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LORD KITCHENER

Life of Lord Kitchener. By Sir George Arthur. 3 vols. (Macmillan & Co. 1920.)

IN the dark days of August, 1914, when we found ourselves involved in a terrible Continental war, the country had one strong ground of confidence. Lord Kitchener had taken charge of the War Office. He had actually gone on board the Channel steamer on August 3 on his way back to Egypt, when he was told that the officers who were to accompany him had been detained in London, and was asked to postpone his departure. A special train was waiting for him in France, and he had decided to cross the Channel without his staff, when a message arrived from the Prime Minister requiring him to remain in England. Two days later he became Secretary of State for War on the understanding that he was to serve as a soldier and to leave the War Office on the day that peace was signed. No political party could, therefore, claim him, nor could senior officers regard him as delaying their passage to the high military posts.

The way in which he was prepared for the vast responsibilities which thus devolved upon him, and the manner in which he discharged them until the tragic moment when the *Hampshire* was lost on her way to Russia, has now been told by Sir George Arthur, who was closely associated with Lord Kitchener in Egypt and in South

Africa, and was his private secretary for the first two years of the war. His inside knowledge of recent events from Lord Kitchener's own point of view is, as the Marquis of Salisbury says, 'second to none.' The fine temper of the Life is as conspicuous as its intimate knowledge. The relations between the Secretary for War and the Commander-in-Chief are handled with a freedom from all littleness and jealousy which would have commended itself to Lord Kitchener. Nor is the literary merit of the book less remarkable than its fullness of knowledge and its breadth of sympathy. In a series of short and vivid chapters the course of the great soldier and administrator is traced from stage to stage. It is a study of a career which will never lose its impressiveness or fail to call forth a heartfelt tribute to the man who did more, perhaps, than any other to save the world from being overwhelmed by Prussian ruthlessness and tyranny. Earl Haig asks, 'Who can doubt now that but for this man and his work Germany would have been victorious?'

Lord Kitchener owed little of his success to birth or associations. His great-great-great-grandfather moved from Binstead, near Alton, to Lakenheath, in Suffolk, where he died in 1781. His great-grandson became a tea-merchant in London, and his fifth son, Henry Horatio, became a colonel, and married the daughter of Dr. John Chevallier, Vicar of Aspall, Suffolk. Colonel Kitchener bought an estate in Kerry and Limerick, and there Herbert, the future Earl, was born on June 24, 1850. The mother's health led the family to remove to Switzerland, where she died when Herbert was fourteen. The boy had set his heart on joining the Royal Engineers, and came to England to be coached for Woolwich, which he entered in 1868. Neither Mr. Frost nor his fellow pupils looked on him as clever or promising. He is described as 'an intensely hard plodder at his books,' but rather 'slow in learning,' though with plenty of good sense. He had outgrown his strength, and

did not care for games, though he was an excellent rider. At Chatham, two years later, he had 'developed out of all knowledge as responsibilities came upon him,' but showed no outstanding talents, and was considered rather below the average standard of a R.E. officer. At Aldershot he was better understood and appreciated. 'A little later there were signs that if he was habitually silent he was still ahead of his seniors—that he had just that quality of vision in which they were often deficient, and that not infrequently their "instructions" reflected and embodied suggestions which he himself had framed.' He knew French and German, and at Woolwich he and Claud Conder studied Hebrew together in an evening, and set themselves to learn parts of the Old Testament in the original.

After he passed out of Woolwich in December, 1870, Kitchener spent Christmas with his father, now settled in Dinan. It was the time of the Franco-German War. The young fellow offered his services to the French, and was appointed to the second army of the Loire. While ballooning with a French officer at Laval he caught a chill, which turned to pleurisy and pneumonia. He suffered much, and his one fear was that he would never have strength to be a soldier. When he recovered he was told to report at the Horse Guards, where the Duke of Cambridge severely scolded him for the alleged breach of military discipline. Having administered this rebuke the Duke murmured: 'I am bound to say that in your place I should have done the same thing.' Kitchener always maintained that he had committed no breach of discipline. His home was in France; he had ceased to be a cadet, and had not yet received a commission.

In April, 1871, he received his commission and joined the School of Military Engineering in Chatham. Engineering and building problems greatly appealed to him. 'Nothing failed to interest him in this respect, from the great dam at Assuan, down to a door in the house he created in his

last years, where happy hours were spent with his architect and friend, Mr. Blow, and various craftsmen.' He formed a close friendship with Captain Williams, who was an ardent High Churchman and threw himself into Church life and work. 'He was a practical and practising Churchman always, and at Chatham habitually observed fast and festival.' At mess he would say to Williams, 'This is a fast day; we must get hold of something we don't like.'

In 1873 he was aide-de-camp to the general officer who had been selected to attend the manœuvres in Austria. His chief was taken ill in Vienna, and Kitchener drafted the report, and on more than one occasion sat next to the Emperor at dinner. Francis Joseph allowed him to see some military engineering, and watched his subsequent career very closely. He repeatedly, but vainly, invited Kitchener to come to Vienna on his way to or from Egypt. The young officer picked up some valuable points on the Danube for a report on bridging with which he had been busy when he left Chatham. At Aldershot he had to give special attention to field telegraphy, and became proficient in tent-pegging. He and his friends worked hard in connexion with a 'tin tabernacle' of which Dr. Edghill, later Chaplain-General, had charge. They fitted it 'with an enlarged altar and seemly surroundings, an organ, and a choir. The original congregation of thirty quickly grew to one of 800 assembled inside, with another hundred or two waiting outside. Officers and men were equally enthusiastic, and a sung Eucharist was well attended; and there was just enough persecution to keep us all at white heat.'

In November, 1874, he joined his friend Conder in the survey of Palestine and the Sinai Peninsula. He rescued Conder from drowning when bathing at Ascalon and at Safed saved his life from a mob of Moslem fanatics who attacked their camp. Conder was clubbed on the head and wounded in the neck. But for Kitchener's cool

and prompt assistance he would have been brutally murdered. Kitchener got many bruises, and was wounded in the arm. How he escaped with his life was a marvel He was intensely interested in the Survey, and could soon speak Arabic fluently. During a short holiday he was able to finish his *Guinea Book of Photographs of Biblical Sites*, and through 1876 he and Conder were busy in London with their great map of Palestine in twenty-six sheets. His reports and journal show that he was wide-awake to all aspects of the country and its people, and was unconsciously being prepared for his future work in Egypt.

When Sir Garnet Wolseley became High Commissioner of Cyprus, Kitchener was sent to survey the island. He began the work with a party of Royal Engineers, but in a few months the failing revenue led to its being discontinued. In August, 1879, he was appointed Military Vice-Consul at Kastamuni, in Anatolia, where he prepared a damning indictment of Turkish misrule. He described the woes of the refugees, who had no homes and nothing to eat save vegetables; exposed the maladministration and bribery in the law courts and the outrages and murders committed by the Circassians. Sir Austen Layard, the British Ambassador, sent Kitchener's report to Lord Salisbury, who asked him to thank the young officer. The Turkish Government, however, did nothing to mend matters. In March, 1880, Kitchener was sent back to Cyprus as Survey Director. In June, 1882, he was ill with fever, and got a week's leave, which he used to cross over to Alexandria. Arabi Pasha was in revolt, and the fatal riot took place on the day that Kitchener landed. Colonel Tulloch wished to see what was the best road for an advance on Cairo, and was forming his plans for a personal investigation when Kitchener stepped in. He stated that he could speak Arabic well, and asked if he could be of any use. They disguised themselves as Levantines, travelled by rail to the spot, made sketches and returned in a crowded

train. A day or two later a Syrian, suspected of being a British spy, was dragged out of the train at the same place and murdered on the platform. Kitchener was on the admiral's ship during the bombardment, but was not allowed to join the party sent ashore to spike the guns.

He was not granted a medal, because he was taking part in operations without orders, nor could the naval authorities get him one as a civilian who had done good service. To add to his woes he missed his boat for Cyprus, and found himself in trouble because he had left the island without express permission. He held that the leave granted him could have meant nothing else but permission to quit Cyprus, and told the High Commissioner how much pained he had been by the view taken of his absence in Alexandria. 'I think it my duty to let you know how extremely anxious I am to see service in Egypt.' He expressed his strong desire to finish the survey on which he had spent three years. In December it was nearly completed, and Sir Evelyn Wood, then in command of the new Egyptian army, telegraphed to invite Kitchener to join it. At first he refused, but two days later Sir Evelyn urged him to accept the post of second-in-command of the cavalry, which then consisted of a single regiment. With this offer he closed, though it meant pecuniary sacrifice and some loss of independence. Major Kitchener was not attracted by the social life of Cairo, and his associates at first voted him gauche, shy, unclubbable. By-and-by another 'K' was evolved, who was 'recognized as less hard, more human, more sympathetic, more companionable, more congenial, more appreciative of little kindnesses, and whose position in the Cairene official and social world became established in popularity no less than in esteem.'

Kitchener had not been in England for five years, yet he consented in November, 1888, to spend his two months' leave in a survey of the Sinai Peninsula. He worked unsparingly and under many difficulties till news reached

them of the disasters to Baker and Hicks in the Sudan. That brought him back in haste to Cairo, where he was soon immersed in military duties. Early in 1884 a British force, made up from the Cairo and Alexandria garrisons, and of troops on their way home from India, was detailed to operate against the Mahdi's forces from Suakin. Kitchener shared with Captain la Terrière a little house on the edge of the desert, and put his men through a strong course of training. The early morning ride included a steeplechase course with solid fences, over which the Egyptian soldiers took many tosses with much composure. Kitchener revelled in the heat, and seemed proof against irregularity or neglect in food or sleep. He was sent to examine the Keneh-Kosnsair road, and his report was warmly approved by Lord Granville, Lord Wolseley, and the Foreign Office. He chafed because the Egyptian army was not deemed sufficiently trained to take part in the attack to be launched from Suakin.

Events were paving the way for his memorable career in the East. The Mahdist movement was growing, and Gordon was soon isolated in Khartum. At the end of March, 1884, Kitchener was sent to Berber to open up the road to Suakin. He got no further than Korosko. On May 20 Berber surrendered to the Mahdi's forces and Khartum was completely isolated. Kitchener warned his superiors that the Sudan would have to be re-conquered and Egypt itself defended against invasion. He estimated that 20,000 British troops would be required to crush the Mahdist movement. 'Here, as in the Sudan, as in South Africa, as in India, and—above all—as in the Great War, Kitchener's was the warning voice; on each occasion he denounced the delusive habit of under-estimating the perils and requirements of war.'

At the end of July he was sent to Dongola to ascertain the designs of its crafty Mudir. He saw clearly that the Mudir could not be made an independent Governor, but

expressed his conviction that an Englishman could rule and keep the place quiet. 'I would not mind,' he added, 'guaranteeing to do so myself under certain conditions.' Gordon had already turned towards him as a fitting Governor-General. He liked Sir Samuel Baker's description of him as 'one of the *few very superior* British officers, with a cool and good head, and a hard constitution, combined with untiring energy.' On September 9 Lord Wolseley arrived at Cairo to take command of the Khartum relief expedition. Kitchener was still at Dongola with the Mudir and went on with him to Merawi, where he collected and sifted every scrap of information. Colonel Stewart left Khartum for Dongola with Gordon's two consuls, diaries, and valuable papers. Kitchener hurried back to Debbeh, whence he dispatched a letter urging Stewart to quit the river at Berber and take the desert route, as the tribes by the river were of treacherous temper. The letter never reached Stewart. Kitchener also urged Sir Redvers Buller to send some troops, or at least a steamer, to Merawi to overawe those who might attack Stewart. All was in vain. Stewart's steamer ran upon a rock, and he and the consuls were murdered by a treacherous sheik. Kitchener was attached as Intelligence Officer to Sir Herbert Stewart at Dongola, and appointed Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General. He gained surprising results among the Sudanese tribesmen, weaning those from enmity whom he could not change into friends. He had also to keep up communications with Gordon, for whom he felt a veneration approaching hero-worship. The expedition was too late. Khartum was taken by the Mahdi on January 26, 1885, and Gordon, who had sustained a siege of 317 days, was killed near the palace. 'Never,' said Kitchener, 'was a garrison so nearly rescued, never was a commander so sincerely lamented.'

Kitchener was one of those who regarded the abandonment of Dongola as unthinkable, and urged that an advance

on Khartum was the only way of 'smashing up the Mahdi.' He pointed out that our retirement would give the Mahdi two rich provinces and a new lease of power. But the Government was determined on withdrawal, and on July 5 our troops evacuated Dongola. Kitchener had resigned his commission in the Egyptian army and returned to London.

He was next employed on a joint Commission sent by England, France, and Germany for the delimitation of the territory of the Sultan of Zanzibar. The arrogant demands of the German Commissioner led him to warn the Government of possible German hostility in East Africa. He pleaded with them to strengthen our position in its coastal waters, and secure our sea communications, but though he was thanked for his zeal and ability he had 'to deplore a year later that the Sultan of Zanzibar's territories were still further reduced, and that a line of delimitation of spheres of influence was drawn on the map, by which practically the whole of the magnificent Kilimanjaro range was, for the mere asking, handed over to Germany.'

On his way home Kitchener learned by telegraph that he had been appointed Governor-General of the Eastern Sudan and Red Sea Littoral. This really meant the command of the town and port of Suakin. There he set himself to establish good relations with the local tribes, who were growing tired of Dervish oppression with devastated crops and desolated villages. He led an attack against Osman Digna, in which he was wounded in the jaw by a bullet. On his recovery he was made Adjutant-General at Cairo. When the Dervish army made an invasion in the summer of 1889 Kitchener led the mounted troops at Toski. The Dervishes were completely routed. 'The Mahdist bubble was pricked. The Dervish terror was less terrifying than had been supposed; the Dervish capacity of offensive had been over-rated, and Egypt's capacity of self-defence under-estimated.' Kitchener reorganized the

Egyptian Police Force in 1890. At the end of twelve months serious crime had diminished by one half, serious crimes sent for trial had increased four-fold, the convictions obtained had more than doubled, and the recovery of stolen property was becoming much more certain.

In April, 1892, he became Sirdar of the Egyptian army and set himself to prepare it for the fierce struggle which was drawing nearer. The men were treated humanely, paid promptly, looked after when sick. They became proud of their work and enjoyed their drill like a new toy. In March, 1896, a force was sent for the reconquest of the Dongola province. Kitchener had command of the expedition, and began by routing a Dervish force at Firket with much slaughter. By September his troops were in possession of Dongola. The battle of Omdurman broke the Dervish power. The Khalifa fled southwards, and on September 4 a solemn memorial service was held for Gordon on the spot where he had fallen thirteen years before. Kitchener wrote to a friend: 'Ouf! it is all over, and I feel like a rag, but very, very thankful there was no hitch. The Queen offered me a peerage in such a nice manner.'

Baron Kitchener had a great reception in England, and was able to return to Egypt with the funds for establishing his Gordon College at Khartum. He had found in the Sudanese a great capacity and readiness to learn, and proposed to begin with the sons of leading men, heads of villages and districts. He was made Governor-General of the Sudan on January 19, 1899. He sent Sir Reginald Wingate against the Khalifa, and in November he and his chief captains were killed.

Before the year was out Kitchener joined Lord Roberts at Gibraltar as Chief of his Headquarters Staff in the Boer War. He did marvels of organization in South Africa. His action against Cronje at Paardeberg did not realize his expectations, and his tactics were severely criticized, but

Sir George Arthur holds that his general conception of the battle was unquestionably correct, and his military instinct in deciding to assault was indubitably sound. The technical fault was that with the scanty staff help available he could not effectively co-ordinate the movements of the large bodies of troops dispersed over a wide field. He held that had he allowed Cronje to escape he would rightly have been censured, and would have lost the confidence of the troops. Cronje lost his horses and cattle in the action, so that he was rendered immobile, was invested by Lord Roberts, and soon compelled to surrender.

After a strenuous year Lord Roberts was recalled to England as Commander-in-Chief, and Kitchener succeeded to the command in South Africa on November 29, 1900. One war was over; another had begun. The Boers had deliberately inaugurated new operations adapted to their arena and organization. Kitchener met the guerilla war by his system of blockhouses and drives. Every Boer farm was an intelligence agency and a stores department. To meet this difficulty concentration camps were established for the women and children. It was a wearing struggle, which taxed the resources and the patience of the army and of the mother-country. When at last Kitchener had worn down the enemy he set himself to gain a peace which would turn a nation of fiery and faithful patriots into loyal British subjects. He laboured for a South Africa which might be ready to put all her strength into our common cause in the testing times which were coming. Botha and the burghers had come to know and to trust the man who had fought them so resolutely, and they gradually realized that though they had lost their independence they had become citizens of a Power that shared its privileges and freedom with them ungrudgingly.

After a brief vacation full of national honours Lord Kitchener took up his duties as Commander-in-Chief in India. He landed there on November 28, 1902, and began

to reorganize the army and arrange a sound plan for internal defence. He protested against the division of military authority between the Commander-in-Chief and the military member of Council, and carried his point with the Home Government. He improved the conditions of service in the Native Army and made himself so valuable that his term of office was extended for two years.

On resigning his Indian command he visited China and Japan on his way to Australia and New Zealand, where he had been invited to report on the problems of home defence. The task was congenial, for he had 'long foreseen that the day would come when the whole strength of the Empire must be concentrated against an aggressive foreign Power, and he was quite consciously preparing for the test.'

King Edward and Lord Minto both wished him to go to India as Viceroy, but Lord Morley would not consent. In June, 1911, he was appointed British Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, the post on which he had long set his heart. He used his power to save the peasantry from the clutches of the usurer, and to stimulate agriculture, and especially to improve the quality and quantity of the cotton crop. The help which he granted to the oil-fields at a critical stage led to the production of a plentiful supply. In June, 1914, the King conferred an earldom on him just as he was starting for his annual leave.

He was never to resume his work in Egypt. The Great War laid upon his shoulders a tremendous responsibility, and all the world knows that he was not found wanting. When he received the seals at the War Office the pen given him to write his signature refused to work. 'Dear me,' he murmured, 'What a War Office! Not a scrap of army and not a pen that will write!' He intended no reflection on the Expeditionary Force, which was compact of heroes, and which Lord Haldane had made it possible to send across to France with such amazing celerity, but he realized how utterly inadequate it was to the titanic task the country

had undertaken. Politicians and military authorities were utterly at fault. It was not a question of maintaining the strength of our miniature army, but of creating a force which should 'pit itself in the near future fearlessly and effectively against the forces of the German Empire.' He immediately laid his plans for an army of seventy divisions, coolly calculating that its maximum strength would be reached during the third year of the war, just when the enemy would be undergoing a sensible diminution of his resources in man-power. It had always been held that armies might be expanded in time of war, but that they could not be created. The Germans derided the plan as impossible, but it was triumphantly accomplished. Meanwhile the Expeditionary Force had to be maintained and increased; the Territorial Home Garrison to be maintained and trained to cope with Continental troops. If Earl Kitchener's task was overwhelming, the heart of the nation was with him. 'For those who saw the finger of God in history, the belief that their country had joined issue to vindicate Divine Justice and Human Right found its complement in the conviction that a great leader had been providentially called to the work.' At the call to arms 100,000 men flocked to the colours. Every class and grade was represented, and Kitchener shouldered his task of securing training and equipment for his new army. He was thinking in millions. Great Britain was mighty on the seas, she must now assume the character of a military power of the first rank.

Kitchener protested strongly against the concentration of our Expeditionary Force so far forward as Maubeuge. He wished its centre to be about Amiens. Nothing, he urged, could be worse for the *moral* of our troops than that they should be compelled to retire on facing a European army for the first time for fifty years. Kitchener yielded to Joffre's request, which Sir John French supported, but the result was the retreat from Mons. He was sorely put

to it to reinforce the troops, who were battling for every inch of ground, and told Sir John French on August 27: 'Believe me, had I been consulted on military matters during the last three years, I would have done everything in my power to prevent the present state of affairs in which the country finds itself.'

Two or three days later French telegraphed that he had decided to retire behind the Seine in a south-westerly direction west of Paris. That involved an eight days' march and meant that the British army would be withdrawn from the fighting line. Kitchener saw in a moment that such a retirement, even to refit and re-form the troops, might mean nothing less than the loss of the war. He consulted Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, crossed to Paris, and arranged that our troops should remain in the fighting line, conforming to the movements of the French army, though acting with caution to avoid being in any way unsupported on its flanks. Viscount French has represented this visit as an interference with the Commander-in-Chief's action, but it was necessary to convey to him the policy of the Government without a moment's delay. He travelled in uniform, which like every other War Office official, he constantly wore, and left the choice of their meeting-place to the Commander-in-Chief's convenience.

As to the Dardanelles, Mr. Churchill and his naval advisers represented that the guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* would be no less effective against its forts than the German howitzers which knocked Namur and Liége to pieces. Kitchener was not able to furnish military help at once, but Sir George Arthur maintains that 'if reliance on the Navy to force the Straits is to be accounted an initial miscalculation, every subsequent step was consequentially right and had to be taken.' The expedition proved a series of disappointments. The heroism of our own troops and of the Anzacs was superb, and success came very near, but at last Kitchener was asked by the Cabinet to go out and advise

as to the withdrawal of our men. He went with a heavy heart, and soon saw that to remain at Gallipoli was 'to play a game of chance with the opponents holding all the high cards.' Evacuation would be attended with extreme difficulty and danger, but it was the right course to take under the circumstances. It was a tremendous relief when our men were withdrawn with scarcely a bruise. Lord Kitchener recognized 'the real worth of Ian Hamilton's work, and knew that the heroes of the Dardanelles Expedition, thwarted in their main object, had still, like an iron rod, broken the spine of Turkish military power.'

Viscount French has stated that the failure of ammunition at Festubert in May, 1915, and the order to send 22,000 rounds to the Dardanelles, spurred him to take action which drove the Government of the time, save the Prime Minister and the War Secretary, out of power. Sir George Arthur shows that the order was simply intended to meet a sudden emergency and enable Sir Ian Hamilton to carry out an operation which could not be postponed. It was replaced within twenty-four hours of its dispatch to the East, nor did the replacement interfere by so much as a single round with the quota daily shipped to France. Kitchener found on taking office an absence of all machinery for producing munitions. So early as October 12, 1914, the Cabinet Committee on Munitions began to organize resources, and to place orders with large firms who were to expand their machinery and let out work to sub-contractors. By October, 1915, the pre-war average of 3,000 rounds per month had been raised to 1,014,812. On this foundation Mr. Lloyd George's Ministry of Munitions was able to build up his memorable achievement, to Kitchener's immense relief and comfort. In November, 1914, Kitchener secured the help of Lord Moulton to take charge of the preparation of high explosives. He told him that the war would be of far longer duration than he could yet persuade any one to believe, and that large and largely

increasing quantities of high explosive would be required. He consulted Mr. Arthur Henderson as to the legislation necessary to relieve the commanders in the field from all further anxiety as to reinforcements. 'Mr. Henderson rose to the occasion,' and promised that the Labour Party should not corporately oppose any legislative measure which the War Minister should pronounce indispensable to secure victory. He made the proviso that general service should be regarded as a special requirement and not as a policy. Kitchener had secured his seventy divisions, and had a total of 2,500,000 men; but between April, 1916, and April, 1917, it was necessary to obtain 1,500,000 more. Under Lord Derby's scheme 2,250,000 men attested and 275,000 enlisted. Before conscription was adopted, nearly three million voluntary recruits had been gained. As the *Times* put it, 'The great armies that he called into being are his living monument, and no nobler monument has been raised to man.'

Lord Kitchener was not spared to see the victory for which he had paved the way. He was always looking ahead and often said, 'I think I shall be of some real use when peace comes. I have little fear as to our final victory, but many fears as to our making a good peace.' The Czar expressed his wish that Lord Kitchener should visit Russia to gauge its difficulties and advise as to the prosecution of the war. He left Scapa Flow in the *Hampshire* on June 5, 1917, and when the crash came he stood quietly on the deck with his faithful friend Fitzgerald at his side. Little is known of the catastrophe. Sir George Arthur says that an unswept channel was unfortunately chosen for the passage of the cruiser, 'and Kitchener—the secret of whose journey had been betrayed—was to fall into the machinations of England's enemies, and to die swiftly at their hands.' He describes him on another page as 'the only Field-Marshal in history to die at the hands of the enemy,' and says, 'One thing in God's good mercy is possible—that to those

eyes always strained to pierce the future, there was vouchsafed in the storm and in the darkness, and in the death-agony, the Vision of the Eternal.'

So ended a life rich in service and achievement. His own country mourned him as one to whom it owed a debt which it could now never repay; the outside world felt the loss to humanity and to the Allies of a master in the arts of organization and efficiency. Every year had increased his reputation, and in the hour of the Empire's peril he stood revealed as the providential leader of her armies. For him 'nothing was too small, nothing too large, nothing too distant.' When he went to the War Office he refused every kind of social engagement, for he knew that any word which fell from his lips might be distorted and lead to mischief. He was always serious, but had a genuine sense of fun, a keen eye for the ridiculous, a power of witty repartee. He loved children, honoured women, and hated everything impure and unseemly. His message to the Army at the beginning of the war embodied his own life-long motto: 'Do your duty bravely. Fear God. Honour the King.'

JOHN TELFORD.

INTELLECT AND INTUITION

IT is now a century and a half since the Rev. Alexander Gerard, D.D., a writer of profound insight and learning, impressed upon the reading public of his day the principles, as then understood, of the psychology of genius. Antiquated as they may appear in our eyes, and perhaps crude in their bare outlines, they are yet none the less remarkable for that time and the knowledge then available. In fact, they would have appeared enlightened in days when the study of mental phenomena was still in a sense in its embryonic state; and empirical methods had scarcely reached the stage which science in its infancy demanded.

From the date of the publication of Locke's *Essay concerning the Human Understanding* in 1690, onwards, the English empirical school of thought sought to unravel the phenomena of mental processes in accordance with Baconian methods and principles. Hume, following in Locke's footsteps, based all human knowledge on experience of isolated feelings of successive moments or the fundamentally accidental associations of transitory phenomena; thus depriving them of that rational background which Bishop Berkeley, on similar lines, had ascribed to them. But much was due to previous writers which cannot be overlooked in any systematic or exhaustive study of the subject, and we must therefore go farther back. In fact in matters of psychology, many useful principles owe their origin to Plato, to Aristotle, and to the schoolmen like St. Thomas Aquinas; for their capacity to grapple with the problems of mental phenomena has seldom been equalled by any other thinkers ancient or modern. In the power of analysis, as well as in the fertility of suggestion, their exposition and inventiveness, considering once more the periods in which they wrote

and the comparative simplicity of the methods at their disposal, have been a marvel to all subsequent investigators. If genius then be the capacity of thinking on a higher plane of consciousness, in Plato's dialogues the higher planes of intellectual thought would appear to be the realm of pure and original contemplation. So that by a process of synthesis he perceived the unity of the one in the many and of the many in the one, the universal concept in which Nature and Thought emerged from the Cosmos of the Divine Idea. This feeling of a higher self, with the consciousness of mastery over the normal self, and limitless expanse of thought in all forms of intellectual abstraction, of Truth, of Beauty, of Goodness, and of Love, revealed the grandeur of the Grecian as exemplified by the Platonic mind.

The intellectual grasp, and classical form in the grouping of ideas, and the words that express them, may be said to have been unique, as an expression not only of the thoughts but the feelings and incentive to action which they conveyed. In every sentence some profound sentiment of universal truth of permanent and fruitful value affirms the expression of a great and powerful intelligence that has marshalled its materials to perfection and polished the gems which adorned them to the finest degree. As sharp in its details, as limpid in its lucid mass, the idea of conscious perfection in effort and realization is everywhere apparent, as the result of an earnest endeavour to achieve its object. Many modern writers on the whole fall far short of this attainment, in the narrowness of vision and intellectual sympathy, as well as in the lack of scruple to perfect their work, as models of reasoned art.

In most of those who follow him there is either the punctiliousness of narrowness, as in Hume and Schopenhauer, or else the slipshod slovenliness of diffuseness, as in Kant and many of the best German philosophers. Never in history does the same combination of thought and feeling, critical acumen and literary power assert itself as the

balanced characteristic of true genius, except, perhaps, in the Dialogues of Bishop Berkeley.

In Aristotle on the other hand the grace and charm of sentiment are absent, even when the imagination is a mine of wealth and suggestiveness is all aglow. Here it is not so much expression as systematic and exhaustive treatment that fascinates and carries the enthusiasm for knowledge with it. Aristotle is modern. But as in Plato there is the same intensity and scrupulous sincerity to truth, and the effort to realize the aim in view, the attainment of knowledge; the same care in the minutest detail and accuracy of treatment with concepts as with facts.

Aristotle reflects the modern mind more truly in the outward appeal to Nature, yet the permanence of his work is largely due to the thoroughness of treatment and the care and elaboration in the method of exposition. Everywhere he is true to his object and fertile with intensive thought, whilst the range of consciousness, like the perspective of his vision, is as wide as it is original.

This rare faculty, however, is illustrated far more by example than by precept; and whether the Greeks believed, as Descartes did, and many do to-day, that genius is a quality which may be evolved by carrying to perfection some of the faculties of average men, is a matter which lies open to question. Plato's Θεωρία or 'knowing' appears to be the true conception of its innate potentialities, a faculty awaiting development for its full realization, in all intelligent beings. Aristotle, however, much as he endeavours to disown his master's principles in his own work, returns again and again to the Platonic theory of the full development of the mind in its highest forms from the simpler elements of consciousness, carrying the conception with strict logical consistency to the growth of the soul from primitive matter to the Platonic perception of reality. As the flower blossoms from the tree, so does consciousness evolve from the animal organism,

as much so as the latter probably does from inanimate matter.

If the intellectual differences between men be 'differences in their range of consciousness,'[1] then the attainment of the highest forms of intellect will depend either upon the full development of the 'faculties' commonly possessed by ordinary men, or the development of some uncommon 'faculty,' which if genius is the common property of human beings, lies dormant in each of us. If, however, it is not an innate potentiality, then a special 'faculty' renders them a distinct and separate species, after the fashion of Henry Drummond's Spiritual Man. Like the theosophist and the mystic, the man of genius may then lay claim to an insight into reality, by the superior consciousness and power of his ideas, transcendental as sometimes these may be. But inexplicable as his skill and methods occasionally are, he would seldom deny that the results should be comprehended by all men of ordinary intelligence, when possessed of sufficient knowledge. In other words, there is nothing occult in the sphere of consciousness in which it exhibits its performances. For its work is above all things human, and like art itself, its own natural expression, it asserts that which is most truly universal in our nature. Like the tune of the skylark or the melody of the aeolian harp, it appeals to the primitive and yet deepest instincts of our nature; and as the sense of beauty whether in ideal or visual and audible perception, in thought, in action, in form, in music, or in words, it meets with an instinctive response from all intelligent beings. The vital flash illumines the darkest recesses of the weary and dismal consciousness, in search of intellectual guidance, of aesthetic contemplation, or of religious consolation. And as the light shining in darkness it is seen and perceived in contrast to the darkness itself.

[1] See *Originality*, by T. Sharper Knowlson. Some chapters in this book are suggestive and contain the germs of stimulating and fruitful thought.

Although the work be instinctively performed, it cannot be supposed that the achievements of genius are entirely so, else they would rank with the bee and her honeycomb or the spider and its cobwebs. The human mind does not lack some special faculty, akin to those of the spider and the bee, in its own province, of instinctively spinning out, or evolving a cobweb of ideas or fabric of thought; and the faculties of reason, of art, and of speech are its own particular godlike gifts, compared to which those of the mellifluous insect are as the amoeba or the worm to the bee. The inventive faculty in literature and art, in science and philosophy, depends largely upon this instinctive power to act and to create according to an ideal, which, though mirrored by most men, is the special possession of a few. There can be little doubt, then, that *intuition* plays a most important part in such performances. Taught by experience with tender receptivity, and rich in the store of accumulated knowledge from accurate observation, *the instinctive power of apperception* sifts and associates the ideas at its command into countless varieties of new types of intellectual forms, as marvellous in its own conception as the most intricate creations of pure instinct in the lower animals, but incomparably more precious as the work of intelligence guided by instinct and not mere instinct itself. Many definitions have been given of this faculty, but none can be regarded as adequate in which this factor is ignored. 'The infinite capacity of taking pains,' as it is usually quoted, but more accurately 'The transcendent capacity of taking pains first of all' (Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, IV., iii. 1407), applies to minds whose chief characteristic is thoroughness rather than originality, and although its aim be perfection it should come under exceptional ability rather than genius. The wit or the extemporaneous orator may be a genius who takes little or no pains, while the laborious speaker may appear to be such without the real gift of the gods; nor can the composer of sublime melodies

and the accomplished pianist, whose faultless execution astounds his audience, be placed on the same level, any more than the poet and the polished elocutionist of his works.

It is difficult, however, to dissociate genius from the mastery of detail and the endless labour which results in the attainment of perfection, and as such therefore 'the transcendent capacity of taking pains first of all' may steal a march on the innate capacity of intuitive inspiration.

An illiterate genius may live unknown even to himself or to a few, and pass into oblivion with the multitude, like the daisies of the field, as though he never had been; whilst nurtured industry attains the laurels of immortality. To say that infinite labour can take the place of gifted inspiration is merely to confuse two distinct intellectual powers, although they may, in exceptional cases, be found combined in the same individual. From Japanese juggling to the mental gymnastics of mathematical feats and memory performances, the intuitive gift is the essential quality, and although there have been exceptional cases of individuals who though hopelessly bad at first have subsequently attained a degree of remarkable excellence, this was no doubt because they had it 'in them' all the while. Witness Demosthenes as an orator and Hegel as a philosopher, whose innate capacity lay hidden through a paltry infirmity—in the one a stutter; in the other a hesitating mood. This much may be said, however, for the thorough and conscientious worker—that no one would or could pay attention to details in such a manner without possessing a high ideal of perfection, and as such his performances may merit the honoured title in their results.

Huxley regards genius as that capacity of accomplishing to a high degree of excellence any intellectual performance. Clearly then he would regard it as no distinct 'faculty,' but with Descartes, as the common property of ordinary men, who by special training might develop their powers to such a high degree of excellence.

There is no doubt that this exceptional power of doing things to perfection rests upon a mechanical process whether innate or acquired; and in either case the capacity to evolve is postulated even if no special 'faculty' lies latent. Inventiveness, creative ability, an original perspective, fresh suggestiveness, a greater range of consciousness and higher plane of thought: a power of incessant activity and continuity of interest, amounting to a passion or intense enthusiasm, which, combined, preserve a constant attention and fixed concentration on the particular object under contemplation, come within the proper definition of the characteristic qualities, without telling us precisely what the combination may be—neither its why nor its wherefore.

We may define it, therefore, as the capacity of origination or inventive power through which new ideas are evolved and new complexes of ideas fabricated. In its range of consciousness and amplitude of comprehension it extends to limits far exceeding those of ordinary men; and in its mental activity exceeds through the magic influence of its ardour and enthusiasm the performances of average human beings. In addition to the intuitive or directive force of the central idea which animates its actions, there is a power of rapid association, coupled with a fine sense of discrimination, or judgement in the choice of that which is both helpful and conducive to the attainment of the end in view; whilst the aim is never lost sight of, it gathers into its path from all materials, old and new, the vast resources of its own imagination and of its memory, of sensations and observations throughout its whole experience. To this is added an acquired as well as intuitive skill of methods to attain the new creations from the old. Such a 'capacity,' indeed, evolves and fixes the ideas in regular order of thought and gives to the chaos of a luxurious and fertile imagination a fresh perspective and a new conception of reality, and in so doing creates the work for

which its nature craves as the expression of the true self which is portrayed by it.

The intuitive element includes so much that is beyond the process of reasoning. In Art, in Religion, and in the social amen ties of life, instinctive feeling plays a part too obvious to need emphasis and yet too difficult to afford an explanation. And the work of its impulsive though unconscious effort is often a marvel to itself, as the mechanism of life, and the performance of the intricate process which Nature has apparently evolved, are to the physiologist who contemplates them. This still less conscious and yet purposeful agency, as to the ultimate why or wherefore of which science is silent, attests the *élan vital* of Monsieur Bergson's thinking, in matter no less than in mind, and urges in the highest forms of intelligence, by a principle as unintelligible as it is plainly manifest, the creative synthesis of the imagination, under the power not of reason, but of intuition amenable to reason, crystallized into living thought. Its essence is akin to the power of speech, in which though the process be mechanical and subservient to the subliminal actions of the subconscious, the stream of words as of the thoughts they represent is guided by the directive influence of the conscious effort to assert the central idea and its full meaning. In this respect, then, genius is the unformed and plastic element of mind under the force of an idea, that moulds into shape a new creation. The normal mind is neither plastic enough nor impulsive enough if it were so clear as to do this; in most cases even the craving to create being absent. And as such it eventually acquires a settled ordinary habit and attitude of mind, even when marked ability and vigour of mind are evident.

In all the doings of the former there is the impress of the secret process in the higher consciousness, which reveals what Schopenhauer has so aptly described as a faculty attesting the superior consciousness both ethical

and aesthetic extending beyond the rational, and moulding it into intellectual form. 'Beauty,' he says, 'is the revelation of reason in sensuous form,' and is not 'genius the revelation of reason in beauteous form'? There is a close resemblance in this respect between Schopenhauer and Plato, though the difference is equally marked. Where Plato places intellect in the supreme position of guidance as a moral power to the attainment of knowledge, virtue, and beauty, Schopenhauer regards it as subservient to the aesthetic sense, which is the expression of the will itself, at once the ultimate reality and directive force of thought, which gathers, sifts, and re-arranges all the materials of the imagination into perfect form. The intellect is but the tool of the will; and all its reasoning functions, with understanding to take in and imagination to evolve the substance of thought, are but the instruments at the command of this directive factor in the stream of absolute Will. 'Genius sees in things not that which Nature has actually made, but that which she endeavoured to make, but could not make. . . . It plucks the object of its contemplation out of the stream of things as they seem, and holds it isolated before its vision . . . only the essential, the Idea, remains as the object of the artist's vision. In the multitudinous and manifold forms of human life, and in the unceasing change of events, the artist looks only on the Idea, knowing it as the abiding and the essential, as that which is known with equal truth for all time. Art, therefore, is the bridge between two worlds. It leads us from things as they seem to things as they really are.'

A germ of truth is contained in this expression; it develops in the hands of Schopenhauer by his artistic genius into one aspect which hastier minds have accepted for the truth. But truth devoid of reason is something transcending it, and perceived only by the artistic mind as a revelation, in poetry, in music, in architecture, in painting, in

sculpture—but curiously not in science—is the perception of the soul, as it is the creation of genius. 'The method of genius,' he affirms again and again, 'is always artistic, as opposed to scientific,' because in truth feeling is his all, but he knew not what thought and science meant, if he believed they excluded it. Thus he gradually drifted into the unbalanced sphere of emotion by the abandonment of reason and substitution of sentiment; since a clear view which is lacking in either is in truth but imaginative art, which carries one off one's feet, so to speak, knowing not whither, away from the solid ground of facts, substituting fancy or fiction for fact, and converting the artistic, if a vestige of logic remains, to an esoteric form of thought in which fancy takes the place of reason without any criterion of truth, save the conviction, without confirmation, ending in confusion. Yet of all art, surely the art of reasoning ranks highest, and it cannot be denied to genius to possess it; and much less so for those who appreciate genius to acquire it. Only the effete in thought need boast that this is not according to reason. The highest thought in art as in all else is that which reason confirms. Only the affectation of genius can ignore it. In Plato the Idea attains the true perspective, and much as Schopenhauer aspires to imitate him does his hyperbola fail to reach the asymptote of the Platonic Universal.

The immediate knowledge by intuition may be exaggerated even if the basis of the idea be true. That instinct plays a most important part in mental operations, particularly those of genius, cannot as we say be doubted; but that it should ever supplant reason is another matter. Intuition forces the materials of thought into living shapes, as vital activity does in organic matter; but neither can be used as a criterion of truth or as a basis of reality. The reasoning employed is a strange admixture of induction and self-evidence; and in neither case is it adequate. It cannot be denied that the subconscious depths of our

personality add to the range of consciousness contents richer than the conscious life which reason can analyse; but of the innumerable paths of the subconscious only a comparatively small number can fit into the channels of sane thought.

In the case of genius, instinct, by its directive power, forces the elements of thought into groups which acquire, or seem to acquire, the semblance of reason; but to suppose that, though guided by instinct, it can dispense with reason and put art in its place, is indeed to dispense with all reasoning. No doubt we often feel things to be true, and often know them to be so, before proof is possible; yet such inferences of the *illative sense*[1] should be regarded with grave caution, when there are no means of verifying the conclusions. It is said that women have greater intuition than men, to which it may be replied that they have also greater prejudices. But few will assert that they have greater genius, even if the aesthetic intuition be greater in their case and that of many effeminate men, than in those more amenable to reason and common sense. This of course is the rule, to which there are unique exceptions. It is true we must not make common sense the criterion of sound thinking, but rather that higher intellectual sense which is based upon reason and knowledge, though it be guided by intuition as a creative power. The possession of this power under such conditions is what constitutes 'intellectual poise' in the realms of both Science and Art.

In the attainment, then, of a clear perception of reality, the Platonic theory of the Universal would appear to rank higher than the emotional or pragmatical conception of Schopenhauer, and to point to an intuitive knowledge of the basis and structure of truth, which is at once rational and aesthetic. Whilst its aim is not a mere directive impulse to satisfy the feelings and give expression to an

[1] See *The Grammar of Assent*, by J. H. Newman, and *An Agnostic's Apology*, by Sir Leslie Stephen.

unuttered sentiment, howsoever beautiful and refined in its complexity or simplicity, it is an impulse which awakens the emotion of coherent thought with such feelings as it conveys; and like the force and impression which language imparts to the previously unuttered thought, when expressed in words, it adds to the craving instinct of aesthetic emotion the hallowed feeling of intellectual satisfaction. In this power of abstraction, as in the demonstration of a geometrical theorem, we have a manifestation of the superiority of thought and intellectual emotion, upon which right action and will power must depend, over the artistic feeling, however intense and conducive to action it might be, when devoid of the test and sanction of reason, and when direction in creation may for aught we know to the contrary be as whimsical though evident as the movements of the church spire's weathercock under a swift directional breeze.

The intellectual vision thus obtained has the merit of a rational foundation as distinct from the purely aesthetic and religious one, upon which differences of temperament exercise so remarkable an effect. Chinese music is hardly intelligible to Europeans; and Japanese art, though appreciated, is often not without its difficulties even to the appreciative critic. In painting it is true that the gap is not quite so great. But who has been to the Far East and not heard the execrable noise, feline in its pathos and gloomy intonation, of the Chinese in their apparently exalted moods? And what words can describe the joy of the Hindu as he dances to the tapping which to Western ears seems but the beating of tin cans and dusty carpets?

In like manner moods or dispositions which may no doubt be called mystical are exhibited by Orientals, as attesting a communion with unseen powers; whilst wonder is all that affects us. Although the Buddhist is sensitive to emotions that only certain types of Christians faintly feel, in silent contemplation, the differences may none the less speak for themselves of the common unity of the

mystic disposition and attest the presence of a something the vagueness of which they only serve to emphasize. But all the varieties of the Illative Sense render it more akin to the aesthetic than the rational faculties, whilst giving it the more elusive form.

If, then, the constituents are the inventive faculties, the foundation of which is originality coupled with judgement, a sharp distinction should be drawn between genius and talent, for talent is reproductive rather than creative, assimilative and receptive rather than original, and however high its order of achievement, still bears the stamp of imitation rather than of invention. In fact the line of demarcation between the two in early life is not often easily drawn. It is perhaps the missing link between genius and ability, although like eccentric genius it may be lacking in stability and like conventional ability it may be lacking in inventiveness. But genius includes talent and ability even when lacking in stability and force of character. Genius of the highest order, however, implies character as well.

The knack of achieving or accomplishing something with perfection may or may not involve originality, and according as such exceptional skill does or does not so include this element should its achievements be regarded as the work of genius or the performance of high talent and ability.

Whether a person with a colossal memory can be stamped as a genius or not depends upon his methods. If mere plasticity in recording impressions, retentiveness and facility of recollection at will are all that he ever achieves, a phonograph, or a parrot may we say, might compete successfully with him. Yet, marvellous as the workings of some great memories are known to be, astounding some of their feats, the quality of genius cannot for a moment be denied to them if spontaneous and not artificial.

On the other hand, many men of remarkable originality,

on their own admission, have had bad memories. Newton, Faraday, Kelvin were noteworthy examples, and indeed originality is usually conspicuous for weakness of memory. Sir William Ramsay[1] may also be mentioned. But this is no indication that genius should dispense with it. Lord Acton had a colossal memory, so had Macaulay.

A well-ordered imagination and regularity of thought, with its attendant fertility of ideas, its activity and enthusiasm, are not sufficient to constitute genius, if judgement be absent—a faculty essential to invention if the efforts are not futile; and obviously memory must play an important part in its exercise. Clearly no judgement could be formed without accurate knowledge, and although an abnormal memory may not be essential to great intellectual performances, it is invariably the attendant of fruitful and reliable thought. Memory cannot create, although it is the background which sobers the judgement in its control over the imagination. Like the unconscious power of intuition itself it is the basis of all sane thought, drawing upon the resources of the subconscious, whether of acquired or innate ideas; and as such constitutes the foundation of that understanding without which imagination would be as the flight of the aeronaut without a knowledge of his bearings, or even the wanderings of the bat without the sense of sight. Hence we are compelled to ascribe to memory a place of paramount influence in the discrimination of judgement and the sifting of ideas into a rational arrangement of systematic apperception and of critical thought.

Memory, then, though essential, is not necessarily abnormal in the performances of genius when defined as creative or inventive power, and usually recourse is had to notes taken on all conceivable occasions, rather than to the memory, which is seldom trusted. No doubt whenever intense interest in a subject prevails, as with all enthusiastic

[1] See Sir William Tilden's biography of Sir William Ramsay.

workers, amongst whom geniuses take a foremost place, the powers of observation and attention to detail are so enormously enhanced that through the impression so formed the memory is correspondingly strengthened, and although when little attention is paid to irrelevant matters the corresponding impressions are feeble, and recollection of them but slight, notably in absentmindedness, an extreme case, the memory for relevant matters may be great and attain abnormality, whilst the apparently irrelevant is dismissed. And so the former may constitute an important item in the co-ordination of new thought. But there is nevertheless a marked difference between this and what is commonly called a good memory, in which the process is almost automatic and relates to impressions recorded, retained, and reproduced without the stimulus of enthusiasm.

As already stated, the power of intuition is the chief factor to be considered. Whether this is hereditary memory or not, it nevertheless forms the guiding principle in the processes under consideration. Nothing directs and controls the association in the synthesis of new ideas like this secret force, or *élan vital* of thought; with the aid of imagination it enlivens and not merely assimilates the fleeting notions of the passing moment, but moulds the conception so formed into coherent combinations, with the quickness and alertness which these impart.

As the outcome of intuition, with the assistance of memory, imagination, and enthusiasm—the two last being necessarily strong—the power of *abstraction* and *visualizing or intellectual vision*, based no doubt upon these, but involving greater power than they separately or unitedly reveal without the aid of that higher faculty which comprises an amplitude of comprehensiveness or understanding, may be regarded as the very essence of creative thought. It carries with it, in virtue of the thoroughness implied when present in a marked degree, the *sense of conviction*

of a cherished belief, the ardour and determination to attain the enticing promptings of a high ideal; and with that independence of thought which invariably characterizes all its activities, concentrates its efforts towards them with an independence and sense of power which the clearness of its thought and exhaustive treatment of its materials convey. Thus above all conviction of the truth and feasibility of the ideal to be attained are features which at once command and inspire the enthusiasm of the worker himself, carrying with them the confidence of the followers who are instinctively swayed by the ardour of his personality. And whatever characteristics the particular sides of the personality present as special features, it is the unity of the harmonious working which raises the intellect to the highest le ls of thought; and in the smooth and gliding flight of ideas, the directive force of intuition is guided onward by the subconscious promptings of the imagination, creating without knowing how the object of its full desire, 'Tantæne animis coelestibus irae?'

There are few who posses the time, the energy, or the ambition to attain the heights of excellence, with its honour and glory, at the present day. But Alexander Gerard, according to the best light that was in him, analysed the phenomena of the intellect with insight and ability, and discovered some of the secret springs of vigorous activity and unique achievements.

In more modern times, as we have seen, the subconscious is invoked to account for such performances, and the place that intuition holds is still a marvel as the cellar of reserve force and the storehouse of the stimulus to action, even of the highest intellectual order and refinement.

JOHN BUTLER BURKE.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

THE tercentenary of the sailing of the Pilgrim Fathers to America is not only an outstanding date forcibly reminding us of the origins of that mighty English-speaking Republic of the West, so closely allied to us in its history, laws, traditions, and religion, but it recalls most vividly and romantically the long and bitter struggle which our forefathers waged in order to hand down to their children the priceless boon of religious liberty. In their natural desire to discover at all costs a haven of refuge from religious persecution the Pilgrim Fathers were fighting a battle for freedom of thought and conscience, the issue and extent of which they themselves were only dimly conscious. We, even though not of their particular sect or creed, are beneficiaries from their heroic conduct, and we do well therefore to honour their memory.

The late John Bright once declared that 'If it were not for the Free Churches, I know not what shadow of freedom there would be at this hour amongst us.' Although it is unlikely that such an extravagant claim as this would be justified from an impartial review of our past history, there is no doubt whatever that in the long and protracted struggle for civil as well as religious liberty we owe an incalculable debt to early 'Separatists' like the Pilgrim Fathers of New England, as well as to the Puritans of Charles I's reign. It may be seriously questioned, nay more it is highly improbable, that in their struggle for personal liberty of conscience these early pioneers realized fully the great battle for future freedom, both political and religious, which they were engaged in, but the debt we owe them is none the less great. It is often overlooked that one of the cardinal religious principles of these early Separatists —the universal priesthood and equality of all believers

in Church Government—gave a tremendous impetus, by analogy, to the rise of democracy, or the principle of the sovereign rule of the people in the government of a State. Thus the maxims and rules which the Pilgrim Fathers laid down for the political government of their infant colony foreshadowed the free and equal laws and institutions under the later autonomy of the United States. The struggles of bodies of Christians, whether Separatists or Puritans, to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, free from the autocratic, arbitrary, and persecuting domination of either Pope, prelate, or potentate, led naturally to the struggle for liberty to frame the laws of the Commonwealth in accordance with the will of the majority of its citizens without regard to the despotic and irresponsible claims and prerogatives of a supreme ruler.

It is necessary in order to avoid some confusion of thought to remind ourselves that the popular notion that the Pilgrim Fathers were Puritans is not strictly or historically accurate. Although by the middle of the seventeenth century, both in England and America, they made common cause with them, originally the early Separatists or 'Brownists' differed very materially in their religious tenets from the early Puritans. The latter were in full sympathy with the idea of a National Church and were only gradually driven from their benefices because of their dislike of, and refusal to conform to, some of the rites and ceremonies enjoined by the Elizabethan settlement of religion. The Separatists, on the other hand, held each single congregation of believers to be an independent and fully autonomous corporate body, and they regarded a State Church as unscriptural and the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Sovereign as unlawful and as derogating from Christ's spiritual headship over the Church.

As far back as Mary's reign, there appears to have been a congregation of Separatists meeting in London and electing their own church officers, and its pastor and deacon both suffered martyrdom in 1557; but under Elizabeth

another pastor, named Fitz, seems to have been chosen, who died in prison in 1571. Many of this Separatist congregation, in order to escape persecution, migrated to Amsterdam and continued their worship there. Other Separatist congregations were, however, formed in East Anglia, owing to the teaching of Robert Browne, originally a Church divine (who gave his name to the sect), and Robert Harrison, who escaped to Middleburg in Zeeland and became pastor of a congregation of exiles there. These East Anglian Separatists were bitterly persecuted, and two of their leaders, Copping and Thacker, were executed as 'seditious libellers' in 1583, while Barrowe and Greenwood suffered a similar fate ten years later. But it is to Gainsboro', and Scrooby on the borders of Nottinghamshire, that we trace the antecedents of the Pilgrim Fathers. Owing to the persecution which was being endured by the Puritan clergy, a Separatist church secretly met at Gainsboro' in 1602, and later on at Scrooby Manor-house, the residence of William Brewster. 'As the Lord's free people they joined themselves by the Covenant of the Lord into a Church estate.' In 1606, John Robinson, who had been suspended as a Church clergyman for his nonconformity, became pastor of this congregation, but the difficulties and persecutions which they encountered led them in despair to fly to Holland. After several unsuccessful attempts they managed to reach Amsterdam in 1608. Owing to differences arising on the question of Church polity with another Separatist Church there, very soon after their arrival they removed to Leyden, and the congregation of religious refugees there soon numbered about 200 communicants.

As these early 'Brownists' are the lineal forerunners of the modern Congregationalists it is well to notice a little more particularly their special religious principles at this time. Neal, the celebrated Independent historian, declares that 'the Brownists did not differ from the Church of England in any articles of faith,' and this is confirmed by

the 'Seven Articles' drawn up by the Church of Leyden and signed by Robinson and Brewster as pastor and elder, the first of which fully accepts the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion. Neal, however, admits that 'they were very rigid and narrow in points of discipline. They denied the Church of England to be a true Church and her ministers to be rightly ordained. They maintained the discipline of the Church of England to be Popish and antichristian and all her ordinances and sacraments invalid. Hence they forbad their people to join with them in prayer or in any part of public worship; nay, they not only renounced communion with the Church of England, but with all other Reformed Churches except such as should be of their own model' (*History of Puritans*, Vol. I, p. 303). This statement is borne out by Robinson's assertion that 'the parish assemblies, with their motley gatherings of all sorts of characters at the Lord's Table, are not in any real or scriptural sense Churches of Christ.' It is only just, however, to the memory of this eminent and remarkable divine to add that if he originally held these exclusive and uncharitable opinions regarding other Churches he seems at the close of his life to have somewhat modified them. Writing in 1624, Robinson declares that they at Leyden 'both professed and practised communion with the Reformed Churches in the holy things of God,' and in his farewell advice to the Pilgrims as they were leaving for America, he exhorted them 'rather to study union than division' with the nonconforming ministers of the Church of England, who might also be compelled to emigrate to the New World.

A sojourn of nearly twelve years at Leyden had convinced the little colony of refugees that Holland could not be their permanent home. Not only were the conditions of livelihood there for them most severe and strenuous, but their children were in danger of losing their English nationality, and were also becoming seriously contaminated by their intercourse with the Dutch youths, whose conduct was dissolute and

licentious. The problem of their education in ways of piety and godliness seemed very great, especially in a land where, in spite of all their influence, the Lord's Day was openly profaned. They began therefore to cast their thoughts longingly on a far country where they would have no evil environment to contend with and where also they might hope to propagate the gospel of Jesus Christ amongst its heathen inhabitants. After considerable negotiations and difficulty with the English authorities, these separatist exiles at length succeeded in persuading a company of Merchant Adventurers to finance their undertaking to colonize a tract of land at the mouth of the Hudson River. It was decided, for prudential reasons, that only part of the little colony should emigrate at first, so John Robinson remained with the larger half at Leyden while Elder Brewster accompanied the little band of refugees to their new home in an unknown land. Pathetic indeed, but inspiring, is the record of the departure of this noble band of pioneers from Holland in July, 1620. 'And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city, unto a town called Delft Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them, so they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting-place above eleven years; but they knew that they were pilgrims and strangers here below, and looked not much on these things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven their dearest country, where God hath prepared for them a city, and therein quieted their spirits.' (*Chronicles of the Pilgrim Fathers*, p. 18.) Solemn and earnest were the farewell words addressed to them by Robinson, their beloved pastor, as they were about to embark. He exhorted them to be as ready to receive any further revelation from God 'by any other instrument of His' as ever they were 'to receive any truth by his ministry,' being confident that 'the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of His holy Word,' and reminding them of their covenant with God to receive

'whatsoever light and truth shall be made known to them from His written Word.'

The *Speedwell* conveyed the exiles to Plymouth, and two unsuccessful attempts to start were made in the *Speedwell* and *Mayflower*, but owing to a leakage the former vessel had to be abandoned, and so on September 6 the emigrants set sail in the *Mayflower*, a ship of 180 tons, on their fateful and historic voyage. After a stormy and dangerous passage they landed, owing to the duplicity of the captain, not as they had intended at the mouth of the Hudson River, but at Cape Cod, on November 10, 1620, when 'they fell upon their knees and blessed the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean and delivered them from many perils and miseries.'

But the difficulties and trials of this intrepid little band of only a hundred religious refugees were really now beginning, and it is pitiful to read of the sufferings and hardships which they endured during the severe winter months on the bare, inhospitable shores of their New England home. They had before them, as their chronicler relates, the winter months and a 'hideous and desolate wilderness full of wild beasts and wild men.' What wonder that half their numbers had been carried off by sickness in a few months! At times only six or seven men were left well enough to nurse and work for the others who were ill. They were often obliged, until they had been able to harvest their crops while waiting the arrival of fresh ships with supplies from England, to go without corn or bread, and subsist on fish or any game they might be fortunate enough to secure. Edward Winslow, one of the original Pilgrims, declares that he had often seen men in these early days stagger by reason of faintness for want of food. Yet at the close of their first year, on their first 'Thanksgiving Day,' they were able to record that they had 'found the Lord to be with them in all their ways, and to bless their outgoings and incomings.' In spite of these initial sufferings and privations, the climate of the country,

and the simple, strenuous lives they were compelled to live, seem to have been most beneficial, as the record of longevity of these early settlers is truly remarkable. Many lived to well over ninety, and the widow of Deacon Binney lived on till the year 1710, while a grandson of one of the first comers died in 1804, at the age of 116. By the end of 1628 three more shiploads of refugees had arrived, so that the infant colony of New Plymouth numbered nearly two hundred, and had been formed into a civil body politic with an annually elected governor.

But although there is a romantic heroism about these early pioneers their migration was far too small to have contributed much to the formation of the future American nation. They had, it is true, as neighbours, 500 miles to the south, the struggling English colony of Virginia, now some twelve years old, but we must not forget that it was the later large Puritan emigration to their north in Massachusetts Bay and the Connecticut valley which determined the predominance of the English in the American colonies. This exodus from the mother country, which lasted from 1628 to 1640, was directly occasioned by the persecuting policy pursued by Archbishop Laud and the Arminian party against the Puritan and Calvinistic clergy, numbers of whom were deprived of their livings, silenced or imprisoned for their refusal to conform to Laud's requirements concerning ceremonies, or because their preaching was obnoxious to the dominant party. 'The sun of heaven,' said these sorely harassed divines, 'doth shine as comfortably in other places, the sun of righteousness much brighter, better to go and dwell in Goshen, find it where we can, than tarry in the midst of such an Egyptian darkness as is falling on this land.'

We can form some idea of the virulence of this persecution from the fact that one of these Puritan ministers, on soliciting the interest of the Earl of Dorset with the Archbishop on his behalf, was informed that 'if he had been guilty of drunkenness, uncleanness, or any such lesser fault,

he could have got his pardon, but the sin of Puritanism and nonconformity is unpardonable, and therefore you must fly for your safety.' But even this harsher sort of exile was made as difficult as possible, since a proclamation in 1637 prohibited nonconforming clergy and laity from emigrating to America unless they could produce accredited evidence of their good conformity to the Church of England. By 1634 some 4,000 Puritan emigrants had arrived, and towns and villages soon sprang up. Many of these newcomers were men of wealth and social position or university men who had held important English benefices. These new refugees were not, however, Brownists, and they protested that they 'did not go to New England as Separatists from the Church of England, though they could not but separate from the corruptions in it.' A party under John Endicott, however, which settled at Salem, soon after its arrival got into close touch with the Plymouth Colony and modelled its Church government on Separatist principles. By 1643 four distinct colonies had been founded, New Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven, and for better security and protection against attacks from the Indians, they joined themselves into a league or federation of the 'United Colonies.'

While the Pilgrim Fathers, and the Puritans after them, thus bravely and cheerfully forsook country and kindred for the privations and perils of an unknown and uncivilized land to gain the inestimable benefit of liberty of conscience, yet, strange as it may seem, neither of them appeared at the time to have grasped the true idea of toleration. It is sad to record that when opportunity offered the persecuted themselves turned persecutors. Longfellow's *John Endicott* gives us a little idea of the shameful intolerance of the Puritan domination in New England, and although Mrs. Hemans declares of the Pilgrim Fathers that 'They left unstained what there they found, Freedom to worship God,' an impartial study of their history will scarcely support this claim.

There seems little doubt that, especially in the early part of the seventeenth century, full liberty of conscience was a doctrine only dimly apprehended and very imperfectly applied by all parties. There seemed to be a generally accepted but illogical maxim that just as two separate civil authorities in one State would be fatal, so also two independent ecclesiastical politics in the same commonwealth must inevitably breed strife and anarchy. The theory of 'One State, one religion' still tenaciously held the field. So late as 1681 a typical writer well expresses this idea when he declares 'that liberty of conscience and toleration are things only to be talked of and pretended to by those that are under, but none like or think it reasonable who are in authority . . . conventicles being eternal nurseries of sedition and rebellion.' This theory leads us seriously to question whether the plea of the early Separatists for freedom of worship did not arise more from their difficult circumstances than from their conscientious convictions. There was, we must remember, no prospect at the time of their religious principles being accepted as the basis of a Church settlement for the nation, and therefore their only course was to strive for freedom of worship in their separate assemblies. The same reason probably accounts for the more definite advocacy of freedom of conscience adopted by their successors, the Independents, during the Civil War. The Anglicans and Presbyterians were striving for the exclusive enforcement of their respective systems, but the Independents were in too great a minority to attempt such a consummation, and so their precarious position led them, many no doubt sincerely, to propound the novel theory of complete liberty of conscience. But to test the real sincerity of their profession we must study their action and conduct when they themselves were in the ascendancy, and it is just here we find it to fail. Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I imprisoned and persecuted both Separatists and Puritans because they professed to regard them as dangerous to the

peace of the kingdom. It was exactly the same reason which led the Pilgrim Fathers of New Plymouth to expel Lydford, the Puritan divine, for plotting with others to form a Church party for liturgical worship in their infant colony. The same reason also impelled the Salem community to ship back to England the brothers Browne, who stood out for the Prayer Book and ceremonies, and also induced the Puritan government of Massachusetts to banish Roger Williams for attempting to set up a Separatist form of worship there. The excuse or justification, it may well be urged, was far greater in the latter cases than in the former, but the *principle* of intolerance was the same in all. The same plea of danger to the Commonwealth led a few years later both the Separatists and Puritans of New England to combine in passing most inhuman and severe laws against the Quakers, who had just emigrated to the colonies, in a vain effort to suppress their tenets by whippings, pilloryings, and hangings. It was also the celebrated Independent divine, Dr. John Owen, who, when Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, in spite of the opposition of the mayor, ordered two inoffensive Quaker women to be severely flogged for presuming to exhort the people after a service (cf. Neal, *Puritans*, v. 218). The Independents during the Civil War were loud in their advocacy of toleration, but Cromwell's 'Instrument of government' denied liberty of conscience to all Papists and 'Prelatists.' Cromwell himself, an ardent Independent, with almost humorous inconsistency replied on one occasion to the request of a surrendered Irish garrison for freedom of worship, 'As to what you say concerning liberty of conscience, I meddle not with any man's conscience, but if by liberty of conscience you mean liberty to exercise the Mass I judge it expedient to use plain dealing with you and to tell you that where the Parliament of England have rule that will not be allowed of.' Again, the High Commission Court of Charles I branded and imprisoned the unfortunate Puritan for daring to libel the bishops, while the

'Separatist' government of New Plymouth fined and deprived of the Sacrament any man who spoke deridingly of the ministers! The same spirit of persecution is manifest in both cases. Again, the Corporation Act of 1661 virtually disfranchised large numbers of Puritan nonconformists, while the Massachusetts government deprived of political and civil rights all who were not members of their Puritan Church. Moreover, the early Separatists had opposed the principle of a State Church and endowments, but their New England descendants in 1675 ordered the magistrates, in default of the people failing to do so, to erect a meeting-house at *public expense* in every township!

But these and similar inconsistencies in no way detract from them the respect and honour which we willingly pay to the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers and their comrades in their grand struggle for liberty. They only serve to prove that deeply rooted traditions and prejudices, and maxims almost universally accepted, necessarily made the growth of the enlightened tenets of liberty of thought and conscience a slow, fitful, and gradual development. It was due, nevertheless, we must never forget, to the very struggles and sufferings of persecuted bodies like the Separatists, Puritans, and Quakers, that men at last began to realize that the cause of truth and progress was advanced far more by freedom of thought and belief than by their arbitrary and ruthless suppression. The story of the Pilgrim Fathers and the Puritan refugees furnishes us, surely, with singular historical confirmation of the Psalmist's declaration: 'Surely the wrath of man shall praise Thee,' and also of Joseph's statement to his brethren: 'But as for you, ye thought evil against me, but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass as it is this day' (Gen. l. 20). For it is singularly instructive to reflect that had not the Separatists and Puritans been persecuted and compelled to seek an asylum across the seas, the history of the development of the Anglo-Saxon race in America, with all its noble ideals, traditions, and achieve-

ments, would almost certainly have to be rewritten. The growth and civilization of the American continent would, in all probability, have flowed in an entirely different channel. For without the very considerable influx of the Puritan exiles, the English colonists would never have acquired their pre-eminence in America; the French and Dutch would have predominated, and the glorious struggle for freedom, liberty, and progress which has resulted in the free and powerful American Republic might never have taken place. The 21,000 Puritan emigrants who went to the New World in the first half of the seventeenth century, taking with them their peculiar virtues, their morality, their piety, their passion for justice and equity, their industry, their zeal for learning and education, are, we must remember, the parents of one-third of the white population of the present American nation, and they have also very largely shaped and moulded its laws, institutions, and character. Puritanism, as Mr. Bancroft has well reminded us, accomplished far more for humanity than the ideals of medieval chivalry which it supplanted. 'It bridled the passions, commanded the virtues of self-denial, and rescued the name of man from dishonour. It founded national grandeur on universal education. Chivalry valued courtesy; Puritanism, justice. The institutions of chivalry were subverted by the gradually increasing weight and knowledge and opulence of the industrious classes. The Puritans, rallying upon those classes, planted in their hearts the undying principles of democratic liberty' (*History of the United States*).

C. SYDNEY CARTER.

WHAT ARE 'OUR DOCTRINES'?

IN view of the proposed plan of Methodist union that is to come before Conference, it is more than ever important to be prepared with a clear answer to the above question. Year by year each Wesleyan minister has to give his assent to the inquiry, made concerning each one in open synod, 'Does he believe and preach our doctrines?'

Now, a similar inquiry, yet more direct in its form, and so much fuller as to be, to a large extent, explanatory of the former, is put to each candidate for ordination: 'As you are to exercise your ministry under the direction of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, I have further to inquire, whether you have read the first four volumes of Mr. Wesley's *Sermons*, and his *Notes* on the New Testament; and whether you believe that the system of doctrine therein contained is in accordance with the Holy Scriptures?'

Exactly in agreement with these modes of inquiry into each minister's belief and teaching, but with the scope enlarged so as to comprise all who receive authority to preach or to teach on Wesleyan Methodist premises, is the celebrated clause of the Deed Poll, enrolled by John Wesley in Chancery, March 9, 1784, and embodied in the Wesleyan Model Deed: 'Provided always, that no person or persons whosoever, shall at any time hereafter be permitted to preach or expound God's Holy Word, or to perform any of the usual acts of religious worship, upon the said piece of ground and hereditaments, nor in the said chapel or place of religious worship and premises, or any of them, or any part or parts thereof, who shall maintain, promulgate, or teach, any doctrine or practice contrary to what is contained in certain Notes on the New Testament,

commonly reputed to be the *Notes* of the said John Wesley, and in the First Four Volumes of *Sermons*, commonly reputed to be written and published by him.'

It is most important to bear in mind that this condition and limitation—if it be one—is applicable, not to members, as such, but only to ministers, and other preachers or teachers. Regarding the former, there are two declarations of Wesley recorded and emphasized in his *Journal*, which are of quite classical significance. Under date, Glasgow, Sunday, May 18, 1788, referring to his evening service, he says: 'I subjoined a short account of Methodism, particularly insisting on the circumstances: There is no other religious society under heaven which requires nothing of men in order to their admission into it but a desire to save their souls. Look all around you; you cannot be admitted into the Church [of England; thus very clearly distinguished from Methodism], or society of the Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Quakers, or any others, unless you hold the same opinions with them, and adhere to the same mode of worship. The Methodists alone do not insist on your holding this or that opinion; but they think and let think. Neither do they impose any particular mode of worship; but you may continue to worship in your former manner, be it what it may. Now I do not know any other religious society, either ancient or modern, wherein such liberty of conscience is now allowed, or has been allowed, since the age of the apostles. Here is our glorying; and a glorying peculiar to us. What society shares it with us?' Again, under date August 26, 1789, writing from Redruth, he says: 'I met the society, and explained at large the rise and nature of Methodism; and still aver, I have never read or heard of, either in ancient or modern history, any other Church [the significance of this expression should be carefully noticed] which builds on so broad a foundation as the Methodists do; which requires of its members no conformity, either in opinions

or modes of worship, but barely this one thing, to fear God, and work righteousness.'

The distinction between what is required of Methodist members—'a desire to save their souls'; 'to fear God, and work righteousness'—and the condition that is imposed upon ministers (and other teachers), of belief in 'our doctrines,' when each is interpreted in the light of the rules of society, and of Wesley's own practice, may not be so great as at first sight appears, the one being fuller in its implications, and the other simpler in its content, than the bare expressions might seem to indicate.

But let us proceed to a closer examination of what is meant by 'our doctrines,' as contained in the *Notes* and *Sermons*. And it will facilitate our inquiry if we confine our attention to the *Sermons*, this being quite legitimate, as we shall see shortly that Wesley claims to have given a full and complete exposition of Methodist doctrine in the latter. Nor may any stress be properly laid upon the teaching of other sermons than the forty-four, first published in 1746, 1748, 1750, and 1760; and republished (with one addition), in 1787–8, as the 'first four' of a set of eight volumes of sermons. The *Notes on the New Testament* bears date 1755, so that the two works belong to Wesley's prime, and were endorsed by him in his old age, without any withdrawal, addition, or qualification. It should further be remembered that not everything contained in the Forty-four Standard Sermons is of 'standard' quality. This is made clear in the preface to the first volume, 1746, which is evidently a preface also to the entire proposed selection, of which a first instalment was then presented to the public. In that preface, Wesley says: 'The following sermons contain the substance of what I have been preaching for between eight and nine years last past. During that time I have frequently spoken in public on every subject in the ensuing collection; and I am not conscious that there is any one point of doctrine on which

I am accustomed to speak in public which is not here, incidentally, if not professedly, laid before every Christian reader. Every serious man who peruses these will therefore see, in the clearest manner, what these doctrines are which I embrace and teach as the essentials of true religion.' Then follows one of the most impressive, as well as one of the humblest, statements ever made, on the subject of true religion; after which the writer says, 'I have endeavoured to describe the true, the scriptural, experimental religion, so as to omit nothing which is a real part thereof, and to add nothing thereto which is not.' It is clear, from these words, first, that nothing which is not fully dealt with in these sermons was regarded by Wesley as essential; and secondly, that, of what is here dealt with, only that which concerns 'experimental religion' is regarded as vitally important.

The way is thus cleared for an examination of the contents of the sermons. And one immediate result is very striking. Of the forty-four sermons, no fewer than thirty-two belong to the department of Christian ethics, or, to speak less technically, of practical religion, thirteen of these consisting of a consecutive exposition of the Sermon on the Mount; while, of the remaining twelve sermons, several are predominantly ethical in their treatment, and in every case the doctrinal passes into the ethical at almost every turn. We thus find ourselves brought to this conclusion: Wesley's *Standard Sermons* are expressly meant to teach, and to teach with frequent reiteration, the few cardinal doctrines of what he considered the religion of the heart; and also to insist upon the imperative necessity of the religion of the life. With him, 'experimental religion' means nothing dreamy, imaginative, sentimental, but the experience of vital godliness, godliness of character and godliness of conduct.

What, then, according to Wesley's teaching, are the great practical doctrines of Christianity? The answer may

be given briefly in the words of the title to the first sermon—his first Oxford manifesto and challenge: '*Salvation by Faith.*' For in this comprehensive doctrine all the others are included, and what may not be so included, however otherwise important, has no part in what Wesley regards as essential Christianity. This great salvation he describes more particularly in other sermons as consisting of *Justification*; *Adoption* and *The Witness of the Spirit* *The New Birth*; *Sanctification*; and *Christian Perfection*. In every instance Wesley aims at simplifying the truth, and bringing it down to the level of each one's daily life. We may express his teaching on these great themes, in summary form, by saying that salvation is of God's free grace, through faith in Jesus Christ; and that it consists of our forgiveness and acceptance, assured to us by the inward testimony of the Holy Spirit; and, as thus assured, constituting the starting-point of a new life, a life of holy love, love perfect and triumphant. Love is first, midmost, and last—God's universal love, signalized to the world by the gift of His Son, Jesus Christ, our Lord; revealed to each one's contrite faith by the tender persuasions of the Spirit; and winning for us the victory over self and sin, in the service of the Redeemer and His redeemed. It will thus be seen that there are great implicates in these main doctrines of Methodism, assumed by Wesley as hardly disputed by those with whom he had to do. He assumes the existence of a Holy God, but maintains that He is Universal Love, from whose compassions none are shut out, whether by positive decree or by neglect. He assumes equally a spiritual nature in man, which, although stricken with grievous sin, may respond, by faith, to God's free grace—or, by refusal, may condemn itself to exclusion from God. He assumes, as accepted by Christendom generally, the glorious message of the Gospel, concerning the Christ who lived for man, and died for sin, and lives for evermore; but he repudiates the assumption that any orthodoxy of belief, or ceremony and

sacrament of Christian profession, is of any avail whatever, without faith that works by love. He assumes the terrible reality of sin, as threatening us all along the way of our life; but he magnifies the saving grace of Christ, which is meant to master those threatenings, and thus to accomplish, in our behalf, not a partial, but a perfect victory. He summons men to repentance; he warns them that apart from Christ they have no help, no hope; he promises them, in Christ's name, an uttermost salvation, even life for evermore. This is the standard teaching of Methodism. Not all that Wesley believed, in the way of opinion; not all that he taught, elsewhere and otherwise; not all the incidental detail of these teachings, but what he insisted upon, over and over again, with an iteration and an emphasis that leave no room for doubt or mistake, as the essential truths of vital godliness, of practical piety—these are 'our doctrines,' the doctrines by which we are saved, and to which we are pledged as being the very life-blood of religion.

Not a little significance attaches to what was no doubt Wesley's considered and deliberate omission of certain things to which he himself held, or thought he held, very tenaciously, as well as of others which he took more or less for granted, but had not explored. For example, in the second sermon of the second volume, on 'The Marks of the New Birth,' referring to baptism, he says, 'Lean no more on the staff of that broken reed, that ye *were* born again in baptism. Who denies that ye were then made children of God, and heirs of the kingdom of heaven? But, notwithstanding this, ye are now children of the devil. Therefore, ye must be born again.' And again, in the second sermon of the fourth volume, on 'The New Birth,' he says, 'Baptism is not the new birth; they are not one and the same thing. . . . For what can be more plain, than that the one is an external, the other an internal work; that the one is a visible, the other an invisible thing, and therefore wholly different from each other?' Then, very

guardedly, he goes on to say, after allowing that the Church of England 'supposes that all who are baptized in their infancy are at the same time born again,' 'whatever be the case with infants [he evidently does not feel sure], it is sure all of riper years who are baptized are not at the same time born again.' Clearly he does not intend to teach any doctrine of baptism in these standard sermons, but rather to insist, whatever baptism may or may not mean, that a change of heart is the one essential, of paramount importance. Similarly, in regard to the Lord's Supper. He deals with it once only, in the twelfth sermon of the first volume, on 'The Means of Grace.' After speaking of prayer, and the searching of the Scriptures, he says, 'All who desire an increase of the grace of God are to wait for it in partaking of the Lord's supper.' He then speaks very tenderly of the spiritual grace which is attendant upon these signs of Christ's dying love, as interpreted by a humble, contrite faith. But once more he speaks words of caution. Still referring to the three means of grace of which he has been treating, namely, Prayer, the Word of God, and the Lord's Supper, he says, 'The means into which different men are led, and in which they find the blessing of God, are varied, transposed, and combined together a thousand different ways.' 'As to the manner of using them, whereon indeed it wholly depends whether they shall convey any grace at all to the user, it behoves us always to retain a lively sense that God is above all means. Have a care, therefore, of limiting the Almighty. He can convey His grace, either in or out of any of the means which He hath appointed.' And again, 'Before you use any means, let it be deeply impressed on your soul—there is no *power* in this. It is, in itself, a poor, dead, empty thing; separate from God, it is a dry leaf, a shadow.' 'Remember to use all means *as means*; as ordained, not for their own sake, but in order to the renewal of your soul in righteousness and true holiness. If, therefore, they actually tend to

this, well; but if not, they are dung and dross.' Whatever Wesley may have thought, or have said elsewhere, and whatever his brother may have thought or taught, in regard to the Church, the Ministry, and the Sacraments, apart from the allusions to which we have just referred, these themes find no place in the *Standard Sermons*.

Wesley will regard nothing as essential which cannot be reduced to terms of spiritual experience and godly living, or which is not comprised in the subject of his first sermon, 'By grace are ye saved through faith.' Nor does he philosophise on any of the doctrines. He will appeal, he will urge, he will insist, but the essential truth is not that which addresses itself to the speculative intellect; it is that which commands the homage of the conscience and persuades the heart. It is not the High Churchman, on the one hand, with his mysteries, nor the Broad Churchman, on the other, with his moral wisdom, much less is it the hard and arid dogmatist, with his rigid insistence on the minutiae of an elaborate creed, but the earnest preacher of the gospel, who faces us in these sermons; and the gospel which he presents, as an ambassador from God, is a gospel of such simplicity, of such obvious accord with Scripture, of such felt agreement with the needs of the soul, and of such manifested power in the transformation of heart and life, that to require of all who accept a commission from Methodism that they shall preach and teach it, and to invite all who seek to enter the fellowship of Methodism that they believe and rejoice in it—this surely is no bondage, this is no infringement of right or interference with freedom; but it is rather, as properly understood, the protection of our rights and the very charter of our liberty.

THOS. F. LOCKYER.

THE LAST FLICKER OF MATERIALISM[1]

Modern Science and Materialism. By HUGH ELLIOT. (Longmans.)

Modern Science and the Illusions of Prof. Bergson. By HUGH S. R. ELLIOT. (Longmans.)

The Literary Guide for December, 1919. A Defence of Materialism. By J. MCCABE.

THE question cannot but arise as to whether it is wise or useful to take any brief notice of a work like this latest issue of Mr. Elliot. Its attitude is so unmistakable; its scope so vast; its dogmatisms so sweeping; its style

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[1] Inasmuch as these few pages can do little more than call attention to the main features of this bold and able attempt to revive the dying embers of materialism, the thoughtful reader who desires thorough investigation, with rational conclusions, may be specially recommended to study the following amongst other works.

Naturalism and Agnosticism. Gifford Lectures for 1896–8, by Dr. James Ward. (A. & C. Black.)

Christian Theism and a Spiritual Monism. By W. L. Walker. (T. & T. Clark.)

Mechanism, Life, and Personality. By Dr. J. S. Haldane, M.D., LL.D., F.R.S. (J. Murray.)

Brain and Personality. By Dr. W. H. Thomson, M.D., LL.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Life and Matter. By Sir Oliver Lodge. (Williams & Norgate, cheap edition.)

Mind, and Motion, and Monism. By G. J. Romanes. (Longmans.)

The Problem of Creation. By Dr. J. E. Mercer. (S.P.C.K.)

The Challenge of the Universe. By C. J. Shebbeare, M.A. (S.P.C.K.)

The Mind and the Brain. By Capt. J. A. Hadfield, M.A., M.B., Ashurst Neurological War Hospital, Oxford. (In *Immortality*—Macmillan.)

Manual of Psychology. By Prof. G. F. Stout, M.A., LL.D. (Univ. Tutorial Press.)

The student who reads German would also find much worth noting in these works which were published in reply to Haeckel's Die Welträthsel. *Philosophia militans*, by F. Paulsen; *Kant contra Haeckel*, E. A. Adickes; *Problems kritische studien uber den Monismus*, De. H. v. Schoeler. These well-known Professors do not write in the interest of Christian Theism at all, but on purely philosophical grounds.

I venture also to assert, with all modesty, that the attitude and conclusions of my own four issues remain unshaken, and so far merit regard, viz. *Haeckel's Monism false; Theomonism true; Why not Materialism? Why not Naturalism?* all published by The Epworth Press.

so lucid; its conclusions so uncompromising, and for all Christian thought so ruthlessly destructive, that it would seem to deserve as well as call for a volume of at least equal size, to take its statements *seriatim* and expose their falsity. But in these days such a reply would not pay its way. Those who most need it would not read it—and those who would read it would not need it. Even to this hour, however, Christianity, as represented by its ordinary adherents, seems incapable of estimating aright the influences opposed to it. When some definite antagonism arises, they are either seized with panic—as in the time of Copernicus, or Darwin, or Tyndall's Belfast Lecture, or the present development of Spiritism—or else they soothe themselves with the policy of the ostrich, and so adopt the *laissez faire* attitude which dismisses all thoughtful defence of Christian truth as 'unspiritual' controversy. Thus in regard to the theme of Mr. Elliot's able volumes, Christian folk have been often told of late, in pulpit and press alike, on platforms and at conventions, with unmeasured assurance, that 'materialism is dead,' that 'Haeckel is a dud,' and the like. Neither few nor feeble have been the shouts of rejoicing, after the fashion of the Israelites of old when Goliath fell. But whatever may have been the trend of scientific discovery or philosophic thought during the last half century, it was never true that materialism had been put *hors de combat*; and in spite of Sir Oliver Lodge's dictum that only 'an audience of uneducated persons' would heed Haeckel's 'materialistic monism,' a large number of modern scientists and students continue more or less directly to endorse his attitude, and to exercise an influence no less real or great for being tacit rather than outspoken, and academic more than popular.

Mr. Elliot's preceding volume was a definite and elaborate attack upon the philosophy of Prof. Bergson. In this he was supported by Sir E. Ray Lankester, who pronounced his work a 'masterly exposure of the illusions' of the well-

known Professor—the latter being reviled for his 'absolutely baseless assertions,' and for being 'a maker of untruth.' The whole thesis of that volume may be expressed in one of its sentences—'Man may be defined as a machine for converting chemical energy into motion.' In this his latest issue, Mr. Elliot reaffirms and develops that thesis with the utmost elaboration. Whilst we are by no means committed to the exuberant eulogies of his reviewer in the *Literary Guide*, no reader, at once competent and honest, can deny what has been hinted above as to its ability, modernity, lucidity, significance. The last flicker of a candle, we all know, gives ever more brilliant radiance than the ordinary flame. It is a deserved tribute to this writer's genius to estimate it as, if not the last word, at all events the most and best that can be said to-day on behalf of an utterly false philosophy.

It seems a pity that no other term than 'spiritual' can be found to express the direct antithesis to 'material.' For it is not only open to the gibes of Mr. McCabe [1]—which may be dismissed with the contempt they deserve—but it has a definite Christian connotation which is as rational as real and precious to those who appreciate it. It is, however, inevitable that the modern student should use it sometimes in the technical scientific or philosophical sense, as expressing the unmistakable antithesis to 'material,' and conveying an absolute distinction between mind and matter, spirit and motion, consciousness and chemical forces. If the distinctively Christian sense were dismissed to-morrow, as mere pious subjectivity, Dr. Haldane's closing words in his valuable little book would still be true—'Per-

[1] As a fair specimen of this writer's style, take the following:—'Such a word, pre-eminently, is "spirituality." It is worth a psychological essay. Lamb might have written on it more deliciously than on roast pig. It suggests at once an unction, a succulence, an exaltation of emotion which are associated with hardly any other word in the language. Spirituality is more profitable than long hair or a foreign name to a musician. One gets sick of this syrup of spirituality in superficial modern literature.'

sonality is the great central fact of the universe. This world, with all that lies within it, is a spiritual world.' But if the scientifically 'spiritual' were lost or disproved, the Christian term would but represent a castle in the air. Mr. Elliot is quite right in saying that 'if mind can be identified with matter, all other kinds of non-material entities must lapse, even those described by religious systems.'

Using the term, therefore, in this philosophical sense, we find that the work before us is at once the latest and most elaborate attempt to get rid, wholly and for ever, of any spiritual reality in the known universe. It is a bold undertaking, and in spite of all its author's erudition it is foredoomed to failure. For 'the philosophy which employs thought to disprove the reality of thought, is sheer self-contradiction.' But the first duty of a reviewer is to do justice to that which is before him. We will state, therefore, as far as possible in his own words, the thesis which here Mr. Elliot nails to the mast.

> The main purpose of the present work is to defend the doctrine of materialism. It is indeed a materialism infinitely different from that of the ancients, for it makes vast concessions to Agnosticism, and it concedes the whole foundation of knowledge to idealism. Yet it remains materialism, for I shall endeavour to show that the whole of the positive knowledge available to mankind can be embraced within the limits of a single materialistic system.
>
> In the Universe, as a whole, we deal with infinite greatness; in the constitution of matter we are confronted with infinite smallness; in conscious life we find infinite elaboration and complexity; but underlying all these are the same unitary principles at work. There is nowhere any goal or purpose to which things are directed; there is nowhere any suspension of physical law; there is nowhere any spiritual agency to affect the blind interplay of natural forces.
>
> The materialism which I shall advocate therefore, is centred around three salient points; the uniformity of law, the exclusion of purpose, and the assertion of monism; that is to say, that there exists no kind of spiritual substance or entity of a different nature from that of which matter is composed.
>
> (1) The uniformity of Nature and the paramountcy of law are universal and without exception.
>
> (2) Scientific materialism warmly denies that there exists any such thing as purpose in the Universe, or that events have any ulterior motive or goal to which they are striving. It asserts that all events are due to the interaction of matter and motion, acting by blind neces-

sity in accordance with those invariable sequences to which we have given the name of laws.

(3) It denies any form of existence other than those envisaged by physics and chemistry; that is to say, other than existences that have some kind of palpable material characteristics and qualities (pp. 137, 131, 140, 142).

These main principles seem plain enough, and sweeping enough. They afford ample scope for criticism as far-reaching and uncompromising as themselves. But in order that there may be no misapprehension, let us note one or two more avowals whose definiteness leaves nothing to be denied. The versatile reviewer in the *Literary Guide* is greatly shocked to find his hero saying, 'We appear to have reached a position of absolute idealism, in contrast to the materialism yielded by the studies of the various sciences.' But our author should sufficiently reassure him when the next sentence runs: 'It is nevertheless a position entirely compatible with materialism in its most extreme forms.' It may be well to see clearly what these 'extreme forms' involve.

I have not done as is commonly done by idealists. I have not expressed matter in terms of mind, for that, indeed, would imply that the qualities of matter are psychical images, caused by some external reality of unknowable character. That is a spiritualistic doctrine to which I am utterly opposed. So far from my beliefs is that view, that I am now about to deny altogether the existence of any psychical entity to be called 'mind,' apart from neural processes. The only possible meaning to be given to the name 'mind' is the sum total of those material neural processes, and they are not accompanied by a shadowy entity, meaningless and powerless, as assumed in current physiological discussions (pp. 190, 191).

The belief in the possession of a mind is a cerebral condition, due, not to the actual possession of a mind, but to definite pre-existing cerebral conditions on the same material plane. We must in short affirm that the mind *is* the cerebral processes themselves, not an imaginary accompaniment of them (p. 195).

All that really exists is the material particles of the substance of the nervous system. When these particles enter upon a certain kind of chemical activity, the effect is to suggest the existence of some new kind of elusive non-material entity called 'mind.' But this entity has no more real existence than fire. In each case we have to do exclusively with molecules undergoing disintegration or combination (p. 196).

So in regard to the time-worn problems associated with will power.

> The plain man insists that his will moves his arm ; the physiologist knows that it was physico-chemical processes in the brain. The dilemma is at once overcome when the philosopher points out that the will *is* the physico-chemical processes, and that they both mean the same thing (p. 197).

So, again, as to absolutely 'all mental activities'—

> The mind is the sum total of cerebral conditions. The mind *is* the cerebral conditions.
>
> In short, spirit cannot be conceived off the material plane. The name either connotes nothing or it connotes some material quality. The very statement that it exists, is the attribution to it of a purely material characteristic. All existences of every kind form part of the material scheme propounded by physics ; and the assertion that there are existences outside that scheme is not even an intelligible statement (p. 207).

That should suffice. Now at least we know where we are, and as Prof. Paulsen wrote in reply to Haeckel's substantially similar statement—'*man fasst sich an den Kopf.*' For ordinary folk, it takes one's breath away. But Christian teachers, at all events, should be well assured that this is the deliberate and determined attitude of a school of thought in our midst which, even if it be in a minority, is a very keen, compact, and influential minority. Mr. McCabe, as the principal writer in the Agnostic journal referred to puts it in his usual oracular way :

> A distinguished man of science recently wrote to me that the time has come to tell the world plainly that we have proved that man is a sort of chemical mechanism. I have no doubt whatever that this is the truth, and the evidence for it heaps up every year, but some would wait longer before we declare it proved.—*Lit. Guide*, March, 1920.

It is refreshing to hear of any modest hesitation in such quarters ; but it is certainly wise in this case, for there are very many more than one 'distinguished man of science,' who will emphatically affirm the exact contrary.

It goes without saying that in 210 closely printed pages, much may be alleged by a keen and well-informed writer, on behalf of a position which disappoints his friends as well as provokes his opponents. He shows, indeed, thorough acquaintance with modern physical science, and his lucidity of statement is admirable. But others have thought of

these things quite as long and as carefully as he has, and will unhesitatingly challenge every page, if not almost every sentence. After reading the whole with utmost care again and again, the deepest impression made is that beyond some interesting statements relative to modern physical science, and ingenious suggestions, the main support of the author's uncompromising materialistic idealism is a most marvellous series of assertions, every one of which deserves to be pronounced a definite *petitio quaestionis*. The very matter under discussion, the all-embracing and far-reaching thesis which cries aloud for proof—is either calmly assumed, or dogmatically asserted, as if that closed the inquiry, and left no more to be said. No fair-minded critic complains of an author's statement of his case. But there are many and diverse ways of stating it. The pity is that, here, writer and reviewer did not learn of each other. Says Mr. McCabe, 'We remain agnostic, not in the sense that some essential limitation of the mind shuts us off from such problems.' Whereas, Mr. Elliot frankly confesses himself, 'forced to the conclusion not merely that we can have no understanding of these things, but further, that there can be no understanding of them anywhere.' And yet his reviewer declares that he is agnostic 'because we dislike dogmatic negations.' Now the work before us is not only full of such 'dogmatic negations,' but if these are withdrawn, there is no valid foundation left for his whole ambitious structure. Lest this should seem a hard judgement, let us record one or two specimens, on the distinct understanding that nothing but our space-limits prevent a surfeiting supply of more. Our own italics must here perforce take the place of comment, the reader's intelligence will avail for the rest.

> Modern views of matter are *in every particular consonant* with materialistic interpretations; they are *in every particular irreconcilable* with spiritualistic interpretations (68).
>
> We know that every bodily movement is due to some constellation of purely material or physical forces, *not capable of modification* by any spiritual factor (121).

We here have at least five (material, cerebral, physico-chemical) stages—stimulus, afferent conduction, central process, efferent conduction, and contraction. From these rudiments the *whole* of the *higher consciousness* of Man is ultimately evolved (124).

Intelligent purpose, like unintelligent purpose, is then only a name given to a particular kind of incident in the midst of the eternal redistribution of *matter and motion under blind mechanical laws* (164).

Stimulus to the sense organ produces activity in the corresponding cortical cells, and that activity *is* sensation. We now perceive how science is based upon materialism, and how materialism is *the only possible* working hypothesis of life (202).

The *identification* of mental states with cerebral states, brings them immediately within the scope of the laws of matter, of physics, and of physiology (204).

Hence it is that the man of science, the physiologist, and even the *psychologist* may speak as though *nothing whatever existed but matter.* Hence it is that mind, as apart from matter, has been *banished from any* share in causality or scientific explanations. Hence it is that on the assumption of matter alone, *without mind*, the psychologist can analyse the motives and *prophesy the actions* of humanity. The *vast majority* of thinkers have abandoned any attempt at theological explanations (205).

An age of science is *necessarily* an age of materialism, and it may be said with truth that *we are all* materialists now (138).

These specimens must suffice, though there are plenty more. What is to be done with them? Well, as a humble student of science for half a century—with at least a few qualifications for speaking hereupon, which must here be omitted—I challenge every one of the foregoing assertions; and am prepared to show the utter fallacy at the heart of each—as well as of many other such pronouncements in this all-challenging volume. Summaries are as provokingly unsatisfactory to any careful writer, as to his readers; but since one is here driven to it, let us pass in swift review the matters which demand further thought.

Take first, the last quoted word, that 'we are all materialists now.' If the reader will procure and study Mr. A. H. Tabrum's recent little volume on *The Religious Beliefs of Scientists*,[1] he will be able to judge for himself how far from endorsing Mr. Elliot's dictum are the hundreds of men of science there specified. A wilder, falser statement could not be made, than that quoted above. Of this, suffi-

[1] Published by Hunter & Longhurst.

cient proof will be found in the works mentioned at the beginning of this article. There are at least twenty distinct items on which numberless men of science in this country, and America,—to say nothing of Germany—join issue with this writer's assertions. Of these it must suffice to specify only one or two now.

Mr. Elliot declares that 'The mechanistic solution of physiology cannot be long delayed.' But what says Dr. J. S. Haldane,[1] whose name as a physiologist is beyond question.

> The mechanistic theory of heredity is not merely unproven, it is impossible. It involves such absurdities that no intelligent person who has realized its meaning and implications, can continue to hold it.
>
> As a physiologist I can see no use for the hypothesis that life as a whole is a mechanical process. This theory does not help me in my work, indeed I think it now hinders very seriously the progress of physiology. I should as soon go back to the mythology of our Saxon forefathers as to the mechanistic physiology. The main outstanding fact is that the mechanistic account of the universe breaks down completely, in connexion with the phenomena of life (pp. 58, 61, 64).

Again, Mr. Elliot assures his readers that 'the law of correlation insists that psychology is subordinate to physiology.' But what says the expert physiologist?

> Physiological psychology, in so far as it is an attempt to establish psychology on a merely physiological basis, is nothing but a misbirth of modern times, inevitably doomed to perish; just as is bio-chemistry, in so far as it is an attempt to establish physiology on a purely chemical basis.—*Haldane*, p. 118.

Mr. Elliot avers that 'the entire activity of all animals, including man, is due to physico-chemical forces.' The trained physiologist replies:

> The application to physiology of new physical and chemical methods and discoveries, and the work of generations of highly trained investigators, have resulted in a vast increase of physiological knowledge, but have shown, with ever-increasing clearness, that physico-chemical explanations of elementary physiological processes are as remote as at any time in the past; and that they seem to physiologists of the present time, far more remote than they appeared at the middle of last century (ib., p. 47).

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[1] M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., Fellow of New College, and formerly Reader in Physiology, University of Oxford.

The fundamental assertion of Mr. Elliot's book undoubtedly is that 'mind can be identified with matter'—so that, as above quoted—'the mind *IS* the cerebral processes themselves.' Does modern science endorse this? Most emphatically it does not. Dr. A. Hill,[1] whose reputation as Master of Downing College is unchallengeable, says, moreover, that

> The curious thing about the study of the anatomy of the brain cortex, is that the more we go into it the more we are inclined to give up the notion that the cells have anything to do with the mental processes, except in so far as they serve for the connexion of filaments of the net-work and the transmission of impulses.—*Victoria Inst. Transactions*, No. 101, p. 53.

Further, Dr. Thompson,[2] in his whole remarkable volume, regards the brain 'as nothing more than the instrument of the mind'; and no instrument can possibly be identified with the agency which uses it.[3]

But we are bidden by Mr. McCabe to consult Prof. Stout's volume on Psychology. Let us do so. Says Prof. Stout—whose work is an acknowledged standard for University students:

> There is a gulf fixed between the physical and psychical, of such a nature that it is impossible coincidently to observe an event of the one kind and an event of the other kind, so as to apprehend the relation between them. No analysis can discover in the psychological fact any trace of its supposed physical factors.

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[1] Prof. Alexander Hill, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P., Vice-Chancellor of the University; for twenty years Master of Downing; Hunterian Professor of the Royal College of Surgeons; ex-President of the Neurological Society, &c.

[2] M.D., LL.D., formerly Professor of the practice of medicine and of diseases of the nervous system, New York University Medical College, etc.

[3] With his usual pseudo-finality, Mr. McCabe asserts in his review that 'the man who relies on poetical imagery about musicians playing on instruments is treading science underfoot.' His defence of such a piece of sheer dogmatism is found elsewhere. 'Science permits no such substantial independence of each other as there is between musician and organ. The only proper metaphor science would allow is the relation of music to the instrument, which is by no means so accommodating to the dualist.' So the monistic mystery deepens. It is marvellous, indeed, that the soul of an Alfred Hollins, in spite of his blindness, should bring such harmonies out of the organ. But it will be measurelessly more so when we can find the organ that produces its own 'music' without any organist at all.

It is beyond question that Prof. Huxley was a man of science of highest repute. Has anything happened since his death to lessen the force of his living convictions hereupon? Certainly not. But much has tended to confirm them.

> Kraft und Stoff—force and matter—are paraded as the Alpha and Omega of existence. But all this I heartily disbelieve. It seems to me pretty plain that there is a third thing in the universe, to wit, consciousness, which, in the hardness of my heart or head, I cannot see to be matter, or force, or any conceivable modification of either, however intimately the manifestations of the phenomena of consciousness may be connected with the phenomena known as matter and force.

Nor must any memories of the famous 'Belfast Address' be permitted to blot out the unmistakable words of Prof. Tyndall [1] that in regard to brain and consciousness—

> A mighty mystery still looms before us. And thus it will ever loom. We cannot deduce motion from consciousness or consciousness from motion as we deduce one motion from another.

Whilst Prof. Lloyd Morgan wrote to the *Contemporary Review* to say:

> I here express a protest against the erroneous view that out of matter and energy consciousness and thought can be produced by any conceivable evolutionary process. (June, 1904, pp. 783, 784.)

If then our ignorance is so utterly helpless in face of facts, by what rational process can any writer assume that he knows so much about both sides of this chasm between physical and psychical, as to assert, with reiterated positiveness, that there is no chasm at all? Mind and matter, we are assured, are but 'aspects'—a term which serves Agnosticism much more conveniently than 'the blessed word "Mesopotamia"' ever served religion—of one reality, and that reality is matter. But if we omit, for spatial reasons only, the demonstration of the other irrational and unscientific fallacies which bestrew the pages of this book, at least, if all—*all*—ALL—is matter, we ought to know what matter is. That query, however, is soon answered. Matter is—*nothing*. Whence it follows—seeing

[1] For a full statement of his uncompromising avowal that materialism here breaks down, see his *Fragments of Science*, vol. ii., pp. 86, 393.

that mind is identical with matter, that mind also is—*nothing*. So that the erudite volume before us, which ordinary folk would say sprang from the mind of the writer, really is a miraculous breach of the old maxim which he adopts—*e nihilo nihil fit*—for it came, of necessity, from nothing. Lest it should seem that we are cartooning, let us mark once again the author's deliberate avowals.

> Just as molecules are made up of a varying number of atoms, so atoms are made up of a varying number of yet more minute particles—particles so inconceivably minute that as we examine them we at length perceive matter, apparently so hard and resisting, actually fade away altogether, and vanish into *nothing*. An electron has *no mass*; it is not matter at all, but simply a charge of electricity suspended *without bodily support*, though having a definite if exceedingly minute diameter and volume (pp. 50, 53).

One cannot but recall the words of old Omar Khayyám :

> And if the wine you drink, the lip you press,
> End in the nothing all things end in—Yes,
> Then fancy, while thou art, Thou art but what
> Thou shalt be—NOTHING—Thou shalt not be less.

Then Mr. McCabe proclaims that 'To say that this philosophy is depressing, is sheer affectation.' It would be interesting indeed to inquire how a man who is nothing more than 'a chemical machine'; an automaton whose consciousness is only an 'epiphenomenon,' 'meaningless and powerless'; whose self-consciousness is only a deluding collocation of physical vibrations; who has no mind, still less soul; whose personality is ultimately nothing more than 'empty space in which at rare intervals, here and there, an inconceivably minute electron is travelling at high velocity upon its way'—can be either depressed or affected. Surely the logical outcome of such a human estimate is with old Omar :—

> Ah Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire,
> To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
> Would we not shatter it to bits—and then
> Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's desire?

At all events the sneers at Christianity, in which Mr. Elliot occasionally indulges, and his reviewer revels, are as

untrue and unworthy as the final word of this volume is self-contradictory.

> The Church has for two thousand years dominated opinion; and see the result. If humanity ever learnt by experience, they would assuredly hasten to the most extreme form of materialism they could find.[1] Christianity does not lead to an age of universal brotherly love as we might expect from its doctrines (p. 16).

Then why do these writers not distinguish between the Church and Christianity, and help to enforce the doctrines which yield such noble expectations? No better answer to such gibes can be found than in the closing words of this very book:

> Secular powers control the bodies of men; philosophic faith controls their souls.

In that case, all the pages which have been thus elaborated to prove that men have no souls, and faith is only chemical activity, must be dismissed as deceptive verbiage. But more.

> Man is subjected to many hardships at the hands of Nature; but they are as nothing by comparison with those which he creates for himself by his own misguided passions (p. 210).

Here is verily a new creation, compared with which

> The dragons of the prime
> That tare each other in their slime
> Were mellow music.

A purely 'chemical machine,' suffering through its own self-created and misguided passions! Again we catch the groan of Prof. Paulsen—'*Man fasst sich an den Kopf.*' But if we revert to common sense—and to true modern science—then indeed we may well give heed to this volume's last self-contradictory lesson, and at the same time find the real reply to his lament concerning the failure of humanity from Christian ideals.

Why, even to this hour, is humanity suffering, and

[1] It would be difficult indeed to think of any more 'extreme form of materialism' than the late frightful war—unless it be the fearful selfishness which, in all kinds of ways, has developed since peace was restored. Whether humanity would be well advised or is likely to hasten towards repetition of the former, or maintenance of the latter, common sanity, apart from philosophy or religion, may be left to say.

brotherly love so often tragically conspicuous by its absence? Let Mr. Elliot answer. Because—

> Passion is the master; faith, not reason, will for ever regulate the conduct of mankind. The evils which we make for ourselves will only fall away under the subtle but all-embracing influence of a true Faith (p. 210).

That is true, in very deed. But our friend forgets that it has been pointed out, with an emphasis far exceeding his own, some two thousand years ago, in the Christian records which he condemns. There is, however, this difference; that whilst his diagnosis is as hopeless as pessimistic—the Christian is full of hope. The true Christian faith does not despair of reason, in its recognition of faith's potency; but seeks to join them hand in hand, so that together, in following Him who is the noblest guide, they may learn to dethrone passion from its mastership, and substitute real, universal, brotherly love. To hope for the advent of loving chemical machines, would be indeed as absurd as it is to ascribe human ills to passionate automata. But if men are men and not machines; if they are truly endowed with all the incomprehensible realities which we include in 'mind' and 'heart'; if they are possessed of a personality which is nearest to the highest we can discover in the Universe; and if, as such, the love of God for men is what Jesus declared it to be,—then there is good rational and scientific as well as religious ground for the hope that a Kingdom of Heaven may come, which will bring to pass the best that can be for humanity on earth, as well as ensure the best that can follow when death shall have done its worst. With noble inconsistency—for no machine could ever so think and feel—Mr. Elliot insists upon putting *truth* above all, 'in scorn of consequence.' It goes without saying that Christian faith emphatically endorses that. The main reason why we hail with such thankfulness the Christian hope, is not because all that is best within us longs for it, but because it rests on what is *true*, whilst materialism is *untrue*.

FRANK BALLARD.

LUTHER AND THE GREAT WAR

DURING the war the blame for it and especially its cruelties was sometimes attributed to Luther and his Reformation. It occurs to me the time has come for an impartial estimate of them. Not being a Lutheran I am certainly not prejudiced in his favour, and being a Protestant I ought to have insight and largeness of view enough to be fair.

1. It is said that the late conversion of Prussia is one cause of the brutalities. Christian ideas have not had time to sweep through and leaven the land. 'The heathen tribes of northern Germany only entered the Church at a time when many countries of Europe had behind them a long tradition of Christian ethics and practice. In other northern lands there were then being raised the cathedrals, those astounding expressions of beauty inspired by faith. Prussia lost much of the ennobling influence of Catholicism by her tardy conversion to the faith.' Now it is true that Prussia was converted in the thirteenth century, but 700 years is a long time for Christianity to work, so long that if our religion had not transformed a people in that time 400 years or 4,000 added would make no difference. Protestant missionaries have converted peoples through and through in a generation. The Christianization of a nation depends not so much upon time as upon method, whether by baptism and at times by force, as most of the mediaeval races were converted, or by the preaching of the truth, the full gospel, an aggressive evangelism, earnest and systematic instruction in the faith of Christ, as millions have been saved since the Reformation. Besides, the old Prussians were not Germans, but Letts, and by the end of the seventeenth century they had died out.[1] The idea that the war or its conduct was due to the

[1] See Tschackert, Preussen, Einführung des Christentums, in *Realencyk f. Prot. Theol. und Kirche*, 3 Aufl. xvi. 28.

late conversion of Prussia is fantastic. This does not mean that primitive traits do not persist, that all the European tribes were not cruel (including the Teutonic or English), it means that for practical results the date of their conversion is of no consequence.

2. The results of the Reformation in Germany were bad. Pollard says that after 1555 'intellectually, morally, and politically Germany was a desert, and it was called religious peace.' But Pollard likes striking antitheses, and his article in the *Cambridge Modern History*, Vol. II, is full of exaggeration. If he had given a little patient study to the subject he would have found that Germany was far from a desert. Hymn-writers were numerous, no bad sign of religious life. The great classicist and theologian Melanchthon was still living, and his name alone would redeem a century. Theologians were many, and if you say they were narrow, they cannot be blamed for not sharing your or my views. In ability and intellectual acumen they have never been surpassed. That vast work, the *Magdeburg Centuries*, was going forward, to which most histories published in our time are as child's play. 'The Reformation fell in a time of the deepest decline of German poetry and national literature,' says Kurtz. 'But with the Reformation came a new creative potency in popular and intellectual life. Borne on by Luther's path-breaking example arose a "new world-ruling prose as expression of a new world-consciousness" which drove the Germans to think and to teach in German. Particularly the collision of spirits in consequence of Reformation action called out a bloom, power, and popularity of satire which German literature never knew before and has not known since.'[1] Nor was the age of Hans Sachs a desert, who left behind 208 comedies and tragedies, 1,700 tales, 4,200 songs. It is true that the Reformation did lead to the 'secularization of life and an increase in the power and prerogatives of the State,' but life in the age of

[1] *Kirchengeschichte*, 13 Aufl. (1899) ii. 146.

the indulgence preachers could bear considerable secularization, and over against the Pope the strengthening of national power was no ill development, which was more fully marked in England than in Germany.

Froude says that to the people of England the Reformation brought misery and want, which reminds us of Cobbett's celebrated racy and savage book on the English Reformation, which, though written by a radical and freethinker, has been exploited in numerous cheap editions by Roman Catholics as a convert-maker. But however it was in England, Germany made systematic efforts to help the poor, whom Catholic charity had debauched. I have not space to enlarge upon this, but if the reader will consult the first part of the third volume of Uhlhorn's *Christliche Liebesthätigkeit* (1890), he will see that the unfortunate were not neglected in Protestant Germany. The well-known fact that Luther in his old age complained of lapse of morals among the people is referred to, but that was true at first in England, and has nothing to do with the war. 'The German and Swiss Reformers tried to repress forcibly all opinions contrary to their own, whenever they had the power to do so.' Not all. Melanchthon differed from Luther—in some points seriously—but Luther not only did not try to suppress him but always thought highly of him. The Reformers suppressed Roman Catholic worship, but they came to believe it idolatry, and the Anabaptists, but England did the same. This therefore has nothing to do with the war. Another of Pollard's false antitheses is, 'The Reformation began with ideas and ended in force.' Translate that into truth and it would read: The Reformation began with ideas, continued with ideas, has not ended yet, but on account of historical reasons for which the Reformers were not entirely responsible became involved for a time in force or governmental action. The very liberal Roman Catholic Lord Acton wrote, 'The notion of liberty, whether civil or religious, was hateful to Luther's despotic nature and con-

trary to his interpretation of Scripture.' Few historical judgements have been more loose, indiscriminate, and one might say false, and this one shows how much easier it is to condemn Luther than to understand him. As to personal religious liberty it is evident that the learned Acton had never even read the classic of 1520, *Von der Freiheit eines Christenmenschen*, and in general never tried to trace the history of Luther's mind on the question of toleration. Why then did he trust himself to a judgement so absolute, and—of course unintentionally—bear false witness against his neighbour?[1]

The writer of the article proceeds: 'These principles of intolerance encouraged one of the most odious of all persecutions—the witch hunting and burning that went on well into the seventeenth century, and raged in Puritan New England.' Whereas witch hunting had been going on for thousands of years, had nothing to do with tolerance or intolerance, but was a part of the social consciousness and a department of penology and public health, rested on the authority of the Old Testament, and was connected with psychological, cultural, and theological forces with which Luther had nothing to do, except that he, like everybody else, was a victim of them. The same thing was true of Anglican England, but who would think of making that a charge against Cranmer? The witch 'persecutions' did not 'rage' in New England, but the contagion took more lightly there than in any Christian country of the time, and the reaction was quicker.

8. Luther was coarse and brutal, a fact which helps to explain the 'present disposition of the (German) people.' Well, Luther was coarse at times in conversation and controversy, but that was the fault of the age; and as to controversy Luther was taught coarseness by those who attacked

[1] On the facts here, see Faulkner, *Luther and Toleration*, in *Papers of the American Society of Church History*, series ii, vol. iv, pp. 131–153 (New York: Putnams, 1914).

him first. Even More outdid Luther in vituperation, and his Catholic opponents struck him first with the fierceness of unmeasured abuse. (I think in one of his letters) Luther refers to the fault found with him for his harshness in controversy, and excuses himself that he spoke mildly until he was goaded to stronger words by the extravagant onsets of his opponents. I knew personally a Methodist divine who attacked Andover theology in a style which *mutatis mutandis* Luther never outdid. Our author charges Luther with brutality, and says, 'Heine spoke of the "divine brutality of brother Martin," and the epigram is true,' for his brutality 'comes out constantly in his speech and in his writing.' Heine uses the word poetically, but in the author's sense the charge is not true. In thousands of his conversations and pages there is nothing brutal. Besides, Luther was winsome, kind, often cheerful, always overflowing with hospitality, a profound lover of music, open to the appeal of the classics, poets, &c., a hail-fellow-well-met with every one, and it seems invidious to call such a man a brute because he sometimes showed a harsh side in polemics. But what did Heine really say and mean? Here it is. 'He (Luther) was full of the awful fear of God, full of sacrifice in honour of the Holy Spirit, he could sink himself entirely in pure Christianity, and yet he was well acquainted with the glories of this earth and knew how to appreciate them, and out of his mouth bloomed the famous motto,

> Who does not love wine, woman, and song,
> Remains a fool his whole life long. . . .

He was a complete man, I might say an absolute man, in whom spirit and matter are inseparable. . . . The fineness of Erasmus and the mildness of Melanchthon would never have brought us so far as the divine (göttliche) brutality of Brother Martin.'[1] Here brutality is a figure for aggressive earnestness, and Heine had the insight to see that that

[1] Quoted by Eckart, *Luther im Urteile bedeutender Männer*, Berlin, 1905. See *Theol. Lit. Zeit.*, 1906, 209–10.

has a place in the divine leading of the world. (Heine fell into the common error of attributing that familiar couplet to Luther, who never wrote it, nor, so far as we knew, said it. See Köstlin—Kawerau, *Luther* 5 Aufl, ii. 681–2.)

The author quotes from the well-known Luther essay of J. B. Mozley (Jan., 1848, reprinted in *Essays Historical and Theological*, 2nd ed. 1884, i. 321–438), about Luther as a controversialist being 'literally and wholly without decorum, taste, or fear,' and more to the same effect, and adds, 'Luther was habitually coarse of speech.' Mozley was one of the ablest High Church theologians of the nineteenth century, with an intellect of wonderful acuteness and a literary style and mental make-up admirably adapted for controversy. His *forte* was theology proper, and his writings in this field are still valuable; in Church history he was not at home, and his High Church prejudices were so bitter that his historical judgements are almost worthless. He is largely responsible for the Anglican Luther legend, though it was started on its way by the fearful abuse of Wilfred Ward, for the ordinary Anglican minister reads Mozley instead of Luther. Many of Luther's controversial books were moderate for that age, though in later life, when stung by opponents and unnerved by disease, he is open to the criticism referred to. Nor must we weigh Luther's words on apothecary's scales, especially his private Latin letters to his friends, where he often indulged in pleasantry and conscious exaggeration which every one understood.[1] Luther's *Table Talk* also is not a first-hand source, and can be used by experts only and with caution. I have also found that a careful study of the frequent Catholic quotations from Luther in their context, historical occasion, &c., have a way of vindicating themselves either in whole or in part. To Mozley and his followers I say: What you allege is true, but only in part; why not make the necessary discrimina-

[1] This applies to the words quoted in the article, p. 80, note, though I have not verified them.

tion? Because Luther exaggerated under pressure and excuse, is that any reason why you should do so without excuse?

Another instance of this is what our author says on the Peasants' War,—'how Luther first encouraged these revolutionaries, and then, when their cause was failing, bid the authorities throw themselves upon these mad dogs, "stab, slay and strangle."' This is also very misleading. Luther detested revolution. When the peasants published their first articles, Luther sent out his reply to them in his *Ermahnung*, &c., in which he commended some of their articles and condemned others, urged them to peace, and warned the princes to fairness. He later went out at the risk of his life to mediate. When not only all efforts failed, but news of horrible massacres and assassinations by the peasants reached him, and all order seemed about to perish, he issued his second pamphlet, *Wider the Mörderischen*, &c., when he urged the quickest crushing of the insurrection. But he immediately issued a third call condemning unnecessary severity, and demanding mercy for all peasants who laid down their arms.[1]

4. Luther's doctrine of justification by faith and the indifference to sin which is the expression and result of it is another cause of German excesses. 'May it not be surmised that this drift and bias of German religion, originating in the principles laid down by Luther, can to some extent account for the strange perversions of moral conduct that of late we have watched with wonder and regret?' Here again more of Luther and less of Catholic tradition on him would have corrected our author. That Luther's doctrine of justification and good works differed in any essential way from Articles XI., XII., and XIII. of the XXXIX. is a fiction. In fact those articles express Luther's own teachings almost exactly. So far as the vitality and innerliness of justifying

[1] See Faulkner in *Lutheran Quarterly*, 1908, 301 ff; *The London Quarterly Review*, 1910, 115 ff.

faith is concerned, and its vivifying and transforming character, there was perhaps no Reformer in that century who set forth that faith more insistently than Luther. That he did equal justice to *all* the elements of Christian life and doctrine in that region I would not of course affirm, as he was a pioneer, but the frequent accusation of encouragement to sin in his doctrine of faith and works is a slander. Then Luther, like all Protestant theologians till Wesley, had a strong belief in the doctrine of Sin in Believers, and that that sin did not necessarily condemn to hell.

The author gives two instances of Luther's indifference to sin. The first is the 'famous exclamation' (only it was *not* an exclamation), *Pecca fortiter*, which as 'fairly well known' is passed over. Yes, it is well known; in fact so well known that thousands know it who have never read a hundred lines of Luther's writings, much less the private Latin letter, half-earnest, half-banter, by which he shook almost the most conscientious and saintly man of his day from morbid worryings that might have wrecked his too frail health.[1] The other instance is the recommendation to Jerome (Hieronymus) Weller to drink, and the author quotes this, though he apparently did not refer to the original, and gives unwittingly a garbled and incorrect version, which, as usual, sets Luther in the worse light. It is necessary, therefore, to go into this Weller matter a little.

Weller was a student for the ministry at Wittenberg, poor in this world's goods, and like many others, received into Luther's house and spacious heart, but evidently not in good health, and afflicted with melancholia. Luther wrote fifteen Latin letters to him (1530–42), the first three to cure him of that malady which was settling upon him like a pall. The Dr. Preserved Smith's translation has not reached these letters yet, and I have written out translations. For lack of space I give the substance of two and the third almost

[1] On the *Pecca fortiter*, see Faulkner in *American Journal of Theology*, October, 1914, 600-4.

complete. The first is June 19, 1530, written from Cobourg, where Luther was waiting during the Augsburg diet, to be within his Elector's dominions and yet within hailing distance of the theologians who were to present what came to be called the Augsburg Confession to the magnates. Melancholy (said Luther) is most harmful to youth. The Scriptures forbid it. (He quotes passages.) It kills many, and there is no good in it. The sadness of the world worketh death. Your evil and sad thoughts are not from God, but from the devil, for God is the God of comfort and joy. He is the God not of the dead but of the living, and what is it to live except to be joyful in God? Therefore know that your melancholy is not from God. The battle is hard at first, but custom makes it easier. Not you alone have endured, but all the saints, and they fought and conquered. Look not on these melancholy thoughts, nor examine them, but contemn and pass them by as the hiss of a goose. If you dispute with them they become stronger. The Israelites turned their gaze from the serpents to the brazen serpent. A wise man said: 'Such thoughts come to me. Well, let them go again.' Another wise man said: 'You cannot keep the birds from flying over your head, but you can keep them from nesting in your hair.' Better if you would play with your melancholy, act jocosely, and make no conscience against play. For your silly melancholy is not pleasing to God. Sadness for sins is short and joyful, in the presence of grace and remission. Without the promise it is of the devil, and mere care of useless and impossible things concerning God.[1]

No sounder and more sensible advice was ever given to a young melancholiac than this. But poor Weller was not cured by its wisdom. Again Luther has to write to him, August 10, 1530. I have forgotten what I wrote before, and may repeat. The adversary is the same who hates and persecutes every brother of Christ. We are one and the

[1] De Wette, *Luthers Briefe*, iv. 39–41 (No. 1227).

same body, in which each suffers for each, and this because we worship Christ, and must bear each other's burden. See that you learn to despise (these temptations). We suffer all things in thee. God who said, Thou shalt not kill, certainly does not will these sad and death-bearing thoughts. I will not the death of a sinner, He says. Therefore such melancholy is displeasing to God. Even if we cannot be absolutely without that demon, we are made as the oak by the strength of God Himself. Even if we cannot entirely surmount these things,—let us cast our care upon Him. The Lord Jesus will be present with thee, the brave Wrestler and invincible Conqueror.[1]

Again Luther was unsuccessful. These fine religious reflections, this meeting Weller on the spiritual plane, were not sufficient. Luther was baulked. To save a life and soul from these repeated attacks of morbidity something else was necessary. Weller's melancholy was apparently connected with an overstrained asceticism which led him to abstain from wine and from all the pleasantries of normal life. (Our total abstinence ideas were of course not known then. It was a world where drinking, even by monks, was taken for granted.) Is there no way of getting the young man back to reason? So Luther tries another tack.

Luther writes again, November 6, 1530. After religious considerations, he continues: In this kind of temptation and fight despisal is the best way of conquering the devil. Avoid solitude, for one is best deceived and ensnared when alone. By play and despisal this devil is conquered, not by resisting and refuting. Therefore indulge with jokes and plays with my wife, and for the rest you may elude these devilish thoughts and come to a good mind. This attempt is more necessary to you than food and drink. Keep in mind what befell me when I was about your age. When I first went into the monastery I was always going along sad and dejected, nor was I able to put off that melancholy. Therefore I counselled and confessed with Doctor Staupitz, to whom I opened what horrifying thoughts I had. Then he: 'You are ignorant, Martin, that that trial is useful and necessary to you. For not by fear would God exercise you thus; you shall see that He is to use you for carrying on great affairs.' And so it fell out. For I have become a great doctor (for it is permitted me to speak this *de jure* concerning myself), which when I suffered this trial I had never

[1] De Wette, *ibid.* iv, 130–1 (No. 1278).

believed would come to pass. By a distant chance it may happen thus to you. You may turn out a great man. At least you will see that meanwhile you may be of good and brave mind, and persuade yourself that voices of this kind which fall thus from particularly learned and great men are not lacking in miracle and divination. I remember formerly a certain man whom I was comforting because he had lost a son, said to me, 'You see, Martin, that you will turn out a great man.' I very often remembered this saying, for voices of this kind have, as I said, something of divination and oracle. Just so you should be of good and brave mind, and cast out all these most empty thoughts. And as often as the devil would vex you with these thoughts, seek instantly conversation with men, or drink more largely [not 'drink deeply'; Weller, in his melancholy, would not drink at all, or only slightly; Luther tells him to despite the devil and not make a fool of himself], or joke, or trifle, or do some other jocund thing. Occasionally to drink more largely, to play, to trifle, and even to sin or do something in hatred or contempt of the devil, lest we lose something of place with him [our point of vantage over him], so that he makes a conscience to us of the lightest things, who are conquered if we are excessively anxious lest we should sin somewhat. [In his morbid conscientiousness, young Weller was making the merest trifles sins.] Hence if the devil should say some time, Do not drink, answer him thus, For this cause especially (*maxime*) I shall drink [not, 'bumpers'], because you forbid, and thus drink more largely [not, 'I will enjoy copious potations'] in the name of Jesus Christ. Thus always the contrary things are to be done to what Satan forbids. For what cause otherwise would you think that I drink thus more unmixed, talk more freely, eat more frequently, except that I may play with and vex the devil, who had determined to vex and play with me. O that I could design some signal (not, 'new') sin for cheating the devil, so that he might perceive that I am ignorant of no sin [not 'that I laugh at all that is sin'], and am conscious of no sin. [By a humorous exaggeration, Luther tries to break the spell of Jerome's bondage to imaginary sins.] The whole decalogue is for us to be moved away from eyes and mind, for us, I might say, whom the devil thus seeks and vexes. [Not, 'away with the decalogue when the devil comes to torment us.'] Though when the devil might cast up to us our sins, and bring them out guilty of death and hell, then we ought to speak thus: Indeed I confess I am guilty of death and hell. What then? Therefore thou wilt be condemned eternally? Not at all. For I have known a certain one who has suffered for me and satisfied, and He is called Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Where He will abide there I shall abide. November 6, 1530. Yours, Martin Luther.[1]

Luther wrote later eleven more letters to Weller, but never one on his melancholy. This letter cured him and restored his sanity. Nor are these 'wild and whirling words,' but the sagacious counsels of a discerning teacher, who in a private Latin letter knew how to save a mind from despair.

[1] De Wette, *Luthers Briefe*, iv, 186–9 (No. 1322).

While there is an innerliness in the German character, it is a mistake to make it synonymous with emotionalism. 'Revivals of religion, like Pietism, however lofty their aims, have thrown their main stress upon emotion,' which shows that our author has never studied Pietism. 'And the Ritschlianism of the nineteenth century has largely insisted on interior religious experience in the form of feeling,' which is the very thing Ritschl did *not* do; for though he emphasized experience, it was only experience in general, for anything mystical, anything in feeling or emotion, or direct personal experience in the evangelical sense, was anathema to him.

In general I would say that while Luther has been a national hero, yet we can easily exaggerate his influence on the German soldier. Devout followers of Luther in that army were a small minority, the most being freethinkers, semi-infidel or rationalistic, nominally Lutheran or Evangelical, and Roman Catholic. Probably not one soldier in 25,000 had ever read anything of Luther except his Catechisms, the very books most adapted to turn him away from evil. No, we cannot make Luther or the Reformation responsible for the Great War, much less for its excesses. In fact just the contrary. Luther, while he held the calling of the soldier an honourable one, did not believe in war, while the general staff and men around the Kaiser glorified it. Luther in the family was gentle and loving, while ordinary German family discipline—perhaps taking its cue from the military—has been harsh and what we should call cruel. Luther had the same feeling in regard to school punishments, urging leniency and kindness, while modern pedagogical methods in this field in Germany have been also very severe. Far better would it have been for Germany if she had followed Luther rather than the military ideals of the last 150 years. Not he, but Frederick the Great and the soldier caste, have been the gods of Germany.

Just so as to the cruelties of the war. They were the

offspring of militarism,—other influences may have helped but they were not needed. For look: America is the least militaristic among the great nations, but no sooner were we in the war than horrible barbarities were reported, and how many were unreported we do not know. For instance, a drafted boy refusing to wash pans and floors is condemned to be hung. His sentence is commuted to imprisonment for say twenty-five years. If things like these are possible in a nation just infected with the virus of militarism, what can you expect from a nation educated in militaristic notions for a hundred and fifty years? The wonder is that cruelties in war are not a thousand times more numerous

The North has been brought up for fifty years on the story of the cruelties of Southern prisons. Even now we cannot emancipate the children from the factories in some of the Southern States. In his strange and remarkable *Autobiography* (1918), Henry Adams tells us that once while in England he dined one evening in company with John Bright, who denounced the judges for opposition to reforms in the criminal law. Bright said: 'For two hundred years the judges of England sat on the Bench, condemning to death every man, woman, and child who stole property to the value of five shillings; and during all that time not one judge ever remonstrated against the law. We English are a nation of brutes, and ought to be exterminated to the last man.' Lowell, who was present, thought this too violent, but Adams held that Bright's language was not too violent for its purpose. My own feeling is that when once the demon war is exorcized, Christianity will have its first chance to really humanize and make divine, social, economic, and other relations. Till that time comes the question of the guilt of Germany in war methods, and the historic origins or causes of that guilt, can be pursued by sensitive, high-minded men of other nations, who know modern history, only with pallid cheeks, lest the avenging Angel of Jehovah when he maketh inquisition for blood will stop at doors nearer home.

JOHN ALFRED FAULKNER.

THE CONVERSION OF THE ENGLISH

IN a small volume of Essays, which should be more widely known and often read, Bishop Lightfoot reminds us that history is a fine tonic for feeble faith, faint heart, or trembling hope. He quotes and repeats, '*Nos passi graviora*'; we have surmounted worse obstacles than those of to-day; we have survived worse calamities than these.' But now, many seem to doubt the ability of the Church, the strength of Christianity, or even the power of Christ to maintain the Kingdom of God. Therefore we turn again to the past to consider some of the works of the Master and His servants in our own land. The field is large, the seed and harvest wonderful; the interest should be great. We shall need to remember the ancient Britons with Christianity grafted on the old heathen stock, and these even so influenced by the Romans with their strength and steadfastness. For we still have their roads, arches, and walls. The Empire was dying, and the extremities felt that first. Then came the hardy sons of the north, and if they returned they left ruin behind them, and were richer than when they came. The weakness and need of the Britons made a great opportunity for the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. These tribes were ready to roam over land and sea, and were equally at home on either. They were called to help, and they came to conquer. As foes they were more fierce than wolves; fighting was one of their greatest pleasures; danger on the deep as on the battle-field roused their courage, not their fear. They found swamp, bog, fen, but to them it was a garden and might become a home. They found men whom they could kill, enslave, or drive back until Britons were known only in Cornwall, Wales, Cumberland, and parts of Scotland. With the people they drove out the religion of the people, for these English had their own gods.

They had one for each day of the week, one for the sea, one for the river, one for each season, and many more. Wednesday, Wednesbury, and Wanstead still tell of the worship of Woden; Thursday, Thurso, and Thundersleigh of Thor. Easter commemorates the god of spring as well as the resurrection of Christ. The religion of Jesus was brought again to this land in the days of the Heptarchy, when the enemy was found on the other side of a river, as he has lately been found on the other side of the North Sea. The light of the gospel came not from one great centre; Ireland, Scotland, and Rome share in that honour. In the year 565 A.D. St. Columba came from Ireland to Scotland and founded the monastery of Hü, or Iona. Here many were trained to become missionaries, and in the course of time, as shown by Bishops Lightfoot, Browne, and Henson, did more than any others to evangelize the English.

During these years a sad sight made a good man think, but no one then saw what would result from his thought. As Deacon Gregory walked through the slave market in Rome, he was arrested by the beauty of a group of youths who were offered for sale. He asked the name of their tribe and was told that they were Angles. He gazed on them and played with the name, 'Not Angles, but angels.' What is the name of their country? Deira. 'Ah, yes,' said he, '*De dei ira*, from the wrath of God they shall be delivered. 'What is the name of their King?' 'Ælla.' Then said he, 'Alleluia shall be sung there.' Gregory never forgot the Angles from Yorkshire, but longed to come as a missionary. Once he started to come, but was recalled to Rome. In a few years Gregory became Pope, and fulfilled his desire by sending deputies. The most powerful King in Britain at that time was Ethelbert of Kent, who had married a Christian princess, Bertha, of Paris. One of the conditions of marriage was that the Queen should be permitted to retain and practise her own religion. A little church near Canterbury was placed at her disposal, and for more than

twenty years she worshipped God there. At length Gregory sent a band of monks with Augustine at their head; and a few years later Paulinus, Millitus, Justus, and Laurentius came to aid them in their sacred task. While they were on their way they heard such an account of our forefathers that they sought permission to return. Gregory reminded them of the man who puts his hand to the plough and looks back; their marching orders were forward, and thus it came to pass that soon after Easter, A.D. 597, they landed in the Isle of Thanet, sent messengers to Ethelbert to announce that they had come from Rome as the bearers of joyful tidings, and could offer him an eternal kingdom in heaven. Ethelbert was cautious and on guard against charms, so he met them in the open air. Augustine knew the power of a procession, therefore one of the brethren carried a cross, another a board on which was painted the figure of Christ crucified, while the rest chanted a solemn litany. Then Augustine preached, an interpreter did his part, and Ethelbert listened. The King took time to consider, gave the strangers house, food, and permission to preach to the people, who were free to believe or not as they pleased. At Whitsuntide Ethelbert avowed himself ready to accept the Christian faith and was baptized. His subjects were free to hear, to think, and to believe; the gospel thus spread its peace and power among the men of Kent.

We must now return to the north to see what has been done, what is in progress, and what the coming years bring forth. Ælla, the king of Deira (broadly Yorkshire and Durham), the father of Edwin, had died, and Ethelfrith, king of Bernicia, seized Edwin's crown. Edwin, who was but a boy, escaped, was hunted and exiled, but found shelter for a time with Cadwallon, king of Wales. Ethelfrith, to make his double crown secure, fought the Britons, near to Chester. There he slaughtered the monks of Bangor, not because they fought but because they prayed. Edwin fled for life and found shelter for a time with the Mercian

king. Again Ethelfrith was on his track, and he sought refuge with Redwald, king of East Anglia. Ethelfrith then sent messengers with gold and promise of land in one hand, a drawn sword in the other. Edwin must be slain, or given up, or Redwald must face a furious war. To the prince, about this time, a more than princely vision came. When it seemed that his life would be sold for gold, Edwin sat on a stone, outside the hall, on a dark night. A tall, dark-robed being stood before him and said, 'I know thy story and the thing thou fear'st. What wouldst thou give if I turned Redwald's heart and made him draw the sword in thy defence?' He answered, 'I have not much, but I would give thee all.'

Questions were asked, answers given, promises made, then the stranger laid his hand on Edwin's head, made the sign of the cross, and demanded that the prince should remember his promise when next he saw that sign. The tide turned. Redwald declared for war; he, his sons, his men marched with Edwin, and Ethelfrith was slain! Edwin took the two kingdoms of Deira and Bernicia, and thus became king of the great North-humber-land which stretched from the Humber to the Firth of Forth. Again we are reminded that a princess could make conditions, even religious conditions, before consenting to marry a king. Ethelburga, daughter of Ethelbert of Kent, and her kindred demanded that she should have her own chaplain, retain her own religion; also that Edwin should consider the matter and, if convinced, become a Christian. Paulinus was chosen chaplain and missionary; he thus became first bishop of York. Edwin became overlord of East Anglia and Mercia. Wessex sent an assassin as ambassador, and while having an interview he drew a dagger which a courtier saw. Lilla rushed between the murderer and his king and the deadly weapon passed through him and wounded Edwin. He vowed a great vow, conquered Wessex, and thus became overlord over the whole country excepting Kent. His kingdom extended from Edinburgh

to Chester, Anglesey, and the Isle of Man; he ruled in such a manner that it was said a woman might pass from sea to sea with a babe in her arms and no evil would befall her. He was still a heathen. Paulinus did not urge a decision, but lived as a Christian, comforting the queen and teaching the true faith. Edwin's escape from the dagger, the birth of a daughter, the victory over Wessex, and a sermon by Paulinus affected him deeply. A solemn assembly was called at Godmanham. The principal speakers were a layman and a priest. The one used an argument that may be called utilitarian, the other was more spiritual. Coifi, the high priest, said that he had been a most devoted servant of the old gods, but that he had received no benefit. The Alderman's speech has been rendered thus:

> To me, O king, the present life of man
> Seems in comparison of unknown time
> Like a swift sparrow flying through a room,
> Wherein thou sitt'st at supper with thy lords,
> A good fire in the midst, while out of doors
> In gusty darkness whirls the furious snow
> That wall and window blocks. The sparrow flies
> In at one door, and by another out,
> Brief space of warm and comfortable air
> It knows in passing, then it vanishes
> Into the gusty dark from whence it came.
> The soul like that same sparrow comes and goes;
> This life is but a moment's sparrow flight
> Between the two unknowns of birth and death:
> An arrow's passage from an unknown bow
> Toward an unknown bourne. O king, I have
> This matter meditated all my days,
> And questioned death, but with no more effect
> Than if I shouted 'gainst a stormy wind
> And had my words dashed back in my own face.
> If therefore these new doctrines bring me light,
> All things I would renounce to follow them.

Then, Coifi, eager to show his zeal, broke the rule of his order, mounted a war horse, seized a spear, and rode full tilt against the temple and the god. Paulinus recalled the ghostly vision of that once dark night by the sign of the cross. Edwin believed, was instructed, built a small wooden church in York, where the Minster now stands, and was

baptized on Easter Eve. Multitudes followed his example, but as years passed Penda the pagan and Cadwallon the Briton sought to destroy Northumbria, and Edwin was slain. Paganism rolled back like a tide; Paulinus and Ethelburga fled.

The north of England was not, however, left to sink into its old sins. Columba had founded his monastery on Iona in 565. Prince Oswald had escaped to that monastery, learned the language and embraced the religion of those monks. About a year after Edwin's death he was able to return to his own land and wear his own crown. The condition of the people grieved his heart, he sent for a missionary to preach to them and a monk named Corman or Cornan came. This man found the natives so rough that he soon lost all hope and returned. He gave to the listening monks an account of his mission and its failure; one young man, with glowing face and glistening eye asked, 'Was it their roughness or yours? Did you remember the precept, milk first, then meat?' The monks all felt that this gentle, prudent spirit was the very man to win rough men for Christ. Thus Aidan became Bishop of Lindisfarne, the first of a long and noble line represented in our days by Bishops Lightfoot, Westcott, and Moule, to name no more. His gentle life and devoted ministry wrought wonders. He settled on Lindisfarne, possibly to make it an eastern Iona, probably to be near King Oswald, his best friend, at Royal Bambrough. He was not a native, and at first could not speak the language. Oswald knew both tongues, and thus we have the delightful picture of a king acting as interpreter to an earnest and tender hearted preacher of the gospel. They visited towns, villages, homesteads with the message of the Cross, while Aidan soon had a band of disciples at Lindisfarne, who were diligent in prayer, in reading the Scriptures, and in all good works. The generosity of the king helped to spread the faith. One Easter, when Aidan was about to dine with the king,

the poor waited for the royal bounty. The supply of food was not sufficient. Oswald sent his own untouched from the table, yet there was not enough, so he ordered the silver dishes to be cut in pieces and divided amongst the needy. Aidan took the King's right hand, blessed it, and said, 'May this hand never decay.' After a great victory over Cadwallon in the north, Oswald was slain in battle, probably at Oswestry, by the pagan Penda, and for ages it was firmly believed that his right hand never decayed. In this time of terrors at least seven of our early Christian kings were assassinated, or killed in war.

Once more love and marriage influenced the spread of the gospel. Penda, the heathen Mercian king, placed his son as Alderman between the Trent and the Bedfordshire Ouse. During an interval of peace Penda was allowed to visit Northumbria and fell in love with the princess Elanfled. He stayed for instruction, and was baptized by Finan of Lindisfarne; then he returned with four priests to evangelize the Middle Angles. Penda nevertheless determined to destroy Northumberland. Oswy vowed to give his daughter to God in the cloister life, and twelve pieces of land for monasteries. The battle was fought, Penda was slain, and the cause of the heathen gods was lost for ever. The abbess Hilda, daughter of Hereric, nephew of Edwin, became a Christian and proved herself born to rule and to have an influence wider, nobler, and purer than is common to mankind. Aidan soon discovered her rare worth, and gave her a piece of land by the River Wear. Then she had a larger monastery at Heruteu, our Hartlepool. She produced order and ruled well. King Oswy gave her land for ten families at Streoneshalch, the Whitby of to-day, where her monastery soon became the chief centre of religious life and learning in Northumbria. No sooner had the Church, however, peace from the pagan foe than contention and strife arose within. The rule for fixing Easter, the tonsure on the forehead or the crown, resulted

not only in angry dispute, but in the loss of many zealous workers. Important work, however, was done at Whitby, for six bishops were trained there, while princes and kings sought counsel from the great abbess.

At Whitby the first English poet known to us sang our first great religious poem. After supper the harp passed from hand to hand and each sang for the pleasure of the company, but Cædmon could not sing and left the company as the harp approached him. One night he went into the loft over the cattle shed and fell asleep. In a dream he saw some one who demanded a song; he said, 'I cannot sing, for this I left the company.' 'But,' said his visitor, 'you must sing for me.' On asking what he must sing he was told to sing the beginning of created things. In the morning he told the steward what he had done, and he told Hilda. The abbess called her disciples, and when they heard his verses they declared that he had received a great grace from the Lord. Bæda tells us that others tried to make religious poems, but no one could be compared with him, for he learned not from men but God. Hilda gladly received him and had him taught; he remembered what he learned and sang of the creation of the world, the fall of man, the incarnation, the judgement, the horror of hell, and the bliss of heaven. It is probable that Milton knew his Cædmon; he had long sought a great subject, and may have found it in this earliest of our poems. Hell was 'without light, full of flame.' Satan was a terrific chief, subject to a stronger than he. A few lines are all we can quote :—

> This narrow place is most unlike
> That which we knew once high in Heaven's realm
> Which my lord gave me, though we may not own it,
> To the All powerful must yield our rule.

or again,

> My feet are bound, my hands are chained;
> The ways from these hell's doors are vanished:
> I cannot flee from my weary bonds;
> Great girdles of hot iron lie about me
> With which God fastens down my neck.

He sang of Moses and Pharaoh in the savage spirit of the time; of others sweetly in the new Christian spirit. He became infirm, removed to their hospital, seemed merry, but wished for the Eucharist. They said he did not need it, he was not about to die; he insisted, asked if they were at peace with him. Assurances of love passed, he spoke tenderly, then asked how long before the nightly praises; they said, 'It is not long.' He replied, 'It is well, let us wait that hour.' He signed himself with the sign of the cross, and like Milton, in his end, fell into a sweet sleep, from which he awoke in the spirit world. Hilda died in the same year, and the country was poorer by their death.

St. Chad had become bishop of Mercia and worked with wonderful devotion in the Midlands and Lincolnshire. Meanwhile St. Cuthbert became the evangelist of the north and venerable Bæda or Bede the teacher. Cuthbert was born on Lammermoor. As a shepherd boy he was strong, active, fond of games, sensitive, imaginative, poetic. He saw visions and dreamed dreams. After one of these he went to Melrose and became a monk. He wandered everywhere preaching Christ. His sermons were homely, playful, earnest, and faithful. Men knew that he was a native by the *burr* that still clings to Northumbrian speech. His faith was great and his prayer powerful. The monks brought timber down the Tyne to build the priory at Tynemouth. The wind and tide carried them out to sea. Men watched and cried, 'Let no man pray for those men who have taken away our gods.' Cuthbert prayed, the tide turned, the wind changed, and the monks came safely to land. When the storm was on the sea and snow on land, he simply said, 'The way to heaven is still open.' He became bishop of Lindisfarne and of Hexham, but wars and work made him long for rest. He retired to Farne and lived a few months, blessing those who visited him. A signal came to the monks on Lindisfarne, who as Cuthbert died were chanting, 'Thou hast cast us out and scattered us abroad.'

Professor E. A. Freeman bade us love Bede's history and the *Saxon Chronicle* next to our Bibles, and it is not to our credit that these are so little known. Lightfoot's *Leaders in the Northern Church*, Bishop Browne's *Conversion of the Heptarchy*, or Collins' *The Beginning of English Christianity* dwell on our first historian. Bæda was born between the Wear and the Tyne in 672 or 673 A.D. and lived most of his life between these rivers. Benedict Biscop was a great man in those days; he was rich and noble; he travelled freely, and brought manuscripts, relics, masons, glaziers, with many of the improvements of the period, from the Continent. He built St. Peter's monastery at Wearmouth and St. Paul's at Jarrow. At the age of seven Bæda entered the monastery at Wearmouth, and remained about three years. When he was ten a pestilence was so fatal that only two of the brethren were left to chant the services. Bæda appears to have been one of these. He was removed to Jarrow, where he made his home till he died. He was eager for knowledge, and took constant pleasure in learning, teaching, writing. He became the most learned man in England, probably in Europe. He might have ruled, but he preferred to learn and teach. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, music, philosophy, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, and medicine were included in his studies before he wrote his history. At one time he had six hundred disciples. He sedulously sought facts for his history, and had a delightful gift of narration or story-telling. Why he was called venerable nobody knows. His last work was a translation of St. John's Gospel into English, and thus he began a work that has continued to this day.

A fortnight before Easter, 735, it was seen that the end was near, for he suffered from weakness, asthma, and loss of sleep. He often quoted Scripture and old English songs, yet each day found him at his task. 'I do not want my boys to read a lie.' About Ascensiontide, after a sleep-

less night, he was urged to rest; he refused, saying, 'It is easily done; take thy pen and write quickly.' He sent for his friends to give them his last gifts and to say how he longed to be with Christ. 'There is yet one sentence, dear master, unwritten,' said the boy. 'Write it quickly,' answered the dying man. 'It is finished,' said the scribe. Bæda replied, 'True, all is finished now.' He asked to be placed where he was wont to pray, and that a friend should *hold his head*. He chanted, 'Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.' Thus he passed to the glory of heaven.

> For looking upward full of grace,
> He prayed, and from a happy place
> God's glory smote him on the face.

Those who find the tasks of the time too hard may well turn to England's past for inspiration that will make the future still greater and nobler.

ISAIAH PARKER.

JERUSALEM: WAR MEMORIES

THOSE who had the chance to go over Jerusalem, even in such space as might be torn from a meagre forty-eight hours, in company with a guide who owned the mother-tongue and knew his history, could scarcely find words to indicate their pleasure and surprise. Nor were such visitors always, to say the least, men conspicuous for religious devotion. Father John Butler, the most famous dragoman in the Expeditionary Force, gave eyes to a great host. The regular guides, who assumed him to be waxing rich on largesse which was rightfully theirs, watched him with scowls of despair and anger. One of these came up in my presence, and begged him to surrender to him, a lawful practitioner, his surplus clients.

For me Jerusalem has such a spell that, though I head this essay with its name, I hesitate to begin on the theme, but wander round its walls. Nay, would stand afar off, where the hills have a less august story and memories less austere. There are its approaches, the hills and defiles of Samson's country, through which you pass, from Ramleh to the Holy City: stony heights, shagged with coarse grass and scrub, and, above all, with thistles and thymes. No land has a greater abundance and variety of thistles and thymes and mints than Palestine. Their tribes flower all the year round. The deep wadis of Judaea are coppiced, even as Tabor and Carmel, with oak, carob, terebinth, lentisk, arbutus, wild bay, styrax, hawthorn, broom, cistus, salvia: shrubs which March and April clothe with beauty of flowers or fresh leaves. Honeysuckle grows in the ravines round Nebi Samwil. In the dry bottoms partridges bring off large broods. Till recent days even the leopard lingered in the limestone caves. At Enab (Kirjath-Jearim, the

'forest-town') a summit still thick with olive-groves, a man was killed by one as late as five years ago. Hares, gazelles, hyaenas, foxes, wolves, all find a home in the ravines and amid the rocks and screes. Porcupines have their holes in the hillside. They were sufficiently common, a little farther south, in the days of our warfare before Gaza, for men to find them a welcome change of diet. A friend had an adventure with one near Ludd. He was in charge of some road-making. The surface material was bad, so he dived into a rock-tomb, to see if there were better stone beneath. As he was crawling out again, through the narrow opening, he heard his Greek foreman shout, then burst out laughing. At the same time, the light was blocked, and a body dashed into him with great force. Failing to get past, the newcomer tried to reverse, hurting horribly. Failing in this, the creature rushed forward again, and by his rival's accommodation, got through, and ran over a pile of débris into a hole at the back of the tomb. My friend came out, and found his shoulder bleeding, stuck with porcupine quills.

Overlooking Jerusalem is Nebi Samwil, Mizpah, the Crusaders' *Mont-Joie*, from which they first saw Jerusalem. From this peak our own men, whom, by special and often-repeated Routine Orders, it was forbidden to call Crusaders, saw the Holy City through terrific days when shells hurtled to and from Mizpah and Olivet. Jerusalem herself, so often sacked and ruined by armies, escaped the ravage of battle, 'her warfare accomplished' at last. But her incomings and outgoings suffered. The Ophthalmic Hospital and the pine-woods of the German colony, on the road from Bethlehem to the Jaffa Gate, bear marks of shell and bullet; and there was fighting beyond the city, on the way up to Scopus. On Nebi Samwil the hostile lines were in places not forty yards apart, and there was bitter clashing. The mosque of Samuel's tomb is shattered, and behind stone walls and sangars swiftly hurled together remain signs of

those hard days, tins and rotting clothing. A few graves stood behind the Prophet's tomb, when I was last there, but the bodies will now have been taken to some central cemetery. Vine and fig and olive will soon hide the scars on the hillside and summit.

Bittir, Bethel, Ai, Gibeon, and a host more—of these let the commentators speak. We of the Expeditionary Force were there as pilgrims and sojourners in the land, expecting till the autumn push came. We dwelt in camps and billets, or in the two hotels, one of which, the Fast, found fame in the pages of *Punch* by the legend after its name, 'Visitors must bring their own rations.' We made our multitude of roads for military traffic, with side-tracks bearing where they diverged from the main way the tactfully-worded notice: 'Horses, mules, camels, donkeys, civilians.' *Corps* occupied the German hospice on Olivet, famed for its singular mural and roof decorations, the Kaiser as King David and that other of the Kaiserin receiving from her lord a model of the building—'Here's a Noah's Ark for Little Willie.' We had our cricket on Olivet, matting on a good true pitch, but an execrable outfield, a chaos of boulders and thistles. Here many world-renowned players performed. Afterwards Corps would entertain the teams, and there would be a 'gaff' to follow.

Bethlehem, to those who care to see, gives a fair notion of what even this stony land has been. The hillsides are wooded with olive and pomegranate, a pleasant front of verdure. You look down on the Shepherds' fields, and across to the mountains of Moab, and you feel the fascination of the contours of these gaunt highlands. The land is naked and old, but not yet haggard.[1] And when the moonlight floods them, the hills are lovelier than an angel's dream. David's Well is fern-fringed. Wherever there is a crack which rigidly excludes the sun's rays, maidenhair grows; alike at the lip of David's Well, and in the Kedron

[1] Sir G. A. Smith's word of the Jordan depression.

tomb-caves and on shelves in the limestone beside the way from Gethsemane to the Damascus Gate.

Further afield is Hebron, noted yet for its grapes; noted, too, for the fanaticism of its Moslem inhabitants, in this particular second only to those of Nablus. The mosque over the Patriarchs' tombs, in pre-war days opened to only a handful of exalted Christians, during the war was entered by a fair number, under permit from the Military Governor. But Jews are not permitted even to the door. They can go to a certain step, where there is a crack in the wall, through which his despised descendants precipitate letters to Father Abraham, in whose honour his children's enemies keep this shrine.

At Hebron is the pool where David hanged the murderers of Ishbosheth, a brown, sinister tank. At Hebron, also, is the noble oak named of Mamre.

The country round Hebron has other fine oaks, and an abundance of shrubs that, if allowed to grow, will soon change the face of the district. On the Judaean hills, even round Jerusalem, wild roses grow; but it would be hard to prove that they ever flower. They are like the Epping Forest lilies of the valley. But near Hebron I found, in 1919, a bank which was one riot of wild roses, the first to open. This was early April. The hills have abundance of other beauty: pink and yellow flax, cyclamens, ranunculuses, sunrose, cistuses.

On the Hebron road, eight miles from Jerusalem, are the great works called the Pools of Solomon, by tradition connected with the imagery of *Canticles*, the *fons signata*, the 'house of wine' and the 'garden enclosed.' Under the rough scrub of the rocky hillside, you can trace an old aqueduct.

Where tradition puts the Baptist's home is Ain-Karim, four miles out from Jerusalem, in a delightful vale, fed by a spring of plentiful water. I remember an amusing half-hour here, on an evening of quiet, clear sunlight, when

I watched a fox fooling a village dog. The hillside was stone-terraced for vines. The fox would wait till his clumsy pursuer, barking and jumping heavily along, almost reached him, then he would slide down the wall into the next field. The dog would go round noisily, to the lower allotment, not being able to slip down the wall. The fox would behave as before. This game went on for a considerable time, till the dog gave it up and trotted away, the fox looking after him.

Evening and the throng round Ain-Karim fountain, the good temper and the flashing, musical waters, the sunlight and gentle green of the pennywort springing from the stone walls, the fringe of colour trailed along the hedgerows, of poppies and fumitory, mallows, cranesbills, henbane, ranunculus, wild garlics—'ver' ordinar' flowers,' as a Syrian observed to me, weeds of no great note but such as the good God scatters everywhere on the waste ground; all this is a sight calculated to make a man love his kind. And above are the hills, so stony and with so many bare patches, yet with such an appealing loveliness when the mind has dwelt with them—a heath of aromatic scrub, shot with radiance in spring and even in the heats of summer keeping gold of flax and thistles and the varied purples and reds of the wild mints. In October, the heart of the mountains blossoms. Who could have guessed what tenderness had slept the summer through, folded deep under parched soil and hidden in clefts of rock? With the first gentle rains blue squills appear, and saffron crocus (*colchicum*), and gagea; cyclamens thrust up their leaves, whose underside is so lovely in its veined purple that we can well wait for the flowers. The true crocuses follow, blue and white. Then in a great wave Spring overspreads the hills, even these hills of Judaea. By May the tide has ebbed, and of the lilies only yellow asphodeline remains. But mints and thymes and thistles continue. In July, Mr. Dinsmore, of the American Colony, took me to a hillside

just outside Jerusalem, and showed me a little enclave made by the moor-gods, a fairy corrie where grew *rosa canina*, though so dwarf and trailing as to be insignificant except to careful search, styrax, wild olive, oak, terebinth, and a dozen thymes in flower.

The hillsides, to complete their picture, need this addition, that, scattered widely, a shrub or tree rises; carob as big as an apple-tree, struggling oak no taller than a privet, or hawthorn cowering close to the wind-swept slope like a humpbacked dwarf.

I suppose one should speak of Bethany. But this huddle of houses beside the dust-tormented road interested me most because I found the words of Karshish so true:

> Blue-flowering borage, the Aleppo sort,
> Aboundeth, very nitrous.

Borage is no rarity. It carpets Olivet; and the stones of the Temple courtyard are one tangle of it in many places, especially under the great olives. The events which have made Bethany famous I can visualize best almost anywhere else.

After Allenby's entry Jerusalem was at peace. The city was too sacred for hostile aeroplanes even to appear over it. But the War was at her borders. All round it had only just ended, and the guns could be heard still. The fields to the north, on the Nablus road, were strewn with relics of conflict. At Ramallah a boy was brought before the Military Governor, charged with bomb-throwing. His defence was that he found lots of these round things, and once, when his sheep were loitering, he threw one at them, with splendid result. It made a big noise, and they just hustled home. Since then, he had searched diligently for these crackers, and whenever his sheep were laggard he encouraged them with a grenade. This pleasing yarn suggests a re-writing of Southey's *Battle of Blenheim*, with Peterkin bringing duds to the appalled veteran:

> He came to ask what he had found,
> That was so large, and smooth, and round.

JERUSALEM

Most unfortunately, the very many bad books on Jerusalem have confused men's minds with weariness of a place which its praisers have nowise helped others to see. I need not say that I do not write thus of such books as Sir George Adam Smith's two noble volumes, my daily companions as I searched the walls and streets, the pools above and 'the waters that are under the earth'—a large part, these last, of the city's life and story. There is no lack of excellent books on Jerusalem. But they demand careful attention, and the books that come most readily to hand are not helpful. There is always something fresh to see in Jerusalem. Yet, as the place sinks deep into imagination, and grips the heart, it becomes ever harder to speak or write convincingly concerning it.

All that can be learnt by surface exploration is known, I think. If it were possible to rase the houses, and give the whole site to the spade, a thousand things would be brought to light, and the tale of many lands and periods illuminated. But, as things are, we know almost all that can be known, and can only argue, where great gaps must be filled up, by assumption. Take the walls controversy, for example. In the Russian Hospice, at the doors of the Holy Sepulchre, are old walls and a gateway, and the walls can be traced through the shops which cross the *Via Dolorosa* at the Seventh Station. These are the great standby of the traditionalists who maintain that the Holy Sepulchre was outside the wall. I have had the privilege of tracking these walls in company with Dr. F. J. Bliss, of Beirut, who knows as much about Jerusalem walls as any man living; and I have stood by the gilded cross on the top of the Sepulchre, with a full purview of the city, as he explained the arguments for and against the conflicting views. It was very clear how impossible, apart from theological bias, it was to come to judgement. I speak only of the one question,

of the site in our Lord's time of what is now the Holy Sepulchre.

Within a hundred yards of the Sepulchre, visible from shops in Christian Street, is 'Hezekiah's Pool,' the Κολυμβήθρα Ἀμύγδαλον, the 'Bathing-Place of the Almond Trees'[1] of Josephus. From this shrunken puddle I gained light on an episode in Egypt. When I was at Assuan, my dragoman always spoke of the ruined Roman baths in the Nile there as 'Queen Kolubetra's Baths.' Kolubetra is obviously Cleopatra. But when I wished to find out if perchance the native pronunciation of the name of the 'serpent of old Nile' had been Kolubetra, all he would say was, as before, they were Kolubetra's Baths, always had been. Other names he pronounced as the books had taught him—in the main. In Jerusalem, the puzzle cleared itself, as I was looking out from the tailor's shop on the 'Bath of the Almond Trees.' Kolubetra was Κολυμβήθρα, and 'Queen Kolubetra's Baths' were really 'Queen Bath's Baths.' So here to-day in Upper Egypt a Greek term had survived the centuries, helped by sound-confusion with Cleopatra, and was extant in the patter of a dragoman.

Our countless visitors carried away the pleasantest impressions, as a rule, not from the Sepulchre but from the Haram and the Church of the *Ecce Homo*. The latter, a recent church, scarcely half a century old, has everything in exquisite simplicity. The Sisters of Zion, who have the charge of it, are unwearied in their courtesy to the never-ceasing parties of visitors. Their church, in addition to the side-arch about which it is built, contains a tribunal, and part of the scarp of Bezetha, the New Town, here cut down for the moat of the castle of Antonia. In the same buildings are another tribunal; and one of the most moving sights in Jerusalem, the old pavement. Here are squares and circles, scratched by Roman soldiers for their games

[1] Or, 'of the Tower.'

of chance, while tedious business was proceeding within the Praetorium—trial of a prisoner or the handling of an excited deputation. In the same darkened vault and on the same pavement are stones roughened for passage of horses, and pious hands have placed a Figure staggering under a cross.

The War gave these sisters an opportunity to attempt what has been done so often, to deflect the stream of tradition. The first Station of the Cross is in the Turkish barracks opposite. As these were closed, the Sisters insisted that the first Station should be here. Their attempt was made in good faith and with more show of reason than most such attempts have had. But they have formidable competitors in the Greek hospice next door. Here are great underground dungeons, rock-hewn chambers, indescribably miserable, a nightmare to enter even as free men. The chambers have peepholes for the sentries, and some have stocks cut in the stone. Imagination is oppressed as it visualizes the deeds done here, and one 'hopes there is a Hell.' It may have been that in these foul dens Barabbas sat, with expectation of no other end than by the awful death of the cross. Within are pits crammed with human bones.[1]

The Haram brings the mind closer to our Lord's life than any other site in Jerusalem. Not least, it lies open to the free wind and sun, and you can understand how it was that, even with intrigue and hatred darkening round, He was able to look up into a cloudless heaven and the face of a Father. All is friendly here, from the circling pigeons to the grass which knits the flags. In the lower courtyard are the kindly grey trees, old olives with their arms crowded with mistletoe. No tree, not even the apple, carries more mistletoe than the olive—the groves in the Kedron valley are prolific of it. Here, in the Temple court-yard, the olives have their feet tangled in grass and thistles and

[1]Unfortunately, the owners of the site are not to be trusted. They have tampered with the chambers, enlarging the stocks and inserting staples.

borage. So it must have been in Christ's time, and the flowers and wealthy bushes spake of His Father's business and His, to bring life abundantly, while men destroyed. That flower of Jerusalem walls, the snapdragon, is rooted here in the battlements. I never saw it without remembering Newman's walls at Oriel. And there is the caper-bush, the 'hyssop that springeth out of the wall,' brightening the stones with its white, spraying blossoms. And there are the tall cypresses. And, opposite, the tombs and spaces of Olivet. Here He walked and talked and worshipped, when Galilee was a memory, resolutely flung behind Him, and the storms were gathering for the finish. Under the olives and among the thronging crowds He found His Father, and left what we should call the Temple to formalist and bigot.

The Aksa mosque, where two of the murderers of Thomas à Becket are buried, has a place where the guides and Moslem guardians tell you that Zacharias, the father of the Baptist, 'prayed'—or, rather, 'brayed,' since they cannot pronounce the consonant p. Do not despise the story. Even monkish or priestly tradition may be but a cloak for fact. See the genuine tradition here of another Zacharias, 'the son of Barachias,' whom they 'slew between the temple (walls) and the altar.' To this place our greater Martyr pointed, standing by as He recalled the story and emphasized His warning of destruction at hand.

The Haram area is a museum of architectural styles. In the Dome of the Rock are things beyond all praise, such as the glorious roof and the ironwork left by the Crusaders. At this place, through millenniums, worship has been made, history has been enacted. Primitive animism, Araunah's threshing-floor, Solomon's glory, centuries of bloody sacrifices—such worship as Christ did *not* participate in,—sacrilege of an Antiochus and a Pompey, patronage of Herods; the terror and horror of the Roman siege, the agony of the Crusaders' storm, ritual of pagan and Jew and Christian

and Moslem—these are but a few of the associations of this bare rock, assuredly a hallowed place, if human passion and devotion can hallow any place. Yet, for all that, for those who follow 'the Lord of all good life,' the deepest sanctity of the Temple area is away from the rock, in the courts outside. Nay, 'without the city wall' are spots more sacred still. Somewhere on these limestone hills He died; and in that stony torrent-bed He passed nights darkened and in solitude of spirit, but assuredly, if one may so lift a pagan's gay egoism to loftier purport, *non sine dis*.

This is how to secure the most wonderful and interest-crammed hour the whole world can give you. From the Jaffa Gate, where the early markets and shop-booths are, pass down the Hebron road. Above you are the massive buttresses, surnamed of David, supposed of Herod—his tower of Phasaelus. Swifts are flying in the afternoon brightness, the crowding life of the desert is entering in through the gate. Forget all later memories, of the Turkish gallows tree, of the Prussian warlord and his pomp, of our own troops and their leader. You are to plunge into the far past. As you descend, Zion, the false Zion of tradition, rises high on your left. Here the earliest Church had its home, here the Virgin Mother died. Where the first descent has finished, and the road levels ere it rises, is the pool called the Birket es-Sultan. Yes, there was always an embankment there. Remember your George Adam Smith, and how clearly he brings out Jerusalem's persistent efforts to draw all waters within herself, and to slay her foes with drought. You turn to the left, down the Wadi er-Rababi, the Valley of Hinnom. At its beginning notice the well-grown hawthorn. Below you are others. Spring by spring they flower, but their beauty is grimed and dim, for there is always a dust cloud dancing on that busy road which you have just left. A short ravine, dark with olives and the shadow of steep hills, brings you to where the

valleys of Hinnom and Jehosaphat meet. About this region cluster the sinister memories of Jerusalem. Here were children passed through the fire to Moloch, here King Ahaz, shrinking before the menace of Assyria, sacrificed his son. By that ruined well, Job's Well to-day, En-Rogel of the Old Testament, Isaiah, within sight of the place of that dreadful immolation, met the faintheart king with the great Messianic prophecy. To En-Rogel Joab brought Adonijah for coronation. Down on En-Rogel Aceldama looks. Beyond En-Rogel, Hinnom and Jehosaphat continue in the Wadi en-Nar, the Valley of Fire, a burnt ravine running down to the Dead Sea. In Moslem legend, the Valley of Fire is the home of Asrael, Angel of Death.

At Hinnom's end, you turn sharply to the left. You pass upward by a very gradual ascent. Opposite is the Hill of Offence, traditionally the scene of Solomon's idolatries. On its lower slopes are the houses of Siloam, whose inhabitants are troglodytes, with their homes built against caves and rock-tombs. Below are the King's Gardens, the gardens of Siloam, fed by 'the waters of Shiloah that go softly.'

> Siloa's brook, that flowed
> Fast by the oracle of God.

From your left the Tyropoean Valley enters, almost filled up with rubbish. In its mouth grows an old black mulberry, the traditional site of Isaiah's martyrdom. Fifty yards up the Tyropoean is the Pool of Siloam, a minaret above it. The Pool has been narrowly circumscribed by Herod's and later masonry, and is a shallow, leech-infested water. Into it Hezekiah's conduit, a dark gallery cut through the shoulder of the hill, brings a racing stream when the Virgin's Spring flushes.

Continue up the Valley of Jehosaphat, climbing over the rubbish of ages. Flocks of goldfinches rise, as you push through the thistles; a gnarled, thorn-hued chameleon crawls away. The tombs begin. Presently, both sides

of the valley are one vast burial-ground. From the tombs, and indeed everywhere, till the hillside is one bulbous outgrowth, spring the lilies that lift the tall white spikes, *Urginea maritima*. Josephus, describing the agony of the siege of Jerusalem, tells us how ravenous mobs, in the dead of night, crept into this valley, to gather roots, that they might keep alive. The Romans set ambushes for them, and crucified those they caught. If some returned safely, often the city guards robbed them of their wretched food. These lilies, I think, were the roots they sought.

Here is the Virgin's Spring, Gihon of the Old Testament. Steps lead down to it. The water floods from a siphon-spring in the rock, into this channel. Once the overflow went into the valley, but Hezekiah 'stopped the brook that ran through the midst of the land, saying, Why should the kings of Assyria come, and find much water?' On the tongue of rock above stood the primitive hamlet of the Jebusites, with a shaft sunk through to this channel (whose beginning is older than the rest). This was where David was mocked by the too confident defenders, till Joab stormed it, by way of 'the gutter' (whatever that was). On this ridge, once far loftier than now, probably stood the Akra, whose alien garrison so long defied the Maccabees. They had access to the one perennial spring of Jerusalem, and below them were the rich gardens of Siloam, inhabited by a population unfriendly to the Jews. To this eyrie food could be smuggled from the valley; and from this vantage they could harass the Temple worshippers. There, above you, is the Temple area, with the jutting point from which tradition says James the Just was hurled. From this ravine, polluted through all ages, where once the loathsome worm that died not crawled on the festering remains of criminals, and where the smouldering fires in never-consumed garbage were not quenched, Dives in the Parable looked up at Lazarus in Abraham's Bosom. There is hardly any herbage here; only the thistles and the lily

of desolation and the squirting cucumber, whose useless fruit bursts in the hand. You cross the valley, to the opposite ascent. The path passes beneath rock-tombs, almost certainly here in Christ's time. That curious building, with a great hole in it and a heap of pebbles round its base, is known as Absalom's Tomb, at which Jews cast their stones. The path climbs between stone walls, where tall mulleins stand up like the many-branched golden candlesticks, and you are on the Jericho road. A short distance brings you to the Virgin's Tomb—also grave of the scandalous Queen Millicent. Beside this fine Crusading church, which is now far below the level of the ground, is the Grotto of the Agony, a cave whose simplicity is welcome. The Franciscans' Gethsemane is a hundred yards to your right, where you may see the old olives and be given a handful of exquisite flowers and sprigs of rosemary, 'for remembrance.'[1]

The road turns sharply to the left, crosses the dry Kedron, and turns to right again by the shelter erected in honour of St. Stephen. Here a steep climb begins. But first, notice these rough relics of steps cut in the limestone. For a marvel, no Church has appropriated them or defaced them with a shrine. Yet it is hardly doubtful that by these steps Jesus descended from the Temple to the olive-groves.[2] Here are large zizyphs, the tree from which tradition makes the Crown of Thorns. These yawning cracks by the wayside are lined with luxuriant maidenhair. Near the top of the slope a short path between banks of rubbish and cactus hedges leads to St. Stephen's Gate. Inside is the

[1] On Olivet's slopes rosemary bushes grow freely.

[2] I showed these to an extremely ignorant and devout colonel of the R.A.M.C., whom the sight of simple folk doing their daily business on the Via Dolorosa had stirred to a passion of bigotry—'That's just like us. Any other nation would hound these people off. It's the most sacred ground in the world.' (No, he was not a Roman Catholic.) Heaps of fragments, detached by time and time's vicissitudes, lay strewn on the steps. Yet next day he informed me that he had run down in his car, having borrowed a hammer, and chipped a piece off the stair!

old Crusading Church of St. Anne, which Saladin made a Moslem theological school and which covers the supposed Pool of Bethesda, now being excavated. You will find a Roman pillar there, with a floriated capital, and a notice 'Piscine Probatique.'[1] But return to the main road. It turns to left again, and runs directly beneath the noble walls. Nowhere do the walls show to more impressive advantage. In five minutes you reach Herod's Gate. It was near this spot that Godfrey of Boulogne mounted his ladder, and first of the Crusaders entered the city. These banks, which only half cover the remains of Herod's wall, are a great place for glow-worms. In this part of the city took place that memorable streaming-away, when from sunrise to sunset the poor escaped through the postern of St. Lazarus, permitted by Saladin, after the fall of Jerusalem, to depart without ransom.

A brief distance further, and you pass the huge grottoes named Jeremiah's, and the eyeless sockets in the limestone hillock which Conder and General Gordon thought was 'the Place of a Skull.' Certainly here Jewish tradition puts the common place of execution, and near by the earliest tradition puts the death of Stephen. Almost opposite are the far-stretching caves beneath the city, called Solomon's Quarries, a great resort of freemasons. A little further, and you are at the Damascus Gate, where you may see the arch of Herod Agrippa's second wall. Here the street El-Wad runs into the heart of the city, over the course of the Tyropoean Valley. This, if followed, will bring you to the Via Dolorosa, and the old Cotton-merchants' Market, a deserted vaulted bazaar. The economic centre of Jerusalem has moved to the Jaffa Gate and the west. The British occupation has so cleansed the city's foulness that few will suspect how unspeakable this once crowded mart had become. Streets entering El-Wad

[1] Translated by a Scots doctor, in good faith, 'Fishing is Prohibited.'

lead in a few minutes to the Haram, the Praetorium sites, or the Holy Sepulchre.

The road to Jericho is the scene, Easter by Easter, of the start of the procession to Nebi Musa, in the Jordan Valley. This festival, which Saladin established as a counter-move to the great Christian festivals, during the war was honoured by the presence of officials who were in the true succession of other statesmen whom this city has known—'to the philosopher all religions are equally false, to the people equally true, to the politician equally useful.' One minor evil of the War, especially in the East, was to furnish opportunities of administration unchecked by either responsibility or the necessity of keeping to a budget. The opportunities were immensely enjoyed by a number of military—or, more frequently, quasi-military—gentlemen, who were able to put into practice their notions of statesmanship. We have reaped the harvest since, in the contempt of the Moslem world and their conviction that we dread their religious displeasure. So, on April 11, 1919, for the Nebi Musa festival we lined the road with Mohammedan troops, a natural and justifiable courtesy; the Military Governor and his staff were present, the former being conspicuously affable; the Manchesters provided a band, which played before the procession, and a guard of honour, who marched before it. In the Mufti's courtyard, the band played till the sacred flag was brought in. When the flag came, the Mufti held it forth on a salver, the band and guard were called to attention, and the second-lieutenant commanding saluted it. This sort of thing, which, as we have reason to remember, was much favoured by the Government of India in its John Company days—days which finished in the conflagration of a savage rebellion—is known as policy. Americans who witnessed it gave it a racier name.[1]

But I would forget the meanness and time-serving, the

[1] I had the honour to be the only unofficial Englishman present.

cowardice and cynicism, which have soiled the noblest city of the world, through her long succession of Pilates and Herods. I would remember, as I close, only her gracious story, and the hills which girdle her, the lights of heaven which make her glorious. I would see again the wonderful contours of the bare heights, or look down from Olivet on Jordan, the perpetual haze of heat and damp in which our soldiers endured days never borne before. Who that has seen can forget the fascination of that view? The battlemented crags beyond, the seething trench, the darker green of Jordan's rankness—'the Pride' or 'Swelling of Jordan,' the black tongues of the river's delta, the steel-blue of that sunken sea? I remember the groves of fig and olive in Kedron's upper cleft, where Athene's owls sat in glaring sunlight or flitted into shadow of the rock-tombs. There lies Olivet, with its dense growth of thistles, the golden and the larger purple, its yellow flax and restharrow, its borage, and in autumn its grace of tender lilies. Midway to the pinewoods and vineyards of Scopus lies the cemetery made for our valiant dead, whom shell and bullet or fever or the serpents by Jordan slew. Yellow flax has made this patch its home, and spreads 'a light of laughing flowers' over the graves. I remember afternoons when the quiet sunlight lay on the hills like a benediction. I remember evening, and a crescent moon set in a sky green with the afterglow of summer sunset. Then there was the first coming of the rains, the first autumnal eve. First, the red shadow of sunset on Olivet's upper slopes, and vast cloud-crags in heaven. Following, a sky of silver-grey blue dimness, over grey olives, grey boulders, grey tombstones. Last of all, a most magical moon, full and glowing, the deepest orange. It is with night that Jerusalem wakes to her full loveliness, and remembers how kings desired her and the thoughts of all nations have turned to her. Nights have I known of moonlight flooding the walls and the long valley of Siloam, when I have wandered round the glorious

city, and looked far down the ravine. Surely nowhere else is such an impression of distance given by so short a space! When our camps were tense with knowledge of the war awakening, and of Allenby's forward move at hand, I have watched the Australians on their tired horses filing up the last stages of the terrible trek from Jericho, man after man in that ghostly quiet, past Gethsemane, past the shadows of hill and olives. I have looked with an awful pity flooding the mind, with thought of their ordeal at hand, and the gallant hearts that a sword would pierce. From Olivet I have seen the city, a veritable New Jerusalem, with a power and appeal unknown by day. No words can describe a 'sight so touching in its majesty.' Neither can words convey—no, not even dimly or afar off—the effect of the full, burning moon rising from the desert, over the hills of Moab. And there are hours of darkness, in the olive groves of Kedron, the fireflies glancing, the glow-worms lighting the stones. And memory casting its effulgent cloud about the spirit. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!'

EDWARD J. THOMPSON.

Notes and Discussions

JEAN BAPTISTE CARRIER

Miss E. H. Carrier, M.A., M.Sc., F.R.Hist. Soc., has just published *The Correspondence of Jean-Baptiste Carrier* during his mission in Brittany in 1793–4. It makes a handsome volume, and is published by Mr. Lane with a portrait frontispiece (15*s.* net). Carrier has an unenviable reputation even among the monsters of the French Revolution. Mignet says that Joseph Lebon and Carrier had displayed 'a cruelty and a caprice of tyranny, which are, however, generally found in those who are invested with supreme human power. Carrier, having more victims to strike, surpassed even Lebon; he was bilious, fanatical, and naturally bloodthirsty. He had only awaited the opportunity to execute enormities that the imagination even of Marat would not have dared to conceive. Sent to the borders of an insurgent country, he condemned to death the whole hostile population—priests, women, children, old men, and girls. As the scaffold did not suffice for his cruelty, he substituted a company of assassins, called Marat's company, for the revolutionary tribune, and for the guillotine, boats with false bottoms, by means of which he drowned his victims in the Loire. Cries of vengeance and of justice were raised against these enormities.' He was described by a colleague as 'The Tiger of the West,' and this estimate of the 'Great Exterminator' seems to have been handed down by subsequent historians. Miss Carrier's object has been to place upon record a full, clear, and unbiased account of one 'whose personal character and political reputation have suffered from undeserved obloquy; and, incidentally, to open up a new aspect of the French Revolution in which he played so notorious a part.' She rightly maintains that for 'the real character of the man we must go to evidence other than that produced by the evil-tongued pamphleteers of a libellous age, and the interested testimony of those whose guilt was equal to, sometimes, in its egotist intention, even greater than his, but whose salvation lay, in that day of retribution, in their colleague's condemnation.' She has, therefore, spared no pains to present him in a more favourable light by the aid of papers in the National Archives at France and in the Museum at Nantes. She has also gathered material from the journals of the time, and has translated and annotated them with the skill of an expert. On leaving college Carrier worked with ardour and industry for five or six years as third clerk under his uncle, who was procurator at Aurillac. His uncle used to say, 'Carrier is a good worker, and will be a clever man.' In 1779 he went to study law in Paris, and in 1785 was appointed to an office somewhat like that of town clerk

in Aurillac. Madame Tussaud says he had agreeable manners and appearance, and was well constituted to shine in society. He did not forget his friends. During the Terror he secured the release of the Marquise de Miramont, whose family had shown him kindness in his boyhood. He was always ready to recognize the good qualities of others; he was generous; he made no gain out of his mission, he acted as conciliator between contending parties. All these points are brought out in his favour. Miss Carrier feels it safe to say that he was 'not the "mad dog" of Taine's eloquently-worded libel, nor the "horrible monster" of Mignet, Carlyle, and Thiers.' The correspondence describes the mission entrusted to him in 1793 by the National Convention. At Rennes he found everything in the disorder of counter-revolution. This made it impossible for him to leave the town for a single moment. A company of gunners whom he regarded as misguided youths threatened and intimidated good citizens. 'My presence and firmness astonished them, but to accelerate and facilitate the execution of my orders I called to my aid nine companies of brave soldiers of the Fatherland in garrison at St. Malo.' He harangued the different bodies of troops. To the gunners he addressed the most cutting reproaches; to the rest he had only the most flattering things to say. He tells the Committee of Safety that they may count on his winning over all the gunners. After this oration to the soldiers on the Champ de Mars, the tree of liberty was planted 'amid acclamations of joy from a numerous people who spent the rest of the Sunday and all the night in dancing. Shouts of the most patriotic mirth echoed continually from the walls of Rennes.' The pro-consul certainly lacked neither zeal nor enthusiasm. He tells the Minister of Justice: 'I have begun the reforms which the maintenance of the national liberty demands; I will continue this beneficent expurgation until every appointment is filled by a firm and true patriot. I shall be inexorable; nothing shall shake my firmness; my measures will receive, I hope, the universal approbation of all good patriots.'

Carrier had told the Committee of Public Safety that Nantes was the town which above all others required their attention and care. It was full of foreigners, and the merchants and gentlemen, who practically composed the whole town, were recognized counter-revolutionists and supporters of the rebels of the Vendée. Had his health not broken down he says, 'I would have flown to Nantes.' The Committee of Public Safety was anxious that he should go there at once, and on October 5 he set out for the city. 'Rest assured,' he tells the Committee, 'that there, as well as everywhere also, my unshaken firmness will denounce and bring to nought all abuses, traitors, and conspirators.' When he reached Nantes he found in the prisons many who had been arrested as prime movers of the Vendée, and expressed his determination to send them to their own homes to be shot. In a few days he was with the Army of the West, which entered Beaupreau on October 17. Twelve hundred revolutionary prisoners were set free there, and hundreds at other

places. He writes, 'Tears of gladness sprang to our eyes as we rejoiced in the touching spectacle of brave defenders of our fatherland, martyred by the brigands' cruelties, restored to liberty. These unhappy beings, emerging from their cells, seemed to us spectres, no more than pitiful copies of human forms. We were not sure that they still lived until we heard their cries of "Long life to the Republic! Long life to those who have delivered us!" Almost all had printed the word LIBERTY on the skin of their right arm, 'so that,' they said to us, 'our fellow-citizens might know we died free.' That is the happier side of Carrier's character. The darker side appears in a letter from Angers: 'My revolutionary operations are in full swing; there are arrests every day; the guillotine is permanent; miscreants suffer capital punishment; monopolists are discovered; these are their results.' On December 10, 1793, he writes, 'Fifty-eight individuals, termed refractory priests, have been sent from Nantes to Angers; they were at once placed on a ship on the Loire; last night they were one and all swallowed up by the river. What a revolutionary torrent is the Loire!' There had been a previous 'noyade' of ninety priests. That shows Carrier's mercilessness in a terrible light. Nantes was passing through a reign of terror. On December 6 Carrier writes, 'For three weeks public spirit at Nantes has been at revolutionary height. The tricolour floats from every window, civic inscriptions are on view everywhere. Priests have found their grave in the Loire. Fifty-three others are to undergo the same fate.' Carrier's health gave way, and at his own request he was recalled to Paris in February, 1794. Before the year was out he had been tried for his conduct at Nantes, and had suffered the fate he had inflicted on so many. Before the tribunal he justified his cruelties by the cruelty of the Vendéans, and the maddening fury of civil war. 'When I acted the air still seemed to resound with the civic songs of twenty thousand martyrs, who had shouted "Vive la république!" in the midst of tortures. How could the voice of humanity, which had died in this terrible crisis, be heard? What would my adversaries have done in my place? I saved the republic at Nantes; my life has been devoted to my country, and I am ready to die for it.' In December, 1794, he was accompanied to the scaffold by almost the whole of the lower classes of Paris, uttering invectives and gibes. He protested that he had only acted by orders in repressing the anti-revolutionists at Nantes. He 'preserved an unruffled front, "looking fixedly at the people." He mounted the platform of the guillotine "with vivacity," gave his hand to the executioner as a sign that he had no grievance against him, and placed himself, unaided, upon the fatal plank.' Miss Carrier has brought out some brighter sides of his character, and has shown from his own letters with what thoroughness he carried out his horrible task, but there does not seem to be sufficient ground for a reversal of the verdict that history has passed on his ruthless work as pro-consul. We quite agree with Miss Carrier that the psychology of the men of the Convention is an interesting study,

and there is much material for judging Jean Baptiste Carrier on evidence which he himself has furnished. As a piece of historical research the book is marked by rare ability and thoroughness.

THE EDITOR.

A ROMANIST VIEW OF REUNION

FATHER LESLIE J. WALKER, formerly Professor of Philosophy at Stonyhurst College, served as Senior Chaplain to the 19th Division of the Expeditionary Force, where the all-important subject of unity of endeavour and purpose among the Churches was forcibly brought home to him. Had it not been for the war his own attitude might have been that a member of 'the only true communion' could have found it of little possible use to say anything about reunion when it was so plainly impossible. Four years of close contact with men of every possible shade of belief modified his outlook in the matter. His present position is that 'Reunion with Rome is undoubtedly for the majority of Englishmen and Scotsmen a long way off, but it is also undoubtedly much nearer than it was fifty or ten years ago. The desire of a world-wide and united Church is growing stronger every day, and though it appeals to men mainly as an ideal, they admit that the Church that is world-wide and one, must of necessity be included. This means that reunion with Rome must some day become for all Christians a practical problem, and that already we should be looking ahead with a view to preparing the way for it.' Some complain, he says, that the Oxford movement and the Free Catholic movement among Nonconformists are keeping men out of 'the one true Church. On the contrary, they are providing us with hundreds of converts, and what is of even greater moment, are working as a leaven in the country at large, dispelling ignorance, breaking down prejudice, and leading men from truth to truth, in a way that to us is impossible. Reunion is a long way off, but the path to it is being rapidly straightened, thanks largely to the tireless zeal and endless patience of those who, as yet, see with us in part only.' Father Walker shows how the war has led to a broadening of sympathy and widening of outlook. That means a notable advance. 'Unity can come only if we seek it in common, and have first of all a like desire and a mutual understanding.' The war has broken down many barriers. 'Before the war Catholics and Free Churchmen regarded each other almost as hereditary foes; during the war priests and ministers have not only worked together as comrades, sharing often the same mess and sometimes the same billet, but they have also met together weekly or monthly—sometimes under a Roman Catholic, sometimes under a "Protestant" senior—to discuss affairs of mutual interest, have rendered one another innumerable small services, have become friendly, and at times even intimate, and so have come to understand one another and to appreciate one another's ideals and devotion as they never could otherwise have done. Antagonism, suspicion, prejudice, and mis-

understanding have given place to sympathy and mutual esteem.' Father Walker writes under the conviction that the clue which is going to solve all our differences can be discovered, and his aim is to throw out suggestions such as history seems to make for a solution.

The first of his seven essays is on 'The Need of Reunion.' We have to deal with 'the growth of sceptical indifference.' To our fathers conscientious objectors were one and all frauds. They did not realize the injustice or the futility of persecution. Now the faith is becoming a matter of no consequence at all for the multitude. 'Whereas in days gone by men were equally ready to inflict or to suffer martyrdom in the cause of any principle that they believed to be part of Christ's revelation, in our day men are rapidly becoming oblivious of the fact that Christ has given the world a revelation at all, and seem to care very little whether He has done so or not.' Indifference is rampant among all classes and in all countries. Anti-Christian organizations on the Continent are powerful, and of the rising generation educated in the National Schools of France a large proportion will know nothing about Christianity, except to its discredit. Father Walker holds that sectarianism is largely to blame for the indifference that prevails in English-speaking countries to-day. 'They will have nothing to do with Christianity, with its contradictory faiths and its unchristian squabbling.' Ignorance is another fruitful source of indifference. England will not become Christian again, 'so long as catechetical instruction is excluded from our elementary schools, or so long as "the Churches" shirk dogma.'

Father Walker defends the position taken by the Pope in the war. He saw that the principle of the militarist that might is right had led to the war. 'That was why Leo had warned the world against militarism, and that was why Benedict insisted in his peace note that the first condition of peace should be that "the moral force of right replace the material force of arms."' The Pope, in the judgement of dispassionate men, trifled with the situation and utterly failed to defend the cause for which Cardinal Mercier and his people suffered so terribly. Rome will never recover from the discredit brought upon her by the attitude of the Vatican.

After this interlude we return to the main problem. 'In the eighteenth and the first half of the nineteenth centuries the process of disintegration went on apace both among the Presbyterians of Scotland and among the newly-formed community of Wesleyans in England. Of desire for reunion there was scarcely a trace. It was enough that there should be "unity of spirit," and this was supposed to be realized already in the hearts of Christ's quarrelling brethren in spite of their differences!' Father Walker says the Fernley Lecture of 1878 'struck for Nonconformists a new note, at once more Christian, more Catholic, more hopeful.' 'This famous lecture,' he adds, 'marks the beginning of a new epoch in Nonconformist thought, which adopted a broader outlook.' It was delivered

at Brunswick Chapel, Newcastle, by the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, and was entitled, 'The Holy Catholic Church, the Communion of Saints.' Long before the war a movement towards reunion had begun. The war has stimulated the desire for it and made it 'so earnest, so practical, and so determined as to-day it unquestionably is. If a league of nations, why not a league of Churches? If unity of command, unity of organization, and unity of front amongst the allied armies, with victory as its consequence, why not unity of command, unity of organization, and unity of front amongst the Churches in the war with scepticism and indifference?' The war has drawn ministers of different Churches into friendly co-operation. Christian Churches are fast becoming allies, and it remains only for a way to be found, and they will become even more than that. The problem of reunion between East and West is discussed. Then we come to the problem of a Catholic-Protestant reunion. The *Evangelical Free Church Catechism* drawn up in 1898 is described as of great significance from more than one point of view, though from the Catholic point of view it is sadly deficient. Faith must be the basis of reunion, but 'it must be the faith that Christ bequeathed to us, faith unmutilated, whole, and entire.' There the Catholic Church is 'intransigent and irreformable.' That might seem to render any discussion of a Catholic-Protestant union futile. But Mr. Walker sees evident signs of an awakening of Catholic faith among those who belong to non-Catholic Churches. Catholics have been praying for the conversion of England, and are praying for it still, not only in this country but at the shrine of our Lady at Lourdes, 'and it looks as if the Author of Faith were beginning to answer those prayers—not perhaps in the way we expected. He seldom does that. But in His own way. Not by conversions only, numerous as they are, but also by that movement which has already brought back half the Anglican Church to Catholic faith, and, stranger still, by a like movement amongst Nonconformists, young as yet, but rapidly developing. The zeal, devotion, energy expended so unsparingly, so courageously, and so persistently in spite of well-nigh insuperable obstacles, is plainly of God.' Father Walker claims that the Catholic Church attracts by her wonderful unity, her indisputable continuity with the Church of apostolic days, by 'her genuine Catholicity, for she is literally world-wide, everywhere offers her one pure sacrifice, everywhere appeals by the mute yet inspiring beauty of her churches, where the Real Presence dwells, giving to them that intimacy and peace, that homeliness and comfort, which God's presence alone can give. She attracts also by her holiness, which manifests itself at once in a stern condemnation of sin and of the principles that lead to sin; is fostered by the sacramental grace which she persistently offers at all periods of man's life and as an antidote to sin; is encouraged by external means which others now are borrowing—ritual, art, retreats, orders and confraternities, devotional works, treatises on morality, asceticism, and the spiritual life.'

Protestants rejoice in every gift of the Spirit manifest in Roman-

ism, but they do not lack the evidence of His presence in their own worship, nor do they forget what this book overlooks, the terrible corruption and perversion which has marked many ages of Roman Catholic history. Father Walker quotes a passage from Dr. Orchard's *Outlook for Religion* which dwells on these attractions and repulsions. He says 'it is almost as if some artist had painted a glorious portrait which some puny imp had afterwards covered with smudges.' It is true, however, to history, and Father Walker's apologia does not take away its stings. As to the Bible he maintains that 'within a Church which is guided by the Spirit, a written Book may be of inestimable value, since to the inspiration and meaning of that Book the Spirit may testify; but without a Spirit-guided Church, a written Book is useless, except as a witness to historical fact, or as the expression of human opinion. Once get rid of the Church, and the Messias, to whose coming the gospels bear witness, has ceased to live in the world, and so has ceased for us to be a Messias. He has become a dead letter, which we may interpret as we please.' The way out of the chaos in which Protestantism has involved us is 'to get rid of that principle which Luther introduced in contravention of the apostolic rule. Either Christianity must go, or private judgement about it.' That really means that we are to surrender our own reason and to resign our fallible minds to the infallible guidance of the Church of Rome. Any one who dreams that this is possible knows little of the spirit of Protestantism, and has a strangely unflattering estimate of the words of Christ Himself.

The last essay brings us to the heart of the matter. 'The Catholic Church, i.e. those Churches the world over which are in communion with Rome, claims that in her, and in her alone, is to be found the concrete embodiment and living expression of the Messias.' There can be only one such embodiment, therefore other Churches do not belong to the true Church, though they may be sheep outside the fold. Christ may give guidance to individuals without, but to the true Church alone does He give 'corporate guidance; for she alone is the ark which He has appointed and formed as the means whereby men may be saved.' Father Walker rightly says, 'Were this claim accepted, the problem of reunion would be solved.' But there is no hope of its being accepted. Rome is not truly Catholic whilst she denies that Christ corporately dwells in other Communions which have as manifest tokens of His grace and the power of His Spirit as Rome herself. The Protestant who rejoices in every sign of divine grace in Romanism and in her sons and daughters is more truly Catholic than Rome herself. We are asked, it is urged, to give up not our own mistakes but those of our ancestors. In denouncing the old Church and separating from her, the reformers denounced not the Church only, but Christ Himself. We are invited to receive something back which was lost through no fault of our own. On many matters in dispute between Catholics and Protestants it is suggested there is no need for uniformity. Were the Catholic Church to become more democratic in such matters she would sacrifice no

principle. Father Walker names 'celibacy, communion in one kind, the use of a dead language in her liturgy, abstinence, fasting, the question of extempore prayer, lay preachers, lay representation in synods and councils, lay management in the temporal affairs of a parish, the advisability of granting to the laity a voice in choosing their pastors.' These are held out as possible concessions, but who would accept transubstantiation, the claims of the priesthood, and the refusal of private judgement, not to mention a host of other things which Protestants regard as alien to the spirit of Christianity? Rome may persuade some Protestants to join her, but those who have reached strong convictions of the truth of the Bible and the leading of the Holy Spirit will not easily take upon themselves that yoke of bondage which the Reformation snapped from their shoulders. Whilst acknowledging the fine spirit of Father Walker's essays, they can only pray that Rome herself may gain fuller light and broader charity. Her corruptions were responsible for the rent in Christendom, and for that there is no healing, till she gains more of the mind of Christ.

THE MYSTERY AND MIRACLE PLAYS

The dramatic instinct is inherent in humanity. The Book of Job is in dramatic form, and considerable portions of the books of Isaiah and of the minor prophets are undoubtedly dramatic in form and conception. It is not to be wondered at that the Church, always so adaptable to the strength and weakness of humanity, should have made use of this universal instinct. In English literature tendencies are seen which contained the seeds of the drama. A popular form of poem was the Debate; either between the soul and the body, or between animals and birds. One middle English poem is called, 'Debate between the Soul and Body.' It is vivid and impressive and a genuine dialogue. There are passages in *Beowulf* which in my judgement are essentially dramatic, as in the debate between Unferth and Beowulf as to the Breca Swimming Match, and Cynewulf's *Elene* marks a distinct stage in advance in its dramatic character. After the Conquest the influence of the innumerable 'debats' and estrifs of French literature made itself felt. The soil was ready for the Church's sowing of the seed of the drama. It appealed to something inherent and fundamental. It was in no sense a new creation, but an adaptation of something already existing. The modern drama has its roots in an ineradicable instinct of humanity. We see it in the imitative faculty so strong in children. It is akin to the passion that is responsible for the crowding of the picture palaces, and rightly directed the dramatic instinct may be prolific of good. The English drama originated in the ceremonies of the Roman Church. Gorgeous robes of priests and choir-boys, processions, banners, lighted candles, and solemn music, have appealed to this inherent love of the spectacular in humanity and have produced an atmosphere of mystery and awe, as of something afar from the sphere of our sorrow. The ser-

vices of the Church for Christmas and Easter Days were rudimentally dramatic. On Christmas Day a choir boy announced the birth of Christ, and a cradle was improvised, over which stood two priests as midwives. On Easter Day the meeting of the disciples with the women coming from the sepulchre was thus rendered.

Disciples: What didst thou see, Mary?

Mary: The body of the living Christ, risen from the dead.

The clergy saw their opportunity and seized it. The first dramatic performance of which we have any trace was at Dunstable in 1109. One Gregory, a schoolmaster in that town, wrote *St. Katherine* in Latin. His pupils were the actors. He borrowed ecclesiastical robes from the neighbouring church of St. Albans for the use of the actors. They were destroyed by a fire that very night, and Gregory in remorse became a monk of St. Albans. Little did he know how abundant would be the harvest of that day's sowing. In the following century one Hilarius, a pupil of Abelard and an Anglo-Norman, wrote and performed three plays, based on the Raising of Lazarus, an incident in the Passion, and on St. Nicholas. In Hilarius the differentiation in these religious dramas is set forth. The plays based on Scriptural subjects are called Mysteries, and those on lives of saints, Miracles. These plays of Hilarius date from the thirteenth century. The institution of the Feast of Corpus Christi (June) in 1264 caused the efflorescence of the religious drama. Great crowds of people gathered together to witness the gorgeous processions in which the sacred host was carried through the streets of towns and villages. And the guilds saw their opportunity. Before the end of the century cycles of Mysteries and Miracles had been produced in the cities of York and Chester and London; at Kendal, Preston, Coventry, and Wakefield. The latter's proximity to the Abbey of Woodkirk provided the clergy of Wakefield with the material for their representations. Originally these performances were confined to the Church itself. In the *St. Nicholas* of Hilarius, the saint stood in the niche generally occupied by his statue, and at a given point he descended into the Choir to restore some stolen property of one who had appealed to him for help, and then returned to his niche. No doubt such performances greatly increased the devotion of the faithful. As the performances became more elaborate and the crowd more unruly, they were removed to the front of the Church. The stage in two platforms was erected at the Church door. The churchyard was crowded, graves were trampled upon, roars of laughter at the antics of devils and imps resounded through God's acre, and the sacred precincts were desecrated. Then the venue was again removed to the village green or other open space. By the time of the production of the great York, Wakefield, and Chester cycles, the stage was on wheels, and was drawn through the streets so as to accommodate the people. There were usually two storeys to the stage. The lower was the dressing-room. Above were Hell, Earth, and Heaven. The actors frequently moved about, especially the demon, among the spectators and caused huge merriment. The

staging, scenery, properties, and actors were by this time no longer the monopoly of the clergy. Robert of Brunne had voiced the Church's censure. He had said in *Handlyng Synne* that stage plays were forbidden, except those performed in connexion with the services of the Church, as being the cause of sin. Similar protests are found in Middle English literature. How far this may have been the result of the fact that the clergy objected to the participation of the laity or to their righteous indignation at the abuses that arose is open to conjecture. Various trade guilds vied with each other in the magnificence of the productions and made themselves responsible for them. Thus the bookbinders and parchment purveyors represented the story of Abraham; the carpenters that of Noah's Flood or the Crucifixion; the hosiers and cardmakers and fishmongers and plasterers each had their episode in the great world drama, whose matter ranged from the Creation to the Day of Judgement. In these ancient cycles we find the germs of the Shakesperian drama.

The Wakefield and York cycles are the most important. There are certain features in these two cycles, as Courthope points out, which show a common origin, and others which indicate a different motive. The York plays were theological, the Wakefield more human. There is a boisterous humour in the latter lacking in the former. Noah's wife is represented as a shrew and Isaac is naturally very anxious to save his own skin. Abraham himself in the Wakefield play shows little of that spirit of obedience to the Divine Will so well set forth in the York plays. He is just a human father who dreads the awful course of killing his own son. The idyllic pastoral subject of the Shepherds in the Christmas play has become almost farcical in the Wakefield plays. The incident of 'Mak,' the shepherd (his very name probably local), hiding the stolen sheep in his wife's cradle, and gulling his companion shepherds, no doubt produced roars of laughter in the audience. These mysteries and miracles, I hold, contain the germ of the Elizabethan drama. I am amazed at Morley's dictum that they are in no sense the origin of our drama. For they kept the dramatic instinct alive through centuries, and the crowds of actors in plays like *Noah's Flood*, the common people uttering their thoughts, the shrewish wife of Noah, the soldiers and citizens and priests at the Passion Plays, contain the germ of the first, second, third, and fourth citizen in the Shakesperian plays, of the minor characters and indeed of some of the principal characters, as e.g. Katherine in the *Taming of the Shrew*. That Shakespeare himself was well acquainted with these plays is proved by his own words. He speaks of 'o'er doing Termagant' and 'outheroding Herod' in *Hamlet*.

The Mysteries gave place to the Moralities with the increase of culture and education. The 'Moralities' were, dramatically, a distinct setback. Vices and virtues, and inclinations and passions took the place of concrete personalities like Mak and Noah's wife. The *Little Drama of the Crucifixion*, published by the Epworth Press, is a fair specimen of the more serious dramas of the Middle Ages. It is one of the most beautiful survivals from that primitive age.

ERNEST J. B. KIRTLAN.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Reign of Religion in Contemporary Philosophy. By S. Radhakrishnan, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 12*s.* net.)

We are accustomed to read Eastern philosophy set forth from the Western standpoint, but it is an unusual and more interesting experience to follow a critical review of Western philosophy, in its modern pluralistic tendencies, from the standpoint of the East. Mr. Radhakrishnan is professor of philosophy at the University of Mysore. This book stamps him as a critic of ability; lucid, fair, and always courteous. He reviews Leibniz, Ward, Bergson, Pragmatism, James, Eucken, Russell, and Personal Idealism with insight and restraint. As one would expect from a student of the Upanishads, his own standpoint is that of Absolute Idealism; indeed, his criticism seems generally to suggest that most of the philosophers he reviews are really inconsistent or unconscious absolutists, and he presents the virtues of Absolutism with no little seductiveness. At the same time, he speaks as if it were a single homogeneous system, instead of a school with a distinct right and left wings,—a proceeding that leaves him free to be

> To its virtues very kind,
> And to its faults a little blind.

Perhaps the difference between the author and the thinkers he criticizes is best revealed by a significant paragraph in the preface. 'Systems which play the game of philosophy squarely and fairly,' says the author, 'with freedom from presuppositions and religious neutrality, naturally end in absolute idealism; and if they lead to other conclusions we may always suspect that the game has not been played according to the rules. The current pluralistic systems are the outcome of the interference of religious prejudice with the genuine spirit of speculation.' This is a delightfully unconscious revelation of the mind of an intellectualist. Philosophy is mental chess. The rules were coded by Plato and Aristotle, and must be observed. There must be no presuppositions, except the huge presupposition that by intellectual factors alone we can comprehend the meaning of experience. There must be no prejudice, except the prejudice in favour of that gigantic postulate, the Absolute. Add a truly Greek scorn for the vulgar and their common-sense postulates, and an assumption that neither moral nor religious issues concern the genuine spirit of speculation. Play the 'game' on such lines, and the result will probably be Absolutism. It certainly has been centuries of logic-chopping. The author scarcely appreciates the

fact that 'the interference of religious prejudice' is an insistent conviction that philosophy cannot succeed by ignoring half the data, and that mental chess can never yield a satisfying metaphysic. We cannot, therefore, accept Mr. Radhakrishnan's estimate of the conditions or the conclusions of philosophy, but we can appreciate the valuable expression of the mind of the cultured East which this interesting volume presents.

History of Religions. By George F. Moore, D.D. (T. and T. Clark. 14*s.*)

Professor Moore's first volume was published in 1913, and many causes have delayed the issue of the second and concluding volume. It deals with the three monotheistic religions—Judaism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism. In all three the idea of revelation is fundamental and in each the ideal of uniformity assumed political forms. Judaism never had the opportunity of ruling over the nations of the earth in the name of the Lord, but 'in Christianity and Islam the idea of empire as the embodiment of religion dominated centuries of history, and ruthless wars of conquest glorified themselves as the victories of the faith.' Dr. Moore has aimed to state facts impartially and in just proportion, to trace the development of ideas and institutions, and define the forces, internal and external, which were operative in this development. He has tried to put himself into the position of those who held these views and to treat the subject with imagination and sympathy. Students will be surprised at the range of subjects covered. Judaism is treated in four chapters which give a vivid account of its ancient religion, the influence of the prophets, the school and synagogue, and trace the course of mediaeval and modern Judaism. Eleven chapters are given to Christianity in its successive stages from the Apostolic age to the Modern Tendencies. Wesley's work is briefly but sympathetically sketched. 'A comparison with Ignatius Loyola inevitably suggests itself—a comparison as instructive in its differences as its resemblances.' The last seven chapters give the history of Mohammed and of the Caliphate, with a full account of the theology, worship, and morals of Islam and its extravagant sects and derivative religions. The pages on the Druses are of special interest. Dr. Moore covers familiar ground, but his study is eminently suggestive, and those who know most about the three religions under review will appreciate his work most highly.

Pantheistic Dilemmas and other Essays in Philosophy and Religion. By Henry C. Sheldon. (New York: Methodist Book Concern. $2.50 net.)

Prof. Sheldon's new essays range from Pantheism to Pragmatism, Mysticism, Bahaism, and the work of Bergson and John Henry Newman. He is a wise and clear-sighted critic, and thinkers will know how to prize these fine studies. In the study of Newman

he holds that official Romanism can regard him with very little complacency, and must wish to restrict the circle of his influence. Broad-minded Protestants will apprize highly his literary gift, his poetic sensibility, his deep and constant religious aspiration, but will recognize that 'he was too little acquainted with his age both on the philosophical and the critical side, and was too scantily endowed with penetrating insight into the conditions of great problems, to be qualified to exercise any large or permanent intellectual mastery.'

The Philosophy of Faith and the Fourth Gospel. By the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Wilfred J. Richmond, Hon. Canon of Winchester. (12*s.* net.)

The Epistles of St. John. By Charles Gore, D.D. (John Murray. 6*s.* net.)

Canon Richmond has sought to give his friend's thought and teaching as a coherent whole in seven sections, headed Reason and Feeling, Reason and Faith, Reason and Fact, Reason and Fellowship, Sin and Sacrifice, The Church, The Ethics of Social Life. He quotes Dr. Holland's words, choosing passages that are constructive rather than controversial. Some of his reminiscences of Oxford fifty years ago are prefixed to these chapters. The second section, on the Fourth Gospel, includes two Introductions, a note on the Prologue, and an Appendix. It is suggestive and illuminating in a high degree. The book seems to allow us to look into Dr. Holland's mind and heart, and all his friends will be grateful for it. It is hoped to issue a volume prepared by the Rev. N. S. Talbot, which will give full notes of his lectures as Regius Professor at Oxford. Bishop Gore's Exposition is intended to interest ordinary men and women in St. John's Epistles, which have a special message for our time. If there were a Christian Church really organized to live the life there described it would have an infinite force and attractiveness. The Introduction, with its frank discussion of authorship, date, and other problems, will really help candid inquirers to master the situation. The exposition itself is both practical and scholarly, and furnishes much food for devout thought.

St. Paul: His Life, Letters, and Christian Doctrine. By A. H. McNeile, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 10*s.* net.)

Since the days of Conybeare and Howson, the volume of Pauline literature has been steadily increasing. The scholarship of many lands has been engaged on the theme. Schweitzer, in the work translated into English under the title *Paul and his Interpreters*, failed to do justice to the work of English scholars, referring to Hatch, but omitting Ramsay, who has done more for St. Paul than even Deissmann. Hence the justification of a scholarly work for students as a guide to the best that has been written on the apostle; and this is what is offered by Dr. McNeile, so favourably known

already by his fresh and lucid commentary on St. Matthew. Here are the same qualities—precision of statement, clearness of view, scholarly insight, and sanity of judgement. We may miss a full discussion of such questions as the relation of St. Paul to Hellenism and the mystery cults, of his Christology and attitude to the historic Jesus, but the reader finds that he is put in possession of all the essential factors for forming a judgement on these problems. The book, which is arranged in three sections, dealing with the life, epistles, and doctrine of St. Paul, is prefaced by a most valuable introduction in which the author treats of the difficult question of Pauline chronology. He differs from the scheme of Prof. C. H. Turner by dating the conversion 39 instead of 35—a theory which necessitates the dating of the first visit to Jerusalem at 42, the second visit at 46, and the first missionary tour at 47. 1 and 2 Thessalonians are dated at 51, with the possibility of Galatians being written as early as 49. Dr. McNeile has done wisely in placing this discussion in the forefront of his book instead of relegating it to an appendix. He favours the South Galatian theory, and also accepts the view that St. Paul's career ended with the close of the Acts, and that the apostle was beheaded before the Neronian persecution of 64. Enough has been said to show that this is a study which no serious student of the New Testament can neglect. It is full of suggestion: no critical point is overlooked; it puts concisely matter not always so presented (e.g. chapter on the *Classes of Christian Converts*); and is a quite admirable textbook on the Christianity of St. Paul.

Christian Freedom. **By Francis E. Hutchinson, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.)**

The Hulsean Lecturer for 1918–19 has treated freedom as the indispensable condition of reaching truth. He does not hesitate to call in question traditional teaching where he thinks that it does not represent the mind of Christ, which the Church exists to carry on to the new issues of succeeding ages. His first lecture regards Christ as liberator of humanity. His spiritual and intellectual freedom is seen from His attitude to the Scriptures. The second lecture discusses St. Paul's view especially in Galatians, the charter of Christian freedom; the third shows the incompleteness of the Reformation as an Emancipating Movement. Luther did not work himself free from the old uncritical literalism, and Calvin was 'mediaeval in temper and method.' The Quakers and other sects stood for freedom, and it had some notable champions in the Church of England. The fourth lecture is entitled, The Church in Bondage. Mr. Hutchinson urges that the Church should be a fellowship in the exploration of Christian faith and life, but this fellowship is unduly narrowed and embarrassed by the Church's insistence on the definitions of the past. He finds the true bond of unity in devotion to the One Master. A sermon on 'Sincerity and Truth' is added to the lectures, which makes the same plea for loyalty to the essence of truth rather than to its forms. It is a thought-provoking book.

The Revelation of John. **By Arthur S. Peake, M.A., D.D. (Holborn Press. 6s. net.)**

Dr. Peake was suddenly called on to fill the place of Dr. Guttery as Hartley Lecturer for 1919, and chose for his subject the Revelation of St. John. He faces all the problems of a thorny subject, and does not hesitate to confess that on certain questions he has not been able to reach a decision. He cannot decide whether the book was written by St. John, for though the external testimony seems decisive, the difference in style between the Gospel and the Revelation is so remarkable that many scholars think that they could not have come from the same hand. Dr. Peake thinks the date may probably be set down at 93 A.D. and adopts a praeterist scheme of interpretation with certain modifications. His exposition of the symbolism commends itself strongly to us, and there is much about the art of the book, its teaching, and its permanent value which will be studied with interest and pleasure. It is certainly one of the sanest and most instructive books on the subject, and we hope it will be widely studied.

Prayer in the Light of the Fatherhood of God. **By Conrad A. Skinner, M.A. (Cambridge: Heffer & Sons.)**

It is possible better to appreciate the spirit and purpose of this book than its theology. Earnest petitionary prayer may be a sign of an untaught soul, but Mr. Skinner, in reacting against the 'sturdy beggar' attitude, seems to us to go too far altogether in deprecating prayer for material good. The interpretation of 'Give us this day our daily bread' as meaning solely spiritual food is a thought that would strike no one unless, like Mr. Skinner, he had a preconceived position to defend. One feels that if prayer had been restricted, as Mr. Skinner restricts it, not even allowing that it is right to pray that a cross may be removed, it would soon have ceased to be. It may be that for some spiritual experiences such a view of prayer is helpful; but surely it is the will of God that each man should pray as he feels, according to his needs, and not according to another's theory.

The Hope of Man. Four Studies in the Literature of Religion and Reconstruction. **By W. H. Hutton, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 5s. net.)**

The Dean of Winchester preached these sermons before the University of Oxford. They seek to show that the vast problems which Europe is now confronting are not in their essence new, but have been considered from one point of view or another by Christian thinkers in the past. The subjects are The Almightiness of God, The Attraction of Christ, The City of God, The Hope of the World. The fact that God is Almighty is an ever-true and ever-bracing thought; and the Passion, the Cross, the Resurrection all show the marvellous attraction of God presented to humanity in His Son. The City of

God dwells on St. Augustine's great apologetic and on More's *Utopia*; the Hope of the World has much to say of Boetius and Turgot. Christianity alone is the religion of Hope. The future of the world depends on man's union with God. The literary allusions add freshness and point to these arresting studies.

The Methodist Book Concern, New York, has published three attractive little volumes. *Theology of a Modern Methodist*, by Raymond Huse ($1 net), is a popular exposition of the essential truth in the doctrines of the Trinity, the Atonement, the Holy Spirit, and kindred subjects. It is both readable and convincing.—*Missionary Morale*, by George A. Miller (75 *c.* net), may be strongly commended to missionary societies and missionary workers. It points out the perils of the field and the secrets of success in an impressive and arresting manner.—*Flutes of Silence*, by Lucius H. Bugbee ($1 net), is a set of Meditations on Prayer, The Power of the Spirit, The Quiet of Unquestioning Faith, &c. It is crisp, well-illustrated, and full of good sense and discernment.—*Premillennialism*, by G. F. Mains (Abingdon Press, $1 net), regards it as 'a false and harmful philosophy of Christ's spiritual plans for the human world.' The survey is acute and well-reasoned. It is a book which many feel the need of.—The Abingdon Press send us *New Thoughts on an Old Book*, by William A. Brown ($1 net), a picturesque and suggestive account of the Bible and its writers. There is much to learn from it, and it is a pleasure to get such a teacher.—*Hear ye Him*, by Charles N. Pace ($1 net), is a devotional study of the viewpoint, authority, spirit, example, &c., of Jesus Christ, beautifully written and with apt illustrations.—*The Democracy of Methodism*, by James A. Geissinger (50 *c.* net), shows that the constitution of the Methodist Episcopal Church is really democratic. It answers various criticisms candidly and effectively.

Christ's Thought of God. By J. M. Wilson, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net.) Canon Wilson quotes the saying of a soldier in hospital: 'I'm a Christian all right, Padre; it's what the parsons say about God that stumps me.' He sets himself in ten sermons preached in Worcester Cathedral to bring out our Lord's teaching. His conceptions of morality, worship, and human relationship must have arisen from some widely different thoughts of God from those of the ancient Jewish and Roman world. One of the most helpful sermons is an explanation of certain difficulties in the Athanasian Creed. The last sermon shows how the conception of God as Spirit, Life-Force, strengthens our sense of co-operation with God. We think of Him as acting on Nature from within by His Spirit, rather than on it from without. The volume is wonderfully lucid and wonderfully helpful.—*The Divinity of Man.* By Reginald Wells. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) This book has grown out of a series of conferences held when the writer was chaplain on H.M.S. *Lord Nelson*. The discussions were well attended, but as they went on regular Church mem-

bers tended to absent themselves more and more frequently, but the number of 'non-sectarians' steadily increased. Mr. Wells has since resigned his position as a parish clergyman, and we are not surprised. He believes that Jesus was God, but holds that the divinity of all men differs from Christ's in degree not in kind. There is much that is somewhat crude and undigested in the attempt to explain the problems of theology.—*The Faith of the New Testament.* By Alexander Nairne, D.D. (Longmans. 6*s.* net.) Canon Nairne's Hulsean Lectures are a study of the various books of the New Testament in the light of the best criticism and research. He begins with the gospel, passes to the Pauline epistles, and closes with St. John. It is a study that will send readers back to the New Testament with added zest, and will throw much light on its development and its historic background. It is always scholarly, yet popular as well.—*The First Easter Morning.* By N. P. Williams. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a suggested harmony of the Narratives of the Resurrection. The truth of the physical resurrection of our Lord is assumed, as is also the *a priori* possibility of miracle. The synoptic accounts are set side by side, and a clear and logical sequence of events is drawn up. Then St. John's account is summarized, and a final synthesis is made of all the four narratives. It is a suggestive study, and will repay careful attention.—*Three Lectures on the Epistle to the Ephesians.* By H. L. Gouge, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) Dr. Gouge seeks to understand this epistle through the mind of St. Paul, whose outlook was essentially that of a Hebrew. The third lecture, on the morality of the Old and New Testament, is fresh and illuminating, and the little book is full of food for thought.—*The Problem of Christian Ethics.* By Ernest W. Young, M.A. (Epworth Press. 3*s.* net.) Mr. Young shows that the Christian ethic excels all others in its motives and dynamics. It is closely related to the Christian revelation and to that Christian consciousness which is the product of divine revelation in the soul of man. There is no antagonism between Christian ethics and philosophical ethics. 'One finds its data in revealed truths regarding the character and purpose of God; the other in normal human experience.' The criticism of Comte's system is acute, and the ethical value of Christian monotheism, of the personal example of Jesus Christ, and of the Christian faith in immortality is well brought out. The style is very clear, and the arrangement and illustrations make the book pleasant and interesting to study.—*Moses, the Founder of Preventive Medicine.* By Percival Wood, M.R.C.S. (S.P.C.K. 4*s.* net.) The idea of this book came to Dr. Wood on war service in Macedonia. He finds in the Pentateuch many fragments which when gathered together point unmistakably to the existence of a fairly complete system of preventive medicine. He pays high tribute to the depth and breadth of the knowledge that could alone have produced such a result. Hygiene, infectious disease, and diet are discussed in an illuminating way.—*Messages that made the Revival.* By Harold C. Morton, B.A. (Epworth Press. 2*s.* net.) John Wesley's teaching

as to the Bible, the Fall, Redemption, and Christian Experience are concisely and clearly arranged in this little volume, and quotations are made from the Standard Sermons and Notes on the New Testament. It is a survey that will appeal not only to Methodists, but to all students of the Evangelical Revival.—*The Christian Use of Money*. Edited by W. F. Lofthouse, M.A. (Epworth Press. 3*s*. net.) The ten essays in this volume are written by members of the Wesleyan Methodist Union for Social Service and cover many sides of a much debated subject. The teaching of the Bible, the attitude of Catholic and Protestant Christianity, the questions of Ownership, Stewardship, the Rule of Service, the Application to Individuals, the Church's use of money are all discussed with knowledge and caution. It is emphatically a book for the times, and those who cannot accept all its teaching will find it stimulates thought and points the way to happier conditions and relations among all classes. It is an honest and enlightened discussion of a difficult subject.—*The Quest* and *The Crusade*. (Epworth Press. 2*d*. net.) These are Nos. 3 and 4 in *The Fellowship of the Kingdom Pamphlets*, edited by J. A. Chapman, M.A. They are a plea for a deeper personal religion and more zeal and enterprise in winning others. They are in themselves a sign of new life in Methodism.—*Making the Most of Life*. By W. Cunningham, D.D., F.B.A. (S.P.C.K. 4*s*. net.) These addresses to American soldier-students at Cambridge were the Archdeacon's last work. The last was prepared but not delivered just before his fatal illness. They deal with the community and the individual, religious, family, and neighbourly life in the most sane and gracious fashion. It is ripe and attractive throughout.—*The Catholic Faith*, by W. H. Griffith Thomas, D.D. (Longmans. 1*s*. 6*d*. net), is a new edition of the well-known Manual of Instruction for members of the Church of England. It is divided into two parts: 'The Catholic Faith and Individual Life,' 'The Catholic Faith and Church Life.' The view of those who hold that 'there are no priestly functions associated with the Christian ministry as such in the New Testament,' could not be more ably or more carefully presented.—*The Living Bread and other Communion Addresses*. By E. E. Helms. (Methodist Book Concern. $1 net.) Forty brief addresses for Communion services. They are chaste, tender, meditative.—*Garments of Power*. By Fred B. Fisher. (Abingdon Press. 75 *c*.) There is a mystic note in this little book which makes it very charming. The writer lived for a time in Agra, and the Indian colour adds to the interest of the meditations.—*Roman Errors and Protestant Truths*. By J. Ernest Rattenbury. (Epworth Press. 2*s*. net.) Six sermons, admirable in temper and full of goodwill to Romanists, but clearly showing the errors and half-truths of the system. Mr. Rattenbury thinks that Rome is gaining ground through the neglect of Bible reading among Protestants. It is a valuable and timely book.—*Philosophy and the Christian Religion*. By Clement C. J. Webb, M.A. (Clarendon Press. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.) This is the Inaugural Lecture delivered by the Oriel Professor of the

Philosophy of the Christian Religion. It pays tribute to Joseph Butler, J. H. Newman, and Matthew Arnold as three members of Oriel who have distinguished themselves in the history of religious thought. The services which Christianity has rendered and still renders to Philosophy are also dwelt on. They cannot be separated, for Christianity is concerned with all things human, and there is nothing more characteristically and distinctly human than Philosophy.—*The Purpose of Prayer*. By John Bretherton. (Student Christian Movement. 6*s*. net.) This is a popular treatment of the philosophy of prayer. Each of the twenty-four chapters grapples with some present-day difficulty. 'Can we still believe in Prayer?' 'Is Prayer for temporal things unscientific?' 'Is sincere Prayer ever unheeded?' Frank and lucid discussion of such problems is a real service, and Mr. Bretherton is everywhere well-informed, sane, and reassuring. His book deserves careful attention, and many will be grateful for it.—*A Bunch of Everlastings*. By F. W. Boreham. (Epworth Press. 6*s*. net.) Here are twenty-two texts that have transformed lives. Mr. Boreham begins with Thomas Chalmers, whose life and ministry were completely changed by St. Paul's words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.' The story is told with rare skill and insight, and it is forcibly applied to heart and conscience. The bunch of everlastings is a memento of a quarter of a century's ministry in the Antipodes, and it will not only charm but inspire all who read it.—*An Introduction to Old Testament Study for Teachers and Students*. By E. B. Redlich, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 6*s*. net.) The writer is Director of Religious Education at Wakefield, and shows how the latest critical results may be used in Bible teaching. He deals with Hebrew literature, codes of laws, the historical books, the conception of God, and the place of worship, prophecy, the canon, &c., in this light, and gives schemes for lessons. We know no book that gathers up the results of the Higher Criticism so completely and thoroughly.

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is issuing some volumes of great value for students. *Documents Illustrative of the History of the Church*. Vol. I to A.D. 313. Edited by B. J. Kidd, D.D. (7*s*. 6*d*. net.) This is a most useful and workmanlike set of extracts ranging from Plato and Demosthenes down to St. Augustine and Jerome. The Didache is given in full. Dr. Kidd was writing *A History of the Church to A.D. 461* when he was asked to make these extracts, and he selected them to illustrate each of its chapters. They cover the ground well, and are of the deepest interest and significance.—*The Library of Photius*. Vol. I. By J. H. Freese. (10*s*. net.) No complete translation of the *Bibliotheca* of Photius has been made into English. It is now proposed to issue it in five volumes, and to provide in a sixth an account of his life and works, a bibliography, and a general index. The first volume gives 165 out of the 279 books read and discussed by Photius and his friends in the absence of Tarasius. Photius had just been appointed am-

bassador to Assyria. It is an extraordinary piece of work. The criticisms are acute, and the accounts of various books, such as *The Life of Chrysostom*, by George, Bishop of Alexandria, is of great interest.—The Dean of Wells has translated *The Demonstration of the Apostolic Preaching*, by St. Irenaeus (*7s.* 6*d.* net), from an Armenian manuscript discovered in 1904. It had been entirely lost sight of, but this manuscript proves to be a fairly close rendering of the original Greek. The wonder is the largeness of his outlook. 'No theologian had arisen since St. Paul and St. John who had grasped so much of the purpose of God for His world.' Dr. Robinson's valuable Introduction dwells on the Document and its Value; The Debt of Irenaeus to Justin Martyr; and Their Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. The volume is one of special interest and importance. —*Dionysius the Areopagite on the Divine Names and the Mystical Theology*. By C. E. Rolt. (*7s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Rolt died at the age of thirty-seven, and Dr. Sparrow-Simpson, to whose care he had been committed as a boy of four after the death of his parents, pays loving tribute to his 'singularly refined and religious character' and to his gifts as a scholar. The Introduction to the work shows Mr. Rolt's ability, and the translation deals skilfully with a difficult Greek text of which no modern critical edition has appeared. The true name of the writer is quite unknown. He was probably a Syrian ecclesiastic living at the end of the fifth century. His speculative theology needs to be studied with caution, as Mr. Rolt and his editor point out, but the treatise is one of very special interest.—*Tertullian against Praxeas*. By A. Souter, D.Lit. (*5s.* net.) This is one of Tertullian's most important works—'the earliest surviving formal statement of the doctrine of the Trinity.' Dr. Souter has devoted great care to the difficult task of translation, and his Introduction gives the facts of Tertullian's life and an informing account of the answer to Praxeas, who insisted on Divine unity to such a degree that he destroyed the doctrine of the Trinity.—*In the Days of Origen*, by the Rev. A. Shirley (*3s.* 6*d.* net), is a tale of the third century, of which Origen is the hero. His courage in times of persecution, his travels, his learning, his preaching and lectures are described in a way that will charm young readers.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Homes and Haunts of the Pilgrim Fathers. By Dr. Alexander Mackennal and H. Elvet Lewis, M.A. (12*s.* net.)

The Pilgrim Fathers of New England and their Puritan Successors. By John Brown, B.A., B.D. (8*s.* 6*d.* net.) (Religious Tract Society.)

Dr. Mackennal's book is in the nature of a pilgrimage, and no better guide could be found in this Tercentenary period. Mr. Elvet Lewis had revised and partly rewritten it, and the Prime Minister has written a preface which dwells on the fresh importance which such a volume has attained now that 'the closer union of Great Britain and America has come to mean so much for the future well-being of the world.' All the scenes connected with the Pilgrims in England and Holland are described in vivid style not only by Dr. Mackennal, but by a wealth of coloured plates, drawings, and photographs by Charles Whymper and others. It is a most attractive memorial of a never-to-be-forgotten event. Dr. Brown's book appears in a fourth edition. It also is illustrated from original drawings by Mr. Whymper, and carries the story across the Atlantic to Plymouth Plantation and the United Colonies. It is no exaggeration to say that many of the Puritan successors of the Pilgrim Fathers, who went over between 1628 and 1648, were of the flower of the English nation. They made grave mistakes in suppressing hostile opinion and persecuting wild and impracticable men, who might have proved harmless enough if left to find their own level in their own way. But when all deductions are made they had a certain moral grandeur, 'a grand masterful sincerity, a noble courage of conviction, an overwhelming sense of the authority of righteousness in human life, and an ever-present consciousness of God's personal rule over the world, in spite of all its confusions.' It will do us all good to get into their company during the Tercentenary celebrations.

Father Maturin. A Memoir with Selected Letters. By Maisie Ward. (Longmans & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Father Maturin was born at Grangegoram Vicarage, just outside Dublin, and became curate to Dr. Jebb, at Peterstow, in Herefordshire, in 1870. He joined the Cowley Brothers in 1878, and was sent in 1876 to work in Philadelphia, where he spent ten years. In 1897 he was received into the Church of Rome, and lost his life when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed in 1915. He was a powerful and popular preacher, and the letters given in this volume show that he wished no one to become a Romanist who was not clearly convinced. 'Try to get nearer to God, use the spiritual helps that you have, and God

will show you His will in His own good time.' A close friendship existed between him and Mr. Wilfrid Ward, whose daughter has prepared this volume. It will be eagerly welcomed and much enjoyed by all who knew the preacher. Miss Ward says he had an imaginative grasp of the lives and characters of the Apostles, which made his hearers feel that they were constantly getting to know intimately these friends of his.

Les Lettres Provinciales de Blaise Pascal. **Edited by H. F. Stewart, D.D. (Manchester University Press. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

This is a working edition of Pascal's famous letters. The text is given from a series of the original quarto pamphlets published between January 27, 1656, and May 14, 1657. Pascal broke off abruptly when he had written about a page of the nineteenth letter. His triumph was then secured. But both Pope and King were hostile, and loyalty to them made Pascal cease the letters as impetuously and abruptly as he had begun them. Dr. Stewart's Introduction gives a brief account of Pascal and Jansenism, and discusses the chief problems—Grace, Casuistry and Probabilism—which are discussed in the letters. Valuable notes throw light on important or obscure points. The secret of Pascal's power is his freedom from trick or mannerism. 'He cannot be parodied or imitated.' His attack stiffened the moral conscience and armed it against the misuse of casuistry. It is a boon to have so compact and well-furnished an edition of an outstanding masterpiece which unites 'wit and eloquence, humour and irony, dramatic power and religious conviction, depth of thought and clearness of expression.'

The Book-Hunter at Home. **By P. B. M. Allan. (Allan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

Mr. Allan has had his own adventures among books, and he dwells on them in a way that will win the heart of all who have gone the same road. He once missed the rarest of English books in heraldry, but secured the same copy a little later by a wonderful bit of good fortune. He has many stories to tell of treasures picked up by discerning book-lovers. This whets the appetite for the chapter on The Library. One collector of books of travel used them to range over the world whilst he sat in his armchair, and of him Mr. Allan gives a lively account. He has much to say about the books which should go to form a library, about shelves and catalogues, on the way to repair books and to keep them in good condition. The chapter on 'Books of the Collector' gives a wealth of detailed guidance as to the volumes which a collector should always have at hand. The book-hunter has many chances of burning his fingers, and Mr. Allan does not forget to warn him of certain perils. He puts in a plea for specialism rather than for indiscriminate collecting. It is a singularly complete and helpful guide for book-hunters.

That Friend of Mine. A Memoir of Marguerite McArthur. By Josephine Kellett. (Swarthmore Press. 7*s.* 6*d* net.)

Marguerite McArthur was the eldest child of Mr. Gordon McArthur who married Miss Finley, of Montreal. The Rev. F. W. Macdonald draws a fascinating picture of the girl, whom he had known from her cradle. She enjoyed youth with its sports and pleasures, but she took life seriously, and not only excelled as a student, but showed a breadth of knowledge and a soundness of judgement in the domain of literature which greatly impressed her old family friend. Mrs. Kellett gives a charming account of Marguerite's childhood and her visits to her grandparents in Canada, her successful course at Newnham, and her studies in Germany. When war broke out she did expert service in the Intelligence Department of the War Office, where her mastery of French and German was of great value. In March, 1918, she went to France to organize libraries and educational work for the soldiers under the Y.M.C.A., and endeared herself to every one by her sympathy and courage. There she died of influenza which developed into pneumonia on February 5, 1919, at the age of twenty-six. Her spiritual life was 'constant and strong, the very foundation of all her happiness,' and she was intensely interested in the Student Christian Movement. Mrs. Kellett draws freely on Miss McArthur's vivid letters, diaries, and notes, and the record is one that every girl in England and in Canada will be proud to read.

The Black-Letter Days of the Prayer-Book Calendar. By George Worley. (Cope & Fenwick.)

This is a very useful little volume. It gives about sixty-seven brief but adequate biographies of the minor saints and events referred to in the Prayer-Book calendar. The greater festivals honoured by red letters have a special collect, epistle, and gospel provided; the arrangements for the black-letter days were left to the discretion of the clergy. Earlier editions of the Book of Common Prayer omitted many black-letter saints, but some were restored in later editions. The black-letter names for January were first introduced into the Reformed Calendar in 1561, but without designations, which were added in 1662, when the Commemoration of King Charles the Martyr was also inserted. The brief biographies are well done.

Erasmus and Luther. Their Attitude to Toleration. By the Rev. Robert H. Murray, Litt.D. With Portraits. (S.P.C.K. 25*s.* net.)

Life in Ireland naturally suggests the study of toleration, and Dr. Murray has been steadily gathering material on the subject for nearly twenty years. His work is one of unusual interest and importance. He sets forth the ideal of reform which Erasmus held in 1516, and the change in his views in 1526, which he ascribes to the

influence exerted by the thought of Luther, the action and reaction to which it gave rise, the character and foreign policy of Charles V and Francis I, and other causes. The contrast between the humanist and the reformer is clearly brought out. 'The heart formed Luther, the head Erasmus. The mysticism of St. Austin moulded the one, the classics the other. The African Father felt his theology, and so did his German follower. The main question with Luther, as with Newman, is the salvation of his soul. The main question with Erasmus is the certainty of truth. The likenesses between Luther and Bismarck furnish an interesting study. The appendix on 'The Conception of Progress in Classical and Renaissance Writers' represents much laborious study, and the bibliography is exceedingly full.

Twentieth-Century French Writers. (Reviews and Reminiscences). By Mary Duclaux. (Collins. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Madame Duclaux has lived for more than thirty years in France, but she is steeped in English thought and literature, and her book will do much to deepen the interest which English readers take in French writers of this century. Not a few of them like Péguy, to whose gifts the war has made Madame Duclaux more ready to pay tribute, and Psichari, the grandson of Renan, who became a convinced and earnest Christian, have laid down their lives for the country. That lends its own pathos to the estimate of their work. The brilliant company of novelists and poets could have found no more sympathetic yet discriminating interpreter. The books that offend against good taste and decorum are duly branded, and suggestions given which will guide those who wish to follow up these studies by further reading of their own. The sketches of Maurice Barrès, Romain Rolland, and Edmond Rostand are of great interest, and the Countess de Noailles is described as 'a really great poet—the greatest that the twentieth century has as yet produced in France, perhaps in Europe.' The book gives a charming set of studies by a master hand.

The Life and Letters of George Alfred Lefroy, D.D., Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan. By H. H. Montgomery, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 14*s.* net.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury says that among missionary experts no one gave him quite the same sense of continued enthusiasm as the Bishop of Calcutta. His deep Christian sanity impressed Dr. Davidson, to whom in many respects he was an ideal missionary leader. Bishop Montgomery tells his story largely from his friend's letters. His father and mother both came from Irish rectories, and their son spent his whole life in India. The first twenty years were given to the Cambridge Mission at Delhi. In 1899 he became bishop of Lahore, and in 1913 was transferred as Metropolitan to Calcutta. He died in 1919, having well sustained the highest traditions both as a missionary and a bishop. He was a generous and large-hearted man, utterly devoted to Christ and to India.

The Question of Thrace. By J. Saxon Mills, M.A., and M. G. Chrussachi, B.A. (Stanford. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Maps showing the division of South-Eastern Europe and of Bulgaria at various periods with an explanatory Foreward and a few conclusions which show that Thrace should be joined to Greece and not to Bulgaria. We owe also to the Greek Bureau of Foreign Information a copy of Prof. Toynbee's lecture on *The Place of Mediaeval and Modern Greece in History.* M. Gennadius, in his Introductory Statement, criticizes Gibbon's reflections on the Byzantine Greeks. Mr. Toynbee holds that the Ottoman domination formed less of a break in Greek history has been than imagined. It is an important contribution to the understanding of a difficult period.—*Peterborough.* By K. E. and R. E. Roberts. (S.P.C.K. 4*s.* net.) This is a welcome addition to 'The Story of the English Towns.' A famous monastery was founded about 656, and the little village of Medeshamstede sprang up round it. The most popular explanation of the name is 'The homestead in the meadows.' The Danes utterly destroyed the monastery in 866, but it was restored in 970. The work of the builders is described, and the history traced down to our own times. There are some excellent illustrations.—*The Rebirth of Korea.* By Hugh Heung-Wo Cynn. (Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.) Mr. Cynn was educated in southern California, and has been for some years the Principal of a school in Seoul. He describes the national uprising in March, 1919, and the way in which it was repressed by the Japanese. The administration and policy of Japan are shown, and the longing of the Koreans for freedom. The Appendices are important, and illustrations and a map add to the interest of the volume.—*New Life in the Oldest Empire,* by Charles F. Sweet (S.P.C.K. 6*s.* net), gives a clear account of Japanese mythology and worship, and traces the history from the days of Marco Polo and St. Francis Xavier to our own times. A chapter is given to the amazing industrial development of the country, and missionary work is described in detail. The constitution of the native Japanese Church which has grown out of the Anglican Mission is clearly explained, and many particulars are given of the work among lepers and the position of women in Japan. The book closes with suggestions as to union between various branches of the Christian Church.—*The Life of St. George.* (A. Moring. 1*s.* net.) This is a reprint from Caxton's translation of 'The Golden Legend.' It describes the killing of the dragon and the martyrdom of the Saint. It is a little masterpiece of the printer's art, and the decorations by I. de B. Lockyer are very effective. It is No. 8 in 'The Saint George Series,' which many book-lovers will be eager to add to their treasures.—*Studies in Jewish Nationalism.* By Leon Simon. (Longmans & Co. 6*s.* net.) Now that Great Britain has received the mandate for Palestine these essays have special importance. They deal with Zionism and the Jewish Problem, Hebrew Education in Palestine, The Renascence of Hebraism in Palestine, The Future of Palestine, Palestine as the Spiritual Centre of Jewry, and kindred subjects. No one is more

competent to deal with such subjects than Mr. Simon. He holds that the primary function of a Jewish Palestine in the life of Jewry as a whole is just to provide that pattern for the lack of which the spiritual unity of the Jewish people has become weakened. The book gives a clear insight into the Jewish mind with its hopes and ideals.—*British Methodism as it is, as it was, and as it will be.* By the Rev. George Eayrs, F.R.Hist.Soc. (Epworth Press. 2*s.* net.) All who wish to know something of the various branches of Methodism, their past and present, and to see the lines on which union is proposed will find this little book invaluable. It is packed with facts and figures and thumb-nail biographies.—*The Reports of the Historical MSS. Commission.* By R. A. Roberts. (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) The writer was for some time Secretary of the Commission, and gives an account of some of the 156 volumes of reports issued between 1870 and 1914. It will be a valuable guide to students.—*Steps in the Development of American Democracy.* By A. C. McLaughlin. (Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.) The Professor of History in the University of Chicago delivered these lectures on the Slocum-Bennett Foundation. He discusses the representative institutions which America took over from England, and traces the theories of the Revolution and the Federal Constitution, Jefferson and Jacksonian democracy, slavery and anti-slavery, and the developments since the Civil War. In social legislation other countries have outstripped the United States, though she has made great strides even in the last ten years. It is a subject of great significance, and it is handled in a very suggestive way.

Messrs. Dent & Sons have begun a very promising series—*The King's Treasuries of Literature*—under the General Editorship of Sir A. T. Quiller Couch. They are neat little volumes, bound in dark red cloth, with clear type and handsome title page with portrait frontispiece opposite. Shakespeare's Richard II. is edited by Dr. Richard Wilson with a wonderfully complete Introduction and Commentary, and an acting Appendix by H. B. Browne. Questions are set which will help readers to test their knowledge. Ruskin's *Sesame and Lilies* is edited by Sybil Wragge, with the same wealth of Commentary. It covers Ruskin's life, personality, style and works. A third volume gives selected Essays from *Alpha of the Plough*, with portrait and epilogue. They are full of good things brightly put. The Series will open up to readers, young and old, the inexhaustible treasures of our literature.

GENERAL

October and other Poems. **By Robert Bridges, Poet Laureate. (W. Heinemann. 5*s.* net.)**

This little volume is dedicated to General the Right Honourable Jan Christian Smuts, 'Soldier, Statesman, and Seer, with the writer's homage.' The first twelve poems were written in 1918, the eighteen that follow were called forth during the war, and the last six are of various dates. One charm of the collection is the revelation of the poet laureate as a poetic craftsman. Four of the poems are syllabic verse on the model of *Samson Agonistes* with variations. 'Noel: Christmas Eve, 1918,' is the first of these twelve-syllable pieces:

A frosty Christmas Eve
  When the stars were shining,
Fared I forth alone
  Where westward falls the hill.

Every piece is full of thought expressed in terse and striking phrase. 'Hell and Hate' is the description of a little picture painted for Dr. Bridges as a New Year's gift many years ago, written in 1918, and sent to *The Times* on the outbreak of war. The two demons strive to seize two children that represent 'the angel Faith, who was guarding human Love.' The children showed no fear and the demons clutched in vain,

And I, who had fear'd awhile to see
Such gentleness in such jeopardy,
Lost fear myself; for I saw the foes
Were slipping aback and had no hold
On the round Earth that sped its course.

The sonnet to Lord Kitchener is a worthy tribute to a great and honoured name.

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
That mass'd the labours of ten years in one
Shall be thy monument. Thy work is done
Ere we could thank thee; and the high sea-swell
Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
By the lone Orkneys, at the set of sun.

The Commemoration Ode for the Shakespeare Tercentenary has some very happy touches, and the closing verse on our dead heroes describes them as those

who lightly on the day of fury
Put on England's glory as a common coat,
And in your stature of masking grace
Stood forth warriors complete.

No praise o'ershadoweth yours to-day
Walking out of the home of love
To match the deeds of all the dead.

The broadsheet for the surrender of the German fleet has a fine patriotic ring. Nelson comes to watch the event, and Beatty tells him—

Sir, none of my crew
All bravest of brave and truest of true,
Is thinking of me as much as of you,
This grey November morning.

This small volume will be precious to all lovers of high poetic art.

Kostes Palamas. Life Immovable. **First Part. Translated by A. E. Phoutrides. (Harvard University Press. $2 net.)**

Kostes Palamas was born in Patras sixty years ago, and is Secretary of the University of Athens. He took a leading part in the unpopular attempt to get the New Testament circulated in modern Greek, and incurred the fierce hatred of the students and the masses. His translator was one of the rioters of those days, but when he returned to Greece as a travelling fellow from Harvard University his eyes were opened, and this book is the outcome of his studies. When Palamas came to Athens he drank in the spirit of the city and found an inspiring subject for his muse. He is at home in the literature of Europe, America, and Asia, and is a worshipper of greatness and depth wherever he finds them. His first work, *The Songs of My Country*, showed his power 'of weaving the essence of purely national airs into his "light sketches of sea and olive groves and the various sunlit aspects of Greek life."' His full poetic genius is revealed in his *Life Immovable*, a five-fold collection of poems. The translator's introduction throws much light on the scenery and surroundings of the poems. Palamas is a true artist with an eye for all the beauties of Nature and a sense of the mystery and wonder of human life. His poem on Thought ends with these lines:—

O Thought, thou angel, ever wrestling on
With a strong giant flinging his hundred hands
About thy neck to strangle thee, wilt thou
Battle with sword or lily? Oh, the world
Will crumble ere thy struggle finds an end!

Essays Old and New. **By Elizabeth Wordsworth. (Clarendon Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)**

Many will be grateful for this little volume. Its first essay draws a striking contrast between Dante and Goethe, and asks whether the German poet can be acquitted of all responsibility for the deeds

of his countrymen in the Great War. 'Could he be said to have raised the standard of duty, of morals, and still more, of the spiritual life of his countrymen?' 'At Stratford-on-Avon' is a charming little paper on Shakespeare. 'Jane Austen' has laid her spell on Miss Wordsworth, and the tribute to herself and her books is one of the best things in the set of essays. Andrea del Sarto, John Ruskin, and Columbus form the themes of three other papers, and the essay on 'Old Finery' has a grace all its own. 'The English Church and the English Character' is very suggestive, and there is no page in the book which has not some distinctive beauty.

The Spiritual Meaning of 'In Memoriam.' By James Main Dixon. (Abingdon Press. $1 net.)

Prof. Dixon interprets Tennyson's great poem in view of our own times. He shows how the poet was both the representative and leader, the historian and the prophet of his age. His poem, 'while moving along the line of an expanding experience, sweeps past the material monism of Haeckel, and the philosophical monism of Hegel, to find a final resting-place for thought in the moral monism of St. Paul.' Light is thrown on many allusions of the poem, and contrasts are drawn between his view of the deeper issues of life and those held by George Eliot and Thomas Hardy. Tennyson is a true Christian realist and true Platonist at the same time. It is a study which every lover of 'In Memoriam' will prize highly.

The new edition of the general catalogue of the Oxford University Press covers 604 pages, and is arranged according to subjects with a comprehensive alphabetical index of all authors and editors and most titles, which makes it easy to refer to any special work. The first edition was mainly the work of Mr. Cannan, to whose skill and taste it forms a real monument. It was in active preparation when war broke out, and was issued under many difficulties and limitations in 1916. This second edition aims at completeness in respect of all books published and on sale December 31, 1919. It is arranged in six sections: General Literature, Modern History, English and Modern Classics, The Ancient World, Natural Science and Medicine, Oxford Bibles and Prayer Books, with Hymn Books, &c. A list of the publishing departments and their managers, with a note on the paper and leather used for Bibles and Prayer Books, and specimens of types, is given. Such a catalogue brings out the significance and importance of the work which is being done by the Oxford Press, and must be a source of genuine pride to all who have any part in its wonderful activities.

Harvest. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. (Collins & Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) Rachel Henderson's farming in Brookshire is a marked success, and the quiet beauty of the surroundings of the farm is brought out with Mrs. Ward's usual felicity of description, but farming takes a secondary place to love and love itself to tragedy. Rachel's father

had been a clergyman in Canada, and her luckless married life with its divorce and another black page in the past stand between her and happiness. Her friend and partner is a noble woman, and Rachel owes much to her sympathy and counsel. The Canadian lover is as fine a fellow as one could meet. He holds fast to Rachel despite her confession, but the divorced husband takes bitter revenge at last. It is a tragic story with a high moral tone.—*The House of Transformations*. By Marcus and Violet Warrener. (Epworth Press. 4*s*. net.) Twelve life-stories are here woven together in a very happy fashion. The minister and his people—young and old—make quite a gallery of portraits. They win our sympathy, and we follow their stories with the keenest interest till they wind up with a delightful combination of weddings and aeroplanes.—*The Road of Adventures*, by the Rev. H. G. Tunnicliff, B.A. (Allenson. 2*s*. 6*d*. net), is A Children's Parable, a pilgrimage of little folk towards the Golden Portals. It has manifest links to Bunyan, but it is fresh and well sustained. It will teach young readers to fear pride and disobedience, and to call in the aid of the Invisible Champion in their times of peril.—*The Vicar*. By Agnes Mary Plowman. (Amersham, Morland. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.) A charming story of a devoted country vicar who wins the hearts of all his parishioners. The school girl who is full of prejudice becomes one of his dearest friends. —*Overland for Gold*. By Frank H. Cheley. (Abingdon Press. $1.50 net.) Herman Trout and his two nephews have many adventures with wolves, Indians, and buffalo on their way to the goldfields of Colorado. They win health and wealth, though they run many risks from unscrupulous enemies. It is a boy's story of the most lively sort.—*Poems*. By A. M. Rainbird. (Amersham: Morland. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.) The pieces are short but tender, and often graceful.—*Statistics of the Dominion of New Zealand*. (Wellington: Marks.) This Blue Book gives the population and vital statistics, the civil and criminal cases for 1918, and is a mine of information. The population was 1,108,875, an increase of about 7,500 in 1917. To this 49,776 Maoris must be added.—*What is worth while?* By Anne R. Brown. (Allenson. 1*s*. net.) Shows how to make the best of life. It is a wise and helpful little book.—*Missionary Survey as an Aid to Intelligent Co-operation in Foreign Missions*. By Roland Allen, M.A., and Thomas Cochrane, M.B., C.M. (Longmans. 6*s*. net.) In one region of the world there are about 450 missionaries and a population of three millions, another area with double the number of inhabitants has only twenty. Mr. Allen pleads for a survey of the whole field with a view to show what agencies are at work, and proves his case to the hilt. It would be a tremendous gain in every way if such a survey could be made.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (April).—Mr. Low's plea for the personal relation between 'England and America' is well timed and important. 'Science and Fruit Growing' is based on the Woburn Fruit Farm Experiments, and shows how much depends on the union of good scion and good stock if the tree is to bear the best crop of fruit. David Hannay's 'First Phase at Sea' discusses various criticisms made by Sir Julian Corbett in the first volume of the Naval History of the Great War. An important article on 'The Government and Wages' holds that the Government has 'demonstrated to all classes its incompetence to execute the task of regulating wages during the war, and it is improbable that any future Government will have any better success.'

Church Quarterly (April).—Dean Rashdall discusses 'Personality in Recent Philosophy,' and criticizes Dean Inge's *Plotinus*. The Bishop of Gloucester's study of the title 'Rock of Ages' in the margin of the A.V. of Isa. xxvi. 4 is well worth reading. Prof. Headlam, the editor, writes on 'Reunion and Theories of the Ministry.' He challenges Bishop Gore's statement that apostolical succession is an essential element in Christianity. He also discusses Dr. Bartlet's view in his essay, which he thinks is 'neither a true presentment of New Testament principles nor a sound basis for Christian Reunion.'

Hibbert Journal (April).—Mr. C. D. Broad's article on 'Euclid, Newton, and Einstein,' contains a laudable attempt to bring the main points of Einstein's principle of relativity within the compass of the ordinary reader. The exposition will help to clear up the relation of Einstein's theories to Euclid's geometry and Newton's physics, but few besides experts will be able to follow it intelligently throughout. Bishop Mercer, in 'Survival and Monadology,' seeks to apply Leibnitz' doctrine of Monads to the problems of death and survival as they meet us to-day. He regards 'the whole world, organic and inorganic, as being built up of will-centres and their interactions,' and makes out a good case for his thesis. Mr. Edmond Holmes, having read a book on *Psychology and Insanity*, puts forward some very suggestive thoughts on the psychology of mental, moral, and spiritual health. He finds the secret of sanity in 'devotion to the infinite and ideal.' In this view, alas! how many are the imperfectly sane! Professor H. P. Smith, in his discussion of 'Religion and the Churches,' provides 'a diagnosis, not a prescription,' but his article points very plainly to a diminution of the

ecclesiastical, and an increase in the religious character of organized Churches, if they are to hold their own in the next generation. Other articles in an instructive and interesting number are 'The Pelagianism of To-day,' by Canon Lacey, 'The Child of Genius' (Hartley Coleridge), by Sir G. Douglas, and 'Evangelism Old and New,' by Rev. A. T. Cadoux, D.D. The late Canon Rawnsley writes in appreciation of the Carlisle Experiment in its bearing on Liquor Control.

The Journal of Theological Studies (April).—The leading article is by Mr. C. H. Turner, on the *Shepherd* of Hermas. He discusses questions of text, and claims that this early document should receive fuller attention and appreciation than it has hitherto received. Rev. E. C. Hoskyns writes to illustrate the point of view for which the Fourth Gospel was written, and claims to have shown that 'the account of the Creation and the Fall in Genesis have influenced the Evangelist's account of the life and death of Jesus.' Professor Burkitt contributes a Note on the Table of Nations in Gen. x., and Dr. Burney some notes on difficult Hebrew passages in the Psalms. Professor Oman's review of Dean Rashdall's and other works on the Atonement is able and discriminating, and Dr. Latimer Jackson's notice of Wetter's *Der Sohn Gottes* shows that books written in German are no longer wholly boycotted. This discussion of the Fourth Gospel is, however, by a Stockholm professor.

The Expository Times (April and May).—Prof. N. J. White contributes an appreciation of Dr. J. H. Bernard, as a typical example of Trinity College scholarship and ability. Prof. H. R. Mackintosh's paper on 'The Practice of the Spiritual Life' and that of Prof. W. Fulton on 'The Gospel of Power' are excellent examples of the aid given to spiritual religion in this periodical, whilst the Editor's Notes and the contributions and comments of critics and the notices of books remain as excellent as ever.

Constructive Quarterly (December).—Bishop Tucker and Leonid Turkevich write on Archbishop Nikolai, who had been a monk at Petrograd but went to Japan in 1861, when he was about twenty-six, and built the Russian Cathedral in Tokyo and for nearly half a century laboured with supreme devotion to plant Christianity in Japan. He was distinguished for physical robustness, intellectual power, and spiritual character. He died on February 4, 1912, loved and honoured as the Apostle of the Orthodox Church in Japan. Articles on Unity are a special feature of this number.

Science Progress (April).—Under Philosophy Hugh Elliott refers to Einstein's theory, which brings theories of time and space definitely into science and links them up with the rest of our knowledge about the universe. Mr. Elliott also refers to the death of Haeckel. 'Both in zoology and philosophy he did work from which others could take their start and continue moving forwards.' His embittered attitude

towards England during the war is described as 'an inevitable symptom of senility.'

Calcutta Review (January).—'Islamic Regeneration,' by Mr. Bukhsh, lecturer in the history of Islam at Calcutta University, sees a great change for the better in Mohammedan circles. They are striving strenuously to improve themselves, and begin to realize that no progress is possible without unity and co-operation. The writer discusses the duties and obligations of Islam to its own learning, Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani—and asks how far these have been discharged and what most needs to be done in future. There is an interesting article on 'The Imperial Library, Calcutta.'

AMERICAN

American Journal of Theology (April).—Bishop Irving P. Johnson opens this number with a vindication of the doctrine, polity, and principles of '*the* Episcopal Church.' The question, 'Can Theology be made an Empirical Science?' is answered by Prof. J. B. Pratt in the negative; he considers the attempt to be both hopeless and dangerous. Prof. G. Birney Smith, of Chicago, in a paper on 'The religious significance of the humanity of Jesus,' advocates the shelving of all Christological discussions in favour of an earnest attempt to interpret the significance of Jesus as 'the great citizen of this world, who conquered for himself a real companionship with the God who ever toils at the task of making the world better.' If this is not the view of the faith which overcometh the world given in 1 John v.—so much the worse for the writer of the epistle. The article on 'Contemporary Church-Union Movements,' by P. G. Mode, gives a useful summary of the various organizations in U.S.A. that are working for Christian unity with characteristic American energy. If these do not clash with one another they ought to effect great things. Two more points in New Testament criticism are discussed in the two articles, 'Nisan Fourteenth and Fifteenth,' by M. A. Power, and 'Are Paul's Prison Letters from Ephesus?' by C. R. Bowen.

Princeton Theological Review (April).—The first article, on 'Spiritist Theologians,' by John Fox, contains a severe, but not harsh or unfair condemnation of some of the follies of current spiritualism. The writer draws a contrast between the *ignis fatuus* which mourners are bidden by Sir Conan Doyle and others to seek and follow and the sober, steady light on the future life given in the New Testament. The description of 'The Religion of Modern China,' by Courtenay H. Fenn, is obviously written by one who knows his subject. It is one of the best short descriptions we have read of a complex situation and of the great opportunity opened up for Christian missions. Dr. Warfield contributes a paper of seventy pages, apparently the first of a series, on 'Miserable-Sinner Chris-

tianity in the hands of the Rationalists.' Dr. C. W. Hodge's six-page criticism of Dr. Tennant's doctrine of God is timely and instructive. Many who are adopting lightly the conception of 'a Finite God' hardly know what they mean or whither they are going.

Harvard Theological Review.—To the April number the Rev. Willard L. Sperry, M.A., Associate Professor at Andover, contributes a thoughtful paper on 'The Double Loyalty of the Christian Ministry.' The minister's difficulty in squaring his duty as a preacher with his duty as a pastor arises from a clash of loyalties—loyalty to truth and loyalty to human nature. A minister's failure in devotion to the men and women who make up his immediate world is traceable, first to 'a scientific interest in the universal laws of the religious life to the neglect of individual values,' and secondly, to 'a conception of the ministry as a kind of modern Hebrew prophecy calling for a moral detachment from society, which is almost impossible of present attainment.' In a lengthy article on 'The Authorship of the "We" Sections of the Book of Acts,' President James A. Blaisdell, of Pomona College, identifies Epaphroditus with Epaphras, and maintains that he, and not Luke, is 'the self-effacing Diarist.' A subject of great interest is discussed with first-hand knowledge by Professor Giorgio La Piana, namely: 'The Roman Church and Modern Italian Democracy.' The events of the last four years have altered radically the Vatican's relations with Italy. A new political party was allowed to be formed by militant Catholics under the name of *Partito Popolare Italiano*, which 'disclaimed any control by the Vatican and by the ecclesiastical authority in general over its organization and political activity.' Up to the present the Vatican officially ignores the *Partito*, and its future is uncertain, but developments are foreshadowed which will make it impossible for the Vatican to become definitively estranged from the Italian democracy.

The Methodist Quarterly Review (Nashville), April, now edited by Dr. F. M. Thomas, is an excellent number. It contains fourteen articles of varied interest, skilfully combined to make up an attractive bill of fare. A British astronomer, E. W. Maunder, writes the opening article on 'The Habitability of Worlds,' and the Editor follows with a thoughtful paper on 'The Interpretation of Energy.' Prof. H. Wildon Carr expounds Bergson, and Prof. Faulkner criticizes Ritschl. Dr. A. T. Robertson gives a charming sketch of 'Broadus the Preacher' as he knew him; the 'Architecture of the Old South' and 'Life at Appomattox' receive attention. Those who are not attracted by 'The Metaphysical Implications of Methodism' may turn to 'The Incomparable Tennyson,' or to 'Billy Bray, the King's son.' Perhaps the most important article from a practical point of view is that by the Editor on 'The Plan of Unification' between the Methodist Episcopal Church and the M.E. Church South, which is to come before the next two general conferences of the respective

Churches. The end is not yet, but the beginning is full of promise. The 'Department of Exegesis' contains an admirable paper on Aquila and Priscilla, by Prof. A. T. Robertson, of Louisville.

The Review and Expositor is published at Louisville by the authorities of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. The April number contains the following amongst other articles:—'The Prophets and the Cultus,' by Dr. P. W. Crannell, 'Recent Phases of Democracy,' by President Mullins, 'The Religious Experience of Jesus Christ,' by R. E. Neighbour, 'Communication with the Dead,' by Dr. G. W. M'Daniell. The paper entitled, 'Christ's Resurrection makes Faith easy,' hardly takes account of the difficulties which the Resurrection itself presents to many modern minds.

Bibliotheca Sacra (April).—Dr. Lias's second article on 'The Evidence of Fulfilled Prophecy,' shows that the Germanizing school slices up the prophecies of Isaiah into morsels, and assigns them to a later date than the events, or a date 'sufficiently near for a writer to predict them without supernatural guidance. The prophecy of Isaiah xix. 18 was, however, some time before it was fulfilled, and the same is true of other prophecies.' These Chancellor Lias examines in a very suggestive way.

FOREIGN

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Theologiques (January-April).—This number contains valuable studies of 'Evolution and the Present Forms,' of M. Cassirer's views of Substance and Function; of Prehistoric times and the Ethnographic method; of the Ideas of Robert de Melun upon original sin; and of Melchior Cano and Modern Theology. Cano was a Castilian born at Tarancon in 1509 and Professor of Theology at Valladolid, Alcala, and Salamanca. An important note deals with the chronology of the life and writings of St. Thomas Aquinas, which represents much research.

Analecta Bollandiana (Tomus 33, Fasc. 1 and 2). A valuable series of notes on Joseph the Hymnographer, whose hymn was the basis of 'Safe home, safe home in port,' shows that his life by Théophani fixes his death to 886 and his birth to 816. At the age of fifteen he entered a monastery at Thessalonica and at about the age of thirty was ordained priest. St. Gregory the Decapolite got permission to take him to Constantinople, where he lived with that Saint's disciples in the church of St. Antipas. In 841 he was sent on a mission to the Pope at Rome. On the way his vessel was seized by the Saracens and he was taken to Crete. Some charitable persons paid his ransom and he returned to Constantinople, where he founded a monastery, was entrusted with the care of the sacred vessels in St. Sophia, and wrote a large part of his religious poetry. He and his monks built a church dedicated to St. Bartholomew and St. Gregory the Decapolite, and deposited there the relics of Bartholomew, which Joseph is said to have obtained at Thessalonica.