some zealous interpreters of prophecy would have us understand, or not, this at least is clear beyond all controversy: the whole world is entering upon a new phase of human existence, and the call to Christian Churches everywhere is more insistent than ever before, to present to modern humanity a united and unmistakable testimony that 'There is no other name under heaven given among men wherein we must be saved' than that of Jesus Christ. Other teachers have had their day—from Buddha to Mohammed, from Mohammed to Nietzsche; but they have all been weighed in the balances and found wanting. A sorrowing, perplexed, war-weary world is waiting for that Kingdom of God which is 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.' And of that Kingdom the only foundation is 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.'

FRANK BALLARD.

HEREDITY IN BRITISH BRAINS

Hereditary Genius: Natural Inheritance. By FRANCIS GALTON, F.R.S. (1869.)
Heredity and Environment. E. G. CONKLIN. (1915.)

THE present Unionist member for Salisbury, Mr. Godfrey Locker-Lampson, son of the most accomplished writer of 'nineteenth-century vers de société,' is to-day one of the very few who may have heard, in his youth, a story that long lingered in the Tennyson home-circle. The heir to the Laureate's title had recently come into existence; what should be his name? 'Of course, Alfred,' said the then Frederick Locker, 'it must be yours!' 'But consider,' rejoined the poet, with his grimly humorous look, 'if he were to turn out a fool.' So it was settled that the newcomer should be called Hallam. The second Lord Tennyson's career has worthily reflected the distinction alike of his patronymic and paternal title. To-day in his retirement, at the well-known Freshwater or Blackdown house, he can look back upon an active course of imperial service, exactly such as the great Laureate would have wished for his son.

The posterity of the Laureate's greatest prose contemporary also connected themselves with our overseas possessions in a different, but scarcely less close a degree. *The Seven Sons of Mammon* was the title suggested by the founder of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* to his earliest pupil and favourite contributor, for a novel that answered its purpose at the time, but has long been forgotten. The suggestion was itself suggested by the number of his chief's male offspring. The youngest of these not long since was brought into more public prominence than had recently fallen to his lot by the appoint-

ment to an office forming a traditional reward of first-rate achievement at the Bar, that of Common Serjeant of the City of London. None of his brothers did ill. None of them, indeed, inherited the kind or measure of their father's genius; each had something of the sterling brain-power, showing itself in the accurate mastery of business details. During his absence in Genoa, few things gratified Dickens more than the attentions paid by Miss (afterwards the Baroness) Burdett-Coutts to his family at home; in the same letter, with equal delight and amusement, he tells a friend how a fallen servant-girl had expiated her sins, according to the local press, by being received into the bosom of the infallible Church, having two marchionesses for her sponsors; and how on the same day Miss Coutts had sent the best of letters to himself, and to his first-born a Twelfth-night cake, weighing ninety pounds, magnificently decorated—'only suppose,' he adds, 'it had been sent to me here; think of Fairburn's Twelfth-night characters being detained at the Custom House for Jesuitical surveillance.' In due course after this Charlie was taken by his father to Eton, and placed under W. G. Cookesley's special care. He did not greatly distinguish himself in the school, but he showed a patient perseverance in drudgery that made his tutor predict his eventual competence for the mechanical business of periodical letters. He succeeded in conducting his father's legacy, *All the Year Round*, with fair success upon the lines which the great man had laid down.

The novelist's one intimate of the old classical-literary school was Francis Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*. That critic's full name was bestowed upon the third son and fifth child. The father's shrewd wisdom and real goodness come out in the parental advice to all, especially perhaps to the two boys who went to Australia, and who put forth their share of their sire's high courage and indomitable energy by finding nuggets or shearing a thousand flocks. All these seven lads accompanied their father in the ten-

mile stretch that he exulted in taking his Saturday-to-Monday guests; it rather tried some of the visitors, who, like Sala, might not be in first-class training, or waited long and vainly for their second wind. None of the Dickens name and blood, however, turned a hair or confessed to any feeling of fatigue. Foremost at this time among the Dickensian posterity was he who had received his name from the most classical of English dialogue writers, and for whose baptism Walter Savage Landor travelled up from Bath to assist. The infant as he passed onward to and through boyhood became the idol of his school teachers and schoolboy friends. His bright disposition, sustained industry, and shining parts were the subject of unfailing praise of the masters whose prizes he brought home at the end of every half. Miss Burdett-Coutts secured him a commission in the Indian army a few years before the transfer of our Asiatic Empire from the Company to the Crown. He had seen service in the 42nd Highlanders; he served his cadetship in the Bengal native Infantry. He was only twenty-three when on New Year's day, 1864, he died in the officers' quarters of the Calcutta hospital. He is the only one of the group whose portrait was drawn by his father's pen. Too overcome with grief at the time to attempt any memorial words, Dickens waited some years before an *All the Year Round* Christmas Number ('The Seven Poor Travellers') gave him the opportunity of personifying in Captain Taunton, Doubledick's rescuer, all that was most characteristic of his dead boy. Not an incident or a trait in the 'Story of Richard Doubledick' which did not within the writer's knowledge come from life. Walter Landor Dickens inherited from his father the happy habit of looking for and discovering 'the soul of goodness in things evil.' It was the same principle that goes far towards explaining the success won by our own Barnardo or Booth, and the several philanthropic movements that have sprung from the hideous welter of the present war. Richard

Carstairs and Joe in *Bleak House* exemplify their creator's conviction that some potentiality of good, if not here, yet hereafter, lurks in the most down-trodden, blundering, or even incorrigible of God's creatures, and that to find and develop it is the first of Christian duties. The fourth son of *David Copperfield's* author perpetuated one aspect of the parental traditions not less faithfully than another. The intellectual gift has re-asserted itself in the literary success achieved by the great man's grand-daughter, Miss Angela Dickens, or the re-appearance of some strangely Dickensian qualities in the Common Serjeant of London City. Those who have heard this gentleman's public readings have seen the father's eyes and listened to his voice in that of his sixth son. More than this, some of his repartees in or out of Court have the genuine paternal ring, and on this wise. An opposing counsel (Willis) once somewhat disconcerted Mr. H. F. Dickens by a continuous, and as the judge seemed to think, needless cough. 'My lord,' said Mr. Dickens, stopping short, 'an illustrious relative of mine has immortalized the words, 'Barkis is willing.' May I be allowed to observe, 'Willis is barking'?

The wisdom of the poor old, half-lit nineteenth century prided itself on discovering that great men owe generally to their mother the facial structure and intellectual conformation; while the father is mostly responsible for the qualities known as moral. At the same time, as it were, by way of hedging, these pre-scientific heredity researchers laid it down that, if either parent was remarkable for some exceptionally strong feature or attribute, it might, by descending to the child, upset all these theories. From that view the books mentioned above the present writing contain no express dissent. The opinion, therefore, may be taken for what it is worth. The most illustrious instance ever brought forward in its support was that of William Shakespeare. About him Jowett used to say that everything known for certain might be got into half a sheet of

note-paper. A half-penny post-card would be probably large enough for all the verified details concerning the couple from whom the bard derived his existence. This much, however, may be taken for truth. Mary Arden, the poet's mother, had a face as beautiful as her name, as well as an intelligence not less lofty than her son's forehead, together with mental and social accomplishments equal to the handsome dower that she brought her husband. He, John Shakespeare, belonging by birth to the prosperous section of Chaucer's Franklin class, was improved by his marriage into a fairly affluent country gentleman of the smaller sort. His tastes were cultivated, and included a liking for all good things, material as well as mental. That temper, there can be little doubt, descended to his third child, William Shakespeare, whose local reputation was only that of a natural wit, without any art at all. After ten years of theatrical life (1591–1601), retired to his native place with a comfortable income of £800 a year, in modern money representing probably not less than £1,500. He was thus the first man of letters and art to realize a fortune by his brains. Pope was the second, Sir Walter Scott the third; while since then they have been common enough. At Stratford-on-Avon the bard settled down to hospitable enjoyment; Ben Jonson and Drayton were his most frequent guests. The ordinary residents of the place, sometimes invited, complained that these meetings were rather too 'merie' for common folk; and when they came to an end pleasantly attributed the host's death to a fever contracted from convivial excess. Shakespeare's two daughters, Suzanna and Judith, married respectively John Hall, a Stratford doctor, and Thomas Quiney, a small Warwickshire landlord. Neither union produced sons. Doctor and Mrs. Hall, however, became in 1608 the parents of a daughter, who had for her first husband (1626) Thomas Nash; a second made her Lady Barnard. With her death disappeared the last representative of the

supreme intellect among children of men. Of Shakespeare's posterity in different degrees, nothing is known except from scattered and scanty references by obscure writers. These seem to show that the Shakespeare ladies, like their one or two short-lived grandsons, were of fair repute, strictly attended, with the best results, to their own business, and passed away in the odour of respectability and prosperity combined. From these cases such inference as can be drawn favour the conclusion that, as the nineteenth-century theorists held, the endowments showing themselves in the general conduct of life may for the most part be derived from the father, while brain-power, especially if sublimated into genius, is often a maternal gift.

The statesmen of the Elizabethan or Jacobean period have been more fortunate than its greatest literary or dramatic ornament in never lacking male descendants to perpetuate their talents and work, in an unbroken line. William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, the chief counsellor of Henry VIII's masterful daughter and her successor, united with his European reputation for practical wisdom a largeness of outlook and a tolerance for fresh ideas that, after he had put down his foot on monopolies, made him the advocate of unfettered exchange with other countries precisely in the manner that this reform fulfilled itself in the middle of the nineteenth century. From that time to this, none of the Cecil generations following him have lacked these qualities. They grew with the political growth of the nineteenth-century Lord Salisbury. They were just as conspicuous in Lord H. Cecil's defence of the conscientious objector on November 21, 1917. It was not only the best delivered during the debate; in tone and thought it was of a finer texture, and reached a higher level, than anything heard at St. Stephen's since Mr. Gladstone's farewell utterance. More than that, it showed the Chamber for the first time that in the former Prime Minister's fifth son there survived the intellectual mastery and argumenta-

tive eloquence which, more than sixty years since, first told Parliament that the most characteristic gifts of the great Burleigh's second son, Robert Cecil the first, had been handed down to the ninth in descent from him, in other words, to Robert Cecil, the Conservative member for Stamford of 1853. With the ancestral powers of mind and tongue he inherited also the facial resemblance to the famous ancestor, noticeable to-day not only in all Lord Salisbury's direct posterity, but in his nephew, Mr. Balfour. The men whom Burleigh trained have bequeathed descendants of only less than his calibre to all time. The treasurer of Queen Elizabeth's household, the first Sir Francis Knollys, in his royal mistress's words, invested common-sense with the proportions of genius. No phrase could more aptly describe the service, not only to the Crown but to the whole country, rendered by his representative to-day, the first Viscount Knollys, whose inflexibility of principle and pliancy of tact have helped to avert more than one crisis from the country as well as from the Crown.

'It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block himself,' was the universal verdict on the maiden speech of Chatham's son. The same thought came to many minds when more than a generation ago the present Lord Gladstone made his oratorical début at an extra-parliamentary gathering in a West End theatre, hired for the occasion. Since then colonial administration has checked the Westminster development of the paternal powers. Originally revealed to the general public in 1880, as first Governor-General of South Africa, in the Council-Chamber as on the platform, when political parties, material interests, and even moral duties have been in conflict with each other, Viscount Gladstone has justified alike his father's training and estimate of his powers.

One conclusion of the matter cannot be in doubt. The ancestral gift may vary in kind and degree of value. With scarcely an exception, heredity decides the quality of the

available mental power; environment decides not only the object but the precise results of its exercise. Among the instances of this—some already mentioned—the Hill family supplies remarkable examples of a mental equipment, tolerably constant if not identical in completeness and force, successfully applied to different ends. 'Friend to King George, but to King Jesus more.' Such was the once familiar description of the Shropshire baronet, Hill of Hawkstone Park, who transmitted his intense earnestness, if not his actual piety, through many generations. Never did stock prove more miscellaneously productive; from it there sprung the most effective, as well as the most eccentric of the great preachers of the eighteenth century; the general who under Wellington swept the Old Guard from the hill at Waterloo; the consummate official of St. Martin's-le-Grand who originated penny postage; and his nephew, the greatest authority of his time on all Johnsonian subjects. The two Wesleys of course reproduced, though they did but gradually mature, the spiritual fervour and the organizing mind which had been their birthright in the Epworth rectory. The Free Churches of to-day furnish another instance of the sort now considered in the Dale and Spurgeon families. The Vice-Chancellor of Liverpool University swept the Cambridge board of great prizes, and finally came out tenth in the classical tripos; since then readers or hearers of Dr. A. W. Dale's nervous, idiomatic English have sometimes fancied they might be listening to the clear and cogent analysis of Pauline theology that marked a mental and spiritual epoch with so many who attended the services of Carr's Lane Chapel. The *alma mater* of the Oxford Wesleys, Christchurch, became, the best part of a century afterwards, the headquarters on the Isis of a family which supplied the Oxford movement with a useful worker as well as with its chief. E. B. Pusey's aptitude for affairs and penetrating insight into character largely came from his shrewd parliamentary and political

ancestors. His own vast learning and zeal for his cause went directly to his son Philip, whose bodily infirmities prevented his visible participation in the Tractarian organization, but whose rare, ripe and accurate knowledge was often of proved value in controversial crises. Among the Cambridge champions of the movement, H. J. Rose, as zealous for it in the earlier as F. A. Paley in the later forties, has bequeathed his fervour and erudition to a vigorous posterity.

In an earlier number of this *Review* (April, 1914), the present writer was permitted to trace the descent of speculative and didactic gifts through successive generations of the Arnold and Coleridge clans. To the same category belong the Harrow and Trinity Butlers, the Wordsworths and the Merivales. Since these names began to be on the lips of men, more than a hundred years ago, there never passes a decade which does not see these families recruiting scholarship, letters, commerce, or some branch of the public service with fresh representatives of the versatile thoroughness, shown by the hereditary brains, in adapting themselves to the changing conditions and the Protean calls of national service. So, too, it is in occupations demanding gifts below that of genius. In journalism the Walters, among publishers the Blackwoods, Chambers, Longmans, and Murrays, from fathers to sons point the same moral. The past and present of English art tell us no other story. In proof of this one need only mention the Landseers, the Wards, the Macquoids and the Stones, Frank, the father, with his happily surviving son, Marcus, who by the long and unbroken continuity of his successes at Burlington House, as well as his appearances in the chief trans-Atlantic exhibitions, has not only sustained the family tradition but has eclipsed it. The stage shares the intellectual persistence of the studio; so in the same degree do the twentieth-century senate and church, established or free. Edmund Kean lifted a theatre out of the mud by the

intellectual quality of his impersonations; his son, Charles, within living memory at the Princess's, won for his Shakespearian revivals a place in the educational agencies of the day. Those who never saw Henry Irving in his Lyceum prime may judge to the life what he was from the personal presence and histrionic idiosyncrasy of his son.

'Sir, you have a constitution,' were Disraeli's words when, gazing on the powerful figure of the great and good man who stood before him, he pressed on J. C. Ryle, then within five or six years of his seventieth birthday, the newly created Liverpool bishopric; and the ecclesiastical Ryles of to-day owe their position to the gifts and opportunities of their parentage. It used to be said that C. H. Spurgeon's work, being essentially and exclusively a part of himself, must end with him. Both the preaching and the organization have flourished under his devoted sons. The remarkable records of the Moultons will occur to all readers of this Review. The parliamentary and official distinction already mentioned of the Cecils is the product not only of their Tudor forefathers but of their share in the superb gifts of the Aldersons, inherited from their mother, one among the most highly endowed women of the Victorian era. The cleverness of two Churchill generations may be explained in no other way. Lord Randolph, like his brother, the Duke of Marlborough, received from his mother the mental legacy of the Stewarts. Mr. Winston Churchill is the fortunate son of a mother whose tenacity of brain, social enterprise, and courage formed the most valuable portions of the dower bestowed by the New York Jeromes upon Blenheim. Both parents again have contributed from their own extraordinary resources of mind and character to the rare performances which have invested the Asquith name with associations that are no small part of English history.

T. H. S. Escott.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE NATIONAL HOUSING SCHEME

A NEW scheme of reform is not generally responsible for any inclination to consolidate previous efforts in that direction. To allow past intentions to accumulate in the hope of their being ultimately discharged would be to overwhelm those engaged with the aspect of the particular problem to-day.

Certainly, in the case of the ever-present but ever-changing question of Housing, any attempt to co-ordinate the schemes, reports, recommendations, and bills of, say, the past half-century, would be as futile as it would be disheartening. Many admirable recommendations have been made, only to suffer the too frequent fate of a Royal Commission Report. Too often do we find that the deliberations of a select body of specially qualified minds are not regarded as having the immediate reference which inspired them, but rather as a counsel of perfection for some ideal state of the future which is assumed to be beyond our reach. 'Model By-laws' have no practical value until they are by-laws, and the shelving of recommendations not only deprives the present of the advice to which it is entitled, but incommodes the future by tending to make recurrent problems increasingly indeterminate.

Not only have we thus neglected the conclusions of those eminently qualified to advise on the vast question of Housing, but we have lost many opportunities in the past of remedying evils that have become a reflection on the whole community; our improvements have had too little regard for the question as a whole, have been too isolated, too local, in character; and in every large town we find whole districts that are utterly unworthy of the country persisting and likely to persist until the promoters

of improvement schemes recognize that these districts are the primary and not secondary considerations in town development.

In the case of London, the Great Fire was the first and greatest modern chance thus thrown away, and we have made many mistakes since then to discount the improvements accomplished.

We have now another opportunity of dealing with things as they should be dealt with, the possibilities of which are only to be gauged by the extent to which we recognize the immediate need for practising what we preach. Circumstances of which perhaps the most pregnant is the gradual cessation of all ordinary building during the past three years, have brought home to the nation the necessity to build and the necessity to build better than we have built before. And we are confident that the recognition of this need for action is too strong to allow any scope for our past characteristic disinclination to put invaluable recommendations into practice, and that the new Housing scheme will be much more far-reaching in its consequences than any wholesale devastation or destruction of whole town areas would at any time be.

The problem of housing 'as affected by the war' is indeed not so much a problem, as a straightforward proposition, only calling for clear-headed and decisive action. The difficulties are tangible difficulties. We are no longer concerned with the compromise of rebuilding something destroyed. The demand is insistent for rebuilding all that ought to be destroyed. When the war stops, it will stop once and for all, like a mighty machine that no force available could put in motion again. And it would seem to have been only necessary to stop our ordinary building to prevent much of it ever being resumed. The nation seeks now to remedy conditions that it has always felt should never have obtained, and if we understand that, the new Housing scheme does not stand in need of any

explanation or require any specific justification; it is a work that the unanimous conscience and whole moral fibre of the country will insist on being recognized as the one undertaking that can and must be done so soon as the tension of the national ordeal can be relaxed.

While this supreme task (with an authoritative estimate of one million new houses) applies to the whole country, its bearing on London and Greater London alone is momentous enough to suggest a parallel to the year 1666, and to formulate the hope that we shall be able hereafter to look back in gratification with the knowledge that another great opportunity for reform was neither thrown away nor mishandled. Cities may suffer visitations like the Black Death or the Fire of London that only create the practical necessity to repair and restore. But out of the ordeal of a war that has taken civilization by surprise, with its supreme sacrifices, heroic sufferings and privations, and lasting examples of patriotism, there is born a national feeling of right and duty which becomes in the end a guarantee that long-tolerated conditions will give way to possibilities of living that we have been content till now to regard as the special province of the social reformer working here and there with University settlements or the special business of the expert in 'town-planning,' a term altogether too vague and elastic to be allowed to sum up the question of Housing. In the new reform, individual enterprise and national responsibility must unite in initiating a new era that will give the word 'modern' a new significance.

The problem of housing never remains the same, as changing conditions are ever giving rise to new requirements and eliminating previous considerations. There are, however, three main aspects which are not materially affected by particular circumstances, i.e. economic, hygienic, and aesthetic. It is the aesthetic side of the case which has perhaps most difficulties for us, and certainly it is this which we approach most diffidently.

In a scheme so comprehensive and on so large a scale as the present one, the economic advantages of standardization cannot be lost sight of, but there are fears that a 'standard cottage' or a standard house will mean a deplorable disfigurement of the country with spiritless monotonies of brick and slate—the inevitable outcome of a ruthless insistence on the same materials and the same design. But such fears would vanish if we regard a 'standard' as more of the nature of a standard formula in mathematics, embodying the generality aimed at, insisted on, by the true mathematical mind. Here we find the perfectly rational association, the necessary association, of constant with variable. Mathematicians are not content with an equation that will not satisfy any possible case; neither can architects tolerate anything in the nature of a standard design in building that ignores local conditions and individual requirements. Indeed, housing and its allied questions involve not only applied science, but abstract fundamental laws, which, like pure science itself, can ultimately be referred to mathematical ideas. The difficulties are so much greater than those belonging to definite scientific things just because there is an instinct to satisfy here that is outside the realm of science, and is not necessarily within that of what is vaguely termed the 'arts and crafts.' We can only define our meaning by saying that if due allowance is made for this instinct, the hope of recapturing the old tradition of building for England need not be an impossible ideal. But the essence of such a movement must be that we are not setting out to rebuild old buildings but to build new ones. We must not expect to read the secret by merely exploring the old-world villages of the Cotswolds and the Midlands, in revisiting those stone-built village streets that give the Oxford country a peculiar note of sadness for other than Oxford men. We have to turn towards the future, not keep our mind riveted to the past, if ever our national architecture is to recover its life.

The failure of our modern garden-cities and garden-suburbs to express any new spirit or to give any suggestion that they do indeed effect a contact with that old tradition, is only to be explained by, not the past, but the perspective of the past, being too much with us. We might with advantage compare the development of 'colonial' architecture in the United States, where there is something very much more than the reflection of the old-world charm of New England, and where the preservation of a pure tradition has been achieved, but not at the cost of all feeling for the modern spirit.

It is our failure to grasp old traditions that creates all those modern difficulties that arise as soon as the economic and aesthetic aspects are in conflict. That conflict should never arise. We should not find it necessary to ask whether or not we are justified in 'paying for beauty.' If one thing is certain, it is that the builders of the very architecture we love were never influenced by or concerned with the question. Their building was done with a conscience as easy as ours would like to be in the modern erection of 'cheap' houses, but in which the vexed question of 'art' ever remains to worry us as something not yet quite determined, an element that has become alienated from even our best endeavours. There is in fact an alternative for us, for which our estimates must provide, where of old there was no such alternative. The question of paying for beauty will only be solved by beauty ceasing to be an alternative to ugliness. Beauty can only enter into architecture as an essential.

The new houses we are to build must be a permanent accomplishment that the country can be proud of, for as already suggested it must mark the opening of a new era. The important thing is to begin, and a recent suggestion of 'semi-permanent buildings' has much to recommend it as being very helpful towards this beginning. The observation that 'buildings can last too long' depends entirely

on the building, and in 1864 the late Cardinal Wiseman anticipated the author of the above suggestion in deploring the 'architectural wreckage' resulting from the accumulation of out-of-date houses, and leaving us, in the residentless 'residences' that do not pass, all the dreary, lingering glamour of once well-favoured districts deserted by their proper inhabitants. But semi-permanent building would actually tend to improve permanent building, or rather, the less permanently were we to build, the longer would our buildings be likely to preserve their acceptability. A lasting sense in things is never really promotive of sympathy. We only discover our regard for a great building when its existence is threatened. Thus understood, semi-permanent buildings might well be infinitely more sympathetic than the painfully permanent erections from cottage upwards that disfigure the outskirts in particular of all our towns outraging every true feeling of the place. In a great measure, our particularity over small things varies inversely with their permanence; and it is remarkable that in many of the temporary war buildings erected with the utmost despatch, we find a real beauty that has involved no difficulty.

What we have said as to standardization applies equally to materials and design. The best-designed house can be jerry-built, and bad material can more than discount the efforts of good workmen.

In actual choice of material we cannot expect that brickwork will do other than predominate. If we cannot make bricks without straw neither can we build houses without bricks, and we must not imagine that the housing scheme will be the means of discovering any magic substitute. It is customary to say disparaging things about brick, and reduce our characteristic town architecture into so many 'walls with slits in them,' but such criticism fails to distinguish between the essential nature of brickwork and the evils of bad design and inferior material. Brick is a good, honest building material that can give us a good, honest

architecture. We have not yet been able to give up its use, and we never shall do so. It is the material to which Georgian London owes its charm, and many a brick building that is ignored, if not derided, has a beauty and soundness, a Roman quality, in fact, denied to many more ambitious structures in stone or terra-cotta. Many will tolerate the violent reaction from old-fashioned monotony in the restless spirit of modern suburbs, for the few who appreciate the simplicity of the old houses of the town.

There is only one material that can compete in any way with brick as a universal building material, and that is concrete. Many efforts have been made to develop the use of concrete for building houses, but no notable success has been achieved. What has happened is that the introduction of reinforced concrete has secured almost a monopoly of this material for what are virtually engineering structures. Apart from its use in foundations, concrete may indeed be said to have passed from the true architectural sphere without its many possibilities in simple building being more than dimly realized. Henry Conybeare, in a valuable paper on 'The Future of London Architecture,' which he contributed to the *Fortnightly Review* for November, 1867, went so far as to contrast 'the general flimsiness' of modern London houses with what might be erected quite as cheaply of the concrete blocks already long in use for harbour engineering. He mentioned that shortly before the Paris Exhibition of 1855, French engineers were extending the use of this material to bridge-building, two of the bridges over the Seine being so constructed in that year. The next application was to the main sewers of Paris, 'each sewer being a continuous monolith of a material more than twice the strength of brick, absolutely impervious to moisture, and less than half the cost of brickwork.' The erection of whole blocks of concrete buildings in various quarters of Paris followed.

But apart from reinforced work, concrete building has

never yet appreciably affected the use of brickwork. Every now and then we hear of Mr. Edison's concrete house, but there has been no sign of this form of building being consistently developed. Architecture has, apparently, rejected it, though Conybeare was confident that this was to be the future of London street architecture, his vision embracing façades finished with a ceramic surface in place of 'our long and dreary ranges of smoke-stained brick.' He urged as a material aspect of concrete construction its solution of what is still, as it was then, one of the most important problems of the day—how to provide the working classes with decent homes 'at a cost which it would be within their means to pay a fair interest on as rent.' For a full consideration of this question he cited Sir Edwin Chadwick's report to the English Commissioners of the Paris Exhibition on the materials and systems of buildings there exhibited, and it is interesting for us to remember that the plans accompanying the report included plans designed by the Paris workmen themselves. (To-day it is rightly urged that any housing scheme calls for the specially qualified architect, but in the desire to evolve a standard type of house or cottage, it is too easily forgotten that the person who will have to live in it may very well have something to say of value not only to himself but to the community.)

In putting the new housing scheme into execution all forms of building will doubtless be reviewed by the authorities and their advisers. The building of the new houses must have first claim on the nation, and seeing that we now know so much more about concrete than when it first began to present itself as a possible alternative to brickwork, we may hope that concrete-building in its simplest form will contribute to the success of the scheme. When we remember the favour that 'rough-cast' has met with in the attempt to transform brick solidarity into a formlessness bewilderingly roofed, there is reason to believe that we might be very successful with frank concrete work, both

in its architectural quality and its practical value in fire and weather protection.

With regard to house planning, the most vital consideration of all, mistakes in which no system of building, no materials, can make amends for, we may make one more reference to Mr. Conybeare's paper to insist on the equal importance, for workmen's houses at least, of *planning the furniture*, for only by so doing will the economy of a good plan be fully realized. Mr. Conybeare made the excellent suggestion of taking for a model the 'planned furniture of the sleeping cabins, cook's galley, and saloon of a well-appointed yacht.' There is no type, he remarks, 'in which so much ingenuity has been applied for so many years to the problem of economizing space. No one could desire a more comfortable habitation than the cabin of a well-appointed yacht of 120 tons and upwards; there is a place for everything, and everything has its place, and yet the cabins are no larger than the apartments of a workman's dwelling, and furniture so planned need be no dearer than that ordinarily in use in workmen's houses.'

Furniture so fitted and planned is well within the architect's province. Already its importance in labour-saving and dust-preventing has been realized by those who have attempted to evolve the simple life out of the best that architecture can do with the modern house—the *cottage de luxe* that they hope will solve the servant problem. But the simple life has first claims on those who do really live simple lives and are not troubled with that problem. It is our primary business to make it possible for those lives to obtain the full influence of modern knowledge in all its branches. We look to the new housing to evolve not only a new type of cottage, but a new type of living that can be for once a worthy reflection of the imperishable English type that has ever marked our history.

MAX JUDGE.

IDEALS OF THE SOLDIER POETS

The Muse in Arms. Edited by E. B. Osborn. (Murray. 6*s.* net.)

Soldier Poets: Songs of the Fighting Men. (Erskine Macdonald. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

More Songs by the Fighting Men. (Erskine Macdonald. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

WHAT are the young men thinking? The world is full of their deeds; but, as they meet each new emergency of war with grit and endurance, what hopes and beliefs are shaping in their minds about the world which has forced upon them perils and trials unparalleled? Men of our race rarely talk of their secret beliefs, and Shakespeare was very English in scorning those who allow their hearts to be pecked by daws. So was Browning in his 'Shall I sonnet-sing you about myself?' But we may be thankful that Shakespeare did unlock his spirit, and that we can explore the mind of Browning in his poems. Equally we may be glad that the impulse of poetry has seized upon so many British soldiers, and has allowed us some insight into the minds of those who usually conceal their thoughts and feelings and beliefs in curt and careless talk. Though war poetry is a fashion, most soldier poets write because they must, and for the most part without the vanity and conscious art which so often tease us in the men of letters. These verses of fighting men are not to be judged merely as literature, but should also help us to understand the men of the young generation which has faced with glorious gallantry its high and terrible task. We shall not extract either creed or policy from their slim booklets, so often sacred because they are the work of men dead in early youth; but we shall see glimpses of the visions that called

them to action and sacrifice, and of the faith and hope that strengthened them to endure.

It was on a generation with no very fixed religious or political ideals, the more serious interested chiefly in experimental science or theoretical socialism, some sated with life before life was known, and finding amusement in fastidious and fantastic art, others thinking themselves decadent and the world a squeezed orange, that the call of war suddenly burst. Every young man knew at once that death was near, and that life was very sweet. The old common questions became urgent. Patriotism had been an essay-subject, but now came the instant inquiry, 'What is this England; is it something for which a man must be willing to die?' Nationalism had been broadening out into nebulous humanitarianism. There was no hatred against any nation in the youth of 1914, no sense of injustice had led them to prepare for an expected struggle, and, if some believed that England's sea-power was about to be challenged, and that she might be involved in a great war, none thought that her whole manhood would be called to arms. The summons was unanticipated and dread enough, but the answer was clear. A young poet expressed the realized or unrealized thought of his fellows.

> Now God be thanked who has matched us with His hour
> And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping.
> Honour has come back, as a king, to earth!

Rupert Brooke had been very typical of the pre-war days in his rather uncanny cleverness and the freeness of his mind, and he well illustrates how this war, unlike all others, appealed specially in its first period to the intellectual and to the idealist.

It has been said that there never was an army so conscious of ideals, and so able to express them, as the new army of Britain. An exception might be made of Cromwell's army, which was very confident that its principles were divine, and expressed them at length, though by

sermons and pamphlets rather than by poetry. Certainly Kitchener's army contained many who by nature would have followed lives of peaceful intellectual activity, who had to sacrifice not only life or home or wealth, but also those labours of the mind which enchain a man as securely as any earthly ties. If Gibbon had gone into action as Colonel of the Hampshire militia, his chief fear would have been for his unfinished book. *Qualis artifex pereo* need be no mean boast. There is no better illustration of the intellectual temperament in the soldier than the little volume *Comrades* by Alexander Robertson, who was History Professor at Sheffield, enlisted as a private in the first month of the war, fought at Gallipoli, and has been missing in France since 1916. To him the war was 'the challenge suddenly thrown, by the great process of Being,' and he fought as one 'aware that the soul, Lives as a part and alone for the weal of the whole.' Looking back on battle he saw

> The faces of our foes, a lust to kill
> Expressing, past the individual will,
> Impersonal, inspired, as if some Power
> Stripped them of separate being for the hour,
> Made them to pity as to danger blind,
> Even as ourselves it made, our human kind
> Debasing to an instrument to slay
> Man and his hopes.

Yet he could write tenderly on the pictures and prayer-book of a dead German soldier, under the title, 'Thou shalt love thine enemies.'

When Englishmen of the future search back into the records of this war they will find in Julian Grenfell a gallant gentleman worthy to be set by the side of Sir Philip Sidney himself. 'He stood for something very precious to me,' wrote his friend Charles Lister, 'for an England of my dreams, made of honest, brave, and tender men; his life and death have surely done something towards the realization of that England.' He was of the old army, a soldier by profession and instinct, a man of superb physical strength

and skill and art, who loved the excitement of war so keenly that he wrote that he 'would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba,' and yet he showed constantly deep tenderness of heart. 'He was rather Franciscan in his love of all things that are, in his absence of fear of all God's creatures—death included.' Between wounding and death he had to pass eleven days of agony. 'During all those eleven days when he lay there he prayed, probably unaware that he often spoke aloud. The psalms and hymns of his childhood were said to him; that was what he liked.' No word of unhappiness escaped him. He wrote one perfect poem, 'Into Battle,' a week or two before he fought his last fight. It is already too well known to quote, but no soldier ever expressed so well the strength which imagination can draw from all things on earth, from sun and stars and birds and trees, and from the faith that it is the Destined Will that allots death or life in battle as in peace. 'Mysticism and idealism,' wrote his brother, 'underlay Julian's war-whooping, sun-bathing, fearless exterior.' The memorial essay by Miss Viola Meynell is a true manual for heroes.

Mr. Wyndham Tennant died very young, but *Worple Flit and Other Poems* show that he possessed an ear for melody, a mind quick in original fancy, an eye that could pick out the flowers or trees or stretches of water which, when told again in verse, bring a true picture before the reader's sight. It is hard to believe that so lovely a piece as 'Home Thoughts in Laventie' will not appear in future anthologies of English poetry. The theme is that many-times-repeated one of the contrast between the vile realities of war and the remembered beauties of England.

Hungry for Spring I bent my l
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place.
Dancing with a measured step from ed and shattered town
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place!

Mr. Tennant's last letter to his mother has been printed, and it is very characteristic of the thoughts and memories that stimulate a young soldier of fighting race, who only left Winchester two years before he was killed in action. 'I am full of hope and trust, and I pray that I may be worthy of all my fighting ancestors. . . . The spirit of the Brigade of Guards will carry all resistance before it. O darling Muth', the pride of being in such a great regiment! The thought that all those old men, "late Grenadier Guards," who sit in London clubs discussing their symptoms, are thinking and hoping about what we are doing here! I have never been prouder of anything, except your love for me, than I am of being a Grenadier.'

Mr. F. W. Harvey has published two volumes of short poems, the second written while he was a prisoner of war at Gütersloh. The loveliness of Gloucestershire country has crept into many of his verses, as into the often-quoted lines—

Within my heart I safely keep,
England, what things are yours:
Your clouds, and cloud-like flocks of sheep
That drift o'er windy moors.

His is a mind of various moods, and whether his experience be joyful or tragic he, as he says himself, 'twists it all to verse.' In a sonnet to a friend killed in action he writes—

Half-boy, half decadent, always my eyes
Sparkle to danger: Oh, it was joy to me
To sit with Death and gamble desperately
The borrowed Coin of Life. But you, more wise,
Went forth for nothing but to do God's will:
Went gravely out—well knowing what you did
And hating it—with feet that did not falter
To place your gift upon the highest altar.

How well that distinguishes the instinctive from the reflective soldier! But Mr. Harvey is himself a proof that

the two types may be combined in one personality. In another poem he describes a vision of Christ visiting him as he lies wounded and asking what he would do if life could be given again to him.

> 'No use to talk when life is done,' I say,
> 'But, by the living God, if He should grant me life I'd live it
> Kinder to man, truer to God each day.'

We may be sure that in course of time the emotions of the airmen will be remembered in tranquillity, and fine poems should come from them. Two young flying officers, Mr. Gordon Alchin and Mr. Paul Bewsher, have already won reputation by their verse, and these stanzas from Mr. Bewsher's 'The Dawn Patrol' give us a foretaste of the poetry that will come from the new element.

> The fresh, cold wind of dawn blows on my face
> As in the sun's raw heart I swiftly fly,
> And watch the seas glide by.
> Scarce human seem I, moving through the skies,
> And far removed from warlike enterprise –
> Like some great gull on high
> Whose white and gleaming wings beat on through space.
> Then do I feel with God quite, quite alone,
> High in the virgin morn, so white and still
> And free from human ill:
> My prayers transcend my feeble earth-bound plaints—
> As though I sang among the happy Saints
> With many a holy thrill—
> As though the glowing sun were God's bright Throne.

Of the thoughts and themes which constantly recur in these poems the most noticeable are love of the people and scenes at home, and of that idealized and emotionalized conception which men call their country; the conviction that God has confronted each man with a searching test, and that either he must offer his whole self or lose his own soul; the sense of human comradeship realized as it only can be when perils and miseries are shared in common; the belief, instinctive and unshaken, that the war is a reply to the challenge of brute force, a defence not merely of England, but of whatsoever things are lovely and of good report; a hatred of war in itself, which does not exclude

exhilaration in 'the fighting excitement which vitalizes everything,' to use Julian Grenfell's phrase; and finally a clear, cool, almost unemotional commerce with the last enemy, death. Equally interesting is it to note what is, generally speaking, absent from these poems. The dogmas of Church and creed receive little direct expression, though many poems recall the Divine Sacrifice or the Holy Eucharist which perpetuates it, and if dogma is absent Christian morality has penetrated these soldier poets through and through. 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' is the question that has led them to their valiant response. We find little or no political theory or revolutionary idealism. When we remember Coleridge or Wordsworth in their ardent youth, or Byron and Shelley in their poetry of revolt, it is striking to find these young men writing almost always from the standpoint of individual duty and individual resistance. Scant reference is made to the League of Nations, or to the vague beneficences of the Russian revolution, though we find again and again the hope of a fairer world. The British are a race of individualists, and the universal ideas of the English-speaking peoples have been formulated by President Wilson and Mr. Asquith rather than by the poets who have fought 'for their great craft's honour' in the trenches. Noteworthy also is the absence of hate-songs. Probably the sense of humour accounts generally for this, but it is also in part due to a kind of serene national pride. The British soldier might alter Landor's famous line into 'I hated none, for none was worth my hate.' There are many signs of sympathy with the enemy when he is in distress, and occasional signs of the community of feeling which binds together all fighting men. Mr. Herbert Asquith has written a fine ringing poem called 'The Western Line,' which ends:

The fighting men go charging past
With the battle in their eyes,
The fighting men go reeling past,
Like gods in poor disguise:

The glorious men whom none will see,
No wife or mother more,
Winged with the wings of Victory,
And helmeted by Thor!
Above the cloud what lights are gleaming?
God's batteries are those,
Or souls of soldiers homeward streaming
To banquet with their foes?

Very finely in this battle piece he imagines Harry of England and his archers in the van, and the shade of Napoleon seen by the French.

Has the strain of the long war weakened the eagerness and exuberance and enthusiasm which marked the poetry of the first months? Some change of feeling and outlook can be perceived. The horrors of war have been experienced, and many young poets have sought to express them in verse. Again and again they picture the dead, the desolate destruction which they have seen, and cry out against the madness which has brought this ruin on the earth. They have seen their friends fall, and know the actual bitterness of the struggle, which could not be foreseen in 1914. Naturally the soldier to-day tries rather to write down what he sees, and to steel his will, than to repeat those earlier utterances of faith and hope. The verses by Mr. Robert Nicholls, called 'The Assault,' are a marvellously realistic description of an attack, and of the whirling sensations which almost overwhelm the imaginative soldier. No wonder the cry, 'How long, O Lord, how long?' is often echoed, sometimes in moods of passionate revolt, but there is no sign of any weakening or sapping away of resolve. Compare for instance Rupert Brooke's noble sonnets called 1914 with those called 1917 written by Private Ivor Gurney and dedicated to Brooke's memory. The earlier poems are classical in their restraint, they greet the challenge of war with a proud joy, almost with a peaceful serenity, they celebrate death in stately and high tragic phrase. The later poems are concerned with pain and servitude.

Pain, pain continual; pain unending;
Hard even to the roughest, but to those
Hungry for beauty. . . . Not the wisest knows
Nor most pitiful-hearted, what the wending
Of one hour's way meant.

But in both poets the passionate love of England is the over-ruling law.

We have done our utmost, England, terrible
And dear taskmistress, darling Mother and stern.

Among the poets who questioned the decrees of fate was Leslie Coulson. 'Who made the Law that death should stalk the villages?' he asked. He wrote a remarkable poem called 'The God Who Waits.' In it he compared the simple ways and faith of the old men in the olden days with the feelings of those 'not born to anchored creed.' His conclusion is at least a manly one.

For though old creeds, had we the will,
We cannot, lacking faith, fulfil.
The God above all creeds waits still.
For still beyond the city gate,
The fallow fields eternal wait
For us to drive our furrow straight.

Many of these young writers, it may be noted in passing, owe some of their inspiration either to Matthew Arnold's reflective poems or to Laurence Housman's 'A Shropshire Lad.'

Most of the soldier poets who have appeared in book form seem to have been Public School or University men, and their verses often prove how strong an incentive to fine action the memories of school and college may be. But it would be interesting if we had more verse written by men belonging to the more numerous classes which have provided so many of the best officers and men in the new army. One such was Sergt. J. W. Streets, before the war a Derbyshire miner, who was reported wounded and missing in July, 1916. He wrote, 'We soldiers have our views of life to express, though the boom of death is in our ears. We try to convey something of what we feel in

this great conflict to those who think of us, and sometimes, alas! mourn our loss. We desire to let them know that in the midst of our keenest sadness for the joy of life we leave behind, we go to meet death grim-lipped, clear-eyed, and resolute-hearted.' His life worthily proved the truth of the proud lines in which he stated the same thought:

> Life's highest product, youth, exults in Life;
> We are Olympian gods in consciousness;
> Mortality to us is sweet, yet less
> We value Ease when Honour sounds the strife.
> Lovers of life, we pledge thee, Liberty,
> And go to death calmly, triumphantly.

Liberty is the ideal celebrated again and again in his verse, and he is one of the few soldiers who have set forth any abstract cause.

Coming back to the men of academic training, a typical example of high thought and action is Mr. R. E. Vernède. He was of St. Paul's and Oxford, and a friend says that he hated war and loved the things which war destroys. Yet he enlisted at the beginning, though over age, and proved a zealous and successful soldier till his death in April, 1917. Mr. Chesterton, who was at school with him, says, 'In the lines called "Before the Assault," perhaps the finest of his poems, he showed how clear a vision he carried with him of the meaning of all this agony and the mystery of his own death.' No printed controversy or political eloquence could put more logically, let alone more poetically, the higher pacifism which is now resolute to dry up at the fountain-head the bitter waters of the dynastic wars, than the four lines that run:—

> Then to our children there shall be no handing
> Of fates so vain, of passions so abhorr'd. . .
> But Peace . . . the Peace which passeth understanding . . .
> Not in our time . . . but in their time, O Lord.

Other poems by this scholarly writer, who loved dreams and his garden, show how he valued the comradeship of the army, and the valour, humour, and loyalty of the many types within its ranks. The same feeling is strongly expressed

by Mr. W. N. Hodgson, son of the Bishop of St. Edmondsbury, some of whose lines gave promise of fine poetry, if his powers had matured. His best poem 'Before Action' is well known, and in another, 'Back to Rest,' the last verse shows how those who have seen men pass through the furnace of battle, and conquer agony itself, realize the greatness of humanity when it is most sorely tested.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled;
We that have known the heart blood
Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine.

There is the paradox of war: the scientist devising all the devilry of destruction, and man going of his own will into the midst of it, and emerging broken, perhaps, but divine.

To read these young poets is no mere literary delight; rather it is to commune with valiant and proved spirits, to walk in the fields of honour, to mourn that so many who might have spread light, joy, and virtue around them have passed from our present sight, and yet to rejoice that England, ancient mother of poets and fighters, has brought forth a breed worthy of herself, and fought in a cause that has led her sons to sing as well as die. This rebirth of poetry in our men of action bodes well for the future. Materialism and the sluggish, indifferent brain are the enemies we fear, and against these foes it is the poet who sounds the clearest trumpet-call. As for the tragic cloud of death which overhangs so many nations, let us recall the words of C. H. Sorley, one of the earliest and most thoughtful of our soldier poets:

Death is not Life effete,
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen
So marvellous things know well the end not yet.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

THE BURDEN OF ALSACE

ONE of the Alsatian representatives in the Reichstag, Abbé Wetterlé, has recently pointed out the vast difference between the lot of the people of Alsace-Lorraine and that of any other French province since 1870. After the Treaty of Frankfort, France began to resume her normal life, but the unfortunate people who lived in the annexed provinces set out on that Via Dolorosa which Bismarck had prepared. 'In France it is too often forgotten,' says the Abbé, 'that Alsace-Lorraine has paid,—and paid dearly,—the ransom of the defeated *Patrie*.' The rest of Europe has scarcely realized the full weight of the burdens that were imposed, nor the complexity of the problems which faced the people across the Vosges. The political bond which made them part of France had been voluntarily renewed in 1790, during the course of the French Revolution. This was broken by the Prussian victors in spite of a united and agonized protest. Such action violated the principles of their own publicist, Bluntschli, who had definitely stated, 'To make any cession of territory valid, it is necessary to have the consent of the people inhabiting it and enjoying its political rights. This consent can never be passed over or suppressed, for a population is not a thing without rights or will, of which one can hand over the ownership.'

The individuality of the people, moulded by Celtic, Gallo-Roman, and Frankish influences, had realized for two centuries its close kinship with the French genius. For the next half century it was to be suppressed by petty tyranny and the brutal pressure of military force.

Whilst the war of 1870 was still raging, the Prussians organized Alsace-Lorraine under a military governor, who

had been chief of the Prussian police. His civil Commissioner, Kuhlwetter, speedily divided the territory into Circles, and appointed Prussians to supersede the French sub-prefects. On all hands the French officials resigned, although in many cases Berlin was anxious to retain their services. Crowds of Germans, mediocre place-seekers, snatched eagerly at the opportunities thus presented, and the Alsatians were soon under the control of these petty officials. Even before the signing of the Treaty of Frankfort this network had been woven about the life of Alsace.

In 1871 every household in Alsace and Lorraine was busied with one great problem. What should they do on October 1, 1872? Should they decide to remain French, and leave their native land in consequence? Would they serve Alsace better by staying and emphasizing their national characteristics in the presence of the invader? Whichever way they decided to act, the burden was almost intolerable. If they went, they sacrificed friends, business prospects, all the treasured associations of a lifetime. Even when they decided to pay the price they were haunted by the fear that it was the weaker course they had taken. This fear grew, as the years passed and they saw no prospect of the Germans being hurled back across the Rhine. On the other hand, those who decided to stay realized that it was sometimes impossible to assert their individuality under the limitations imposed by Berlin. The months between the Treaty of Frankfort and the last day for the option were favourable to the rapid development of the Prussian plans, for the Alsatians were obsessed by this one problem. Even the League of Alsace counselled them to concentrate their minds on the decision they must make. The Germans, therefore, encountered little opposition at first. About 200,000 left Alsace before the fatal day. The rest remained and became technically Germans.

Two years later, on February 16, 1874, the deputies of Alsace-Lorraine brought a motion to the Reichstag

requesting a plébiscite on the question of the annexation. Their petition was greeted with shouts of laughter. The speech of the member for Saverne was ridiculed and the vote was put without allowing his colleagues to speak. The resolution was thrown out by an overwhelming majority. Germany did not intend this subject people to 'have the disposal of themselves'! They were cut off from all assistance. They must bear the burden alone, and the only condition on which that load would be lightened was that they should submit passively to the complete Germanization of body and soul.

The first weight imposed was that of military service. The story of the martyrdoms endured by young Alsatians in the German army is unutterably sad. At the same time it furnishes a strong proof of the fidelity of the people. When the law came into force in 1872 there were 33,475 eligible for immediate service. Only 7,454 reported themselves at the depôts, and of these 3,119 were enlisted. In that year, therefore, there were 26,000 defaulters. It has been urged that these numbers lessened year by year, but that of course is due to the increasingly close oversight on the part of the military. In almost all the problems the Alsatian has had to face the issue has been a moral one. Supposing, for example, he obeyed the law under which he was compelled to live, what was to be his attitude in the event of war? He hoped that the French, for whom his father fought, might win. If he were in the German army what could he do? Should he shoot Frenchmen? Could he fire on his own barrack-room associates? He hated the idea of desertion. As the German grip on Alsace grew tighter it became almost impossible to evade military service. The only alternative was to escape from the country. Those who bravely remained, and accepted the yoke, bore magnificent witness to the spirit of their native land. Although most of them came of a warrior strain, they refused to be officers. Shortly before the

Franco-Prussian War there were amongst the Alsatians or Lorrainers in the French Army 160 generals (some on full pay, and some in retirement) and 1,200 other officers. In the German Army during the whole forty-five years of occupation there have only been thirteen regular Alsatian officers. It is true that more Alsatians are reserve officers amongst the volunteers, but that is accounted for by the fact that certain civil careers were closed to all but officers. The figures for the European War of to-day admitted by Germany are eloquent. Thirty thousand Alsatian soldiers have deserted, and there are only six Alsatian officers in their army, of whom four are half-German. The shameful indignities to which the young recruit was subjected because he was Alsatian by birth, and the petty tyrannies which he endured when he refused to become an officer, are admirably portrayed by M. Barrés in his brilliant novel, *Au Service de l'Allemagne*. For nearly half a century young men from the smiling fields and busy cities of Alsace, or the grey marshes of Lorraine, have borne this burden, whilst their women-folk have wept and waited.

The severe language laws have also added to the strain of daily life. The patois spoken by many of the country people may have its origin in far-off Merovingian times, though it has since borrowed words and phrases from France, Germany, and the polyglot troops who so constantly marched through the land in the days of the great European wars. Many Alsatians could not understand High German when they were addressed in that language by the invaders in 1870.

When the deputies placed their request for a plébiscite before the Reichstag in 1874 they begged to be allowed to speak in French, but this was curtly refused. Their spokesman, M. Teutsch, affirmed that German was not their native tongue. This statement was not contradicted, but the deputy was compelled to proceed with his speech in the language of the conquerors, who made no attempt to suppress their mirth.

It was evident in 1871 that the restriction of the French language in the primary schools was a measure preparatory to its ultimate exclusion. Even in the secondary schools and colleges it was reduced to a minimum. This policy reached its height after the remarkable election of 1887, when the 'protestataires' (Francophile patriots) polled 247,000 votes out of a total of 314,000, including the German workmen who were enfranchised. When Putkammer superseded the more moderate Hoffmann as Secretary of State, he immediately evolved a detailed policy of 'frightfulness.' No sign over a shop, no syllabus of a learned society, not even an inscription on a gravestone was permitted to have a word of French upon it. In spite of this unexampled severity the people remained immovable. Caprivi, who became the German Chancellor in 1890, confessed to the Reichstag: 'It is a fact that after seventeen years of annexation the German spirit has made no progress in Alsace.'

The Prussian Government remained blind to the psychological problem. They continued their intolerant policy, which was not very different, in some senses, from medieval 'faustrecht.' In Switzerland the inhabitants who desire to speak French, or German, or Italian may do so freely, yet there is a definite Swiss mentality evolved notwithstanding linguistic differences. In the same way Belgium has a soul of her own though she speaks French and Flemish. Berlin refused to acknowledge any possible claims the Alsatian had to a distinctive native culture; he must become German in politics, in speech, and in thought. This policy was applied for many years by a police force which sometimes became tyrannous in a thousand petty ways. In 1902 the punishment which had been meted out since 1887, when Manteuffel, with his considerate policy, had been defeated by the Prussian bureaucracy, was tempered a little. Out of 178 newspapers and periodicals, 132 were published in German, 28 in French and German, 18 in French. The language restrictions have been bitterly

resented by the Alsatians as a whole, because they represented part of the scheme which ignored their intellectual and spiritual rights altogether.

On the same principle, the whole educational system was placed under the control of the Prussian administration by the Education Act introduced into Alsace on April 18, 1871. This was designed as a powerful instrument by which the people, acknowledged by Bismarck to be French in 1867, were to be transformed into Germans. Education was compulsory, and the schools were entirely under the control of the Government, that is to say, of Berlin. Curriculum and teaching staff were closely supervised by local German officials. Some of the colleges abandoned the task of working under such laws and actually removed to France. The primary schools were compelled to carry on their work without any freedom at all. If the condition of the secondary schools and colleges was any better, it was because the German plan was to centralize higher grades of teaching and study in a new University. This was established on April 23, 1872. Twelve years later it was defined by a new name, 'The University of the Emperor William,' and it was officially directed to bend all its energies to the propagation in Alsace of 'German science and German culture.' It is interesting to notice that, in spite of an excellent staff and liberal endowment, it has failed to carry out the Imperial purpose. In 1900 there were 1,169 students, but not more than 300 of these were genuine Alsatians! Very few natives have been appointed on the staff of the University, and it has done nothing to develop the natural genius of the people.

All these plans to separate the youth of the country from France and to create a new German generation have failed. Certain results appeared, from time to time, to have been achieved, but ultimately the natural instincts developed and produced characteristics that were by no means German. The fact is that there is something that

transcends intricate problems of racial origin and linguistic beginnings. It may be called the soul of the people. In Alsace it survived even during the most rigorous periods of repression.

Bismarck bluntly declared that they had not annexed Alsace for its beautiful appearance, and his policy looked with suspicion on anything that continued or developed its individuality. He wanted a strong outpost against France, and wished the inhabitants to be transformed into German soldiers with modern German souls! Any organization, therefore, which cared for the old natural traditions or existed to promote Alsatian culture was suspect. Students, artists, musicians, scientists, even gymnasts and, most absurd of all, doctors, found their own particular societies come under the ban which Berlin pronounced and Puttkammer carried into effect. Everything that could be called French was to be excluded from the rules and even from mottoes or banners. All such societies were to be open to the Germans who settled in the Reichsland, and this, of course, meant that the spirit of these groups would cease to be French, and therefore cease to be natural. Whilst other States within the German Empire were allowed considerable freedom to develop along their own lines, it seemed as though the people of Alsace were treated like a vast assembly of conscripts who were expected to learn their Prussian drill at once.

In 1902 it appeared to the outsider as though the old bonds with France had been weakened by the years, until there had risen up a new generation which did not acknowledge them at all. The people of this generation were not severed from France, but were bound to her by a new and deep allegiance. It was not merely a political grievance which irritated them, it was rather a spiritual affinity which attracted them. The Germans realized this again and again through the forty-four years of their dominance, and in 1914 they warned their troops to act in Alsace-

Lorraine as if in 'an enemy country,' for 'the inhabitants are more dangerous than the people of Northern France.'

The religious problems have been interesting and powerful. When the Germans attacked the Roman Catholics and expelled the Jesuits from the Empire they embittered a large section of the population of the Reichsland. They attempted to regain this section in 1903, when the French Republic came into conflict with the Church. The German attitude towards religion has been largely decided by political considerations. After many years of intrigue, German bishops were secured at Strasburg and Metz respectively. These appointments were obtained with political objects in view. It would not be fair to say that either Protestant or Roman Catholic found the sincere practice of his religion easier because of the German occupation.

There have been many constitutional changes in the forty-four years. Again and again the Alsatians have hailed some new concession with delight, only to discover that the duplicity of Berlin had tricked them again. It has often seemed as though they were gaining autonomous government, but time has proved that each new measure made the scheme of centralization at Berlin more complete. On June 22, 1873, the Germans ordered that the usual municipal elections should take place. At Mülhausen, a typical centre, only six per cent. of the electorate recorded votes. If this small proportion hoped it would mean freedom in local government they were bitterly disappointed. Oaths of fealty to the German Emperor were demanded from the successful candidates though this was contrary to the general custom of the Empire. Most of the newly-elected representatives refused to acquiesce, and their election was declared null, in order that men amenable to Prussian purposes might be returned.

When the Constitution was established in the Reichsland, fifteen deputies were elected to the Reichstag on February 1, 1874. They were all loyal patriots, and as we have already

noticed, their attempt to renew the protest against the annexation was dismissed in the most frivolous fashion. The deputies thereupon retired. A Provincial Assembly (subsequently known as the Landesausschuss) was now formed from the three general Councils. As its members had to be victorious in two elections and at each were compelled to take the oath of fealty, it will be seen that no independent opinion was likely to be obtained. Three years later, in 1877, this advisory body was permitted to consider ordinary legislation not affecting the Constitution, but even then the Chancellor could carry any new law relating to Alsace direct to the Reichstag. Bitterly disappointed as the Alsatians were, many felt it folly to voice extreme opinions at the moment. A party of autonomists or Home-Rulers arose, which came before the people declaring that Berlin would grant autonomy if they were returned at the elections. They split the Alsatians into new parties, to the great satisfaction of Bismarck. The Autonomists scored a big success in January, 1877, but Berlin remained silent and inactive. In July, 1878, the 'protestataires' won back some seats but Schnégans, the Autonomist leader, was re-elected. Aided by Bismarck he obtained a new Constitution for Alsace-Lorraine. Once again the people waited hopefully.

On July 4, 1879, their hopes were dashed rudely to the ground. A Statthalter with viceregal powers was appointed to reside at Strasburg, and to represent the Emperor directly. He was supported by Secretaries of State, and had almost dictatorial powers. The Landesausschuss, numbering originally thirty-four representatives, now received certain additions. One deputy was chosen by each of the twenty Circles and four by the municipal councils of Strasburg, Metz, Colmar, and Mülhausen. The oath of fealty was imposed on all alike, and the legislative power of the Assembly limited in every way. They saw the German Emperor, in the person of this Statthalter, living at Strasburg, and their dream of autonomy appeared ridiculous.

In 1887, after the comparatively mild and kindly administration of Manteuffel, one might have expected the Alsatians would be less inclined to give expression to anti-German sentiments. The opposition of the Prussian bureaucracy had been so severe that the 'protestataires' secured 247,000 votes out of 314,000. The only result of this 'plébiscite' was that a period of German oppression immediately ensued, which excelled in severity all that had gone before. There was no real Constitution through which Alsatian opinion could obtain its desires.

Once more, in 1911, the expectation of the people was aroused by the Chancellor's statement that a new autonomous Constitution was now to be granted to the Reichsland. The Landesausschuss was refused any share, even in an advisory capacity, in its formation. When the new scheme of government was made public it proved more disappointing than all its forerunners. The Emperor retained the Statthalter as his direct representative and the Legislature was divided into two Houses. The Second Chamber consisted of sixty members elected by direct male suffrage, the minimum age for enfranchisement being twenty-five years. The First Chamber was an absolute check on all the power of the Second. Certain official representatives of religious, judicial, commercial, and scholastic bodies had seats in the Upper House, and most of these representatives held their appointments through the Government. They were likely therefore to vote according to its desires. A majority in the Upper House was made absolutely certain by the fact that the Emperor named representatives, equal in number to all the rest. In short, the Government could never be outvoted, and autonomy was as far off as ever. If the Emperor desired to annul this caricature of a Constitution, it was within his power to do so at any time. The Alsatians had endured the disappointments of nearly half a century only to be thwarted in the end by the subtlety of Berlin.

Amongst other hardships which the Germans have imposed during the occupation must be mentioned the system of passports. This was inaugurated in 1888 as a measure of repression, and it endured for twelve years. It was so brutally enforced that a child was not permitted to return from France to Alsace to be present at the death-bed of a parent. The tragedy which this Prussianizing measure brought into innumerable lives will never be fully known. Its one object was to cut off Alsace from France.

Such were some of the burdens borne by Alsatians through these last dark years. The introduction of German workmen created new political factors. Socialism developed rapidly, and the old political coalitions gave way to new. It is not always easy to discover the causes of certain election results, but the opinion of Alsace remains unchanged. In 1871, in 1874, in 1884, and 1887, and in 1914 it has been displayed clearly to the world. From 1911 to 1914 the political atmosphere was electrical, and the series of political incidents, from the scandal at Graffenstaden to the iniquities of Zabern, exasperated the whole of the Alsatian people. When the red flame of war lit up the slopes of the Vosges, it showed the face of Alsace-Lorraine turned towards France, and the Prussian, baulked of his purpose for fifty years, venting his rage on the Alsatian people. Petty tyranny and the militarist policy of frightfulness had free play. The property and the business interests of Alsatians were sold by the German Government in deliberate violation of all international law. These things are the last despairing attempt of the enemy to injure those whom he can no longer hope to convert. Over all the world the little oppressed nations look patiently to the future. Not least amongst them are the long-suffering peoples of Alsace and Lorraine. 'The morning cometh!' The light of a new day is touching the summit of the Vosges, and creeping slowly down to the smiling plains that wait hopefully for its gift of freedom.

LESLIE F. CHURCH.

THE SEAMLESS ROBE

A STUDY IN THE UNITY OF THE MIND OF CHRIST

THE Fourth Gospel, in one of its characteristic colour-touches which, as a mirror of water reflecting the expanse of heaven, suggest to us the things of the Spirit, relates that our Lord's coat was *without seam, woven from the top throughout* (xix. 23). That it should have been so fashioned was surely appropriate. For He who wore that seamless robe was at unity with Himself, 'mind and soul according well.' His outward activities were the expression of an undivided mind, while the whole wonderful manhood unfolded a flawless revelation of the Eternal God.

The purpose of the present paper is confined in its scope to the inward life of the Lord as this is disclosed to us in the Gospels. It seeks to indicate certain threads of thought running through His integrate mind, and thereby to suggest for discipleship a more constant loyalty to His Word.

I

We begin with the principle of *Inwardness*. The eye of Jesus traced moral conduct to its springs, and judged of men, not so much from what they appeared to be, as in what they truly were. *He needed not that any one should bear witness concerning man; for He Himself knew what was in man.* (John ii. 25.)

It is a commonplace that Jesus re-interpreted the Hebrew Law in terms of thought and feeling. In the Sermon on the Mount He spoke the last word upon sins of violence and of faithlessness by showing them as essentially states of heart. Further, what Jesus saw to be true of men's sins He also perceived in relation to their virtues. It

was from the heart they were to forgive their enemies. (Matt. xviii. 35.)

These are ethical judgements of so simple a character that perhaps the ethic thus presented overshadows the intellectual habit which, nevertheless, is also involved. The same mode of perception appears in more obviously intellectual constructions. Take as an illustration of this the parable of the Good Samaritan. The remarkable thing here is that whereas our Lord's questioner had asked, *Who is my neighbour?* the answer given is through the counter-question, Whom can you be neighbour to? *Which of these three proved neighbour unto him that fell among the robbers?* The truth to which the questioner is led is that neighbourhood is not a physical thing, but a thing of affections, disposition, spirit. The world's conventional speech accounts men neighbours who are outwardly proximate. Jesus said, He is my neighbour who compassionates my need. In the conventional sense and for the time being, priest and Levite and Samaritan were all alike neighbours to the wounded man, in that they all came where he was. In the view of Jesus one only proved neighbour to him, the one who helped him. He alone by deeds of pity came in spirit alongside the sufferer, so that the thoughts of the two men, the helper and the helped, blended in the closest of all proximities, love from the heart. In this connexion we recall that it is said of Jesus Himself, *He saw the multitudes scattered.* (Matt. ix. 36.) A multitude is a number of persons gathered together. To the eyes of Jesus, however, looking as He did through the outward to the inward life, the crowds that thronged Him were scattered persons, having no bond in conscience or in hope. It is only in the affinities of the soul man comes near to man. That is to say, man, though body as well as spirit, is predominantly spirit. To be near a man in any real sense something more than physical situation is required.

This mode of looking at Human Life, the method of

Inwardness, leads us on to a certain reading of man's nature. Much significance attaches to the phrase in the parable of the Prodigal Son, *when he camē to himself*, or as Wyclif's rendering has it, *And he turned again into himself*. The words imply something like the idea of Matthew Arnold's poem, 'The Buried Life':

> Fate, which foresaw
> How frivolous a baby man would be—
> By what distractions he would be possessed,
> How he would pour himself in every strife,
> And well-nigh change his own identity—
> That it might keep from his capricious play
> His genuine self, and force him to obey
> Even in his own despite his being's law,
> Bade through the deep recesses of our breast
> The unregarded river of our life
> Pursue with indiscernible flow its way;
> And that we should not see
> The buried stream, and seem to be
> Eddying at large in blind uncertainty,
> Though driving on with it eternally.

The Buried Life is in even the Prodigal Son, and it is this which at last, being evoked, secures his restoration. He comes to himself. And the self to which he comes is more than an instinct of bodily preservation. He does better than come to his senses. For it is not only hunger he feels. He speaks of sin and unworthiness, and of the need for discipline. These things concern the Buried Life, the man's innermost being. In troubling over them he arrives at his most real self, which is at least morally rational. Thus our Lord looked past the most reckless conduct of a man's life, finding within the unworthy a soul of worthiness, the true human life with which profligacy is essentially incongruous.

That we do not overstrain this phrase by our interpretation may be shown by reference to His words about actual, and not imagined men. Apparently it was while He was being nailed to the Cross that Jesus offered the most pathetic of all His recorded prayers, *Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do*. The imperfect tense intro-

ducing the prayer (Δεῦτε) suggests that the words were repeated with every blow of the hammer upon His open hands. And the plea He advanced was that His enemies had no idea how much pain they were causing Him. The implication of the plea was that if they had known they would not have inflicted it. His penetrative method of studying life led Him to *despair of no man* (Luke vi. 35, Revised Margin), and up to the very last Jesus refused to believe that the innermost heart of any one could be hopelessly cruel.

It is a further confirmation of this view of Christ's confidence in man's interior life that in His comment upon the parable of the unrighteous steward He declared, *If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own?* (Luke xvi. 11.) The true riches are here set over against money and visible possessions, and, by a sort of poetic parallelism of speech, it is suggested that these invisible riches, the only real wealth, are by their nature our own, even when not in our actual possession. They surely consist in a wisdom and strength of love such as obtain in Heaven, and which should lie within a man's capacity of spirit.

Thus through differently conditioned utterances our Lord allows us to see something of the unity of His mind. We follow the penetration of His eye through outward circumstance to inward life. Informed by His habit of mind we come to realize, not indeed that the outward being is a worthless shell, heterogeneous from the kernel it contains, but that the shell is shaped from within, and that despite all vitiation the formative thing is the inward. We learn that it is spirit which supremely counts. And we are encouraged to believe that if we will be true to what we know, if we will *offer for alms those things which are within* (Luke xi. 41), we shall find that the innermost

thing of all is good, and that, as Chrysostom has most nobly said, the true Shekinâh is the soul of man.

II

If we will be true to ourselves—this brings us to the binding principle in the teaching of Jesus, the principle of *Consistency*, or the holding together of the various parts of man's entire life. It is obvious one may set store upon inward things and yet achieve no consistency of character. The deepest in me may be good, my soul may be, as in the language of the Psalmists, *my glory* (Ps. xvi. 9, xxx. 12, &c.), and yet my total life may be a miscellany. The incense from the most holy court of the Temple may be sweet and yet scarce transmit its fragrance even to the holy place, while in the outer courts there may be a shameless traffic.

Now, despite all that is unsatisfactory in the generally received ideas as to our Lord's character, it may yet be said that the world has learnt from Him a hatred of religious play-acting. The elementary teachings here, as in the case of the principle of inwardness, are broadly accepted. For all time the hypocrite has been stigmatized appropriately in such phrases as those about the posturing in public on the occasions of prayer, and again in the exposure of the sham of *Corban*.

But the same mind which gave us these and the magnificent invective of the twenty-third chapter of Matthew offers us an experienced wisdom in those efforts after good which are sincere. ***Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*** (Matt. xii. 34.) If the inward is the formative, it is urgent that we should be both homogeneous within and consistent without. And what Jesus taught upon this matter He Himself first achieved. Thus, when He was accused of casting out demons by the aid of demons, He showed the impossibility of an effective and yet self-divided life. There can be no question that in what He said upon this theme we have a fragment of autobiography.

He was looking back to the Wilderness-conflict which preceded His ministry. And the activity of His works He ascribes to the fact of the inner consistency consequent upon that struggle. He is not self-divided. He has won the decisive victory of Life. He has bound the strong man and hence is able to conquer the strong man's servants. (Mark iii. 27.)

It is the inner consistency, the ethical supremacy of a unified soul, which does account for the energy of a good man's life. The younger Pliny, by natural gift and training a shrewd observer of men, remarks in one of his letters[1] that there is less force of character about good people than about the bad. This may be an exaggeration, but it represents a truth. Cicero came near to the secret of the matter when he said of Pompey that he always won in a bad cause and failed in the best of causes, adding that in the one case he knew what was not difficult to know, how to act, and in the other did not know.[2] For it may be freely admitted that evil is always quicker in action than good, and, as Ruskin has somewhere[3] said, while medicine often fails of its effect poison never fails. So it is that things are often more ready to the hand of the evil man and the evil cause than adapted for the use of the right-minded and the just, and the supreme need of the good is that they should make sure of the base of their action, in the word of Jesus that they should not attempt, as too readily they do, to spoil the strong man before they have bound him. Accordingly Jesus not only saw it necessary to denounce the duplicity of the hypocrite. He appealed also for strong will-

[1] The remark is founded upon a passage in Thucydides (II. 40), and so embodies an older political wisdom as well. The passage is worth transcribing. 'Saepe tibi dico, inesse vim Regulo. Mirum est quam efficiat, in quod incubuit. . . . Hanc ille vim . . . si ad potiora vertisset, quantum boni efficere potuisset? quamquam minor vis bonis, quam malis, inest, ac sicut ἀμαθία μὲν θράσος, λογισμος δὲ ὄκνον φέρει. ita recta ingenia debilitat verecundia, perversa confirmat audacia. Exemplo est Regulus.'—*Liber* iv. 7.

[2] O rem miseram! malas causas semper obtinuit, in optima concidit. Quid dicam nisi illud eum scisse (neque enim erat difficile), hoc nescisse?—*Letters to Atticus*, vii. 25. [3] *Time and Tide*, xii. 67.

decisions, by which man's deeper life might win control over his entire existence. At different times, and to different groups of persons, He used the same plea for the attainment and exercise of an undivided mind. (Matt. vi. 24, Luke ix. 62.)

There is a passage in the Fourth Gospel which gathers up and expresses in characteristic mode these vivid sayings upon consistency. *The wind bloweth where it listeth . . . so is every one that is born of the Spirit.* It has been a misfortune that this passage has been so often used to express the determinations of the Holy Ghost, for the comparison does not lie between the wind and the Spirit, but between the wind and the regenerate soul. It is the soul that moves where it chooses to move, that cries, like Browning's *Paracelsus,*

> I see my way as birds their trackless way.
> I shall arrive.

The soul that has received the wisdom of Jesus and the indwelling of the Spirit is unified, autonomous, sovereign. And in this it conforms to its great type, the Lord Himself, whose whole witness before men was offered in *the power of an indissoluble life.* (Heb. vii. 16.)

The inwardness of Jesus thus unfolds through an outwardness into a final unity of being. The strong insistence upon inner cohesion is matched by a frequent reiteration of the need for outer expression, and it can be seen that this need is not simply in the interests of practical morality, but in the larger interests of the whole life, thought and feeling no less than the will to do.

III

The third great principle in which we see the unity of the Lord's mind is the strictly religious principle—*the Conception of God.* One who often speaks about Divine things is apt to find, unless he is narrowly grooved, that the manifoldness of God impresses him to the neglect of the Divine unity. Religious teachers are often cheaply humiliated by putting their utterances in parallel columns, though the more truly

they seek to speak according to the Indwelling Spirit the more they will exemplify the truth that God is one. To Jesus, as we know from an explicit utterance, the fundamental doctrine of His people concerning the Divine Nature was the Divine Unity. (Mark xii. 29.) This, He said, is the first commandment of all. And that He did more than lip-homage to historic orthodoxy is evident to us when we examine His teaching as to God's character and work.

Most clearly belief in the Unity of God lay at the foundation of all His thinking. As we have seen from His saying that Satan would not cast out Satan, He regarded unity as essential to efficiency. *If a kingdom be divided against itself, that kingdom cannot stand.* (Mark iii. 24.) For the time, at any rate, Jesus found Satan efficient in that He was the prince of this world to whom the glory of its kingdoms had been given. (John xiv. 30, Luke iv. 6.) But yet not of Satan did Jesus postulate efficiency as He affirmed it of God, for He knew that the hour was coming when the Prince of this world should be cast out (Luke x. 18, John xii. 31), and with the destruction of his efficiency all evidence of unity would vanish. Real and final unity can belong only to the good. The conception of Jesus about the Divine Unity is the foundation of all we are now to consider concerning God's dealings with us.

A Jewish Rabbi once wrote, 'God is near in every kind of nearness.'[1] Whether the saying owes anything to the New Testament or not, it aptly sums up one of the great outstanding features of the teaching of Jesus. In the minds of too many Orientals of His day the monarchical conception of God removed Him to a distance from His world, and deputed to angels the administration of Nature. With our Lord it was otherwise. For Him God was ever present as a perceived glory of love and wisdom. In this perception lay the prophetic distinction of Jesus. He moved as a sighted person amongst the blind—the blind

[1] *Some Aspects of Rabbinic Theology*, Schechter. p. 31.

who yet, as He deemed, should have been able to see, so that He was surprised, it is said, at men's unbelief. The contrast between His vision and their faint seeing recalls the famous dream of one[1] who thought himself carried through the skies by a heavenly attendant, past innumerable star-systems, through depths of interstellar blackness, until, appalled by the all-engulfing night, he cried aloud in distress, and, thereupon, the Form by his side, touching his eyes as with the flowing of a breath, the Universe was lit up before him, and he saw that nowhere was there any dark at all, but a sea of light, 'upon which the suns floated as ash-grey blossoms.' Such a sea broke everywhere for Jesus—upon hillside and lake, upon all sentient life and around all human souls. It was the Divine love that shaped and nourished and sought to make all things glad. The Father clothed the grass of the field with lilies, fed the sparrow, and suffered in its fall. He whispered His secrets to babes. He met the soul in its secret oratory. His kingdom came upon men in the vanishing of their sicknesses and in the expulsion of their recalcitrancies. He indwelt the hearts of humble men, so that when they spoke of Him, despite their rudest accent, it was not they that spoke but the Spirit of their Father speaking in them. (Matt. x. 20.) The nearness of God became at last an interpenetration of the Human and the Divine, a sublimation of that roadside scene on the way to Jericho where two men, though alien to each other in blood and tradition, fused their souls in a sacrament of brotherhood.

So truly was this vision of the Presence a real thing in the habitual thought of Jesus that in many of His sayings upon particular topics we find His judgement determined by it. We see this in His attitude to questions of ritual. The truest worship was not characterized by the place where it was offered, but by the fact that it was a pure fragrance of the soul. As we have already recalled, we are

[1] Richter, trans. by De Quincey. (*Works*, editd. by Masson, xi. 290 p.p.)

admonished that a man should give for alms inward things —faith, hope, love—and then all the worry over ritual would be left behind. The nearness of God in every kind of nearness required only that one, just where he was, should lean back upon Him, to ask and receive all that it is fitting a man should know, even as the beloved disciple leaned back upon the Master's breast at the Last Supper. So for those who would be loyal to Jesus problems of method in worship received the principle of their solution, and that men ought always to pray and not to faint became a counsel of possibility, because it called for neither shrine, nor posture, nor word, as essential concomitant of devotion.

Was it not also as motived by an awareness of the Presence of God that Jesus so magnified His grace? God as good could not be so near sinful men without either saving or destroying. And that the Presence was not, at least as yet, a Presence of doom was evidenced by all the creative energies put forth in Nature and in Providence. So these enfolding arms that sought to win men could never regulate their pressures of love as men fixed the wages of labour. So God caused His sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and the Divine Householder gave to the last-coming of His workers as to the first, His eye being kindly.

All these varied teachings concerning God and the religious life hang together. Their unity proceeds from the fact that the Mind of Jesus was of one texture throughout, an unforced and living thing, woven upon a loom set within the gateways of the stars. He saw continually that of which many a singer has had an occasional glimpse, as in the lines of Francis Thompson:

> For all the past, read true, is prophecy,
> And all the firsts are hauntings of some Last,
> And all the springs are flash-lights of one Spring.
> Their leaf, and flower, and fall-less fruit
> Shall hang together on the unyellowing bough;
> And silence shall be music mute
> For her surcharged heart. Hush thou!
> These things are far too sure that thou shouldst dream
> Thereof, lest they appear as things that seem.[1]

[1] *From the Night of Forebeing.*

IV

In the last place, in *the Apocalyptic Teaching* of Jesus we have the synthesis of all the subordinate unities of His Mind. Just as Science seeks the secret connexion of man's visible body with his invisible mind, so every vital religion has, or seeks an apocalypse. Apocalyptic is the vindication and achievement of those whose faith has been tested, approved, perfected. It is the Divine moment when, in the language of Plotinus,[1] the man who has attained to fellowship with God 'has himself the similitude of Him.' For to have the similitude of God is to have the power of transcending earthly conditions. This is one side of the working of Apocalyptic. On the other side Apocalyptic describes the rejection of machinery which has proved obsolete, the introduction of some more drastic and far-reaching method towards those who have become obdurate to the pleading of God, the answer of the spiritual Universe to the desecration of man.

Now much of what our Lord said about the Last Things has been ignored by those to whom the inwardness of His Religion is the ruling Christian principle. The feeling has been that perhaps a lower thought-element crept into the memory of the Apostolic Church, tangling the quiet radiance of a lofty mind with the lightnings of popular theology. But so far as we have disparaged this side of the teaching preserved in the Gospels we have failed to realize what that holy thing is which we call an inward thing, spirit. Our difficulties have been largely due to the dominance of imagery. We are driven to the use of 'matter-moulded forms of speech,' and these too often import into our thinking about the soul something of the very inertness and bondage of material objects. Jewish Rabbinic theology was surely right when it taught 'that the nearness of God is determined by the conduct of man, and by his realization

[1] *On the Good or the One*, § xi.

of this nearness, that is by his knowledge of God,'[1] for this is a judgement which safeguards the moral character of God. The symbol of nearness, however, like all symbols, is capable of misleading us. As against this error, Apocalyptic religion insists that when we refuse God we are not simply left to ourselves. God is still in actual relation to the man who has refused Him. So also if, changing our metaphor, we speak of God as a sea of light around all human souls, yet let us remember it *is* God of whom we speak, God as possessing in Himself all that begets in us the qualities of personal life. If we keep to our figure, then, at least, it is not a quiescent sea by which we are beset, but one that beats and breaks and may blind with myriad coruscation. Holding with Jesus that the regenerate soul is autonomous, moving as it listeth, we can concede no less mobility to the God who fashioned it. Believing also that the One is the Good, we cannot conceive Him as being without variation of method. With every change in us there must be change by Him. So, just because God's attitude considers ours, man carries in himself the moment of Apocalypse. The skies break and the stars fall, thrones are set, and books opened, when this pilgrim of the Universe, reaching the watershed of his life, chooses the path that winds to the right or plunges downward. Such a point of decision, wherein man reacts upon God, was reached by the Lord and by His judges when they finally rejected Him; and there is no more cogent illustration of the unity of His mind than His utterance upon that occasion.[2] ***Henceforth shall the Son of Man be seated at the right hand of the power of God*** (Luke xxii. 69), or as the words are preserved in Matthew xxvi. 64, ***Henceforth ye shall see the Son of Man sitting at the right hand of power, and coming on the clouds of heaven.*** Now the Authorized

[1] Schechter, ibid., p. 23.

[2] All valid interpretation of His other apocalyptic sayings pivots upon the right reading of this utterance.

Version has misled many generations of English Christians by rendering the time-note in both these passages *Hereafter* instead of *Henceforth*. It is instructive that the two Gospels which contain this explicit statement about the time of the vision employ for this purpose two different Greek phrases. Matthew has ἀπ' ἄρτι, Luke ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν. A Greek concordance discloses many usages of these two phrases in the New Testament, and almost invariably they are correctly rendered by the Authorized Version, *Henceforth*. They should unquestionably be so rendered in the passage under discussion. Luke's phrase especially must bear this significance, for it is very common in legal documents of New Testament times, as dating a precise moment in relation to a future time. Thus, for example, in one such document of the year 52 or 53 A.D., we have ἀπὸ τοῦ νῦν ἐπὶ τὸν ἅπαντα χρόνον, *Henceforth for all time*.[1] No weakening of the precision of the note is consistent with sound scholarship, nor is such a weakening in the interests of an intelligible Apocalyptic. What our Lord said expressed His own assured conviction that from the very moment of His humiliation and death He would come with power, as come on a clear spring day vast cumulus clouds throned upon each other in dazzling deeps of white; He would come with growing majesty and undeniable strength, such as even a Sadducean priesthood would be compelled to admit.

It may be perfectly true that Jewish Apocalyptists and even St. Paul, using similar language, might mean something a good deal more material than this, but we shall greatly err if we refuse to credit our Lord with any originality of mind. Every study of His methods as a teacher, especially

[1] Deissmann: *Bible Studies*, p. 253, where several similar instances are given. Two articles dealing with these phrases appeared in *The Expository Times* (October and December, 1917). Both ignore the testimony of the κοινή. In different degrees both fall into the error of literalism, partly through this omission, partly through failure to recognize the varying frames of mind bound up in the N.T.

of His use of metaphor and parable, shows Him as employing language that was capable of differently-graded spiritual interpretations, the profoundest of which is the most intimate to His thought. Certainly whatever use He made of the mental machinery of His time was His own, and we commit a very big mistake when we force His apocalyptic speech into the mould of Daniel, or of Enoch, or even of the Apostle Paul, however true it may be that (if we may vary the imagery) from those who went before Him He gathered seed-thoughts, and to those who followed bestowed germinal fruits of His own mind.

There is no need that we should reject as too modern this conception of our Lord's Return with power from the moment of His death. A striking passage in one of the letters of Cicero refers to the posthumous influence of Caesar under the same imagery of Return. 'If things go on thus,' he writes, 'I like not the ides of March. For he should never have come back after death, nor fear compelled us to ratify his acts; or else—heaven's curse light upon him, dead though he be—so high was I in his favour that, seeing the Master is slain and we are not free, he was a master not to be rejected at my time of life. I blush, believe me; but I have written, and will not blot it out.'[1] Language like this might have been employed by Caiaphas in relation to Jesus during those years in which the Church was so steadily gathering adherents that even a great company of the priests became obedient to the faith (Acts vi. 7), only that the Jew, more deeply sinning than the Roman, in place of a fearful acceptance of the acts of Jesus, embarked upon ever more desperate courses of opposition. The two men, Cicero and Caiaphas, were at one in this, that each was forced to see the hated Master come back with power in the events that followed his seeming overthrow. Caesar came back in that personal ascendancy of the hero as ruler

[1] *Letters to Atticus, xv.* 4. The translation is borrowed from H. A. J. Munro's *Criticisms and Elucidations of Catullus*, p. 83.

which for centuries was to direct the life of the Roman people. Jesus came back, as He declared He would, in the tremendous spiritual urge that swept like a tide through the world, winning for the Kingdom of God a multitude no man could number, and marking out in reprobation, as by an angel's dividing hand, those who confirmed their rejection of Him by their persecution of His Church.

Nor does this interpretation of the Return of Christ equate merely a spiritual and invisible impulse of unusual power. It was, indeed, an outward Return, seeing that it involved institutional separations and movements within the Churches, which He thereby gathered together—separations from the outworn Jewish economy, movements of the redeemed communities into the organic oneness of a world-wide Church—whereby their life glowed with new power, the grace hitherto operating in some isolation, now most truly being multiplied through the many; while on the other hand the Judgement He inflicted, the darkening of a reprobated people, with all the weakness in practical effort and slackening footstep such a loss of vision involves,—Judgement which haply might turn the mind again to God—this we may trace in those words of *II. Baruch* which were written after the fall of Jerusalem:

> For the youth of the world is past,
> And the strength of the creation already exhausted,
> And the advent of the times is very short,
> Yea, they have passed by;
> And the pitcher is near to the cistern,
> And the ship to the port,
> And the course of the journey to the city,
> And life to its consummation. [1]

The Apocalyptic of Jesus thus construed was the natural development of all His earlier teaching. It rested upon His intense realization of spiritual life—life which was first of all, for men, inward and at times buried, but

[1] *II. Baruch* 85[10] in Charles' *Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha*, *ii.* 479.

which persisted through all the sin and failure of daily walk and conversation, life which as a real good was insuppressible, and which it was the purpose of God to unfold in an outward as well as an inward consistency. Even the judgement of reprobation in the Return was not without its aspect of hope arising from this sense of good. *Ye shall not see me henceforth*, He cried to the guilty city a day or two before He suffered, *till ye shall say, Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord.* (Matt. xxiii. 39.) Above all it was His consciousness of God, His quiet assurance of the Father's Presence, not remote in some heavenly court but pervading all earthly things, clothing field and bird and man, and indwelling the learner's soul—it was this utter awareness and open vision of God which led Jesus to use the language of Apocalyptic, as denoting the final mastery of Everlasting Divinity, the irruption of Deity through all the framework of things in which from the first He had immanently dwelt. We, reading our Lord's words in the light of the far-reaching events with which they were immediately concerned, are strengthened to see later fulfilments of His teaching in cycles of historic crisis, and to anticipate some Last Advent when God shall become all in all.

There was no schism in the teaching of Jesus. His Apocalyptic was the assertion that Religion claimed the whole man; it was the insistence that body and even that extension of man's physical life—the visible order in which he moves and toils, and out of which his body emerges, are both included in the domain of spirit, that Life ultimately is one, and that mind and flesh, heaven and earth, should be as the seamless robe woven from the top throughout.

A. D. MARTIN.

Notes and Discussions

A JESTER WITHOUT GENIUS

De Profundis contains about the third part of a manuscript which Oscar Wilde sent from Reading Gaol to his literary executor, Mr. Robert Ross, on April 1, 1897. It was written in the form of a personal letter. The whole manuscript no doubt is, as Wilde says in sending it to his executor, 'the only document which really gives any explanation of my extraordinary behaviour'; but, as it stands, even in the German version, it is far from giving any such explanation. It contains, there is reason to believe, the best part of what is purely literary in it, but its literary interest can hardly, in the nature of the case, be of so much significance to us as its psychological interest. Has even enough been published to show fully what the writer calls 'my mental development while in prison, and the inevitable evolution of my character and intellectual attitude towards life that has taken place'? It is doubtful. 'Some day,' he says in the letter from which I have quoted, 'the truth will have to be known, not necessarily in my lifetime: but I am not prepared to sit in the grotesque pillory they put me into, for all time.' 'I don't defend my conduct. I explain it,' he says, further. How much of the explanation is lost to us, with those two-thirds of the manuscript which we are not permitted to see?

What we see, what constitutes the greatest value of the book as it is, is as sincere as possible an attempt to write down the actual effect of prison solitude on one who had rarely been alone, and never without freedom in life. To me the most touching, because the most real, thing in it, is a little passage, brought in merely as an illustration of an argument, in which he tells us how, when he was 'allowed by the doctor to have white bread to eat instead of the coarse black or brown bread of ordinary prison fare,' it seemed to him so great a delicacy that, he says, 'at the close of each meal I carefully eat whatever crumbs may be left on my tin plate, or have fallen on the rough towel that one uses as a cloth so as not to soil one's table; and I do so not from hunger—I get now quite sufficient food—but simply in order that nothing should be wasted of what is given me.' There is not much that is so simple, or so charming, or so direct as that; but there is a very earnest attempt to reckon with the great sorrowful facts of life, as they had come, one after another, upon him; to make, as the basis of that accepted sorrow, a new house of life, a new palace of art. There is a study of the life and teaching of Christ, which, among many paradoxes, has many truths; and there are resolutions for a future which never came, whose sincerity is not to be questioned by their failure.

Throughout, we see him face to face with the reality of things; we see him tested by that reality, we see him conscious that he is being tested, and we see (as he himself does not see) that he is unchanged, that he is incapable of change.

In this book we see reality come close to him, reveal its lineaments, which he has never yet seen through the veils which he has woven for its adornment: he sees it face to face, recognizes, yet never realizes it for what it is. Where another man might have 'seen an instant, and been saved,' he, seeing, is unable to grasp, unable to be saved; that is, taken out of himself. His nature is too unreal for him to be able, even through suffering, to touch reality. What he touches is his own image of what he sees, and he begins at once to adorn the image that he has made, to cover its true lineaments away under new veils of his own weaving. And his prayer, in all sincerity, is that prayer which Francis Jammes has set down in these two lines:

> 'Ayez pitié de moi, O mon Dieu, car j'ai peur
> De ne pas compatir assez à la douleur.'

He writes beautifully about sorrow, more beautifully because more truly than he has ever written. What, as he says, was to him little more than a phrase, when, in a story, he wrote, 'Is not He who made misery wiser than thou art?' has now become real; and he says it now more simply. But he does not say it simply. He must elaborate it with a conscious rhetoric, which keeps it always at the due distance from himself, and from us.

There is a passage referring to the death of his mother, which, in the published English text, reads thus: 'No one knew how deeply I loved and honoured her. Her death was terrible to me; but I, once a lord of language, have no words in which to express my anguish and my shame.' Here the 'lord of language' may already seem a trifle self-conscious, but in the original manuscript the sentence continues: 'never even in the most perfect days of my development as an artist, could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe.' Already he is playing with his sorrow, genuine as that sorrow no doubt was; and the words are not words of irresistible beauty, but of carefully heightened rhetoric. In another passage he describes one of his moods in prison, how 'I determined to commit suicide on the very day on which I left prison. After a time that evil mood passed away, and I made up my mind to live, but to wear gloom as a king wears purple: never to smile again: to turn whatever house I entered into a house of mourning: to make my friends walk slowly in sadness with me: to teach them that melancholy is the true secret of life: to maim them with an alien sorrow: to mar them with my own pain. Now,' he adds, 'I feel quite differently.' But the mood, while it lasted, was a significant one: one of the moods of that drama which to him was life itself.

Perhaps the most revealing passage in the whole book is a passage omitted in the English version: '(I have said that to speak the truth is a painful thing. To be forced to tell lies is much worse. I remember as I was sitting in the dock on the occasion of my last trial, listening to Lockwood's appalling denunciation of me—like a thing out of Tacitus, like a passage in Dante, like one of Savonarola's indictments of the Popes at Rome—and being sickened with horror at what I heard. Suddenly it occurred to me, "How splendid it would be, if I was saying all this about myself!" (I saw then at once that what is said of a man is nothing, the point is, who says it.) A man's very highest moment is, I have no doubt at all, when he kneels in the dust and beats his breast, and tells all the sins of his life.' In that passage, which speaks straight, and has a fine eloquence in its simplicity, I seem to see the whole man summed up, and the secret of his life revealed. One sees that to him everything was drama, all the rest of the world and himself as well; himself indeed always at once the protagonist and the lonely king watching the play in the theatre emptied for his pleasure. After reading this passage one can understand that to him sin was a crisis in a play, and punishment another crisis, and that he was thinking all the time of the fifth act and the bow at the fall of the curtain. For he was to be the writer of the play as well as the actor and the spectator. 'I treated art,' he says, 'as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction.' A mode of drama, he should have said.

The passage from which I quote this sentence is more definite as a statement of Wilde's belief of himself, and his belief in what he had done, than any other passage in the book. 'I had genius,' he says, 'a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring: I made art a philosophy, and philosophy an art: I altered the minds of men and the colours of things: there was nothing I said or did that did not make people wonder: I took the drama, the most objective form known to art, and made it as personal a mode of expression as the lyric or the sonnet: at the same time that I widened its range and enriched its characterization: drama, novel, poem in rhyme, poem in prose, subtle or fantastic dialogue, whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty: to truth itself I gave what is false no less than what is true as its rightful province, and showed that the false and the true are merely forms of intellectual existence: I treated art as the supreme reality, and life as a mere mode of fiction. I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase, and all existence in an epigram.'

That is scarcely even a challenge: it is a statement. There is no doubt that he believed it: and that so great a master of irony should have exposed himself to the irony of rational judgement is a sufficient evidence that here, as in other matters, solitude and constraint brought him no nearer to a realization of things as they

were than he had been when, as he says in another place, 'I was to many an architect of style in art, the supreme arbiter to some.'

'An architect of style in art': certainly he was that, and there are pages in this book which are among the finest pages he has written. The book should be read aloud; its eloquence is calculated for the voice, and a beauty which scarcely seems to be in these lucid phrases as one reads them silently comes into them as they are spoken. 'There is always something of an excellent talker about the writing of Mr. Oscar Wilde,' said Walter Pater in his review of *Dorian Gray*; and it was that quality, of course, which helped Wilde to make, in his plays of modern life, the only real works of art in that kind which have been produced in English since Sheridan, and finer work, in some ways, certainly, than Sheridan's. And as, for the most part, he was a personality rather than an artist, a personality certainly more interesting than any of his work, it is natural and right that what is best in that work should always suggest actual talk, the talk of one who spoke subtly, brilliantly, with a darting and leaping intelligence. He was always at his best when he wrote in dialogue, or, as here, in the form of a letter. Either form allowed him that kind of intellectual freedom which he required: the personal appeal, either with a mask or without it.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

SETTLEMENT SCHEME FOR INDIANS

WE may hasten to congratulate all concerned on the settlement scheme for Indians proposed by the Government as a substitute for the system of indentured labour. It is suggested in a statement appearing in the *Times*, that the chief or only reason for the abolition of the system of indentured Indian labour in British Guiana, Trinadad, Jamaica, and Fiji, is to be found in the fact that 'educated opinion in India came increasingly to dislike the system of indenturing coolies for labour outside India for a term of years.' And the *Times* commits itself to the opinion that 'for any actual harm that it was doing, the system of indentured labour . . . might well have been allowed to go on.'

As one who has studied that system both in India and Fiji, the present writer most profoundly dissents from the opinion expressed by the *Times*. In Fiji there were nearly two and a half times as many male as female coolies working on the plantations. The morals of the coolie lines were shockingly bad. The gross inequality of the sexes led in many cases to the prostitution of the women, to quarrelling and fighting, and sometimes even to murder. Suicides were alarmingly frequent. Lord Hardinge stated last year in the Imperial Legislative Council at Delhi, that 'the ultimate force which drives to his death a coolie depressed by home sickness, jealousy, domestic unhappiness, or any other cause, is the feeling of being bound to serve for a fixed period, and amidst surroundings which it is out of his power to change.' Infant mortality was alarm-

ingly high in Fiji about 120 per thousand. When the writer visited Fiji in 1913, he found on inquiry that the coolies often suffered from the planter's ignorance of Hindustani or Tamil. And, as an Indian missionary, acquainted with the Indian civil service, he was amazed to discover that most of the European magistrates in Fiji were completely ignorant of the Indian vernaculars, and were therefore at the mercy of interpreters impartial enough to receive gifts from both sides. Sometimes the Indians could not brook the delays and uncertainties of the law, and the writer has seen the place where a European planter was chopped to pieces for interfering with women. Trial by jury was not always a sure way of obtaining justice in Fiji, when a white man was accused of wronging a coloured man or woman. 'How could I bring B—— in guilty, when I knew it would break him for life, and lower our prestige as Britishers,' said an ex-juryman to the present writer, between Suva and Sydney.

It was an unwelcome surprise to the Indian coolies in Fiji to discover that they could be sent to prison under the special labour ordinance, for failing to satisfy their masters.

Lord Hardinge informed the Imperial Legislative Council that a detailed examination of the report of the special deputation commissioned by the Government to investigate the whole question in the colonies concerned, 'furnished material which formed an overwhelmingly strong indictment against further continuance of indentured labour.' And he continued: 'I feel that we all owe a deep debt of gratitude to the Secretary of State for India and to His Majesty's Government for their prompt and sympathetic response to the representations which I and my Government placed before them. Their attitude on the matter fills me with assurance that what has been promised will be performed to the letter, and that the end of the system which has been productive of so much unhappiness and wickedness and has been, relatively speaking, of so small advantage to this country (India) is now in sight.'

Speaking on the same occasion, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya declared that 'humanitarian and political considerations demanded the total abolition (of indentured labour), and the former more so than the latter.' This statement from a leading Indian publicist is not easily reconciled with the report of the Inter-Departmental Conference, which suggests that the chief objection was the dislike to any system of indenturing coolies for labour outside India.

The abuses of the indenture system were disclosed in part by the Rev. J. W. Burton in his book, *The Fiji of To-day*, and the Methodist Church of Australia will rejoice to know that one of their own ministers has had a share in the abolition of that system. The Indians are also indebted to Mr. C. F. Andrews, of Bengal, for his report on the indenture system based upon his personal investigations in Fiji. The present writer may be allowed to add that on his return to India from Fiji in 1913, he made public some of the abuses of the system which now has been abolished.

In a letter to the *Statesman* of Calcutta, the secretary of the

planters' association of Fiji said: 'I do not particularly admire the indenture system, though it is necessary in a small colony in the tropics; but as long as you have a miserably poor, sometimes starving and too numerous population in India, it would be simply a cruel and unfair proceeding to prevent these people, who wish to, from indenturing and emigrating to any place where they would be better off than in their homes.'

Lord Hardinge furnishes the answer to this planter philanthropist: 'From the point of view of India as a whole, it can hardly be seriously argued that indentured emigration to the Colonies is an important safety-valve for congested districts in India, seeing that the total emigration on indenture to the four tropical Colonies during the year 1913 amounted to a little over 7,700 persons, whereas in the same year, Madras alone sent 117,000 coolies to the Straits Settlements and 190,000 to Ceylon.' And the total population of India is now over 316,000,000. Many of the details of the settlement scheme proposed are themselves a serious reflection upon the old arrangement. 'The immigrant can only be proceeded against for any breach of engagement by way of a civil suit in the ordinary course of law, and will be liable to no criminal penalties.' The promise is made that 'a fair minimum wage will be fixed and be revised every five years on the basis of changes in the cost of living.' It is to the good of the immigrant that 'the rules will provide for the worker to live under proper medical supervision, and in healthy houses and surroundings.'

After six months' probation, the immigrant 'will be perfectly free to move from one employer to another at a month's notice.' It is not to be expected that the planters will welcome this regulation, but it will certainly encourage them to treat the coolies properly. The person deputed every three years to visit the colonies and report on the conditions prevailing, should always be a non-official. All conversant with the facts will rejoice that local recruiting depôts in each district are to be visited by non-official gentlemen of standing. Emigration agents are to receive fixed salaries and not commission. This new regulation will abolish many, if not all, of the scandals attached to recruiting in India; as the 'coolie catcher' will now not be tempted to lie when describing the joys of life in the distant paradise. He need not now tell the anxious inquirer that Fiji is only a day's sail from Calcutta.

The rule requiring a certain proportion of women to men is to be abolished, and women of an undesirable class, unaccompanied by their families, will not be assisted to emigrate. All well-wishers of the new scheme, which is immeasurably better than the system it is to supersede, will cherish the hope that the authorities will be successful in their endeavour to persuade 'whole families' to emigrate.

C. PHILLIPS CAPE.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Christian Doctrine of Reconciliation. By James Denney, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

If any reader expects little from this volume except a vigorous restatement of a familiar thesis, he will be pleasantly disappointed. These lectures form a completely new work, and are a fitting climax of a life's theological study, a notable memorial to one who, in spite of limitations, was the strongest thinker in the Scottish Churches. Dr. Denney's writings were sometimes marred by a certain hardness, an unrelenting austerity which often repelled his younger readers. But the book before us, with its mellowness and breadth, shows how his rigidity of thought had been modified under the influences of criticism and time. This was a growing and experiencing mind. What could be better—or to the reader of his earlier work more unexpected—than his frank recognition (in the first chapter) that 'pantheistic reconciliation, which merely assumes the unity of man and nature, is not worthless or unreal,' even though it is less than reconciliation in the Christian sense of the term? Another evidence of a catholic spirit may be noted. To illuminate the dark places of theology by the candle of literature, to appeal to Wordsworth and Goethe as well as to Anselm and Aquinas, to humanize orthodoxy by poetry, to moralize old theories of the Atonement by constant reference to life—this is a crying need of the day. One venture has been made by Prof. C. A. Dinsmore in his most suggestive work, *Atonement in Literature and Life*. And Denney goes deeper and sees more. He once told Dr. H. R. Mackintosh that he envied the Roman priest who could preach with the crucifix in his hand. As a theologian Denney always keeps the evangelistic facts in view. His thought sits closely to experience. He wants a gospel that can be preached. He does not neglect the thinking of the past. The historical chapter is one of the best on the subject we have ever seen, comprising as it does an analysis of tendency rather than a bare synopsis of books; in particular the appreciation of Macleod Campbell and Bushnell is as warm and felicitous as it is just. Denney cites too the Abbé Rivière, a living Roman Catholic writer, whose learned work has not yet received in this country the attention which it deserves. But the main interest of the book is that it brings preachers nearer to a doctrine which they can preach. There is no novel theory—nothing startlingly or dramatically new, though the book as a whole is an original attempt at constructive work.

One of the central sentences speaks of 'love doing homage to the divine ethical necessities which pervade the nature of things. . . . This is an objective atonement. It is a homage paid by Christ to the moral order of the world established and upheld by God.' In itself this hardly takes us beyond Dale. But the spirit of the book is modern and alive. No critic of dogma, no Romanist could repudiate more passionately the extreme language of Luther and Calvin as to Christ enduring all the penalties of a condemned sinner—*sensit poenam infernalem*. And none of those critics who in times past rightly felt that Denney set forth the Atonement as consisting in the *death* of Christ rather than the death of *Christ*, could lay greater stress on the reconciling power of Jesus Himself. Now he speaks of Jesus in His death rather than of the death of Jesus. 'Everything in the story of Jesus belongs to the gospel as the word of reconciliation.' This is emphatically a book for the preacher. It will help the evangelist on the way to his most urgent requirement, a gospel of the Cross which he can preach to the man in the trenches or the man in the street. For we may say of Denney what he says of Macleod Campbell, 'he walks in the light all the time, and everything he touches lives.'

(1) *Immortality. An Essay in Discovery, Co-ordinating Scientific, Psychical, and Biblical Research.* (Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

(2) *Christianity and Immortality.* By Vernon F. Storr, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

(1) The time was ripe for such a volume as this. Stopford Brooke predicted in October, 1914, that 'one of the results of all this slaughter will be the recovery of faith in the immortal life. There will be passionate desire that it should be true.' Canon Streeter has edited the volume, and has written the essays on 'The Resurrection of the Dead' and 'The Life of the World to come.' Mr. Clutton-Brock deals with 'Pre-suppositions and Pre-judgements' and 'A Dream of Heaven' in a sparklingly suggestive style. Mr. Hadfield, a surgeon in the Royal Navy, discusses immortality from the standpoint of science, with special relation to the mind and brain. The difficult questions of 'The Bible and Hell' are canvassed by the Rev. C. W. Emmet, and Miss Dougall handles the problems of Spiritualism, Theosophy, and The Undiscovered Country in the acute and luminous style that we expect from the author of *Pro Christo et Ecclesia*. This outline will indicate the lines on which the subject is approached. It is a novelty to find such stress laid on the scientific phase and on Spiritualism and Theosophy, but it adds greatly to the interest and range of the discussion. Mr. Clutton-Brock contends that it is 'impossible to be really an agnostic about the question of a future life.' He thinks that 'the mind of man is at the present day suffering from a nervous shock caused by his past failures to conceive of a future life.' Yet we cannot artificially and wilfully

turn away from the question. Men will continue to believe in a future life 'more and more with every increase of consciousness.' Mr. Hadfield's examination of the connexion between mind and brain leads to the conclusion that 'so far as science is concerned, life after the grave is not a proved fact, but the evidence is sufficient to justify faith in it.' Canon Streeter criticizes the statement of Mr. Wells: 'Whether we live for ever or die to-morrow does not affect righteousness.' It 'simply is not true. . . . For if the Divine righteousness may lightly "scrap" the individual, human righteousness may do the same.' He argues that there is not a long interval between death and resurrection and judgement. The gem of the book is 'The Dream of Heaven,' by Mr. Clutton-Brock, with its delicious twists and turns that keep one's attention on full stretch. Miss Dougall raises many interesting questions, and her essays will be studied with keen attention.

(2) Canon Storr's volume, which has grown out of lectures delivered in the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral, furnishes further proof of the keen interest awakened in the subject. The immortality of the race is a spurious form of immortality which makes the individual a mere means to the improvement of the race. The doctrine satisfies neither the reason nor the heart. Other spurious forms are discussed, and the claim of Spiritualism is wisely dealt with. The moral argument is clearly brought out, the resurrection of the body is discussed, and the social aspect of immortality is suggestively treated. The objections to 'conditional immortality' are forcibly stated in a 'judicious chapter' on 'Final Destiny.' The closing pages on 'The Life Hereafter' dwell suggestively on its richer quality and context and its enrichment of our social life. Christianity has entirely transformed the conception of immortality. 'Christ by His teaching and by His Easter victory has confirmed the universal longings and hopes of humanity. He has fulfilled all the prophecies of the human heart.' The belief in immortality is linked to His own person. The book is a judicious and well-thought-out presentation of the subject.

Christianity in History. A Study of Religious Development. By J. Vernon Bartlet, D.D., and A. J. Carlyle, M.A., D.Litt. (Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* net.)

This volume is 'an attempt to set forth the genesis and growth of certain of the more typical forms and phases which Christianity—whether as conduct, piety, thought, or organized Church life—has assumed under the conditioning influences first of the Roman Empire and then of the Western civilization that was its successor and heir.' The survey is divided into five periods: The beginnings down to the end of the Apostolic Age; Ancient Christianity; The Middle Ages; The Great Transition; The Modern Period. The primitive Church was a great Missionary Society which planted outposts around the Mediterranean seaboard. Great progress was made during the third century, when outlying regions were

occupied and the country districts around cities were gradually leavened. In 250 A.D. the Roman Church included 1,500 widows, orphans, and others in receipt of relief. This seems to indicate a membership of about 30,000. The absence of serious protest against Constantine's policy shows that things were ripe for the new relations of the Empire and Christianity. State patronage led to 'growing worldliness, which changed the accent of the Church's witness and obscured some of the most distinctive aspects of New Testament and old-style Christianity.' The worship, doctrine, and organization of these times is discussed in some important chapters. After the fall of the Roman Empire in 476 the East gloried in its conservatism both in doctrine and usage. The West became Papal with a more centralized organization, and more flexible doctrinal forms and usages than the East. Western Christianity existed in the living present as well as in the past, and had a more real and vital history than Eastern Christianity. The Church became the guide and educator of Western civilization. Its clergy never altogether lost the tradition of ancient, intellectual, and artistic culture. 'They were for centuries, speaking broadly, educated men living among barbarians.' The organization of the Church is sketched, and the growing power of the Papacy which led at last to reaction and revolt. The work of the Reformation is discussed in three chapters of great importance. We then reach The Modern Period. It opened with a time of rationalistic criticism which was followed by the Evangelical Revival. Wesley and Whitefield 'appealed boldly to the equal capacity of every human soul for the life of communion with God.' The Methodist Movement 'in many respects did for England what the Revolution did for France. It emancipated the individual, it represented the principle of equality, and taught men the meaning of brotherhood.' Its relations to the anti-slavery movement, to Foreign Missions, and to social reform are clearly pointed out. The final chapters deal with the Nineteenth Century and the present situation. The survey will inspire new hope of the triumph of Christian thought and feeling in the world.

The Treasure of the Magi. A Study of Modern Zoroastrianism. By James Hope Moulton, D.D. (H. Milford. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The original autograph of this volume lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean, but a typewritten copy had been sent to England before Dr. Moulton left India, and from that the book has been printed. It is not merely the work of a profound student of Zoroastrianism as revealed in its sacred writings. It shows how closely the student of the literature had come into contact with the Parsis themselves, and how familiar he had made himself with their social and religious life. Over all there plays a fine sense of humour, quick to see the foibles of scholars, and not without a keen yet gracious satire which leaves no sting. The first book deals with the history

and teaching of Zoroaster, his influence on the outside world, and the religion of the Later Avesta. The prophet is regarded as the earliest religious teacher whose name is known to us among the Aryan-speaking peoples. He came as reformer to a people who held the ancient nature-worship of sky and earth, sun and moon, fire, rivers, and winds. They had no temples, but worshipped on open hill-tops and believed that the intoxicating drink called sauma conferred immortality. All our information about him comes from the seventeen Gathas, containing nine hundred lines. From a study of these poems Dr. Moulton concludes that he had been a devout worshipper of the Sacred Fire, but a spiritual crisis came in which he recognized the presence of a voice of God within his soul. His religion was rooted and grounded in eschatology drawn from his personal experience. Side by side with the doctrine of ethical rewards and punishments for the individual stands the unshakably optimist outlook for the world. The second book is on the Parsis, whom Dr. Moulton studied with eager interest in Bombay. They are intensely clannish, and tend to become a negligible handful. They have no propagandist spirit, and though the priesthood is hereditary the sons of priests feel that the profession has little to attract them and abandon it for secular callings. The religion is wrapped up in ceremony, and of this Dr. Moulton gives a very full and interesting account. In his closing chapters he emphasizes the fact that the system 'calls for supplement, but nowhere includes what is untrue or unworthy.' Christ is the crown that Zoroastrianism needs. He 'has nothing to destroy and only everything to fulfil.' The Parsis have been left strangely alone by Christian Missions, but Christianity really supplies the answer to the questions this ancient religion raises. Here Dr. Moulton is at his noblest. He shows how Christ can satisfy all the realized and unrealized needs of this ancient religion, which has failed even to satisfy its own adherents, and has 'failed even more conspicuously in the duty of giving to the world a message which its Founder would fain have proclaimed everywhere.'

Values of the Christian Life. By Alfred Davenport Kelly, M.A. (S.P.C.K. *7s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Kelly sets out the claims of God and of Christ, of the Church, the Sacraments, and of religious practices with logical precision. He does not veil his arguments, but marshals them in the clearest style. Objections are stated and answered in each section. It is a luminous book, though the arguments might have been expanded here and there with advantage. We also agree with the friend who read the book in manuscript that the imitation of Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey* might have been omitted with advantage. But the book is very suggestive and helpful. There are a few points at which Nonconformist readers would join issue with the writer as to the historic episcopate and the Sacraments, but every thoughtful and devout reader will find much to help him in this well-reasoned presentation of the Christian claims.

The Problem of Creation. By the Right Rev. J. E. Mercer, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Bishop Mercer's 'attempt to define the character and trend of the cosmic process' is chiefly based on the postulate *ex nihilo nihil.* Loyalty to that compels us to find an ultimate ground which shall be adequate to the facts of Experience. The Evolution hypothesis is a master-key, and though demonstration is out of our reach, even the scientist is unable to meet that demand. Bishop Mercer traces the development of cosmological ideas, and maintains that the Source and Sustainer of the cosmic process is a Personal God everywhere and always active. The section dealing with Evolution and Creation is acute and discriminating. Full weight is given to the teachings of Science, and in its recent discoveries much material is found for establishing the bishop's chief theses. But if science deals with facts, the existence of religion is a solid fact; so is the life and work of Christ and the historical development of the Church. The survey of the Physical Facts is, therefore, followed by a Study of Life and Mind and Moral and Spiritual Facts. The book is well reasoned, and every position is clearly put. It will be eminently reassuring for those who have felt the difficulties of the subject, and we are thankful to the S.P.C.K. for issuing such a volume.

The ***Biblical Antiquities of Philo*** (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.* net) have never been translated before, though they were printed no less than five times in the sixteenth century. In the present imperfect form the history extends from Adam to the death of Saul. Philo's name was attached to the work by accident. It is a genuine and unadulterated Jewish book of the first century which was written after the destruction of Jerusalem, and throws light on the later books of the New Testament and the religious thought of the Jews. In 1893 Dr. M. R. James found four detached fragments of it in a MS. at Cheltenham in the Phillipps Collection, but nothing was known as to their source till 1894, when Dr. L. Cohn pointed it out. A full account of the text is given in a valuable Introduction with a synopsis of the contents. Various readings and the Vocabulary of the Old Latin Version are discussed in the Appendix. It is a notable document, and every student will be very grateful for the pains which Dr. James has lavished upon it. The ***Letter of Aristias*** (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) purports to be a contemporary account of the translation of the Pentateuch into Greek, written by a Greek holding a high position in the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus (285–247 B.C.). Aristias tells his brother how he was sent from Alexandria to Jerusalem to obtain a copy of the Law and the service of translators. He describes Jerusalem and the Temple. The probable date of the MS. is about 120–80 B.C. Mr. Thackeray points out where the narrative seems reliable, and discusses various accounts of the Origin of the Pentateuch in an important appendix.—***The Book of Jubilees.*** (S.P.C.K. 4*s.* net.) Canon Box writes a lucid account of this Jewish

document, which gives a history of the world from the creation to the early life of Moses, divided into periods of forty-nine years. Its main object was to bring about a reform in the regulation of the calendar and the festivals. It was probably written by a pious priest, not improbably a Sadducee, in the second century B.C. It is a boon to have such a cheap edition as this of Canon Charles's masterly translation.—*The Alexandrian Gospel*, by the Rev. A. Nairne, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.* net), is one of the publications of the Liverpool Diocesan Board of Divinity. It gives a discriminating account of *Ecclesiasticus* and the *Wisdom of Solomon*, showing their relation to Philo and to the Epistle to the Hebrews. We have not seen any brief manual on the subject to compare with it. It deals with a most important phase of Jewish and Christian thought in a lucid and thoroughly interesting way. Both Canon Nairne and the Diocesan Board are to be congratulated on such a handbook.—*The Eucharistic Epiclesis.* By J. W. Tyrer, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* net.) This careful study of the Invocation in the Eucharist shows that it goes back to the first half of the second century, and perhaps earlier. In its earliest form it is an Invocation of the Holy Ghost; the Invocation of the Word cannot be traced with certainty beyond the fourth century, and its use appears to have been confined to Egypt. These points are brought out by a learned and exhaustive study of the Greek and Latin writers.—*Some Early Judæo-Christian Documents in the John Rylands Library.* (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* net.) The Syrian texts are here given of a new life of Clement of Rome; the Book of Shem, son of Noah; and a fragment from the philosophers Andronicus and Asaph. Dr. Mingana has supplied a translation and a brief introduction to each document. He points out the differences between this Life of Clement and the other Clementine literature. It belongs to the group of hagiographical pieces represented by the *Acts of Judas Thomas* and other pious compositions, and may, perhaps, be ascribed to the second half of the third century A.D. The documents are clearly printed, and will be of special interest to students of Judæo-Christian writings.

Issues of Faith. A Course of Lectures. By William Temple. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) These lectures, delivered last Lent in St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and St. James's, Piccadilly, deal with the articles of belief in the closing paragraph of the Apostles' Creed. They are lucid expositions of the great truths set forth in those articles, and always keep in view the cultivation of the religious life. The Holy Ghost is 'The active energy of God.' In hearts responsive to His love God dwells in the Person and Power of the Holy Spirit, transforming them into the likeness of His own love, and filling them with energy, zeal, and devotion for the cause of justice and love throughout the world.' The section on 'The Communion of Saints' pleads for a recovery of the 'sense of the unity of the whole spiritual life, the one fellowship of living and departed in the service of Christ, the one cause that they and we exist to serve, the one allegiance that they and we must own.' The little book will be a boon to all thought-

ful readers.—*The Prophets of the Old Testament.* (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.* net.) Dr. Gordon, Professor of Hebrew at McGill University, here gives a comprehensive view of the work of the Old Testament prophets. He begins with the dawn of prophecy in Deborah, describes the conflict of Elijah with Israel, and then passes from Amos on to Malachi and Joel. The book is beautifully written, and throws light on those 'great figures of the ancient Revelation, the men through whose word and influence the vision broadened towards the perfect day.' The chapter on 'The Rise of Apocalypse' is noteworthy. The simplest of these visions is found in the ardent little book of Obadiah. Joel he dates somewhat later, 'in the legalistic period inaugurated by Ezra and Nehemiah.' Scholars have 'almost unanimously reached the conclusion that it is a genuine Apocalypse.' The treatment of Daniel and John is very suggestive. Many of these questions are still unsettled, but there is rich material here for their discussion, and the book lights up a great subject in a remarkable way.—*The Hebrew Prophets and the Church*, by N. E. E. Swann, M.A. (H. Milford. 2*s.* net), is one of a series of hand-books for the people, and it is very forcible and timely. Mr. Swann describes the teaching of the prophets and brings out its permanent elements. He comes to close quarters in the section: 'Has the Modern Church the Spirit of Prophecy?' The Church's attitude of caution and her fears as to her merely material interests are emphasized, and some frank suggestions are made as to the present and pressing duty of Christian men and women.—*World-Builders All.* By E. A. Burroughs (Longmans. 2*s.* net.) This little book has grown out of words spoken at Eton and other public schools. It sets forth 'the task of the rising generation' in a way that will set young hearts beating. It is *The Valley of Decision* for boys. The thoughts of that masterpiece are here put in a way that will arouse the attention of the young, and win them for the Greater War that will begin when Germany is conquered.—*The Lord's Prayer and the Prayers of our Lord.* By the Rev. E. F. Morison, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This exposition is intended to light up each clause of the prayer which Tertullian called an 'epitome of the whole Gospel.' It is very suggestive and helpful. The illustrations of the Prayer from Jewish sources are of special interest.—*Christ our Sacrifice*, by Margaret Perceval, S.D. (S.P.C.K. 1*s.* net), is a luminous little exposition of the Atonement intended for study circles. A pamphlet of Suggestions to Leaders of Study Circles (2*d.* net) and another giving directions for daily study (1*d.* net) will be very helpful.—*'Our Father': Studies in the Lord's Prayer.* By H. T. Burgess, LL.D. (Kelly. 5*s.* net.) A luminous and helpful discussion of the great prayer of Christendom. Chapters on The Philosophy of Prayer; Prayer and Personality; The Teacher of Prayer, prepare the way for a careful study of each petition. It is a book that makes it easier and more natural to pray. The writer has read largely on the subject, and puts his heart into the exposition and application of the prayer to daily life.—*The Throne without the*

Czar. By G. Gilbert Muir. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Here is a preacher who talks straight to working men, who has won their ear by fidelity to the highest and best things. Mr. Muir selects his subjects well, is very happy in his illustrations, and always aims straight at the heart and conscience. It does one good to think of a great city Brotherhood fed on such truths as these.—*Man's Relation to God, and other Addresses.* By John W. Rowntree (Headley Bros. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) We agree with Prof. Rufus Isaacs in his brief Introduction that there is a living pulse in this little book. Mr. Rowntree's chief aim was 'to translate Christ into modern terms—to make Him real, and to present Him in such a way that the appeal shall command the intellect and take a practical hold of life.' A beautiful biographical sketch shows how he cultivated his own mind and heart, how he laboured in the Adult School Movement and spent himself for others. The addresses grapple with great subjects, and they are full of spiritual power and insight.—*Question Time in Hyde Park.* By Clement F. Rogers, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 6*d.* net.) Mr. Rogers is lecturer on Pastoral Theology in King's College, and has spent his Sunday afternoons in Hyde Park. After his addresses he has answered the questions which are here given with his answers. They are lucid, keep well to the point, are evangelical and full of sympathy and understanding. They are arranged in sections: Free Will and Determinism, Why we Believe, Belief in God, God and the World, with groups of illustrations.—*The Programme of the Christian Religion.* By John W. Shackford. (New York Methodist Book Concern. 60*c.* net.) This is one of a series: 'Training Courses for Leadership.' The writer deals with the outward and expansive movement of the Christian religion towards the limits of the world and with its transforming power in human society. Five or six books on the subject of each chapter are given, and three or four questions which gather up the gist of the chapter. The social, missionary, and educational work of the Church are impressively set forth in this valuable manual.—*Father Stanton's Sermon Outlines from his own Manuscript.* Edited by E. F. Russell, M.A. (Longmans. 5*s.* net.) Father Stanton only wrote a page and a half of notes in his quarto note-book, but these were the fruit of intense thought about his text as he sat gazing into the fire, and there is a strength and spiritual power about them which still lingers in these outlines. They begin with Advent, and come down to Easter. If this volume finds favour, a second series completing the year will be issued. It is a treasure house for preachers, full of Gospel truth fused with feeling and zeal for the salvation of souls.—*Homely Thoughts on the Quest in Search of Truth and Grace.* By John Coutts. (6*d.*) Very helpful and full of evangelical teaching. Mr. Coutts sees that the Lord Jesus Christ is central in history. He is 'the Divine Man, the King of Grace, the Sacrifice for Sin, the Son of God, and the Brother of every man.'

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke. By L. P. Jacks, D.D. 2 Vols. (John Murray. 15*s.* net.)

Stopford Brooke has been allowed as far as possible to reveal himself in this biography, and the copious use of his letters and his diary brings us into close touch with a rarely gifted preacher and writer. Dr. Jacks was for a time his assistant at Bedford Chapel, and his marriage to Mr. Brooke's fourth daughter brought him into still more intimate relations with the family. Stopford Brooke was born at his father's rectory in county Donegal in 1832, and was strongly moulded by 'Irish traditions, Irish manners, and the soft beauty of the Irish landscape.' 'His temperament, his intellect, his imagination, his tenderness, his manners were predominantly Irish, and the genius of his native land remained with him to the closing years of his long life.' His father, Dr. Richard Brooke, was a powerful evangelical preacher, but his income as a young married man was only £100 a year, so that his wife felt herself almost penniless. His popularity gradually doubled his income, and he was able to send his eldest son for two years to Kidderminster Grammar School. Then he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and in June, 1857, was ordained as curate to Dr. Spencer at St. Matthew's, Marylebone, at a salary of £60 a year. He quickly made his mark as a preacher, but his vicar was suspicious of his orthodoxy. His life at this time was a maelstrom. His poor parish brought him into daily contact with the filth and vice of London slums; he moved freely in the best London Society, where he was a 'portent of the drawing-room.' He lectured on English at Queen's College, Harley Street, and was seldom in bed before four in the morning. Sometimes he never went to bed at all. In 1858 he married Miss Beaumont, and this marriage not only brought him unclouded happiness but affluence and powerful friends. Next year he became curate at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington. He was a Broad Churchman who preached the Kingdom of God according to his conception of it, giving an open welcome for the truths of science and for social and political reform. He had already been selected as the biographer of F. W. Robertson, and was anxious to find a lighter post that he might finish the work with which he had been so remarkably entrusted. In 1863 he became Chaplain to the Embassy at Berlin, where he gained the friendship of the Crown Princess and of Princess Alice. They gave such reports of his preaching to Queen Victoria that he was appointed one of her Chaplains after his return to England. Robertson's *Life and Letters* proved a notable success, and won him a high position in the regard of Dean Stanley, F. D. Maurice, and others. But no suitable living offered,

and he took a private chapel near St. James's Square. There he made a great reputation, and was invited again and again to preach in Westminster Abbey. The Queen wished him to be made a Canon, but neither Disraeli nor Gladstone would venture to nominate a man of his views. He gradually came to feel that his position as a clergyman was impossible. He could not accept the Incarnation, though his love and reverence for Jesus Christ was to the end of his life unbounded. He was drawn into close relations with the Unitarians, but never joined them. He felt that the power they wanted was a greater personal love of Christ. He wrote to his sister on his last Christmas Eve: 'We are old, but there is youth in us when we think of, and love, the Child who was born to live and die for us.' He wished he could go with his old friend, Viscount Bryce, to Palestine. 'It would make me happier to be in that sacred land where He walked and loved the world.' His faith in immortality never wavered. It sustained him in many bereavements. 'There is nothing greater,' he wrote after his mother's death, 'than the Heimlichkeit of Heaven. We shall be intimately at home.' All this, though it leaves much to be desired, is beautiful and reassuring. The domestic piety, the literary notes, the charming passages about nature, the pungent bits of criticism of men and things make these volumes exceptionally rich in interest.

Life and Letters of Maggie Benson. By A. C. Benson. (Murray. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Many will be grateful to Mr. Benson for this living picture of his gifted younger sister. Some things are almost too sacred to be put on record, but her brother says, 'It is a better reverence to record and display them, and I shall be satisfied if but a few of those who may read these pages are encouraged to believe more firmly in the possibilities of life, and to find refreshment in the living stream of crystal clearness which not only makes glad the City of God, but redeems and purifies the world of men, for all its sorrow and pain.' Some of the early letters are rather trivial, but the interest of the book grows steadily deeper, and it closes with a period of shadow which calls forth the deepest sympathy. Glimpses of the Benson family add greatly to the interest of the book. All the children stood in awe of their father save Nellie, the elder daughter, who died of diphtheria at Addington in 1890. 'She knew exactly the sort of talk and companionship that he liked, and gave him exactly the sort of open and outspoken affection for which he craved.' Maggie was more sensitive and reserved. She was the philosopher of the family, and her Oxford tutor felt that she would do great and original work in philosophy. Despite the breakdown of her health she wrote her vivifying and suggestive *Venture of Rational Faith* and took a leading part in establishing the St. Paul Association and the Women's Vacation Meeting for Biblical Study. She also gave her brother valuable assistance in his work on their father's life and *Queen*

Victoria's Letters, and was the trusted friend and counsellor of a wide circle of friends. Her quiet humour lightens up many of these letters, and there are some amusing descriptions of birds and animals that she loved. She makes fun of the family output of books. 'The real difficulty is that none of the Benson Bros. *can* stop writing.' Her thoughts on prayer are very suggestive. Her religious faith was the deepest thing in her mind. 'It focused and centralized all her other powers.' Her brother says, 'She loved life as it was, and yet never acquiesced in its imperfection; and I think that she always had in her mind that other City of God, with no precise forecast of imagination, but with a deep patience and a lofty hope.'

A History of the Bristol Royal Infirmary. By G. Munro Smith, M.D. (Arrowsmith.)

This is an uncommonly interesting book. It was written on the eve of the War, and the author died last January before his work was published. It carries the history down from the founding of the Infirmary to the opening of the magnificent new surgical wing by their Majesties on June 28, 1912. Dr. Smith was fortunate in having fourteen bulky volumes, labelled 'Biographical Memoirs' to draw upon. These had been collected by Richard Smith, who was surgeon to the Infirmary from 1796 to 1843. Soon after he became apprentice to the senior surgeon in 1791, he noticed in the hands of a nurse a batch of papers which were going to be used in the wards. They were official letters addressed to the Governors of the Charity, and Mr. Smith found piles of them in a deserted and ruinous garret. From these he made copious extracts and added to them from hearsay and from printed and written statements. The volume almost reads like a history of the medical profession in Bristol. It is very rich in biographical detail, and in anecdotes which help us to see the patients and the methods employed by doctors and surgeons. But it does much more than reveal the life of a great hospital. It shows the life of the city—its elopements, murders, body-snatching, political feuds, and a hundred things which form a background for the great charity of which Bristol is so justly proud. Winchester opened a house for patients eight months earlier than Bristol. Edinburgh laid the foundations of the Royal Infirmary a year after the Bristol house was opened. The rude surgical methods of the day are described, and the dietary of the patients. Bleeding was a panacea in the early days. One of the physicians bled nineteen out of twenty-six admissions. A few years later the average number bled per day was thirty-two. James Ford, who had a great reputation for operations on stone in the bladder, resigned his post at the Infirmary in 1759 to become Physician-Accoucheur to Queen Charlotte. He became famous in London. His income in the year he left Bristol was £1,524. John Townsend had a large practice, and was the third surgeon in Bristol to set up his carriage. He had a board fastened on the front seat, and economized time by spreading

ointments as he drove from one engagement to another. Many odd stories are told of the way he looked after his fees, and the generosity he could show to a deserving patient. John Howard visited the Infirmary and made a suggestion about the windows which the Building Committee was glad to adopt. Dr. Budd, consulting surgeon to the Infirmary, was one of the first to apply Pasteur's discoveries to a definite disease. The book is full of portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations. The new surgical wing opened by the King and Queen in 1912 has been put to splendid use during the war as a branch of the Second Southern General Hospital.

After Big Game. The Story of an African Holiday. By R. S. Meikle, F.Z.S., and Mrs. M. E. Meikle. (T. Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

Mr. Meikle has had considerable experience with big game during many years' residence in the Far East, but he had never been able to visit Africa till the autumn of 1913, when his friend, Sir Henry Belfield, Governor of British East Africa, welcomed him to Nairobi. The book has grown out of his hunting diary and his wife's notes of their journeys. They found the Uganda railway the most wonderful in the world. It begins and ends in the tropics, but passes through every kind of climate and of scenery. There is nothing outside a Zoo to equal in variety the animals seen through the carriage windows. Antelopes, gazelles, and zebras graze quietly in their natural surroundings apparently indifferent to the trains. 'If you are fortunate you may see a hyena or a wild pig lumbering into the bush, a jackal stealing through the grass, or an ostrich see-sawing ridiculously out of the way, balancing itself with outspread wings.' When the train reached the Big Game country there was no moment when some specimen or other could not be seen from the window. Sometimes the great plains were covered with hundreds of zebras and gazelles. Ostriches were in groups of two to eight. The lion is rarely seen. The plateau round Nairobi is emphatically 'white man's country.' The sun is hot at midday, and the cold of mornings and evening is very marked, but the heat is not overpowering or suffocating. There is plenty of rain, and no tsetse fly to work havoc among the cattle. There are numerous large farms, and the region promises to become one of the greatest agricultural areas in the world. The travellers found the station at Kikuyu alive with natives. Some had cloaks of skin and hide thrown gracefully across their shoulders and their skins liberally smeared with a mixture of brick-red clay and oil. The hair is similarly treated and plaited into short pigtails bound up with leather thongs. Mr. Meikle was fortunate in securing Mr. Duirs as his hunting guide, and the camp went almost mad when told that 'Master has shot five lions.' They arranged a dance which baffles description in honour of the event. The jackals have no fear of the lions, and dart in and out between their legs, picking up such scraps as come in their way.

One lioness gave a jackal a pat that rolled it over, but after a somersault or two the little creature came sneaking up and joined in the feast again. When the hyenas were feeding, the jackals kept out of their way. Mr. Meikle had some exciting and nerve-testing experiences, but he enjoyed famous sport. His wife gives many graphic descriptions of the smaller creatures that they saw, and of the natives and their customs. Insects and other pests are described, and there is a chapter on fishing in the Protectorate by Mr. Aflalo. Mr. Meikle thinks that the prospects of the settler in British East Africa are distinctly promising. The climate is glorious, the soil fertile and virgin, the grazing admirable, labour in most districts plentiful, cheap, and easily managed. Many good illustrations add to the debt which we owe the authors for this exhilarating volume.

The Conversion of Europe. By C. H. Robinson, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 18*s.* net.)

No volume has been published during the present generation which gives a detailed account of the work done by the missionaries who first preached the Christian faith in the various countries of Europe. Canon Robinson has had in every case to go back to the earliest existing authorities. Christianity only displaced paganism in some parts of modern Prussia during the fourteenth century, and even then it was conversion by the sword. That throws its lurid light on the atrocities of the present war. The fact that the conversion of Europe to Christianity was only brought about fourteen centuries after Pentecost, and even then was nominal rather than real, has many lessons for missionaries of to-day. Canon Robinson feels that 'the story of the conversion of Europe, if it could be adequately told, would form the most wonderful and inspiring volume which, apart from the Bible, has ever been produced.' His record begins with Ireland and St. Patrick. There is 'hardly any large district in northern or central Europe which did not share in the spiritual benefits that missionaries from Ireland poured forth with a lavish hand and during a long series of years.' Scotland, Wales, and England have their own memorable history. From them we pass to France, Italy, the Balkan Peninsula, Spain, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Germany. The chapter on Germany is of special importance in the light of war conditions. Denmark, and Iceland, Norway, and Russia are all dealt with in this wide survey. There is a short chapter on the Islands in the Mediterranean, and an important survey of 'Attempts to Convert the Jews in Europe.' The present war promises to remove many political disabilities from the Jews and to promote a kindly feeling between them and Christians. It will thus be possible for them to study the teaching of Jesus Christ with open minds. The book is one of special interest and importance, and Canon Robinson has a very lucid style which makes this a pleasant book to read.

Memoirs of Jean François Paul de Gondi, Cardinal de Retz. (Dent & Sons. 2 vols. 1*s.* 6*d.* each net.) These volumes are a

welcome addition to *Everyman's Library*. The translation is the only complete one published in English, and was produced by P. Davall in 1728. Mr. David Ogg has brought it up to date in accordance with the best French text, and has corrected obvious mistakes. His Introduction gives a brief account of the Cardinal, and an estimate of his *Memoirs*. The historian cannot always rely on their statements, but they put us right into the centre of Court and parliamentary life in the middle of the seventeenth century, and their virile style and frank outspokenness have never-failing interest. De Retz was a demagogue, but he was a man of courage and resource, and his account of his intrigues and his imprisonment makes very lively reading.—*The Cary Family in England. The Cary Family in America. John Cary: The Plymouth Pilgrim.* By Henry S. Cary. (Boston: S. C. Carey. $5.25 each.) These three lordly volumes have reached us through the courtesy of Rev. Dr. Seth Cary, of the New England Conference. It would not be easy to match this cult of a family. The English Carys go back to within a century of Domesday Book, and include many illustrious names, among which Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland, is the most conspicuous. The American branch of the family was founded by emigrants who left Somerset in 1634 and 1635. Full particulars are given of their numerous descendants in these handsome and well illustrated volumes. The family bond is still kept up by excursions and occasional bulletins. There is also a little set of poems by the Rev. Dr. Otis Cary, of Japan, describing the feat of arms by which the Cary of Henry the Fifth's reign defeated a doughty knight from Aragon, and won back the family estates. All honour to the American Carys who cherish their love of the mother country so warmly.—*Voyages and Discoveries. Tales of Queen Elizabeth's Adventures retold from Hakluyt.* By Alice D. Greenwood. With 10 illustrations (S.P.C.K. 4*s*. net.) These are great stories, of which every Englishman is proud, and Miss Greenwood has not allowed the charm of Hakluyt to vanish, though she has re-told the stories in more modern style. Drake's voyage round the world in 1577 to 1580, Raleigh's account of the settlers in Virginia, and other records are here, and the illustrations are very attractive. —*Beginnings in India*, by Eugene Stock, D.C.L. (S.P.C.K. 2*s*. net), gives an account of the way in which various forms of Anglican missionary work in India were begun. The work in Bengal dates from 1771, when the Old Church was built in Calcutta. Dr. Stock describes the first bishops, village work, schools and colleges, the Indian clergy, medical missions and other beginnings with a wealth of interesting detail. It is one of a series on *The Romance of Missions*. —*Round about the Torres Straits*, by the Right Rev. Gilbert White, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 2*s*. net), is the story of missions in Carpentaria, Moa, and New Guinea, told by the intrepid missionary explorer and bishop. He gives an interesting account of the natives, of the islands, and of the missionary history and outlook. A map and some good illustrations add to the value of this capital book.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

A Diplomatic Diary. By Hugh Gibson. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

On July 4, 1914, Mr. Gibson found himself at Brussels, wallowing, as he puts it, in the luxury of having time to play. After years amid revolutions and wars the change to the quiet post of Secretary to the American Legation in Brussels was more than welcome. When he had had a thorough rest, however, he longed for something more active. Before the month was out the roof had fallen in. Austria had declared war, and he had to help the Minister in building up an organization to grapple with the crowd of refugees that began to besiege the Embassy. He arranged trains for Germans to leave Belgium, made several exciting journeys to Antwerp, where he witnessed the flight of the citizens, and then threw his whole strength into the great work of feeding the starving Belgians. He was in Louvain when the Germans set fire to the buildings, and gives a heart-rending account of that nightmare. The German Government did not cancel its orders for the destruction until it found with what horror the civilized world regarded its deeds. Then it sent out the story that the German forces had fought the fire, and by good fortune had been able to save the Hotel de Ville. Mr. Gibson's comment is scathing: 'Never had a Government lied more brazenly. When we arrived, the destruction of the town was being carried on in an orderly and systematic way that showed careful preparation. The only thing that saved the Hotel de Ville was the fact that the German troops had not progressed that far with their work when the orders were countermanded from Berlin. It was only when he heard how civilization regarded his crimes that the Emperor's heart began to bleed.' The Diary closes at the end of 1914, but the tragedy of Miss Cavell in August, 1915, is told in a very impressive way. Mr. Gibson did his utmost to save her life, but he found that he had to deal with remorseless enemies who tried to blind and trick him to the last. His Diary seems to make us live through these scenes. He pays us a fine tribute in October, 1914. 'London is filled with war spirit; not hysterics, but good, determined work. The streets are full of singing recruits marching hither and yon—mostly yon. The army must be going at a tremendous rate; in fact, faster than equipment can be provided, and they are not slow about that.'

The Old Front Line. By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This description of the scenes of the battle of the Somme will appeal powerfully to all whose friends or kinsfolk shared in that great struggle which 'led to larger results than any battle of this war since the

Battle of the Marne.' The country is a somewhat monotonous chalk district. The little straggling town of Albert lies, roughly speaking, behind the middle of the base of the battle. It is built of red brick along a knot of cross-roads at a point where the swift chalk-river Ancre, hardly more than a brook, is bridged and so channelled that it could supply power to a few small factories. Strange stories are told about the gilded statue of the Virgin and Child which stood on an iron stalk on the top of the Church tower. On January 15, 1915, a shell so twisted the stalk that the statue bent down over the place as though diving. Four roads lead from Albert to the battle field. One of these is the state highway, on the line of a Roman road leading to Bapaume. Mr. Masefield describes the roads and the valleys and ridges with vivid detail. The galleries and underground shelters kept the Germans in comparative safety in the early months, but when our men cleared them out nearly fifty Germans were found unwounded in their bunks. They had been killed by the concussion of the air caused by a big shell bursting at the entrance of the dug-out. A good map and some striking photographs add much to the interest of this graphic memorial. No one who wishes to understand the conditions under which the battle was fought can afford to overlook this little masterpiece.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vol. 8. (Nelson & Sons. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This volume covers the period from the German overtures for peace at the end of 1916 and the American declaration of war. 'Having failed with her bluster, Germany fell into the whine of the injured innocent. But her own spoken and written words, and, above all, her deeds, remained as damning evidence against her.' The fall of Bagdad was an event of the first importance in the war. It restored British prestige in the East, which Kut and Gallipoli had shaken. A scathing account is given of Rasputin, whose fall was the first act in the Russian Revolution. The chapter on the Revolution is specially important. The 'Breaking of American Patience' shows with what incomparable skill President Wilson played his part. 'He had suffered Germany herself to prepare the American people for intervention, and Germany had laboured manfully to that end.' He had shown patience and courtesy, 'but when the case was proved and the challenge became gross he struck promptly and struck hard.'

Rasputin: Prophet, Libertine, Plotter. By T. Vogel-Jorgensen. Translated from the Danish by W. F. Harvey. (T. F. Unwin. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Rasputin's real name was Grigori Yefimovitsch. He was born in a Siberian village of peasant stock, and became notorious for his drunkenness, brutality and lust. After bouts of dissipation he would retire to a monastery, where he spent his time in prayer and repentance, till his health permitted him to start on a fresh round of

sensuality. It is a horrible story. At the age of thirty he went through a religious crisis, and became a close student of the Bible. He preached as a monk, and had an extraordinary hypnotic power over congregations of women. He became renowned as a miracle worker, but he lived a life of shame and vice. His influence spread far and wide till he came to Petrograd and gained power at Court. He claimed to bear within himself a part of the Highest Being, and through him alone salvation could be attained. It is all terrible, and the credulity of the Tsar and Court circles is amazing. He soon held all the strings of ecclesiastical and political life in his hands, and was the man behind the Government. His murder was the inevitable climax of his infamies. Mr. Harvey has given a vivid translation of this amazing record.

The German Terror in France. By Arnold J. Toynbee. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s.* net.) France suffered as bitterly as Belgium from the German soldiers, and its woes are brought home to us in this powerful indictment both by facts from reliable authorities and realistic pictures of ruined towns and churches. It is an appalling record of brutalities. Bloodshed 'varied by sexual bestiality' cries aloud for vengeance.—*Soldiers of Labour*, by Bart Kennedy (Hodder & Stoughton. 1*s.* net), depicts the workers in mine, dock, and farm who are labouring for the great cause. It is an inspiring survey, with some very effective illustrations.—*The War and the Future.* By the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden, G.C.M.G. (Hodder & Stoughton. 2*s.* net.) Mr. Percy Hurd has compiled a narrative of the war from the speeches delivered by Sir Robert Borden in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain. It is an impressive record of the part Canada has played in the Great War. The Prime Minister shows how England strove for peace, and how Germany miscalculated the action of our self-governing Dominions. Before hostilities broke out Canada pledged her whole-hearted support to the Mother country, and a year ago had sent more than 300,000 men to Europe. It is a great story told by one of the chief actors in it, and told with such conviction of the justice of the cause and such certainty of its approaching triumph that it is an inspiration to read Sir Robert's calm and strong words. Mr. Hurd has woven them together with much skill and judgement.—*Our Mess.* By Dugald Macfadyen. (Westall & Co. 2*s.* net.) These Mess Table Talks in France deal with high matters such as Innocent Sufferings, Tommy's Faith, Are Sermons a Bore? Religion and Red Tape,—all are fresh and unconventional. They get deep to the centre of things and stir one's mind and heart. The 'Cosmopolite' of the Mess was in America in 1914 speaking on the case of the Allies. He cannot speak too warmly of President Wilson in 'waiting till he could bring the whole of his hundred million population solid into the war on the side of the Allies.' It was 'a political achievement second to none in history.' If we would only let them the Americans would be our best friends. That is a timely word, and the little book is very much alive from first to last.

GENERAL

Christ in Hades. By Stephen Philips. Illustrated by Stella Langdale. With an Introduction by C. Lewis Hind. (John Lane. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Hind was Editor of *The Academy* when it awarded Stephen Phillips the first prize for his volume of poems as the book of most signal merit that had appeared in 1897. It was a happy thought, therefore, to get him to write the Introduction to this illustrated edition of 'Christ in Hades' which appeared in that volume of Poems. Every one will be glad that Mr. Hind has allowed himself to be discursive. He tells us about his own literary life, he pays tribute to the insight of his publisher, he introduces us to his own circle of friends and fellow workers in the happiest fashion. No one who wishes to see the literary life of the nineties can afford to overlook these sparkling pages. Stephen Phillips was then on his way to be hailed 'as one of the greatest of living poets,' and every line of his sonorous poem shows his power of imagination and his mastery of verse. Miss Langdale's illustrations have caught the spirit of the poem, and add to its impressiveness.

The Golden Pine Edition of Swinburne's works (Heinemann. 3*s.* 6*d.* net per volume) is very neatly got up with gilt back and gilt tops. The little crown octavo volumes slip easily into a pocket and the type is clear. *Atalanta in Calydon* was a triumph, and is still regarded as Swinburne's greatest work. Mr. Lang says it swept every young reader off his feet when it appeared in 1865. *Poems and Ballads*, despite its matchless music, outraged public opinion by its Pagan sensuousness and its 'attempt to acclimatize his *fleurs de mal* to English soil.' The two later series are more chastened, and all contain matchless music. *Songs before Sunrise* was written to celebrate the struggle for Italian freedom, and the poet rises nobly to the occasion. There are things here also that outrage Christian feeling, and spoil the pleasure of the sonorous music. *Tristram of Lyonesse* is regarded as the crown of Swinburne's mature work, and as 'the highest achievement of English couplet verse since *Lamia*.' The little volumes set one musing on a strange genius, marred by lack of restraint and moral discipline, but full of rich music and fancy.

The Principles of the Moral Empire. By Kojero Sugimori. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.* net).

This study is published for the University of London Press. The writer is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Waseda, Tokyo, and was sent by the Japanese Government in 1913 to study Western thought and life. He has been resident at various University centres in Great Britain during the war, and holds that we make gods of conscience, utility, pride, and love, the inner and the outer world.

'A new God fashioned from the substance of all existing gods is the thing which we badly need.' This the professor finds in Pride, by which he means 'realizing the moral dignity of one's own person.' That is not a very high ideal, but the professor acknowledges that 'Buddhism and other modes of Indian thought in general fail to promote the movement of humanity towards its proper goal.' His words on prayer and faith are very suggestive.

Britain's Heritage of Science. By Arthur Schuster, F.R.S., and Arthur E. Shipley, F.R.S. Illustrated. (Constable & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a book of which our country may be proud. It begins with Roger Bacon, who cut himself free from the scholastic philosophy of his time, and taught that we must know Nature by research and logical reasoning. An illuminating survey of scientific research is given with biographical notes on such leaders as Newton, Dalton, Faraday, and Clerk Maxwell. Physical science at the Universities and in non-academic circles during the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries are discussed, in five chapters crowded with facts which one is glad to have in such compact army. There are also chapters on scientific institutions, and on various branches of science, such as biology, botany, zoology, physiology, and geology. The book is the work of experts, but it is popular in style, and a fine set of portraits adds much to its interest. We know no such survey of the achievements of British science, and we are very grateful for such a record.

Who's Who, 1918. (A. & C. Black. 21*s.* net.)

This year's *Who's Who* is nearly two hundred pages bigger than the previous volume. An immense number of military biographies have been added. In addition to C.B.'s and C.M.G.'s, all D.S.O.'s have been included whose decorations were announced in time and who have replied to the publishers' request for information. The book is more indispensable than ever. It gives new interest to the life of to-day to know these details about the men and women who are making contemporary history. The skill and carefulness with which the herculean work is edited and printed are beyond praise. *The Writers' and Artists' Year Book*, 1918. (Black. 2*s.* net.) Everything that a writer wishes to know about magazines and publishers is here in compact form, with particulars about copyright and revision of proofs. It is a little guide that one cannot do without.

His Last Bow. By Arthur Conan Doyle. (Murray 6*s.* net.) Sherlock Holmes has grown older since he first took the world by storm, but these adventures show that the veteran is as prompt to seize a clue as in his earlier days. He is very much alive and as eager to unravel a mystery as ever. The Bruce-Partington plans of a wonderful submarine are recovered in his most masterly fashion, and 'His Last Bow' proves him more than a match for the most astute of German spies, and shows how Sherlock's gifts serve his country in the Great War. We hope that we have not seen the last of a friend

who never fails to set our own wits to work in a vain effort to steal a march upon the master.—*The Green Mirror.* By Hugh Walpole. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s.* net.) The Green Mirror hung in the drawing-room at Rundle Square, Westminster. In it was reflected the Trenchard world, self-centred, devoted, and narrow. Philip Mark shakes its foundations with his love for the elder daughter. Mrs. Trenchard hates him, and he is on the way to become her thrall when Katharine snaps the yoke and wins liberty for herself and her lover. It is an enthralling problem, worked out with masterly skill. There is no figure in the book which does not contribute to the dramatic solution. Mrs. Trenchard is unyielding and unlovely, but the young folk are emancipated, and one hopes that the mother may melt after all.—*Stepsons of France.* By Percival C. Wren. (Murray. 6*s.* net.) Captain Wren has given us some true tales of the French Foreign Legion, and they are both powerful and grim reading. The scenes are laid in Algeria and in other lands. The ten legionaries who desert when stationed in the Sahara all perish on their way to liberty, and one feels that the world is well rid of them. 'The Dead Hand' is a terrible nightmare, and every story has its tragic side, though there are some brighter notes of love and adventure here and there. But all is weird and powerful.—*A Kingdom by the Sea.* By David Lyall. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a refreshing tale. Sir Hugh Caradoc fought against his son's happiness and his own for a time, but he made a delightful surrender, and it does one good to know his children and their charming grandmother. *The Elchester College Boys.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Elchester is the Worcester that Mrs. Wood loved, and the boys are a spirited set. The story will teach boys many a lesson worth learning.—*Ingle-Jingle. A Book for Boys and Girls.* By S. P. Bevan. (Kelly. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) There is a wealth of fun and fancy in Mr. Bevan's stories and rhymes. He knows the heart of a child, and opens many a door into fairyland. Mr. Kelway's drawings are an admirable fit to the text.—*The Cricket on the Hearth.* By Charles Dickens. Pictures by Gordon Robinson. (Kelly. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The pictures have caught the spirit of this lovely tale. It is a pleasure to look at Dot and the Carrier, and every little black-and-white sketch is a gem.

Between the Larch-woods and the Weir. By Flora Klickman. (R.T.S. 6*s.*) The rustic cottage on the Wye lay between the weir in the valley and the larch-woods at the summit. The birds, trees, and flowers around it fill many of Miss Klickmann's pages, and her neighbours and friends supply many a quaintly humorous passage. Nor are the woes inflicted by workmen in her London home forgotten. It is all very fresh and very amusing—a real rest to one's mind amid the tension of war time.—*Chats on Old Clocks.* By Arthur Hayden. (T. F. Unwin. 6*s.* net.) Much research has been made for this book, and it gives many facts about English clocks and clockmakers which will appeal to a wide circle of readers as well as to collectors. The brass lantern clock, so-called because it was

shaped like the lantern of Elizabethan times, was used as a bracket or wall clock, and when the pendulum was introduced in the seventeenth century it hung in front of the clock or behind it before it took its place inside. The long-cased clock, with its periods of veneer and marquetry, and of lacquer, is fully described with the aid of excellent illustrations. There are also chapters on provincial, Scottish, and Irish clocks in this interesting book.—*A Bookman's Budget.* Composed and arranged by Austin Dobson. (H. Milford & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This little book was born in a period 'of enforced suspension of plans and projects,' when Mr. Dobson turned to an old note-book and began to transcribe passages which had appealed to him or had influenced his writing. They are in prose and poetry, drawn from all quarters and served up with many a dainty comment. It is altogether a garden of delights.—*The* Oxford University Press has added *The Table Talk and Omniana of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (2*s.* 6*d.* net) to its 'Oxford edition of Standard Authors.' The fine engraving of Coleridge by Sir Thomas Phillips forms the frontispiece, and there is a note by Coventry Patmore. It is a book that provokes thought and leads into many delightful fields. The preface, by H. N. Coleridge, gives a most attractive account of his uncle as a talker.—*The Old Gateway.* By F. V. Luxmore. (Morland: Amersham. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) Five short stories intended to prove that all lovers of Christ pass through one gateway into the city of God, whatever their differences of belief may be in minor things.—*Hymns of the Eastern Church.* By J. M. Neale, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) This tasteful edition of Dr. Neale's little volume, which marks an epoch in hymnology, is issued to mark the centenary of his birth. His portrait, with the prefaces to the first three editions, and his learned Introduction and Notes add greatly to the value of the book. The hymns have become part of our General Service of Praise, and we owe a lasting debt to the man who gave them to us.—*The Athenæum Subject Index to Periodicals,* 1916, covering Historical, Political, and Economic Sciences, is a very careful and skilful piece of work which will be a treasure to all public libraries. One only needs to turn to the entries under Maritime Law to see what a guide it is to students of important questions.—*The National Budget System.* By Charles Wallace Collins. (The Macmillan Co. $1.25.) This is a strong argument for the introduction of the Budget System into the public finance of the United States. Mr. Carter describes the financial arrangements of our own country, of France, Germany, and Japan, and shows how 'log-rolling' pervades the whole system of appropriating money in the United States. America has in this matter 'consciously retrograded from decade to decade.' The subject is discussed in all its bearings.—*Woman's Place and Power.* By J. T. Budd. (Scott. 1*s.* net.) This is a homely tribute to the influence of women in home and hospital, Church, and Commonwealth. Mr. Budd feels that the war has broken down many prejudices, and revealed much latent talent in womanhood.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—Dr. Henson contributes the first article of this number on 'The Church of England.' The appearance of many books treating of ecclesiastical history and politics in the mid-course of this vast conflict is a sign that modern Englishmen have not lost interest in ecclesiastical affairs. Dr. Henson puts in a plea at a time when reconstruction is in the air for a cautious handling of what is 'the oldest and most widely influential of existing institutions.' Its history may be divided into three epochs—the landing of St. Augustine in 597, the Norman Conquest in 1066, and the Submission of the Clergy in 1532. The bishop sees in the Reformation 'a passionate insistence on establishing a harmony between the ecclesiastical system and the version of Christ's religion which the New Testament disclosed.' 'The National Church no longer professes to be co-extensive with the nation, and there are many who would build on that fact an argument for making an end of its national character. But they forget that the difference is rather nominal than real.' Dissent was 'once illegal, it is now fully legalized. Conformity is now smaller in appearance but vastly superior in quality. There is nothing properly inconsistent with establishment in the recognition of dissent.' All this gains fresh significance in the light of Dr. Henson's appointment to the See of Hereford.

Constructive Quarterly (Dec.).—Principal Selbie writes on 'The Prospects of Free Church Federation in England.' He thinks the atmosphere more favourable to federation than it has ever been. Part of the closing address of Dr. Cooper, Moderator of the Church of Scotland in 1917, forms the first article. Dr. Cooper says reunion has been the dream of his life.

Bulletin of the John Ryland Library (Manchester, 1*s*.).—The interest in the reconstruction of the Louvain Library shows no sign of abatement. More than two thousand volumes have been received since the last bulletin appeared. Prof. Bedale has been chosen to fill the vacancy on the Council of the Library caused by the death of Dr. J. H. Moulton.

Round Table (March).—The first article on 'The Victory that will end War' shows with great force that the only road to a new era of lasting peace is a complete victory for justice and freedom now. 'America's War Aims' brings out the fact that the American people have determined to win the war, cost what it may. Every article is timely and weighty.

Hibbert Journal (January).—The article by Prince Troubetzkoy on 'The Reign of Nonsense in the World' is but an instalment, and unfortunately only the negative part of the argument at present appears. It points the old lesson of the 'vanity,' the unmeaningness of human life, and only in a single paragraph at the close is a hint given of a constructive argument still to come. The human element which has no part in this meaningless life is our consciousness, and a subsequent article is to show how in this direction deliverance lies. Prof. Gilbert Murray, in 'The Soul as it is and how to deal with it,' does not attempt to define the soul or life, but describes a battle of the unaided human soul against overwhelming material force, and bids persons in power beware of a man who is simply determined to do what he believes to be right, 'because his body, which you can conquer, gives you so little purchase upon his soul.'

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—The first twenty pages of this number contain a bibliography of the writings of the late Dr. Swete, one of the founders and main supporters of the Journal. Among the 'Notes and Studies' are 'The Sayings of Paul of Samosata,' by Rev. H. J. Lawlor; 'The Coronation Order in the Tenth Century,' by Dean Armitage Robinson, and a note on 1 Tim. iii. 16 by Mrs. A. S. Lewis. An interesting paper by Rev. L. Hodgson deals with the vexed question of Nestorius, his exact beliefs and his alleged heterodoxy. It has recently been handled by Loofs and Bethune Baker, and Mr. Hodgson does not profess to settle the whole debate. But he contends that in his use of πρόσωπον Nestorius represents 'a very gallant and ingenious attempt to explain the Incarnation without giving up the belief that in Christ is to be found a complete human person as well as a complete divine person.' Cyril practically gave up the former.

Holborn Review (January).—The first article, by Rev. Joseph Ritson, traces the evolution of this Review, from 'The Christian Ambassador' in 1854 to the Journal with its present title, which dates only from 1910. We heartily congratulate all who are responsible for the present 'Holborn' on its honourable and successful history. Dr. Forsyth, in noticing 'Some Effects of the War on Belief,' urges that as we have had in Europe 'a new revelation of the wickedness of evil on a superhuman scale,' the Church of Christ should exhibit a corresponding 'new and unfaltering grasp of God's righteousness—a world-Christ with His Kingdom of God and its righteousness.' Dr. Warschauer, in answering the question, 'Who is this Son of Man?' holds that our Lord's Messianic consciousness was of very gradual development and reached its fullness only during the closing phase of His earthly career. The most astounding romance in all history is that 'He who preached the coming of the Son of Man did so for the greater part of the time without realizing that He Himself was the One whom he preached. Jesus was the Christ ere He had known it.' Dr. Warschauer is persuaded of this, but——. The article, 'A Finite God,' by H. G. Meecham, discusses Mr. H. G.

Wells' recent theological speculations. An interesting contribution towards the prospective revision of the creed of Primitive Methodism is made by W. R. Wilkinson. He would have the whole summed up after Dr. Denney's fashion in a single line—'Jesus Christ, the incarnate Son of God the Father, is Lord and Saviour.'

Expository Times (January and February).—The editor of this REVIEW, Rev. J. Telford, contributes an interesting exposition of 'The World in the Valley of Decision' to the January number. He anticipates 'a new world-society, to be ruled by brotherhood and hallowed by love of God and man.' Prof. H. A. Kennedy continues his instructive discussion of 'Irenaeus and the Fourth Gospel' in two papers. His whole treatment will be more easily followed when the serial articles are collected and complete. Under the heading, 'In the Study' we find from time to time careful descriptions of minor characters in the Old Testament, the two before us being Benhadad and Michal. They are most suggestive for ministers and leaders of Bible-classes. Dr. F. R. Tennant's paper on 'Perfection, in God and Man,' leaves a good deal to be desired in its slight treatment of a great theme. We must not omit to draw attention to the Editor's Notes in the February Number, which deal with Lord Morley's 'Recollections.' The distinguished statesman maintains his Agnosticism. He ignores God, is unconcerned with Christ, and recognizes no life beyond the present. And with this creed or no-creed the accomplished student of literature and human life appears to be complacently content.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review.—In the January number there are two articles of value to specialists. Dr. Kirsopp Lake writes on *The Sinaitic and Vatican MSS. and the Copies sent by Eusebius to Constantine*. His conclusions 'support those who date the two MSS. early rather than late in the fourth century.' Dr. W. J. Wilson contributes *Some Observations on the Aramaic Acts*. He holds that Prof. C. C. Torrey has demonstrated that a document in Aramaic underlies Acts i. 1b—xv. 35, and gives some results of a reading of these chapters in the light of the new theory. Dr. H. L. Stewart discusses at length *The Place of Coleridge in English Theology*. 'On the speculative side he entered an earnest protest against anti-rationalism on the one hand and ultra-rationalism on the other.' He mediated not by suggesting 'a wretched compromise,' but by indicating a 'real synthesis.' Full of interest is Dr. R. W. Boynton's sketch of *The Catholic Career of Alfred Loisy*. His influence upon the Church 'that so laboriously made him a heresiarch is still to be reckoned with, and can hardly fail of its ultimate transforming effect.'

American Journal of Theology (January).—Prof. Luckenbill, of Chicago, writing on 'Israel's Origins,' urges the importance of 'keeping constantly before us the history of the whole Nearer Orient,' when we are tracing the religious evolution of Israel. He thinks that the evolutionary theory of the Wellhausen school needs

thorough revision in the light of recent decipherment of cuneiform and hieroglyphic inscriptions. British readers will be interested in a long and valuable critical note on Christ's Lament over Jerusalem, by Prof. J. Hugh Michael, of Victoria College, Toronto, formerly of Headingley College, England. He criticizes the theory that the Lament is a quotation from a lost Jewish book, and pleads that the words usually regarded as the termination of the Lament form no part of it, but stood in Q as the opening words of an apocalyptic discourse.

Methodist Review (New York), January-February.—With the year 1918 this Review may be said to enter on its second century, for in 1818 was published the first number of 'The Methodist Magazine,' edited by Soule, and afterwards by Nathan Bangs. Prof. Faulkner, of Drew Seminary, recounts a history of the first century in the November-December number of the Review, and Dr. James Mudge dwells in more detail upon the last twenty-five years under Dr. W. V. Kelley's editorship. We congratulate our contemporary on its venerable age and youthful vigour. The first article is by Dr. J. R. Mott, of world-wide fame, on Recent Religious Developments in Russia. The second is on 'The Beauty of God,' by Dr. W. F. Warren, Emeritus Professor of Boston University, who has been a contributor for over sixty years—surely a record on either side of the Atlantic. Dr. Warren's paper exhibits mature scholarship vivified by a devout imagination. Dr. Goucher's paper on 'Unification' deserves study. He favours a re-organization of American Methodism, not on the principle of reunion or fusion of Churches, but of close organic federation. Prof. Phelps writes well on 'Browning and Christianity,' but makes the poet to be a thoroughgoing Christian on the basis of dramatic writings which hardly warrant the conclusion. Prof. Hough, of Garrett Institute, writes thoughtfully on 'The Preacher and the Forces of Democracy.'

The Methodist Review (Nashville), January, has for its frontispiece a portrait of Dr. H. W. Magoun, the writer of the first article on 'Conservative Thought versus Critical Theory,' i.e. of the Old Testament. Dr. Magoun is a staunch conservative—as are two other writers who touch on the subject in this number—his own view being that 'Moses prepared two copies of the first four books of the Pentateuch, one for the judges and one for the priests, and that he used Jahweh in the latter at times for Elohim.' The present is the first of a series of articles on the subject. 'An Early Methodist Leader in the South' is a specimen of the kind of article for which this Review has always been distinguished.

The Princeton Theological Review (October) provides an excellent Luther number. It contains five articles—'The Ninety-five Theses in their Theological Significance,' B. B. Warfield; 'Martin Luther and John Calvin, Church Reformers,' D. S. Schaff; 'Luther and the Problem of Authority in Religion,' F. W. Loetscher; 'Galatians, the Epistle of Protestantism,' G. L. Robinson; and 'Some Economic Results of the Protestant Reformation Doctrines,' Robinson.