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DANTE—AFTER SIX HUNDRED YEARS

DANTE ALIGHIERI was born in Florence in May, 1265, and he died at Ravenna on September 21, 1321. During the present year sexcentenary celebrations of his memory are to be held in the chief cities of Italy, including Florence, for a while a cruel stepmother, and his own country with united voice will again do honour to the most eminent of her many brilliant sons. Other nations will take part according to their measure. Our own will certainly not be wanting, for during the last hundred years the study and appreciation of Dante in England has been second only to the homage of his own countrymen. The University of London and other public bodies have given notice of memorial lectures, volumes, and exhibitions to be held in honour of the great poet, and it is hoped that the national commemoration will be a worthy one. Some of us can dimly remember the observance in 1865 of the sexcentenary of his birth, when Tennyson, 'at request of the Florentines,' contributed the lines beginning

> King, who hast reigned six hundred years and grown
> In power and ever growest,

and during the half-century which has passed since then the realm of the poetic monarch has grown still further in power and greatly widened in extent. Dante, with a quiet dignity which in a lesser man would have been laughed at as presumption, was content to be recognized (*Inf.* iv. 102) as *sesto tra cotanto senno*, sixth amidst the great poets

of antiquity. Mediaeval times have passed away, and the claims of modern bards have to be recognized, yet in the permanent poetical literature of the world the judgement of to-day would probably acclaim as the 'first three, chief among the captains' of world-song—Homer, Shakespeare, and Dante.

Without entering on a futile discussion as to the comparative greatness of our greatest, we may well at this time consider what are the abiding qualities of genius which have secured to Dante the high fame he has won and worn for six hundred years, and which give him to-day a claim for such study as only a few world-classics deserve. For his reputation and influence, like those of every great writer, especially in imaginative literature, have fluctuated. As a young man, he was recognized quite early as a scholar and a poet. Immediately after his death he was lauded by such judges as Villani, Boccaccio, and Petrarch as a master of thought and style, as a marvellous artist in the use of the then hardly formed Italian language, as a great thinker, and a veritable *divino poeta*. Michael Angelo sketched designs to illustrate the Commedia, and wrote sonnets in praise of its author. No fewer than eleven commentaries on the poem appeared within two generations after Dante's death. But as time passed, the atmosphere changed and the glory faded. Whereas in the sixteenth century forty editions of the Commedia had been published, in the seventeenth century there were only three, and in the eighteenth only thirty-four. The chairs for the study and elucidation of the poet, established in the fourteenth century, were suppressed during the later Renaissance. In our own and other countries, the light of the genius that had impressed Chaucer and Milton burned but dimly, as might have been expected, in the eighteenth century. Critics who could 'shine so brisk and talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,' prescribing 'parmaceti for an inward bruise,' found their canons of good taste hugely offended by the

scathing, blistering words of a man who had been in hell. Voltaire declared that the much-vaunted Italian poet was hardly read in France, and that those who did read what was in truth a 'salmigondi' rather than an epic poem were rightly repelled by 'imaginations so stupidly extravagant and barbarous.' Horace Walpole could only regard as 'absurd and disgusting' the work of a poet who reminded him of 'a Methodist parson in Bedlam.' Landor thought the Commedia 'the most immoral and impious poem ever written,' and Goethe pronounced 'the *Inferno* abominable, the *Purgatorio* dubious, and the *Paradiso* tiresome.'

A noticeable revival of interest in Dante took place at the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is stated that in Italy, while only sixteen editions appeared between 1726 and 1800, over a hundred are recorded between 1800 and 1865, whilst since that date the increase of Dante literature—editions of the works, commentaries, lectures, pamphlets, and review articles—has been portentous. A good-sized volume would be necessary to chronicle even the titles of so copious a bibliography. The early decades of the nineteenth century were marked by a literary 'Renascence of Wonder,' and a generation arose able to appreciate the genius of one who was at the same time a great poet, an inspiring prophet, a learned philosopher, and a practical mystic. During the first thirty years of the nineteenth century there was a change in the poetical atmosphere of this country like the passage from winter to spring. The growing appreciation of Dante was immensely advanced by the publication of Cary's translation of the Commedia, successive editions of which appeared in the years 1814–1844. Critics of all kinds united in its praise, Macaulay going so far as to say that he knew no version of a great poem so faithful, and none which so fully showed that the translator was himself a man of poetic genius. It still holds its place in our literature, and Cary well deserved the niche accorded to him in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

It is difficult to illustrate in brief compass the impress left since that time upon English literature by the diligent and reverent study of Dante. Macaulay's epigrammatic parallel between Dante and Milton just a hundred years ago induced the great preacher Robert Hall, when advanced in years and racked by disease, to learn Italian, that he might verify its soundness for himself. Carlyle, Ruskin, and Browning, themselves prophets and teachers of succeeding generations, showed how deeply they had been moved by a greater prophet of another age. Dean Church's famous Essay—which contained matter enough for a volume and still remains unapproached as an introduction to the study of Dante—was first published in 1850. Since then the press has teemed with translations, commentaries, illustrated editions, dictionaries, concordances, and a vast elucidatory apparatus, which at the same time testifies to a widespread interest in Dante and indefinitely extends it. The names of Kraus and Witte, of Scartazzini (who wrote first in German), D'Ovidio, Flamini and others in Italy, of Longfellow, Lowell, and C. E. Norton in America, of A. J. Butler, Plumptre, Moore, Paget Toynbee, Vernon, and E. G. Gardner in this country, are only specimens of the many modern students of Dante who have aided in the interpretation of a poem which needs close intellectual study as well as sympathetic spiritual insight. 'To keep well abreast of the Dante literature which now appears from year to year,' writes Prof. Grandgent, of Harvard, one of the latest editors of the Commedia, 'would require a man's whole time.' The last of the six centuries now completed since Dante's death has proved more impressively than any of its predecessors that, like Shakespeare, though in very different fashion, 'He was not of an age, but for all time.'

Dante was, however, in a very real sense 'of an age.' The period to which he belonged was narrow and intense rather than broad and genial, exclusive rather than com-

prehensive. He was deeply imbued with its spirit, and was himself in some sense an embodiment of the thought and outlook upon life of the later Middle Ages. Prof. Osborn Taylor, in his work on *The Mediaeval Mind*, after an able exposition of the intellectual and emotional phenomena of three hundred years, the various influences at work in the Church and the world from the eleventh to the fourteenth century, prepared himself in his last chapter to describe the 'Mediaeval Synthesis.' And for this he turns not to the philosopher or the theologian, the statesman or the prince, but to the poet. 'There is,' he says, 'unity throughout the diversity of mediaeval life; and Dante is the proof. For the elements of mediaeval growth combine in him, demonstrating their congruity by working together in the stature of the full-grown mediaeval man. When the contents of patristic Christianity and the surviving antique culture had been conceived anew, and had been felt as well, and novel forms of sentiment evolved, at last comes Dante to possess the whole, to think it, feel it, visualize its sum, and make of it a poem.' The limitations of his time are indeed present and palpable in all his work. The language—a *volgare*, a mother-tongue hardly more than a dialect till Dante moulded it, and made it the plastic medium of a great literature; the cosmography of the age, incredible and almost childish in the light of modern knowledge; the astronomy of the poem Graeco-Arabian, the best of the time, but what a best! The thought and reasoning, always a characteristic feature of Dante's work and often deep and subtle, are expressed in the terms of scholastic philosophy, and in the *Paradiso* the technical phrases of Thomas Aquinas are reproduced, almost without modification. The political ideas and speculations which abound in the Commedia, as well as in the De Monarchiâ, embody the traditions of the Holy Roman Empire, as the poet's intense and fervent religious faith often presents ecclesiastical Christianity in its least attractive form. Neither the literary world nor the

world of Protestantism is able easily to assimilate a scheme of eschatology which is mediaeval Catholicism incarnate.

These are serious barriers to be overcome by a poet who is to gain the ear of the world. But a superb victory has been won over these and other limitations by Dante's triumphant genius, as manifested by a comparison between his influence in 1821 and in 1921. It is not so much that difficulties have been surmounted, as that they have been transmuted into elements of greatness and of power. Dean Church's Essay, already referred to, opens with these words: 'The *Divina Commedia* is one of the landmarks of history. More than a magnificent poem, more than the beginning of a language and the opening of a national literature, more than the inspirer of art and the glory of a great people, it is one of those rare and solemn monuments of the mind's power, which measure and test what it can reach to, which rise up ineffaceably and for ever as time goes on, marking out its advance by grander divisions than its centuries, and adopted as epochs by the consent of all who come after.' The encomium might well appear extravagant, had it not come from the pen of one whose style, the expression of his spirit, was self-restrained almost to a fault, and who employed words with a reserve, a delicacy, and a precision of touch similar to that of Dante himself. There are few more notable phenomena in literature than the victory gained by the poet over the obstacles inherent in his great undertaking and the success he achieved in winning and retaining the homage of ages and countries so many and so various. This thought may have been in Ruskin's mind when he wrote in the *Stones of Venice*, 'I think that the central man of all the world, as representing the imaginative, moral, and intellectual faculties, all at their highest, is Dante.' Ruskin may have meant, as he puts it in another place, that as all great European art is rooted in the thirteenth century, the year 1300 is a kind of *mezzo del cammin* of history, 'a kind of central year about which we may consider

the energy of the middle ages to be gathered.' But it is more likely that Ruskin is indicating the dominant power of that divine imagination characteristic of genius which is 'never governed,' but always rules, and by its penetrating insight and transforming energy enables its rare possessor, like Dante, at the same time to understand, to interpret, and to transcend the age in which he lived and moved. Santayana, whose detached and rationalistic spirit might seem to make him little fitted to enter into the true significance of a Seer and his Vision, has touched this point in two or three crystal sentences. 'Dante poetized all life and nature as he found them. His imagination dominated and focused the whole world. He thereby touched the ultimate goal to which a poet can aspire; he set the standard for all possible performance and became the type of a supreme poet. His poetry covers the whole field from which poetry may be fetched and to which it can be applied, from the inmost recesses of the heart to the uttermost bounds of nature and of destiny.' Is it possible in the compass of a few paragraphs to penetrate a little more fully into this secret of a supreme poet which enables him not only to live in men's thoughts for six hundred years, but to transcend the very limits of time itself?

A truly 'immortal' poem must excel in both form and matter. The finest thoughts, without the antiseptic of adequate style in which to express and preserve them, will perish and disappear. That Dante surpassed nearly all poets, ancient or modern, in his consummate mastery of the poetic art, is generally conceded, and much of the fascination which attends the study of the *Divina Commedia* is due to the well-nigh perfect mastery of expression in the poet's carefully chosen form. But it is not with this that we are now concerned. No artistic treatment can redeem essential feebleness of thought, or atone for the selection of an unworthy or unsuitable theme. The subject of the

Commedia might seem an impossible one for the finest genius to master into artistic shape. What is the subject? Dante himself tells us in his letter to Can Grande that the subject literally understood is 'the state of souls after death simply considered.' But, he proceeds, 'if the work be taken allegorically the subject is man, as by good or ill desert, through the exercise of his free will, he renders himself liable to the reward or punishment of divine justice.' Here assuredly is the greatest of all conceivable themes for man upon the earth—a theodicy indeed. A poet who undertakes it presumes to grapple with the whole significance of human life, its highest and deepest issues, the scope and destiny of the human race, and the infinite possibilities of which mankind is capable. The unspeakable tragedies of human existence are in this great poem fully recognized, and faced by one who claims also to show that by divine grace, through discipline, the lamentations, mourning, and woe of life as we know it, may be mastered into music and its darkest shadows fade and pass, till they are lost in light for evermore.

What wonder that the boldest and loftiest should shrink back, trembling, from so great an enterprise? The very announcement of such a theme daunts and appals. Dante describes his own natural tremors in the conversation with Virgil (*Inf.* ii. 10–48): 'Who am I that I should go on such a journey? I am not Aeneas, I am not Paul; neither I nor others believe me worthy of this, to yield would be madness.' Virgil the Magnanimous answers these questions, and Dante worshipped magnanimity; he says that such craven pleas spring from *vilta*, the meanness of selfish cowardice, and on that kind of baseness Dante always poured his keenest scorn. So, though he hardly dared to face the awful perils of going forward, he will not basely shrink from honourable enterprise and disgrace himself by going back. It is Beatrice who effects his deliverance. 'Go,' she says, 'for I send thee. I come from a place whither

I desire to return. Love moved me, love makes me speak. When I shall be before my Lord, I will often praise thee to Him.' Dante obeyed, and the Vision, which is also a great drama, unfolds itself before his awestruck eyes. He sees, trembles, shudders, suffers and triumphs, and exults—and, as he weaves into one marvellous whole the now dreadful and now glorious scenes which moved his soul to its deepest depths, he sings. But the crowning distinction of his unmatched song is that he had the power, as it were, to see the whole of these tremendous scenes together and to see them through; that he faced the utmost horrors and outsoared them, thus showing the way by which every man may vanquish them for himself. Dante's Vision was the outcome of experience. It was because he had passed through the fire in the conflict with evil that he could write the *Inferno* and the *Purgatorio*. He crowned the whole structure with the *Paradiso*, because he had himself seen God.

It has not been sufficiently noted by many interpreters that it was the tragedy of his own personal experience which made it possible for Dante to face his superhuman task. He tells us the fact, but does not obtrude himself needlessly into the drama as it is being unrolled before him. In his life there were grave spiritual failures, wanderings of heart and life, wrong-doing the exact nature of which is not clearly unfolded. It is needless and useless to inquire minutely into what was meant by Forese in *Purg.* xxiii. 115 and in *Purg.* xxx. 126 by Dante's forsaking Beatrice, and giving himself to others, 'turning his steps by a way not true, following false images of good, which pay no promise in full.' The theory advanced by Witte and others that the errors alluded to were intellectual only is inadequate and has not been generally accepted. The hints of the passage xxxi. 59 *o pargoletta, o altra vanità con si breve uso*, may well remain hints only, but we are plainly told concerning the poet that 'so low he fell that all means for his

salvation were already short, save showing him the lost people.' The story was told long afterwards of St. Philip Neri, that when all his efforts to help a profligate but generous and lovable youth into better ways hopelessly failed, he said, 'I must take other measures with you,' and stooping down, he whispered for some moments into his ear. The youth completely reformed his life, and when asked what the saint had said to him, would only reply, 'He showed me in a picture the meaning of Hell.' That which Dante saw and has so startlingly portrayed of the state of *la perduta gente* was not the quasi-physical pain of suffering souls under terrible and repulsive conditions, but the intense evil of sin and its inconceivably awful consequences. The vision takes different forms, but 'he knows you not, ye heavenly powers,' who has not in some form beheld that dire vision and been moved by it as was Christian in the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Fleeing from the City of Destruction, we are told, 'the man began to run,' and when they called him to return, he 'put his fingers in his ears and ran on, crying "Life! Life! Eternal Life!"'

Apart, however, from any marked spiritual crisis in Dante's history, the circumstances of his life brought tragic disappointment. His love for Beatrice was blighted by failure, loss, and death. He gave his best in the service of Florence, the fair city, of which he was patriotically proud, and for reward he was banished and alternately threatened with death and insulted by an offer of restoration if he would pay a sum of money and walk in a public penitential procession. No wonder that he resented the last cruel outrage with characteristic indignation, but the iron had entered into his soul. Finally his hopes for the world through the influence of the Emperor Henry VII of Germany were sadly disappointed, at first through the jealousy and faction of the Italian cities and finally by Henry's sickness and death. Cacciaguida's prophecy in *Par.* xvii. 43–69, draws a picture of the keen pains of exile which could

never have been penned by one who had not himself drunk the bitter cup to the dregs. To leave all he loved most dearly, to eat another's bread and climb another's stair, to be forced into close company with the brutal, vicious, and ungrateful, and to die at last, untended, far from home —these are experiences which must either drive a man to despair, or deliver him by teaching him the secret of an inward peace which the world could neither understand nor disturb. 'I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile.' These are reported to have been among the last words of Pope Gregory VII, but the confidence they express is that of a narrow and haughty self-righteousness. Dante, though his soul was naturally as proud as Hildebrand's, learned, as he did not, the true lessons of adversity; and had it not been for that hard schooling, the finest Christian poem known to history would probably never have been written.

One striking proof of the courage with which Dante undertook a task which he recognized as too tremendous for man's unaided powers, is his fearlessness in grappling with the actual world. On every page of the first two *cantiche* he is brought face to face with the tragic facts of life, yet he remains undaunted. Dante is no visionary who floats easily heavenwards in airy dreams, and refuses to descend to the dull earth for one day's hard and steady marching. He is no mealy-mouthed moralist, who evades difficulties of detail in conveniently broad generalities; no conventional pulpiteer who denounces the sins of the absent and to his immediate audience prophesies smooth things. True, Dante's range is unusually wide; he draws his illustrations from ancient as well as contemporary history, and gives to pagan heroes commendation hardly to be expected in a Christian epic. But the majority of the sinners whom he brands bear names well known in his day, and with a certain superhuman justice he smites impartially and spares not. In a few burning, biting words

he etches the outline of a character that can never afterwards be mistaken or misunderstood. The one thing he never does is to cloak or dissemble the facts of life. More than any poet, before or since, Dante paints the foul and ugly side of sin, disdaining to ignore or conceal the loathsome, obscene, and detestable elements in evil, whether diabolic or human. The dainty critic, in showing his disgust at such 'bestiality,' thinks that he is proving his superiority over a boorish poet, while in reality he is providing an illustration of the very effect which Dante was determined to produce, but which other poets, notably Milton, have confessedly avoided. Ruskin, in a well-known passage in the *Stones of Venice*, has drawn attention to the unparalleled combination of vile malice, senseless rage, offensive foulness, and grotesque horror in Dante's representations of devils. Fiends are not noble, Milton's Satan is a fallen angel, not a demon. If the words and actions of fiends are to be represented in art, they must be disgusting to every decent human being, but it is only here and there that a virile prophet of righteousness dares to paint evil in its own horrid ugliness. Whatever may be lacking in the Vision of this fourteenth-century seer, he at least brings his readers into direct contact with the darkest and hardest concrete facts of human life and bears his witness by a faithful and fearless dealing with evil in its coarsest as well as in its most subtle forms.

The main feature of the Commedia—as every reader perceives, though only the few fully realize its significance—is the intensely spiritual character of its thought and teaching. The present writer, in an article which appeared in the pages of this REVIEW seven years ago, drew attention to some aspects of this subject, and there is no need to travel again over familiar ground. But a measure of repetition is unfortunately necessary because of the habit, inveterate in the ordinary reader, of relapsing into a literal, materialistic interpretation of conceptions which were in-

tended to be spiritually understood. By too many readers the subject of the poem is still narrowed down to what Dante called its literal meaning, the state of departed souls after death, though he expressly and repeatedly states that his main teaching concerned men's spiritual condition here and now. The pictures of Hell and Heaven are still persistently materialized, though the main themes present to the poet's mind were God and the Soul, the intensely foul and virulently poisonous character of evil in all its forms, the inexorability of righteousness and the certainty of divine judgements, the power of divine mercy, which a contrite sigh will bring to the aid of the sinner, the need of severe and searching discipline of the human spirit, if it is ever to be fitted for the Presence of God, the emergence of joy from the very midst of utmost pain, the dominance of divine love in the spiritual life as it now is, and the certainty of its ultimate triumph over all existing and all possible enemies. No higher, broader, deeper subjects than these can engage the human mind when once it looks beneath the surface of the visible life that now is. It is because Dante had himself so firm a hold upon these great spiritual verities and set forth their claims with such restrained passion and irresistible power, that his chief work has not only maintained but greatly strengthened its hold upon the foremost minds during six centuries of eventful human history. The single phrase used in the touching interview with Brunetto Latini (*Inf.* xv.), where Dante describes how his old teacher 'in the world, hour by hour taught him how man makes himself eternal,' *come l'uom s'eterna*, gives as by a flash of light a revealing glimpse into the poet's scale of values. It is life eternal—not as an infinite prolongation of time beyond the grave, but as life here and now, transcending time and space—with which he is chiefly concerned. It is by virtue of his insight into this Eternity which God has set in the heart of humanity and his power of expressing its heights and

depths that Dante's supremacy as a poet of the soul has been won.

The deep and true spirituality of the Commedia can only be rightly appreciated by an adequate interpretation of its symbolism, and that is far too large a subject for the end of an article. Symbolism of some kind is a necessity in religion. It is indeed more or less necessary in all the higher moods and reaches of the human spirit, as is illustrated by the introduction of the Myths of Plato into the midst of the metaphysical expositions of that master of dialectic. For the expression of divine and ultimate truths certain relative forms, which we call symbols, are needful, and if they are rightly used, they will guide the reason to progressively adequate conceptions of that which cannot be fully represented in words. The mysticism which pervades the Commedia implies a direct and immediate vision of divine realities, inexpressible in language without the use of sensuous symbols. Thus the Scripture, as Dante himself points out, 'condescends to our faculties and through objects of sense enables the mind to comprehend that which it afterward makes worthy of the intellect' (*Par.* iv. 40–45). *Ogni dove in cielo è Paradiso*, he tells us elsewhere, 'Everywhere in heaven is Paradise.' So Milton's Satan says, 'Which way I go is hell, myself am hell,' and Bunyan found that he need not go beyond Elstow Green to find hell beneath him and heaven above him. But symbols to express spiritual truth are always in danger of becoming conventional, forms that have lost their meaning, and it is the function of the poet to give new life to symbols whose power is waning and to reanimate forms of speech which, like human life itself, decay, grow old, and are ready to vanish away. Henry Vaughan's lines, 'I saw Eternity the other night,' Shelley's *Adonais*, and Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*, are examples of the employment upon the highest themes of that

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

Here Dante reigns supreme. His is 'the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form,' and he has concentrated his whole power upon a unique theme in his great poem of Christian redemption. The wealth of his illustrations cannot be described, they must be pondered at first hand, and it is the closest students who are most impressed by their power, and least able to translate them into adequate words. The great Procession of the Spirit in the Earthly Paradise, the Mystic Rose of the Blessed, the Empyrean, and the Heaven of Heavens, are only examples of symbolism at its highest. And Beatrice! A whole volume might well be devoted to explaining all that that Blessed Lady means for the poet at the various stages of his upward way, from the time when she was a smiling girl in the streets of Florence till, as Heavenly Wisdom, she is enskyed and sainted, transfigured in light, her eyes a fountain of divine radiance and Revelation, her smile the very rapture of heavenly Joy.

It is, however, only too easy for the student of Dante not to see the wood for the trees—to lose himself in mere details, so masterly is the power shown in single words, single lines, single phrases and images of the sublime Poem. It is the vastness and sublimity of its whole conception in its cumulative effects that should be kept as far as possible before the mind when dwelling on the details of its gradual unfolding. The mystery and deep significance of human life, the haunting shadows of evil, the power and the wisdom, the grace and the tenderness, of the Holy Love of God in His dealings with men—all these are concentrated upon one great moral and spiritual theme, the deliverance of the soul from the depths of despair into the indescribable triumph of endless bliss. One marked

crisis in the history of a redeemed soul occurs in the *Purgatorio* (xx. 136) when, after prolonged discipline of pain, it is finally delivered from evil, and the whole mountain is shaken to its centre as, amidst an overwhelming shout of *Gloria in Excelsis*, the freed spirit passes to its home in the skies. Another great epoch in the history of the soul is rather hinted at than described in the *Paradiso*, when to the poet is granted, though it be but for a passing moment, the vision of God Himself. 'The glory of Him that filleth all things,' we are told in the opening of this *Cantica*, 'penetrates through the universe and is resplendent, in one part more, and in another less. In the heaven which receives most of His light I have been and have seen things which he who descends thence has not the knowledge or power to recount. For, as it draws near to its desire, our intellect pierces so deep that memory cannot follow in its track.' But for one surpassing moment it was given to Dante to see the invisible. Through the unspeakable grace of God he was enabled to look more and more deeply into the Eternal Light, till in a single moment he consummated all seeing, for in the depth of that one simple Light there 'is enclosed, bound up with love in one volume, that which is dispersed in leaves throughout the universe.' As by a single lightning-flash the revelation came—then power failed and the Vision of the poem is ended.

The meaning of that Vision? It has a thousand meanings, flashing forth in this direction and in that, like the scintillations of a diamond with innumerable facets. But at the heart of all, and giving value to all the lesser meaning and lessons, is the fact that the poem is the history of the Redemption of the Soul—Dante's first, but also that of every man who will follow in the path that he trod. This point is well brought out by Lowell, when he says, 'It is wonderful that out of the very wreck of his own life Dante should have built this three-arched bridge, stretching from the Pit to the Empyrean, by which men may pass from a

doubt of God's Providence to a certainty of His long-suffering and loving kindness. 'The infinite goodness hath such ample arms, that it receives whatever turns to it' (*Purg.* iii. 122). A tear is enough to secure their saving clasp (v. 107).' And to Dante's exposition may be added the assurance of words even more sublime than his own, 'Neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.'

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The *Divina Commedia* must continue to live. True, the gulf which separates 1321 from 1921 is wide, and the chasms between years and centuries grow ever wider as mankind travels more and more swiftly on its aeonian journey. The distance between 1914 and 1920 cannot as yet be measured, and who can conceive the condition of Europe six hundred years hence? Whole civilizations may have arisen and disappeared, for 'man is not Man as yet.' But his needs at every stage of progress towards real Manhood are at heart the same, and the only satisfaction of the deepest needs of the human soul lies in that divine redemption which Dante has described in words which the world will not soon allow to die.

W. T. Davison.

JESUS CHRIST AS GOD'S MISSIONARY TO THE WORLD

IN view of the discussions in regard to the basis of Christian reunion, it seems of primary importance for us to discuss what was the foundation which Jesus Himself laid, in contrast with all other founders of religions. A detailed comparison of Christianity with other religions as respects the idea of God, the ideal for man, the relation of God and man, the hope for the hereafter, would serve only to deepen the conviction of its superiority to other faiths, its unique meaning and worth. Most of all would the difference appear in the character of the founders of the three universal religions, Buddha, Mohammed, and Christ. Accordingly we are justified in concentrating attention on Christ as uniquely God's missionary to the world in order that we may show how fully He alone meets the varied and varying needs of the souls of men; this proof will also serve to show something of the method of Jesus in dealing with souls; and thus will offer a practical example for those whom He sends into the world even as He Himself has been sent of God.

I.—Man in religion is always seeking his own good, however he may conceive it. There is a stage in human life and thought when almost his only concern is about natural goods—food, clothing, shelter, health, strength, safety, comfort. He brings his prayers and offerings to the spirits and gods, that of their favour and by their help he may obtain these goods. As these needs remain, so in all religion there survives an interest in their supply. Christians still pray, and should not be forbidden to pray, for these natural goods, although they are taught to subordinate them to the higher interests of the soul. What was

the attitude of Jesus Christ towards the bodily needs of men?

He always gave them not the first, but the last place in respect of importance. The kingdom of God and the righteousness of that kingdom is to be the primary interest. The petition for daily bread is in the Lord's Prayer placed after the aspirations concerning the name, the kingdom, and the will of God; and is at once followed by requests concerning the higher life of the individual man. The blessedness He pronounced on poverty proves that He regarded abundance of natural goods as a greater peril to the soul than the lack of them. Indeed, to Him simplicity of life was a condition of moral and spiritual efficiency.

On the other hand, however, He was no ascetic, condemning any natural goods as in themselves evil. He was slandered as a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber (Matt. xi. 19). He relieved the hunger of the multitude. Alms were given to the poor out of the common purse (John xiii. 29). It was not a poverty such as we are familiar with, hurtful to soul and body, squalid, miserable, and shameful, that Jesus had in view when He pronounced His beatitude. He does not rebuke or discourage the philanthropy which would relieve, or the reform which would remove such conditions of life.

What is most significant in this connexion, however, is that He fully recognized that anxiety about these things with most men is a hindrance to that supreme loyalty to the kingdom which He desired. He does not simply rebuke the anxiety as wrong; He seeks to remove it by the assurance that it is not necessary, because God the heavenly Father cares with an impartial beneficence which sends sunshine and showers to just and unjust alike, with a universal generosity which clothes the flowers of the field and feeds the birds of the air no less than it cares for all the needs of man (Matt. vi. 19–34). Jesus

believed, and taught His disciples to believe, in a divine Providence in all, through all and over all, not limited, as is often assumed to-day, by physical forces and natural laws, but powerful enough to do whatever wisdom and goodness might demand for the good of each of His children. This belief runs through the New Testament, and belongs to all vital effective Christian piety. We can commit ourselves unreservedly to God's will only as we are sure that all things are working together for the good of all who love God (Rom. viii. 28). This does not mean that all our wishes will be gratified, but only that all our wants will be supplied in accordance with God's purpose for us.

The experience of missionaries, especially among the more primitive races, has proved the great value of this truth. Beset by needs and perils, man finds unspeakable relief, and steadfast peace of mind, in the certainty that God cares, and that He is both able and willing to look after His children, who feel themselves unable to do for themselves what they need. This belief must be guarded against misconception both as regards what man should desire and what God must supply; and yet Jesus did prove Himself sufficient for man's need in giving this assurance.

II.—Man has not only needs to be met; he endures pain for which he seeks relief. He is beset by perils to health and life in the world around him. Diseases come upon him; death ever awaits him. As his affections widen and he cares for others as well as himself the range of his sorrow is widened. Even if he is not himself suffering, the sufferings of others are shared by him. How Jesus dealt with the problem of pain in the world we shall consider in a later section, but here we are concerned only with how He dealt with the fact of pain.

There is a twofold danger in our attitude to pain. On the one hand, we may feel so intensely in sympathy with and compassion for others as to weaken, if not lose, our

faith in God and the peace that this faith can bring. On the other, we may so accept the supremacy of the will of God, and the necessity of pain as part of this will, as to become less tender in feeling towards others. Jesus in His attitude avoided both dangers. He was moved with compassion. In a very suggestive interpretation of an Old Testament quotation the first Gospel describes Jesus as making His own the sufferings He relieved. 'Himself took our infirmities and bare our diseases' (Matt. viii. 17). He wept at the grave of Lazarus (John xi. 35). How often has the certainty of Jesus' sympathy brought relief to sorrowing hearts! No less did He maintain His confidence in God than His sympathy with man. His summons always was to faith, for He did not regard God as helpless or hopeless over against the physical evil in the world. God could relieve pain no less than remove want. God's providence embraced disease and death as under His control no less than the order of nature around.

This does not exhaust Christ's treatment of physical evil. He not only promises relief from it and its final removal, but He shows how it may be used for the highest ends. It is a permanent and universal principle of human history that salvation comes by sacrifice. Physical evil is transformed only as it becomes the means of moral and spiritual good; and in His passion Jesus confronts a world full of pain, and bids it to see therein not a burden to crush, but a wing to carry mankind to the heights of goodness and of God.

III.—While many men are much more concerned about suffering than about sin, from the standpoint of the moral conscience and the religious consciousness sin is a greater problem in a world made and ruled by a holy, loving God than is suffering. The religions of the world cannot altogether ignore the fact of sin, but Christianity alone makes it its primary concern to deal with the fact; and in Christianity we must include the preparatory revelation

to the Hebrew nation. What have been called penitential psalms have been found in Babylonian literature, but the plea is for the removal of the penalty, which is regarded as a token of the divine displeasure, rather than for the cleansing of the soul itself. The Egyptian Book of the Dead represents the future life as a scene of moral judgement, and yet much superstition is blended with its moral insight. In Zoroastrianism, with its marked moral dualism, ceremonial and properly moral offences are confused. This confusion is not absent from the Levitical code in the Old Testament; and yet the prominence given to atonement in that code is the result of the prophetic movement with its dominantly moral emphasis. In no other sacred literature is there an utterance of penitence comparable to the fifty-first Psalm, or a conception of atonement that makes any real approach to the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. The Old Testament had prepared for Christ's dealing with sin; and yet had failed to deal with it as He does.

In His dealings we are first of all confronted with a surprise of His judgement. He reversed the moral estimates of His own time and place. For the outcasts of Jewish society, morally and socially, He had not only pity but hope. For the respectable moral and religious people He had denunciations. He condemned hypocrisy more severely than He did immorality. So confident was He of the efficacy of the remedy for sin that He could offer, that it was not the seriousness of the disease itself that He, as the Physician, dreaded, so much as the unwillingness to be treated of those who could so deceive themselves as to suppose that they had no need of His efficacious remedy. His experience is confirmed by the mission field. The outcastes in India are crowding into the Christian Church; the Brahmins hold aloof. In religious revivals it has often been 'the lapsed mass' which has responded and not the moral and religious class.

It is not by His word only that Jesus conveys to sinners

the assurance that God waits to be gracious, seeks to save, is more willing to forgive than sinners are to be forgiven; it is by His whole attitude towards the sinful. The reproach that He was the friend of publicans and sinners touches the very core of His revelation of God and redemption of man. His intercourse in loving-kindness and tender mercy with men irrespective of character, nay rather, even in utter disregard of the limitations which the righteous impose on their associations, conveys indeed the certainty that even so God seeks to renew His fellowship as Father with sinners as His children, so soon as they abandon their distrust and disobedience, and allow Him to persuade them of His unquenched and unquenchable love. In the story of Jesus and the sinful woman, we are at the centre of the gospel, because we are at the very heart of God. The Cross completes, and in completing confirms this search of God for the soul of man, this pleading of holy love with sin to be reconciled. The grace which forgives sin does not lightly deal with sin; it evokes a penitence for sin such as law cannot. In the presence of Christ men knew themselves sinners as they never did in the presence of censorious Pharisees. The offer of the remedy was also the disclosure of the disease. This is the method of Jesus, and there is no method of dealing with sin which has proved so effective.

The assurance of forgiveness is itself in part already the deliverance from the power of sin. The man whom God has forgiven cannot be so hopeless about escape from the hold of his sin as is the man for whom there is only a dread of judgement. A burdened conscience produces an enfeebled will. But further, forgiveness brings a new motive into the life, and sin's power can be met only as a motive which constrains to goodness enters into the life. The woman who had been forgiven much, loved much, and that love was the pledge and power of her moral deliverance. In contact with the moral perfection

of Christ, not as a law condemning but as a love forgiving, there was actual communication of moral power. Christ in the world among men is the sacrament, the channel as well as sign and seal of God's own moral power delivering sinners from their moral impotence. What Jesus means to the sinful race as the forgiving and delivering grace of God has its supreme sacrament in His Cross. All that sin brings to man in death and darkness of soul there meets all that God brings to man in judgement and forgiveness of sin; there is an obedience to God which identifies Christ, and man in Christ with the holy God.

There is one aspect of the thought of the age in which Jesus lived, and in which He shared, which is strange to our ways of thinking. Physical no less than moral evil was traced back to the agency of superhuman quasi-personal powers. Jesus speaks of Satan's power, but only to assure men that He had broken that power. He had seen Satan as lightning fall from heaven (Luke x. 18), and His cure of the demoniacs was to Him evidence that the strong man had been bound and thus his house could be spoiled (Matt. xii. 29). In the writings of Paul principalities and powers are recognized as possible hindrances to the believer's salvation (Rom. viii. 38) only that Christ's supremacy may be asserted and His deliverance of man from any kind of authority which they may have had over him (Col. ii. 15). The faith in the supremacy of the love of God in Christ Jesus the Lord has banished from our world even the thought of such opposing forces. But the same conditions as in the apostolic age are reproduced in the mission field; and it is still a living message for living needs that whatever be the forces in the world rebellious against God or hostile to man, the love of God is sovereign over all, and assures deliverance from and victory over them to all who put themselves into the guardianship of that almighty love.

IV.—All men are in some measure concerned about

needs, pains, and sins, and turn to religion for comfort and help, but there are comparatively few to whom morality and religion are the great interest, and often also the great problem, as they have not found their questions answered and their wants met: and for these Jesus is God's messenger.

His division of those with whom He came into contact is full of meaning. His own disciples were 'the babes'; and the provision He made for their needs has already been indicated. The scribes and Pharisees who refused His gifts because they did not know their need are 'the wise and understanding,' a description which betrays His irony, an uncommon trait in His speech. But who are the burdened and the labouring who seek rest, and whom He invites to Himself, that they may find what they seek? There are three kinds of seekers who may be referred to here.

(i) There are those who seek truth, and to whom the pain and the sin of the world are a problem for which they have no solution. While the gospel is primarily a solution of the practical problem of life, it does contain a view of God, the world, and man, in which some of the world's keenest thinkers have found satisfaction of mind. To lift the burden and ease the yoke of thought is an essential, and not accidental function of the revelation of God.

(ii) Much more common is the pursuit of holiness than the quest of truth. This moral problem has a twofold aspect, a negative, the bondage of sin, and a positive, the aspiration for perfection. In Romans vii. 7–25, Paul shows himself to have been labouring and heavy laden, helplessly and hopelessly struggling against the sin in the flesh, just the kind of follower Jesus wanted because just the kind He could help most. While the rich young ruler shows what may seem to us from the standpoint of the more sensitive conscience which the Spirit has enlightened an undue confidence in regard to his keeping of the com-

mandments, yet Jesus does not doubt his sincerity, but recognizes his aspiration for perfection and tests its worth by the severe demand of discipleship He makes. Some who have not felt with Paul the bondage to sin have with the rich young ruler shared the aspiration for perfection. Jesus offers His companionship, teaching, and example as the solution of this moral problem. With Him there is victory over sin, and conquest of perfection.

(iii) There are men who justify St. Augustine's saying that 'God has made us for Himself, and our hearts are restless until they rest in Him.' We may properly distinguish the spiritual good, the immediate contact and intimate communion of the soul with God from the moral goodness, although they are in ultimate reality inseparable, as God the perfect cannot be sought and found unless perfection is sought and found. The progress of saints on earth as regards these objects of their desire and effort is, however, not always of equal measure. We must recognize a hunger and thirst of the soul after God. Jesus as the Son of God in such contact and communion with God as Father does offer Himself to all such seekers as the true and living way to the Father; and such the author of the Fourth Gospel had proved Him.

In dealing with the labouring and heavy-laden Jesus discloses the secret of His own rest of soul. It is in His meekness and lowliness, His grateful submission unto God. Those who mentally, morally, or spiritually strive, and so make life labour and burden, must learn to cease from that striving in which their weakness proves only its insufficiency. They must humble themselves in trust in and surrender unto God that God may prove His sufficiency in them. As 'babes' they must learn through the Son to know the Father, and to receive all things as delivered unto them by the Father. Man makes his problems insoluble through his self-sufficiency, he finds their solution only as he submits himself to God. For Jesus not less

than for Paul, faith alone saves, as faith alone links man to God, for on the one hand it claims all God offers, and on the other it yields all God asks. Coming to Jesus, learning of Him, following Him, taking His yoke—discipleship in short—is the life of meekness and lowliness, the tokens of faith, in which the child of God can alone through the Son know the Father even as the Son by the same way knows Him. The gracious invitation (Matt. xi. 25–31) is Jesus' secret of the way which alone leads to rest in God.

V.—Man cannot and does not live in the present alone; he looks and must look forward, not for himself alone, but for the race. Every religion must attempt, if it is to meet the need of man, some promise for the hereafter. Faith must be completed in hope. The primary concern of each man is his own future destiny, as it is only as man develops in moral interest and social sympathy that he comes to be as much, if not more concerned in the progress of the race. In the Christian eschatology, or doctrine of the last things, the individual and the collective destiny are inseparably combined. The Jewish eschatology is carried over into the Christian in the New Testament, but with this deep-rooted and far-reaching difference, that Jesus the Messiah had already once come, and the final stage in the fulfilment of God's purpose would coincide with His Second Advent in power and glory. Consequently He was more central in Christian hope as in Christian faith than the Messiah had ever been in Jewish. Jesus by His miracles of raising from the dead showed the power of God over death. He offered man in God an eternal life which death cannot destroy, as fellowship with the living God assures immortality. His own resurrection was the pledge of the fulfilment of God's promise for believers. There is a gradual transformation of the Jewish eschatology observable in the New Testament; but the process is not there completed. What Christian thought has to do to-day is to get at the permanent

and universal kernel within the temporary and local Jewish husk.

Briefly, then, the hope for the individual as it is indicated in the latest phases of thought in the New Testament is, that here and now the believer has an eternal life in God which death cannot destroy or even interrupt; that that life is in a personal companionship with Jesus Christ as the living Lord, who has conquered death for Himself and all that are His; that what the future life holds is a clearer vision of and a greater resemblance to Him in glory and blessedness; that that future life is one in which the complete human personality with manifold human relationships will share; and that in it death will have been swallowed up in victory over pain and tears, sin and imperfection. While this hope is assured to the believer, and judgement is foretold for sinners, yet the love of God in the grace of Christ is leading Christian thought more and more towards a larger hope.

Be the conjecture as it may, the certainty which Christ offers is eternal life in Himself to all who are joined to Him in faith. Such a certainty no other religion offers, and none has in the person and work of its founder the same reason and right to offer such a certainty as the risen and reigning Lord has for Christian faith.

This hope is held out for the whole race in Christ. As regards human history on earth Jesus represented its progress as the coming of the kingdom of God. When we recognize the necessarily figurative character of all prophecy regarding the future, as the thought of one age cannot anticipate with literal accuracy what will be the conditions of a later age, we are still left the assurance that there is a divine purpose being fulfilled, a divine providence being maintained amid all the confusions and conflicts of men, and that the character of God's dealings with the race has once for all been disclosed in the truth and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. While He confined, and had to confine

His ministry to 'the lost sheep of the house of Israel,' Paul understood the essential universalism of His revelation of God and redemption of man as the other apostles did not. The whole manhood of all mankind reconciled and restored to God in Him, that is how we to-day must apprehend His teaching about the kingdom of God as the salt of the earth, the light of the world, the leaven that leavens the whole lump, the mustard seed that becomes a great plant. An expansive testimony and a pervasive influence as the condition of the progressive transformation of human history according to the will of God is what history testifies; and hope contemplates a consummation, which thought cannot now conceive in detail, when all the kingdoms of the world shall have become the kingdom of God and His Christ, when the Son's mission to the world shall be completed in His universal Lordship to the glory of God the Father.

ALFRED E. GARVIE.

AN IMPERIAL STOCK-TAKING

EMPIRE, in the true sense of the term, means much more than territorial magnitude. Assyria and Babylon in ancient history, China and Russia in modern times, are sometimes spoken of as empires because of their vast area. But in strict geographical science they were and are simply large self-contained nations. One dynasty or form of government succeeds another without involving extraneous populations in its rise or fall. An empire is a collection of nations, each of which retains its racial qualities and local institutions, but unites in acknowledging one supreme sovereign, accepting the same common law, and each giving to the whole loyal support in peace and war.

In area, population, and variety of States the British empire is a new phenomenon on the earth. Before 'the spacious days' of Queen Elizabeth we possessed nothing beyond the English Channel. A century later Holland, Spain, and Portugal were far ahead of us in colonial adventure. We may, therefore, date the beginning of our empire in the early part of the seventeenth century. During these three hundred years it has taken shape rapidly yet gradually —sometimes by the policy of British statesmen, but frequently apart from it—and has grown into an empire in comparison with which the empire of ancient Rome was insignificant. The Dominion of Canada alone equals the entire continent of Europe. Australia is almost equal to it. British possessions in India and Africa would overlap it. Our empire has a foothold in every part of the world. It has islands in every sea; states in every zone; territories on every continent; among its people are representatives of every race, colour, language, and religion; and what makes this phenomenon more impressive is that as the thinking brain, the guiding hand, the mother heart of this

immeasurable extent and diversity, we have England whose most cherished tradition is liberty :—not militant Germany, nor autocratic Russia, nor even republican America, but England—around whom these daughter-nations gather, loyal to her throne, and proud of their citizenship in the common empire. Vast geographical spaces and wide seas divide these peoples from each other and them from us, yet these spaces and seas, so far from severing, seem rather to carry and intensify the moral electric of national family-hood.

The purpose of this article is to review the British Empire as it stands in this year of grace 1921. We begin with Newfoundland, our oldest colony and the first land we touch when we cross the Atlantic. It was ceded to us (together with Nova Scotia and the Hudson Bay territories) by the Treaty of Utrecht (1713). This island is equal in size to England less the county of Northumberland. Its people depend almost wholly upon their fisheries, from which they export cod to the value of £2,000,000 annually. A few miles west of Newfoundland lies Canada. Canada was discovered in 1499 by the French brothers Cabot. Thirty-six years later Jacques Cartier took formal possession of it in the name of the French Crown. During the wars between England and France in the eighteenth century it was conquered by us and has since remained a British dominion. It has an area of 3,620,000 square miles, and a population of 6,000,000, of which the descendants of the early French settlers number 1,400,000, the Indians 108,000, and Germans 200,000. The history of Canada has been solidly useful rather than spectacular. The land is rich in the wealth of the fields, the lakes, the forests, and the mines. As a gold producer Canada stands fifth among the nations of the world : silver, nickel, lead, and copper are abundant. The latest estimate of the coal area is 100,000 square miles. The recent discoveries of oil (April, 1920) near Fort Norman add to the rich supplies from the Kern Rivers oil wells.

Its forests are immense; red and white pine, black and white birch, lime trees and sycamores grow in profusion, and the sub-Arctic forests supply unlimited spruce and soft poplar, which are reduced to pulp for the manufacture of paper. Its trade in furs exceeds that of Russia. In the utilization of water power Canada leads the world. Waterways link up the great lakes into a highway of commerce. A larger ship-tonnage passes through the waterway which connects Lakes Erie and Huron than through the Suez Canal. The streams and waterfalls are made to produce electrical current, and engineering experts confidently predict that 'soon electricity at a nominal cost will work every factory, turn every wheel, light every city, and warm every home within the Dominion.'

Forty-five per cent. of the population of Canada is engaged in agriculture. It is to the fruit orchards and wheatfields of the west that the Canadian turns with peculiar pride. The two provinces of Saskatchewan and Alberta alone produced last year 88,000,000 bushels of wheat. This was reaped from 6,000,000 acres, and there are 190,000,000 in these two provinces awaiting the advent of emigrants. If need arose, Canada could easily become the fruit orchard and corn granary of the empire. The agricultural returns for 1920 are now completed, and record a total value of 1,686 millions of dollars! An impressive comment on Voltaire's definition of Canada "a few square miles of ice'!

The enterprises now being planned for the immediate future are, first, the development of Toronto as an ocean port. The International Joint Waterworks Commission proposes to widen the St. Lawrence Canal. Ocean-going steamers will then pass through the canal and Lake Ontario to Toronto, thus providing direct transport from the heart of Canada to Great Britain. Secondly, numerous reports have come from explorers in the semi-Arctic regions of vast deposits of gold, silver, copper, iron, and other minerals. The International Metallurgical Society of Montana has

arranged for a thorough investigation next spring of the country north of the 70th degree of latitude. The expeditions will be made under the British flag, and will consist of three groups. They will be equipped with snow automobiles, hydroplanes, wireless, field chemical assay plant, and all necessary scientific apparatus.

The West Indies consist of a series of islands extending in a curve from the shores of Florida to the Gulf of Venezuela. Among these islands the naval heroes of England and France, Spain and Portugal fought many a fierce fight. It was on these waters that the immortal Nelson gained his training. The more important of the group are British. Among them are Jamaica, Trinidad, Barbados, the Bahamas, the Windward and the Leeward Islands. All are luxuriantly fruitful. They are the hothouses in the garden of the empire. Every kind of tropical fruit grows to perfection. The finest sugar and honey are imported from these islands. But where the vital energies of nature are most prolific the physical energies of humanity are in inverse proportion. The chief difficulty in the hot, moist climate of the West Indies is that of labour. The freed negro shrinks from working more than is absolutely necessary in order to live. But British skill and capital are gradually solving the problem. New cotton fields are being planted. The latest machinery is being installed. Old industries are revived. New trades are established. The future of the West Indies will more than rival its past.

Our two possessions on the continent of America are British Guiana and British Honduras. The coast line of British Guiana fronts the Atlantic for 300 miles and extends inland about 600 miles. It is a great cattle-rearing country, and the Guiana herd-masters assert that if British capital improved their little port at Georgetown and furnished suitable shipping they could effectively and cheaply increase Great Britain's meat supply. At the present time they export to us sugar, timber, and a

limited supply of gold. So far as we can gauge the public opinion of British Guiana by the utterances of its leading men it is emphatically for closer and more vital union with the empire.

At the extreme south of the American continent are the Falkland Islands. They are of little commercial value to the empire. When it is said that they are chiefly inhabited by Buenos-Ayran colonists not much more needs to be said. But the islands form a fine strategical naval base, and it was from their waters that Admiral Sturdee emerged and sank the German Atlantic Fleet. Between the western and eastern shores of the Atlantic are three other links in the chain of empire. The Bermudas are a group of islands about three hundred in number, of which St. George's is the most important. The climate is the most equable known. It has become a favourite winter resort of Americans, one of whom—a minister preaching in the parish church of St. George's—slyly altered the line in Dr. Watts's hymn to '*Here* everlasting spring abides.' The chief value of the Bermudas from the imperial point of view is that, like the Falklands, they have a high strategic use and form an important naval station. Ascension island (so called from being discovered on Ascension Day, 1501) and St. Helena (noted as the exile home of Napoleon in 1815 and of Kruger in 1903) are both fortified coaling stations and serve other purposes of the South Atlantic Fleet.

On the eastern shores of the Atlantic lie our West African States: Gambia, Sierra Leone, The Gold Coast, Lagos, and Nigeria. The first four are Crown colonies, ruled from the Colonial Office. Each has a governor appointed by us with whom are associated the local legislative and executive councils. There is probably no part of the world (except Fiji) in which the empire has done more to improve the condition and enrich the lives of the people. Within a century the Christian religion and British civilization have transformed naked and lawless savages

into industrial and law-keeping communities. Schools have been established in the principal centres under British supervision. A fair proportion of children pass the fourth standard. Some have attained to standards of excellence. Save in the deep interior the natives wear British clothes. They farm with agricultural implements made in Lincolnshire. They read books published in London. There are native doctors, ministers, legislators, judges. They export to us copal, ivory, rubber, skins, and palm-oil, and receive from us cotton cloths, farm implements, hardware, &c. This twofold trade amounts to £10,000,000 per annum. Nigeria is not only the largest of these five nations; its people (about 35,000,000 in number) are of an originally superior type. Its history from the eighth to the fifteenth centuries is profoundly interesting. Under the Treaty of Berlin (1885) Great Britain secured the protectorate, which has ensured a vast expansion of its trade and great benefits to the native races. There are enormous forests of fine timber, growths of rubber, and oil products. A great industrial movement is being inaugurated by Lord Leverhulme, who is personally known to the writer of this article. His commercial instinct touches the level of genius. For Nigeria he has gigantic projects of development. Its resources are to be utilized in the commerce of the empire, and in return its national and social life will be enriched. I agree with Sir Frederick Lugard, the high commissioner of Northern Nigeria, that the two problems before us in West Africa are: The treatment of native races, who are centuries behind ourselves in mental evolution, and the steps by which they may be gradually brought to a higher plane of civilization, and the economic means by which these tropical countries may develop a trade which shall benefit our own industries by the production on the one hand of the raw materials which form the staples of our manufactures, and by the absorption in return of our manufactured goods. We venture the prophecy that the industrial development

of the tropics will be the chief commercial aim of the immediate future.

Passing into the Mediterranean, there stands on Spanish soil the famous rock-fortress Gibraltar. This 'key of the Mediterranean' was captured in 1704 and remains in our hands. A second fortress and naval station in this sea is Malta, which was taken by Nelson from the French in 1799. Cyprus was ceded to us by Turkey in 1878, to be—in Disraeli's phrase—a '*place d'armes*.'

The lands on both banks of the Suez Canal are under our control—on the west to the desert and on the east to Palestine. Our unwillingness to occupy Egypt in 1883 is now acknowledged by every person of intelligence. But destiny is stronger than policy. This land of history and mystery came under our control. An immense improvement has been effected in the administration of the nation and the social condition of the people, but we have not yet won their affection. It may be that no dominant race can expect at once to inspire the loyal affection of the people over whom it rules. Egypt remains the sphinx of the empire as Ireland remains its bog.

In equatorial Africa the various States are ruled much on the same pattern as those in the west. There are the East African Protectorate, Uganda, Zanzibar, the Central African Protectorate, and Somali. These cover an area of about 580,000 square miles with an estimated population of 12 millions. Their chief exports are cloves, ivory, cattle, skins, and rubber, and they import from us textiles, building materials, grains, and flour. German East Africa was the adjoining State of about equal extent. German publicists regarded it as the brightest jewel in their colonial crown. The British flag now flies there, though its future is not definitely settled. Should we retain it the eastern side of Africa would be British from Cairo to Capetown. Bechuanaland lies between the Motopo and the Zambesi; then follow Rhodesia, with its great mineral and agricultural

potentialities; the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony, both rich in cattle, gold, silver, copper, coal, lead, and diamonds; Basutoland, a great grain-producing district; and Natal, whose soil is finely fertile and not less rich in minerals. Cape Colony, the most southern section of Africa, has an area of 277,000 square miles. Through its scanty rainfall the farming industry is pastoral rather than agricultural, though wine, tobacco, and grain are produced in the south-east. On the veldt generally the farmer restricts himself to cattle-rearing and ostrich-breeding. They export to us a large quantity of wool, meat, ostrich feathers, mahogany, &c. The Kimberley diamonds find a world market. Much could be said upon the race problem, legislation, education, and the financial outlook of our African territories, but other portions of the empire invite us onward.

New Zealand is the Switzerland of the southern seas —a land of solemn Alps, picturesque waterfalls, splendid forests. But the colonists are practical people whose aim is to establish a flourishing State in which there shall be neither the very rich nor the very poor. There is no land in which the comforts of life are more evenly diffused; and there is no land (whose statistics are available) where the death-rate is so low. The State constructs and manages the roads, railways, coal-fields, telegraphs, and telephones. Millions of sheep are bred and fed for our markets.

Australia is about fifty times the size of England. Its federal parliament consists of a Governor-General, nominated by the British Sovereign, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. Its mineral wealth is great, and includes the precious and base metals. Its chief contributions to the empire are gold, meat, wool, hides, and wine. The value of its exports is about £80,000,000 and its imports £70,000,000. Of all the countries of our far-flung empire Australia is, next to England itself, the most British. It boasts that 96 per cent. of its people are of British descent. They

cultivate English home life. They cherish our traditions, they are skilled in our games. To the Australian, the voyage to the British Isles is 'going home.'

Among the many links of empire of which space allows only a brief cinematographic touch are Aden, a fortress which guards the southern approaches to the Suez Canal; Mauritius; the Seychelles, the naval base of the East African Squadron; the Straits Settlements, which include Penang, Wellesley, Malacca, Singapore, and the Malay States; Hong Kong, a naval dockyard and base for the squadron that polices the China Seas; Wei-hai-Wei, leased from China in 1898 'for the better protection of British commerce'; the lovely and fruitful islands known as the Fiji group, and British Borneo, famous for its fruits and spices, sandal wood, diamonds, gold, and tobacco leaf.

We now come to India, a continent which contains nearly a fourth of the world's population; so renowned in ancient history that it was called the cradle of the race; so diverse in races and languages that it is an empire in itself; the most brilliant jewel in the imperial crown and the weightiest burden on our statesmen's shoulders. An immense triangular peninsula, whose base rests upon the Himalayas and the Hindu Kush, and whose apex extends far down the Indian Ocean, its area equals the whole of Europe, excluding Russia. The British provinces, including Burma, which was definitively acquired in 1885, and which carries our empire's frontier up to the walls of China, contain 300,000,000 of people, who speak 145 distinct languages. The British population is about 300,000, that is one Britisher to a thousand natives. Less than 1,000 Britons are employed in the civil government of this dust-cloud of people. This is not the least extraordinary fact connected with our Indian dominions, and if our rule is easily maintained the secret lies in organization and incorruptible justice. To all, British rule ensures civil protection and religious freedom. The ancient strife of religion against religion and chief

against chief in which the common people were plundered without restraint and massacred without mercy ceased with the unfurling of the British flag. We found no roads in India, there are now good roads in every district. We have laid 30,000 miles of railway and 65,000 miles of telegraph lines. We have constructed water storage and irrigation works. In one district—Assam—13,000 square miles of jungle have been transformed into tea plantations. Calcutta, which when we purchased it in 1690 consisted of three mud hamlets, is now the second city of the empire, with a sea-borne trade of £70,000,000. Such material advantages do not stand alone. Pure courts of justice have been established. Schools, colleges, and universities have been opened. Modern medical skill has been placed at the people's service. Customs, felt to be cruel and useless, but which carried a traditional force which the submissive native dared not oppose, have been abolished. The Christian gospel is offered to all but forced upon none. We are gradually infusing fresher, sweeter, purer elements into India's social life. Nor is the advantage of empire wholly upon their side. Our commercial interchange of goods is immense. We receive 25 per cent. of her exports: 68 per cent. of her imports she receives from us. India is the outer sales-room of Manchester and Bradford.

India is not exempt from the restlessness which afflicts the modern world. It has its Gandhi, as Ireland has its De Valera. It may be that Mr. Montagu's 'Reforms Scheme' will conciliate the extremists, but we doubt whether the British public, or even a majority of British publicists, have grasped the significant changes in the government of our great dependency which the scheme involves. The chief points are:—(1) Hitherto the Provincial Councils have been elected as to one-half by public bodies (a kind of guilds), the other half being nominated by the Governor of the province. The election basis is now democratic. (2) These Provincial Councils had no revenues of their own,

their financial suggestions were submitted to the Imperial Councils for approval. Under the new scheme they have power to raise revenue *and to spend it.* (3) These Councils are empowered to deal with public health, education, agriculture, stamps, light railways, irrigation, and local police. Stores may be ordered directly from the High Commissioner. (4) The High Commissioner has already been appointed. His secretary is a distinguished Indian. His staff is to be largely composed of Indians. He is independent of the Secretary of State and subject only to the Viceroy. The functions of his office are to supply stores to the Indian Councils, to supervise all education matters affecting Indians in England, &c. The word 'native' is dropped, and is replaced by the word 'Indian' —a small thing but significant of much. The scheme is practically one of Home Rule for India, and comes into full operation this month (April, 1921).

We are of those who regard India not only as an integral part of our empire and of a value which transcends words, but as a moral trust involving a responsibility impossible to overrate. It must be recognized that our relations with it are not those of a conquering with a conquered race. Its soldiers are as loyal to the common crown as our own. The warriors of the Deccan did as fine service under Wellington in 1798 as their greatgrandsons did under French in 1915. Pathans, Sikhs, Punjabis, Gurkhas, Mahrattas, Rajputs are soldiers by birth and fight as loyally for the King-Emperor as does Thomas Atkins, of the 1st Middlesex. In both military and civil administration our rule has been just, strong, and kindly. This has won acquiescence and respect; the same outshining cause will preserve and perfect the same effect. In the mental and moral sphere some of us anticipate possible psychological developments in the India of the future. The operation of western civilization, science, and Christian truth upon the strangely subtle spirituality of the Indian mind may create

an intellectuality and a moral ethic as yet unattained by the human race.

Our imperial stock-taking discloses results which are distinctly encouraging:—(1) The late war convulsed the world from pole to pole. No thoughtful person looked for an immediate resumption of the progress in moral and commercial prosperity to which we had become accustomed. The history of Great Britain after the Napoleonic wars forbade that. But the empire is quietly regaining its equipoise. Our finances, though strained, are not in peril. Our international trade is finding its old channels and discovering new. We have our hot-heads both at home and abroad and have had them since the days of Lord George Gordon and Nana Sahib, but these political mudlarks do not hinder the deep and even tide which flows on in might and majesty. (2) Our friends feared and our enemies hoped that the empire could not survive the shock of a great war. The empire is so loosely held together; it contains such a number of dissimilar peoples and governments; its interests are so manifold, complex, and delicately poised that its disruption seemed at least possible. But so far from the shock shattering the empire it welded it into more vital cohesion—as fire playing upon good metals does not consume but fuses into massive unity. (3) When we survey this empire of ours—this new phenomenon in the world's history—of which we do not shrink from saying, 'He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods,' we can but inquire, 'What thought in God's mind does it express? What does He intend to accomplish in His world through its instrumentality?' A full answer to this question is not yet disclosed, but we may dimly guess. The psychology of nations shows a singular blend of qualities in the British character which are not united in any other race. It is not only mighty in war when stern necessity arises, alert in commerce, skilful in science, keen in adventure, but in the last analysis we find an unquenchable instinct for the

moral uplifting of the human race. This is its soul—the divine breath which gives it immortality.

Our flag is the august symbol of our genius: the red cross of Christian chivalry transversed by the red and white saltiers of Christian zeal and fortitude. It is not only symbolic but historic and prophetic. Wherever that flag has spread its streaming blazonry, slavery with its horrors has been extinguished; transportation with its terrors has been abandoned; order has taken the place of anarchy; justice the place of oppression; and the people, native or emigrant, have learned they could live their lives in freedom and safety. That flag has been stained with blood in many a righteous cause; it has never been sullied by shame. Long may its splendours stream over the palaces of our kings, the towers of our parliaments, our strongholds in the seas, the topmasts of our ships, the saltiers of St. Andrew and St. Patrick and the red cross of St. George.

E. Theodore Carrier.

THE FIRST ENGLISH BIBLE

THE publication by Miss Deanesly of this learned volume[1] brings to a close, as we believe, a controversy carried on for the last thirty years. For this controversy we may be thankful; it has served to sweep away a mass of traditional error as regards Wyclif's translation of the Bible, and in the place to build up a truer doctrine. The spades of many painstaking workers have made it possible for Miss Deanesly to reach finality in many matters hitherto in suspense. In the following pages we propose to give our readers a brief account of the stages through which the controversy over Wyclif's Bible has passed, and of the conclusion that we believe will now be generally accepted, though we must premise that strict proof of many of the contentions is impossible.

Seventy years ago scholarship and tradition alike assigned to Wyclif the publication of the first English translation of the Bible, at a period in his life variously dated as between 1378 and his death (December 31, 1384). Elaborate pictures were drawn of Wyclif at work at Lutterworth, half paralysed, yet never resting until he had completed his gigantic task. The absence of printed copies[2] made conjecture and romance easy, the more so as there was as yet no scientific study of Middle English in its various dialectic forms, and no Early English Text Society to make this possible. But in 1850 the publication in four magnificent volumes by J. Forshall and J. Madden of Wyclif's Bible in its entirety gave no further excuse for substituting

[1] *The Lollard Bible and other Medieval Biblical Versions.* By Margaret Deanesly. (Cambridge University Press, 1920, 31*s.* 6*d.* net.)

[2] There were partial editions. Purvey's New Testament was printed by J. Lewis in 1731, by H. Baber in 1810, and by S. Baxter in 1841 in his *Hexapla*, in each case assigned to Wyclif, while Adam Clarke had printed the *Song of Solomon* in his Commentary (1808). The older Wyclif version of the New Testament was first published in 1848 by Lea Wilson.

tradition for knowledge. This monumental work conclusively showed that the so-called Wyclif Bible existed in two forms; the one form an earlier version, a literal construe scarcely English in its structure; the other or later form alone deserving the name of a translation. The earlier version was seen to be composite in origin. The Old Testament, up to Baruch iii. 20, claimed to be the work of a prominent Oxford lollard, an associate of Wyclif, Nicholas Hereford. There Hereford's share ended, as is shown by a manuscript now in the Bodleian of which a facsimile was published by the editors. The cause of the abrupt termination was the citation of Hereford before the council of bishops at the Blackfriars, May, 1382, and his subsequent flight to Rome in a vain appeal to the Pope. In addition to Hereford, whose style was stiff and pedantic, and whose dialect was west midland, there is evidence in the Bodleian manuscript of four other contributors. What part of the whole, if any, was by Wyclif was not determined. A manuscript in the British Museum assigns to him the translation of Clement of Llanthony's *Harmony of the Gospels*,[1] which was appended to the version. The editors of 1850 believed that he had translated the Gospels, on evidence which later research has shown to be unsatisfactory.[2] It was generally accepted also that Wyclif had translated the Apocalypse, a copy of which, belonging to the martyrologist, John Foxe, is now in the library of Trinity, Cambridge. This work was written in a northern or north midland dialect. This dialect, it was assumed, Wyclif, the Yorkshireman, would use. But this book is now shown to be a verbal rendering of a twelfth-century Apocalypse in Norman-French, of which three forms or versions still exist, the earliest dating from 1340–1370.[3]

[1] For Clement, prior of Llanthony, near Gloucester († 1190), see *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, 1st Supplement.

[2] See E. D. Jones, *The Authenticity of Some English Works ascribed to Wyclif* in *Anglia*, xxx. 261 f.

[3] Miss Paues is preparing an edition for the Early English Text Society.

The second version was deemed by the editors of 1850 to be in the main the work of the prominent Oxford lollard, John Purvey. Purvey, who had probably taken part in the first translation, now smoothed out its harsh literalness, added prologues and epilogues to the various books and a General Prologue to the Old Testament, and produced a translation in worthy English. Of this translation 140 manuscripts still exist, as distinct from the 30 manuscripts of the earlier version. By the accident of history the credit for this translation in the popular judgement has been almost wholly assigned to Wyclif. Even by Forshall and Madden it was assumed that the work of revision of the first version was begun, if not finished, in Wyclif's lifetime, under his inspiration and direction. Purvey, it is true, became known to scholars, and attention was directed to his other writings, especially after the publication in 1851 by J. Forshall of Purvey's *Ecclesiae Regimen*, or, as the editor preferred to call it, *The Remonstrance*. That Purvey had held an eminent position among the lollards, was evidenced by Thomas Netter, of Saffron Walden, the great opponent of lollardy,[1] who had called him 'the library of lollards,' 'the glosser of Wyclif.' As a contemporary chronicler who lived not far from Lutterworth tells us, Purvey had 'drunk deep' of Wyclif's 'most secret teaching,' and had been his 'inseparable companion' to the end, living with him at Lutterworth as his secretary. Scholars also recalled Purvey's sad relapse. After being 'grievously tormented and punished' in the archbishop's 'foul unhonest' prison at Saltwood, Purvey had been brought before Convocation at St. Paul's on Monday, February 28, 1401. Frightened by the burning of Sawtre on Wednesday, March 2, 1401, on Sunday, March 6 Purvey had read in English a recantation at sermon time at St. Paul's Cross, a copy of which

[1] Netter is known to most students by his *Fasciculus Zizaniorum* in the Rolls Series. His *Doctrinale Antiquitatum Fidei Ecclesiae Catholicae*, ed. F. B. Blanciotti, Venice, 1757, in 3 vols., is also important for the knowledge of Wyclif's teaching.

in Latin has come down to us. He had been rewarded by Archbishop Arundel with the presentation on the following August 11 to the living of West Hythe, a mile from the archbishop's prison of Saltwood. 'There,' said Arundel to the lollard Thorpe,[1] 'I heard more complaints about his covetousness for tithes and other misdoings than I did of all men that were advanced within my diocese.' 'Sir,' replied Thorpe, 'Purvey is neither with you now for the benefice ye gave him, nor holdeth he faithfully with the learning that he taught and writ beforetime; and thus he showeth himself to be (neither) hot nor cold.' Arundel's answer was to utter threats against Purvey as a 'false harlot.' . . . Purvey already had wisely removed himself from residence near Saltwood. Four years before Arundel's threats he had resigned his living (October 8, 1403). Until recently his later career was scarcely known. It was surmised that he resumed his lollardy, and there was some evidence for his imprisonment by Archbishop Chichele. Miss Deanesly's researches enable us to fill up some of the gaps in Purvey's life by establishing his authorship of two tracts, both of which she has printed. From these we see that for some years after 1403 he engaged in controversy in defence of vernacular bibles. That Purvey ended his life either in hiding or in some bishop's gaol appears certain. But the date of his death is unknown. A doubtful monogram, written in a small but clear hand, in a lollard manuscript of 1427, 'J. Perney,' and also a Latin distich in the same manuscript

Christus homofactus
J. P. prosperet actus

would appear to show that he was alive in 1427. Netter, also writing in 1427, tells us: 'I have in my hands now a book taken from John Purvey in prison.'[2]

[1] Thorpe's diary of his imprisonment in 1407 is one of the most interesting human documents we possess. It can be read in Foxe or in other modern reprints.

[2] In the third chapter of this work, Purvey claimed that women should be allowed to preach.

The mention of Purvey has led us into a digression. Our apology must be the reverence we feel for this first real translator of the English Bible. For this translation was almost wholly his work, nor is there any reason to believe that any part of it was finished in Wyclif's lifetime. Though the gospels were finished about 1887, and a copy of the same presented to Richard's queen, Anne of Bohemia, the whole work was not completed until 1395–6. But to return. For forty years the conclusions set out by Forshall and Madden were generally accepted. In 1893, however, Abbot Gasquet—for he had not at that time been elevated to the purple—astonished the world of scholars by claiming[1] that Wyclif's Bible was not a lollard work at all, but was a sort of authorised version of the Scriptures sanctioned by the medieval Church, the reading of which, if not exactly encouraged, was certainly not prohibited. He further maintained that Wyclif's alleged translation was by no means the earliest translation of the Bible into English, but was one only of several translations made before and in his times, of some of which the Church had approved.

Gasquet's conclusions—so damaging to the reputation of Wyclif, so subversive of Protestant tradition—were based upon two lines of evidence. He took for granted that any Bible translated by Wyclif or his followers must necessarily savour of his errors. He examined the two Wyclif versions, and, apart from Purvey's *General Prologue* in the second version, could find no heresy in them. He therefore decided that they must have been the work of orthodox writers, whose names history had not recorded. The wide distribution of these bibles, their numerous manuscripts, the fact that several were possessed by ecclesiastics, led him to infer that they were 'authorized versions,' and, as a necessary conclusion, to overthrow, as he thought, the whole traditional Protestant view as to the attitude of the medieval Church to vernacular Scriptures.

[1] Articles republished in 1897 in Gasquet's *An Old English Bible*.

In addition to this à priori reasoning Gasquet adduced positive evidence. He reminded us of a statement of Sir Thomas More. In his famous *Dialogue*,[1] published as part of his controversy with Tindale, More discusses the question whether or not the Bible may be read in English. He maintains that 'the Holy Bible was long before his' ('the great arch-heretic Wyclif's') 'day by virtuous and well learned men translated into the English tongue.' 'Wyclif,' he adds,

> 'purposely corrupted the holy text, maliciously placing therein such words as might in the reader's ear serve for the proof of such heresies as he went about for to sow, which he not only set forth with his own translation of the Bible, but also with certain prologues and glosses which he had made thereon.'

In the following chapter More once more repeated this statement. He is dealing with the charge brought forward by Tindale, that the Romanists have burned the English Bible. He replies—

> 'If this were so, then were it in my mind not well done. But I believe ye mistake it. How be it, what ye have seen I cannot say. But myself have seen and could show you Bibles fair and old written in English which have been known and seen by the bishop of the diocese, and left in laymen's hands (women's, too, such as be known for good and catholic folk), who used it with devotion and soberness. But, of truth, all such as are found in the hands of heretics they use to take away. But they do cause none to be burned, so far as ever I could wit, but only such as be found faulty. Whereof many be set forth with evil prologues or glosses maliciously made by Wyclif and other heretics. For no good man, I ween, would be so mad as to burn up the Bible wherein they found no fault, nor any law that letted' (hindered) 'it be looked on and read.'

More further maintained, on the doubtful evidence of an ambiguous reading in the seventh constitution of Oxford, (1408)—the council that suppressed Wyclif's Bible—that 'to have the Bible in English was no hurt.'

More did not stand alone. Foxe also tells us that 'before John Wyclif was born, the whole body of the Scriptures was by sundry men translated into our mother tongue.'

[1] More's *Dialogue* is a very rare book. During the war it was removed for safety from the British Museum, rumour said to Cornwall or to a Tube station; but the copy in the London Library was still accessible.

Ussher repeated the same statement with more circumstance in his *Preface to the Authorized Version* of 1611:

> 'And about that time, even in our own King Richard the Second's day, John Trevisa translated them into English, and many English Bibles in written hand are yet to be seen with diverse; translated, as is very probable, in that age.'

Ussher derived his information about Trevisa—a famous 'turner' or translator of the age, and a fellow lodger with Wyclif at Queen's College after the Reformer's expulsion from Canterbury Hall—from Caxton. But all search for Trevisa's translation has proved vain, while more accurate knowledge of his life leads us to conclude that he was unlikely to have attempted it.

Gasquet's eminence as a scholar, and the apparent strength of the evidence that he brought forward from More, secured wide acceptance of his positions, in spite of the arguments of the late learned Wyclif scholar, F. Matthews,[1] and of a searching article in the *Church Quarterly Review*, January, 1901. Gasquet's contentions were considerably strengthened by the researches of the next ten years. Libraries were searched and catalogued by Dr. M. R. James and others, and their buried treasures brought to light. These included several vernacular translations. Though none of these were of the whole Bible, they showed that More and Gasquet had not argued without some justification. The attention of scholars was first directed to the English translation of the Psalter, together with extracts from Job and Jeremiah made by the Yorkshire hermit, Richard Rolle, of Hampole, near Doncaster,[2] in the years when Wyclif was still a lad at home. Rolle's *Psalter* exists

[1] The death of Mr. F. Matthews in 1919 is a great loss to all students of Wyclif's Latin works. I have in my hand many of his unpublished notes, some of which are of considerable value.

[2] For Rolle and his works, see *Camb. Hist. of English Literature*, ii. 43-8; C. Horstmann, *Yorkshire Writers—Richard Rolle of Hampole*, 2 vols., 1895-6, and J. E. Wells, *A Manual of the Writings in Middle English* (Yale, Univ. Press, 1916, 11c., with new appendix, 1920). This invaluable work, owing to the war and the difficulties of importing it, is not yet so well known in England as it should be. Rolle's *Job* still exists only in MSS. in the British Museum. Rolle's *Psalter* was edited by H. R. Bramley (Oxford, 1884).

in various forms. The earliest would appear to be a metrical version in Northern or West Midland English made between 1300 and 1350. But this cannot with any certainty be ascribed to Rolle himself. This metrical anonymous version, however, was extensively copied—at least 23 MSS. are still extant—and passed under Rolle's name. More certain is the Latin version followed by an English translation, if such a mere literal construe can be called. In later days the lollards took to issuing Rolle's *Psalter* with glosses of their own inserted, but whether this was done in Wyclif's lifetime is uncertain.[1]

In 1902 Miss A. C. Paues printed what she called, somewhat loosely, *A Fourteenth-Century Biblical Version*,[2] which she dated as anterior to Wyclif. Those whose knowledge of the work was confined to little more than the title considered that here, at any rate so far as the New Testament was concerned, was More's last version. In reality the version is not one, but a collection in the same cover of two separate works. The one, a translation of the Pauline and catholic epistles in which the Latin is rendered with clearness and idiomatic ease was the work, it would seem, of a man of Kent or the south-eastern counties. This part was the original, to which was afterwards added a southern transcript of a version made in the north-east midland of the catholic epistles, the Acts and the first six chapters of St. Matthew. Of these Matthew, Acts ii. and iii., John and Jude seem to be borrowed from a still earlier version. The northern version is the work of a poor Latin scholar,[3]

[1] Lack of space forbids me to enter into the curious story of lollard tampering with Archb. Thoresby's *Lay Folk's Cathechism* (ed. E.E.T.S., 1901) or to give the reasons which lead me to reject the attribution by the editors of the tampering to Wyclif.

[2] This edition, privately printed, contained a valuable historical introduction, withdrawn in the reprint of 1904, to form the basis of a new work, *The English Bible in the Fourteenth Century*, unfortunately not yet printed. But the reprint of 1904 is still of value.

[3] Some of my readers may be interested in the following 'howler,' among many. The author translates 'Philippos, quæ est prima partis Macedoniæ civitas colonia' (see Vulgate, Acts xvi. 12) as 'the city of Cologne.'

but in clearness of expression and idiomatic use of English both versions, in the judgement of the scholars who have studied them, are superior to Wyclif's, while the southern version is on an equality even with Purvey's. It is interesting to note that both the northern and southern versions made less use of French loan words than either Wyclif or Purvey.

This version, both in its northern and southern forms, according to Miss Paues was perfectly orthodox and intended for a nunnery. But the rejection of a monastic origin is strengthened by the signs that the writer, though not an extreme lollard, was in sympathy with the movement, as is shown by his giving a translation for the 'lewd' of the 'bare text' without the Latin side by side, and without glosses. The reference to the obtaining forgiveness by confession to God only also smells of lollardy. Possibly the writer of the southern version, as Miss Deanesly suggests, was one of the five who wrote Nicholas Hereford's original manuscript now in the Bodleian, one of whom appears to hail from Kent. But this is conjecture, and we are equally uncertain as to the year. If a lollard, the date would probably be earlier than the completion of Purvey's version. The reference to the danger of 'death' for making such a version would point to a time when persecution had begun, possibly after the passing of Wyclif. But this last must not be pressed too far, for references to death and danger do not always imply any legal warrant. All that is certain is that the northern and southern versions were united in one manuscript about 1400.

In addition to the New Testament published by Miss Paues there existed also an English version of the Synoptic Gospels, with the Latin text and a gloss mainly translated from Peter Lombard. The writer tells us that he 'was stirred up to begin of (by) one that I suppose verily was God's servant,' for 'the gospel is rule by which each Christian man ought to live,' phrases which strongely point to the influence of Wyclif and his teaching. There are reasons for

believing that it was by the author of a lollard work called *The Pore Caitif*.[1] There has also survived in a single manuscript a 'very literal and stiff translation' of the *Pauline Epistles*,[2] practically a construe from Latin into 'rough and pedestrian' English. This version, which shows an anti-Wycliffite tendency, was made about the close of the fourteenth century, not for the public but for the author's own use in giving instruction, possibly, as Miss Deanesly suggests, in the Lincoln cathedral school. All these versions were written in a northern or north midland dialect; in fact the 'earliest home of the English Bible was the North of England.' Lest our Yorkshire readers boast overmuch we add that the fact may be accounted for by the greater ignorance of French and Latin in the North than in the more cultured South. From the North also came, probably from near Durham, the various rhymed gospels, MSS. of which were once very numerous, now generally known as *The Northern Homily Collection*.[3] Whether Wyclif, who was born not far from Durham, would be acquainted with any of these in his earlier days we cannot say.

From this hurried survey of the various translations of the age we can see at once how strangely the tide was flowing in Wyclif's day towards a vernacular Bible. Wyclif's translation—for we may still continue with advantage to give his name to the vernacular editions, of which, as Archbishop Arundel told us, he was 'the instigator'—it is clear, formed part of a movement manifesting itself in many separate efforts. But our survey also shows us that none of these translations were other than partial, and that the supposed pre-Wyclif Bible of More and Gasquet does not exist, at any rate has not yet been brought to light. In all probability More mistook for an earlier translation either Wyclif's first version, as distinct from Purvey's—for it

[1] See Wells' *Manual*, 407, 482.
[2] Edited by Miss M. J. Powell for the Early English Text Society in 1916.
[3] See Wells, *l.c.*, 289 ff.

was Purvey's version that More was acquainted with—or possibly a copy of the Anglo-Saxon version.[1] Apart also from the translation of the Apocalypse[2] 'the reasons for believing that any biblical version, or part of it, substantially preceded the Wycliffite ones are small. . . . Even the midland glossed gospels, almost certainly the earliest, were written through Wycliffite inspiration.'[3]

Cardinal Gasquet, in his scepticism as to the origin of the Wycliffite versions, made a point from the fact that neither Wyclif's nor Purvey's version correspond in the slightest with the complete translation of the Sunday Gospels, given by Wyclif in his English Sermons.[4] Until recently this was explained away by supposing that Wyclif when preaching would have the Vulgate open before him and made his translation as he went along. But it is scarcely probable that Wyclif would find time—for his life is incredibly full—to write out in full his English sermons. The *Sermons* in their present form are more likely to be the transcript from his notes, made by one of his assistants for the benefit of his poor priests or travelling preachers. But the vernacular gospels in Wyclif's *Sermons* prove how strongly the tide was flowing towards translation, as well as the slow stages by which the translation of a complete Bible was reached. We have, in fact, no less than three prose translations still surviving of the Sunday Gospels with homilies attached. The best known of these is that of Wyclif to which we have referred, the popularity of which is evidenced by the survival of 19 manuscripts, in spite of all the efforts to suppress Wyclif's works. Here homily and translation are interwoven. Strange to say,

[1] Purvey tells us, writing in 1405, that 'there was a man of London, his name was Wyring, had a Bible in English of northern speech, and it seemed two hundred year old'—evidently the Anglo-Saxon version of Abbot Aelfric of Eynsham († 1020).

[2] See *supra*, p. 188.

[3] Deanesly, op. cit. 315.

[4] These were published by T. Arnold, *Select English Works of J. Wyclif*, 3 vols., Oxford, 1871.

once Wyclif gives two sermons on the same Gospel, but the translation is completely different, a fact which would seem to point to different assistant translators. The *Sermons*, therefore, give us one of Wyclif's essays in Gospel translation. But the fact that they are more free from the clumsy renderings and attempts to follow the Latin word order so characteristic of the Wyclif version would seem to point to a date intermediate between Wyclif's version and Purvey's, or else to show—and this seems to me the more probable—that they were edited by one of his followers. If translated by Wyclif they are conclusive proof that he had nothing to do with the clumsy paraphrases of the Gospels in the first version. There were also two other prose translations of the Sunday Gospels, one existing in four manuscripts and the other in two. The writer of the first, who lived apparently after Wyclif's death, expected considerable opposition, and in consequence 'my name,' he wrote, 'will I not name for the enemies that might hear it.' The second was written about 1400.

We have dwelt at such length on the problems connected with the lollard translations that we must forbear all examination of the other contention of Sir Thomas More and Dr. Gasquet, that the Church before the Reformation did not discourage vernacular Scriptures. The main part of Miss Deanesly's work is the careful collection of all the evidence as to the attitude of the medieval Church to the use of the Bible by the laity both in England and abroad. The result is to demolish altogether Dr. Gasquet's arguments, and to show that in the main, stripped of its excesses, the old Protestant tradition was correct. On the Continent the demand for vernacular Scriptures would appear to have been the work of the German mystics, Friends of God, and Brethren of the Common Life in the Rhine Valley, and was frowned upon both by the parochial clergy and the friars. But the denunciation of vernacular Scriptures was by no means unanimous and ranged from the cautious

pronouncements of the Roman Curia, e.g. that of Gregory XI in 1375, and of the larger synods, down to the wild utterances of individual bishops and controversial friars and inquisitors. Some of the opponents refused to allow the literal translation of any part, unaccompanied by an explanation, lest it should be wrested to a wrong meaning. The more moderate insisted on the sacred Vulgate being published side by side with the construe; or that the vernacular Scriptures should be licensed and supervised, this last the characteristic compromise of the synod of Oxford. This skilful provision gave the authorities all they desired. Licences could be granted to the rich and powerful, and also to well-known priests or monasteries, but for the poor to have a copy of the English Bible without a licence was to have taken the first step towards the fire both for book and owner. The self-education of the laity in spiritual things through the spread of vernacular Scriptures was no part of the business of the medieval Church.[1]

H. B. WORKMAN.

[1] For a good recent account of medieval religious life, I may commend B. L. Manning's *The People's Faith in the Time of Wyclif* (1919).

FRANK ST. MARS' PICTURES OF WILD LIFE

ONE need not go to the 'movies' to see living pictures from nature. Just as it is now possible to establish telephonic communication between a concert hall and an invalid's room, so that the invalid can, while lying in bed, hear the whole performance, so Mr. St. Mars makes it possible for us to witness his wonderful pictures of nature while sitting by our own fireside. His is an extraordinary brain. It is both a camera for the taking, and thereafter for the filming of moving pictures of nature, and is also a cinema lantern by which he projects his living pictures upon a screen—the screen in question being the pages of a magazine or a book.

The majority of writers on wild life record the result of their observations as nature studies, whereas Mr. St. Mars' nature studies run naturally into story form. Unlike Grant Allen, of whom Andrew Lang once said that his science was fiction, and his fiction science, St. Mars writes nature fiction which is also nature fact. He has specialized as a naturalist, but Nature specialized on him first by making him a born story-teller. In appealing to the great body of the public—not only to the smaller body of the public which is interested in nature—this gift affords him an unmeasurable advantage. 'Tell me a story, please,' was a plea in the very nurseries of our race. For all I know to the contrary, it is pleaded to-day in what Francis Thompson calls 'the nurseries of heaven.' Nor is it the plea only of children, for grown-ups and middle-aged folk are equally interested in a story. 'All the world,' the proverb says, 'loves a lover.' One poet has even written of 'the loves of the angels.' It is of the winged beings of this world, not of the next, of whom Mr. St. Mars writes, but he can spin you the love-story of bird and moth, of

beetle or butterfly, or other wild things, so as to arrest and to hold your interest, while seeming to do no more than to put on record his observations of furry or feathered life. He is not only a born story-teller but also a born dramatist. He has attempted no play nor even so much as a tableau. In all the years that we have been intimate friends, not once in his many letters has he so much as mentioned a play, an actor, or the fact that he has been to a theatre or even to a cinema. Yet let him take up his pen to write of nature, and instantly in the grouping of the creatures he describes, as well as in the grouping of his paragraphs and sentences, he is unconsciously dramatic. Were he both a practised play writer and a born theatre manager, he could not plan, produce, and stage his effects more dramatically. His nature studies might be divided off into Acts I, II, and III. The curtain rises to discover this or that wild creature on the stage, and instantly our attention is riveted, often a tense dramatic situation is achieved in the opening words. Then 'enter' the other wild creature actors, separately or together, and tragedy or comedy (generally the former) are immediately in the air, and increase in tensity as the drama progresses to the climax on which the curtain falls.

My acquaintance with Mr. St. Mars' work goes far back. Long before he had published a book, I chanced, in a magazine, upon a story of his, 'The Master of the Situation.' It was a tragedy of love, war, and starvation. The author's picture, first of the fight between Old Krar, a hoodie crow, and two foxes, and, finally, of the battle royal, over the body of a stranded whale, between Krar and a carrion crow, in which Krar was the victor, and carried off as spoils of war the defeated champion's bride, remains as vividly in my memory as if I had witnessed the fight myself.

The story subsequently appeared in Mr. St. Mars' first book, *On Nature's Trail*, which was published in 1912. In

March, 1918, he issued *People of the Wild*, and in October, 1918, *The Prowlers*. In February, 1914, *Feuds of the Furtive Folk* was published. Then came the war, and for five years Mr. St. Mars gave us no new book. Now he has published three more, *Pinion and Paw*, *Snapshots of the Wild* and *The Wild Unmasked*; and so far from finding any falling off, as often happens in the case of authors who write always on one subject and so exhaust the vein, my opinion is that he has done nothing finer than—to name only two items out of eighteen—'Pharaoh' and 'Under the Yellow Flag,' both of which are to be found in *Pinion and Paw*. These two stories, in themselves, should surely be enough to make a great reputation as a nature writer.

Snapshots of the Wild, as the title indicates, consists of short nature sketches, some fifty odd in all, and arranged calendar-wise under the months of the year. The section headed January, for instance, pictures the life of wolves, rabbits, weasels, foxes, birds of every sort, and other wild animals during the most wintry month of the year. The other months, from February to December, are dealt with in the same way. The sketches in this volume are, for the most part, shorter, slighter, and less tensely dramatic than in *Pinion and Paw* or the preceding volumes, the purpose being to attract younger readers and to serve as an introduction to the study of nature. 'On the Floods,' which comes under the section 'February,' is a wonderful little story. Heavy snowstorms, followed by heavy rains, have flooded the country, and where, yesterday, had been fields, hedges, and roads, is now only an inland lake. The flood, little comparatively and local as it is, has this in common with the great flood of the Biblical narrative—that here, too, is an Ark of Refuge. On an uprooted willow, travelling mostly broadside on, and only turning over when colliding with another floating object, is gathered a motley crew—a weasel, two water voles, a red squirrel, a water rat, and 'a big, gaunt, scarred, leering, fiendish

old buck rat,' holding brutally the large root end against all comers. The story of that adventurous voyage—how a hedgehog, swimming for dear life, tried to come aboard, and how the buck rat lodged objection—as well as of some tragic happenings, Mr. St. Mars tells in such a way as to fascinate and to hold his older as well as his younger readers. In 'The Big Blow,' which comes under the section December, and ends the book, we realize as never before what a great wind storm, accompanied by bitterly cold temperature, means to bird life.

The English Review describes Mr. St. Mars as 'a writer in the same line of succession as Jefferies, Kipling, Roberts, and Thompson Seton, but he more deliberately aims at vividness and simplicity. . . He is an artist whose best moments are better than those of any of his predecessors.' That St. Mars' work has extraordinary vividness, I entirely agree. One might indeed suspect him of having said to himself what R. L. Stevenson said of himself in a letter to Mrs. Sitwell: 'Vividness and not style is now my line. Style is all very well, but vividness is my real line of country.'

But when *The English Review* speaks of St. Mars as 'in the same line of succession as Jefferies,' I venture to disagree, and I do so with some knowledge of the work of both writers. When I was little more than a lad I chanced upon a brief nature study, printed as a 'fill-up' or a 'turnover' in a newspaper. It bore the name of Richard Jefferies (the first time I had seen it), and was so beautiful that I cut it out to keep, and have it to this day. From that time onward I watched for and read all that I saw by Jefferies. Between his work and St. Mars' there can be as little comparison as between a painting by Turner and a photograph from life. In saying this I am not belittling the marvel, the miracle almost, of photography. Of the two the photograph is possibly the more wonderful, for if we could have told our forefathers that, by slipping a chemically prepared

plate of glass into a box and, after focusing—by merely pressing a finger on a button—could obtain a picture exact to life in every respect and in every detail, they would scarcely have believed us.

Jefferies was beauty-haunted. He sighed for, craved for, even sickened for beauty—beauty of line or limb, of bust or torso, statuary or vase, face or flower. Beauty was his god. The very thought of beauty moved him to tears. His was more than the artist-love of beauty. It was almost morbid. Just as the hectic flush on his cheek bespoke the consumptive, so his restless craving after beauty was that of one who feels life slipping from him, his craving for fuller, completer life unsatisfied. He has left us books like no other that ever were written, but he has nothing in common, except ill-health, with Frank St. Mars, who, for years, has waged a fight for life scarcely less desperate than that which was waged by poor Jefferies.

Yet Mr. St. Mars, ill-health and the heavy handicap which ill-health imposes upon him in winning a livelihood and in doing justice to his genius notwithstanding—there is no other word than genius for the way in which he makes the wild live for us—is by temperament a normal young Englishman, a sportsman by taste as well as a naturalist, and by choice a soldier. As in my letters to him I naturally inquire after his health, he as naturally speaks of it, never to growse, always to make light of pain, weakness, and misery that would drive some men to suicide, but gratefully to thank God that he is alive at all and able to continue working.

Not Jefferies, nor even Heine, writing poems and satires from his 'mattress grave,' worked under difficulties, seemingly more insurmountable, than Frank St. Mars has for some years now surmounted and overcome. He is one of three brothers, the other two not long surviving after birth, a similar fate being predicted by all the doctors for himself. That for 37 years he has falsified their predictions

is to those of us who know and love him, as it will be to those who know and esteem him only by his writings, the best cause for hope that he may continue to do so for many years to come. The artistic side of his temperament he may or may not inherit from a famous French beauty who, later, became Duchess of Portsmouth, and was held in no small regard by Charles II, but as more than one of his ancestors wrote but did not publish poetry, it is possible that he owes to others than the duchess his keen love for what is best in English poetry. What is certain is that before he could read, he could have told you the name of every bird and beast in the standard books on natural history; and first as a lad, and later as a man, was only completely happy in long days under the sun, or in long night vigils under the stars, watching, observing, and studying the ways and habits of the wild creatures that he loves. An old schoolfellow of mine who happens to be Frank St. Mars' uncle, knew the nature writer as a boy, which I did not, and can go bail for the fact that the game, whether football, cricket, or hockey, which Mr. St. Mars palyed best, was always a losing game. That perhaps explains how it is that he still holds his own, unbeaten in the greater game between life and death.

Mannerisms Mr. St. Mars has in plenty. He is sometimes slangy, and he repeats words and phrases unblushingly. 'Followed' and 'froze' are word-friends of his so constantly in his company that you come, at last, to resent their presence as little as you resent the fact that a sportsman goes always accompanied by his dogs. If words had a head to pat, your instinct would be to say 'Here you are again then, old chap,' and to lay a friendly hand on each familiar head. The reason of this repetition I take to be that every story was written separately for publication in a magazine, where, appearing by itself, the fact that the same word had been used in a previous story would not be noticed nor would greatly matter. Another reason—for

the use of 'froze' at least—is that no other word so exactly describes the stone-stillness of wild creatures in moments of danger. The wonder is that Mr. St. Mars should have written successful nature books, and should succeed in making his pictures of wild life so vivid, so varied, and so individual.

In the Introduction to *On Nature's Trail*, Colonel J. H. Patterson, D.S.O., the famous lion hunter and author of *The Man Eaters of Tsavo*, says: 'Whether Mr. St. Mars be describing the demoniacal doings of a South American puma in a Scotch deer forest, the lively antics of an Indian mongoose revelling in an English coppice, the havoc wrought by the winged bandits of the air, or the fearless leadership of "Magnificent of the Steeps," away among the khuds and crags of Tibet, he shows himself equally at home with his furred and feathered heroes, and their surroundings. His creatures throb with joy of life, and his artistic touch in depicting local colour is, to my mind, inimitable.'

The book which Colonel Patterson thus introduced won the enthusiastic admiration of another great game hunter, the late ex-President Roosevelt, who wrote Mr. St. Mars a personal letter of admiration and thanks. That *On Nature's Trail* should thus appeal to sportsmen is not surprising, for Mr. St. Mars', ill-health and weakness notwithstanding, is —or I fear I must now say 'was'—himself a sportsman and a good shot. Whether he hold and handle his gun and align his sights according to the approved 'form' I do not know, but I am told that he 'gets there' each time. So with his writing. He writes very much as he shoots. His swift, strenuous, almost stenographic style is as directly 'on the target' as the bullet which brings down the quarry, quivering and life-hot. He has a manner of his own which is easily recognizable. Here are a few fairly representative passages from his books.

Of a parched raven, he writes: 'At last he rose—it was like the lifting of a black thought.' In *Pinion and*

Paw he likens, and felicitously, the falling blossom-petals of an orchard to 'confetti for Spring's wedding.' Possibly in the following passage about a shore rat, he tells us—in a parenthesis—something of his own night-vigils in observing nature: 'He came out, that shark-faced one, and stood revealed as a shore rat, but—well, if you have not lived for days and nights, lying still as a pebble beside the tide line, or the estuary, half through a cold night, you can never know, never guess, all that the disreputable, dreaded shore rat is to the haunters of these parts. Apparently the mange-pocked, tooth-scarred, objectionable one, with the hole bitten out of one ear-like a chewed biscuit, it was—had no interest in the hawk at all. . . . You see him, a hunched brown blot against the sand, broadside on, gnawing thoughtfully at something—seed of marram or grain of sea barley perhaps—held in his forepaws doubled up like tiny pink hands—hands of a gnome.' Here is a passage describing the coming of dawn, as it seemed to the weary night-watcher: 'Suddenly, as if gates had been flung open, a gold and flaming burst of the eastern mists; and as though an unseen conductor had waved an invisible baton, the whole world of green boughs, shade, shadows, thicket, wood, and cover, awoke in a drowning clash of massed music, playing in the trampling, noisy, busy day.'

That Mr. St. Mars uses ears as well as eyes in studying nature, the following passage shows: 'The ceaseless churring of the grasshopper warbler among the reeds, sounding like an everlasting winding-up of unseen fishermen's reels.' How close an observer he is, we see in another passage. Describing how that very observant bird, the crow, who had flown down to settle on an old tottering, rotting rail that stood over a pool where cattle came to drink, met with a surprise which jarred him, St. Mars says: 'A piece of the rail broke off, fell, shot out enormously-long sickle-shaped wings like a big swift's, and departed in silence and at speed. It was the cock night-jar himself.

One knew it was the cock by the white in tail and wing. Unless, however, you are acquainted with the eccentric way nightjars have of squatting on rails and branches *lengthwise* instead of across as other birds do, and unless you know that between a nightjar's colouring and a rail there is little difference to look at, you might have been pardoned if, like the crow, you mistook the one for the other.'

How many of my readers, I wonder, have ever noticed for themselves what we are here told of the nightjar? The magpie, being a more noticeable bird, most of us can not only confirm what Mr. St. Mars says of the magpie, but can also admire the felicity of the phrasing: 'It is impossible for a magpie to remain frightened for very long, at a time. His sense of humour gets the better of him, and he wants to find out, or has found out, and breaks cover with a derisive laugh.' Lastly, in describing a hen starling escaping from a falcon, St. Mars says: 'The starling bolted for her life, fairly picked up her skirts and ran for it.'

In attempting thus to illustrate Mr. St. Mars' literary methods by a few odd quotations, I am reminded of what once happened at the Cutlers' feast at Sheffield. Every year, a gorgeous banquet is given to which representative great men of the Empire—soldiers, sailors, statesmen, actors, artists, authors, and so on—are invited. But the humbler classes are also represented by the presence of two working men from the steel factories. As the sumptuous dinner of, seemingly, interminable courses was nearing the end, one of these working men (who had not 'passed' a single course) leaned across the table, and observed to his fellow worker: 'This is going to be a jolly good feed, Bill. *Samples is all right.*' Of the 'samples' here afforded of Frank St. Mars' work, I emphatically say that they are *not* 'all right.' No sample, no quotation, chance or selected, can give an idea of the power, the vividness, and the art, with which he achieves his effects. Only by quoting

Pharaoh or *Under the Yellow Flag* in full could anything like justice be done to Mr. St. Mars' genius, for genius is the only word to apply to such gifts as his. It has been said of certain men and women that they 'have a genius for friendship.' Frank St. Mars has a genius for the wild—not only for studying, observing, and understanding, but in so picturing the wild as to make it live before us. To the man who can do that, faults, mannerisms, and repetitions may be forgiven.

Not till Richard Jefferies was dead did the world fully realize how profound a nature lover, how passionate a worshipper of beauty, we had had among us. Only when the human heart which craved for sympathy could be helped and heartened by human sympathy no more, did Sir Walter Besant write the Eulogy of Richard Jefferies. I do not claim for Frank St. Mars that he is another Jefferies, but, as an observer and a picture maker, I believe that he is entitled to a place, a high place, of his own, among those who have written most memorably of Nature.

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE STORY OF A GREAT QUEEN

OF all who ever held the proud title of queen it is scarcely possible to find one with so many claims to greatness as Isabel of Spain. 'Probably the greatest woman ruler the world ever saw,' says Martin Hume. She possessed a combination of qualities amazing in their diversity.

'In mind upright, earnest, cultivated, yet was she imbued with a spirit of great enterprise. Nothing that was fitted to secure the welfare of her country or the honour of her people escaped her. Her spirit was indomitable. In council with veteran soldiers she surprised by her knowledge and her boldness. Her harangues to her soldiers and care for their welfare caused her to be idolized. She was the best of mothers, the most faithful of wives, a true friend to all who served her in the cause of her beloved Castile.' So writes another biographer.

In an age of utter corruption, surrounded in early life by almost every form of evil, beset with tremendous difficulties and frequent peril, she emerges with a greatness unrivalled, and brings to Spain a position perhaps mightier than any nation of the time. It was owing to Isabel much more than to her husband Ferdinand that Spain came to its greatness.

Nothing could have been more hopeless than the condition of the kingdom at the time of Isabel's birth, April 22, 1421. When she was four years old her father died. As he breathed his last it was with a sigh, 'Would God that I had been born the son of a mechanic instead of King of Castile!' Of him it has been said, 'the only good thing he ever did was to leave a daughter in everything unlike himself.' He left a nation sunk in utter misery. Every city, almost every family was divided within itself. In Seville and Cordova the inhabitants of one street carried on an open

war against those in another. The churches, fortified and occupied by armed men, were many of them sacked and burned to the ground. In the country the nobles, issuing from their castles, captured the defenceless traveller, who was obliged to redeem his liberty by a heavy ransom. All communication on the high-road was suspended, and no man dared move beyond the walls of his city unless attended by an armed escort.

The higher nobility were exempted from general taxation. They had the right of deciding their private feuds by an appeal to arms, meeting each other in battle array with the host of retainers. In virtue of their birth they claimed all the higher offices of state, thus placing at their disposal an immense amount of revenue and patronage. They usurped the possessions of the crown and invaded some of its most valuable privileges, so that the sovereign's life was often consumed in endeavouring to repair the losses.

Here is the story of how one of the kings recovered something of his estates. Returning home one evening from hunting, fatigued and famished, he found no refreshment provided for him, and learned from his steward that there was no money to purchase it. The day's sport supplied the king with a meal, whilst the steward took the opportunity to contrast the royal poverty with the indulgence of the nobles who were that very night feasting with the Archbishop of Toledo. The king disguised himself and saw the magnificence of the banquet of dainty meats and costly wines. The next day he caused a rumour to be circulated that he was dangerously ill. The courtiers hurried to the palace. Then the king made his appearance amongst them with his sword in his hand and seated himself on his throne. He demanded of the archbishop, 'How many sovereigns have you known in Castile?' 'Four, your Majesty,' 'And you?' he asked, of a grand duke. And so of each. None owned to having known more than five. 'How is it,' he cried fiercely, 'that you who are so old

have known so few when I, young as I am, have seen more than twenty? You are the real sovereigns of Castile, enjoying all the rights and revenues of royalty while I can scarcely secure the necessaries of life.' Then in came the guards and the public executioner with his axe. The terrified nobles fell on their knees, and sought his forgiveness, promising to restore their ill-gotten gains. The king, however, detained them in security until the rents, the royal fortresses, and other possessions were restored.

The miseries of the nation were aggravated by the adulteration of the coinage, so that the people came to refuse payment in cash, and the little trade that remained in Castile was carried on by barter. Such was the condition of things when Isabel comes before us. Her father had left a son who now became King Henry IV, an utterly weak and dissolute monarch; and by his second wife there were two other children, Alfonso and Isabel. At the death of her father the Queen Dowager took her son and daughter in retirement to the castle of Arevala. Isabel as a child appears already most devout and pious, ministering thus early to the poor of the country: skilful in illuminating sacred manuscripts which exist to this day, and embroidering the Church vestments, which were wrought in gold and silver. She read and spoke Latin, it is said, as if it were her mother tongue, and the Castilian Spanish with admirable purity. And thus early she was distinguished by her fearlessness and skill on horseback, and enjoyed all the feats in which she was to take so prominent a place against the Moors. She was but in her eleventh year when she was summoned to court to act as sponsor to Juana, the reputed daughter of the king, her brother. It is a miserable story. After twelve years of marriage, years in which the king sank into the contempt of his people, he obtained a divorce on the ground that his wife had not borne him a child. Then he married the Princess Juana, sister of the King of Portugal. And in 1462 a daughter was born whom

the king claimed for his own, but whom the court and the nation declared to be the child of the handsome knight, Beltran de la Cueva. 'The king, a shaggy red-haired giant, with slack limbs and feeble face, towered in his golden crown and velvet mantle. All around the courtiers, their mouths wreathed in doubtful smiles, glanced occasionally at the noblest figure of the courtly throng: a young man glistering with gems.' It was Beltran of Cueva, of whom the court whispered that he was the father of the new-born princess. And court and people had their own name for the baby. They called her commonly *Beltrana*. So stood Isabel, going through her part with simple dignity. Already tall for her age, with a fair round face, large light blue eyes, and hair of a chestnut hue. 'And if she in her innocence guessed at some of the passions that were raging around her, she made no sign, and bore herself calmly, as befitted the daughter of a long line of kings.'

It was through this baby princess that there came alike the troubles of the king and of Isabel. We can but very briefly write of these. Only a fortnight after the Cortes had sworn allegiance to the new princess, the Marquis of Villena, Juan Pacheco, the most powerful noble of the day, who had ruled the weak king with a rod of iron, drew up an act alleging the illegitimacy of the child, and headed a violent and numerous party in opposition to the king. Isabel was to the king only a pawn in his game to be played for his own advantage or to be betrayed as the price of peace to his opponents. To guard the claim of the young princess, he would have Isabel when but thirteen married to the King of Portugal. The cautious and clever girl stoutly refused, and stood on her rights that she could not be legally bestowed in marriage but by the consent of the Cortes.

The nation was at war. An effigy of the king was deposed from the throne, the crown torn from his head, the sword of state taken away, the sceptre taken from his hand; and then the figure flung into the mud to be trampled

under foot by the crowd. The Archbishop of Toledo brought forward the young prince Alfonso, and amidst the shouts of the people he was hailed as king. So the dispute broke into civil war that raged for three years. In all this confusion two figures stand in prominent relief. There is the Archbishop of Toledo, riding to battle against the king at the head of his forces in polished mail, under a gorgeous scarlet mantle embroidered with a white cross, by his side the young Prince Alfonso, a boy of fifteen, a gallant figure in splendid suit of armour. The two were ever in the thick of the fight, and were the last to remain on the field of battle.

During this time of anarchy and distress Isabel remained at court, lonely amidst its grandeur, for her mother had sunk in hopeless lunacy, and she was ever anxious about the young brother, heading the rebel party against Henry and the Princess Juana.

Taking advantage of some truce for negotiations she managed to reach Alfonso and his adherents when they came into possession of Segovia. Henry sought to thrust her upon the Master of Calatrava, the brother of Pacheco, whom the king hoped thus to secure on his side. To Isabel it was a horror from which she shrank. A dispensation from the Pope relieved this knight from his vow of celibacy, but could not cleanse his reputation as infamous and cruel. Isabel retired to her chamber for twenty-four hours, and spent the time in prayer and fasting, for she knew that the king would shrink from no means of compelling her to yield to his will. But as the Master of Calatrava came with great parade of magnificence attended by his armed men, he was suddenly taken ill, and died, cursing the fate that had robbed him of so fair a bride.

Then in 1486 the young Prince Alfonso died suddenly. Isabel, hearing of his illness, rode in desperate haste to his side, and he breathed his last in her arms, a lad who gave promise of a noble character. Isabel now became the hope of the rebel party. A stately embassy, headed by the

stalwart Archbishop of Toledo, arrived to offer her the splendid title of Queen of Castile. The fair young princess, in her simple mourning robe of white serge, came forth to receive the embassy and hear their request. Think of her standing there amidst all this display of strength and magnificence, a girl of sixteen, a kingdom laid at her feet by the great archbishop and host of nobles. With amazing strength and with queenly dignity she addressed them. 'Nothing,' she said, 'would persuade me to assume the title of queen before the death of my brother Henry. Restore to him the crown, and you will put an end to the evils that have so long oppressed our country. I shall consider your submission as the most signal service you could render me, and the most pleasing mark of your affection.'

Such was the effect of her refusal that peace was restored. Henry had the throne secured to him for his life, and Isabel was proclaimed to the world as his lawful successor. Isabel was not to be married against her will, and might choose her own husband with the king's consent.

Amongst other suitors for the hand of one whose fortune was thus assured, an offer came from England. The Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III, of evil memory, would have won her if he could. But the heart of the young Princess seems to have been already given to Fernando, heir to the kingdom of Aragon. The marriage contract was signed on January 7, 1469, when Isabel was eighteen. The conditions to which he agreed were that he should respect the laws and customs of Castile: should take up his abode in Castile and not leave it without her consent; should make no appointments without her approval, and that she was to be patron of all benefices. A magnificent dowry was to be settled on her. One clause indicates plainly the hand of Isabel, which one can scarcely fail to trace through it all. Ferdinand is to treat the queen mother with all reverence and to provide for her royal maintenance.

But, alas, never did the course of true love run less smoothly than between these two, in spite of the marriage contract. The negotiations for the marriage appear to have been carried out secretly, writes Christopher Hare. While King Henry, with Pacheco, the ruling minister, was suppressing the rebels of the south, Isabel had gone to her mother, at Madrigul, where she found a nephew of Pacheco and a partisan of the king in power. To prevent the match with Ferdinand was now the aim of the court, and to make Beltrana the king's successor. Orders were sent to the Archbishop of Seville to take Isabel by force, and to make her a prisoner. Her very life was in danger, for she was surrounded by foes and deserted by her own household. Then came the Archbishop of Toledo, and the Admiral of Castile, Fernando's grandfather, with a company of horsemen at full speed, and carried the princess to Valladolid, where she was received with much rejoicing. The frontier of Aragon was guarded to prevent the coming of Ferdinand into Castile. It was by a clever strategy that he escaped these watchful foes. Disguised as a muleteer, the servant of a company of merchants, he made his way by mountain paths to a friendly town and knocked at the gate. A sentinel, thinking they were foes, hurled a stone which narrowly escaped the prince. On finding who they were the commander received them for the night, and the next day sent them with a strong escort towards Valladolid.

Ferdinand and Isabel were married by the stalwart Archbishop of Toledo, but so poor were they that they had to borrow money for the wedding ceremony. The news of the wedding enraged the king, who declared that Isabel, having married without his consent, had lost all claim to the throne, and Beltrana was proclaimed as future Queen of Castile. For awhile the king's party seemed to gain ground, and for many months the issue was doubtful. The nobles fought against each other from their walled fortresses; one town was at feud with another, and the land

lay desolate. Isabel held her court at Duenas, and here her eldest daughter, Isabel, was born, when she and her husband were so poor that they could scarcely support their simple household.

Then Henry died unhonoured and unlamented after a disastrous reign of twenty-three years. Isabel was at Segovia, and there amidst the enthusiasm of the people was proclaimed Queen of Castile. Ferdinand was away with his father fighting the French. The adherents of Beltrana now urged her claims more violently than ever. The King of Portugal with a strong army supported her followers, further helped by his ally the King of France, and the situation became more threatening. But Isabel never lost heart. She roused her subjects to enthusiasm. Her influence seemed resistless. 'She dictated dispatches all night, she rode on horseback all day, riding from one stronghold to another, encouraging the garrison everywhere by her presence, and making herself idolized for her spirit and dauntless courage.' Then came the great battle of February 18, 1476. It ended in the complete victory of Castile. The royal standard of Portugal was captured after an heroic defence by a gallant knight who, after losing first one arm and then the other, held it to the last with his teeth.

So perished the claim of Beltrana. Isabel was Queen of Castile. The rebel nobles openly proclaimed their allegiance. But stern work lay before her, which only so brave and strong a queen could have achieved. The land was full of unrest and rumours of war. Ferdinand with a large force had gone to protect the frontier of Aragon. One incident must suffice to show her courage and strength of character. Her little daughter was at Segovia under the protection of the alcayde and his wife. A feud broke out between the bishop and the alcayde. During the absence of the alcayde the citadel was blockaded, the citizens rose in revolt, while the governor's deputy with the young

princess and her ladies took refuge in the inner defences of the stronghold. When Isabel heard of it she set forth at once on horseback with a few followers, a long journey. The cavalcade arrived in sight of the wall-girt city on its rocky height. As they ascended the steep road they were met by an embassy refusing to admit some of her party. Isabel replied, 'I am Queen of Castile, and this city is mine by inheritance. I accept no orders from my rebellious subjects.' She rode on boldly within the gate of the city which her followers closed behind her. Then the angry mob surged about the doorway of the great keep, and rent the air with furious cries. 'Down with the governor! Down with the alcayde!' With instant decision Isabel commanded the heavy gates should be thrown open and the crowd poured into the courtyard. She dismissed her attendants; and thus alone, a royal and stately figure on her tired war-horse, she cried in a clear ringing voice, 'Tell me your grievances, my good people, and I will redress them. What is for your good is also for mine and for the welfare of your city.' A great hush succeeded the tumult. The leaders asked meekly that the governor be removed from his position. 'He is deposed already,' said Isabel. Then the fickle mob shouted 'Viva la Reyne!' and returned to their homes, with the promise of the queen to inquire and render justice to all. In the end she declared the governor to be in the right, and he was restored to his office.

We read of her riding on horseback in terrible weather, and in the coldest part of Spain, for ten days through deep snowdrifts. 'She scorned to avail herself of the privilege of her sex, and shared with her soldiers the hardship and danger of their lives.'

Under her energetic and wise control the country swiftly passed from anarchy and cruel injustice and tyranny of the nobles to such a condition of well-being and prosperity that 'it seemed as if the golden age had come again.' She took her place in the court of justice once a week, as supreme

judge. Laws were made to secure personal liberty, 'to punish unjust judges and to ensure a prompt decision at small cost. The knight and the squire no longer oppressed the labourer, and no man dared lift his hand upon another.'

'The court,' says Prescott, 'which had been little better than a brothel in the preceding reign, became the nursery of virtue. While she endeared herself to the higher classes of her subjects, she established herself in the hearts of the people. In combination with the feminine qualities which won love, there was a masculine energy of character which enforced the execution of her plans often at great personal hazard. Under her wise control the revenue of the country was augmented sixfold in five years. ('By more than twelvefold,' says Martin Hume, 'in a very few years.') The hills and valleys rejoiced in the labour of the husbandman; and the cities were embellished with stately edifices. The writers of the day are unbounded in their plaudits of her to whom they ascribe the revolution in the welfare of their country, which seems almost as magical as one of those transformations in romance wrought by the hands of some benevolent fairy.'

Here are two or three illustrations of the strength and determination with which she controlled the nobles who had so lately been the real rulers of the sovereign. A wealthy knight had been convicted of a capital offence attended with the most aggravating circumstances. He sought to obtain a commutation of his offence by the payment of a vast sum of money, exceeding at that time the annual rents of the crown. Some of her counsellors would have persuaded her to accept the money. She indignantly insisted that the law should take its course, and to place her conduct above suspicion of any mercenary motive, instead of allowing the vast estates to be confiscated by the crown, as might have been legally done, she directed them to be distributed to his heirs. Nothing contributed more to establish the supremacy of the law than the certainty

of its execution irrespective of wealth or rank, for the insubordination that prevailed throughout Castile was mainly owing to the fact that those who failed to defeat justice by force were sure of doing so by the corruption of its ministers.

Yet another illustration is in the resoluteness with which the queen opposed the settling of disputes by duels—an inveterate source of mischief. Principals and seconds were alike subjected to the penalties of treason. A quarrel arose in the palace at Valladolid between two young noblemen, the Lord of Toral and the son of the Admiral of Castile, Ferdinand's uncle. On hearing of it the queen sent a safe-conduct to the Lord of Toral, as the weaker of the two, until the matter could be adjusted. But the admiral's son caused his opponent to be waylaid by three men armed with bludgeons, and severely beaten in the streets. The queen no sooner heard of this outrage on one whom she had taken under her royal protection than she mounted her horse in a great storm of rain, and proceeding alone to the castle of the admiral at Simancas demanded the instant surrender of his son. Neither his high position nor his royal relationship availed to his advantage. He was arrested and publicly marched through the streets as a prisoner; he was detained for awhile in a fortress, and then banished from the kingdom until he should receive the royal permission to return.

Even the Pope himself found that he was no match for Isabel. Sixtus IV had bestowed a Spanish bishopric upon his nephew, Cardinal San Giorgio. Isabel had decided to give it to her private chaplain. She sent at once an embassy to Rome claiming it as under her control. The Pope returned a haughty reply that he and he alone was the supreme head of the Church and would suffer no potentate to interfere with his appointments. Isabel at once ordered all her subjects, alike priests and laymen, to leave the dominions of the Pope forthwith—a command that they were swift to heed, fearing their estates would be confiscated

if they did not. Yet more terrible to the Pope, she proposed with Ferdinand to summon all Christian princes to reform the abuses of the papacy. This would never do. And straightway a legate was sent to Spain to arrange matters. In the end the Pope was compelled to issue a bull in which he declared 'the natives of Castile nominated by their sovereign to the higher dignities of the Church should be confirmed in their offices by his Holiness.' Henceforth all preferment rested with Queen Isabel, and her most earnest care was given to fill each vacant see with men of piety and discretion.

In the times of Isabel great military orders were spread all over the land. The position of Grand Master was one for which the highest nobles contended with intrigue and violence. No easy task was it to overcome those who occupied a position so strong, who possessed such wealth and such renown. In 1476 the Grand Master of Santiago died, and the knights of the Order met for the election of his successor. In the midst of their council they were startled by the arrival of Isabel, who had come by a long journey on horseback. With an influence that really seems to have been almost resistless she persuaded them to elect the King Ferdinand as Grand Master. In turn she succeeded with the other orders, and thus possessed the enormous powers that had been theirs. 'The former scandals of the administration were put an end to; the knights were paid by fixed pensions; and the immense number of benefices in the gift of the orders were filled up with men of good repute and pious character. This did more to improve the character of the Spanish priests than any other measure.' (Hare.)

As to the dealing of Isabel with the laity of the regular orders, which had grown to be a scandal, we turn to the vivid account of Martin Hume. A new royal confessor was needed. A poor monk, who had given himself up to pious meditations, was summoned into the presence of the

queen. 'Austere and poorly clad, Father Jiminez stood before the sovereign, and fervently begged her to save him from the threatened honour. His humility was to Isabel a further recommendation, and she would take no denial. Thenceforward the pale, emaciated figure, in a frayed and soiled Franciscan frock, stalked like a spectre amidst the splendours that surrounded the queen. Through all Castile, to every monastery of his order, he rode on a poor mule with one attendant and no luggage, living mostly on herbs and roots by the way. He carried to the queen an account of the shameful licence and luxury of the friars. Isabel's course was clear. These priors were rich and powerful and in many cases were supported from Rome. All sorts of influence were sought to stay the queen's reforming zeal, even an appeal to her husband, Ferdinand. But it was in vain. The broom wielded by the queen and Jiminez swept through every monastery and convent in the land, the queen herself taking the nunneries in hand, and with gentle firmness examining the circumstances in each case before compelling a rigid adherence to the conventual vows. Later the greatest ecclesiastical benefice in the world, after the papacy, the archbishopric of Toledo, became vacant. Ferdinand wanted it for his illegitimate son, Alfonso of Aragon, aged twenty-four, who had been Archbishop of Saragossa since he was six. To her husband's indignation Isabel insisted upon bestowing it on her poor monk, and Jiminez, against his will, became Primate of Spain, and the greatest man in the land after the king. Jiminez accepted the proud position, it is said, insisting that the enormous revenues should be used for pious and charitable purposes.

With masterly skill and indomitable courage she drove the Moors from Spain. Seeing that their fortresses could only be destroyed by cannon she sent for the most skilful mechanics from Flanders, Italy, and Germany, set up her forges and produced her artillery, and then made roads and threw bridges across the gorges for their transit,

she even directing and encouraging the soldiers, mounted on horseback and in complete armour. Yet with supreme tenderness we find her introducing field hospitals for the wounded, herself seeking to minister to their wants and to ease their sufferings. Her clear vision saw what Columbus dreamed; and when he was rejected by all the courts of Europe Isabel, derided by her own counsellors, became his champion; gave permission for his first voyage and herself provided the outfit. And when misfortune overtook him it was Queen Isabel who became his patron and protector.

The introduction of the Inquisition into Castile has been counted the only blot on the fair fame of Isabel. The account of the matter which seems most in keeping with her character is given by Baron de Nervo. 'The Inquisition had long existed in Aragon, but Castile hitherto was free from its violence. "In its inception," says Guizot, "the Inquisition was rather an instrument of order than of religion." As regarded the Moors it was essentially a political measure: while in the case of the Jews it was fully as much a religious as it was a political instrument; for in those times religion identified itself with policy. "In Aragon the Inquisition was so fiercely resented that the inquisitor of Saragossa, who always wore a cuirass under his crimson robe, was stabbed in the neck as he knelt at the altar, and expired in the church. The massacre served only to increase the rigours of the holy office, and filled with grief the heart of Isabel, who in profound dissent from the king saw that the papal yoke would fall more heavily on Castile. She never ceased throughout her reign to appease, to disarm, or to intercede with the terrible power, nor from her endeavours to quench the fires which, lit at first for Jews and Moors, ended at last in enveloping the Christians themselves. In her incessant resistance to these lamentable acts may be seen the nature of Queen Isabel—merciful, firm, and essentially national."'

BASIL ST. CLEATHER.

EVANGELICAL RELIGION AND LITERATURE[1]

WHY has evangelical religion fared so badly in English literature? There can hardly be any question that it has fared badly, and it may be both interesting and instructive to speculate on the reasons why.

The fact is there, and every one who is reasonably familiar with our literature must have observed it. The readiest example of it, and the largest, is the way that the great religious movements of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been treated in fiction. For fiction, of all the forms of literature, presents the broadest judgement of life; in the phrase of a brilliant Frenchman, it is 'the metaphor of a philosophy.' It will be found that, in classical English fiction, the representatives of evangelical religion have been misrepresented and maligned in almost every instance.

Think, for example, of the prejudiced fashion in which Scott has dealt with Roundheads and Cavaliers, with Covenanters and their persecutors, with the Presbyterian ministry and the clergy of other Churches. Scott's Puritans and Covenanters and Cameronians are unlovely zealots at the best, and at the worst they are murderous fanatics. Probably his most favourable character of the sort is David Deans, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, and he is a very harsh type, strictly upright, but stern, obstinate, and censorious. Most of the other portraits are much worse, as the mere mention of General Harrison, Major Bridgenorth, and Balfour of Burley is enough to show—men whose religion ranged between adamantine bigotry

[1] *Essays*, by John Foster (1830). *Das Verhältniss des Christenthums zu Cultur-und Lebensfragen*, by Adolf von Harless (1866). *Liber Humanitatis*, by Dora Greenwell (1875). *Religious Thought in the West*, by B. F. Westcott (1891).

and sheer mania. A Presbyterian minister in the novels is usually a pedant or a fanatic. We can scarcely recall a favourable example, except Dr. Erskine at the Greyfriars in Edinburgh, when Colonel Mannering went there with Pleydell the lawyer, and the unnamed preacher heard by Frank Osbaldistone in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral. On the other hand, Scott depicts sympathetically enough the Catholic priests and the Anglican clergy who figure in his pages.

This aspect of his work almost presents us with a psychological problem. Sir Walter Scott was one of the most chivalrous men that ever breathed; he was incapable of deliberate vilification. But in this matter the literary tradition and his own social dislikes seem to have overcome both his discernment of character and his sense of justice. For there cannot be a moment's doubt that in all this region his work is so strongly prejudiced as to be false. No one would ever suspect from Scott's sketches of Puritans that Milton was a Puritan, or from his treatment of the Covenanters that they numbered amongst them some of the best and bravest Scots of the age, or from his caricatures of preachers that the Presbyterian clergy of Scotland have always been, as they are to-day, the most able and the most learned ministry in Christendom.

On the whole, Methodism is treated with a similar contempt in the eighteenth-century novelists, though the treatment is slighter, and a little respect seems to lurk occasionally amid the scorn. This last is curiously true alike of Richardson, of Fielding, and of Smollett. Richardson does not introduce any Methodists as characters in his novels, and has only a few allusions to Methodism, mostly slight and ironical. One of these, however, in *Sir Charles Grandison*, is distinctly complimentary, for Lady Charlotte writes: 'I am sorry that our own clergy are not as zealously in earnest as the Methodists. They have really, my dear, if we may believe Aunt Eleanor, given a face of religion to

subterranean colliers, tinners, and the most profligate of men, who hardly ever before heard either of the word or thing. But *I* am not turning *Methodist*, Harriet! No, you will not suspect me.'

Fielding depicts the imprisoned Methodist in *Amelia* as a canting hypocrite, and when describing the Bell Inn at Gloucester, in *Tom Jones*, he goes out of his way to tell us that the host is 'brother to the great preacher Whitefield, but is absolutely untainted with the pernicious principles of Methodism, or of any other heretical sect.' Blifil, a contemptible character in the same novel, is said to have 'lately turned Methodist, in hopes of marrying a very rich widow of the sect.' On the other hand, the mistress of the house where Jones went after the masquerade is said, later on, to have become a Methodist, whereupon, after 'rebuking Lady Bellaston very severely for her past life,' she had refused to have anything more to do with that detestable person's amours.

Smollett deals with Methodism in rather more detail. Humphrey Clinker, the hero of his last novel, is supposed to be a Methodist. Though his religion is ridiculed, he is described as a faithful servant, and a brave and worthy man. When he is falsely accused of having robbed a coach, and is sent to prison at Clerkenwell, the gaoler complains, with a perfect tempest of oaths, of the change in the prison since he came—there has been nothing but canting and praying, not a cask of beer nor a dozen of wine has been sold, and 'two or three as bold hearts as ever took the air upon Hounslow have been blubbering all night!' His master declares that 'if there were anything like affectation or hypocrisy in his excess of religion he would not keep Clinker in his service, but the fellow's character is downright simplicity, warmed with a kind of enthusiasm.' In the same novel the unpleasant spinster, Tabitha Bramble, and her illiterate waiting-woman, Winifred Jenkins, are also described as Methodists.

It is not surprising, when we remember the temper of the age, that unsympathetic caricatures of Methodists are found in these contemporary novelists. They are nothing like as scurrilous as the attacks upon Methodism that were made on the boards of the theatre, and in the pages of Calvinist theologians. While far enough from being fair, Fielding and Smollett are not so misleading and mischievous in their treatment of Methodists, upon the whole, as Scott in his representation of the Covenanters, or even as Thackeray in his portraiture of the later Evangelicals.

For the traditional prejudice manifests itself also in Thackeray, wherever he touches upon evangelical religion. An outstanding example is his treatment of the household of Mrs. Newcome, the Colonel's step-mother, at Clapham. Thackeray's mind was essentially tolerant, and it is plain that he makes an effort to do justice to that lady's stern sense of duty and her lavish charities. But the Hermitage is anything but an attractive interior, filled as it is with 'preachers daily bawling for hours,' with 'florid rhapsodists belabouring cushions with wearisome benedictions,' with richly-laden tables 'surrounded by stout men in black, with baggy white neck-cloths, who took the little boy between their knees, and questioned him as to his right understanding of the place whither naughty boys were bound.'

It is much the same in *Vanity Fair*, with the account of Lady Southdown, whose belief 'accommodated itself to a prodigious variety of opinion, taken from all sorts of doctors among the dissenters,' a few samples of whom are engagingly catalogued as 'the Reverend Saunders M'Nitre, the Scotch divine, the Reverend Luke Waters, the mild Wesleyan, and the Reverend Giles Jowls, the illuminated cobbler, who dubbed himself Reverend as Napoleon crowned himself Emperor.' There is another name that it would be a pity to omit from this outrageous list, for we are told that Lady Emily 'was secretly attached to the Reverend

Silas Hornblower, who was tattooed in the South Sea Islands"!

Here, again, there can be no doubt at all as to the essential falsity of these caricatures. The Clapham evangelicals may not have made religion as attractive as they ought, but Thackeray's rather venomous sketches do no sort of justice to the historic fact that men like Henry Thornton, William Wilberforce, and Zachary Macaulay were the actual types of the people in question.

Indeed, evangelical religion has almost always been identified, as these names suggest, with the cause of liberty and humanity, and with the general current of progress in the world. Yet it has always received scant mercy from men of letters. While, on the other hand, the Catholic type of religion, though it has stood sponsor to many lost causes, which have been marked by much cruelty and wrong, has often been idealized in our fiction and our poetry.

Why is this? One reason has already been hinted. In some instances, the very fact that the cause was a lost cause has helped to glorify it. Little pity would have been wasted on Mary Queen of Scots, if she had grown old at Holyrood, and John Knox might have been a more popular figure with the novelists if he had been hanged in the Grass-market. If Charles I had died in his bed, a detested tyrant, and Oliver Cromwell had been beheaded on Tower Hill, a martyred patriot, the glamour attached to the cause of the Cavaliers and the Jacobites would never have existed, and the Roundheads might have had a share of romance instead, which would certainly have reacted upon the literary treatment of Puritan religion. But this does not carry us far. It does not apply at every point, and other reasons must be sought.

One of these is undeniably the fact that evangelical religion has always made for strictness of behaviour. The world, in the apostolic sense of the word, that is to say, the gross mass of mankind, has always loved drink, dancing,

the drama, races, games of chance; religion of the evangelical type has always more or less frowned upon these things, and, as we think, quite rightly and inevitably. But nobody is hated like a spoil-sport, and even abstention implies rebuke. The world piped to our evangelical fathers, and those stern men would not respond. Naturally the world resented their aloofness, and the worldling said, with a gibe, 'Dost thou think, because thou art righteous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?'

Literature, which largely reflects the spirit of the world, has reflected the worldly man's dislike of the strictness of evangelical piety. A party of careless Cavaliers, laughing, drinking, playing dice, and making love, are a more congenial subject for literature than a Puritan conventicle full of grave men with Bibles in their hands. Vice can be made piquant a good deal more easily than virtue. It is a much lighter task to write an interesting history of plots and revolutions and wars than one of peace and prosperity. 'The low sun makes the colour.' There is no doubt that in one way 'the roses and raptures of vice' lend themselves more easily to literature, because they commend themselves more readily to the natural man, than the pure beauty and the unworldly happiness of earnest religion.

Then evangelical religion, in the earlier days, always spoke its own dialect. It had an accent and a vocabulary of its own, largely derived from Scripture. The language of Canaan was one speech, and the Attic of literature was another. This has counted for much. John Foster realized it, and in his famous essay, *On the Aversion of Men of Taste to Evangelical Religion*, he pleaded for the abandonment of the patois of piety. He was unfortunate, however, in some of his particular suggestions. As an example of this, he would have substituted 'virtue' for 'righteousness,' —a mere concession to the fashion of his day, and a very unhappy exchange, as Coleridge rightly felt. Nevertheless, there was much reason in the general plea. For there is a

religious jargon, in every age, which is merely ugly, and does nothing but harm. Naturally it offends every instinct of the man of letters, for whom words are living things, with delicate colours and graceful contours, with subtle and haunting values. That every religious writer should possess John Bunyan's or Jeremy Taylor's gift of style (to select widely separate exemplars) is past praying for. But every man who writes on religion ought at least to be able to address the cultivated people of his generation without offending their literary sense. This does not mean the mere secularization of style. There is much to be said on the other side of that question. It is significant that the writers of the New Testament seem deliberately to have avoided, as far as they could, the classical words for virtue, ἀρετή, manners, ἦθη, love, ἔρως, and happiness, εὐδαιμονία. Within limits, the religion of Christ discarded the words that had been demoralized by worldly use, and selected its own speech to express its own experience. And still, when religion adventures itself in the fields of literature, it must exercise some choice both of style and of vocabulary. It must, to some extent, speak its own idiom in every age.

Then it happens that religion of the evangelical type is less picturesque, on a superficial view, than the Catholic type of Christianity. An ancient abbey and a gorgeous ritual, with splendid colour and solemn music, make a more sensuous appeal than a bare conventicle and an austere devotion. It is true that the finer mind will often be able to discern spiritual beauty and spiritual reality beneath the plain exterior of evangelical religion, and will sometimes suspect a subtle spirit of worldliness masquerading in the guise of dignified worship. But it is only the finer spirit that can do this. For those who cannot see beneath the surface the contrast will remain. As Leslie Stephen has well said: 'Shallow-minded people fancy Puritanism to be prosaic because the laces and ruffles of the Cavaliers are a more picturesque costume at a masked ball than the dress of the Roundheads.

The Puritan has become a grim and ugly scarecrow on whom every buffoon may break his jest. But the genuine old Puritan spirit ceases to be picturesque only because of its sublimity; its poetry is sublimed into religion.'

It should be pointed out, however, that even this superficial element of the picturesque is to some extent a matter of prejudiced selection. Evangelical religion is not always so ugly in its external circumstances, nor Catholic religion always so picturesque, as it has been the tradition of English letters to allege.

There is a characteristic example of this in Matthew Arnold's essay on Eugénie de Guérin. He draws a malicious contrast between the setting of her life and that of Emma Tatham, who was regarded by some people, sixty years ago, as a poetess. He deftly suggests a picture of the Catholic girl of Languedoc, listening to the *nadalet* at Noël, and reading the legends of the saints. Then he describes the Methodist girl attending 'Hawley Square Chapel at Margate,' with its accompaniments—'the young female teachers of the Sunday School,' 'a venerable class-leader,' and so on. Now does not every one see, after a moment's reflection, that this artful dig at the presumed ugliness of religious life among Protestants and Methodists is merely an example of what the psychologists call 'selective attention'? The writer has picked out a few circumstances in the one life which look picturesque and graceful, largely because they are foreign, and a few circumstances in the other life which look banal, because they are English and familiar. The whole effect of contempt is in the selection. It would be quite possible, and perhaps amusing, to play that game the other way round. Let the Catholic girl go through the back streets of Leeds to a dingy Catholic chapel adorned with hideous oleographs of the Sacred Heart, and let the Methodist girl walk in the moonlight through a haunted glen to a Methodist chapel on the snowy fells, for the Watch Night, in the last hours of the year. The illusion

of romance and banality in piquant contrast has simply been reversed. But it is as fair one way as the other.

Then the straiter sect of evangelicals, in past generations, were hostile to almost all literature that was not expressly religious. The drama was absolutely vetoed, and with the Restoration theatre in mind we cannot wonder. Fiction was also forbidden, with a rare exception like *The Fool of Quality*, because John Wesley had approved it, and *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, because it had been written by the blameless Hannah More. Poetry was in a little better case. Milton, Cowper, and Young were allowed, because the subjects of their poems were biblical, or because the tone of most of their verse was religious. And there, or thereabouts, ran the boundary. Everything else was suspect; it was regarded as less than edifying, to say the least. Now this ban on literature had its inevitable reaction in more ways than one. Letters, despised by religion, learned to despise religion. The evangelical faith and the evangelical piety failed to secure any representation in literature other than a hostile and contemptuous one. Even that was not the whole extent of the penalty. For those who exiled themselves from the realm of letters became incapable of expressing themselves in a literary fashion. *Sic Amyclas, cum tacerent, perdidit silentium.* There is a brilliant exception in the case of the Wesleys and of some of the early Methodist preachers, but otherwise the voluminous literature of the Evangelical Revival is 'a continent of mud,' to borrow a phrase of Robert Hall's. Despite its real piety and its occasional learning it is one dead level of platitude. It is without any charm of imagination or any grace of style, and it is simply unread and unreadable to-day. All this is nothing less than a calamity. It is the result of a mistaken and unnecessary sacrifice of the graces of the mind. That error belongs to the past, and is not likely to be repeated.

But it is only fair to remember that religion, if it is earnest,

and therefore evangelical religion especially, does necessarily impose some restraint and renunciation upon literature. It bans what St. Augustine called 'undisciplined words,' *verba indisciplinata*. When Dr. Johnson was talking of Foote, he said: 'He has wit. Then he has a great range for wit; he never lets truth stand between him and a jest, and he is sometimes mighty coarse. Garrick is under many restraints from which Foote is free.' What was true of that disreputable buffoon is true in a much wider range. The very reverence and purity which religion presupposes are a restraint not only upon cynical wit and careless humour, but upon the spirit of reckless paradox and the brilliance that cares for nothing but itself. Religion forbids both to the imagination and the pen many a piquant situation and many a perilous experiment. The 'arrogant intellectuality' of which Nietzsche wrote (and which found expression in a writer like Oscar Wilde) is manifestly impossible to a humble disciple of Christ.

Then another large factor, undoubtedly, has been the snobbishness which attaches to the English character. Dissent has been the mainstay of evangelical religion in this country in a way that does not apply to any other of the Protestant nations. And Dissent was a revolt against established authority; it was cruelly penalized for centuries, it was excluded from the universities, it worshipped in homely buildings, and it found its main support in the middle classes. For all these reasons it was disliked and despised by the governing caste, by the clergy, by the world of art and learning and letters; and a legend of contempt was created that grew with the years and survives until the present day. It is probable that nobody ever existed in the least like Mr. Stiggins or Mr. Chadband, but Dickens was only prolonging (and exaggerating in his characteristic way) a convention which dated from the Restoration drama, and descended through the fiction of the eighteenth century, according to which every dissenter was an unctuous hypocrite.

This perverse legend has had some weird results in our history and our literature. Macaulay complained that he had read histories of England, dealing with the reign of George II, in which the rise of Methodism was never even mentioned, and expressed the hope that in a generation or two that breed of authors would be extinct. The birth of the Evangelical Revival was incomparably the most important thing that happened in that reign, and yet these historians thought it beneath their notice. It was a species of fanaticism among the lower orders that could expect no mention in a serious author. It was not respectable. The young officer who was to become the victor of Waterloo changed his name from Wesley to Wellesley, for it would never have done for a subaltern in 1790 to be thought related to the founder of Methodism. When Cowper wanted to refer to Whitefield he veiled the great evangelist's name (as Gibbon once put it) in 'the decent obscurity of a learned language'—

> Leuconomus (beneath well-sounding Greek
> I slur a name a poet must not speak).

This sort of thing dies uncommonly hard. There are some delicious examples of it in Victorian literature. The heroine of *The Angel in the House* was a daughter of Dr. Andrews, who exercised a distinguished ministry for many years at Sutherland Chapel, Camberwell, and who, by the way, was once tutor to John Ruskin. But Coventry Patmore, in the poem, made him a dean. A dignitary of the Established Church, in apron and gaiters, might be permitted to figure in the pages of that sugary epic, against a suitable background of cathedral and cloisters, but an Independent minister—never! The author evidently felt like Horace, that there really were limits to the poet's licence, *sunt denique fines*.

There is still another factor in the problem. For it is undoubtedly true that the great events and the great experiences of religion are not altogether patient of purely

literary expression. There is real insight in the lines of Boileau—

> De la foi d'un Chrétien les mystères terribles
> D'ornemens égayez ne sont point susceptibles.

Mark Pattison once remarked that this couplet was being disproved in that very age by Milton's great epic. That, however, is a very debateable conclusion. After all, Milton (like Dante) dealt mainly with what may be called the mythology of religion, and it is only that which is generally capable of literary treatment. The supreme facts in the life of our Lord and the profounder moods of the soul's experience can only be adequately described in words which breathe so pure and passionate a spirit of awe and penitence that they scarcely belong to the literature of earth at all—at the most they constitute a small and sacred province of the realm of letters, *hortus conclusus*, *fons signatus*, where the multitude of men would hardly wish, or dare, to tread. Some of the classical works of devotion and some of the hymns of the Middle Ages, of Pietism, and of Methodism, are undoubtedly great literature, but it is not literature that moves upon the familiar plane or that makes the widest appeal. Novalis and Goethe both belong to literature, but scarcely in the same sense. Charles Wesley has a place in English letters as sure as that of Pope, but it is not the same kind of place. Religious literature, even when it is most absolute, is still a sort of sanctuary, remote and enclosed, amid the wide fields of Castaly.

For the essential character of literature, in the broad sense of the word, is (as Dora Greenwell said with fine discernment) 'a wide Naturalism, which, as it were, finds room within it for all things, not only depicting them, but in some measure delighting in them *as they are*. Could this genial abandonment co-exist with a deepened moral consciousness, far less, surely, with the simplicity and severity of Christ?'

That, indeed, is the heart of the problem. It is the business of literature to deal with life in all its wide variety,

the life of humanity as it is, the best and the worst of it. But there are many things in the life of the world which religion must denounce, or resent, or challenge, at the least. This conflict of purpose between the moral and the merely literary emerged as early as Plato, and it will be remembered that all but the most austere poetry and music was banished from the *Republic*. When the great purpose of life is deliberately conceived in terms of character, limits are at once imposed upon the enjoyment and use of literature. The canon of 'art for art's sake' is forthwith superseded, and the reaction of literature upon character and conduct becomes the supreme issue. It is no longer a question merely of interest or beauty, but a question of what sort of effect such literature is likely to have upon our moral and spiritual life. This at once restricts the range and the appreciation of all imaginative art.

For there is a profound sense in which the world of literature, as Plato felt, is a world of illusion. It is the region of δικασία, not of ἐπιστήμη. 'What shadows we are,' said Burke on a memorable occasion, 'and what shadows we pursue!' Now it is to this world of shadows that literature is native. Religion and philosophy, which desire truth at all costs, must seek to live in a world of light, and there is always an austere quality in light. The beauty that may dwell in the light is a pure and heavenly beauty. It is among the shadows and in the twilight that what is sensuous and romantic in the world is to be found.

In a word, since literature is largely of this temporal world, and religion is essentially of the ultimate world of the spirit, there must be, if not a severance or a debate, at least a lack of full and final sympathy between them. The two domains of the mind and of the soul are not yet wholly under one rule, and it is not until the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of Christ that the province of letters and the realm of religion will be merged into one indivisible empire.

HENRY BETT.

RELIGION AND LIFE IN THE EARLIER GREEK LYRIC POETS[1]

GREEK lyric poetry possesses a charm and interest all its own. It may not have reached the greatness of tragedy or philosophy, and unfortunately has come down to us in very fragmentary forms; still, in it is some of the most wonderful literature in the world. To realize its worth one has only to think of Theognis, from whom the Hebrew 'Ecclesiastes' so largely drew (*American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures*, January, 1918), and who together with the great statesman Solon gave a literary setting to early Greek reflective thought; Xenophanes and his indictment of the immorality of the traditional polytheism; Sappho, the world's queen of song, whose perfect lines are unforgettable in their throbbings of consuming passion; Anacreon, receiving more tributes in the Anthology than any other poet; Simonides, the chaste simplicity and restrained beauty of whose epitaphs have made them immortal; and Quintilian's 'peerless master' of lyric poetry, the glorious Pindar. It is no mean matter to know the thoughts of poets like these. Their period, stretching from the seventh to the fifth century before Christ, is one of the most important in Greek history. We are concerned in this paper only with the poets of the pre-Aeschylean period. Hence Pindar, Bacchylides, and others of the period of tragedy are left out of account. Simonides of Ceos could hardly be excluded; for while he did not die until 468 he was born in the middle of the previous century. Xenophanes was dealt with in this *Review* in October, 1919.

[1] The references are to the edition of the *Anthologia Lyrica*, edited by Hiller and Crusius, with an occasional mention of fragments in Bergk's *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*.

With the exception of Xenophanes, who was less a poet than a philosopher, these writers adhered to the popular polytheism, although the germ of higher conceptions can be discerned in the way in which Zeus towers above all the other deities. He is 'the supreme King of the Immortals' (Theognis 285), 'the primal Cause of all things, the Leader of the world' (Terpander 1), and 'has full power in all things, disposing them as He wills' (Semonides 1). So also Archilochus 84; Hipponax 26; Simonides 70.

Deity is omniscient. Zeus 'knows well the thoughts of each man's heart' (Theog. 375). Deeds of man and beast are open before His eyes (Archilochus 84). He discerns the end in all things (Solon 12, 17; cf. 2, 15; Theog. 144; 1,195–6). As to omnipotence, while Alcaeus (62) and Sappho (68) use the old legend of Hera's helplessness in the chair fashioned by Hephaestus, elsewhere the all-powerful nature of the Gods appears: 'Never to fail, but to conduct all things to a happy issue is the attribute of God' (Simonides 76). The Gods could even die if they thought death good (Sappho 137, Bergk). Cf. Semon. 1; Callinus 1. 12f.; Theog. 373f., 803; Simon. 44, 70.

Man is indebted to the Divine Powers for everything in life whether good or bad. 'Without the Gods no one, neither city nor mortal, wins virtue' (Simon. 44). 'Surely apart from the Gods there happens to men neither good nor evil' (Theog. 171f.; cf. 165f., 133f.). In one place, however, Theognis denies the divine responsibility for his misfortunes (833f.), but this is exceptional. Even the origin of sin is ascribed to Deity: 'Insolence (Hybris) is the first and greatest evil, and God gives it to man' (Theog. 151; cf. 166). The sins of Clytaemnestra, Helen, and Timandra, with all their woful consequences, are set down to the malevolent compulsion of Aphrodite (Stesichorus 17). Theognis refers to a divine spirit beguiling men into great sin, making evil to appear good and good evil (401ff. and probably Solon 12, 75). When, as we

shall see later, Archilochus, Simonides, and others teach that morality depends upon the environment in which God places man, the blame for sin is practically laid on Him; and Theognis (429ff.), in teaching that vice is innate and cannot be remedied by instruction, implies a similar view. But even Simonides can give noble expression to the patriot's power to choose the right and eschew the base, as we see from the epigram on the defenders of Tegea (87).

Occasionally Fortune is mentioned. In Alcman (66) she is a person—the daughter of Forethought and the sister of Good-order and Persuasion. Archilochus writes that Fortune and Fate give all things to man (15, cf. Simon. 85). An anonymous melic fragment addresses her as 'best of Deities,' 'the beginning and end of men-endowed-with-speech,' but it probably belongs to the age of the philosophers (79). Our poets regard Tyche as the servant of Zeus or a thing, His gift (Solon 36; 12, 70; Simon. 1; Theog. 130–4; 589f.). We hear, too, of Fate or the Fates (Callinus 1; Archil. 15, just quoted). 'Destiny (Aisa) hath mastered all' (Alcman 5, 18; cf. melic frs. 82–3; Theog. 818, 1,033). Fate, however, like Fortune, is either God's servant or conceived as a thing given by Him, not independent (Semonides 7, 104, 114; Theog. 1,033; Solon 2, 1f.; 12, 30). When Simonides (3, 16) writes that 'not even the Gods fight with necessity,' probably all that he means is that law holds in the highest realm of the universe as well as in the physical world, and that even Gods must uphold this moral order. Also regarded as the agents of Deity are the Keres, real evil sprites bringing death, disease, misfortune, drunkenness, and old-age to mortals (Frag. Mel. Ades. 49; Mimnermus 2, 5; Theog. 13, 208, 767, 837), as well as the spirits good and bad (Theog. 161–4; 403; Solon 12, 75; Phocylides 13).

In the hands of the Gods and their agents man is held

in an unyielding grip. He is hemmed in by arbitrary and resistless Power against which he cannot contend (Theog. 687f.). 'What Fate has decreed it is not possible to escape' (Theog. 140, 817, 1,033; Callinus 1, 12–3; Solon 12, 63f.; 22, 9f.). Solon and Theognis are oppressed by human ignorance and inability to penetrate the divine plan: 'The mind of the Immortals is wholly hidden from men' (Solon 16; cf. Semon. 1, 3f.). Withheld is the knowledge necessary so to order one's life as to please Deity: 'Nothing is fixed by God for mortals nor the road in which a man must go to please the Immortals' (Theog. 381f.). The issues of all undertakings are thus chanceful. We walk in the dark (Solon 12, 65–6; Theog. 585–6). Success does not necessarily follow the most careful foresight and planning (Theog. 689f.). 'No man toils knowing within his heart whether the issue be good or ill. Many a time thinking to bring about evil he brings about good, and thinking to cause good he causes evil. The barriers of stern impossibility keep a man back from doing as he wills. Our thoughts are vain; we know nothing; the Gods bring everything to pass according to their own will' (Theog. 185ff.).

Hence life is a queer tangle. By God's grace the useless and wicked prosper and the good are poor (Theog. 149, 315, 321, 633, 365). Often is a man deliberately led by a daimon into great error (Theog. 404). 'Wise man errs; glory oft attends the senseless; and honour even the base man obtains' (Theog. 665f). 'There are many who have a mean soul but a good daimon, to whom the seeming ill turns out good; but some toil with good counsel but a bad daimon, and success does not follow their works' (Theog. 161ff.). Fruitless are all plans and endeavours if man's guardian spirit be hostile.

No wonder that God-bestowed good-luck is the most desirable possession of all. Success is not due to ability or merit; only let the Heaven-sent demon be kindly

disposed. Even when a man does wrong God gives him good-fortune, and he prospers freed from the consequences of his folly (Solon 12, 69f.; Theog. 589f.). The beloved of the Gods ever succeed (Theog. 169). The one thing essential is the Divine favour: 'May I be blessed-with-a-good-daimon and dear to the Immortals; then am I eager for no other excellence' (Theog. 653ff.; 1,119ff.).

The Gods punish the wrongdoer and reward the righteous (Archilochus 84; Alcman 5, 36f.; Simon. 108). Justly-won wealth remains sure, but dishonestly gained it leads to ruin (Solon 12, 7ff., 75; 14; Theog. 197f.). Deception of or injury to a guest or suppliant, lying, oath-breaking, and oppressive pride receive their due (Solon 2, 8; 12, 75; Theog. 143f, 399f., 541, 603f., 603ff., 1,103f.). Here is the place to mention Mure's interpretation of Alcman's fr. 70 as meaning that in the everlasting punishment of Tantalus the stone was not a real object but a morbid delusion in the sinner's mind. Sometimes there might be a tardiness in dealing out punishment, and hence sinners are led to believe they can transgress with impunity; but in the end justice overtakes the offender (Solon 2, 15ff.; 12, 8, 17ff.; Theog. 199ff.; 279ff.).

Unfortunately so simple a scheme of rewards and punishments was not the only one in operation; nay, as far as Theognis and Solon could see, the Gods had no fixed, equitable laws of retribution. Not seldom were the wicked and righteous treated alike, or the wicked prosperous and the good in adversity. Evil-doing was often followed by happiness and virtue by wretchedness (Theog. 149, 161ff., 321, 377ff., 383ff., 589f., 743ff., 865; Solon 12. 67ff. 14).

Both these thinkers were aware of the problems raised by the observed fact that children suffer for the sins of their parents. Sinners may be punished in their own persons, but they may escape, and the Heaven-ordained doom fall on others; 'the innocent will suffer for the guilty, their children, perhaps, or later generations'

(Solon 12, 27ff.). So far as we know the statesman made no open protest; Theognis did, and bitter was the complaint. He asked that the sinner 'should himself atone for his evil deeds, and that the wickedness of the father should not in aftertime become a bane to his children; but when the children of an unjust father follow after the right in thought and deed, reverencing thy wrath, O Son of Chronos, and loving justice from the first among their fellow citizens, let them not pay for the transgressions of their fathers. May such be agreeable to the Blessed Gods; as it is, the doer escapes, and some one else bears the punishment' (735ff. cf. 205ff.). To Theognis belongs the honour of making the first great protest against this law in Greece and of stressing individual responsibility.

Further, while the mystery cults of the sixth and later centuries held out to the initiated some assurance of a happy immortality, there is no trace in the lyric poets before Pindar of a belief in retribution or redress after death. Death, said Theognis, takes the sinner out of the reach of justice altogether (207f.). The poetic imagination of Simonides (118–9) may picture Anacreon striking his beloved lyre even in the underworld, but the only life after death really recognized was the gloomy one in Hades for good and bad alike. Absent are all the delights which would make it life worth living. Enjoyment has ceased for ever. Hope is dead. (Theog. 244, 705ff., 567–70; 973ff.; Simon. 19, 90; Stesichorus 22; Erinna 3; Mel. Adesp. 87). Death was an evil to be dreaded. If it were good, wrote Sappho (137 Bergk), the Gods would have died. Compare Mimnermus 2, 5ff.; Semon. 1, 14; Anacreon 32; Erinna 5–6; Theog. 727, 767, 1,187. Ibycus (Bergk 37–8) may tell of the Elysian plains and the Isles of the Blest, but these are only for a few favourites of the Gods. Such immortality is not for ordinary mortals. These must die and 'there is no finding again for the dead a remedy to bring back life' (16).

It is clear that some of these poets, if not all, conceived the Gods as jealous and capricious powers not above making sport of mankind, though now and again somewhat higher conceptions were set forth. 'If you are afflicted on account of your own wickedness, lay not the blame of your distresses upon the Gods.' 'God is not like a man, quick to anger on the occasion of every wrong' (Solon 9, 12, 25f.). Sometimes Deity is regarded as kindly-disposed, and there are expressions of a trust which is almost exultant.' Our city shall never perish by the decree of Zeus and the will of the Blessed Immortals; for high-souled Pallas Athena, daughter of a mighty Sire, holds her guardian hands above us' (Solon 2, 1ff.). 'Be of good heart,' cried Tyrtaeus to his fellows, 'not yet hath Zeus bowed down His neck' (9, 1f.; cf. Archilochus 58 and the new pap. fr. of Alcaeus, 1A in Diehl). The confidence that God was behind the Hellenic patriots in the struggle against the hordes of Xerxes received noble recognition by Simonides, 'Having driven out the Persians, they raised an altar to Zeus the Liberator, a fair token of freedom for Hellas' (126).

But the Godhead was not as a rule so conceived as to keep man's heart in quietness and confidence. 'There is no one to whom Zeus does not send many evils' (Mimnermus 2, 15f.; cf. 1, 10). One must walk very circumspectly to avoid a charge of sin (Theog. 807ff.). Themes are selected, above all by Stesichorus, which exhibit the Gods in an unpleasing light. In revenge for injuries Aphrodite leads into adultery the wife of Diomedes (Mimn. 22, Bergk) and the three daughters of Tyndareus, Clytaemnestra, Helen, and Timandra (Stes. 17), and in refusing the prayer of Kalyka for honest wedlock with her beloved sends her to self-destruction (Stes. 48, Bergk). Because Asclepius raised dead men to life, Zeus, lest he should continue the practice, blasted him with a thunderbolt; Hera in revenge for wrongs wrought by her lord Zeus gives birth to the monster Typhoeus; lest Actaeon should marry

Semele, Artemis leads his dogs to tear him to pieces; the Trojans and Greeks are divinely-led into fighting one another for years about an airy phantom, the real Helen being safe elsewhere (Stes. in Bergk, 16, 60, 68, 26). Rhea deceives her spouse (Corinna, pap. fr. 1 in Diehl). Simonides wrote of the nymph Marpessa, who when allowed to choose between Apollo and a mortal husband took the man as she had a well-grounded fear that the God would desert her when her youth had fled (216, Bergk); and in the beautiful fr. 22 all our sympathies go out to Danae, the victim of the lust of Zeus.

Further, garlands (rather than goodness ?) are in favour with the Gods (Sappho 77). They are envious (Corinna 3a; cf. Solon's words to Croesus in Herodotus i. 32), and have their favourites (Simon. 8, 9). 'There is no evil not to be looked for by men, and in a little time God overturns all things' (Simon. 45). 'Easily do Gods beguile the mind of men' (Simon. 25; cf. Theog. 404, 540, 555). Ares is a 'murderer' (Alcaeus 18), and Hermes addressed as the 'companion of thieves' (Hipponax 1). Eros is cruel, Aphrodite guileful, and Ares a worker of mischief (Simon. 26). According to Theognis man is like a God when he is able to wreak vengeance upon his foes (389f.); the false friend is a divine gift (123); and in one passage (325ff.) he seems to say that Deity does not show the consideration for human frailty which is expected from mere man. It is human to err; men should be forbearing one to another; but the Gods will not tolerate faults (cf. 397ff.). Mercy is not a divine quality.

Under the circumstances perplexity as to the rightness of the methods of Deity was natural. An accent of resentment can be detected even in Archilochus (10) and Anacreon (95), but in Theognis it becomes an emphatic protest. 'Dear Zeus, I am amazed at thee; thou art monarch of all, and hast honour and great power, and dost well know the thoughts of each man's heart. Thy might,

O King, is highest of all. How, then, O son of Chronos, dost thou think fit to deal out the same portion to wicked and just, whether their minds are turned towards moderation or insolence?' (373ff.). 'It is natural for a wicked man to ill-respect justice, since he stands in awe of no vengeance after' (279f.). 'How is it right, King of the Immortals, that whoso stands aloof from evil deeds, being conscious of no transgression or sinful oath but being righteous, should unjustly suffer? What other mortal, as he looks at this man, would then reverence the Immortals? And how could he have the heart to [reverence them] when the unrighteous and presumptuous man, shunning neither the wrath of man nor Immortals, waxes wanton sated with wealth, while the righteous are worn away distressed by sore poverty?' (748ff.).

But neither Theognis nor any of the lyric poets were led by their thoughts on Providence into atheism, or to believe that the Gods stood aloof from human affairs. Nor did they, with one clear exception, cast aside the Gods of the popular mythology. Xenophanes did, but he was more philosopher than poet. Possibly, too, Stesichorus who, as we have seen, sometimes chose to use stories of the Deities which set them in an unfavourable light, did so because his ethical instincts were repelled by the old legends; for it would seem as if his criticisms and modifications of them were due more to moral reasons than for the sake of literary variation. It was he who introduced the matricide Orestes as pursued by the Furies but receiving from Apollo a divine bow and arrow as a means of defence (40 Bergk). No longer, as in Homer, is the slaughter of a mother part of a legitimate blood-feud but a sin so horrible as to demand a dreadful expiation, even though divine aid is given to the murderer. And the introduction of Apollo as providing help is a recognition of a struggle between the deities of light and darkness, and also of man's protection by the powers of light, ideas which

had such noble development in Aeschylus. The later lyrist Pindar also found in the traditional stories of the Gods much which was repugnant to his mind, and endeavoured most boldly to purify them. The attitude of the earlier historians proves that the spirit of criticism was abroad. Theagenes allegorized Homer; Acusilaus tried to make the old legends more credible by rationalizing them; Hecataeus proclaimed the stories of the Greeks to be manifold and absurd. The early Ionian philosophers, in their doctrine of a primordial world-stuff endowed with the immanent energy to produce the ordered universe, really set aside the polytheistic mythology. Heracleitus, while using mythological language, does not conceal his contempt for the polytheism of his fellows; and there is some slight evidence that even the religious missionary Pythagoras was somewhat antagonistic to the epic theology. But the earlier lyric poets, apart from the exceptions named, acquiesced in the popular religion. Even Theognis, so far from rejecting the common legends, justifies paederastia by the example of Zeus, if the Musa Paedica be his work (1,345ff.). 'Reverence and fear the Gods,' wrote he again, 'this prevents a man from doing or saying things impious' (1,179f.; cf. Archil. 58). Irreverence towards the Immortals is the hall-mark of wickedness (734, 1,140, 1,148; Solon 2, 12ff.).

Prayer was in general a request for utilitarian blessings—health, wealth, good reputation, success in love, war, business, and contests, clothing, freedom from anxiety, good marriages, safe voyages, ability to reward friends and injure enemies, and so on. Possibly a more spiritual note is struck in the prayer of Danae (Simon. 22, 17f.). 'And may some change appear from thee, Father Zeus; and in that I pray with bold words unlawfully, grant me pardon.' A less spiritual interpretation is, however, probable, as also in the line of Theognis: 'May Apollo set straight my tongue and mind' (759f.). Callinus does

not forget when praying on behalf of the Smyrneans to remind God of the many fine sacrifices they had offered to Him (2). Theognis suggests it is to Apollo's interest to help his petitioners; since the God is asked for protection with the offered bribe 'that with gladness the people in time of spring may send thee splendid hecatombs, the while rejoicing in the cithara and delectable good-cheer, in paean choirs and joyous shoutings around thy altar' (773ff.). In other words: Do your part, then we will do ours.

We hear of human sacrifice. Corinna (Bergk 7) uses the story of the virgins Menippe and Metioche. A divine pestilence was ravaging Boeotia; to remove the wrath of the Gods and save the people these two voluntarily offered themselves as a sacrifice. So was atonement made for others, their act greatly pleasing Persephone and Pluto. Hipponax (4, 13–7) refers to the human sin-offerings at the Thargelia—the pharmakoi. As Dr. Farnell has pointed out, these scapegoat ceremonies are more magical than religious. Sin is transferred into the bodies of the pharmakoi, who carry it out of the city. Thus is purification effected and the people freed from danger from the Gods. Here is the beginning of propitiatory sacrifice. But as to the efficacy of gifts and sacrifices the lyric poets felt no certainty. Neither augur-skill nor costly presents could deliver from the decrees of fate (Solon 12, 55ff.; 22, 9f.; Theog. 727f., 1,187f.). If the Immortals are kindly disposed they may bestow good or protect from ill; if not, then nothing can avert the inevitable evil. And no one could be certain of the divine attitude towards him. As to divination, Xenophanes seems to have utterly denied its efficacy; and there is also a remarkable line of Aristoxenus of Selinus which, if genuine, shows a similar scepticism: 'Who provide the most quackery? The diviners' (in Mullach's Frag. Phil. Graec. i. 181). Elsewhere the usual view is found (e.g. Simon. 79).

Solon and Theognis give a genealogy of sin. Prosperity

breeds surfeit; surfeit produces insolence, neglect of moderation; insolence in turn begets destruction (Theog. 153f.; 605, 698, 751, 1,103f., 1,174; Solon 2, 7f., 35; 4, 3f., 12, 11, 16, 75; 27bc). In Theognis 230 the order is wealth, folly, destruction. Occasionally a distinction is drawn between the sure riches sent by God and unjustly-obtained wealth (Solon 12, 9f.; Theog. 197f.); but more often the wealth which begets surfeit, the insolence breeding destruction, and the resultant destruction are one and all regarded as divinely-bestowed (Solon 12, 74f.; Theog. 149, 151, 321, 365). And evidently sin is thought of as intellectual folly rather than as due to a depraved will (Solon 4, 4; 12, 70; Theog. 154, 230, 590). Conviction of sin as we know it cannot be found in these poets, though possibly traces of a higher conception may be discerned in the lines of Ibycus, thought worthy of quotation by Plato and Plutarch: 'I fear lest at the price of sinning against the Gods I buy honour from men' (14).

Like other Greeks (cf. Odyssey 17, 322; 18, 136f.) the lyric poets refer to the close connexion between circumstances and character. Adversity demoralizes; prosperity leads to virtue. The wretched cannot but become bad (Tyrtaeus 8, 9ff.). 'As the day which Zeus brings upon them does the spirit of mortals become, and their thoughts correspond to the things upon which they light' (Archilochus 66–7). 'A man cannot help being bad whom hopeless misfortune overpowers. Every one who has fared well is good, but bad if he has fared ill; and for the most part they are best whom the Gods love' (Simon. 8, 5ff.). Nevertheless Alcman saw that experience was productive of good in those prepared to learn (82), and Theognis also recognized the value of adversity in sifting bad men from good, the true man not allowing his environment to affect his character detrimentally (319f., 393f., 441f., 657ff., 1,029f.); but elsewhere the evil moral effects of affliction are distinctly brought out (930, 361,

383–92; 649ff.). As Dr. J. Adam well says: 'It is we and not the Greeks who by suffering are made strong.'

It is not surprising that such views of Deity as those outlined in the previous pages led to some of the saddest lines ever penned. Cares, like microbes, actually feed on human beings. So wrote Theognis: 'Cares . . . have received men for their inheritance, whining as they fight for life and substance' (729f. Hudson-Williams). 'No man on whom the sun shines is happy' (167f.). So also Solon (13). Simonides declared that 'among mortals there is nothing free from pain' (44), nor 'evil not to be looked for' (45); 'Little is the strength of men and their cares are incurable. In a brief life there is toil upon toil, and over all alike hangs inevitable death; for of that both the good and the bad obtain an equal share' (20). Similarly Semonides, 'We live altogether evilly a few years' (8), and Mimnermus, 'There is no one to whom Zeus does not give many evils' (2). The logical outcome of such melancholy is the wish of Theognis: 'Of all things to men it is best not to be born, nor to see the beams of the piercing sun; but once born, as swiftly as possible to pass the gates of Hades and lie under a heap of earth' (425ff.).

The period we have been considering ended at the beginning of the fifth century before Christ. Among the Hebrews the great constituent documents were then in existence, perhaps even the Priestly code itself. Though our present collection of Proverbs is later, the bulk of material had seen the light. So had most of the finest Psalms. With the exception of Daniel, Zechariah 9ff., Jonah, Joel, Malachi, and some parts of Isaiah not the most important, the great prophetic messages concerning God had been delivered. What other impression is made than that the Hebrew and the Greek lie poles apart? And is not something more needed to explain the difference than a reference to 'a native Hebrew genius for religion,' whatever that may be?

HARRY RANSTON.

Notes and Discussions

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND

STEPHEN PAGET's short life of *Henry Scott Holland* (Murray, 16*s*. net) will be eagerly read. He was not himself in the inner circle of Dr. Holland's friends and admirers, but when Mrs. Ady, whose friendship stretched back to the year 1870, found her health would not allow her to undertake the biography, the work was entrusted to Mr. Paget. It has proved a fine experience to trace through a thousand or more letters the chief events of Dr. Holland's life and to watch the development of his gifts. 'He lived in the lives of his friends, and of his legion of hearers and readers, delighting and inspiring them; he was like sunshine filling a room and bringing out every spark of colour latent in it.' Mr. Paget thinks the day will come when 'his philosophy and religion, his interpretation of St. John, his defence of "the supernatural setting of the Faith," his Christian Socialism, his politics, his criticism of men and books, and the whole range of his influences, will be diligently investigated.' The Latin memorial erected to him in Oxford Cathedral says, 'As beholding God invisible, he was unceasingly founding on earth His heavenly kingdom, in unshaken faith, vivid hope, joyous love.'

His grandfather was a merchant who became a partner in Baring's; his father inherited ample means and married the eldest daughter of the first Lord Gifford, who, as Attorney-General, had conducted the case against the Cato Street conspirators and against Queen Caroline. Henry Scott Holland was their eldest son. William Johnson, author of *Ionica*, was his tutor at Eton, and keenly felt the separation from the boy when he left school in 1864: 'There was nothing to comfort me in parting with Holland; and he was the picture of tenderness.' Eton had not taught him to work steadily at set subjects, but under Johnson's inspiring influence he had learned 'to think for himself, to take a wide outlook, to find his way up in history, literature, and music, and to be fearless in the pursuit of friendship and happiness. Besides, he was a good all-round athlete.' He did not do well in Moderations at Oxford, but in his Final Schools 'he did more than get a first class; he startled the examiners on their thrones; he beat them at their own game.' T. H. Green had done much for him. He told Green, 'You have taught me everything of importance that I have learnt at Oxford.' He was elected to a Senior Studentship at Christ Church on the understanding that he would be in residence for not less than five years, and would take orders 'within a reasonable time.' He spent much of Good Friday, 1871, at St. Peter's, Eaton

Square: 'Wilkinson,' he says, 'set me going at a real life independent of nearly all questionings, based on pure spirituality, and hanging between the two poles of an immediate instinctive religious intuition of God and man, which seems to me to be the actual end into which all things must only pour their results, and in which I feel an absolute lacking. Love of God—I hardly know what it is: but I struggled at it under him, and made out dim glimmerings of something. He preached conversion very strongly, to me a despairing doctrine.' He could not have found a wiser guide in his own Church than that master of the spiritual life who laid his spell upon Matthew Arnold and so many thinkers of the time. After his ordination Holland wrote to T. H. Green, who replied: 'There can be no greater satisfaction to me than to think that I at all helped to lay the intellectual platform for your religious life.' He added that he had 'never dreamt of philosophy doing instead of religion. My own interest in it, I believe, is wholly religious; in the sense that it is to me (not exactly, in popular phrase, the "handmaid of religion") but the reasoned intellectual expression of the effort to get to God.'

A few weeks after his ordination Liddon invited him to preach at St. Paul's on a Sunday evening. He enjoyed speaking to that 'mass of people.' One of his friends wrote to Miss Holland: 'My impression is that everybody was all ears, and that everybody could hear. I said to myself, yes, it will do—he can and will be a great preacher—it is all there—and the important thing is not to cultivate the arts of delivery, &c., but to keep up the study and thought whence the material for sermons is to be furnished. It will not do for him to be simply a brilliant popular preacher, but he must be (what his gifts point him out to be) a philosophical preacher.' That was a promising introduction to the great cathedral of which he was to be canon for twenty-six years. Mr. Gladstone offered him the position in 1884, and Dean Church and Dr. Liddon hailed the appointment as a real accession to the pulpit force of the cathedral. Its days of torpor had passed. St. Paul's was in touch with all the good works of the London diocese. Holland planned and obtained for the cathedral the gift of Mr. Watts's 'Time, Death, and Judgement.' He soon made himself a power. 'Voice for voice' he even surpassed Liddon. His voice had 'moments of slashing vehemence, indescribable and inimitable: but he seldom overstrained it, and he never seemed to be using up the reserve of its force; neither did he habitually shout, though he would now and again give out some essential word or name with a cry that went up into the dome and half way down the nave.' His sermons had a 'magnificence' of their own. 'He had a power of visualising the workings-out of natural forces and the development of mankind; an imaginative sense of whole nations and populations labouring and shifting and passing.' He was a Christian Socialist, and knew how to describe the unhappiness, injustice, and unrest in our national life. On January, 1896, he founded *The Commonwealth* as a

Church social organ, and though the difficulties were great, he was able to rejoice three years later that the venture was proving a success. He wrote much himself in its columns, for he had a thousand interests. Mr. Paget mourns over his blindness as to the coming war, his rage against 'bloated armaments,' and his mocking at 'the German Scare,' but at his best his writing revealed 'genius in its shirt sleeves.'

At the end of 1910 he was made Regius Professor of Divinity in Oxford. Dean Gregory had always wished that Holland should succeed him, but that was not to be. He returned to Christ Church. Bishop Gore says "he was a great theologian, and the theology to which his whole soul responded was the theology of St. Paul and St. John, and of the great Greeks like Origen and Athanasius.' 'His whole soul beat in time with the great theology of the creeds.' He exercised a wonderful attraction on students, though his lectures did not attract largely because they were set upon central problems of theology rather than subjects useful for the schools. His published work on the Fourth Gospel shows that he was a great teacher and a great Christian. He died on March 17, 1918.

JOHN TELFORD.

THE SLAVES OF AFRICA

MANY people are under a comfortable delusion that slavery is almost entirely a thing of the past, that it only lingers on in territories where the white man has not carried his liberating civilization. Liberating civilization, forsooth, when in the areas where European Powers are politically supreme there are hundreds of thousands of slaves! Some months ago, a member of the Aborigines' Protection Society said with truth: 'The day of African emancipation would not be long delayed were the public of Europe and of America in a position to grasp thoroughly a knowledge of the countless abominations of slave-owning at the present time.' That is certainly why slavery survives in Africa—the ignorance, not the indifference of the masses of the civilized world. They must be awakened to consciousness of this crime on a huge scale, an aggregation of an infinite number of crimes against fundamental humanity.

The Covenant of the League of Nations condemns slavery, and the signatories bind themselves to abolish it. The conscience of all civilized nations repudiates it immediately and completely. It is not so much moral education that is needed as statistical information. The peoples of Europe and America will right the wrong when its existence, its magnitude, is demonstrated clearly to them. If ever a cry went up to heaven from the thousands of murdered, tortured, outraged Armenians under the heel of the abominable Turk, then one ascends to demand redress from the thousands of men, women, and children held in bondage in Africa—black, uncomely according to our ideas, without all our fine feelings and exalted notions, but still men and women and children with a human capacity for suffering.

In 1915 the British Foreign Office issued a report dealing with what was then German East Africa and showing that at the commencement of the war there were 185,000 slaves there. The German authorities, it is true, permitted emancipation, but this was being carried on very slowly—some 4,000 every year, of which about half purchased their freedom, so that the real rate of emancipation was only 2,000 a year, about an eighth owing to decisions by the authorities, and the rest being liberated by their owners. Now this territory is administered by Great Britain, and a new era will dawn for the enslaved natives. Mr. Norman King, the Consul, according to the Foreign Office Report, estimated that it will cost £400,000 to free the whole of the slaves in what was the German Protectorate. This sum is required in order to compensate the native owners of the slaves, who are both domestic and industrial, and to pay the expenses of manumission certificates. The people of Britain will not grudge that £400,000. What a cynical comment on the manner in which the Germans administered their colonies—185,000 slaves, not horses or pigs but men and women, are valued at less than £400,000!

But when we come to the Portuguese territories in Africa the tale of wretched inhumanity is far more terrible. Portugal is our ally, a very old ally, but this is no reason why we should not tell it. It is a very good reason why we should tell it, for Portugal holds her African colonies by virtue of our power. Were it not for the military and naval guarantees we have given her, they would be exposed at once to whatever nation desired them and sent a force to capture them. Our soldiers and sailors defend Portugal's possessions—that is the plain truth. Then we have an obvious right to urge very strongly upon her the removal of the black disgrace to her civilization in allowing unknown multitudes of slaves to be held in her possessions. The number of slaves in the Portuguese colonies is quite unknown, but it must be enormous. There are, at the present time, probably more than 300,000, and there may be as many as 500,000 slaves in Africa. We must certainly estimate those in Portuguese territories by hundreds of thousands. Nearly ninety years ago Great Britain abolished slavery throughout all her colonies. Ten years after the edict of 1888 more than 700,000 natives were freed. It is time we called upon Portugal to abolish the practice in her possessions. So gigantic and sickening is the wrong that we should surely be justified in threatening to repudiate that arrangement with her regarding colonial matters which has been in operation for more than five centuries.

There are more or less reliable statistics relating to the slavery in St. Thomé and Principe, statistics which certainly do not err on the side of exaggeration; whereas none are available regarding the infinitely greater number of slaves on the mainland in Angola and East Africa. It is for this reason that the information which follows refers to the islands and not to the far greater extent of slavery on the mainland. We must remember that the following facts are

typical of much greater human misery, in the aggregate, in Portuguese Africa.

What are the facts? That in St. Thomé and Principe there are more than 20,000 slaves, men, women, and children. These slaves are not stationary, but the total number is fairly stationary. They are recruited in large numbers continually from the mainland, because they die so quickly. We want no descriptions of the conditions in which they work. The death-rate is sufficient. It is 120 per thousand over the rate for the whole slave population. What that rate is we are not told, but an additional 120 per thousand—that is enough! The figures for infantile mortality in the aggregate are studiously concealed, but a little logic will lay bare a state of affairs which must be —— hell! There are about 4,000 children, and these are distributed among 85 plantations. We know that on 15 plantations, 81 children died in one month, on 14 others 25, on 12 others 24, and this during a month which was comparatively healthy. It is a simple process in arithmetic to work out the rate of children's deaths and reach a figure which we can say with certainty is not too high. It would be about 60 per cent. There is no need to expatiate. Two-thirds of the slave children die every year. What a stupendous sum of human misery!

Is it not true that the British public, and for that matter the European and American public, needs enlightenment as to the colossal crime that is being constantly perpetrated in Africa? The time has arrived when every nation that aspires to be considered civilized must insist upon the termination of the bondage of African natives. White men have within recent years been known to amass fortunes by this traffic in flesh and blood. Let us be fair. The Portuguese, though the chief, are not the only offenders. There are large numbers of slaves, 'domestic slaves' as they are called, in Sierra Leone, a British Protectorate. There are very many in Liberia, which is nominally independent, but owes its inception and its continued existence as a State to the influence of the United States. It is certain that the condition of these slaves is not like those in the Portuguese Cocoa Islands, but they are slaves. For them Britain and America must answer.

As the conscience of Europe and America awakens to the survival of this inhuman institution, powerful interests will strive to quieten it by specious arguments. It will be stated that the conditions of most of the slaves are better than those of the American negroes before the Civil War. In some cases this is true, but only in some. And where it is true, it is no argument for a perpetuation of the wrong. Keeping slaves in endurable conditions is better than keeping them in utter misery, but that is no reason why they should be kept at all. And that Africa far exceeds in many cases the utmost horrors of the plantations of South America at their worst is plain from statistics we have given. In America a slave was always worth a certain sum, and some were very valuable. In Africa they are of little value because the supply is inexhaustible. They are

killed off, because others can be bought very cheaply. The cruelty, the degradation, is far worse.

Then we shall be told that most of the slaves are owned by native chiefs. Of course they are, but they are owned with the permission of the White Government concerned. That, again, is no argument for allowing some natives to deprive others of their liberty. The white trader who wishes to exploit slave labour finds allies in the chiefs, who sell their so-called 'domestic slaves.' They bargain together with mutual profit, and it is a profit wet with human tears and human blood. Then we shall be told that without slave labour the natural resources of Africa cannot be developed. If it is true, then—well, they cannot be developed. But it is not true. They cannot be developed without native labour, but free labour could be utilized with a little organization, though then, of course, the profits would be smaller.

It need not surprise us if some go to the extreme, and thereby damn their case finally—by maintaining that slavery is the natural state of some African natives. This is not solely an economic, a legal, or a religious question. It is a human question. The peoples of Europe and America must rise up and demand that the abomination of bondage among men shall now and for ever completely cease.

ANTHONY CLYNE.

A WORKABLE THEOLOGY

THE following notes are in no sense an attempt to provide a basis for a theological system capable of being approved by all; nor are they philosophical, except in so far as they may be called reasonable deductions from experience. They constitute a *résumé* of such Christian doctrines as have been found of paramount importance in the work of attempting to lead a nation out of the twilight of the teaching of Gautama the enlightened into the 'illumination of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' The wandering Hindu monk, Gautama, after many years of searching and experiment, reached what was for him perfect illumination, when he realized that full release from the thraldom of sorrow and sin depended on the complete extinction of the fire of desire, the cause of all evil. He in whom that fire is extinct has attained Nirvana, the ultimate goal of all Buddhist believers. Clearly such attainment is only possible to him who has severed himself from all human ties. For ordinary folk the only way is to lay up such a store of merit in the present existence that in the future the state of the monk may become possible. This creed, with its emphasis on the value of merit-earning good works; its total absence of a god as centre of spiritual devotion; its hopeless outlook on the future due to the aeons necessary to full achievement, has been the professed creed of the Burmese people for hundreds of years. But it has not been able to oust completely their previous animistic faith. Hence it is that all over Burma evidences of the two faiths exist

side by side; the spirit shrine within the walls that also enclose the figure of the Buddha, and the practice of animistic customs alongside the observance of Buddhist precepts. Buddhism emphasizes the necessity of fulfilling the law and leaves God out. Animism calls for no personal allegiance or devotion, but aims at propitiating powers that might prove troublesome if neglected or injured.

The business of the Christian missionary is to bring God into the foreground; to make sin a present fact for which the individual himself is largely responsible, not the price he has to pay now for an indiscretion in a previous existence; to show that deliverance comes in God's way through Jesus Christ, not by ignoring the facts of life, but by fighting and rising above them. A brief consideration of these points will suffice to make one realize that only the more vital of the articles of the Christian creed are likely to be of service in the work of propaganda, and that centres of theological difference of opinion, so often the *raisons d'être* of explosions of energy that might be much more profitably employed, are apt to recede into the background—their proper place. The end in view is the reconciliation of God and man. In other words the aim of Jesus is our aim; the burden of His message is the burden of ours; and ultimate success depends upon how closely our methods approximate to His. With the intellectuals it is sometimes possible to begin with God as Creator, Sustainer, and Lover, but since abstract statements and arguments receive life only when translated into human terms, it soon becomes necessary to study Jesus and His teaching. With children and ordinary men and women, Jesus is the starting-point. Hence for the teacher of Christianity, one who aspires to be the means of releasing pent-up spiritual forces rather than a leader of those who seek intellectual orthodoxy and moral rectitude divorced from spiritual power, Jesus is the centre from which he starts, and to which he inevitably returns.

Jesus.—It must be so. Christianity as a system of ethics or a solution of the problems of existence may be great enough to command attention, but it does not win men from allegiance to other systems. As Paul, so the missionary. What he says and preaches rests not on the 'plausible arguments of "wisdom" but on the proof supplied by the Spirit and its power.' In Jesus the experience of the ages has found the needed link between man and God. Studying Him, God is seen. Following Him, God is found. The missionary's strongest appeal lies in the 'fact' of Jesus. It is not necessary to argue about His virgin birth, His pre-existence, His nature, or His post-resurrection state. Jesus when properly presented in life and character speaks for Himself. His divinity needs no defence. It is self-assertive, a thing to be felt, spiritual experience needing no outside proof. The erstwhile follower of Buddha for himself may find the divine in Jesus, and needs not that it should be revealed to him by 'flesh and blood,' for that the 'Father in heaven' will do. Jesus the child, the inquiring youth, the self-forgetful healer, teacher and friend of men, living to show what God's love means when

expressed in terms of humanity, delivering men from sin by filling them with His own dauntless spirit, deliberately facing and accepting death rather than the subordination of His spiritual ideals to others more 'practical,' and after death filling His disciples with such a sense of His continuing presence that they went forth and 'turned the world upside down.' Such a story speaks for itself, for it is not merely the crucified Jesus that is preached, but following the example of the early apostles, the living Jesus is preached, and He Himself makes such preaching live. Thus a warm living Personality demanding a loving allegiance is offered instead of a cold law calling for good works, a generous, helpful, fear-killing Love instead of an enervating Fear. Gautama was deeply religious, but in his teaching he stopped short at ethics, and for the Buddhist as for the Jew, Jesus is supremely the 'fulfilling of the law.' A striking difference between Buddhism and Christianity is seen in the fact that whereas Gautama stands apart from the law he taught, the law of Christianity cannot be separated from Jesus. He *is* the law. The Buddhist is required to reverence the lord Buddha, and follow the law to the letter, but the Christian must swear whole-hearted allegiance to Jesus, must dwell *in* Him, only so can he fulfil the law. Hence in any consideration of the teaching of Jesus, the 'fact' of Jesus must be taken for granted as an integral part of it. He expresses in Himself His own teaching, exemplifies the ideal man He seeks to create, and so is in Himself the reconciliation, and the centre of spiritual worship which men need and for which they seek in every land.

The Teaching of Jesus.—(*a*) God. Jesus' picture of God as the Father of all men, as loving children, caring even for the sparrows, unreservedly forgiving the repentant prodigal, seeking for a reciprocating love, preparing a permanent spiritual home, giving life to the dying, wisdom to the ignorant, peace to the troubled, is a picture the like of which no other teacher, however great, has ever painted. It appeals to men as almost unbelievably true. (*b*) Man. The fact that Jesus was a man among men, living their life, rejoicing in their joys, weeping in their sorrows, providing for them, healing them, upbraiding their selfishness, gives to His estimate of man's possibilities the hall-mark of probability. Man, according to Jesus, is the object of God's attention. In union with his Father in heaven there is no spiritual height to which he cannot rise. But he must not be self-centred. Loving God the Father involves loving the other children of the Father. The ideal portrait of man as delineated by Jesus shows him as son and brother, the mainspring of his life being self-forgetful, ministering love. (*c*) Sin. Sin is not mere shadow, but a positive fact not intrinsically eternal. A man may sin against God, his neighbour, and himself. He is so closely related to his heavenly Father and his neighbour that any sin of his affects his relationship to them, and in so far as he is less than what he ought to be and may be, he is the cause of loss to himself, his neighbour, and his God. 'Sins' are the visible expression of an inward state, the result of an incomplete subordination to the spirit of love.

(*d*) Salvation. A man is saved when, in however incomplete a fashion, the ministering love exemplified by Jesus finds a place in his heart, and begins to dominate his emotions, his thoughts, and his actions. 'Christian perfection,' 'entire sanctification,' and similar phrases express a spiritual state wherein such domination is complete. Love like this means the death and burial of the lower man, and the resurrection into the life of the Spirit. Jesus is the Saviour of the world because only He has shown the way to such a present release from the thraldom of the 'flesh' into the domain of the 'spirit,' that sin is crushed and man made able progressively to rise. Only by whole-hearted allegiance to Him can man approach the Father and be in true fellowship with his neighbour. (*e*) Morals. The ethical teaching of Jesus is the practical application of the principle of love to human affairs, and, unlike the precepts of Gautama, is not intended to be a method of earning ultimate release. The difference is not a mere matter of emphasis, it is fundamental. Christian behaviour is the result of wider human sympathies born of the love which Jesus expressed. Buddhist ethics are a means to the attainment of personal deliverance. By ministering to the need of his neighbour a man ministers to Jesus, and so fulfils his filial duty to the Heavenly Father.

Such, very briefly outlined, are the main points of the working theology of at least one missionary. They have at any rate the advantage of abundant scriptural warrant. They are Christian throughout, and are free from that admixture of Old Testament religion which causes so many to stumble. Further, it is noteworthy that whatever the points of division between one Church and another, they all in their definitely evangelical efforts explicitly or implicitly make use of some such working creed as this claims to be.

J. E. Underwood.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Historical Evidence for the Virgin Birth. By Vincent Taylor, B.D. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is a literary and critical examination of the historical evidence for the Virgin Birth. Its aim is to trace and define the earliest Christian tradition upon the subject, and to show the limits and the bearings of the historical question. Outside the First and Third Gospels there is no direct reference to the Virgin Birth in the New Testament. What then is the meaning of that silence? 'The importance of St. Paul's silence is that it furnishes help for deciding when the belief became current. A further inference, of considerable theological importance, is that the Apostle could build up a mature and consistent Christology without any reference to, and apparently thought of, the Miraculous Conception.' There is no reference to the Virgin Birth in the Acts or in the subject-matter of Apostolic preaching. Perhaps Mr. Taylor might have added that such silence was natural and inevitable. Such a subject could not be discussed profitably in mixed companies. It stood on altogether a different footing from great public facts like the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Various reasons are given for considering that Luke i. 34–5 is a later insertion in the Gospel. Mr. Taylor holds that St. Luke had no knowledge of the doctrine when he first wrote his two opening chapters, but that he added these two verses later. The external evidence for the passage is practically complete, and the passage itself, as a linguistic examination proves, is 'shot through and through with "Lukanisms."' St. Luke's witness thus marks a very early stage in the spread of the Virgin Birth tradition. The date at which that tradition appears is thus bound up with the date of the Third Gospel. A careful study of the First Gospel shows that it 'presupposes the Virgin Birth tradition, which had probably been known to its readers for some time, sufficiently long for problems to be started and for difficulties to be raised.' The most important result thus reached is that 'we can prove from the New Testament itself that belief in the Virgin Birth existed in influential Christian communities at the time when the First and Third Gospels were written. We have no further need, therefore, to consider theories which assign the belief to a later age, and which, by various interpolation hypotheses, deprive the doctrine of New Testament support.' The theological aspect of the Virgin Birth is probably

more far-reaching than is commonly supposed, and Mr. Taylor seems to hope for some yet fuller disclosure of the unfettered mind of the Christian Church on the subject. Meanwhile his masterly study will command the attention of theologians of all Churches. It is as luminous in style as it is judicial and logical in its method of treatment.

The Shaping Forces of Modern Religious Thought. By A. B. D. Alexander, M.A., D.D. (MacLehose, Jackson & Co. 14*s.* net.)

Those who know Dr. Alexander's *Short History of Philosophy* published in 1907 will welcome this companion volume, which seeks to do for religious thought what the earlier work attempted for speculative problems. Its object is to trace the evolution of the spiritual ideas which have shaped the conceptions of modern Europe. The survey begins with the general awakening, of which the Renaissance and the Reformation are the dominant features, and practically ends with the Great War. It shows how the cardinal principles of Protestantism have been developed and elaborated by successive thinkers, and how there has emerged 'the resultant of ideas which constitute the religious *Anschauung* as well as the theological challenge of our age.' Protestantism created an environment of its own. 'With its dawn the Middle Ages ended and the modern epoch began. Ideals and purposes gradually appeared upon the mental horizon which gave a new content and trend to the spiritual history of man.' These are described in the first part of the work, which deals with 'Fundational Types.' The work of Luther and Calvin receives special attention. The protest of Puritanism is also well brought out. Dr. Alexander thinks the Elizabethan age showed an energy as intense as that of Athens at the height of its power. Under 'Phases of Pietism' we have a sympathetic study of Wesley's work. The movement associated with his name is 'the most important religious phenomenon' of the eighteenth century. The experience in Aldersgate Street 'was the consecrating touch which made him from that hour the unswerving Apostle of the Lord.' Dr. Alexander refers to some 'extravagances' in Wesley's *Journal*, but says that with these he 'combined a robust manhood and well-balanced sanity. His mind was essentially practical, and the great organization of which he was the creator and controller bears witness to his remarkable judgement and insight.' The discussion of 'Contributory Factors' is an estimate of the influence of idealistic philosophy, of biblical criticism, of science, of European literature, and modern English poetry. It is full of interest and will be eagerly studied. The last part of the book is on Theological Tendencies as represented by Schleiermacher, Ritschl, and his successors, Newman and the Tractarians, Religious Teachers outside the Church such as Carlyle and Ruskin. The final resultant of the forces of religious thought is a more adequate conception of God; a clearer view of

the nature and destiny of the individual; the new accent laid on Christ. New emphasis is being laid on His teaching of the Kingdom of God, and a genuine effort is being made to bring the Christianity of the Son of Man to bear upon all questions of life and conduct. The volume is one of the deepest interest and importance.

Historic Theories of Atonement: with Comments. By Robert Mackintosh, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Prof. Mackintosh has been lecturing for six years on the history of the Christian doctrine of Atonement, which he describes as 'much the most interesting and satisfying piece of theological teaching that has ever been entrusted to me.' His readers will fully endorse that estimate. In an introductory chapter the moral necessity of the Atonement is dwelt upon. We are saved by the sufferings and death of Christ; through whose death we obtain forgiveness of sin and newness of life. However closely these two great benefits are linked together they 'must be regarded (*pace* Dr. Denney) as two things and not as one.' The discussion of Isaiah liii., of 'Christ's Thought of His Death,' and of the Apostolic teaching is suggestive. Then we come to the historic survey of theories of the Atonement. from the Greek Church theories through Anselm and Abelard to our own times. The criticism of these theories is acute and forcible. Prof. Mackintosh suggests that in view of the comparative failure of the more ambitious and historic theories, Christian faith would do well to seek light by studying the Atonement 'as the presupposition of the redemption of human character.' Christ's suffering righteousness delivers those who trust Him from the bondage of sin and ensures their conformity to the will of God. We cannot do justice to the Atonement unless we advance from what was necessary for the redemption of human character to the manifestation and realization of God's glory. Any theory of atonement must also keep in view that if God redeems sinners 'He follows necessary moral means to this moral end, even when these means involve Gethsemane and Calvary. God may if He pleases work miracles in the region of physical law, but redemption by non-moral means would not be redemption at all. Therefore we have been bought—at so great and costly a price.'

The Study of the New Testament, 1883 *and* 1920. By Cuthbert H. Turner, M.A. (Clarendon Press. 5*s.* net.)

This Inaugural Lecture, which Mr. Turner delivered last October as Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis, only covers sixty-six pages, but it gives a view of the progress made in the study of the New Testament since Dr. Sanday became Ireland Professor down to the present day. Mr. Turner says that Prof. Sanday had and maintained, far beyond any of his predecessors, an astonishingly extensive knowledge of the work being done in his subject abroad, both in

Germany and in America, but he has 'not always been able to banish the suspicion that there would have been some gain in result had he been less engrossed in other people's work and less diffident about his own.' He himself thinks that the best French and English work has no rivals. The lecture takes up the points raised in Dr. Sanday's inaugural lecture and shows the progress made in the interval. Criticism has reduced the bulk of the second-century literature, but discovery has been no less busy and its results are no less noteworthy. 'The labours of the last generation have secured for us a body of the Christian literature of the second century better authenticated, more varied in character, more precisely fixed in time, than our predecessors had at their disposal.' Prof. Turner is convinced that the most necessary equipment for the historian of a period when the processes of growth and development were so rapid as in the Apostolic Church, is to begin with a firm grasp of the chronological framework. He himself thinks out history in terms of chronology. He holds that the Galatian Epistle was written in A.D. 49 and is the first of Paul's extant Epistles. In the criticism of the Gospels the one outstanding result of the work of the last generation is the conviction that our Mark is the source of the triple tradition. All the new researches point to the increased value to be set upon the 'Western' text. Some instances are given where Prof. Turner thinks that the printed texts should be altered in accordance with some or all of the Western authorities. The study of the language of the New Testament has 'made an entirely new start' since 1882. Dr. James Moulton's work is referred to, and his death is described as 'not the least of the losses which the war inflicted on the cause of learning.'

(1) *Aspects of Christian Character.* By J. H. B. Masterman, M.A. (3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

(2) *Divine Endowment.* By Jesse Brett, L.Th. (Longmans & Co. 5*s.* net.)

(1) This is the book for Lenten reading in the diocese of London. It is a study of the Beatitudes especially intended for those who have regarded the Sermon on the Mount as utopian. Canon Masterman feels that 'in an age of moral confusion, when idealism is baffled by the inertia of convention and the complexity of economic and political problems, there is an imperative call to all Christian men and women to think out prayerfully and earnestly the ethical implications of their Creed.' The book is, as the Bishop of London says, 'a reasoned defence of the sanity of the Christian character, and it is a defence which it will be hard to break through.' The study will strengthen the conviction that our Lord's ethical ideal is at once the noblest and most practical ever offered to men. The earliest summary of His ethics is given in the Beatitudes. Our Lord has 'one moral standard for all—one way to the blessed life that is open to all who seek it. The application of the moral law will

vary with the circumstances of every individual life, but the Christian life is the same whatever the circumstances of life may be; for it is the character of Jesus Christ Himself, reproduced in those who follow Him.' The 'Blessedness' which the Psalmist felt in being alone with God is now the blessedness of a redeemed society, drawn by the love of the Father into the fellowship of a gladness that 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' Each beatitude is discussed and explained in a way which throws light on its meaning and guides towards its attainment. It is a book for Christian thinkers and followers after holiness. (2) *Divine Endowment* seeks to present the spiritual life as it may be developed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit. It dwells on the gifts of holy fear, godliness, knowledge, strength, counsel, understanding, and wisdom. The writer feels that 'in an age when spiritual power is challenged persistently it is of the greatest importance that Catholics should know within themselves the blessing and richness of the supernatural gifts with which they are endowed.' If rightly used the gift of holy fear makes sure the soul's first steps in the way of holiness. Some of its motions are reverence, a deepened sense of sin. The prayer of the saints begins with a profound sense of what is due to God. The book is intensely spiritual and will be read with profit not only by Roman Catholics 'who are not impatient of instruction in spiritual things,' but by all who are eager to enjoy the sevenfold graces of the Spirit. The day must come when Divine truth will be known in its fullness and splendour, and they who have faithfully used their gift on earth will find in themselves the power to behold and the life to witness to that Truth which is divine and eternal.

Is Christianity the Final Religion? By A. C. Bouquet, B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is rightly described on its title-page as 'a candid inquiry with the materials for an opinion.' The writer thinks that Prof. Troeltsch has made the greatest attempt to conserve for Christianity its central position amid the wider expanse of the universe as revealed by scientific research and exploration, and although he cannot wholly accept Troeltsch's estimate of Christianity and its Founder his work deserves careful study. Mr. Bouquet believes 'in the historical career of Christ, placed in its setting, as the religious climax of the planet, and finds in that career the fixation and definition of the character of God.' He also believes that the career of Jesus of Nazareth is the moral and spiritual climax in the history of the planet and arranges all other events around it. All the evidence shows it to be in the highest degree improbable that there can be any new or higher religion to supersede Christianity. 'The evidence, however, shows clearly that this absolute character of our religion has not prevented it from undergoing in the past the most revolutionary changes of expression, and therefore that we must be pre-

pared for the possible advent of no less revolutionary changes in the future.' A final chapter brings out the consequences of this view in conduct, in atonement, for the Church, and for the future life. The acceptance of Christianity as absolute, is 'a bold declaration that the ideal temper for human conduct both public and private has been fixed and standardized once and for all, and that it is going to take all the rest of the period occupied by the history of this planet to get the ideals of Christ adequately expressed in every department of human activity.' As to the second coming, Mr. Bouquet holds that the gift of Pentecost was the true return of Jesus.

Freedom and Liberty. By William Benett. (Oxford University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

In July, 1916, Mr. Benett published an essay on 'Freedom,' which showed that there can be no continued growth of the race as a whole without an equal growth of the two conflicting principles of law, or organic control, and liberty, or life. His philosophy then failed to find the single final end. Further thought has led him to discover that no philosophy of ethics can be completed without the assistance of religion. The supreme final aim which directed the morality of the Church has been liberty, not law. Law was retained because to abandon it would be to abandon morality which is the safeguard of life upon earth 'until the sudden appearance of the Last Judgement.' The Church has 'two aspects—one directed towards the attainment of liberty in Heaven, the other towards the maintenance of freedom on earth. On the one hand, the Church proclaims the complete equality and autonomy of all men, and the infinite value of each individual soul, which brings it about that the loss of a single soul is incalculably greater than the loss of the whole universe of sense.' Mr. Benett defines the task of the Church as 'to secure for each of its individual members his salvation in the next world; and, secondly, to maintain the life and growth of the human race in this world.' Christianity brought about a complete change in the relation between the human and the divine. 'The Incarnation and the taking of the Manhood into God broke down the middle wall which separated them. Man became a partaker of the divine nature. The attitude of the perfect man towards his Maker is one of awe combined with a love that casts out fear; and the final end of every Christian is to attain that temper.' That is the argument of an unusually interesting and suggestive volume.

The New Testament and Modern Life. By Sydney H. Mellone, M.A., B.Sc. (Lindsey Press. 6*s.* net.)

THE object of this book is to indicate the ethical import of the most important parts of the New Testament, and the directions in which the resulting principles bear upon modern life and civilization.

Mr. Mellone holds that 'when all just criticism has been allowed for, the Gospels reveal a spiritual genius without equal in history, and a religious and moral insight elsewhere unapproached.' One impressive passage dwells on the crowning glory of simple human service as set forth by Jesus. The discussion of the Sermon on the Mount is very suggestive. Meekness is explained in regard to God as 'submissive but willing acceptance of the discipline of life,' and in regard to man as 'self-control at its highest power.' The 'Palestinian Jewish world was drifting to chaos, under a government as incompetent as it was arbitrary and tyrannical, holding down by main force a people fired with intense nationalist passion, who were at the same time inheritors of a sublime moral tradition.' The essence of the gospel of Jesus was 'the Fatherhood of God as applied to the whole of human life.' The ethical and social teaching of the Apostolic age is clearly brought out, and it is shown that the Gospels provide an objective foundation for all the virtues in the doctrine of love. The work of Christianity is not merely to rescue human beings from evil, but so to alter the world that the rescue shall not be needed.

Present-day Problems in Religious Teaching. By Hetty Lee, M.A. (8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The Child's Knowledge of God. By Rev. T. Grigg-Smith, M.A. (7*s.* 6*d.* net. Macmillan & Co.)

The aim of Miss Lee's book is to provoke thought. It is the outcome of lecture-conferences on religious teaching given to day-school teachers in town and country during the last few years. It deals with the Gospel stories in the light of to-day; the Old Testament stories in the light of Higher Criticism; the problems of memory work and of prayer and reverence in school life; the Christian method in education, and the child's unrealized universe. Practical difficulties are considered by the aid of concrete examples and with a conviction that teachers must lay aside all pretence and cowardice and face sincerely the full issues as to religious teaching. The book will be a boon to all who are concerned in religious education. The hope which inspires it is seen in the closing sentence: 'Some of us incline to believe that the "kingdom" is going to manifest itself first of all in the realm of education; in the freedom of our children within the ever-widening walls of our homes and class-rooms and schools; in the mutual adventure of the teacher and the child.'— Mr. Grigg-Smith is directing religious education in the southern section of the Diocese of Manchester, so that his study also is that of an expert. 'There is a general agreement that a healthy and vigorous religious life is essential to real progress in all the schools.' The book keeps close to practical questions and shows what false ideas are entertained of prohibition and punishment and the safeguards to be taken against them. The chapter on 'The Sacrifice of Isaac' will help teachers who have to deal with

that subject. The closing chapter on 'Religion and Life' brings out the vital necessity of religious teaching. 'An uninspired morality, backed by however great an exhortation to "play the game," can never take the place of a living Christian faith involving duty and inheritance in a family of which God is the Father, Christ the Redeemer and Elder Brother, and the Holy Spirit the continual Sustainer and Sanctifier.'

The Political Aspects of S. Augustine's 'City of God.' By John Neville Figgis, Litt.D. (Longmans & Co. *7s. 6d.* net.)

The delivery of these Pringle-Stewart lectures at Oxford in 1918 was one of the last pieces of work which Dr. Figgis was able to do. He prepared them for the press, and another member of the community at Mirfield has given them a final revision. The six lectures describe the general scope of the *De Civitate Dei*; The Philosophy of History; The State; The Church; The De Civitate Dei in the Middle Ages; and in Later Days. The work has been more widely read than anything of St. Augustine's except the *Confessions*, and no one can understand the Middle Ages without taking it into account. An outline of the work is given which shows that it is apologetic and theological. It has an aggressive tone and lays stress on the ethical difference between Christianity and its competitors. The atmosphere of the book is that of the old world a little more than a century after Diocletian's effort to exterminate the Church and Julian's attempt to revive Paganism. He seeks to justify the Christian's God against the attacks made upon Him, to remove from the Church the charge of having brought about the ruin of civilization. He rejects the views of the Chiliasts, and regards the Church as the Apocalyptic kingdom. It is now in possession of its millennial glory. After showing what Augustine meant to himself we turn to what later ages made of him. The Holy Roman Empire claimed to be the *Civitas Dei* on earth. Augustine 'helped much to make the western world compact.' In later days the sharp distinction between secular and sacred, holy and profane, was enormously strengthened by his teaching. The book is one that students will know how to prize, but it will also be enjoyed by a large circle of general readers.

The Abingdon Press has published some important manuals in the Weekday School Series of its Religious Education Texts. *A First Primary Book on Religion*, by Elizabeth Colson ($1.75 net), is an anthology with memory verse, story, song, and benediction. There is some music and an occasional illustration. The introduction shows how the child of six may be taught most effectively and happily.—*The Rules of the Game*, by Floyd W. Lambertson ($1.25 net), gives thirty-two lessons with eleven full-page pictures illustrating the story of the Good Samaritan, Saint Christopher, &c. 'Things to think about and to do' follow each lesson. The Teacher's

Manual to this volume (90c. net) gives useful hints as to each lesson, with an introduction which interprets the pupil of eleven or twelve and dwells on the 'Aims and Methods' of the teacher.—*Vocations within the Church*, by L. W. Crawford ($1.25 net), describes the opportunities of the preacher, the medical man, the teacher, the missionary, in a way that will show young men and women what fields are open for their gifts and how urgently the world needs the best they can offer.

Aspects of the Doctrine of the Holy Spirit. By R. Montgomery Rees, M.A. (Epworth Press, 3s. 6d. net.) This is a valuable addition to the library of books on the Holy Spirit. Mr. Rees leaves no side of the subject untouched. He traces the doctrine in the Old Testament and the New, and shows the work of the Spirit in relation to Christ and to the believer. When we ask who has set the Cross as the centre of historical Christianity and kept it there, the only satisfactory answer is the Holy Spirit. The chapter on 'The Psychical and the Spiritual' is very suggestive, and that on 'The Holy Spirit in the Holy Trinity' is still more valuable and timely. The book represents much devout thought and it will amply repay the most careful study.—*Wesley's Standards in the Light of To-day.* By H. Maldwyn Hughes, D.D. (Epworth Press, 1s. net.) These pages are a revision and expansion of an article which appeared in this *Review* in October, 1917. It is a careful consideration of the Standard Sermons and Notes, and brings out overwhelming evidence that Wesley did not intend them to fetter the thought of the preachers in speculative matters, or to be used as the instrument of oppression by one section against the other. It is a very able discussion and timely as well.—*The Beginnings of the Divine Society* (S.P.C.K. 5s. 6d. net) gives four essays by parish clergy of the diocese of Hereford which are the outcome of a study of the first fifteen chapters of the Acts. The essays deal with The Divine Society and its Lord; the bases of its teaching; its Scriptures; its earliest development. The scene in the Acts is wholly different from that in the Gospels, but our Lord's hand is evident in the execution of the plan, and we catch glimpses again and again of the wisdom of which the Evangelist had spoken. All the papers are suggestive and well deserve the commendation of the late bishop's preface. The four writers were Dr. Henson's personal friends, and he has himself read them with interest and profit.—*The Body is One*, by C. Beaufort Moss (S.P.C.K. 5s. net), is an introduction to the problem of Christian unity. It shows the results of discussion and takes a broad survey of the successive stages of the Church's history. Home Reunion is discussed, and the advantages of the Anglican position are shown and some 'Anglican Faults' are frankly admitted. Mr. Moss says the Wesleyan Connexion 'has a method, a spirit, a tradition, which we hope one day will be restored to its original place among the treasures of the Catholic Church.'—*The New Testament Background.* (Milford. 1s. 6d. net.) This is one of the series of 'Tracts on Common Prayer.'

Dr. Sanday wrote the first part of the tract, dealing with the Four Gospels. Mr. Emmet is responsible for the second part, on The Acts and the Epistles. The survey of the various writings will be most instructive and helpful for a young student. Dr. Sanday's discussion of the characteristics of the Messiah and Mr. Emmet's estimate of St. Paul's influence on the spread of Christianity are of great interest. The tract is a little masterpiece.—*The Old Testament Conception of Atonement fulfilled by Christ.* (Milford. 1*s.* net.) Prof. Burney preached this acute and timely sermon before the University of Oxford with a view to Dr. Rashdall's Bampton Lectures on the Atonement, which he criticizes severely. It shows how the denial of any objective theory of Atonement fails to satisfy the teaching of both the Old Testament and the New and the facts of experience.—*The Divine Soliloquies of Gerlac Petersen.* Translated from the Latin by Monials. (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) The writer was an older contemporary of Thomas à Kempis and Canon Regular of Deventer, where à Kempis learned to write in the Brother-house. The facts about him from the Chronicles of Windesheim show what a saint he was. The Soliloquies are concerned with the deep things of religion, and are not unworthy to stand by the side of *The Imitation of Christ.* The translation is very happy.—*Law's Serious Call.* (S.P.C.K. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) This addition to the *Manuals of the Inner Life* is edited and abridged by R. Gordon Milburn for use as a daily book of devotion. It is not more than a quarter of the length of the original, but Mr. Milburn thinks it contains the whole gist of Law's classic. He regards *A Serious Call* as one of the greatest religious books ever written, 'as inspired as much of the New Testament itself,' and the best exposition of Christian ethics that we possess. The extracts are very beautiful and uplifting. Those who are not disposed to read the complete work will find much profit in this manual.—*Adventures.* (Epworth Press. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.) The theme of these studies is friendship with God, with some lives that have enjoyed it. The lessons are very choice, and will stimulate and help the teachers of young people, for whom they have been prepared. The questionary added to each lesson will crystallize its teaching. A list of books is also given for fuller study.—*Religion and Human Progress.* By the Rev. J. G. Walker, M.A. (Milford. 2*s.* net.) This belongs to a series of hand-books for the people: 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time.' The series rests on the conviction that Christianity holds the key of the coming time; that Christianity means Churchmanship; and that faith in the living Christ constitutes the true centre of human knowledge and the true ground of confidence for the future. Mr. Walker discusses the problem of progress and shows that the Christian Church has had a unparalleled power of purifying the moral atmosphere. Religion is not a bar to progress. It alone can help us to control the claims of self and harmonize them with the claims of others. The chapter on 'Christ and Character' is very suggestive. An estimate of prominent anti-Christian moralists follows.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

The Letters of William James. Edited by his son, Henry James. 2 vols. (Longmans & Co. 42*s.* net.)

THESE letters are a remarkable contrast to those of Henry James, the novelist. The elder brother 'could not write a page that was not free, animated, and characteristic.' His meaning is always clear; his sentences are limpid; there are no involved sentences which distract a reader's attention. But there is grace and charm as well as discrimination in all William James wrote, and his interest in his friends and his playful humour give a vivid human touch to the letters. His son has not included letters that are wholly technical or polemic, though the collection, informal and intimate as it is, throws light on the workings of the philosopher's and psychologist's mind. The letters have been reproduced verbatim and are arranged chronologically. The introduction gives some details of the family history which correct certain statements made in Henry James's *A Small Boy and Others* and *Notes of a Son and Brother*. At the age of nineteen William James turned to scientific work at Harvard University. He attended a course of lectures by Agassiz in Boston, whom he describes as 'an admirable, earnest lecturer, clear as day, and his accent is most fascinating. I should like to study under him.' In 1865 he interrupted his medical studies to go with Agassiz on the Thayer Expedition to the Amazon. At first he thought that the mechanical work he had to do was not likely to help him, but returning health and eyesight made him take a more cheerful view. He says, 'I felt like an entirely new being. Everything revives within and without, and I now feel sure that I shall learn. I have profited a great deal by hearing Agassiz talk, not so much by what he says, for never did a man utter a greater amount of humbug, but by learning the way of feeling of such a vast practical machine as he is.' He was surprised at the tact and the hard work of his chief and delighted to be with him. He took his medical degree in due course, and in 1872 was appointed 'Instructor in Physiology' at Harvard. He afterwards passed on to psychology and then to philosophy. He had suffered much from ill-health, and found it 'a noble thing for one's spirits to have some responsible work to do.' His students were elated with their luck at having him, and he found after a year's work that his mind was 'so cleared up and restored to sanity. It's the difference between death and life.' In 1882 he got a year's leave of absence and came to Europe, where his brother Henry was already living. To Henry, Europe, and England in particular, had already become an absorbing passion, whilst William was always most under the European spell when in America and most ardently American when on European soil. That rather jarred on Henry.

'Time never accustomed him to these collisions, even though he learned to expect them. England inferior! A mistake to come abroad! Horror and consternation are weak terms by which to describe his feelings; and nothing but a devotion seldom existing between brothers, and a lively interest in the phenomenon of such a reaction, ever carried him through the hour. He usually ended by hurrying William onward—anywhere—within the day if possible—and remained alone to ejaculate, to exclaim, and to expatiate for weeks on the rude and exciting cyclone that had burst upon him and passed by.' In 1890 he met Henry M. Stanley and his accomplished bride. 'Stanley is a genius all to himself, and on the whole I like him right well, with his indescribable mixture of the battering-ram and the orator, of hardness and sentiment, egotism and justice, domineeringness and democratic feeling, callousness to others' insides, yet kindliness, and all his other odd contradictions.' In 1895 he reads Mr. Balfour's *Foundations of Belief* and finds 'more philosophy in such a book than in fifty German ones, of which the eminence consists in heaping up subtleties and technicalities about the subject. The English genius makes the vitals plain by scuffing the technicalities away. B. is a great man.' Kipling is described as 'a regular brick of a man.' Tolstoi's *War and Peace* is 'undoubtedly the greatest novel ever written—also insipid with veracity.' Edinburgh made a great impression on him in 1901. It 'is great. A strong, broad city, and in its spiritual essence almost exactly feeling to me like old Boston, *nuclear* Boston, though on a larger, more important scale.' In 1908 he writes, 'I am literally enchanted with rural England.' Some interesting letters describe the delivery of his famous Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh on *The Varieties of Religious Experience*. 'The audience was extraordinarily attentive and reactive. I never had an audience so keen to catch every point.' Pragmatism takes its place in the later letters. 'It is absolutely the only philosophy with no humbug in it.' The two volumes will worthily stand by the side of his brother's Letters, and will be found full of enduring interest to thinkers on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Practice and Theory of Bolshevism. By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Allen & Unwin. 6*s.* net.)

Mr. Russell spent five weeks in Soviet Russia, where he travelled with the British Labour Delegation and was allowed special facilities for studying the conditions and the methods of government. He had an hour's interview with Lenin at Moscow and found him very simple and friendly. He laughs a great deal, and the laugh is rather grim. 'He is dictatorial, calm, incapable of fear, extraordinarily devoid of self-seeking, an embodied theory. He thinks that nothing worthy of doing can be achieved except through world revolution and the abolition of capitalism.' Trotsky made more impression upon the visitor as to intelligence and personality, though not as to character. His vanity seemed even greater than his love of power.

Gorky was the most lovable and to Mr. Russell the most sympathetic of all the Russians he met. All that he saw of the food shortage and the collapse of industry made Mr. Russell feel that if Bolshevik methods were adopted by Communists in Western nations, the result would be a prolonged chaos, leading neither to Communism nor to any other civilized system, but to a relapse into the barbarism of the Dark Ages. He is a convinced Communist, but feels that the whole train of evils in Russia lies 'in the Bolshevik outlook on life, in its dogmatism of hatred, and its belief that human nature can be completely transformed by force.' That outlook is due to the cruelty of the Tsarist régime and the ferocity of the years of the Great War, operating upon a ruined and starving nation maddened into universal hatred. Those who stand out against Bolshevism 'in the name of the free spirit of Man, would be the bearers of the seeds of progress, from which, when the world's gestation is accomplished, new life will be born.'

Russia in the Shadows. By H. G. Wells. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s.* net.)

Mr. Wells went to Russia in September, 1920, and spent fifteen days there. He had been in Petersburg and Moscow for a couple of weeks in January, 1914. During the second visit he found the great monarchy, with its administrative, social, financial, and commercial systems, had fallen down and smashed utterly. 'Never in all history has there been so great a *débacle* before. The peasant, who was the base of the old pyramid, remained upon the land, living very much as he had always lived. Everything else is broken down or is breaking down.' He says the emergency Government, supported by a disciplined party of perhaps 150,000 adherents, 'has, at the price of much shooting, suppressed brigandage, established a sort of order and security in the exhausted towns, and set up a crude rationing system.' Mr. Wells regards this as the only possible Government in Russia at the present time. The crash is most evident in Petersburg, where perhaps half a dozen shops are left open. The rest are 'dead shops. They will never open again.' The population has fallen from 1,200,000 to 700,000; the death-rate has risen from 22 per 1,000 to 81. The country is rationed, but there is a queer street-corner trade in food which is winked at in Petersburg, and quite openly practised in Moscow, because only by permitting this can the peasants be induced to bring in food. Mr. Wells has long regarded Marx as a bore of the extremest sort, but in Russia his passive objection changed to a very active hostility. The Bolshevists are Marxists and Communists. Lenin is described as 'The dreamer in the Kremlin.' 'He at least has a vision of a world changed over and planned and built afresh.' Mr. Wells was disposed to be hostile to him, but found him entirely different from anything he had expected. The collapse of the civilized system in Russia into peasant barbarism can only be staved off by the present Bol-

shevik Government, if it can be assisted by America and the Western powers. Mr. Wells thinks it is on the whole honest, and includes 'a few individuals of real creative imagination and power, who may with opportunity, if their hands are strengthened, achieve great reconstructions.' The book throws much light on the present social collapse in Russia.

Highways and Byways in Northumbria. By P. Anderson Graham. With illustrations by Hugh Thomson. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Northumbria has been rich in antiquarians and historians, and of their researches Mr. Graham has made the best use. He begins with the physical features, which conform in general to that of Great Britain, with hills in the west and an eastern slope to the North Sea. 'Pleasant little bays, inlets, and harbours have encouraged the formation of fishing-villages on the east coast, and the fishermen form a distinct class, very clannish, and inclined to marry only among their own folk.' The Tyne is the river of the county, being to Newcastle what the Thames is to London. The hills have a tendency to be round, smooth, and green and are cleft by deep valleys, glens, and dales, down which flows the typical purling stream of the county, which turns into a raging torrent in winter. Mr. Graham begins his survey on the border of Lamberton, three miles north of Berwick-on-Tweed. In early times it was the toll-gate between England and Scotland. Berwick is the most romantic town of the county, but, in spite of its antiquity, there are practically no old houses. They were destroyed in the long succession of battles that have taken place here. The bridge dates from the time of James I. It is an easy journey to Norham with its famous story of Marmion's exploit. Flodden has a chapter to itself, and so has St. Cuthbert. Newcastle is a monument to industry and enterprise. Its merchant princes were famous in the Middle Ages, and its modern features are well described in Mr. Graham's pages. The chapters on the Roman Wall, Haltwistle and the Wall, Hexham, and Alnwick are of great interest, and Mr. Thomson's illustrations have caught the most striking features of the scenery and the chief buildings in the happiest way. That of the fishermen at Berwick is a gem in its way.

Old and New in the Countryside. By Victoria de Bunsen. (Longmans & Co. 9*s.* net.)

These sketches describe some varying stages of life in the countryside during the last forty years. 'Winter in the country house' dwells on the long and dark and dreadfully cold winters when the luxuries of central heating were unknown, and except on Sundays no fires were allowed in the bedrooms. There were no week-end visits, no motors for a run up to town. Mrs. de Bunsen turns next to 'The Heyday of Rotten Row' before crucial political issues

began to divide friendly social circles in the eighties. Economic problems made a cleavage in 1909, and 'old friends passed each other without a greeting, and the riding parties in the Row dropped steadily out of fashion.' Hodge's choice of the country-town instead of the village leads to descriptions of life in a backyard, and in the better-class circle of the High Street. The medical officer found himself powerless to secure sanitary improvements. He needed complete independence of local influences, and a larger area from which to draw his employers. One paper takes us to the rectory, where the canon had finally decided to dabble no longer in reforms, and to give up interfering with other people's affairs. The county families have been robbed of much of their glory, but it will be a long time yet before the main interest of High Street ceases to centre in the personal doings—preferably in the personal misdemeanours—of castle and hall. The book is pleasantly written, and is a mirror of days fast vanishing.

A Day-Book of Benjamin Disraeli. Chosen by Mrs. Henry Head. (Clarendon Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This Disraeli Calendar throws much light on the great statesman's mind. The extracts are drawn from his letters, speeches, and novels and they are long enough to be of peculiar interest. Mrs. Head begins well with the passage from *Contarini Fleming* on 'the sense of existence is the greatest happiness.' The next extract gives the praise of the Tory party, and we pass to the literature of the time and the conversation between the Princess and Sidonia on the theme, 'the only useless life is woman's.' There is ripe wisdom in the saying: 'Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity . . . the most important thing in life is to know when to forgo an advantage.' As we turn the pages we come very near to the celebrities of the time. 'They breakfasted at Vauxe in the long gallery. It was always a merry meal. The Cardinal was seldom absent. He used to say, "I feel more on equal terms with my friends at breakfast, and rather look forward to my banquet of dry toast."' His admiration of Byron appears in the passage from *Vivian Gray:* 'If one thing were more characteristic of Byron's mind than another, it was his strong, shrewd common sense—his pure, unalloyed sagacity.' 'You knew the glorious being, I think . . .?' 'Well, I was slightly acquainted with him in England. But many years afterwards I met him in Italy. . . . I never knew a man in whom the *maladie du pays* was so strong.' It is a little book to be prized and enjoyed.

Frontier Folk of the Afghan Border and Beyond. By L. A. Starr. (Church Missionary Society. 4*s.* 6*d.*) Mrs. Starr's husband was murdered by Pathans in Peshawar in 1918. His devoted labours as a medical missionary were shared by his wife, who has written this charming book. All these varied peoples are to be met with

in one or another of the chain of hospitals along the Afghan frontier. The pictures of them are delightful, and Mrs. Starr's racy descriptions will be read with much pleasure. 'The Indian baby, even when dirty, is wholly attractive.' The Kuchi women have a new dress at the time of marriage, but after that it is considered disgraceful to have another which is wholly new. They therefore patch and repatch with any odd piece of cloth they can borrow or steal. The dress reaches to the ankles, and its many colours make it picturesque as Mrs. Starr has made her book.—To the *Helps for Students of History* (S.P.C.K.) have been added *The Historical Criticism of Documents*, by R. L. Marshall, M.A., LL.D. (1*s.* 3*d.* net), and *Monuments of English Municipal Life*, by the late W. Cunningham, D.D. (1*s.* net.) The first lays down principles of criticism and gives instance of forgeries that have led many writers astray. The second traces the growth of towns and municipal buildings in a most instructive way. It is a little book from the hand of a much-lamented master.—The three Helps on Ireland, by R. H. Murray, Litt.D., are published in one volume (3*s.* 6*d.*). They cover the period from 1494 to 1829 and form a compact record of special interest and value.—*The Knights of Malta*, 1523–1798, by R. Cohen (2*s.* net), begins with the settlement of the remnants of the shattered Order of St. John of Jerusalem at Malta, which they took over in 1530. A spirited account is given of the siege by the Turks in 1565 and the splendid and triumphant resistance of the Knights. After that followed a period of gradual and inevitable decay.—The new Texts for Students (6*d.* net) are *Babylonian Penitential Psalms; Babylonian Flood Stories; The Second Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians.* Introductions and notes are given to this valuable little set of pamphlets. *A Guide to The Holy Liturgy of St. John Chrysostom*, by Leighton Pullan, M.A. (6*d.* net), is intended to help an English worshipper to learn quickly how to worship in the Greek Church.

Who's Who in America. Vol. xi., 1920–1921. Edited by A. N. Marquis. (Stanley Paul & Co. 45*s.* net.) This volume is a biennial publication which first appeared in 1899, with 827 pages and 8,602 biographies. It has now swelled to 3,802 pages and 28,449 biographies. 2,040 sketches which appeared in Vol. x. are omitted, many of them because of retirement from public office; 1,088 omissions are due to death; 2,515 sketches appear for the first time in this volume. It is a great gallery in which appear the leaders of American thought and achievement in all parts of the world. A geographical index gives the birthplace and present address of those included in the volume. This is arranged by States and Countries. England has a few more lines than France. Under Tunbridge Wells there is one name of honour: R. G. Moulton, Univ. Prof. The Paris list has nine or ten more names than that for London. For a volume of 3,802 pages it is comparatively light and easy to handle. The print is clear, the paper light but strong. It reflects great credit on its American publishers, Messrs. Marquis, of Chicago.

GENERAL

London Trees. By A. D. Webster. (Swarthmore Press. 15*s.* net.)

Mr. Webster has been connected with some of the Royal parks and gardens of the Metropolis for a quarter of a century. He says that trees do well in London despite the chemical impurities of the atmosphere and the generally unfavourable condition of the soil. It might almost be called 'The City of Plane Trees,' for they make up fully sixty per cent. of its trees. During the past twenty-five years it has been planted to the exclusion of almost every other species. That monotony is unfortunate, and, though the number of trees that succeed is strictly limited, other kinds grow well in various parts. The Cork Oak, Liquidambar, and Black Walnut have all attained to goodly proportions at Lambeth, the Pterocaryl in Hyde Park, the Golden Catalpa in Regent's Park, the Maidenhair tree at Chelsea and by Commercial Road. The Catalpa or Indian Bean in Gray's Inn is said to have been planted by Bacon in 1597, but that is doubtful, as the tree was not introduced till 1726. The largest Catalpa in the city seems to be that in Finsbury Circus, where some of the largest and healthiest mulberry-trees grow. Some of the branches of a mulberry in the grounds of No. 86, Dean's Yard, had to be removed on account of the 'bus traffic. Mr. Webster's introduction is full of facts about London trees, and is followed by an account of the various trees, arranged alphabetically. Nothing in the public parks or squares that claims attention for rarity or size seems to have been overlooked. The lime-tree in the court at the Bank of England shows what luxuriance and beauty the tree can attain where it has room for development. Mr. Webster has broken new ground, and the fine illustrations enhance the charm and value of his most attractive volume.

Studies in Dreams. By Mrs. H. O. Arnold-Forster. (Allen & Unwin. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mrs. Arnold-Forster thinks that we need a 'Clearing House of Dreams' where the experience of dreamers may be collected and laws formulated which at present are unknown. She has been a diligent student of Freud, who holds that dreams are deeply significant, but never by any chance significant of what they would appear superficially to mean. They are symbols of desires, thoughts, or fears, sternly repressed by day, but at night emerge unchecked, repeating themselves allegorically and always under a disguise in dreams. His principles have been widely accepted, and the modern school of psycho-analysis is based on his teaching. Mrs. Arnold-

Forster questions the universal truth of these theories. She is convinced that all dreams are not fashioned after the same manner, but that they differ as widely as do our thoughts. Her own main contribution to the subject is her account of the control of bad dreams. She repeated to herself from time to time during the day, and on going to bed, 'Remember this is a dream. You are to dream no longer.' When a dream began to distress her that formula would always awake her, and nowadays would cause the fear-dream to cease without even awaking her. 'It is simply "switched off," and a continuation of the dream, but without the disturbing element, takes its place, and goes forward without a break.' Her dream notes of a complicated and dangerous plot against the country which she unravelled are most interesting, and still more so is her account of her dreams of flying. These are only one variety of the happy dreams which have added so much pleasure to her life. Her hints on dream recording and on dream memory are based on her own experience, and many will be interested in her account of the guide who takes so constant a part in her dreams. He sometimes jests, but in other cases has calmed the dreamer's excitement and fears. We wonder whether that experience is at all common. We do not remember hearing of it before.

The New Age Encyclopædia. Edited by Sir Edward Parrott, M.A., LL.D., assisted by a large staff of Specialists. In ten fortnightly volumes. 8*s.* 6*d.* net each. (Thomas Nelson & Sons.)

This Encyclopædia gives the latest information as to the host of changes in every realm of life which have been brought about by the Great War. It has been prepared under the skilled editorship of Sir Edward Parrott, and covers 4,800 double-column pages. It is intended to enable those who use it to pick out the essential fact that they need without wading through long columns of print. 'Facts without verbiage' is the motto of the work. Its aim is to give a clear, impartial, and sufficiently complete treatment of the myriad topics upon which the general reader needs information and guidance. The article on the Army gives a clear account of the changes introduced since the war; that on Arabia shows the part it took in the Great War and states the decisions of the San Remo Conference. Everything is brought down to the present moment. Under 'Blind' we find Sir Arthur Pearson's noble work described. 'Blockade' shows the measures taken during the Great War. The history of the War in Palestine, with an illustration showing General Allenby's entry into Jerusalem and a map of the final war operations; the full account of the Peace Conference, and other articles, show how valuable the Encyclopædia will be to a host of busy men. Careful attention is given to literary and scientific matters, to such subjects as moving pictures, aeroplanes, and air raids. Nothing seems to have been overlooked, and everything is put in the most lucid and compact

form. The work is clearly printed, and well illustrated with maps and diagrams. The volumes can be slipped into a pocket, and are bound in crimson cloth. They make a little compact library which covers about nine inches on a bookshelf. It can be had complete for thirty-five shillings.

Philips' Record Atlas: Peace Edition (George Philip & Son, 10*s.* 6*d.* net) has 128 pages of coloured political maps of the world showing the changes due to the various peace treaties. After a general section showing the world in hemispheres and at various dates and the routes across the Atlantic, the maps are arranged in continents. There are four of England and Wales, three each of Scotland and Ireland. The additions to French territory and the boundaries of Czecho-Slovakia and Jugo-Slavia are clearly shown, and the size of the maps, 18½ inches by 10, and their clear colouring, make the atlas convenient and pleasant to use. The ample index covers 128 pages, with three columns on each. It is strongly bound, and is the best popular atlas that we have seen.

The Stranger. By Arthur Bullard. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) Eunice Bender, the delicate girl who develops a rare gift as a children's artist, falls in love with the Stranger. Lane, the son of a doctor, who had become a Mohammedan, is an enthusiast for that faith and he brings out its good points with much skill and is significantly silent as to its blemishes and defects. He is himself a remarkable blend of mysticism and kindliness. The friends in New York are all charmed by him. Helen Cash, the practical woman who organizes charitable appeals, is a strange contrast to Eunice, her bosom friend, and she learns her limitations in contact with Lane. Eunice is a hopeless invalid, and dies a few days after she learns that Lane loves her. That is a pathetic close to a powerful and enthralling story.—*The Trusty Servant.* By G. V. McFadden. (John Lane. 10*s.* net.) Miss McFadden's Trusty Servant passes through sorrows inconceivable. He is twice hung, though he is absolutely innocent. He loses his memory and submits to barbarous treatment from the surly sculptor who has bought what he thought to be his dead body. It is a grim story, but it never fails to hold one's attention, and it comes to a delightful end, for Demetrius Jordan and for Josian, the Home Secretary's daughter, who has given her heart to her uncle's patient and noble servant. The villain of the piece is terribly unscrupulous and resourceful, and when he shoots himself to escape the hangman we draw a sigh of relief. Josian is a delightful creation, and the Dorset Methody carrier is a striking figure. The descriptions of country scenes are vividly drawn.

Lyrica Heroica, W. E. Henley's well-known anthology of verse for boys, has just been added to Messrs. Macmillan's Golden Treasury Series (3*s.* 6*d.* net). Henley said in his preface, 'To set forth, as

only art can, the beauty and joy of living, the beauty and the blessedness of death, the glory of battle and adventure, the nobility of devotion—to a cause, an ideal, a passion even—the dignity of resistance, the sacred quality of patriotism, that is my ambition here.' He begins with Shakespeare and Agincourt, puts the ballads between the classic and romantic verse, gives ample space to Scott, Byron, Macaulay, Longfellow, and Matthew Arnold, and does not forget to include Doyle's 'The Private of the Buffs' and 'The Red Thread of Honour' and other favourites. Three of his own pieces are included in this stirring anthology.—The Report of the First Anglo-Catholic Congress held at the Albert Hall last June makes a most interesting volume. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.) It contains the sermons preached before and after the Congress, with the papers read. Prof. Turner's on 'The Faith and Modern Criticism' is a valuable sketch of the process of criticism as applied to the books of the Bible. The tone of the Congress may be felt in Mr. Milner-White's paper on 'The Church in Rome.' He says the position of the convinced Catholics in the Church of England is so strong that they are bound to win the battle and to establish 'a true and deep Catholicism, deliberately chosen by a thinking and educated people as the most reasonable and loving form of Christ's religion; a *tolerant* Catholicism, ready and eager and fit to marry again in the Church of St. Peter, when Rome is convinced by the Holy Spirit that the authority of love and reason is not only possible, but true.'—*The Secret Rose Garden of Sa'd ud Din Mahmud Shabistari.* By Florence Lederer. (Murray. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.) This new volume of the 'Wisdom of the East' has been rendered from the Persian by Miss Lederer, who prefixes to it a life of the poet and an interesting account of Sufi poetry and symbolism. Mahmud was born at Shabistar, near Tabriz, about 1250 A.D., and wrote his poem in reply to questions put forth by a Sufi doctor of Herat. 'All round his garden Mahmud has planted these roses of Reason, Belief, Knowledge, and Faith; they are blooming everywhere, beautiful in their vivid colouring of Truth and Purity. But it is in the centre we find a Rose-Tree of glory unequalled, glowing with the blossoms of love's devotion; this is the tree which Mahmud planted with all his heart's adoration —that description of the perfect face of the Beloved.'

> All I desire I have found in Him,
> Giving deliverance from self.
> My heart was ignorant of itself,
> Veiled from Him by a hundred veils
> Of vanity, conceit, and illusion.

The poem is a mirror to the mind of the Eastern mystic, and some passages have an arresting beauty.—The Report on the New Zealand Census of 1916 (Wellington. Marks) describes the history of the census there since 1851. Statistics are also available from 1841. In 1916 the postmasters acted as enumerators instead of the special enumerators formerly employed, and carefully selected letter-carriers

were the sub-enumerators. The cost was reduced from £20,600 in 1911 to £17,500 in 1916, and the work was done far more efficiently. The population of the Dominion, excluding Maoris, was 1,099,449, of whom 551,775 were males and 547,674 females. The Maoris numbered 25,981 males and 23,840 females. The Church of England adherents number 459,921, Presbyterians 260,659, 'Roman Catholics and Catholics undefined' 151,605, Methodists 106,024. In Canterbury Methodists are 19.95 per cent. of the total return.—*Select Extracts illustrating Sports and Pastimes in the Middle Ages* (S.P.C.K. 1*s.* 9*d.* net) is a mirror of the past with its minstrelsy, its merry-making, and its rough sports. The extracts are in prose and poetry, and have been made with great skill by Mr. Guilford.—*Purity and Racial Health.* By K. L. and W. F. Lofthouse. (Epworth Press. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The aim of this book is to give as concise a statement as possible of the relation between the sexes from the point of view of those who believe that the question can never be solved or understood apart from morality and religion. It deals with many delicate subjects, but it is cautious as well as outspoken, and it always insists that purity 'does not consist in refraining from what is wrong, but in doing and thinking what is right.' Many practical suggestions are made which will be of great service to parents and teachers and to all workers in the cause of purity.—*Lambeth and Reunion* (S.P.C.K. 2*s.* 6*d.* net) is an interpretation of the mind of the Conference by the Bishops of Peterborough, Zanzibar, and Hereford. The movement towards reunion in the Conference is described and the way to the realization of the ideal is discussed. 'The one great difficulty in the way of reunion is the bishop,' but the writers think that 'acceptance of the Conference's view of the bishop's office will secure complete deliverance from the spirit of sectarianism.' The interpretation is suggestive and broad-minded.—Messrs. Chevalier and Morland, of Amersham, publish three songs set to music by Russell Norrie (2*s.* net each). They are a contrast to the lighter style of many songs, and it is hoped that they will be both elevating and inspiring. "'Gifts' dwells on our daily mercies; 'When two hearts are one' is in praise of true love; 'Christmas Bells' ring out the old message that is always fresh and gracious. The music is sweet and attractive.—*Outdoor Men and Minds*, by W. L. Stidger (Abingdon Press, $1.50 net), has chapters on the trees, storms, mountains, rivers, and natural features of the Bible, and tributes to two devout interpreters of nature, Luther Burbank and John Muir. It is beautifully illustrated and will make a charming gift-book.—*The Bodleian* for January appeals to all admirers of Anatole France. Mr. Lane describes the growth of his popularity in England, and gives particulars of his visit to this country in 1913 and the banquet in his honour over which Lord Redesdale presided. Estimates of his work are given by English admirers. Mr. Lane will send a copy of this number to any one who applies to him for it.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—David Hannay, in discussing 'The Battle of Jutland,' holds that Lord Jellicoe's decision to abstain from pursuit of any German fleet which sought to draw him over mines and submarines made it all but certain that any encounter with the German fleet must come to an inconclusive end. He criticizes the theory that a British admiral is to think of the control of the sea, of communications, of the safety of his fleet, and of the country, and must therefore look upon a battle as a risk to be avoided rather than sought, as a theory which contains the germs of the destruction of our naval supremacy. 'How is the sea to be controlled (which control includes everything else) more surely than by the destruction of the fighting forces of the enemy?' Mr. Wyatt Tilby writes on 'The Growth of London.' 'The winning of the war has been the direct cause of another mighty increase in the enlargement of London, which is now only beginning, and of which it would be foolish to prophesy the end. The deserted inner houses have been reoccupied, and the raising of rents and railway fares has tended to check the flow to outlying districts. Mr. Tilby thinks that London has been monstrously libelled and too little praised. It has been accused of materialism, whereas it has been the very nursery of poets. He grows enthusiastic over its sunsets and 'the unrivalled delicacy of its mists and twilight, which Venice cannot equal nor even Paris imitate.'

Hibbert Journal (January).—Dr. Foster Watson opens this number with a plea for the Humanist Spirit as the only satisfactory basis of a league of nations. He would not have this spirit 'imposed' upon civilization, but 'developed by educational stimulus,' under humanist leaders, revealing in each nation 'the soul of the people, *at its best*, to itself.' The article is able and stimulating, and it points in the right direction. But the words above quoted, which Dr. Watson himself italicized, contain the crux of the whole question. As he says, if the energy and thoroughness with which Germany inoculated her people in 'the aggressive inhuman militarism of self-obsessed nationalism could but be employed for the development of humanism at its best!' Prof. W. A. Curtis, in the next article, pleads for a 'League of Churches,' devoted to the peace of the world, as the best means for securing the spirit of humanism at its best. Mrs. J. W. Wootton's paper on 'The Use and Abuse of Organized Religion' resolves itself practically into a condemnation of organization as such. 'Religion is like the wind which bloweth where it listeth. Build shelters to catch it and you will find that in them there is no blowing at all.' The sails of a ship, or a windmill, we may remark, are not 'shelters,' but without them the beneficent

breeze would neither grind corn nor speed the vessel on its way. Dr. F. G. Peabody's 'The Call of the Bishops as heard by American Protestants' adduces considerations which British Protestants will not fail to bear in mind when studying the Lambeth appeal. Two articles on Miracles are found in this number. Miss Dougall's is entitled 'Miracle Inconsistent with Christianity,' and Rev. C. W. Emmett writes on 'The Miracles of Sadhu Sundar Singh.' Both are worth pondering by readers who do not agree with the main drift of either. 'Croce's Philosophy of History' by R. C. Collingwood, 'Anti-Semitism in England' by C. G. Montefiore, and Prof. W. M'Dougall's 'Is Conscience an Emotion?' are papers which deserve careful reading, though none of them can be called 'popular.' The number as a whole maintains the high standard of the Review.

Expository Times (January and February).—Dr. A. Plummer contributes two papers on 'William Sanday and his Work.' The estimate here given of Dr. Sanday's work and influence is high, but none who know the facts will consider it excessive. Every generation is the better for men of his broad, sympathetic, but not vague or feeble type of thought. In the January number Rev. A. Brooks writes on 'The Teaching in Parables,' and W. E. Wilson on 'The Quaker Faith.' The chief articles in the February number are—'St. Luke and Lucius of Cyrene' by Rev. R. C. Ford, and 'The Spirit of Early Judaism' by Prof. J. E. McFadyen. But some of the most interesting matter appears, as usual, in the Editor's 'Notes' and Reviews of Books and in brief 'Contributions and Comments.'

Church Quarterly (January).—Prof. Watson's 'Collegiate Churches' shows that they might, or might not, form part of the diocese. St. George's, Windsor, and Westminster Abbey are exempt from episcopal control; Durham, though it elects its bishop and is so far part of the diocese, is by the statutes of Philip and Mary entirely governed by the Dean. Dr. Headlam writes on *The Beginnings of Christianity*. He thinks its criticism unscientific, and its desire to be modern excessive. A more serious objection is that it 'evacuates the personality of our Lord of all its force and power.' When we read the account given of His person and His teaching in this work it does not seem to us conceivable that anything so meagre should have been the creative cause of Christianity. There is an interesting article on Thomas Deacon the Nonjuror, the friend of Byrom, to whom William Law sent ten guineas for his relief in 1752.

Science Progress (January).—Every side of scientific work is discussed in this valuable journal. Among the more popular items is an article on 'The Soya-Bean Problem.' The plant has been a staple article of industry for thousands of years in China, and during the last fifty years modern methods of research have shown that it possesses a supply of accessory food factors and exceptionally valuable protein. These and other properties have gained for it an important position in American agriculture and industry. In

the Far East oil is expressed from the seed and the bean cake is used for food. Large quantities of the oil are produced in the cotton mills of the United States. The oil can be used in compound lards and cooking fats. It has almost replaced linseed oil in the preparation of soft soap, and is used in the manufacture of linoleum and in China for illuminating purposes. Sir Ronald Ross writes warmly of the sanitary achievements of his friend Gorgas, who died in the military hospital at Millbank last July.

Cornhill (January to March).—'Clothed in Cedar,' by Winifred F. Peak, is a powerful story of Queen Mary's deathbed with all its memories of her father, James II. Mr. Locker-Lampson's 'Recollections' of his father are very pleasant reading. Mr. Copplestone's series on 'The Salt Blood of England' is of special interest. *Cornhill* is certainly full of good things.

Bulletin of the John Rylands Library (January).—Last January the library attained its majority. Mr. Guppy reviews the history and work of the twenty-one years, with notes on the preparation and use of the catalogue and a list of Latin manuscripts added since 1908. During 1920, 11,762 were added to the library, 7,600 of these being gifts or bequests. In connexion with the 600th anniversary of Dante's death, an exhibition is being arranged in the main hall which will show the wealth of the library with its fine manuscripts and upwards of 6,000 printed volumes and pamphlets.

Calcutta Review (October).—A statement and appeal by the National Missionary Council of India, Burma, and Ceylon, dealing with 'The Present Situation in India,' is given in this number. It lays down the principles which must be taken into account, and on them bases an appeal for just and sane judgements of men and things and for the laying aside of all race and class hatred. P. R. Krishnaswami discusses 'The Stories of Rabindranath Tagore.' Whilst subserving as they do his mystic vision, they possess a pleasing literary merit. Death and Nature hold a large place in them.

AMERICAN

American Journal of Theology (October, 1920).—With this number the *Journal* closes its career of twenty-four years, to reappear as *The Journal of Religion*, which will take over its aims and purposes. These are described as 'the scholarly investigation and discussion of the problems and achievements of religion' from the 'historical-social' point of view, interpreting religion 'as a vital human activity.' The change of name in these times is significant, and the programme put forward promises well. The chief article in this last number of the old series, on 'Methodism To-Day,' is written by Prof. H. F. Rall, of Garrett Biblical Institute, and it contains an able sketch of the present position of Methodism in the United States, as it appears to one eminently competent to judge. Dr. Rall is surely not far from the mark when he says 'Anglicanism

is fundamentally a doctrine of the Church; Calvinism is primarily a doctrine of God; Methodism is a doctrine of religion.' A personal relation of conscious fellowship with God in the power of the Holy Spirit lies at the heart of the religion of Methodism—'not an institution, a ritual, or a code, but a new life of joy and peace and moral power.' This inward personal experience, says Dr. Rall, explains Methodist preaching and Methodist theology; and, we may add, it explains the form and methods of the institutions which have characterized the Church life and activities of Methodism throughout the world, as well as its thought and worship. The whole article deserves to be read on this as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. A hundred pages of this number are devoted to a thorough and useful General Index of the series now brought to a close. Its monthly successor, *The Journal of Religion* (January), opens with a paper on 'The Historical Study of Religion,' by Prof. Case, asks what practical value results from the application of scientific historical methods to the study of religion. 'History teaches the prophet that he must justify his message, not by the norm of theory, but by the mandate of efficiency, and that ultimately he must derive his sanctions not from the past, but from the future.' Prof. Coe, of Union Theological Seminary, discusses 'The Religious Breakdown of the Ministry.' He thinks that 'only a bare handful of ministers seem to see that freedom of conscience and humane treatment of prisoners are religious issues at all.' He admits that the relation of the clergy to ethical issues involved in our economic and industrial life is distinctly better.' Another article deals with 'Present Tendencies in the Society of Friends in America.'

Princeton Review (January, 1921).—Dr. B. B. Warfield writes the first instalment, running to 64 pages, of a discussion of 'Oberlin Perfectionism.' In an article on 'The Anointing of the Sick' by E. M. Wilson, the writer holds that the recognition of this practice in the Church rests only on James v. 14, a passage the difficulties of which may never be quite removed. But his conclusion is that the anointing in question was not medicinal, but connected with the miraculous powers present in the early Church, stress being laid upon the united prayers of a number of disciples. The directions were not intended for the treatment of sickness generally, and the silence of the apostle as to the use of medical means does not imply any condemnation of medicine as such. 'The Coming of the Pilgrims,' by Marcus A. Brownson, is an interesting addition to the voluminous 'Mayflower' literature. A Dutch writer, J. Van Lonkhuyzen, contributes an appreciation of 'Abraham Kuyper—a Modern Calvinist,' a man whose remarkable work in Holland as theologian and statesman, orator and church-reformer, ought to be better known than it is in this country.

Harvard Theological Review.—Eleven years ago a well-informed article on 'Religious Conditions in Germany' appeared in this *Review*. Its author, now Dr. Richard Lempp, was then a student in

the Harvard Divinity School. Since his return to Germany he has served as chaplain (1914–1918) to the German Army in France and Belgium and is now secretary of the Evangelischer Volksbund for Würtemberg. With 'some hesitation' he has responded to the request to contribute to the January number of the *Review* an article on 'Church and Religion in Germany,' with especial reference to the effects of war and revolution. As a result of the separation of Church and State, Dr. Lempp says that its constitution will hereafter be much more democratic. The prevailing tendency toward centralization has brought about the convocation of the first German 'Kirchentag' (Church Congress). It is to meet once a year, and will 'constitute a league of the various Protestant German Churches, which for the rest will remain independent of each other, especially in matters of creed and doctrine.' Discussing the temper of outsiders and their relation to religion and the Churches, Dr. Lempp refers first to the Moderate Socialists who are in control of the Government. Some of the leaders of this party have urged Socialists who have not left the Church to take an active part in its affairs, now that it is no longer in the service of a capitalistic and militaristic State. 'Nevertheless, it can scarcely be affirmed, even of the Moderate Socialists, that they have actually drawn nearer to the Church.' The attitude of the Independent Socialists is described as 'more sinister.' In ever-increasing numbers, 'the majority of wage-earners . . . went over to the Bolshevists, in wrath and disappointment at the failure of the revolution to bring about the promised paradise.' Long continued socialistic agitation has 'rendered the heart of the working class utterly irresponsive to the influence of the Church and the Christian religion.' Recognizing that 'the situation is very serious,' Dr. Lempp hopes that a prophet may rise from the working class itself 'to preach the gospel of Christ in a new tongue and devise new forms of fellowship for a reawakened Christian faith.' The working class must be freed from its materialistic delusion and hostility to religion, or else Germany, like Russia, will perish, together with its Churches and its working class.'

Bibliotheca Sacra (January).—Dr. Barton describes the progress and vicissitudes of the little Samaritan colony at Nablus during the past five years, and the accomplishment of the photographing of what is believed to be the oldest Biblical manuscript in the world. His acquaintance with the colony began in 1902, when he was introduced to the High-Priest Jacob, with whom he maintained a correspondence until the war broke out. A school for boys and girls was established in Nablus by the American Samaritan Committee in December, 1913. The population in March, 1915, was 185 adults and 88 children. The net loss during the war was 27, including the High-Priest, who died on April 28, 1916. The photographs of the Samaritan Codex were taken on plates 11½ by 15½ and number 48, each reproducing three columns of text. 'The Westcott and Hort Text under Fire' is another important article in this number.