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

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

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Contents.

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1923

MAN'S FAITH IN IMMORTALITY

The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead. By Sir J. G. FRAZER, F.R.S., F.B.A. (Macmillan & Co. Vol. I., 1913; Vol. II., 1922.)

The Idea of Immortality. By A. SETH PRINGLE-PATTISON, LL.D., D.C.L. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1922.)

Progress in Religion. By T. R. GLOVER, M.A., LL.D. (Student Christian Movement. 1922.)

Man and the Attainment of Immortality. By JAMES T. SIMPSON. (Hodder & Stoughton. 1922.)

SIR JAMES FRAZER wrote in the Preface to the first volume of *The Belief in Immortality*: 'Of all the many forms which natural religion has assumed none probably has exercised so deep and far-reaching an influence on human life as the belief in immortality and the worship of the dead; hence an historical survey of this most momentous creed, and of the practical consequences which have been deduced from it, can hardly fail to be at once instructive and impressive.' He devoted those Gifford Lectures to the belief among the aborigines of Australia, the Torres Straits Islands, New Guinea, and Melanesia, showing by a wealth of absorbing information 'the savage testimony to the survival of our conscious personality after death.' The work excited deep interest, for, as the author said, 'What we all want to know is whether death is the end of all things for the individual, whether our conscious personality perishes with the body or survives it for a time or for eternity.' The survey showed that the Australian aborigines firmly believed

both in the existence of the human soul after death, and in the power which it can exert for good or evil over the survivors. To the Central Melanesian the belief in the survival of the soul after death is 'an inbred, unquestioning, omnipresent conviction which affects his thoughts and actions daily at every turn; it guides his fortunes as an individual and controls his behaviour as a member of a community by inculcating a respect for the rights of others and enforcing a submission to the public authorities.' For Fiji Sir James drew much of his material from Dr. Lorimer Fison and Thomas Williams' *Fiji and the Fijians*. He endorsed Mr. Williams' summary: 'The belief in a future state is universal in Fiji; but their superstitious notions often border upon transmigration, and sometimes teach an eventual annihilation.' The conclusion of the investigations covered by the first volume was that 'it is impossible not to be struck by the strength, and perhaps we may say the universality, of the natural belief in immortality among the savage races of mankind. With them a life after death is not a matter of speculation and conjecture, of hope and fear; it is a practical certainty which the individual as little dreams of doubting as he doubts the reality of his conscious existence. He assumes it without inquiry and acts upon it without hesitation, as if it were one of the best-ascertained truths within the limits of human experience. The belief influences his attitude towards the higher powers, the conduct of his daily life, and his behaviour towards his fellows; more than that, it regulates to a great extent the relations of independent communities to each other.'

In his second volume Sir James Frazer takes up the subject at the point where he had laid it down in his Gifford Lectures and describes the belief and worship among the Polynesians. The material is grouped in seven sections—the belief in immortality among the Maoris, the Tongans, the Samoans, the Hervey Islanders, the Society Islanders, the Marquesans, and the Hawaiians. The inhabitants of

these widely scattered islands of the Pacific only became known to Europe with any fullness and accuracy by the exploration of Captain Cook. 'Thus at the date of their discovery the natives were quite unaffected by European influence; of our civilization they knew nothing; of Christianity, though it had existed in the world for nearly eighteen hundred years, they had never heard. Hence their condition was of great interest to students of the early history of man, since it presented to their observation the spectacle of a barbaric culture evolved from an immemorial past in complete independence of those material, intellectual, and moral forces which have moulded the character of modern European nations. The lateness of their discovery may also be reckoned a fortunate circumstance for us as well as for them, since it fell at a time when scientific curiosity was fully awakened among us, and when scientific methods were sufficiently understood to allow us to study with profit a state of society which differed so widely from our own, and which in an earlier and less enlightened age might have been contemplated only with aversion and disgust.'

The Maoris have a wonderful legend of the way that death came into the world. Maui, a demi-god or man of marvellous powers, who lived in the early ages of the world, ventured into the jaws of the Goddess of Death, who dwelt in the nether world and dragged down men to herself, in order to snatch the life of mortals from her jaws. He was succeeding in his terrible task when, despite Maui's warning, the pied fantail burst into a loud guffaw. This woke the old woman, 'who shut her jaws with a snap, cutting the hero clean through the middle, so that his legs dropped out of her mouth. . . . Thus the Maoris set down human mortality at the door of the pied fantail, since but for his unseasonable merriment we might all have lived for ever.' Sir James says faith in immortality ameliorated the condition of the Maoris and furthered the cause of civilization

among them, but the belief in the essential malignity of the spirits of the dead and their great power to harm the living added a host of imaginary terrors to the real evils of life.

Among the Tongans it was believed that only the nobles attained immortality. Their souls possessed all the powers of the primary deities, though in an inferior degree. The souls of the lower order of people, it was held, died with their bodies. The departed spirits of the chiefs often returned to earth to warn, direct, and threaten their people. 'Such beliefs involved in theory and to some extent in practice a subjection of the living to the dead, of the seen and temporal to the unseen and eternal.'

Dr. George Brown's testimony that the Samoans believed in the immortality of the human soul, or at least its indefinite survival, is adopted by Sir James Frazer. They had a rooted fear of disembodied spirits or ghosts. The account of their funeral customs is of the deepest interest. Unlike the Tongans, they liberally opened the doors of immortality to gentle and simple alike. The Hervey Islanders also believed that the human soul survived the death of the body. The natives of the Society Islands held that no one perished or became extinct. Spirits were thought to lodge in small wooden images which were placed round about the burial-ground. The Marquesans supposed that the soul departed from the body by the mouth or the nose, hence to prolong life the mouth and nostrils were stopped. Thus they accelerated the event which they wished to retard. People of quality went to the upper world; the common people went to the subterranean region called Havaiki. The Hawaiians in general believed that the human soul exists after death, though their ideas were vague, confused, and contradictory. They had even some notion of a general resurrection of the dead.

That concludes the survey of Polynesian beliefs. The studies are surrounded by much fascinating detail. The notions were often childish and the customs foolish, even

when they were not barbarous and cruel, but they show how widespread was the belief in immortality. Sir James hopes in his next volume to treat of the belief among the Micronesians and Indonesians. The work bids fair to rival in interest and importance his classic studies of the *Golden Bough*. He does not trench on the subject of the higher and more complex religions, and treats the savage religions from a purely historical point of view, leaving other sides of the subject to the theologian and philosopher to whom we now turn.

Dr. Glover, in his fine volume on *Progress in Religion to the Christian Era*, points out that men's conceptions of religion show 'a steady drive to a morality that is ever higher, and a drive as steady toward monotheism, while religion ever claims more and more of life. We shall find that man has a firm belief that nothing but the truth will help him, and an undying faith that he will find truth or that it will be revealed to him; and, in the end, that he and God stand face to face for eternity and can adjust their relations on no basis less than ultimate and perfect righteousness.' With the *Hymn to Demeter* at the beginning of the sixth century B.C. we reach 'a point at which men are definitely fixing their eyes and their attention upon eternity, and a differentiated eternity—a religion intensely practical. It is not suggested by the poet that a man's moral character will bear directly on his immortal life; that seems to have been a gap in the teaching of the mysteries throughout.' Orphism taught that the soul was not at home in the body, but buried, as it were, and desirous of freedom. The system was a thorough-going Pantheism, and accepted the divine origin of the soul and its immortality and deliverance.

In the *Phaedrus* Plato tells 'how the immortal soul rises into the ideal world, there to behold beauty, wisdom, goodness, and the other things of God, by which the soul is nourished, to behold Zeus, lord of heaven, as he goes forth in his winged chariots, and the array of gods and demi-gods

and of human souls in their train.' Dr. Glover adds: 'The soul that is capable of such vision of God is akin to God, must be, cannot but be; and it is susceptible of likeness to God if it keep the eyes open for truth. That is the real preparation for the world beyond—the quest of truth. For the world beyond is real and earnest; judgement and righteousness are the foundation of self-existence, and in all existence there is nothing so real as soul, the gift of God from His own nature. "Every soul is immortal"' (*Phaedrus*, 245).

After the days of Alexander the Great Greek thinkers asked more and more of the universe and of God. 'By now immortality was becoming the centre of religious aspiration, a natural outcome of the emphasis on the individual enforced by all the features of contemporary life. Something beyond the grave must make amends for this world. The conviction grows that personality is a thing that must outlast death; and every man conscious of it has a progressively imperative instinct that he at least must not be blotted out. This new self-consciousness, this new demand for life, for fuller and richer and more enduring life, distinguishes this period of Greek life from the classical. Stoic psychological observation, religious impulse, the cry for life beyond, all bring the soul into a new significance. The development of the soul is to be the real thing in life; the body and its fugitive interests may occupy the great and the trivial; but for the earnest and the thoughtful, men or women, the world beyond is the real. The world beyond and the world within; for they are the same thing. The care of the soul is man's chief task, and it involves questions.' Dr. Glover adds, 'When once immortality and the sense of sin become master factors in man's thinking, a new seriousness attaches to all religion. It ceases to be conventional. Ritual and tradition do well enough for those who do not think and feel. The really religious spirit must have certainty.'

Dr. Glover thinks we might have expected to find Egyptian

influence more potent in Hebrew religion. We have been on the tiptoe of excitement through the discovery of the sepulchre of Tutankhamen, and have had it thus brought home to us that the whole Egyptian religion was based on a conviction of personal immortality. Among the Hebrews it had no such prominence. 'We are told that there are only four clear allusions to immortality in the Old Testament. Eventually the idea of immortality developed, as we see in Apocalyptic literature, but how late when we think of the Homeric hymn to Demeter, of the mysteries of Eleusis and of Plato's *Phaedo*!' Jeremiah, even when he speaks of the new covenant (xxxi. 31 ff.), though the inference of personal immortality seems so near, does not draw it.

The Maccabean struggle brought a profound change over Jewish thought. Ecclesiasticus reflects earlier days of 'smug prosperity.' The writer has 'no great hope of immortality nor much desire for it.' But in the fierce persecutions under Antiochus emphasis falls on God and on human personality. The individual reaches a new level of self-consciousness. 'Antiochus first, and later on the degenerate Maccabeans, and later still Herod and the Romans, drive men to range into the next world for truth and comfort and salvation.'

The Book of Wisdom says, 'God created man to be immortal.' 'The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God. . . . Their hope is full of immortality.' The Apocalyptists adopted the Greek doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and gradually it was discovered to be the very crux and centre of the discussion. 'Thus once more the individual claims his own in religion; he must have immortality for himself or for his child, and the proper consequences of his acts, his life and character. Righteousness has asserted itself against nationalism; the new aeon will not be a mere reign of Israel, it will be a triumph of God, and it will be shared by every man and woman who has been loyal to God.'

The philosopher's view is set forth with peculiar beauty and force by Dr. Pringle-Pattison in his Gifford Lectures on

The Idea of Immortality. He was led to deliver them through an animated discussion in a symposium of the Aristotelian Society, which started from some statements made in his earlier Gifford Lectures on *The Idea of God.* He finds 'something very impressive in the unanimity with which man, from the first dim beginnings of his planetary history, has refused to see in death the end of his being and activities.' He avails himself of Sir James Frazer's research to show how the soul was regarded as an ethical image of the body, and life in the spirit-land as a ghostly continuation of the life lived here. Professor Pringle-Pattison allows the substantial truth of the statement that the Hebrews during the whole of their history as an independent nation had no doctrine of individual immortality. 'But,' he says, 'it must not be taken to mean that there did not exist among them a generally accepted belief in the survival of the soul.' It was no wonder that the purely negative existence of Sheol led the Sadducees to teach that there was neither angel nor spirit. He dwells on the parallel development of the doctrine of immortality among the Hebrews and the Greeks, and pays special attention to the Orphic religion, with its belief in the essential divinity of the soul and the guilt of sin which explained its present state.

Socrates and Plato from the outset recognized the soul as a man's real self, the self at work in all his ordinary knowledge and actions. With Plato the belief in the divinity of the soul and its consequent immortality is a primary religious conviction. In the *Phaedrus* he argues that the soul is immortal, because 'its very idea and essence is the self-moved or self-moving; that which is the fountain and beginning of motion to all that moves besides. A body which is moved from without is soulless, but that which is moved from within has a soul.' Dr. Pringle-Pattison regards Plato's arguments for immortality as singularly unconvincing, yet his personal conviction produces a profound impression and has had the most far-reaching historical

influence. He believed in a conscious and individual immortality. Some of his words find a striking parallel in St. Paul, so that 'it is not wonderful that the Fathers of the Christian Church recognized in Plato a kindred inspiration.'

Two lectures on mind and body, in which ancient and modern views are discussed, lead to the conclusion that the idea of the substantial character of the soul as some sort of supernatural mechanism to hold the conscious experiences together must be dismissed. 'If we must indulge our imagination with the picture of some bearer of the conscious life, let us be satisfied with the body, in which that life is rooted in a very real sense. For although we no longer identify ourselves with the body, it remains for each of us, throughout life, the centre from which we speak and act and look out upon the universe. . . . A man's self will then be for us the coherent mind and character which is the result of the discipline of time, not some substantial unit or identical subject present in the body all along. . . . It is indeed only the self-conscious spirit—a being who can make himself his own object and contemplate himself as a self—that attains individuality and independence in an ultimate sense. Every other being is, as it were, a channel of the Universal Will, but man, as self-conscious, can distinguish himself even from his Maker, and set his own will against the divine. Is it, then, unreasonable to conclude that an individuality so real, and the goal apparently of an age-long process, must be capable of surviving the dissolution of the material frame through which it was brought into being? The body, ceasing to be a living body, may relapse into its elements when it has "fulfilled" itself, while the true individual, in which that fulfilment consisted, pursues his destiny under new conditions.'

In the theory of Karma reincarnation is not the goal of desire, but a doom to which man must submit. Christianity, on the contrary, holds to the hope of a blessed immortality. Dr. Pringle-Pattison says we ought to think of an immortal

life 'not as the simple continuance of a being in existence at the same level of all his powers and attainments, but as a progress or advance in a real sense, a continuous growth towards the stature of a perfect humanity. The idea of growth, it is urged, liberates us from the oppressiveness of an unchanging identity. With ever new insights opened to us, and ever new conquests achieved, there can be no question of existence palling upon the taste. In the nature of things, the process can have no end; but, absorbed in each stage as it opens before us, we need not be distracted by the empty thought of the series of future stages still to be traversed. The future, in such a case, would not break upon us till it was present.' Both theologians and philosophers insist on the idea of an 'eternal life,' not as a continuance of existence after our earthly life, but as an experience, a state of being, to be enjoyed here and now. That is emphatically the New Testament teaching. Jesus, from the beginning of His ministry, made the inheritance of the Kingdom dependent on purely spiritual grounds. 'In so doing He stepped out of the ranks of the Hebrew prophets and came forward as the bearer of a new message from God to man.' It was a message of present salvation—that salvation of the soul, the only salvation that matters, as the Platonic Socrates had already so impressively insisted. Christ's death and resurrection, that to which St. Paul himself looked forward, were to the apostle 'a description of the eternal nature of the spiritual life, symbols of an experience daily realized. It is in this sense that Christ is said to have brought *life* and *immortality* to light through the gospel.'

Any valid theory of immortality must be based on such experience of salvation. 'He who has tasted eternal life is not wont to be troubled in heart about the question of his personal survival, for such survival would be nothing to him if he were separated from the object in which he had found his true life. His immortality lies for him in his union with the eternal object on which his affections are set, and he

seeks no other assurance.' Less weight is given to the moral argument than we think it really carries. It has certainly sustained the noblest and bravest Christian heroes in a great fight of afflictions. The hope full of immortality, as Wesley says in *The Character of a Methodist*, has helped men to bear every experience of life as those who have committed body and soul into the hands of a faithful Creator. Dr. Pringle-Pattison regards immortality as something to be won and held. 'The idea of immortality has no religious significance, and it loses all credibility if we separate it from the idea of eternal life as a realized possession. Apart from such a context, it becomes a sheer incongruity.' Death has no terrors for such. Lewis Nettleship put it well in one of his last letters: 'Don't bother about death; it doesn't count.'

We have thus far followed the great chain of argument drawn from history, religion, and philosophy. The volume of essays on *Immortality*, edited by Canon Streeter in 1917, brought out other considerations from the standpoint of science, but the most notable contribution on the scientific side has just been made in Professor Simpson's *Man and the Attainment of Immortality*. He links the evolutionary conception of the world process to Christ. That process is 'interpretable as a continuous progressive, purposive manifestation of God, of which at a certain stage man is the crown, yet man struggling, largely failing, misusing his hardly and slowly won freedom.' One more stage was necessary to complete the process of revelation and enablement, and in the fullness of time Christ came. 'If this progressive view of the evolutionary process is true, there simply had to be a fullness of the times.' The antiquity and origin of man and his place in Nature are discussed in the light of scientific research, and chapters on palaeolithic, mesolithic, and neolithic man gather up evidence of the latest discoveries. The method of evolution and evolution as the winning of freedom are also investigated in a way that will greatly interest students.

Professor Simpson shows how the evolutionary process comes to an end in man, who is to-day possessed of a high degree of conscious activity, with great possibilities of mastery over himself and Nature. His ethical progress, however, has not kept pace with his physical development. Judging by the progress of the past, there is little doubt that human evolution as a whole, even in its terrestrial phase, will become increasingly spiritual. Humanity will more and more show in its members 'a unity of that which man is and of that which he wishes to be.' When that is achieved the kingdom of God will have come on earth. Man's part in the process of evolution ought to become more active and intelligent as he realizes the purpose in it and aligns his will with his knowledge. That is a prospect which carries great hopes in its bosom, and we have reason to be grateful to a master in the realm of science who points out how through Christ 'man can come into an experience of God which means salvation, moral renewal, and the true development of personality.' Immortality is thus gained through Christ. Professor Simpson says: 'In the case of every Christ-filled individual, the Resurrection is taking place *now*, the spiritual body is being prepared and provided *now*, and death is only an incident, no more the end of life than the moment of birth was the beginning of it.'

SAMUEL WESLEY'S NOTES ON SHAKESPEARE[1]

EVERY one who knows anything of the England of the eighteenth century is familiar with the spare, strenuous figure of John Wesley, the little man who for over fifty years rode from end to end of England, Scotland, and Ireland, preaching the gospel of salvation by faith, and founded the religious societies which in the course of another century developed into the largest Protestant Church in Christendom. But not so many, even of his own followers, are aware of his remarkable literary gifts and achievements. He was the first to see the possibilities of a popular press, and he published no fewer than four hundred and seventeen different books, pamphlets, sermons, grammars, hymn-books, and treatises on all subjects from physics and medicine to entire sanctification; most of them at the price of a few pence. He was an enthusiastic student of English literature; he knew Milton almost by heart, loved the fairy glamour of Spenser, and read and reviewed with zest the poems of Dryden, Pope, Prior, Young, Johnson, and all the rest of the eighteenth-century poets. His *Collection of Moral and Sacred Poems*, published in three volumes in 1744, was one of the first of the long succession of anthologies of English poetry. Hence it is not surprising to find that he was a diligent student of Shakespeare. It is true that he speaks of Hamlet's famous soliloquy on suicide as the work of 'our heathenish poet'; but all that he means is that the sentiments of the speech would be more appropriate to a Roman or Greek philosopher than to a Christian. He quotes in his journal and sermons from *The Merry Wives*, *Hamlet*, *Tempest*, *Henry VI*, *Twelfth Night*, and *Henry IV*; and refers to a performance of Macbeth which he saw at Drury Lane when he was a boy at the Charterhouse. He

[1] A paper read before the Melbourne Shakespeare Society.

had a high opinion of Garrick, and after the death of the great actor was at least once present at the literary afternoons which were held at Mrs. Garrick's house in the Adelphi. His diary shows that when he had to give up riding and make his journeys in a coach, a volume of Shakespeare was usually with him, and was frequently read as he travelled from town to town; and he left behind him a volume of the plays annotated throughout in his own neat writing, which was most unfortunately burnt by the puritanical zeal of one of his executors.

The mention of this fact by me at a talk I gave a few months ago at the public library on our Shakespearian treasures brought a letter from Miss Little of Brighton, in which she informed me that she had in her possession a copy of Shakespeare's plays in ten volumes with Samuel Wesley's autograph on the title-page of each volume, which was annotated in his own hand. You may be sure I lost no time in going out to see this unexpected treasure, and I found that it was as she had said. By her generosity I was allowed to make a typed copy of the notes, and they are being recopied for the public library, where they will be preserved. The volumes constitute the third edition of the ten-volume Shakespeare first published in 1773, and embodying the notes of Theobald, Warburton, Johnson, Steevens, Malone, and others; the third edition, the one in question, was revised and augmented by the editor of *Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays* (Isaac Reed) and was published in 1785. On the title-page of each volume is written in the well-known and characteristic Wesley hand, 'Samuel Wesley, 1790'; and Miss Little believes that the copy was presented to her grandfather by Samuel Wesley himself. This was Samuel the third. Samuel the first was the father of John and Charles Wesley, and the Rector of Epworth; Samuel the second was John Wesley's elder brother and a master at Westminster School, the friend of Pope and the author of a volume of far from despicable

poems; Samuel the third was the son of Charles Wesley the poet of Methodism, and the nephew of John. His identity with the possessor of these volumes is proved both by his characteristic handwriting, which I have compared with other examples in our college library, and by some quite definite autobiographical statements in the notes. Thus on *M.W.* iv. 1, 84 Steevens says that 'sprag' is still used by the people in the neighbourhood of Bath in the sense of 'ready, alert, sprightly,' and the annotator says, 'I, who was born in Bristol, confirm the truth of this account from some eight years' experience.' And on *L.L.L.* iv. 3, 165 he says, 'I have observed the North Americans always to say "I sot down"; and the Bristol folk.' Samuel Wesley was born in Bristol in 1766, and came with his father to London to a house in Marylebone in 1771. Moreover he more than once speaks of Dr. Johnson as 'my namesake, Sam'; and in a pencilled note signed C. L. (obviously Charles Little) the writer says, 'Sam Westley, you are wrong and the other Sam (Johnson) right.' In a note on *Taming of Shrew* i. 2, 25 he gives the date at which the notes were written on this play, and incidentally refers to his profession as a violinist. 'It is but little to a fiddler's honour, *anno ætatis* twenty-nine only, to guess at an Italian sentence.' As he was born in 1766, he would be twenty-nine in 1795, five years after he bought these volumes.

There are many allusions to the unhappiness of his married life. He entered into wedlock with Miss Martin in 1793, but his relations with his wife were not of the happiest, and after a time he sought consolation in an irregular connexion with another lady, who was the mother of his distinguished son, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, born in 1810. It is certain that much of this trouble arose from an accident which happened to him in 1787. Walking down Snow Hill, he fell into a deep excavation which had been made for a new building, and fractured his skull. The surgeons wished to raise the depressed bone by trepanning, but he would

not consent to the operation, and almost to the end of his life he was subject to long periods of depression and irritability. Indeed for seven years, from about 1800 to 1807, he had to lay aside all his activities, and retire from his professional work as an organist and violinist. It was during this period that his domestic troubles came to a head, and it is only fair to remember that he was practically irresponsible for the time being. On the passage (*Err.* iii. 2, 168) 'She that doth call me husband, even my soul doth for a wife abhor,' he comments, 'Il n'est que trop vrai' (S. W.). On *L.L.L.* i. 1, 158, 'I am forsworn on mere necessity,' he says, 'Well observed; and matrimonial vows are not to be excepted from this censure.' On *Shrew* iii. 2, 180, 'Such a mad marriage never was before,' he writes, 'Thus ought the holy imposition of marriage always to be ridiculed. What an insult to common sense is an engagement to love another as long as life shall last, when an angel to-day may turn devil to-morrow! All religious ceremonies are human legerdemain, and all the Judaick trumpery of "a bell and a pomegranate," with all the rest of that ridiculous patchwork, the God who delighteth in simple truth and mental beauty never ordained (whatever Moses may say). The Deity is the only true priest, and the heart His best temple.' On *Meas.* i. 2, 151 he writes. 'N.B. Love is God's chain, Law the devil's.' On *Merch.* ii. 9, 88, 'Hanging and wiving goes by destiny,' he remarks, 'And the former is usually the happier fate (S. W.).' Most pathetic is the note on *Shrew* v. 2, 108 ('Marry, peace it bodes and love and quiet life, an awful rule and right supremacy; and, to be short, what not that's sweet and happy?'): 'In such a sentence I see the heaven denied me.' This all culminates in a violent outburst on *K.J.* iii. 1, 74, where he declares that Faulconbridge was the poet's favourite character, 'and every reader's who does not deserve to be damned. I would give twenty lives if I could prove myself a bastard by either father's or mother's side.' Poor brain-troubled Sam!

A further proof of the identity of the annotator with Sam Wesley is the interest he takes in and the knowledge he shows of music. As every one knows, Sam Wesley was an infant prodigy almost as remarkable as Mozart himself. He and his brother Charles used to give recitals on the piano and violin at his father's house in Chesterfield Street, Marylebone, which were attended by the leading musicians of London, including the Earl of Mornington, who was so charmed by young Sam's playing that he had made for the little boy of eight a court suit of scarlet, and caused his portrait to be painted and engraved on steel. John Wesley attended one of these concerts in full canonicals, and admired the playing of his two young nephews, though he doubted the effect of this precocious popularity upon their character. Ultimately Sam became the greatest of our English Church organists, and was the author of many fine anthems which are still amongst the treasures of our ecclesiastical music. One turns naturally to the great passage in *Merch.* v. 1, 88, to see what Wesley has to say about it. There is a note by Steevens in which he says that this passage 'furnishes the vacant fiddler with something to say in defence of his profession, and supplies the coxcomb in music with an invective against unmusical people'; he goes on to quote Lord Chesterfield to the effect that time spent in listening to music 'might be much better employed.' On this the angry violinist retorts: 'Mr. Steevens's note is at least as inharmonious to a musical ear as any celestial strain could be disgusting to his; there is abundance of virulence in the whole, neither have I yet discovered the wit or the sense that can excuse it. Few persons are so very spiteful towards any body of men, unless previously provoked by some deep affront. Perhaps Mr. Steevens, being in a company where the rule was "No song, no supper," attempted the former for his belly's sake, and was laughed at for the noise he made by a fiddler. Lord Chesterfield's sentiment I hold to be neither strictly true nor wholly false.

That playing or singing "puts a gentleman in a contemptible light" I do not see; but that the time it takes might be better employed is undoubted. Query: Is it better employed in seducing wives and picking the pockets of husbands? Both which noble arts my noble Lord enforced by precept and by example.' Other musical notes are to the effect that Wesley has observed that distressed seamen generally sing their ditties to the tune of 'Fortune my foe.' He again attacks Steevens. 'Steevens despises music; he ought not therefore to meddle with it, at least till he understands what he ridicules,' and once more, 'The man that hath no music in himself will usually be wrong when he talks about it; and thus happens it with Mr. Steevens.'

Of Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book he says, 'This book I have seen and some of the lessons I have attempted to play; but my fingers were too short. Queen Elizabeth's perhaps might have sufficed. That Potentates have "long hands" Ovid has said truly. I should guess that these pieces might be conquered by pedals; but they are not worth them.' In reference to the statement that Milton thought of writing a play on Macbeth, he says, 'Great men often mistake their strength. The musical Dr. Arne was minded to attempt a new *Messiah* after Handel, but was brought to his senses having composed the Overture.'

There are several notes which throw some light on Sam Wesley's relations to the Roman Catholic Church. When he was about twenty years of age he was attracted by the musical services of Romanism, and frequently attended its churches to hear them. He was warmly welcomed there, and composed a High Mass for the Pope, Pius VI, which was performed in his private chapel at Rome. But as early as 1791 he wrote a pamphlet entitled *Vindex to Verax*, in which he criticized severely some of the doctrines of that Church, and declared emphatically his right to judge for himself in matters of religious belief. 'For excommunication,' he says, 'I care not three straws'; and before 1796

he had definitely renounced his association with the Church of Rome. The notes, as the date given above proves, were written after that date, and show how completely he had changed his views. For example: 'The Deity is the only true priest, and the heart His best temple'; 'The Pix is a human habitation for Him whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain'; 'It is known that the Fathers of the true Church recommend even the practice of evil for the sake of future good, and Helena (in *All's Well*) is supposed to be a Papist'; 'Who but fools had not rather be the father and mother of Faulconbridge or Erasmus than of Peter, Paul, John the Baptist, and all the saints in the calendar?'; 'We know that in the most ignorant ages of the Church not only the cardinal virtues were dubbed saints, but that even Kyrie Eleeson and Paralipomena (the books of Chronicles) were personified'; 'The service of God is damnable stuff unless it be perfect freedom.'

Another evidence as to the date of the notes is found in the intense dislike of the French which they constantly express. The superficial horrors of the French Revolution had impressed the imagination of the English to the entire obscuration of the great principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity which lay at its root; and as Napoleon Buonaparte came into prominence as the enemy of England, and his name grew to be a bogey to frighten children, no fair judgement of the French was possible. Here are some of Wesley's remarks on the subject: 'The French corrupt all languages but their own, which is indeed out of the reach of all possible depravation.' On Jaques' observation that 'compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes,' Wesley says, 'Especially if the civilities be exchanged between Frenchmen.' On Hermione's great speech in *W.T.* iii. 2, 29:

> If powers divine
> Behold our human actions, as they do,
> I doubt not then but innocence shall make
> False accusation blush,

he says: 'Let the French Deity, Voltaire, do grinning honour to a thought worth all that all his countrymen ever wrote.' On the porter's reference in *Mac.* ii. 3, 17 to French hose, he remarks: '*Tempora mutantur; Sans culottes* is the French cry nowadays.' On Voltaire's criticism of *Macbeth* because of the legion of ghosts in it Steevens observes: 'One should imagine he either had not learned English or had forgot his Latin. These (the Witches) are not ghosts'; and Wesley adds: 'Both are likely; it is, however, certain that he never learned Shakespeare. Query: Is there a Frenchman's appreciation that would not have disgraced him?' In *Tim.* iii. 5, 55 Wesley prefers Johnson's reading, 'it being more simple, and having no Periphrasis, that most beautiful of figures to a Frenchman!' On the difficult passage in *Ham.* i. 3, 74 he says: 'The French, whether gentle or simple, are so far from being generous above all others (unless Foppery be Generosity) that no nation can exceed them in all that is false and hollow.' On a criticism by Steevens on Voltaire and D'Alembert's view of *Hamlet* he exclaims: 'Well said, Maister Steevens! By my fay, thou hast rarely belaboured these French malapert monkies.' One other personal reference and we will turn to Wesley's work as a Shakespearian critic: 'A godfather of mine used to say that he feared not the devil in his *puris naturalibus* of hoof and horn, but in the masquerade dress of a naked female beauty.' This was the Rev. Martin Madan, a well-known clergyman of evangelical views, and the Chaplain of the Lock Hospital, near Hyde Park Corner. Putting all these facts together, there can be no doubt that the notes are the work of Samuel Wesley, and that they were made between 1795 and 1810.

In studying these notes it must be remembered that they are rather comments on the commentators' criticisms than on the text of the plays. Still, it is quite possible from them to deduce Samuel Wesley's views of our great dramatist and his works. How fully he appreciated the greatness of

Shakespeare is abundantly clear from many of his remarks. Thus: 'It is peculiarly applicable to Shakespeare that "He who would search for pearls must dive below"; and the conviction of this hath caused the drowning of not a few of his commentators.' On *M.W.* ii. 2, 209 ('I have pursued her . . . on the wing of all occasions') he says: 'How admirably expressed! It is in these seeming trifles that Shakespeare proves his matchless greatness.' Falstaff's description of his immersion in the Thames (*M.W.* iii. 5, 2–20) he characterizes as 'the Paragon of Humour.' On *M.N.D.* he says: 'The Commentators would have Shakespeare to have been a Grammarian, a Logician, a Geographer, an Historian, a Naturalist, a Philosopher, whereas he seems to have been only a Poet; a true Poet because a Poet born, and a great Poet, because his easy, natural beauties defy all improvement from Art. He has another among his many properties of genius, never to write indifferently; he is either excellent or execrable. His page is Perfection or Deformity.' When Malone says: 'Shakespeare's similes seldom run on four feet,' Wesley comments: 'And yet they generally leave the Criticks behind.' On *T.N.* i. 5, 275 there is a note, 'No one ever hit or mist the Sublime oftener than Shakespeare. Whenever he labours, it is in vain; if he gets upon Pegasus anyhow, without design and without premeditation, he is carried along, and rides with supreme dominion; but when he mounts cautiously his steed is sure to throw him.' Of Hermione's defence in *W.T.* iii. 2 he says: 'Who can worthily praise this speech? Perhaps only one who could write it.' And of the speech of Autolycus (*W.T.* iv. 4, 606) he says: 'Throughout this speech Shakespeare treads a path to be marked by no other footstep.' Of the speech of Laertes (*Ham.* iv. 5, 130) he says: 'This is a glorious speech without an atom of bombast; it is vehemence pushed to all but extravagance.' And, in general, the passages which he singles out for such notes as 'Good,' 'Fine,' 'Noble,' 'Exquisite' (and they are many), are

just those which the best critics most enthusiastically approve.

But with all his intense appreciation of the poet he is no blind idolater. For Shakespeare's verbal conceits, puns, euphuisms, &c., he has no toleration. He hardly realized the fascination which word-play has in the earlier stages of literature. The only notes he deigns to write on *Two Gent.* are these: 'Sad stuff,' 'False,' '*Sad stuff*,' 'Poor stuff,' and '*Bathos*.' 'O Billy,' he exclaims in another place, 'thou marrest all by this punning.' In *L.L.L.* ii. 1 he prints in spaced capitals, running down the side of four pages, '*Damned stuff*.' On the speech of Constance in *K.J.* iii. 1 he remarks: 'Here the Poet forgets his Character, and only remembers himself. O these puns and clinches, impostors of true wit. Alas, that a will of the Whisp should lead a *Will* of God out of the way! Constance could not be so very bad if she had recollection enough to pun upon her griefs.' On *R2* he has little to say but 'Sad stuff,' 'Despicable stuff,' 'Miserable stuff,' and finally 'Stuff, *sans* phrase'; and on *R. and J.* his comment on Juliet's speech (iii. 2, 22), 'Take him and cut him out in little stars,' &c., is 'Sad stuff, of which there is a lamentable abundance all through the Play.' In *M.V.* i. 1, 19 he says: 'Peering is more likely to have been the Poet's word, who always mistook a jingle for a beauty, and for which he often sacrificed the sense. Puns and Jingles are his Scylla and Charybdis.' On Bassanio's speech when he finds Portia's picture in the leaden casket he observes, 'Whosoever may love treacle posset hath here a copious dose.' He objects also to rhyme; on Benedict's speech in *Ado* v. 4, 50 his note is: 'This is sharp enough, but is cruelly marred by being put in rhyme.' In other places he criticizes the poet's 'uncouth tropes,' his excessive use of expletives, his false sublimity; but it will be noted that all these faults occur chiefly in the earlier plays, and that Shakespeare himself avoided them in the maturity of his powers. Wesley also deprecates the idea that the

dramatist was a sort of encyclopaedia of all knowledge; he doubts if he had read any of the Greek or Roman authors. 'Scraps of antiquity,' he says, 'he probably picked up by chance, and retained by memory, but never acquired them by study.'

He admits, too, inconsistencies in some of the plays. Thus when Shylock, in spite of his vehement statement that he will not 'eat with' the Christians, goes to supper with them in *M.V.* ii. 5, Steevens opines that the poet had not forgotten what he had made Shylock protest, but caused him to set it aside, to heighten the impression of his malignity; Wesley says: 'I doubt this; it is more likely that he did not think of it. Shakespeare has always borne strong testimony to the vulgar adage that "Great wits have short memories."' When in *M.W.* Mrs. Page talks about Mount Pelion, Wesley remarks: 'Rather too classical for Mrs. P.' On the last scene of *Meas.* Johnson remarks on Isabella's lack of emotion, whether of gratitude, wonder, or joy; and Wesley comments: 'True; and, as I think, a lamentable omission of the poet.' On *As* he says: 'With all the inestimable beauties in this Play, the Catastrophe has always appeared to me as affording a full basket of fruit, parched, but not matured by the sun.' On *Tw. N.* he remarks: 'To me the least probable part of the story is that the Duke should so readily accept of Viola for a wife after his violent and persevering passion for Olivia. He had said in the second Act, "Make no compare between that love a woman can bear me, and that I owe Olivia"; and in the fifth, "You uncivil lady, to whose ingrate and inauspicious altars my soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out that e'er devotion tendered."' On *W.T.* Johnson remarks: 'This play with all its absurdities is very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived and strongly represented.' Wesley's note is: 'Is this all you can say for it? You either envy or never tasted its beauties. Autolycus is a trivial character compared with others. Thus

do great men show their littleness!' Of *Tit. And.* he says: 'I think most of *Titus Andronicus* miserable stuff, greatly unworthy of Shakespeare.' It is well known that Nahum Tate altered the last scene of *King Lear* in order to save the lives of Lear and Cordelia and provide a happy ending to the play. In the *Spectator* Addison protested against this piece of sentimentality, but Johnson declares his preference 'for a happy ending such as Tate devised' on the ground that everybody loves justice, and the observation of justice cannot make a play worse. 'Moreover,' he adds, 'the public have decided; Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity.' He himself affirms that he could not read the end of the play at all until he had to edit it. Steevens says: 'Dr. Johnson should have said that the managers of the Theatres Royal have decided, and the public has been obliged to acquiesce in their decision. The altered play has the upper gallery on its side; the original drama was patronized by Addison. *Victrix causa Diis placuit; sed victa Catoni*'—surely one of the wittiest quotations from the Latin poets in existence. Wesley admires Johnson's tender feeling, but he adds: 'I would not have *Lear* altered. The judgement of the *Spectator* seems to me the true.' On the last act of *Othello* Johnson says: 'I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured'; on which Wesley comments: 'This scrap of humanity is better than all Johnson's excellent criticisms.'

In matters of textual criticism Wesley is thoroughly sound. To quote a few of his notes: 'Nothing but manifest and inevitable necessity ought to force an alteration of the text'; 'Faith in conjecture ought never to be implicit'; 'It may be truly said that Dr. Johnson seldom hazards alteration of the text till every other effort for sense has failed. On the contrary, Dr. Warburton always prefers cutting the knot to untying it; and, after all, his operations are oftener performed by a saw than a sword'; 'I shall hazard no

conjectures about (this passage); they who do usually alter the obscure by inserting the ridiculous'; 'Explanation is generally to be preferred to change.' 'We ought to prefer the reading which changes not the Text whenever it is possible to preserve it.'

But perhaps the most interesting notes are those in which Wesley expresses his opinion of the other commentators whose remarks are contained in this edition. He agrees with most modern critics in his profound admiration for Dr. Johnson's judgements. This is the more creditable to him, as it is on record that the doctor once called on Charles Wesley and said: 'I understand, sir, your boys are skilled in music; pray let me hear them.' As soon as they began the doctor took up a book that lay on the window-seat and was soon absorbed in reading and rolling. As soon as the noise ceased, waking as if from a trance, the doctor said, 'Young gentlemen, I am much obliged to you,' and walked away. This was not very appreciative treatment of the young musicians; but Sam bore him no ill-will for it. 'Here,' he says, 'the doctor stands, as usual, a brazen tower.' On another passage, in which Johnson admits his inability to find a satisfactory explanation: 'Here is the candour of a great mind. I find no safety in the multitude of these counsellers, but I think Johnson's note the best.' Again: 'Johnson generally conquers whatever is penetrable'; 'Dr. Johnson's mere conjectures are usually preferable to the laborious and generally unsuccessful efforts of the other commentators.' And once more: 'Mr. Malone, and all the Misters and Doctors beside, who have baited this poor poet, write all manner of nonsense, and seldom anything else (one Doctor excepted).' Undoubtedly he means Johnson. At the same time he makes fun of Johnson's 'piety and pudicity,' and his criticisms of passages which he regarded as profane. 'Whenever Johnson cannot find a camel,' he says, 'he is sure to strain at a gnat'; 'He continually opposes imaginary

profaneness, suffering real to escape him'; 'Johnson's piety and pudicity often stand in his own light and in the text's.' He laughs at the great lexicographer's long words and ponderous style. 'I am sorry,' he says, 'that any humour of the Doctor should have been so justly ridiculed, because humour is an excellence we seldom or ever find in him. By the ponderous substance of his page, which is always similar on all subjects, one might believe that he valued Mercury's talaria less than a pair of jack-boots'; 'To speak in Dr. J.'s pompous tone, we may say that concisenes here hath begotten obscurity.' He remarks on Johnson's well-known horror of death: 'Johnson could never hear death despised with patience. If he had believed it the sure step into damnation he could have feared it no more.'

In a note on *Meas.* iv. 3, 21 Johnson says: 'This expression was intended to ridicule the Puritans, whose turbulence and indecency often brought them to prison, and who considered themselves as suffering for religion.' On this says Wesley: 'The Puritans were most tyrannically persecuted, and many, if not the majority of them, for religion. Dr. Johnson's charity extends only to High Churchmen.' When, in a note on *Macbeth*, Johnson speaks of Scotland as a barren country, Wesley exclaims: 'This, O Doctor, is mere spite of thine!' In a note in which Johnson criticizes Warburton, but adds that he is like an archer drawing his bow on a hero whose virtues he holds in veneration, Wesley asks: 'What could have so suddenly inspired this new and unusual veneration of the Doctor for Warburton? Perhaps he was minded to cure a hundred wounds by one plaister; or that, having so often called his brother "Fool," he began to remember hell-fire.'

Of Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the most arrogant and incompetent of the early editors of Shakespeare, Wesley has a very poor opinion; and pages might be filled with his severe and mordant criticisms of the prelate. Possibly a sharper edge was given to his sarcasm by the recollection

of the audacious impudence of the bishop's attack on his uncle John Wesley fifty years before. A few samples must suffice: 'Dr. Warburton often reminds me of that projector in the Isle of Laputa, whose employment was to turn excrement into food. Nothing is more easy than to make difficulties and then solve them'; 'It must be acknowledged that *Ipse Dixit* is Warburton's usual authority'; 'Dr. Warburton's hastiness generally leaves his common sense behind'; 'This comment is right worthy of Christian Dr. Warburton, who, we know, envied even a happy observation'; 'Dr. Warburton affects to despise Theobald, but he writes better notes, 40 to 1, than the Doctor'; 'It were well if this Bishop had encumbered the Poet with none of his impudent alterations. One shot in a hundred he hits the mark; tho' perhaps this is granting too much.' Warburton calls the clown's speech about hell in *All's* iv. 5, 49 'Impious trash.' Says Wesley: 'Dr. Warburton's term of "impious trash" is surely as ill applied here as the majority of his notes is in other places. It is plain that Warburton must condemn the Gospel as impious before he can consistently censure this admirable speech. But it is quite probable, if not quite certain, that Warburton's piety here was only a cloke for his favourite vice. He was known to be the proudest of all proud priests of his time, and therefore it is no miracle that such a just and severe satyr penetrated deep into a Satanic soul'; 'Who does not always chuckle to see that tyrant Warburton flogged, even with a cat of nine tails?'

Of George Steevens, the joint editor of this particular edition, Wesley had a somewhat better opinion. He recognizes the value of the numerous classical and Elizabethan quotations which Steevens had amassed; but, as we have seen, he ridicules his total ignorance of music; and he evidently shared the almost universal dislike for the man himself. For example: 'Steevens (little as he may imagine it) is never more among his equals than when

with coxcombs. A critical coxcomb is worst of all because affectation is excusable only by ignorance.' Again: 'Reader, I am afraid that Mr. Steevens is a learned Puppy'; 'Steevens's egg is addled and so are his brains, or he would never have refused to admit so just and reasonable an arrangement of the lines as this of Dr. Johnson'; 'Steevens's note is quite superfluous after Johnson's, and wholly inferior; a squib after a comet!' Of Edmund Malone Wesley usually speaks with respect, and often approves his notes. Theobald and Hanmer are always treated with the consideration their labours well deserved.

It would be possible to give many more examples of Wesley's caustic wit and sound judgement; but perhaps enough has been said. One, however, is so appropriate to the present moment that I cannot omit it. In *Meas.* i. 2, 13 one of the gentlemen says: 'There's not a soldier of us all that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.' Wesley annotates: 'This speaker was (I suppose) an Irish gentleman.'

EDWARD H. SUGDEN.

THE CONCERN OF THE GOSPEL WITH ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN THE TEACHING OF JESUS AND IN THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH.[1]

I

AT first sight the writer has a simple and straightforward task. It is his duty to collect, classify, and present in summary form the recorded teaching of our blessed Lord on the subject of wealth and poverty, and of the relation of the individual to that social fabric into which his life is so closely woven. The next step is to examine the New Testament writings to discover how, in actual practice, the Master's precepts were applied to the very various conditions of life throughout the Graeco-Roman world in which the apostolic Church carried on its mission.

Unfortunately, the problem is not so simple. There are two difficulties which we must candidly face, the one literary, the other historical. By the literary problem I refer to the obvious fact that our Lord never committed any of His teaching to writing, and we depend for our knowledge of it upon Gospels written many years after. These Gospels, while bearing evidence of the fidelity with which oral tradition was transmitted and documentary evidence employed, show us also that editorial interpretation and other factors belonging to a different age and changed surroundings must sometimes be taken into account. By the historical problem I mean the difficulty of seeing with clearness what is the actual background of social conditions presupposed by any given passage cited from the New Testament.

A single illustration will serve to show how these two considerations sometimes merge into one problem, the solution of which may help us to understand many other things in the Gospels. Every one knows that the Beatitudes are given in two Gospels, the first and the third. But

[1] A paper read, by invitation, before the Annual Conference of the Society of Free Catholics at Birmingham on January 2, 1923.

whereas in Matthew the poverty which is extolled is poverty of spirit, and the hunger and thirst which bring blessing are a craving for righteousness, in Luke there is no such limitation. Moreover, the woes which are added in Luke seem unmistakably literal in their reference.

Now a careful comparison of these two Gospels has led most students to the conclusion that as a rule Luke holds more closely to the very words of his sources, whereas Matthew uses considerable freedom of interpretation. The editorial instinct of Luke is selective rather than interpretative; he shows a special fondness for incidents and parables which illustrate certain notes in the teaching and ministry of the Saviour. But in Matthew there is a marked tendency to heighten the colour or to give a specific application to some of the sayings of our Lord. There is good reason to think that we have an example of that dual tendency here. Luke is deeply interested in these sayings, because they seem to show the special sympathy which drew Jesus to the poor. In the First Gospel a turn of expression is enough to give them a reference to spiritual qualification, and they now fit into the framework of the new law, which is to supersede the old in the kingdom of heaven. But the question which springs to our lips is this: Was 'Matthew' entitled to interpret the Master's words in this way? The answer to that question carries us over from the literary to the historical. Before giving our answer we must ask another question. Who were the poor? The Aramaic word used by Jesus takes us back to the Old Testament use of its Hebrew equivalent, which turns out to be a most interesting bit of 'fossil-history.' At first the word meant poor or needy, then in the time of the prophets it denoted those who suffered oppression at the hands of a cruel aristocracy. With the Exile it describes suffering Israel regarded as ideally righteous. Then, as time went on, probably because piety was to be found much more among the humbler classes than among the wealthy, the word received a religious

colouring, and in the later period it stood for the faithful and God-fearing Jews in contrast with the worldly and indifferent majority who are found at one time ready to accept pagan innovations and are almost always willing to persecute the faithful few. The social and religious persecution of the poor, in the sense of the pious, is one of the most clearly marked features of the later Psalms, so that when Jesus came to announce the kingdom of heaven there was a class of people ready for His message. They were all potential disciples. Their thoughts were not preoccupied with worldly ambitions. They were detached from the allurements which made the claims of Jesus seem to so many far too other-worldly. 'Matthew' is therefore right in recognizing that Jesus is not prescribing a *minus* property qualification, but is making His appeal to those whose spiritual temper is congenial to that Kingdom which is not of this world.

With this example to remind us of the importance of not ignoring the historical background, let us look at the economic and social conditions of life in Palestine in the time of our Lord. It was in Galilee that Jesus spent all His boyhood and exercised almost all His ministry. At this time Galilee was a prosperous district of great natural fertility, studded thickly with populous towns and villages, whose inhabitants not only found abundant supply for all their needs, but benefited by the busy export trade which was carried on with neighbouring lands and distant nations. Her olive groves and rich cornfields supplied stores of oil and wheat and barley, which the merchant navies of Phoenicia carried all over the world, to say nothing of the thriving export trade in dried figs, grapes, wine, pomegranates, as well as live-stock. Flax was also grown in great quantities, and sent to the coast towns to be woven into fabrics or dyed. The towns on the lake-side enjoyed the profits of the fisheries, and at Tarichea and Bethsaida there were factories for curing fish, whence they were dispatched

to Jerusalem and other inland cities; indeed, we learn from Strabo[1] of pickled fish from this lake as far away as Italy. Then we must remember that Galilee was intersected by important trade-routes, and a heavy traffic was continually passing along these roads. So the life of Jesus was not spent in a quiet little backwater, away from the main current of the business of the world. His parables remind us of this. Think of the *dramatis personae* in His stories. There is the pearl merchant, the trader who entrusts large sums of money to his slaves for investment in industry during his absence, the fish-merchant who separates the better kinds of fish for the market, the rich farmer whose well-tilled acres are bringing him a yield beyond the capacity of his barns, the absentee landlord of the vineyard who is robbed by his tenants, or that other vine-grower, who as the day advances keeps going out to hire further labour that the vintage may all be gathered before sundown. Jesus could not have lived amid these busy scenes without knowing something of the cares and anxieties of business. Were fishing-smacks never lost in the squalls on the lake, and homes plunged into poverty through the loss of the means of livelihood, and perhaps even of the breadwinner himself? Did merchants never lose all their capital through the capture of a caravan by brigands, or the defalcations of some rascal of a steward, or the thefts of an absconding slave? Were farmers never reduced to bankruptcy by bad seasons, or by some one of those myriad pests to which the prophets allude in their days? In answer to such questions it will probably be said that these are but rare exceptions to the general rule of prosperity, and that the normal condition of life in Galilee was hard work but a sure living. Food was plentiful and cheap; rents, too, were low. One writer[2] has summed up the situation in a sentence: "Of the sordid

[1] Strabo, xvi. 2, 45; cited by G. A. Smith in *E.Bi.*, 5191.

[2] Dr. R. W. Moss, *The Scene of Our Lord's Life*, p. 94. See also articles on 'Trade and Commerce,' in *E.Bi.*, *D.B.*, *D.C.G.*, &c.

and brutalizing destitution, prevalent in many modern cities, there are very few traces; and the people, though possessing little money, were able to live in conditions of greater average comfort than are met with in countries where the weather increases the necessaries of life, and the currency, if more abundant, has a lower purchasing value."

When we turn from Galilee to Jerusalem the situation is altogether different. Here we find a large population living in a district with but scanty support from Nature. Certainly the olive grew in abundance, and the surplus supplies of oil could be exported in exchange for more necessary commodities. The vine also flourished on those high and sunny limestone terraces, and the fig brought in her yield. But corn did not grow in any considerable measure near Jerusalem, and so the few simple industries of the city enabled some of the people to buy country produce from the sheltered valleys at no great distance, whilst the large supplies of corn and fish for food, and of flax and other material for clothing, were dependent upon the export of oil. But the most important factor to bear in mind is that Jerusalem was a political, and still more a religious, capital. We have only to remember the enormous number of priests, Levites, and temple servants, amounting to very many thousands, who contributed nothing to the productive life of the community, to see how utterly artificial were the economic conditions of the metropolis. Of course, vast wealth flowed into the Temple in the form of tithes, first-fruits, redemption money, poll-tax, and at this time it had become a busy centre both of trade and finance. Sir George Adam Smith[1] tells us that among the chief priests there were many with large fortunes. "The High-priest and his counsellors were trustees and accountants on a large scale. . . . But they were also great traders. To assist them in the reception, investment, and distribution of the funds, they had a great staff of officials, duly organized and entitled. But, indeed,

[1] *Jerusalem*, i. 366.

in those days nearly every priest must have been a trader." It is therefore not surprising to find in Jerusalem great wealth and poverty side by side. The ample revenues of the Temple benefited but a section of the population; the flocks and herds which were needed in such vast numbers for the sacrifices came from far, and only in a very small degree encouraged sheep farming in Judaea itself. It was only three times in the year, when crowds of worshippers flocked to the city to keep festival, that those outside the privileged order could share in the money which pilgrims brought to the centre of Judaism. We must not forget that mendicancy would be far more prevalent in the neighbourhood of the Temple, and along the roads traversed by devout pilgrims. During the lifetime of Jesus, Caesarea rather than Jerusalem was the seat of Roman government, but the procurator had an establishment in Jerusalem, which he often visited, and many of the rich *publicani*, who farmed the imperial taxes in various parts of the land, lived in the great city. This brings us to our last preliminary observation, which is that Palestine suffered from the exactions of two authorities, religious and political. This double taxation was indeed enforced quite as much in Galilee as in Jerusalem, with this difference, however, that the burden pressed far more heavily upon a population that was always hovering near the poverty line than upon the thriving people of the north.

When we turn from this rapid survey of the social and economic conditions that surrounded our Lord to His actual teaching upon wealth and poverty we cannot fail to notice how closely that teaching is related to the background of life. Generally speaking, Jesus had little to say about conditions of life in themselves. The problem of poverty was not forced upon His notice where the greater part of His life was spent. But He saw evidence on all hands of the deceitfulness of riches. He knew of family feuds that were due to disputes about property. He had watched the

subtle poison of avarice at work in souls once responsive to the healthful spirit of God's grace. So it is the purely personal question of spiritual efficiency that lies behind His warnings against wealth. The simple way of life that sets no store by needless luxuries is placed in happy contrast to the feverish anxiety of those foreign traders who were pressing their pursuit for extravagance in every town of Galilee. ('After all these things do the Gentiles seek.') The disciples are urged to cultivate an attitude of detachment to the good things of this life; for treasure laid up on earth is perishable, and where the treasure is there the heart is also. Wealth, too, may breed selfishness, and the means to show hospitality can easily be degraded into an instrument of social indulgence and self-advancement rather than an opportunity for giving pleasure to the poor, who can make no return. How entirely the concern of Jesus was with the moral and not the economic is seen in His reply to the man who wished Him to arbitrate in a case of disputed inheritance. The answer was threefold: (*a*) 'Who made Me a judge or arbitrator over your affairs?' (*b*) 'Watch, and be on your guard against covetousness in every shape and form.' (*c*) 'Not when a man has more than enough does his life come from his possessions.' Then follows immediately, by way of comment, the story of the Rich Fool. Even here it is not the possession of bursting granaries that marks this farmer down for censure, but the carnal-mindedness which exclaims, 'Soul, you have ample stores laid up for many a year; take your ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' In the story of Dives and Lazarus the fact that damns Dives is not his wealth, but that he is content to be clothed in purple and fine linen, and to fare sumptuously every day, while all the time there was a poor wretch lying at his very door with undressed sores and insufficient nourishment. Now this brings us right to the heart of the social teaching of Jesus. It is when He comes to Jerusalem that a new urgency is to be heard in His voice as He speaks

about these things. The pride and patronage of the rich, who flaunt their wealth before the poor, stirred Him to make the memorable comment on the widow's mite. Or who can miss the mordant irony of the story of the two men who went up to the Temple to pray? 'I fast twice in the week; I give tithes of all that I *get*!'

Jesus has already passed into Judaea when the rich young ruler accosts Him with the question about eternal life. May it not well be that the true key to our Lord's reply is that given in the fragment which Origen preserves from the Gospel according to the Hebrews? 'The rich man said unto Him, Master, by doing what good thing shall I have life? He said to him, Go, sell all that thou hast, and distribute to the poor, and come, follow Me. But the rich man began to scratch his head, and it pleased him not. And the Lord said unto him, How sayest thou, I have done the law and the prophets, since it is written in the law, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself; and behold many brethren of thine, sons of Abraham, are clad in filth, dying of hunger, and thy house is full of good things, and nothing at all goes out from it to them. And He turned and said to Simon, His disciple, who was sitting beside Him: Simon, son of John, it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.'

Perhaps we ought not to make too much in this connexion of our Lord's biting sarcasm about the ostentatious piety of those scribes 'who devour widows' houses and for pretence make long prayers.' The reference is probably not to flint-hearted mortgagees, but to unctuous ecclesiastics who made a profitable profession of administering religious consolation to well-to-do widows. (We must not now spend time over these first-century prototypes of a class pilloried by Thackeray in the person of the Rev. Charles Honeyman.)

Two incidents in that last week of controversy in Jerusalem are of more than passing interest—the reply to the question

about imperial taxation, and the dramatic expulsion of the Temple traffickers. The question, 'Is it lawful to pay tribute to Caesar, or not?' asked in that place, at that time, and with such an audience, was dexterous in the extreme. Perhaps in our appreciation of the even more adroit reply we are in danger of undervaluing its unanswerable sanity; for it is surely by no accident that in the Greek form in which our Lord's words have come down to us the verb used in the question is changed in the answer: 'Is it lawful to *give* tribute to Caesar?' '*Pay back* to Caesar what belongs to Caesar!' A few shillings a year, the tax in question,[1] was a small return for Roman roads and police service and all the blessings of stable government. The poll-tax was the payment of a debt for material benefits which they enjoyed. As Dr. Plummer[2] has shrewdly observed, "The discharge of this duty in no way interfered with their duty to God. The paying of the coin, with Caesar's image upon it, to Caesar in no way hindered a man's giving himself, made in God's image, to God."

The scene in the Temple court on the morning following the triumphal entry is one on which the mind loves to linger. Of course, it bristles with difficulties, and those whose conception of Jesus is of a sentimental dreamer, whose soul was never stirred to passionate indignation by flagrant injustice and oppression unrebuked, will naturally leave it alone. For us it marks the climax of the controversy which began in a synagogue in Capernaum when a work of healing

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[1] Edersheim, *Life and Times*, ii. 385, writes of "the capitation-tax of one drachm," but he adduces no evidence for the amount. Wilcken, *Grundzüge*, i. 189, shows from the papyri and ostraca that in Egypt during the imperial age there was considerable difference in the amount of the poll-tax even within the same districts. It varies from 40 to 12 drachms. This, of course, is distinct from the income tax (a percentage on the property valuation) paid in Syria and Cilicia (for authorities, see Schürer, *H.J.P.*, I. ii. 110), and from the land-tax which was also levied in Judaea.

[2] C.G.T., *St. Mark*, p. 278.

was wrought on the Sabbath day. No institution, however sacred, was to fetter the free grace of God. But here the chief significance for us lies in the two prophetic words which Jesus quotes in vindication of His act: 'My house shall be called a house of prayer for all nations'; 'You have made it a brigands' den.' Exclusiveness and corruption—these are the twin evils which rouse Him to a white heat of passion. As for sacred privilege, the only privilege He respects is the opportunity to serve the widest interests of the whole family of God. For vested interests, when they clash with moral principles, He cares less than nothing. The rascaldom of Jewry enjoys sanctuary in the Temple, but let any rash reformer dare to disturb the financial system which brings wealth to the privileged few, and he will soon find what a hornets' nest he has stirred up! And so the last Reformer of the Jewish Church performs this symbolic act. He leaves untouched the tables on which the dove-cages are set, but he overturns the stools of those who sell them. The tables of the money-changers are swept over in the storm, and an infuriated profession sees its coins rolling in inextricable confusion in every direction. Surely this picture of reforming zeal was not painted and preserved except by the providence of God. It is well that we should be reminded that Jesus was not an economist laying down laws which, if applicable to the simple conditions of His own time, would be irrelevant to the vastly more complex commercial situation with which we have to deal. It is well that we should remember that Jesus has warned us with terrible solemnity of the fatal fascination of creature comforts. It is well that we should also bear in mind that the Christian law of love involves a right relationship in all personal dealings, and an enlightened sense of the practical obligations of the good neighbour. But it is also well, lest religion should become an anodyne, that the Church of Christ should always keep in view that solitary Figure raising hand and voice in protest against

stale custom and corrupt privilege, though He knew this action sealed His doom.

II

The history of the apostolic Church begins at Jerusalem. After a while the centre of interest shifts to Antioch. Then Christianity is planted in all the great cities of the Graeco-Roman world. In Jerusalem it was inevitable that economic questions should demand urgent consideration. In so far as we may use the early chapters of Acts as a reliable historic source, it is evident that the great poverty of most members of this Church led to a daring experiment. From the sparse information which St. Luke offers it is impossible to speak with confidence about the exact form which this policy took, or how long it lasted. In those early days of happy fellowship brotherly love went so far that 'not one of them considered anything his personal property; they shared all they had with one another. There was not a needy person among them, for those who owned land or houses would sell them and bring the proceeds of the sale, laying the money before the feet of the apostles; it was then distributed according to each person's need. Thus . . . Barnabas . . . sold a farm belonging to him and brought the money.' Some scholars infer from this terse description that, under the influence of a vivid expectation of the immediate return of their Lord, the disciples practised a completely Communistic scheme. This point of view is presented rather cynically by Professor Kirsopp Lake[1]: "In terms of political economy the Church was realizing the capital of its members and living on the division of the proceeds. It is not surprising that, under these circumstances, for the moment none was in need among them, and that they shared their food in gladness of heart, for nothing so immediately relieves necessity or creates gladness of heart as living on capital, which would be indeed an ideal system of economy if society were coming to an end,

[1] *Landmarks of Early Christianity*, p. 45.

or capital were not. It is probable that the Church thought that society would soon end, but it proved to be wrong, and it is not surprising that the same book, which in its early chapters relates the remarkable lack of poverty among the Christians, has in the end to describe the generous help sent by the Gentile Churches to the poor brethren."

But this notion that the primitive Church was so entirely at the mercy of an interim ethic is not borne out by the New Testament documents as a whole. It was not a careless spirit of sanguine expectation that promoted this policy. It was the spirit of Jesus that had breathed through all the Galilean days. Nor does it seem accurate to speak of Communism, as that term has now come to be used; for long after this we find the mother of John Mark the owner of a large house, with at least one slave in attendance, and later on we find Barnabas starting upon costly journeys, which seem to imply that he was still a man of means. There is wise discrimination in the words of Professor von Dobschütz[1]: "No one said, as Luke very properly describes the state of affairs, that anything was his own; they had everything in common. The delight in giving went in some cases so far that property was sold, and the proceeds placed at the disposal of the community. This was done by Barnabas, and by Ananias and Sapphira, who coveted his fame. These, however, were exceptional cases, and attracted particular attention. There was no rule on the point." May we not add that the offence of Ananias and his wife was the vanity which bred deception, and so brought a note of unreality into that open-hearted community, breaking the harmony and dispelling the ideal?

The constant poverty of Jerusalem, to which we have

[1] *Christian Life in the Primitive Church*, p. 148. J. Weiss (*Das Urchristentum*, pp. 49ff.) reaches a similar conclusion, laying, with reason, great stress on Acts v. 4; he also detects a certain idealizing tendency on the part of an editor in such touches as iv. 34, an echo of Deut. xv. 4.

already referred, had several important results in early Christian history. There was a daily distribution of food, in which the widows belonging to the Hellenistic section of the Church were said to come off badly. This grievance led to the first experiment in ecclesiastical organization—the appointment of the Seven. The generous support of the Christians of Antioch in a time of famine helped to bind together the Hellenistic and the Judaic parties in the Church. More remarkable still is the prominence which Paul gave to his scheme for uniting the Churches of the Gentile foundation with the mother Church of Christendom by an elaborate policy of financial assistance. What, however, strikes one from the beginning is that the young Christian community was driven by force of circumstances to become a close corporation, a mutual provident society. 'So, then, as we have opportunity, let us do good to all men, *and in particular to the household of the faith*.' When excommunication from the Synagogue took place the Christian society lost any power to influence directly the public life of Jewry. In the same way, as we can read between the lines in the Corinthian correspondence and in the Apocalypse of John, a faithful testimony to Christian principles might often mean exclusion from trade guilds, and practical disfranchisement in civic life. These considerations, together with the numerical and social insignificance of the Church in those cities where it had been planted, led to a passive acquiescence in the social structure. Paul, more particularly, with his keen appreciation of all the Church owed to the strong arm of Roman law, was scrupulous in avoiding any appearance of disloyalty to the 'powers that be,' who are 'ordained of God.' All that the Church could do in that age was to work out by means of its own internal relationships a kind of life that would be worthy of their fellowship in Christ. This is probably the meaning of the difficult passage in the second chapter of the letter to the Philippians: 'Treat one another with the

same spirit as you experience in Christ Jesus.'[1] Paul preaches in principle[2] an international brotherhood, the equality of the sexes, the annulling of slavery; but he suffers from no illusions about the actual conditions of life in the Jewish, Greek, or Roman world. Women in Corinth must act with discretion, and avoid bringing scandal on the Christian name by flouting social conventions. A runaway slave, who has robbed his master, must return to his owner. Paul would never have been guilty of the charge brought against him of taking foreigners within the sacred enclosure in the Temple. Nevertheless, every letter of the later period shows the apostle's eagerness that the Christian home should set the standard for true family relationship; the charming little letter to Philemon shows how even slavery might be transformed where master and servant acknowledged a common allegiance to Jesus the Lord; and the greatest controversy of his life proves that he paid more than mere lip-service to the doctrine that in Christ there is "neither border, nor breed, nor birth." With all his Christian Stoicism, that preaches and practises contentment in any condition of life, Paul does not hesitate to advise his Corinthian friends who are slaves that, if an opportunity comes their way of becoming free, they are to seize it.[3]

After all, the main thing is the social ethic enforced in the apostolic Church. The diatribe which bears the name of St. James is evidence not only of the occasional departure of some church from the norm of brotherly equality, but of the official conscience in such matters. Social snobbery was under the ban. The more carefully one studies the New Testament, the more numerous and impressive are the incidental applications of the fundamental law of love.

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[1] So Moffatt renders Phil. ii. 5. Deissmann, *In Christo Jesu*, p. 118, adopts 'Have this mind within your community which ye have also in Christ Jesus.'

[2] Gal. iii. 28; 1 Cor. xii. 13; Col. iii. 11.

[3] 1 Cor. vii. 21. See J. H. Moulton, *Grammar of N. T. Greek*, i. 247.

One instance must suffice where many might be given. No casual reader can fail to notice the prominence given to hospitality among the ethical precepts which figure so largely in the Epistles. The reason is this, that in an age when travel was so common, both for commercial and for religious ends, and when almost all inns in the Graeco-Roman world were also houses of ill-fame,[1] it was not enough to extol the virtue of social purity. Something more was needed; and so practical steps were taken to remove temptation from the way of the Christian traveller, and by the free-masonry of the Christian brotherhood an open door admitted him in every place he visited to the fellowship of a Christian home.

It may perhaps be urged that all this amounts to very little. There are those who would like to find something far more aggressive in the attack of the apostolic Church upon the cruelties, the oppressions, the injustices that flourished in that "dark pagan world." There is some satisfaction in listening to the prophet of Patmos as he hurls his denunciations at Babylon on the Tiber. Yet, after all, rhetoric, even religious rhetoric, has its limitations. The great achievement of the Church in that age was the creation of a Christian conscience. This taught the supreme value of the human personality. The brother for whom Christ died has first claim, before any convenience or advantage of our own. This was no pious platitude. The first mission to Europe began with the assertion of this claim in the interests of a mere slave-girl. 'But when her masters saw that the hope of their gain was gone, they laid hold on Paul and Silas, and dragged them before the magistrates in the forum.' Small wonder that in the next city the cry was raised, 'These that have turned the world upside down have come here also.' The Christian revolution had reached Europe.

W. F. Howard.

[1] See Ramsay, *Roads and Travel* in Hastings, *D.B.*, v. 898.

THE IMMANENCE OF GOD IN THE CHURCH, A Basis for Christian Reunion.

I. In the State of Utopia there is surely a law, similar to that which in this country obliges a printer to affix his name to a pamphlet, compelling every writer or speaker, at the beginning of his argument, to define his terms unequivocally. In obedience to so excellent an injunction I will say what I understand both by 'Church' and 'Immanence.' The definition of the Church given in the Thirty-nine Articles, 'a congregation of faithful men in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments duly administered,' practically covers the ground. One does not wish, however, to omit such good Christians as the Society of Friends and the Salvation Army, who, unhappily, do not observe the holy sacraments. We will therefore adopt the even more catholic description, '*Ubi Christus, ibi ecclesia*' ('where Christ is, there is the Church'), and understand by 'Church' any society of disciples working for the kingdom of God in fellowship with Jesus Christ. This serves as a minimum definition, but it will be noticed that it demands as essential a fellowship of believers in Christ, united by the bond of a common task.

Divine immanence must be rather more clearly defined. The most radical and most unsatisfactory doctrine of immanence is that of pantheism, which is morally impossible. If we regard creation, however, as an eternal process, not an after-thought of God, God is eternally creative and eternally immanent in His creation. Idealists, also, will regard God as immanent in the material world, which represents the thought of God objectified; that is to say, what we call external reality is the regular operation of God's mind on our minds. Whenever and wherever we cross from the inorganic to the organic—for the panpsychical doctrine is hardly the thought established—we come to monads, centres

of experience, possessing some degree, however faint, of spontaneity, which develops into fullness in the higher animals. Whenever and wherever, again, we pass from zoology to anthropology, we mark the beginning of the change from spontaneity to freedom. In young children and primitive peoples we see little more than animal spontaneity. Only in the more completely formed characters morally even more than intellectually, do we find freedom. Indeed, freedom in the truest sense is an ideal rather than an actuality, an ideal very imperfectly realized in bodily existence. Full freedom belongs alone to God, and when we speak of that we realize how strange is the paradox it implies. For the wheel has turned full circle and brought us back again to a position similar to that which we regard as essentially characteristic of necessity. For God alternative choice cannot exist. A Being wholly and in the highest sense good knows but one way of action—the best. Human freedom is a lamp lit for the journey of the evolution of life. At the beginning of mental development it is not needed. At the end it will perhaps be needless again. Only within the long interval that stretches from primordial protoplasm to 'the spirits of just men made perfect' can there be need of freedom.

It follows that divine immanence is complete at the beginning of the history of the universe, and if the end of all be union with God and perfection, then immanence may be complete once more at the close. But between that Alpha and Omega of all things immanence is incomplete. To a certain type of mind this statement would appear as a blasphemy against the prevalent monism of philosophy. But one may plead the analogy of F. H. Bradley's doctrine of degrees of reality; and if the philosophy of absolutism speaks of degrees of reality it may be allowed to more empirically-minded persons to distinguish degrees of the immanence of the God who is the ground of reality.

The view we have taken of immanence is clearly not pantheistic, for although it speaks of immanence in nature,

it acknowledges degrees of immanence. But this points to a further distinction. The antithesis 'different in degree or in kind' is generally a false one. Some differences of degree amount to differences in kind. It would seem that we have implied a difference in kind in the description of immanence as being found both in nature and in man. For even could we imagine God as being as completely immanent in man as in nature, His immanence in a moral being would be different in kind, were it the same in degree, from His immanence in the natural order of the universe. Everything here depends on the freedom of the will, and I am assuming that man is a spiritual monad whose dependence upon a God is never such as to obliterate his spiritual 'being-for-self,' his own essential nature, and not a 'mode' of the divine substance. If then evolution be the unfolding of God's immanence, the process reveals, not only differences of degree, but a difference in kind, when we pass from the material to the mental, from inanimate to animate.

II. If, then, this is what we understand by immanence, we can apply the doctrine of degrees of immanence to justify speaking of the immanence of God in the Church. A certain type of objector would doubtless deride the very title of this paper. That God should be immanent, yes; immanent in all that is good, yes; but that He should be immanent in the *Church* is the idea of ecclesiastical conceit, an attempt to monopolize the Infinite and localize the Omnipresent. We shall need, therefore, to justify the idea of immanence in a special and particular sense in the Church.

In the first place, we believe the Church to be a divinely founded institution. We are told that Jesus did not found any society. That may be formally true, but it is even more true to confess that One who gave the strength of His ministry to intensive culture of a band of disciples did *ipso facto* found a society. It is true that there are objections to this view, and I will pause for a moment to consider them.

Let us first take the view made famous some years since by Schweitzer's *Quest of the Historical Jesus*, that Jesus, expecting an immediate and cataclysmic parousia, could not therefore have intended to found a society to exist only in the twilight of a tottering world. One feels that Schweitzer's own life is the best reply to such views, for it cannot be believed that they inspired him to sacrifice a brilliant career to preach Christ to African natives; indeed, that Christ did found a society of fellowship and redemption Schweitzer proves by his actions, whatever be understood by his words.

More important is the objection that Christ was the great Unorganizer, who left everything to God. The parables are appealed to. They show, it is argued, that Christ taught that the kingdom of God grew like the seed—man knoweth not how. It might be easy to score a dialectic point by pressing the same parable to maintain that at least the soil must be prepared and seed grown. But parables are unsuitable ground for logical manœuvres. It will be better to maintain the thesis that Jesus taught that the Kingdom was ready to come without when it could come within; that the way to its establishment in the world was its establishment within the hearts of man. Accordingly, leaving aside all organization that was outward, Jesus set up the inward organization of a fellowship of men whose hearts were in tune with God, who were to stand together, suffer together, serve together, that by their witness the way should be prepared for the coming of that Kingdom which came not with observation, but which none the less would be an outward power in the world when it was an inward power in the heart.

If this analysis be correct, we do not identify the Church and the Kingdom. Jesus did not found the kingdom of God nor claim to do so. He did found the Church as the executive of the Kingdom, but He founded it as an inward communion of spirit, not as a visible organization, with rules and officers. I am now able to resume the main thread of the argument,

and maintain that the Church, in the sense just defined, was founded by Christ, which, for us who worship Him as God, means divinely founded.

Our next contention is that Christ Himself spoke of His immanence in the Church. The Trinitarian baptismal formula of Matt. xxviii. may be disputed, but the words, 'And lo, I am with you alway,' which definitely connect the promised immanence of Christ with the express condition that it is given to those who baptize and teach in His name, are surely indisputable. They are strongly supported by the conditional *Logia*, some of which are redolent of their spirit. They have close analogies elsewhere in the Gospels. One can confidently assert that no merely literary criticism can invalidate words so much in harmony with the general spirit and teaching of Christ. They may therefore be held to express a promise of the immanence of Christ, not to the world generally, but to His Church, the executive who do the work of the Kingdom; and for us Christians that means the immanence of God.

III. We now come to the very heart of the matter at issue. Is immanence in the Church in any sense different from divine immanence generally? One realizes how easy it may be to seem presumptuous and dogmatic if one claims this to be so, a claim to locate the Almighty's presence by the flickering rush-light of human knowledge; but if there be degrees of reality, it may not be a presumption that speaks of degrees of immanence. We have claimed that God is immanent in the Church. Are we right in thinking of Him as specially present in the executive of His Kingdom?

It seems to me that we are—upon these lines. Our analysis of immanence admitted the real power of self-determination to human beings. The divine immanence, therefore, is not a question of God alone; it depends upon how far the human heart will receive Him. Wherever there is a human heart willing to receive Him God is immanent in it; but how far He is immanent depends upon

that heart, not upon Himself. Surely, then, we may expect to find in the Church a more complete immanence than we can find in the world, for if we hold to our definition of the Church as where Christ is we must expect to find there hearts open to God.

It may be replied that if this is so, surely we need not bring in the word Church, but may say that wherever any loyal heart, connected or not with the Church, opens out towards God, God is immanent. The Church has no monopoly of the flock of Christ. Other sheep He has not of that fold. In effect, we are presented with this alternative: You must either claim that God is immanent in His Church in a sense in which a Roman Catholic claims it, immanent in the Church as an institution; or you must admit that, if His immanence be in human hearts, it does not make any difference whether those hearts are within or without the Church. You have not claimed, I may be told, that God is immanent in the Church as an institution just because it is the Church, and therefore you had better omit all reference to it, and simply claim God's immanence in all good men.

The dilemma is not unescapable in any sense. We insisted that the Church was a fellowship at work. Every psychologist—indeed, every reflective man, knows that man in fellowship and man in isolation are different; and, moreover, that the fellowship of a common task is the closest bond of union that can join various individuals. One must admit, therefore, that in view of the patent facts of the social consciousness and group mind the objection fails. It is based upon the illogical assumption that what is true distributively must be equally true collectively. It defies psychology by assuming that fellowship, work, and the group spirit do not affect the individual's personality, or his capacity for receiving influence. If, through fellowship, we receive fresh human influence, if, as a group, ends exist for us which, as individuals, we ignore, we cannot deny that

through fellowship we may receive the divine immanence in a manner otherwise impossible. Indeed, it is surely in such a way that we should expect most definitely to receive it.

We may now sum up the argument. We first contended that immanence was not uniform throughout the universe as pantheism holds. Complete in nature, it knows differences of degree, and indeed of kind, in man. If, however, the end of all be union with God, immanence may take far more complete form than is now possible in man. Next we claimed God's special immanence in the Church, the executive of His Kingdom, because the Church was divinely founded, and holds the promise of its Master of His immanence whilst it fulfils His work. Finally, we considered the question whether divine immanence in the Church was different from divine immanence in the individual; and whilst not claiming immanence in the Church as an institution, we argued that the Church as a spiritual fellowship working out the will of God might expect divine immanence in a sense in which it cannot exist for the spiritual free-lance.

It remains only to suggest what bearing this has upon the subject that is uniting the Church to-day, and let us be glad that we are uniting, if only at present to discuss Christian reunion. The argument of this paper has no point of contact with the view that God is immanent in the Church by virtue of the apostolic succession and holy line of valid sacraments. Such a position may be accepted on authority, but one cannot see how it can be given a philosophical basis. The Roman Church, which pre-eminently embodies it, so far as I am aware, does not offer any philosophic rationale for its acceptance. I have endeavoured here to offer a rational explanation of immanence in the Church, in the spiritual sense here explained. It may not be necessary, however, that the other position be abandoned before there can be any hope of reunion. If the view here stated were also accepted—and the two are not necessarily incompatible—we might move a step farther.

If we could agree that God is especially immanent in every fellowship of Christians working for His Kingdom, then we admit that the Church is united by the highest and holiest bond of union possible—by the Holy Spirit of God Himself. If we will but believe this, and believe it passionately, we shall find the way open to reunion. The real path to union is not by discussing our differences, but by believing in our unity. At present we are inclined to think our differences more real than our unity. So long as that is our thought we shall remain apart. The first step is intensely to believe in the unity of the Church through the immanence of God. Then we shall prove the saying that a belief is what you act upon. We shall act upon that unity, and in due time ways and means will provide themselves. The Holy Spirit was given in lieu of organization to the Primitive Church. He made the organization, and to-day, as then, if we will but act upon it, our already established unity in the immanent God will lead to the means to bring us visibly into one.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER is eminent among French writers for the very qualities which distinguish the literature of France among the literatures of Europe. These are attributes which it is much easier to recognize than to define, but amongst them is certainly to be found a remarkable fusion of intellectual lucidity and imaginative grace, accompanied by an admirable deftness of literary workmanship. Intelligence, interest, a sprightly fancy, an adroit irony, graceful scholarship, a delicate sense of style —these are characteristically French gifts, and there is no writer who possesses them more completely than Gautier. There are still greater gifts that he does not possess. He has generally little sense of the profound pathos of life; he is not burdened with the weight of all this unintelligible world; he never feels any religious emotion; he never betrays any moral enthusiasm; he is content to dwell on the decorative surface of nature and of civilization. But if we are willing to take him as he is we shall find that there is no more delightful companion in all the realm of letters. Like Scott (as Lockhart's unnamed correspondent said) he is 'such a friendly writer.'

He was born in 1811, and as a little boy must have heard the reverberations of the battle of Waterloo. He died in 1872, distressed by the triumph of Germany and the wild excesses of the Commune. The place of his birth happened to be Tarbes, in Languedoc, where his father held an appointment; but soon afterward his parents removed to Paris, where they belonged, and the poet's whole life was spent there. He was educated at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and later at the Collége Charlemagne. At first, as a boarder, he suffered extremely, for the *lycées* of those days, as his biographer has remarked, combined the hardships of a

monastery, a barracks, and a prison. Later, as an *externe*, and studying under the direction of his scholarly father, he was happy.

When he left college he was determined to be a painter, and he spent a couple of years in the *atelier* of Rioult. It was while he was here that he made the acquaintance of Sainte-Beuve, the famous critic, who was astonished by the remarkable knowledge of the French Renaissance poets shown by this lad of eighteen. Either Sainte-Beuve or Gérard de Nerval (whose friendship Gautier had gained at college) introduced him to the notice of Victor Hugo, who became his literary hero. About this time he was definitely launched on a literary career.

It was a remarkable period, for it witnessed the romantic revival in French literature. It would take us too far afield if we attempted to trace the sources of that movement; roughly, it was the influence of Goethe and Heine in Germany, and of Scott and Byron in England, that was making itself felt among the younger writers of France. The romantic movement was a revolt against literary conventions that had grown rigid—especially against the chilly classicism of the eighteenth century; a return to nature, though not in Wordsworth's sense; a spirit of liberty and adventure in the realm of letters; a new sense of the infinite charm and colour and movement of life.

The crucial date of the movement was February 25, 1830, when Victor Hugo's *Hernani* was produced at the Théâtre Français. Both the classical and the romantic factions made it the occasion of a demonstration. Half a dozen tickets were taken to Rioult's studio. 'You will answer for your friends?' said the messenger to Gautier. 'By the skull from which Byron drank at Newstead Abbey,' was the response, 'I will answer for them!' The reply was a characteristic extravagance. The early romantics rather affected skulls, and indeed anything that suggested vaults, mortality, melancholy, the mouldering past, the Middle

Ages—all of which were supposed to be the special properties of a grotesque and Gothic taste, as opposed to the frigidities of classicism. When Scott, as a young man, was translating Bürger, he 'wished to heaven that he had a skull and cross-bones'!

Hernani was a huge success. Gautier was prominent, on the night of the production, in a crimson waistcoat. He must have made a striking figure, habited in this fashion, with his powerful frame and his flowing locks. His *gilet rouge* became famous; it was remembered for long as the oriflamme of romanticism.

About this time Gautier published his first volume of poems, soon followed by a second and a third, and his first novel. A little later he joined the staff of *La Presse* as dramatic and art critic. Twenty years afterward he left *La Presse* for *Le Moniteur Universel*. This was afterward replaced by the *Journal Officiel*. Gautier continued this work until his death, and indeed made most of his living by it. He often lamented his fate, and girded at the hard necessity that kept him at work on his *feuilleton* every week except for an occasional holiday: '*Jusqu'à lundi je suis mon maître. Au diable, chefs-d'œuvre mort-nés!*' Yet it may be doubted if any other life would have suited him so well; certainly no other would have ministered so richly to his special instincts as a lover of art and letters. It kept him in constant contact with the drama, the art, and the intellectual life of Paris generally for nearly forty years.

Apart from his travels there is not much incident in Gautier's life. He had no interest in politics, and, unlike Hugo, was quite content with the Second Empire. Nevertheless, he nearly got into trouble on one occasion. On the publication, in 1855, of a volume which contained the fantasy *Une Larme de Diable*, the Government suspected an allusion, in one passage, to December 2, and the perjury of Napoleon III. It is the passage where the Almighty says: 'The doom is irrevocable; I am not to

be forsworn like an earthly king.' Gautier was able to prove that the story had first appeared in 1839, in the reign of Louis Philippe, and the matter dropped, much to his satisfaction, for he was not at all the stuff of which martyrs are made.

It is all the more to his credit, therefore, that in another connexion he proved his intellectual probity rather strikingly. On the occasion of the Exposition Universelle of 1867 Gautier was commissioned by the Ministre de l'Instruction Publique to write an account of the progress of French poetry since 1848. Now Victor Hugo was the greatest figure in that generation of French poets, and Victor Hugo was the author of *Les Châtiments*, the bitter satirist of 'Napoleon le Petit,' and anathema to the Government. Gautier, like an honest man, wrote enthusiastically of Hugo, and does not seem to have suffered for it. The *rapport* was afterward embodied in Gautier's *Histoire du Romantisme*.

He was thrice proposed for the Academy, but never elected. The names of those who were elected on those three occasions, when contrasted with the name of Gautier, are enough to show the futility of the whole business of an Academy—they were Gratry, Autran, and Barbier. But Gautier was in excellent company in his exclusion from the number of the immortal Forty. If he was not an Academician, neither was Molière, nor Pascal, nor Balzac.

Physically, Gautier was robust. It is said that he ordinarily consumed five pounds of mutton and three bottles of wine in the course of the day. Once, at a fair, he struck a blow of over five hundred pounds on the *tête de Turc*—the popular dynamometer—and he declared that it was the proudest action of his life. It is curious that sturdy men of a vigorous habit are often the most humane in their outlook upon life, and the most subtle, delicate, and fastidious in their artistic work; and that it is usually the physical weaklings who yell for carnage, who disregard the decencies

of literature, and who generally seek to draw attention to themselves by violence and blasphemy. Along with his burly frame, Gautier had one mental gift (as distinguished from his genius) that must have helped him enormously in his life of literary toil—he had a memory like Macaulay's. He once recited to some friends more than a hundred stanzas of Hugo's *Légende des Siècles*, which had just appeared. They found, to their amazement, that he had merely read the poem over once while at breakfast that morning.

Gautier was an extremely various and voluminous author. There cannot be many things in the visible world about which he did not say something (and generally something wise, memorable, and urbane) in the sixty volumes he wrote. But his principal achievement is fourfold—he was a novelist, a critic, a traveller, and a poet. In each of these departments he wrote some of the best things that have ever been written in French. We suspect that Gautier's fame has suffered somewhat by reason of this very versatility. The world will not believe that a man can do more than one thing well; it insists on his being a specialist, restricted to one line of activity. If a man is naturally versatile, he always runs the risk of being classed as a dilettante; because he does many things, the public cannot conceive that he does any of them with supreme excellence.

Gautier was, in the first place, a considerable writer of fiction, more successful in his short stories than in his long novels. *Mademoiselle de Maupin*, his most notorious novel, might have been dismissed by this time as merely a juvenile attempt to shock the bourgeoisie if it had not been for the famous preface, which seriously sets up the doctrine of art for art's sake, and has become the *credo* of the literary neo-pagans. The book raises the whole question of the relation between morality and literature. It must be admitted that the moral and the artistic do not merely coincide. There is great literature that is more or less in conflict with the dictates of morality. On the other hand it is equally certain

that the greatest literature of all must have a moral basis and a moral sanction. The motive of Gautier's novel is sexual, in an unusual and unpleasant fashion. Now the ethically abnormal can only be treated successfully in literature in two ways. One is a frank paganism where the moral aspect is completely and cheerfully disregarded, the method of Boccaccio. The other is a method with which we are more familiar in modern fiction, as the names of Nathaniel Hawthorne and Thomas Hardy are enough to remind any one, where elemental passion and perverse circumstance drive men into moral disaster, and where the cloud of retribution hangs over all. A method which is less irresponsible than the one, and less earnest than the other—like that of Gautier here—is foredoomed to failure. From the point of view of literature alone, the book should have been either more of an erotic comedy or more of a passionate tragedy. To put it in another way, either the moral interests at stake are too serious, or the structural development of the narrative is too slight.

Le Capitaine Fracasse, the other of Gautier's long novels which is best known, is of another type altogether. It is a picaresque story of the most readable sort. From the fine description of the ruined château at the beginning of the book to the happy ending, with the marriage at Vallombreuse, it is a thoroughly innocent and interesting tale. We follow with a pleasant zest the adventures of the strolling players as they wander about the picturesque France of a bygone century. Gautier borrowed a good deal of the material of the book from Scarron, in much the same way as Charles Reade, in his greatest romance, borrowed from Erasmus. There is no serious purpose in the book; it is merely pleasant romance in the familiar key of *manteau et epée*. It is interesting to know that Gautier began it, dropped it, and then, after an interval of twenty-five years, resumed and finished it. It has the interest of Dumas, with more refinement of manner, and more plausibility of construction, though

without the intoxicating energy of the author of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*.

There are few writers who have had a more unquestioned mastery of the short story than Gautier. It is amazing how he manages to convey the atmosphere of eighteenth-century Paris in *Jean et Jeanette*, and of nineteenth-century Madrid in *Militona*; of ancient Egypt in *Une Nuit de Cléopatre*; and of classical Greece in *La Chaine d'Or*. The archaeology may not be faultless in these last (though Gautier was quite a scholarly man of letters), but, however that may be, he certainly has a wonderful knack of suggesting the scene of ancient life as the background of the tale. It is equally astonishing that he should be able to achieve in *La Morte Amoureuse* somewhat of the crepuscular horror that was the speciality of Edgar Allan Poe, and in the little story of *L'Enfant aux Souliers de Pain* a simplicity and a naive pathos that seem to belong by right to Hans Andersen.

Some of Gautier's best work as a critic is found in *Trois Grotesques*, the volume in which he rehabilitated three writers then almost entirely forgotten—François Villon, Cyrano de Bergerac, and Paul Scarron. Apart from that volume Rostand's most famous play, and one of Stevenson's delightful essays, as well as the most vivid of his short stories, would never have been written. Every one to-day can quote Villon's *Mais où sont les neiges d'antan?* and every one is familiar with Cyrano's astonishing feature, *ce nez invraisemblable*; and if Scarron does not quite share their resuscitated fame, at least we all know that Gautier himself was indebted to the *Roman comique* for the idea, and some of the material, of *Le Capitaine Fracasse*.

Hazlitt once remarked that Coleridge 'somehow always contrived to prefer the unknown to the known.' Gautier was always happy in dealing with the less renowned writers, and he could give some excellent reasons for his pleasure. 'It is a charming and curious study,' he writes, 'that of the second-rate poets. In the first place, since they are less

known, you are all the more likely to make surprising discoveries; moreover, there is not at hand a ready-made criticism on every striking word; one is delivered from the necessity of going into conventional ecstasies, and is not compelled to rave and stamp at some particular passages, as is absolutely indispensable with the poets who have become classic!'

But apart from the success of the book in its main purpose, as an *exhumation littéraire*, it is full of the shrewdest and wittiest criticism, expressed in the most delightful style. How suggestive this is with regard to the literature of France in general! 'Since Panurge's sheep, and indeed before, France is supremely the land of imitation, for the French, so bold on the field of battle and in perilous situations, are extremely timid on paper. This nation which observers call extravagant and light-minded has always preserved a profound respect for rules, and has never run many hazards in literature. When they get a pen into their hands the French (otherwise so temerarious) are full of hesitation and anxiety; they tremble lest they should say something new which cannot be found in authors of the best repute. . . . It is only in France that the word *original*, applied to an individual, is almost a term of reproach. Every Frenchman who writes is burdened by the fear of ridicule, and the result is that when a style or a mode has been accepted by the public, all the authors adopt it, happy to be able to decline the responsibility of having a manner of their own. . . . Because of this, our literature is poorer than any other in eccentric works; the general tone is to be found fixed in the majority of contemporary writers, and every period has its particular note of style, imposed, first of all, by some literary success.' That is strikingly true of a great deal of French literature; if it is less true to-day than it was when Gautier wrote those words, the change is largely due to Gautier himself.

How well the following passage, again, describes the

frigid style of the eighteenth century! 'Good taste is a fine thing, but it should not be abused; because of it you may deprive yourself of a multitude of subjects, of details, of images, of expressions, that have in them the savour of life. . . . The influence of Louis XIV upon the literature and art of his time was not always happy. They were dominated too much by the peruke of *le grand Roi*. Nature was almost expelled by majesty, by etiquette, by convention. Everywhere a cold regularity was substituted for the charming disorder of life. . . Poetry always wore a gala dress, with a page to carry her train, lest she should catch her feet in her skirts of gold brocade as she mounted the marble stairs of Versailles. . . . The result was an art magnificent, grandiose, serious, but, with two or three splendid exceptions, rather wearisome.' A criticism of admirable justice, and very picturesquely expressed.

Though he lived all his life in Paris, except for a few months of infancy, Gautier liked to think that he was temperamentally of the South. '*J'ai garde*,' he said, '*un fonds méridional*.' It is stated that his family hailed originally from Provençe. There is certainly a wonderful sense of warmth and colour in his writings; his invocations of the sunshine and the summer remind one of the Troubadours. His travels were mainly in sunny lands—Spain, Italy, and the East. The one exception is Russia, and there his preoccupation with light and colour is remarkable. Thus he describes a sleigh-ride across 'an immaculate immensity of sparkling snow, that strange soil which by its silvery tint reminds you of a journey in the moon, through an atmosphere quick, cutting, cold as steel, where nothing can corrupt, not even death itself!' Many of his Russian descriptions are wonderful studies in opalescent light and the blanched hues of the wintry landscape that remind one of his poem, *A Symphony in White*, where he glances from one paleness to another—the snows of Norway, the swans of the Rhine; the white satin, the white lace, the white

shoulders of fair ladies; marble, ivory; white butterflies, the white blossom of the hawthorn, the white foam of the sea. In this connexion it is very significant that Gautier's first ambition was to be a painter, for he was essentially an artist in letters. One of the most striking things about his writings, both in prose and verse, is this decorative quality. His astonishing sense of colour is everywhere in evidence. 'Three things please me,' says a character in one of his novels (and it was assuredly true of himself), 'gold, marble, and purple; splendour, solidity, colour.' This feeling for colour lends a peculiar charm to his records of travel. It reveals itself in many quaint touches. On his way to Russia, for example, as he records his impressions of Hamburg, he notes with enthusiasm the scarlet tunics of the postmen, and laments 'that we rarely see anything *red* in our modern civilization, which is so much given to neutral tints that it seems ambitious to render the art of painting impossible!'

All his books of travel are delightful reading, the *Voyage en Espagne* particularly, but the best of them all, in our judgement, is the *Voyage en Italie*. Most of the volume is devoted to Venice, which he loved with a discerning passion, and described better than Ruskin. No one who has read Gautier and seen Venice can ever dissociate him from the place. We see again the sights of that dream-like city as we read his vivid pages. What wonderful vignettes he often gives in a sentence or two! Who can forget the description of his first passage down the Grand Canal in the darkness, 'when every gondola gliding noiselessly along seemed to hide a pair of lovers, or a corpse with a dagger thrust into its breast'? Or the brilliant paragraphs in which he rhapsodizes about St. Mark's, with its 'aspect of a temple, a basilica, and a mosque; that strange and mysterious edifice, at once exquisite and barbarous; that immense accumulation of riches; that pirates' church, made of fragments gained by robbery or conquest from all

the civilizations; that Oriental dream, petrified by the power of an enchanter; a Moorish church or a Christian mosque, built by a converted Caliph; that collection of columns, of capitals, of sculptures, of enamels, of mosaics; that mixture of styles, Greek, Roman, Byzantine, Arabic, Gothic, which yet produces an entire effect of perfect harmony; that golden cavern, encrusted with gems, splendid and sombre, at once sparkling and mysterious!'

No one who has read those pages will forget them if he has ever seen the pigeons flying around the Campanile. And everybody who has ever 'swum in a gondola' (in Shakespeare's phrase) will remember Gautier's words about the Grand Canal: 'Every piece of wall recalls a history; every house is a palace; every palace is both a masterpiece and a legend. At every stroke of the gondolier's oar you quote a name which was as well known at the time of the Crusades as it is to-day. The Grand Canal is an immense gallery, open to the skies, where you may study from your seat in the gondola the art of seven or eight centuries.'

The style of Gautier is masterly, both in prose and in verse, and perhaps nothing is more masterly than the difference between the one and the other. His poetry is almost the last word in chastity of form, in minute delicacy, in disciplined and scholarly grace. His prose is not less artistic, but it is naturally freer, more varied, more picturesque, with a quaint allusiveness and an abundance of graceful images. He was very widely read, and his vocabulary is remarkably rich. It is said that dictionaries were amongst his favourite reading, and one can well believe it. He rejoiced over a vivid and unusual word as over hid treasure, and when once he had found it he used it with an infallible felicity. No man ever had a keener sense of what he himself called *la réjouissante bizarrerie des mots*. His fanciful metaphors are a continual delight, as when he describes the trellised vines of Mestre 'reaching out hands to one another, as if to dance an immense farandole around

the field,' and when he compares the dark cupola of San Simeone Piccolo, among the silvery domes of Venice, with the 'black armour of the mysterious knight in the tourneys of the Middle Ages.' When he is in Belgium, the locomotive of his train 'whistles like an asthmatic whale,' and when he is in Russia a horse, heated by a gallop in that bitter atmosphere, 'breathes out jets of smoke, like a dragon in a fairy-tale.' Many of his most casual remarks have a quality of admirable observation, as when, passing the quays of the Spree in Berlin, he notes that 'vessels on a river or a canal in the middle of a city always have a charming effect.' What force and finality there is, too, in some of his single phrases, as when, condemning the furious ornamentation of some of the Jesuit churches, he declares that it looks 'like sickly excrescences upon diseased stone!'

The greatest work of Gautier, however, is to be found in his poetry, and especially in the volume of verse entitled *Émaux et Camées*. The title is apt. Every poem in the book has the delicate grace of a cameo, the finished brilliance of enamel. In all his writings, and naturally most of all in his verse, Gautier was intensely preoccupied with style. These poems were incessantly corrected, and incessantly improved. Though they are marked by such austerity of art, there is here and there a personal note in them that is more pronounced and more poignant than in Gautier's prose. His heart was in his poetry. 'If I had possessed any personal fortune,' he wrote to Sainte-Beuve, 'I should have devoted myself wholly to the green laurel.'

A few of his shorter poems will live as long as the language. Gautier was, in fact, one of those poets of the second rank such as he himself delighted to study and appraise—one of those poets who have written a few immortal lyrics which are found in every anthology. When we think of him we are constantly reminded—notwithstanding the wide differences that make the comparison seem fantastic—of our own minor poets of the seventeenth century, of Shirley and

Lovelace and Crashaw, poets who had a limited range but a marvellous style, and each of whom wrote a few poems that are of a flawless perfection. In recondite fancy, in verbal felicity, in grace of form, in precision of art, there is a real parallel between the Frenchman and the best of our Caroline and Jacobean poets.

One of his most delightful poems, which might well be selected as representative of Gautier's peculiar charm, is the famous *Chanson d'Automne*. It illustrates several of the characteristics which have already been described—his love of travel, his passion for colour, and his quaint erudition, with a pathetic touch of his personal longing for liberty and leisure. The swallows on the roof are gossiping to one another about the places where they will spend the winter. One will build her nest in a cracked cornice of the Parthenon at Athens, another on the crest of a pillar in the Palace of the Knights at Rhodes; one flies to Malta, another to Cairo, another to Smyrna:

> Then all: 'What strange scenes we shall view,
> Each flying to our southern home;
> Brown plains, white peaks, and seas of blue,
> And beaches edged with foam!'
>
> I know all that the swallows say,
> For poets, too, are birds; and I,
> A captive bird, lament to-day
> Because I cannot fly.
>
> Wings! Wings! I think of Rückert's song,
> And wish that I could fly away
> To seek with all the feathered throng
> Green spring and golden day!

Gautier's poetical testament is given to the world in the magnificent verses entitled *L'Art*. What he believed and what he practised is all here; the artist's skill and patience and conscience, and an undying faith in beauty. It is true that the artist cannot dispense with inspiration, but it is equally true that there does not exist any substitute for

skill. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, only reaches the height of his art by a resolute effort after precision—a victorious struggle with a difficult medium, enamel, marble, onyx, verse.

Strive with the stubborn stone, until
  The imprisoned loveliness escape,
And, through your skill,
  Become a pure and permanent shape.

Borrow the bronze from Syracuse
  Wherewith to make your work abide,
And thence infuse
  The metal with a classic pride.

All else is destined to the dust,
  But art is of a deathless date:
The marble bust
  Survives the city and the state.

The medal buried in the soil
  Found by some tiller of the vine,
Bent at his toil,
  Reveals an austere Antonine.

The very gods themselves must die,
  And all things change, as ages pass;
Yet poesy
  Remains, more durable than brass.

But art is long; carve, chisel, file,
  Till the reluctant mass shall seem
Alert, agile,
  The substance of your floating dream!

HENRY BETT.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY LETTERS IN THE CRUCIBLE

Reminiscences. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY. Two vols. (London: Chatto & Windus. 1899.)

Mixed Essays. By MATTHEW ARNOLD. (London: Smith Elder & Co. 1880.)

Memories and Thoughts: Men, Books, Cities, Art. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan & Co., 1914.)

The Creed of a Layman: Apologia pro Vita Mea. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan & Co. 1907.)

'I HUXLEY,' said James Hannay, 'care nothing for *homo* except as a creature of historical tradition.' 'To me,' was Huxley's response, '*homo* is only interesting as a compound of gas and water; but if you and I were better educated men than we are, we should know how to respect each other's studies more!' This little dialogue was first given me by one of its interlocutors on the British Museum steps some quarter of a century after it actually took place. It was confirmed for my benefit many years later by the surviving and much the more famous of the two. These men, as the fragment of dialogue just recalled may imply, passed with their associates, personal or intellectual, for leading performers in two rival schools, as they were then absurdly reckoned, of expression and thought. Not indeed that, as Huxley would have been the first to allow, James Hannay was not a very considerable man, who left a deeply cut mark in the higher journalism and *belles lettres* generally of his time. With more time to spare, and energies less dissipated over a wide and passing newspaper area, Hannay would have been remembered to-day as a nautical writer, the English equal in impressionist grace and fullness, as well as fresh, breezy humour, of Pierre Loti. The two

acquaintances of the British Museum reading-room began about the same time to show the characteristic differences of their literary studies and performances. Hannay's first book, *Singleton Fontenoy* (1850), recorded in the form of fiction a midshipman's experiences and impressions. A little later, after some rehearsal of his literary course by the preparatory process of papers written for learned societies, chiefly embodying the results of his marine observation on board the *Rattlesnake* (1846–50), Huxley had established himself not only in the first rank of scientific students, but of masters of the English language as well. Incidentally, also, it is to be noticed that Thomas Huxley's various gifts remarkably illustrate the principle of heredity in their descent to his posterity. His son edits the magazine founded by his father's friend, W. M. Thackeray, who more than once hoped Thomas Huxley himself might have been among his contributors. To skip a generation, like grandfather like grandson; for the well-known man of letters now filling Thackeray's editorial chair has himself in due course become the father not only of a popular novelist, but of the New College Fellow to-day Oxford demonstrator of Zoology. Community of social habit, scientific pursuit and tastes, was not the only link uniting the family group now recalled with some of their equally well-known contemporaries. Till 1882 visitors of the Huxley and of the Lubbock family, with Herbert Spencer and others, were Charles Darwin's most frequent and regular guests at his Kentish home, Down; after his death High Elms, then occupied by his neighbour and intimate, Sir John Lubbock, first Lord Avebury, brought together with many additions the same company. These were not the only country-house gatherings of their time which were rightly described as the nineteenth-century reproductions of the house-parties gathered round him by Falkland beneath his Oxfordshire roof at Great Tew, to relieve the strain of the Parliamentary wars and to gather both wisdom and delight from the talk of a host unfailingly

characterized not only by sweetness and light, but by the mixture of quaintness and pithiness which never failed him in the House of Commons, and of which a short specimen has survived to the present day. The occasion seems to have been a democratic baronet's Bill for putting an end to Episcopacy. The author of the measure found a difficulty in maintaining a quorum, whose members did not disguise their bored resentfulness. Hence Falkland's remark: 'They who hated bishops hated them worse than the devil; they who supported them did not love them as well as they loved their dinner.' It was, he said, with the prelates as with Æsop's hen, who on a liberal diet would not increase the eggs she laid; so, whatever the increase in their allowances, the right reverend fathers preached no more sermons nor did any more work.

These and innumerable other felicities of the same kind, whether first said across the walnuts and the wine at Great Tew or on the right hand of the Speaker's chair at Westminster, were representative of the talk to be heard at both places. From the time of Chaucer's typical country gentleman, the franklin, to the first Lord Avebury's hospitalities at High Elms, the best dinner-table talk at country-house or manse was flavoured by the new learning quite as much as by the old. In the Restoration era literature generally, and the masterpieces of classical literature in particular, were as completely absent from educated conversation as the Latin syntax or Greek prosody. Whether at manor-house or rectory, politics and theology were given an equally wide berth, not from any lack of socially-minded divines, but because their good sense and quick adaptability to the shifting prejudices and influences of the time had convinced them that to hold one's tongue was the first condition of holding anything; one and all, they were thus permeated by the spirit and temper of that Vicar of Bray whom d'Israeli in his *Curiosities* identifies with Simon Alleyn, but whose original others have found in Simon Symonds. That which

on this subject seems less unworthy of mention is the likeness presented by the social conversation and the more or less intellectual interests of the seventeenth century to the taste, topics, and talk of our own time. The foundation of the Royal Society will always be remembered as the high-water mark of learned interest and accomplishment reached under the penultimate of our Stuart kings. That event coincided with an addition to the more or less intellectual interests and pursuits of the time, reacting equally upon town and country life. The theatrical 'slump' outlived the Commonwealth that created it. Puritanism itself would have been not so successful in suppressing the stage but for its reflecting a popular, almost if not quite a national, prejudice against the later homes and developments of the Shakespearean drama. One of the most original and powerful of English minds connected with the redemption of our nineteenth-century stage from discredit, reasonably enough suggested at the time as Tennyson's possible successor in the Laureateship, saw in Shakespeare the sublimated literary member of the theatrical company presided over by Mr. Vincent Crummles in its country tours. Stage-properties ran into money during the Elizabethan age; when once acquired they had to be made universally useful. Before every township had its own playhouse and company, great noblemen condescended to patronize the drama by domiciling in their establishments or on their estates troupes of players, whom they financed not illiberally, under expert management, for professional tours throughout the land. To one of these itinerating groups belonged undoubtedly the versatile and gifted son of the Stratford general dealer, whose wares probably included everything except the joints of meat with which tradition associated him. Among the properties of the strolling players were a spade and a skull, both likely to have been picked up cheap in the Midland soil, once as fertile in historic battle-grounds as subsequently in vegetables and fruit. Here, at any rate, the impresario

of the period would have been in the midst of human remains most conspicuously essential for *Hamlet*. The few known particulars of Shakespeare's country, as of his town, life show him to have been a shrewd, resourceful business person, on whom no hint connected with his daily vocation was likely to be lost. The articles given him by the manager for introduction into stage business might well have suggested to a fancy so fertile in professional ideas and achievements the leading incidents in the drama written, not for any particular age or country, but for all time. So at least thought, and half-seriously, half-whimsically maintained, W. T. Gilbert, intellectually by far the ablest member of the little group of writers to which he belonged. Be this as it may, Shakespeare impressed his professional comrades and personal associates less as the man who wrote for all time than as an expert in stage-craft whose resourcefulness not less than his genius had endowed the stage with entirely fresh attractions, as well as elevated and strengthened its place in sixteenth-century amusements.

That movement had, of course, not only begun, but advanced some way, when Samuel Johnson withdrew his threatened opposition to David Garrick's candidature, and the foremost actor of his time was admitted to the select society that already included Sir Joshua Reynolds and Edmund Burke, which in the twentieth century meets and dines under its eighteenth-century rules, and membership of which is a distinction as representative and esteemed to-day as it was then. To these names should be added others specially relevant to the present writing, if only because their associations serve to remind us of the new intellectual studies and pursuits already competing with literature and art as modes of mental discipline or culture, recalling at the same time Bacon's claim to conquer Nature by investigating as well as obeying her laws, and so putting her in her place as the handmaid of man. More than a generation in advance of the club's establishment Sir Isaac

Newton had died as President of the Royal Society and Master of the Mint. So far in the period now recalled that great man had found no successors. The impulse, however, given by him to the study of cosmic phenomena had become an animating force, represented in the club's early years by the names then most famous in contemporary science, Adam Smith and Sir Joseph Banks. Neither of these was, as Goldsmith had been, an original member; both therefore missed the opportunity of hearing that versatile and amiable annexationist of all knowledge for his province express himself on the subjects which they had made specially their own.

Among those branches of knowledge the study of none was of greater antiquity, more widely spread, and in its rudiments more thoroughly organized, than physical science, whose earlier text-books were those compiled by Greek and Arabic commentators. In 1453 Mohammed II had committed the storehouses of learning at Constantinople to the flames, on the well-known plea that if the volumes contained what was in the Koran they were superfluous, and that if occupied with other matters they were an offence to Allah. The students of the Byzantine libraries now destroyed carried with them on their world-embracing exile from the Golden Horn some priceless volumes rescued from the flames, as well as copious and surprisingly accurate memories of what had been written or taught by Greek philosophers and explorers in every department of human discovery and knowledge. Their ancient and inalienable place as the depositories and propagators of all learning, secular not less than sacred, and scientific in the same degree as literary, was thus secured to the exodus of cosmopolitan scholarship poured forth from Constantinople during the years that the English throne was occupied by the last ruler of the Lancastrian house. From that date the fertilizing floods of literary and scientific culture flowed with equal and increasing volume till, as nearly as possible on what was afterwards

to be the site of Christ Church, in the sixteenth century Linacre, fresh from the teaching of Politian at Florence, was the first to associate with the study of Greek on the Isis his pleasant college, All Souls', the earliest qualification for whose fellows was that they should be *bene nati*, *bene vestiti*, *mediocriter docti*. New College, however, enjoys the distinction of having been the birthplace of Greek study on the Isis; for it was there that late in the fifteenth century a Wiltshire student Grocyn, a pupil of the Greek exile Chalcondylas, may be perhaps considered the founder of the Chair to be occupied in the fullness of time by Gaisford and Jowett. Mediaeval Oxford owed at least as much to Royal patronage as had been owed by a University still older—that of Paris—to the Bourbons.

Enough, therefore, has now been said to show that the twentieth-century preoccupation with scientific studies and pursuits marks rather a return to old attachments of study and intellect than the supersession of venerable traditions and tastes by new-fangled 'ologies' and 'isms.' All branches of learning, whether on the Isis, the Cam, the Thames, the Seine, or elsewhere, differ little in the esteem secured for them by the learned of all ages, and nothing at all in the comparative eminence and genius of the greatest names associated with them. Frederic Harrison's recent death has removed a scholar and writer not less remarkable for his sympathy with the scientific temper and mode of expression and thought which he had seen replace the literary spirit of his youth, than for his own evolution from nineteenth-century classicism, first into a consummate mastery of the literary diction which made French journalism the world's newspaper model, and then into that association with Richard Congreve, converting him, as it did, into the disciple and expounder of their common master, Auguste Comte. Among the English Positivists the Wadham patriarch Congreve may have introduced his then most distinguished disciple to the French master. And here it may

be recalled that Comte himself owed nothing to the personal, as distinguished from the literary, influence of Voltaire, if only for the one sufficient reason that a full twenty years before Comte's birth Voltaire had ceased to teach or even breathe. It was, therefore, a Voltairean disciple, and not his long-departed master, who is credited with a remark pointed and epigrammatic enough to be Voltaire's own, and forming, as it does to-day, one among the present writer's vivid memories of Frederic Harrison's table-talk. It referred to the years preceding or following the fall of the Bourbon and other European monarchies, when spiritual and social systems, doomed not long to survive their birth, were springing up in France with a rank and ephemeral luxuriance, recalling the growth and decay of the hybrid faiths generated during the second and third centuries in Imperial Rome, or covering tracts of the world more extensive amid the universal chaos introduced by the Thirty Years' War. The 'religion of humanity' may have been known as a phrase long before its appropriation by the Comtist propaganda. One of those Positivist precursors seems to have approached a recognized authority on the Voltairean system and cognate topics. 'I want,' he said, 'your advice as to establishing a new religion.' 'I know,' was the oracular response, 'but one method. You must be crucified, be buried, and rise again the third day.'

Whatever Harrison's views of the Christian revelation, he never treated it with jesting or disrespect. A spiritual and supernatural faith of any kind was far too serious a matter with him for levity, whether of expression or thought. The sense attached to them by the words may have been unconventional, but nothing is dwelt upon by him with more of earnestness, and indeed pathos, than the fact that religion was the one great need of the world which he was about to leave. Neither as writer nor teacher did he make any claim to be the exclusive or even the authoritative representation or exposition of the Positivist creed. As a

fact, indeed, he was indebted for any personal acquaintance with Comte not so much to his Wadham preceptor Congreve as to his friend and contemporary at the neighbouring Balliol, Edward F. S. Pigott, in whose company he made one of his earliest vacation tours, and in the closest intimacy with whom he lived long after Pigott entered upon his Court position as Dramatic Licenser. Pigott, the descendant of East Somerset squires at Brockley, not far from the Bristol Channel, and a man of some fortune, not only provided Harrison with an early literary opening in the *Leader*, the short-lived weekly journal which had also Herbert Spencer, G. H. Lewes, and George Eliot among its contributors; he introduced Harrison, as he did many others, to the best-known European personages of his time. In this way Harrison made the acquaintance of notabilities so widely different as Louis Blanc, before Lord Houghton's hospitable notice made him a personage in the London revolutionary group, and his pet aversion, afterwards Napoleon III. There has probably been a tendency to exaggerate the influence upon himself, upon his writings and his readers, of Harrison's cosmopolitanism, and especially of his literary obligations to French masters. His philosophy, as a fact, was as much a purely English and personal growth as those associations with Comtism reflecting in and animating the New Year addresses published with almost unvarying regularity during a long succession of years in the morning Press. The social and political system with which he gradually became identified was cradled during the seventies on an upper floor in Bouverie Street, under the presidency of the English father of the faith, Richard Congreve, and with the patronage of Miss Harriet Martineau as its priestess. George Eliot was an occasional attendant—not, as has been rather absurdly said, with any idea of completing her own self-education; that, indeed, had been already done, and the authoress of *Adam Bede*, in most cases some years their elder, was the teacher rather than the pupil of most who

took a part in those literary gatherings. To pass from phrases to realities, what were the ideas embodied in the philosophy of history of human society, the scope and system of conduct enforced by Comte according to the interpretation not so much of his arch-disciples, Congreve, Bridges, and Harriet Martineau, as by perhaps the most effective master of English prose who has lived into the first quarter of this century? I speak from memory, but I am not perhaps far wrong in stating that Mr. Harrison would have answered this question much to the following effect. The evolution of human life proceeds, he might have said, in obedience to fixed laws; these are not necessarily mysteries hidden from man. Like other phenomena, they can be ascertained by patient observation; hence the lasting service rendered to mankind by Comte of elaborating a group of theories into a practical system. That, of course, may be regarded as a fulfilment, for humanity's good, of the Baconian principle, *Hypotheses non fingo.*

It seems not a little to be regretted that Mr. Harrison's republications should not have included his *Westminster Review* estimate of the '*Septem contra Christum*,' as Convocation stigmatized the volume—'tis sixty years since—which, if forthcoming in the present post-war period, would either have dropped from the Press stillborn, or else have been noticed chiefly as the well-meant and harmless compositions penned by a group of excellent old gentlemen whose only fault was to be a good deal behind their age. Like J. A. Froude, a few years his senior, Harrison was, of course, in full sympathy with the new learning; like Froude also, he carefully avoided its phraseology. That, indeed, more than anything else distinguished his literary style from that of some among his most famous contemporaries—Herbert Spencer, Tyndall, and not a few of the masters of journalism contemporary with them. Such, perhaps, were the lecturers and writers whose prose employed the metaphors of the laboratory and the dissecting-room, and to whom nothing

seemed more natural than to compare the fifteenth Lord Derby's intellect with a series of condensing-chambers. It is this purity of style, not less characteristic of Harrison than, as we have seen, of Huxley himself, which, combined with his incisive vigour of phrase, give him a place so high among the nineteenth-century prose stylists. Harrison himself was known to explain that gift by the influence upon himself of two intellectual agencies of widely separated periods and dissimilar diction. One of these was personified by George Borrow, of *The Bible in Spain* and *Lavengro* fame. As regards the other, Harrison's reference was generally to the Greek language and literature, in which he recognized the great strengthening and expanding influence of his youthful mind. Those who have known Frederic Harrison best may justly complain of the imperfect recognition given to the conservative vein which traversed his being and showed itself in his personal preferences and habits. One of Voltaire's former acquaintances or critics always denied to him any stimulating influence on the religious movement preceding the eighteenth-century convulsion: '*Monsieur Voltaire—bah! c'est un fanatique; il est déiste!*' Harrison himself was the subject of a similar remark some time in the nineteenth century's second half. There was then a little society which held its Sunday after-dinner meetings on a Pall Mall first floor, occupied during the week by a fashionable moneylender. This coterie, known as the Century, had on the Isis a branch for some years of rather growing importance, because the Sabbatic trains were rather inconveniently timed. For this little group of advanced thinkers and talkers Harrison, a not very regular or sympathetic member, suggested a Tacitean motto, *Corrumpere et corrumpi sæculum vocatur.*[1]

[1] At this distance of time certainty perhaps is not possible on this point, and I rather think Harrison himself ascribed the quotation to Robinson Ellis of Trinity. Be that as it may, the two Dilke brothers, Charles and Ashton, the Lord Sheffield of to-day, then Mr.

As regards social habits and personal preferences, Harrison resembled Macaulay more closely than any other of his contemporary prose-masters. Both men had as strong an objection to tobacco as had Cardinal Newman himself, who on railway journeys, when cigar or pipe appeared, bluntly said, 'If you persist with that, you will make me ill.' The smoking-room, indeed, and the supposed Parliamentary objection to its entire avoidance, may really have been one among Harrison's reasons for never going into Parliament. Again, what may be called his instinctive conservatism, an objection to the changes of place and person, reforming, as he said, out of all knowledge many places as well as persons, showed itself in his gradual and perhaps even then but partial acquiescence in excluding compulsory Greek from the University course. 'I quite understand,' conversing on this subject he pleasantly said; 'poetry without Homer; history without Herodotus or Thucydides; to be followed in due course by the drama without Shakespeare, and so *ad infinitum*.' These pages may perhaps meet the eye of some who can recall from report, or perhaps, like the present writer, actually heard, a conversation between Harrison and Bonamy Price, formerly one of Tait's Rugby masters, on the comparative value of dead and living languages as instruments of mental training. 'The chief value,' maintained Price, 'of the classical tongues is that their literature places one in an atmosphere not of one's own time, and in the midst of ideas whose sequence, often not at all resembling that of contemporary thought, ensures the freshening and invigorating effect of something like an entirely new experience.' Harrison altogether agreed, adding, 'Their detachment from modern life and its chief interests forms the

Lyulph Stanley of Balliol, J. S. Mill, and one or two other equally famous Centurions, sometimes spoke with affectionate regret of Mr. Harrison's tendency to spiritual reaction. This little incident, much talked of at the time, has, I think, already been recorded by the present writer in his *Club Makers and Club Members* (Fisher Unwin, 1914), p. 278.

conventional objection to classical education generally and to Greek in particular. If, in effect, neither of the two classical languages is to be studied except for its possible usefulness to the purely English student, Greek has higher claims than Latin. The translation into Latin of English implies a remodelling of the syntax. The characteristic of Latin prose is the long connected period, with the sense suspended until the end; the reproduction in Latin of the English effect must bring out strongly the logical connexion between the original's various parts. This implies a welding into one of the English short, independent, and seemingly co-ordinate sentences. The rendering of English in Greek, however, is free from any necessity of this kind, for the reason that the natural order of thought and a construction far less complex than the Latin are common in the same degree to English and Greek. Hence in most cases the absence of any necessity in Greek translation into English of the syntactical recasting required by the difference in arrangement between the ideas and facts to which the sentences relate.'

Many years after the present writer heard this conversation he submitted its chief points to perhaps the two greatest nineteenth-century masters of Oxford Latin and Greek prose, J. Y. Sargent of Magdalen and Robinson Ellis of Trinity. They both generally approved the principles laid down, adding that words could scarcely be found to better for English students the secret of modern composition after the Attic and Roman pattern. From his earliest contributions to E. F. F. Pigott's *Leader* Harrison remained the most energizing force in the periodical prose-writing of his time. That period witnessed the establishment on its present pedestal of George Eliot's fame. Her writings so far were little if at all influenced by the scientific thought and terminology which were attributed, without foundation in fact, to the intellectual atmosphere she breathed, and quite absurdly to the personal influence of the anthropological

school that was then forming itself. To G. H. Lewes she may indeed have owed some of that interest in the modern stage which towards the close of the sixties and onwards sometimes took her to 'first nights' of exceptional interest. Of those occasions one in particular may here be recalled. During the spring, I think, of 1867, at the St. James's Theatre, one of W. S. Gilbert's cleverest burlesques was played on the same evening as that on which in his early metropolitan days Henry Irving produced a remarkable effect by his Rawdon Scudamore in *Hunted Down*, Miss Herbert herself playing the chief feminine part. 'Putting the question of art on one side, I think,' said George Eliot, answering Harrison's question, 'this new-comer by sheer force of intellect will have created for the English stage an entirely new claim on popular as well as educated interest.'

There was nothing in Frederic Harrison of what is known as *laudator temporis acti*. I recollect, however, the approving interest with which he received A. W. Kinglake's remark on the difference between the literature of the earlier and later nineteenth century—'To-day I fancy people are eager to print what formerly they would not have thought it worth while to say.' In an amusing, long since forgotten, Aristophanic adaptation, *The British Birds*, a musical versifier of the last century, Mortimer Collins, wrote:

> Great are their thinkers beyond all comparison:
> Comte, Spencer, Huxley, Milne, Darwin, and Harrison.
> Who would adventure to enter the list
> Against such a squadron of Positivists?

As a fact Harrison had a place, if any, in the Comtist apostolate by adoption and association. Between a quarter of and half a century ago the Oxford prize essay was won by an exceptionally brilliant Fellow of Corpus, now no more, Harry de Burgh Hollings. The subject was the rise and growth of literary criticism; the treatment throughout was the writer's own; any influence reflected in it was not that of the Oxford lecture-rooms or schools, but that exercised

upon the higher intelligence and training of his generation by the recently departed master of English prose, whose death impoverishes English literature and for the present leaves it without much visible prospect of replacing the loss it has received. An intellectual power and mastery of English prose such as Harrison personified lacked none of those qualities essential to an enduring and energizing force in every branch of letters. The competition of other interests, especially those connected with scientific study in all its branches, and the encyclopaedic records of biography and travel, may in these years of national and intellectual reconstruction eclipse for a time the interest, as they noticeably affect the diction, of the other increasing additions to the popular bookshelf. From classical as well as biblical antiquity onwards, the literature of all ages and all countries, after mind and pen have been shaken and disturbed by convulsions such as those of the Great War, in too many respects not yet quite a thing of the past, recovers but slowly its old historic form, or assumes very gradually the new modes prepared for it by events. To-day on all sides signs multiply that these processes are steadily taking place. Their result is for the future to disclose. Whatever the final condition may be, most of the agencies, personal and national, now reviewed, will be found to have influenced the resulting aggregate. Frederic Harrison co-operated with John Morley and Laurence Oliphant to teach their generation a healthy hatred of the commonplace. The same operation is now being carried on by their posterity and pupils. There is thus in unbroken process among us a literary adaptation of all that is best of the old treatment to the new themes, together with an assurance that in every department of interest or thought what influences and is welcomed by readers to-day is fraught with a significance historic as well as literary, if only because it reflects the dominant taste and tendency of the period to which it belongs.

T. H. S. Escott.

A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY DAVID

Memoirs of Babar. Translated by ERSKINE and LEYDEN; revised and edited by SIR LUCAS KING, Professor of Arabic in Dublin University. (Oxford University Press.)

MANY years ago, in early youth, we came across some extracts from Leyden and Erskine's translation of the memoirs of the great Emperor Babar, the conqueror of Northern India, and the founder of that line of Indian rulers which, after two centuries of almost unexampled glory, fell like Hamlet into a sadness, thence into a weakness, thence to a lightness, and at length into dotage; but took such an unconscionable time in dying that it did not finally perish till a hundred years after the battle of Plassey. The story of the founder of such an empire could not fail to interest, and when we read Lane Poole's *Life of Babar* that interest was intensified. But it was not until we saw the present volumes that the whole of Babar's autobiography became accessible to us, nor till then did we know what a treasure had lain half hidden from our eyes.

The *Memoirs of Babar*, despite occasional dullness and prolixity, are certainly one of the most remarkable works in the world. In them we have the life, told by the hero himself, of a warrior, born to a throne, but ascending it at an age too early even for his more than Oriental precocity, and driven from it by unscrupulous enemies; escaping again and again by the skin of his teeth; conquering another realm, only to lose that also, and wandering forth to seek fortune all but alone. For twenty years his story is like that of a Robert Bruce, chased from place to place, hiding in caves and dens of the earth, knowing every vicissitude of chance and change, now betrayed by trusted friends and now succoured by supposed foes; recovering his kingdom, expelled from it; victorious, defeated; and finally, when

restoration to his own realm has become hopeless, leading an army across the mountain-barrier of India, and winning there an empire many times larger than that which he had lost, among a people alien in race, in language, and in religion. He has all the virtues and many of the vices of his class and tribe; he is a drunkard and a savage, but a poet and a lover of literature; he is capable alike of the most terrible atrocities and of deeds of the sublimest magnanimity; he is one quarter Attila and three quarters Alfred the Great. Amid all his dangers and struggles he finds time to write his memoirs in his native Turkish, and to compose poems in the literary Persian which was regarded in his court as Latin was regarded in the courts of the Italian Renaissance. Nay, on one occasion, while hiding in a cave, and watching his pursuers riding innocently by along the road beneath, he calmly sits down and gives vent to his emotions in a complicated metrical ode, adorned with all the figures and circumlocutions dear to the laureates of the age. After reading his account of some of his adventures of this kind one is quite ready to believe that David did actually compose one of his poems in the very midst of his flight from Absalom, and another in the full view of the encircling host of Saul. Those who deny the possibility of such a feat have not read the *Tuzak-i-Babari*.

Babar was of the race of Timur, perhaps the greatest mere conqueror the world has ever seen. When, in 1405, that mighty destroyer died, his vast dominions, after the fashion of Eastern empires, split into fragments. Of these fragments one was the petty kingdom of Farghana, a district on the upper reaches of the Jaxartes. Here, in the year 1494, was reigning one of Timur's descendants, Omar Shaikh by name; a quarrelsome, drunken prince, strong of arm, 'who never struck a man but he floored him,' but delighting in literature; a reader of the Shah Nameh, and himself a poet. With all his love of brawling, he consented to yield a shadowy allegiance to his brother Ahmed Mirza,

the ruler of Samarkand, in the south; but he was eternally at strife with his other brothers and cousins round about. Suddenly, at his city of Akhsi, he happened to be visiting his pigeon-house on the top of a cliff, when, without warning, the house slipped down the precipice, and, in the quaint language of his son, he 'winged his flight to the other world.' The news was carried to his capital, Andijan, and thus his eldest son, Babar, learnt that, at the age of eleven, he was called, like the son of our own King John, 'to set a form upon that indigest which his father had left so shapeless and so rude.'

The death of Omar acted on the neighbouring princes like the scent of a corpse on vultures—they swarmed round the little realm as the rulers of Europe, two hundred and fifty years later, swarmed round the dominions of Maria Theresa; and, after a heroic defence, the boy-king, like the young queen, found himself forced to surrender a large part of his territory in order to preserve the rest.

But such a mind as Babar's could not long remain content with this foiled and minished empery. He might control himself for a few months; but, when the chance of compensating his losses should arise, he was sure to seize it. Nor was the chance long in coming. Ahmed Mirza died, and was succeeded by a tyrant, an infidel, and a murderer in the person of his brother Mahmud. Mahmud, it is true, died in six months; but the anarchy that followed was almost worse than his tyranny, and all but cried out aloud for the invasion of the neighbouring kings. It had ever been the ambition of Babar to gain possession of the city of his great ancestor Timur, and the citizens of Samarkand were not unwilling to receive him. Accordingly, at the age of fifteen, the young Napoleon attacked the Golden City, and took it after some resistance—offered, not by the people, but by the son of Mahmud. His soldiers fell to looting, but such was the firmness of the victor that they were compelled to restore the very threads and broken needles they had

stolen. The result was what those who know the East might expect; disappointed with the scanty reward of their exertions, the men deserted in hundreds, until but a faithful thousand were left. Nor was this the worst. During his absence from Andijan one of his chief officers, Ahmed Tambal, not only deserted him, but set up Babar's brother, Jehanghir, on the throne of Farghana. Thus, after the Napoleonic period of exactly a hundred days, he had to turn his back on his conquest. But he did not even so recover his own land. The rebels were too strong; many fruitless struggles left him at last with but one town in all Farghana. 'For the sake of Samarkand,' he tells us, 'I lost my native country; and Samarkand itself I did not keep.' At last he saw himself left with the town of Khojend and two hundred devoted followers, a situation in which seasoned warriors might well have despaired. Not so this lad of sixteen. At the darkest hour appeared a ray of light. One of the officers who had betrayed him, repenting of his treachery, wrote to say that his forces, and the city of which he was in charge, were at his sovereign's disposal. Babar started the very moment he received the letter, led his two hundred men with scarcely a halt to the city, and was there welcomed with effusion. Ere long the other cities followed suit, and for a moment the whole kingdom was his once more. But the rebels recovered their spirits; again Babar's army deserted him, and after many vicissitudes he was forced to agree to a division of the realm with his brother Jehanghir, or rather with Tambal, in whose hands Jehanghir was but a tool.

But such a position was intolerable to the heir of Chinjis and of Timur. Babar, like Milton's angel, preferred not being at all to being less than he had been; and an opportunity soon came which gave him the chance either of rising to his old height or of failing altogether. An invitation came from Samarkand, where there was a party that favoured him, and he accepted it at once. He marched with all

speed; but, swift as he was, he arrived too late. The opposite faction, to counteract his attempt, sought the aid of Shaibani, the renowned Khan of the Uzbegs, a tribe ever hostile to the Turks, and Babar had the mortification of seeing Shaibani enter the city before his very eyes. Once in the city, Shaibani murdered the chief who had asked his aid. 'Thus,' writes Babar, 'did this man, by over-anxiety to keep his mortal and transitory life, succeed but in losing it, and in leaving a name of infamy behind him'; but moralizing did not restore Samarkand. As soon as it was known that Shaibani had secured the city, all Babar's forces, save the faithful two hundred, deserted him as before, and he was compelled to seek safety among the friendly hills of Ailak. It was an awful journey, comparable to that of Hannibal over the Alps. 'Many a horse and camel dropped and fell out. Never did I see a pass so narrow and steep, or follow paths so toilsome and strait. We pressed on nevertheless through fearful gorges and by tremendous precipices, till, after a hundred agonies and losses, at last we topped those murderous defiles, and came down on the borders of Kan, with its lovely expanse of lake.' Here he was safe; but safety was not what he desired. He longed for Samarkand, and after a short rest he reascended the terrible pass, and made his way back to the Golden City. Shaibani happened to be encamped outside; eighty of Babar's men slipped past, scaled the wall, and opened the gates to the main force. Samarkand was taken, and by two hundred men; but Shaibani escaped, to be a thorn in the side of Babar for many years.

Babar was now eighteen, and it might have been thought that he had already seen enough of the variability of fortune for a lifetime of ordinary duration. But he was only at the beginning of his vicissitudes; not even in our own Wars of the Roses did success waver so often from one side to the other. Shaibani rallied his forces; Babar rashly engaged him in the field, and suffered a crushing defeat. Six of his

Begs, or chief officers, fell; the rest, after the usual fashion, deserted. Samarkand was besieged, and after a gallant defence of seven months Babar had to flee by night with his mother and a few faithful Abdiels. But his spirits were still high. On the hasty retreat he ran races with his *Begs*, found time for prayers, composed poems on the feelings of a man when the fear of death is removed from the heart, and, to sum up, never enjoyed himself, he tells us, so thoroughly in all his life.

He had one solid ground for hope, apart from his own indomitable mind. Two of his uncles were ruling in Mongolistan, and they might be willing to help him. To them he repaired, and with their assistance he made yet another attack upon Tambal in Farghana. Here, after a number of slight and deceptive victories, he was once again defeated, and, in a single combat with Tambal himself, received a severe wound. A Mongol surgeon cured the wound; 'he was,' says Babar, 'so wonderfully skilled in his art that he could cure a man even if his brains had come out.' But his uncles were not the men to help him when there was nothing to be gained by doing so; they straightway abandoned him to his own devices, and he was once more reduced to seeking safety in flight. The story of this escape, told by the hero himself, is one of the most amazing in history. He was finally left with but two followers, and they, as he soon found out, had but one purpose—to surrender him into the hands of Tambal. Fortunately they had no orders to kill him; and, though he was sure that they were guiding him in the wrong direction, he ran no immediate danger of being murdered. He made them swear by the Holy Book to do him no harm, and compelled them to walk in front of him; nevertheless, they contrived to send information to 'Yusuf the constable,' an agent of Tambal, as to his whereabouts; and on the third day of the flight Yusuf overtook him. 'I resigned myself to die. There was a stream in the garden, and there I made my ablutions and recited a prayer of two

bowings. Then, surrendering myself to meditation, I was about to ask God for His compassion, when sleep closed my eyes. I saw in my dream the saint Yakub of Samarkand, grandson of the departed saint Obaid, who said to me, "Fear not; the saint has thee in his protection, and will seat thee on the throne of sovereignty." I awoke, and even then Yusuf the constable was advancing to seize me and throttle me. I said, "I shall be curious to know which of your men will be the first to touch me." '

At that very moment the tramp of horsemen was heard, and a glance showed that they were a band of Babar's most devoted adherents. 'Seize Yusuf the constable,' said he, 'and bind him and his men hand and foot.' 'Thanks be to God,' cried the leader of the band; 'we have been three days marching, and He has brought us to you at last.'

At this point, as if on purpose to tantalize us, the memoirs break off for a year and a half. When they are resumed, it is to introduce us to a new adventure. We gather that Farghana has again been won and again lost. 'Then,' says Babar, 'it came into my mind that it would be better for me to depart out of Farghana anywhither, rather than stay thus without a foothold.' A sphere of ambition seemed to open for him elsewhere. Kabul, over which his uncle had ruled, was now, after that uncle's death, in the throes of anarchy. It might be that the country would welcome a prince of the old line. No sooner thought than done. Soldiers of fortune swarmed to his banners as those of Mid-Europe afterwards did to those of Wallenstein. In a few weeks he was at the head of a considerable army. With this he started, and ascended the Hindu Kush. On the pass, which the army crossed by night, the King for the first time saw Canopus; and one of his chief followers took it as a good omen, quoting the lines:

O Canopus, how far dost thou shine, and where dost thou rise?
Thine eye brings luck to him whom thou regardest.

The star vindicated his fame. Kabul was taken at the first assault; and Babar, after all his misfortunes, had at last set his foot on the ladder of success. He shows his appreciation of his prosperity by a minute description of the country, its races, its animals, its flowers, and its gardens; for he was a keen naturalist, and nothing human was alien to him. But he had soon to fight for his new realm. Shaibani was threatening Balkh; if he gained that city he would soon be assailing Kabul itself; and Babar hastened to the support of the aged Sultan of Khorasan, in whose dominions Balkh was the strongest fortress. A march of eight hundred miles brought him to Herat; and here he pauses to tell us of the luxury, the learning, the beauty, and the fascination of that 'soul of all the world.' Here was Jami, the greatest poet of the age; here were Mirkhwand and Khwandamir, the historians, musicians, theologians, lawyers, critics without number; and here, alas, was all the laxity which so often goes with refinement and scholarship. Despite the commands of the prophet, these men were as great devotees of the wine-cup as Omar Khayyám himself; and Babar soon began to feel the fatal craving. But he saw that Shaibani was not to be conquered by men like these; he would require soldiers, not drinkers and dreamers; and after a stay of twenty days he set out on his return journey. Never in his life did Babar suffer such hardships as on this terrible march. 'For about a week we went on trampling down the snow, yet only able to make two or three miles. I helped. Each step we sank to the waist or breast, but still we went on. After a few paces a man became exhausted and another took his place. It was no time for giving orders; if a man has pluck and emulation he will press forward to such work of his own accord. When we reached the cave the storm was at its worst. We halted at the mouth; the snow was deep, and the path so narrow that we could only pass in single file. The cave seemed small. I took a hoe, and made a place for myself as big as a prayer-carpet; I

dug down breast-deep, but did not reach the ground. They begged me to go inside, but I would not. I felt that for me to be in shelter whilst my men were out in the snow and drift was not to do my duty by them, or to do as they deserved I should.' No wonder that such a commander was beloved by his comrades. Like Hannibal, he shared their sufferings; but we do not read that even Hannibal, in the midst of the horrors of the Alps, sat down and composed a poem. It was, thought Babar, the last he was ever likely to write; it must therefore be a good one.

At length the weary band arrived at a village where they were welcomed with astonishment as the first who had ever crossed the pass at such a season. The villagers told them that the snowdrifts had in fact saved their lives, for they could never have passed the precipices without the help of such a covering. In this village they stayed a short while, restoring their minds and bodies; but it was soon plain that they must stay no longer, for during Babar's absence a rival had been set up against him; Kabul was being besieged by the rebels, and might fall at any moment. A sudden attack relieved the hard-pressed garrison; the traitors, suspecting anything rather than the presence of Babar and his followers, were taken utterly unawares, broke, and fled. The Royalists, however, were not to be baulked; they pursued the flying foe, and captured a large number of them. All were spared; for, in addition to his other great qualities, Babar had a magnanimity far rarer than courage or endurance. As one of the pardoned himself says, in a style whose grandiloquence cannot disguise its real feeling, 'He treated us with the utmost gentleness, bearing himself, in all his actions and words, in such a way that not a trace of constraint or artifice was to be seen in them. But, however much the Emperor might try to wear away the rust of shame with the polish of mildness and humanity, he was unable to wipe out the dimness of ignominy which had covered the mirror of their hopes.' It is sad to say that

even after this great act of forgiveness one of the traitors abused and libelled his benefactor; but Babar, still placable, was not prevented from welcoming and kindly treating this scoundrel's son, a few years later, at Kabul. We are reminded of the high-souled Roman conqueror, who, when the men he had spared broke their word and took up arms against him, spared them yet again on capturing them. 'Nor does it fret me,' wrote Julius Caesar, 'that those I have set free should make war on me; for I would choose nothing more gladly than that they should be like themselves and I like myself.'

Meanwhile, the traitors had to some extent succeeded; for, while Babar was occupied in putting them down, Shaibani had invaded Herat, and, as Babar had foreseen, had overcome the luxurious inhabitants of that earthly paradise with consummate ease and almost without resistance. It was clear that ere long there must come an attack upon Kabul also. Babar prepared for it with calmness and confidence, when suddenly the news came that he had been delivered from his enemy by the appearance of another power. The Shah of Persia, then perhaps the most influential kingdom in that part of the world, had intervened with a mighty army to check the ravages of Shaibani, and in the resulting battle the old Uzbeg chief had fallen. Although this did not entirely relieve Babar from Uzbeg attacks, it yet made a great difference to his position, for the new chiefs were neither so able nor so well supported as Shaibani had been. We gather, however, that Babar found it desirable, like David when similarly hard pressed, to own some sort of vassalage to the Shah. But finally, when his hold on Kabul proved uncertain, he resolved to put into execution a plan which he had long harboured—that is, to seek his fortune in the plains of Hindustan. He was, of course, by no means the first invader who had attacked India from the north-east. Not to mention Alexander and Mahmud of Ghizni, the valley of the Ganges was at this very moment

held by a Mussulman conqueror, Ibrahim by name, and it was against Ibrahim that Babar, followed by a multitude of men who, like their leader, were in search of glory or loot, in the first instance directed his march. The year was 1526, the same year that saw another Mohammedan Padishah, on the fatal field of Mohacz, destroy the Hungarian kingdom, raise the Turkish power to the greatest height it ever reached, and incidentally lay the foundations of the coming greatness of the house of Hapsburg. Nor was the place less famous than the time. It was the plain of Panipat, which has three times seen the rise and fall of empires, and where, in particular, the overthrow of the Mahrattas in 1760 made the British dominion in India a possibility by removing from the path of the East India Company a stronger enemy than the company had ever directly to meet. Here Babar found himself face to face with the army of Ibrahim; and here his military talents showed themselves in their full vigour. The enemy were considerably greater in number, but, by constantly sending assistance to the divisions that were hard pressed, and by the dexterous use of the characteristic Mongol manœuvre of attacking at once in the front and in the rear, a brilliant victory was won. Never, throughout the conflict, did Babar's eye fail him, either in detecting a weakness on his own side or in seeing an advantage that called for exploitation. It was in this battle that his son Humaiyun first fleshed his sword, a weapon that was to be used very often in the days to come. At the end of the day Humaiyun rode up to his father with a magnificent diamond which he had found among the spoil, but Babar, true to his character, refused to accept it. For him the glory of victory was a sufficient reward. 'With fame,' he said, quoting from his store of poetry, 'with fame though I die, I am content; let fame be mine though life be spent.' The spoil he left to his soldiers.

Even spoil, however, was not enough to reconcile the hardy warriors of the mountains to the climate of India,

and they loudly demanded to be led back home. To a certain extent, indeed, Babar agreed with them. 'Hindustan,' he writes, 'is a country that has few pleasures to recommend it. The people are not handsome. They have no idea of the charms of friendly society. They have no genius, no intellectual comprehension, no politeness, no ingenuity, no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk-melons (a deficiency which he himself afterwards removed by planting these fruits in his newly acquired dominions), no ice or cold water, no baths or colleges, no candles or torches.' But for all this he saw no reason why his soldiers should renounce all share in the glory which was still to be won in this strange and uncongenial land, and, despite the difficulty which, as we have so often seen, always attended his efforts to retain his soldiery after either a victory or a defeat, he contrived to keep them to face a far more dangerous enemy than Ibrahim. The Raja of Chitor was the chief of a Rajput tribe which was distinguished by all the valour and skill in war which has ever been the badge of their race; and Babar found him a foe fully worthy of his steel. To meet him on anything like equal terms careful preparations were necessary; and on this occasion we find for the first time an employment of artillery on a really large scale. Ustad Ali, Babar's engineer, was a man of great energy and ability; and though, as so often in those days, some of his pieces burst in his hands and did more harm to their own side than to the enemy, yet he was able to make some that were more or less reliable. But Babar was not content with material helps; it was at this point that he renounced all wine and strong drink—a sacrifice probably fully as painful in the case of an Oriental monarch as in that of any other man who has ever made such a renunciation. The battle took place at Kanwala, a year after Panipat. It was, as might be expected, a long and stubborn one; but it was decisive. Ustad Ali's 'huge balls,' says the autobiographer, did much execution, and as much, it is

likely, by their moral effect as by the actual slaughter they caused; but it was again chiefly the skilful dispositions of the Emperor that brought about the favourable issue of the conflict. After a brave resistance the Rajputs fled, and another large province was added to the realm of the conqueror.

It were tedious to narrate the further adventures of this extraordinary man, but we have now reached the point at which he has finally broken down the obstinacy of fortune. His memoirs become less enthralling from this time onwards. He had, however, not long to live, and his death was worthy of his life.

His son Humaiyun, a man who in most families would be far the most eminent, is in his own family much what Abraham Mendelssohn was among the Mendelssohns—the son of one great man and the father of another. He is renowned as the successor of Babar; he is still more renowned as the father of one of the half dozen greatest kings that ever reigned—the illustrious Akbar. But he had been from his birth the pride of the Emperor's heart; and when he fell sick, apparently unto death, the father's grief was terrible. He must save his son by some means, if necessary by the sacrifice of his own life; and he resolved, if it were possible, to take the young man's fever from him and adopt it into himself. With a concentrated will he made the great effort, and after a long time of failure at length felt that he had succeeded. 'I have prevailed,' he cried, as he perceived the desired death stealing along his veins; 'I have taken the fever.' At that instant the boy began to recover, and the father, as he desired, to grow momentarily worse. With these last words of triumph, the truest triumph he had ever won, the memoirs close. A few hours later and the great conqueror, of whom it may in truth be said that death could make no conquest, breathed his last. On December 26, 1530, at Agra, died Babar, content with fame though life had departed.

E. E. Kellett.

THE MADNESS OF DON LORENZO PEROSI

THE name of this great Italian composer is well known to all lovers of sacred music. He is one of the greatest of modern musicians, and although much of his music is yet in manuscript, those works of his which are already published have established his fame, and will give him a place beside Handel and Bach.

He has written with wonderful rapidity. In eleven years of incredible activity—between 1896 and 1907—he produced the great oratorios *The Passion of Christ*, *The Transfiguration*, *The Resurrection of Lazarus*, *The Resurrection of Christ*, *The Birth of the Saviour*, *Moses*, *Christ's Entrance into Jerusalem*, *The Massacre of the Innocents*, *Dies Iste*, *The Universal Judgement*, *Transitus Animae*, and *Stabat Mater*. The same period of intense creative power saw several 'Masses' of supreme quality, and several symphonic 'suites,' written by Perosi. This was all music of supreme quality, which took Italy by storm.

There followed a short period of repose, during which he went to Poland. But he soon returned to Rome and gave himself with his characteristic intensity to the composition of the oratorio *In Patria Memoriam* and more symphonic 'suites.' He was, while thus composing great masterpieces, the musical director of the famous Sistine Chapel in the Vatican and a priest of the Roman Church. He was doing what was any one man's task in conducting great orchestras and choirs.

This genius is to-day, in the prime of his years, declared to be insane, and is placed under the restraint of a keeper by order of the Tribunal of Rome. Three eminent mental specialists whom we are bound to credit with honesty of purpose have signed the following bulletin: 'The master is afflicted by a mental disease, characterized by a complexity of delirious ideas, which seriously affect his conduct.

This mental infirmity is at one time accompanied by depression, at others by excitement; but for some years it has been chronic, and may be considered incurable. For these reasons we judge that the master Don Lorenzo Perosi is in such a condition of mental infirmity as to be incapable of looking after his own interests.' The Tribunal of Rome on this passed a sentence of 'interdiction' on Perosi, and he was put under restraint, i.e. in charge of a keeper, euphemistically called his 'tutor.' His personal freedom is lost. We believe that a large number of people, including his own relatives, are quite convinced that Perosi is insane, but there are those who doubt the reality of his madness and judge that those who count him mad are as mistaken as the eminent and sane person who from the judgement-seat ventured to accuse Paul of madness. For it is hard to escape from the conclusion that the symptom of Don Perosi's madness which has had more weight with his 'friends' in their judgement upon his condition has been his attitude to the Roman Catholic Church.

He, Don Perosi, admired and befriended by Popes, Master of Music of the Sistine Chapel, a Roman priest and brother of a dignitary of the Church, a few months ago presented himself to the governing committee of the Waldensian Church, then in session at Rome, and formally begged to be admitted into that Church—the oldest Protestant Church in Italy. The Roman Church has only two alternative judgements on her people who wish to leave her fold. They are either mad or bad—generally the latter. And when by chance the 'pervert' is an artist of supreme genius, and cannot be accused of badness, then his madness is still more obvious.

For every Roman Catholic knows that there is no art to be found in the Protestant 'sects.' The official organ of English Roman Catholicism voiced this universal 'catholic' belief in an article written by a Jesuit in its issue of December 28, 1922, saying with great assurance: 'Protestantism

stripped religion of imagination, of beauty, of art, of chivalry, of symbolism, and so reduced the world in which it held sway to a brute materialism inspired simply by business, money-making, and selfishness.' One can only be thankful that *The Tablet* has not stripped us of our sense of humour, and thus prevented us from appreciating its perennial if unintentional jokes.

It is hardly worth while taking the trouble to argue against such monstrous absurdities. Yet the attitude of the Jesuit writer in *The Tablet* is the complacently assumed conventional attitude of the Roman Catholic world, and it is too often accepted quite meekly by many Protestants. It is too often taken for granted that the Roman Church has in the day of her supremacy laid the world under a great obligation by her patronage and development of art and her protection and encouragement of artists. It might, on the other hand, be proved that while Christianity has inspired and stimulated art more than the best paganism ever did, the Roman Church, when her power waxed, while seeming to encourage art, enormously restricted the impulse which Christianity unfettered would have exercised upon it; even as she has, while appearing to propagate Christianity, incalculably restricted the extension and intension of its real influence.

One of the common fallacies which the century will demolish is that the Roman Church of to-day makes an irresistible appeal to the artistic instincts of the Italian people. The people are grateful to many churches for consenting to be museums for great pictures and statues of past centuries, but great artists no longer flourish under the shadow of the Roman Church since freedom has come to Italy.

But to return to Don Perosi. He declared himself to be a Protestant, and that, in a Roman atmosphere, was enough to rank him with the lunatics. His Protestantism, however, was not his only symptom. There were others. They began

to show themselves after those eleven years of tremendous work between 1896 and 1907. He had worked at such high pressure that his nerves were overwrought. People began to 'get on his nerves.' Sometimes, after leading his orchestra in the presence of packed and enthusiastic audiences, he felt, in spite of the almost delirious applause which was always accorded to him, that the audience was really hostile. He himself was vastly dissatisfied with his own work, and felt that every one else who had taste must share his feeling. The Italian musical world is full of jealousies and bickerings. He had rivals, and felt that he was being watched by many unfriendly eyes. After his trip to Poland he returned to Rome refreshed, and began more creative work. But he returned with a vast discontent for his former efforts. Strangely enough, this fine judgement on his own work, which is so admired by others, is included among the symptoms of madness which have been published to the world since his advances towards the Protestant Church have started a sort of publicity campaign in the Press of Italy against his mental normality. People got on his nerves, and that meant the conventional-lunatic idea of 'persecution.' He wished to improve his earlier works, and that was judged to be 'insanity.'

Italy's entrance into the Great War did not bring tranquillity to the master of harmony and sweet sounds. It jarred on his soul, already troubled, we may imagine, by the anguish of a spiritual crisis. It seems as though from the period of his overstrain in 1907 his spirit progressed in an ever-increasing unrest towards a crisis. Peace fled from that gentle soul. Yet he was in the very place where peace should have been found. He was director of the Sistine music, in the very centre of the Roman system, its Holy of Holies, surrounded by Cardinals and in touch with the Vicar of God.

Yet this unhappy musician turned here and there, as though in repulsion from what Rome had to give, in search

of peace. He seized upon Plato, studied his teaching, and became for some time his disciple. Indeed, up to the present time Plato has evidently much influenced his thinking. With curious irony his transient period of Platonism is urged by his 'friends' as one of the pronounced symptoms of his insanity.

Don Perosi went from Plato to Calvin. Somehow he found the *Institutes*, and fell upon them with great ardour, shutting himself up in his chamber to study the great theologian. He is said to have become a Calvinist for a time, and that again is cited as another symptom of his madness. Poor Calvin! It needs a strong mind to follow him, but our friends in Rome think only lunatics can do it. Don Perosi did not neglect his New Testament. Everything he studied he studied with the same whole-hearted concentration which characterized all his work. He read the Sermon on the Mount, and interpreted it as such a man might have been expected to do. He was well off and a celibate priest. Reading the words of Jesus and looking at his own condition, his money became to him a sinful thing. He knew thousands in the streets of Rome were in dire want. The war was raging, and he knew what the Italian soldier is paid by the State. So he went out and began distributing his money, especially to soldiers. It seemed to him that he must get rid of it as quickly as he could. This, of course, was interpreted as sheer insanity. It might also have been called a mistaken enthusiasm to obey Christ. At any rate, the world has judged him, and against that judgement there is no easy appeal. He has been placed under restraint, and two things are secured: he cannot join the Protestants and he cannot destroy or amend his own music.

There is infinite pathos and tragedy in this man's condition. He is still in his prime physically, and could his soul find that peace for which it is so helplessly seeking his genius would produce new melody and bless the world still more in many fruitful years. But genius cannot work under the

eye of a 'tutor,' and peace will not be found except through liberty. Since Don Perosi's interview with the leaders of the Waldensian Church he has been practically secluded from the outside world. There was in December of 1922 the melancholy notice in the papers of his 'interdiction,' which cast a gloom over musical circles in Italy, and then—the last record of him—an interview, a few days ago, reported in the Rome newspapers, which was granted to him by Signor Benito Mussolini, Italy's new Man of Iron.

Perosi sought this interview, and was accompanied into the great man's presence by his 'tutor' and some of his 'friends.' The man of dreams confronted the man of action. The man whose great songs will be sung centuries hence and lift men's souls to the gates of heaven came to supplicate a favour from the man who is master of Italy to-day. Perosi came to beg for liberty for his soul. He desires, with a longing which is an agony, to leave Italy, and to go to England. He had applied to the proper authorities for a passport, and it had been refused to him. The interview, if correctly reported, is of surpassing interest. Mussolini greeted the master with great urbanity and deference, and asked to what he owed the honour of a visit from so distinguished an artist who had so honoured Italy and music. Don Lorenzo replied that he needed a passport, and that the Questura had made difficulties.

Perosi was asked then why he needed a passport, and he replied that he must go to London to study at close quarters the Anglican Church, which to-day he preferred to the Waldensian Church, and thought to be the best; so much so that he hoped that amongst the grave reforms which Mussolini had promised he would also undertake to make the Protestant faith the State religion of Italy. Mussolini on this exploded, and exclaimed, 'Oh, never! The State Church may go very well in England. Catholicism is universal, and the Italian people, by their nature, must and will remain Catholic. I am a Catholic, and believe that for

the good of the country and of the Church Catholicism must remain as it is, and not be restricted as a State religion'—a very statesmanlike reply. Perosi, at this emphatic declaration, showed signs of lively opposition, and would have replied, but Mussolini, with great and characteristic readiness, entered into a rapid survey of religions, and bore down all Perosi's attempted arguments, reducing him to silence by sheer weight of personality. He then leaned forward and fixed those lambent eyes, so compelling in their almost fierce magnetic force, on Perosi, saying, 'Master, abandon these ideas of Protestantism. I have known you for fifteen years, and am a fervent admirer of your music, which I have often listened to with delight. Write, write yet more of it, for our good and that of Italy.'

Don Perosi, fascinated by that compelling gaze, was for a moment perplexed, then recovered himself and said, 'But what of music? To-day I must study the Bible and important questions about the reformation. I insist for this reason again on having a passport.'

Mussolini replied with great good nature, 'You will certainly be given a passport if you apply to the Questura. Say that you want it in order to study.' He added, 'If they give passports to Bolshevists to go to Russia so that they may carry on anti-Italian propaganda, should it not be given to you? If you find any difficulties come back to me.'

One of Perosi's companions then suggested that in gratitude for the concession Perosi might conduct a concert for some charity, and his 'tutor' seconded the suggestion. But Perosi exclaimed, 'I cannot conduct, I must study the Bible.' The tutor said then, 'If you cannot conduct, allow one of your unpublished works to be produced in a big concert.' Perosi then replied with some bitterness, 'You have charge of all my works. I am only an interdicted person.'

The interview was beginning to become strained and

painful, and came to an end. The little pathetic deputation began to take its leave. Mussolini conducted the master to the door, and they shook hands. Don Perosi's last words to the Prime Minister were, 'I go to London and will come back to Italy no more, unless it be after the reformation which you may bring about.' To this Mussolini with tremendous emphasis said, 'No, master, Italy shall be reformed politically, but not in religion.' Don Perosi then went out in silence. Outside he maintained that silence until he reached the famous Piazza Colonna, and there under the great column of Marcus Aurelius, which has witnessed one great change of faith in Italy, stopped, and shaking his head sadly said, 'The reform will never happen in Italy, therefore I go away and will never return.'

EDGAR J. BRADFORD.

Notes and Discussions

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF RELIGION

Dr. Ellwood, Professor of Sociology in the University of Missouri, has attempted a difficult task. His volume with the above title has just been published by Macmillan (10*s.* 6*d.* net), and is dedicated to his son and to 'all of his generation, who have before them the heavy task of building a world of justice, goodwill, and peace.' It is no small gain to have the matured views of such a thinker, and we can strongly recommend his work to all who are dissatisfied with the present state of society and are looking forward to some reconstruction that shall bring it into harmony with the teaching of Jesus Christ. Professor Ellwood has long been thinking over the subject. In previous works he has repeatedly said: 'One of the gravest social needs of the present is a religion adapted to the requirements of modern life and in harmony with modern science.' Others have been brooding over the same problems. Mr. Lowes Dickinson said to him in May, 1916: 'If I should guess, I would say that the great need of the world just at present is more religion. Of course I mean religion of the right sort; of religion of a certain sort there is a plenty but not enough of the right sort.' Professor Ellwood heard the late Mr. Frederic Harrison express his opinion that the Great War was due to the decadence of ethical religion, and that the problem of world peace and order would never be settled until the religious question was settled. Professor Ellwood thinks that the religion needed is a more rational, revitalized, social Christianity. He agrees largely with Dr. Stanton Coit that 'Christianity, as soon as it has been transfused with the spirit and transformed by the method of modern science, will bring about the Millennium.' Only a Christianity of this sort is equal to the task of saving modern civilization, and of harmonizing its warring interests, classes, nations, and races. 'The modern world is completely torn asunder by conflicting ideals of life. It will continue to remain in this condition until there is some unity in social doctrine. But there is hope in all this confusion that the mass of men are coming to see that it is impossible for either individuals or nations to live together harmoniously upon the basis of the pagan and barbarous ideals of life which have been handed down in the traditions of our civilization and which some men, without adequate sociological knowledge, have endorsed.' Professor Ellwood maintains that religion as a practical programme for dealing with the world's ills must be based upon social science and guided by growing social knowledge. He sees that 'religion is and must remain essentially in the realm of faith,' but holds that it can and should be 'a rational faith, energizing men for better living, both individually and socially, and seeking the aid of science, especially the social sciences, for the building of a better human world.'

The writer urges that it is time that scientific thinkers and the

representatives of religion should join hands in seeking to promote the development of rational religion as the world's supreme need. We all agree that the hope for reason, as for our social life generally, must lie in following religion, not in thwarting it. 'A science which envisages the total of reality, which aims at accurate knowledge of everything which exists, including the total life of man, will surely neither leave religion out of account nor be found antagonistic to rational religion. . . . The more we know of the universe and of man, the more we shall know of God.' A rational religion will not be a weakened, emasculated religion, taking no account of man's impulses and emotions.

Nietzsche symbolizes much in the spirit of our time, and especially the tendency to reversion to the pagan level, though his hatred of democracy and his exaltation of the aristocratic ideal of life were exceptions. Three centuries earlier Machiavelli took the same position. Nietzsche, 'whatever his madness, did the world the invaluable service of showing what the movement back towards pagan ideals logically means in its final developments.' Germany led the way in paganizing the world, but the same tendencies have been at work in every other nation of Christendom.

The full significance of the social significance of religion can only be understood by studying the social meaning of the Christian movement. 'We need a rebirth of Christianity in the sense of the religion of Jesus. It is time that organized Christianity became synonymous with the religion of Jesus. The vision which Jesus had of a social life based upon love or goodwill is not an unrealizable dream. It is the only possible social future if the world is not going to turn back to barbarism. Men have never intelligently tried to realize it in their social life. Instead they have been satisfied with various cheap substitutes in the form of theological beliefs which have diverted their attention from the true problems of the religious life or with formal pretensions which have thinly disguised their underlying paganism.'

The recrudescence of barbarism shows that our civilization can no longer remain half pagan and half Christian. It must soon become one or the other. We must end war, or it will end civilization. It can only be ended by the restoration of the ideals of goodwill, justice, and brotherhood within nations. We need a stalwart religion, a Christianity which shall bend its energies to making our whole civilization conform to the Christian ideal of life. Professor Ellwood holds that it must be 'non-theological, because theology remains a realm of speculation and of disputation, and divides rather than unites men.' We do not agree with him here, for true views of God give sympathy and strength to all service of man, but we heartily accept his position that such a Christianity must be thoroughly social, and must regard none of the great fields of the social activity of mankind as alien to its interests. It 'must base itself upon the facts of life, and ally itself with humanitarian science.' If a religion of human service is generally accepted 'all of the irrational, unsocial, and unprogressive elements in our religious life would disappear, and actual Christianity would become "the religion of humanity."'

What, then, are the demands which social science makes on religion? Professor Ellwood says the religion must be one that will release the creative energies of man; that will not only inspire faith and hope in individual life, but enthuse communities for progress; that will not only strengthen and uplift individuals, but send them forth to build a new and better social world. The social ideal of Jesus is not a cut-and-dried formula for a fixed social order, but an outline, based upon fundamental social principles, to be filled in by the intelligence according to the human needs brought about by special situations. A social religion must be a missionary religion, carrying enlightened social values, social patterns, civilization as fully as it has developed, to all peoples. The essentials of the religion we need are those of the religion of Jesus. The future religion must have a positive and unequivocal doctrine concerning the family. The influence of sex must be controlled in the interest of a sane and wholesome family life. Social religion would put the little child in the midst and would make our estimates of marriage and the family centre around the child. The service of humanity must be made the end of the economic life, and co-operation in service must become the rule. Opportunities must be equalized in social and economic life, and conditions of public health must be equalized. That is no impossible Utopia. It is the goal toward which the best economic thinking is moving.

If a Christian world is to become a reality the Church, animated by the true spirit of Christianity, must assume the moral leadership of the opinion of mankind. The principles which should guide it in forming public opinion are here set down. Rational effective public opinion must be formed under conditions of freedom. Only free and open discussion is competent for such a task. Public opinion must also be formed under conditions of obvious disinterestedness and in the full light of expert knowledge and under intelligent leadership. To promote these ends the Church might employ oral discussion, might avail itself of the Press and use its teaching power to form Christian character and Christian public opinion. The supreme motive in Jesus was the love of humanity, and the Church must throw its supreme emphasis on the love of the great community—humanity—and upon loyalty to it. Professor Ellwood strikes a note of hope as he closes his discussion. 'The Christian Church undertakes no impossible task. It summons men to devotion to no impracticable ideal. A Christian world is not only practicable; in the long run it will be found that no other sort is practicable.' We are persuaded that this is the road which the Church is already taking and which John Wesley took nearly two centuries ago. He laid the spiritual foundation, and built upon it a service of man which has won him the gratitude of all lovers of the race and is to-day inspiring his followers in all parts of the world.

JOHN TELFORD.

ALICE MEYNELL

ALICE MEYNELL, poet and essayist, who died in November, 1922, was to many the most outstanding singer of to-day. She never became a popular figure. Her work was exclusive, delicate, and written with a care and fine taste that is not common at this moment.

She belonged to the past, even the late Victorian past, but her verse never grew old-fashioned because it could not be commonplace. In all the anthologies of the future some of her shorter and most exquisite lyrics will surely find a place as long as such books appear in the English language. Her most universally known poem is "The Shepherdess." It is original, provocative, and intellectual as well as musical, for it holds within it a train of thought which the careful reader will pursue far beyond it. Yet its chief characteristic is beauty.

> She walks—the lady of my delight,
> A shepherdess of sheep.
> Her flocks are thoughts, she keeps them white,
> And guards them from the steep.
> She feeds them on the fragrant height,
> And folds them in for sleep.

The incidents of Mrs. Meynell's life have been few, and unknown to the popular Press. She has lived in her work, in the atmosphere of beauty, of appreciative friends, and of her charming children, now men and women. She was the daughter of Mr. T. J. Thompson, who from their early childhood took a keen interest in the education of his two girls. He was a personal friend of Dickens and Ruskin, and their atmosphere was the one in which the future poet grew to womanhood.

Perhaps the greatest formative factor in her life was that the larger portion of her girlhood was spent in Italy. Her parents loved sunshine, and the winter was constantly spent in an old palace on the Mediterranean, the Villa di Franchi, near Genoa. Here the girls grew, and worked, among olives and cypresses, with, in the distance, the blue bay of Genoa, and the peaks of the Apennines. Their training did not come entirely from books. Both were accomplished horsewomen, and each was a good shot. In that way both hand and eye were trained. The atmosphere of Italy always haunted Mrs. Meynell's work. She shows us the flowers which lay charm over ancient classical ruins, and beside long blue lakes, under tall, coloured villas that top the hillsides and seem to grow out of them. Stateliness is for her always overlaid with some tiny, striking beauty which holds a human note. One of her most charming essays revealing Italy is 'The Spirit of Place.' Nowhere does that elusive, haunting thing come to us more easily than in the sound of bells. For this poet they ring from the campanile of a remote Italian village church, where they sound across the valley with a wonderful clearness which is seldom heard in a more northern land. Many a valley in Southern Europe might be called a valley of bells.

It was Ruskin who first observed the delicate delight of Alice Thompson's verses, and advised that they should be published. They were at once recognized as coming from a new voice among real singers. Perhaps one reason for this was that the spirit of the poet revealed an attitude to poverty and mystical vision which was new among Victorian writers. She was not only upon a quest for beauty. She saw an inner and very real spiritual meaning in tiny things of grace, just as she saw something homely on the inner side of magnificence. The reality of both was familiar to her heart, soul,

and intellect. Yet this was by no means an easy point of view, or a desire to make the best of two worlds. She is ruthlessly plain spoken in her exquisite little poem on the Lady Poverty.

> The Lady Poverty was fair,
> But she has lost her looks of late,
> With change of times, and change of air,
> Ah! Slattern, she neglects her hair,
> Her gown, her shoes. She keeps no state
> As once, when her pure feet were bare. . . .
>
> Where is her ladyhood? Not here,
> Not among modern kinds of men,
> But in the stony fields, where clear
> Through the thin trees the skies appear:
> In delicate spare soil and fen,
> And slender landscape and austere.

Alice Thompson married Wilfred Meynell, writer and friend of poets. Their wedded life was ideal. Their homes were at Palace Court, Kensington, and at Storrington, on the Sussex coast, where 'southward dreams the sea.' Here children came, and the family lived a life of rare sympathy and delight, as those essays on 'The Darling Young' readily prove. Mrs. Meynell understood children, alike in their tumults and their joys. She compared living with them to being a fellow traveller with birds. In noting their little sayings it is the idea underlying the words which she always catches and appreciates, often with a real respect for the small thinker. One of the discoveries of the married life of the Meynells was that of Francis Thompson, the poet. The world owes a great debt to their kind hearts and unselfish action. Mr. Meynell found the poet selling matches in a London gutter, and printed his work. Mrs. Meynell and the children adopted him, and gave him back his faith in a world that suddenly grew kind. His entire future was arranged for and cared for by Mr. Meynell, who became his banker and guardian to the end. Mrs. Meynell was always the friend of artists and writers, as well as of children of all ages. Her life was very busy, quietly. She was not strong in body as time went on, and public life never knew her. Yet a full biography of this woman written by the right person, perhaps her daughter Viola, should be a book of rare charm to which many people will look forward. In her later verse Mrs. Meynell reveals a mystical philosophy which is stamped with truth in feeling and desire to find an inner way, and follow an inner light. She was a devout Roman Catholic who apparently never doubted her own Church, but in spirit she was very near akin to the mystical side of the Quakers. In her poem 'Christ in the Universe' she says:

> Of His earth-visiting feet
> None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
> The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
> Heart-shattering secret of His way with us. . . .
>
> Oh, be prepared, my soul!
> To read the inconceivable, to scan
> The myriad forms of God those stars unroll
> When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

Mrs. Meynell loved London—the heart, and soul, and ugliness of London as well as its corners of beauty and delight. She could see

what lay behind many a sordid grey shadow, and Kensington spelt romance in her own life as well as in what she wrote. One poignant poem appeared in *The Times* soon after war broke out in 1914. It was war as it was reflected in London that lay upon her heart.

> On London fell a clearer light;
> Caressing pencils of the sun
> Defined the distances, the white
> Houses transfigured one by one.
> The long, unlovely street impearled.
> Oh, what a sky has walked the world.
>
> And while this rose made round her cup
> The armies died convulsed.

Mrs. Meynell's charm of writing lies in a touch that comes swiftly and is gone, a glance that passes but is never forgotten, a breath charged with eternal life. Her whole output was small and never in the smallest degree careless. To appreciate her one must read it all. Then one agrees with the loving appreciation of Francis Thompson:

'The footfalls of her muse waken not sounds, but silences. We lift a feather from the marsh, and say, "This way went a heron." It is poetry, the spiritual voice of which will become audible when the high noises of to-day have followed the feet that made them.'

FLORENCE BONE.

MR. H. G. WELLS ON BUDDHISM AND CHRISTIANITY

'YET be it noted that while there was much in the real teachings of Jesus that a rich man or a priest or a trader or an imperial official or any ordinary respectable citizen could not accept without the most revolutionary changes in his way of living, yet there was nothing that a follower of the actual teaching of Gautama Sakya might not receive very readily, nothing to prevent a primitive Buddhist from being also a Nazarene, and nothing to prevent a personal disciple of Jesus from accepting all the recorded teachings of Buddha.' So writes Mr. H. G. Wells.[1] This judgement is so much akin to what one often hears concerning the lack of any real necessity for taking Christianity to Buddhist peoples, that it seems worth while to test its accuracy. If we examine Mr. Wells' own summaries of the primitive teaching of the two religions and compare them as far as is necessary with available documents, we shall then be able to estimate the value of the premises upon which this conclusion is based.

(*a*) Mr. Wells' summary of the teaching of Gautama is as follows: 'We have what are almost certainly the authentic heads of his discourse to the five disciples which embodies his essential doctrine. All the miseries and discontents of life he traces to insatiable selfishness. Suffering, he teaches, is due to the craving individuality, to the torment of greedy desire. Until a man has overcome every sort of personal craving his life is trouble and his end sorrow. There are three principal forms the craving of life takes, and all are evil.

[1] *Outline of History*, p. 287.

The first is the desire to gratify the senses, sensuousness. The second is the desire for personal immortality. The third is the desire for prosperity, worldliness. All these must be overcome, that is to say, a man must no longer be living for himself, before life can become serene. . . . Nirvana is the extinction of the futile personal aims that necessarily make life base or pitiful or dreadful.'[1]

The discourse referred to is recorded in the Buddhist scripture, called by T. W. Rhys Davids 'The Foundation of the Kingdom of Righteousness.'[2] The five disciples are the ascetics who forsook Gautama when he ceased to practise austerities, and to whom he preached after his enlightenment. Gautama tells them there is a middle path between a life of pleasure and a life of self-mortification, the noble eightfold path, the last of the four noble truths. These are:

Suffering. All existence is suffering. 'The five aggregates which spring from attachment are painful.' That which we speak of as an 'individual' or 'person' is in Buddhism looked upon as being composed of five parts, or 'attachment-groups.'

'Why did the Blessed One say there were five groups, no less and no more?' 'Because these sum up and classify, according to their affinities, all the constituents of being; because it is only these that can afford a basis for the figment of an ego or of anything related to an ego; and because these include all other classifications.'[3]

The origin of suffering. This is the thirst (craving) which causes the renewal of existence; the thirst for pleasures, being, and power.

The destruction of suffering. This is attained through the destruction of its origin, thirst (Tanha).

The way which leads to the destruction of suffering. A travelling along the noble eightfold path.

Gautama ends the discourse by claiming full knowledge of these four truths. 'And now this knowledge and this insight has arisen within me. Immovable is the emancipation of my heart. This is my last existence. There will now be no more rebirth for me.'

According to the exposition of these four truths found elsewhere,[4] the desire of the second truth 'springs up and grows where anything is delightful and agreeable to men,' whether it be in the organs of sense, the corresponding sensations or any form of thought concerning them. The truth of the destruction of suffering is 'the complete fading out and cessation of this desire, a giving-up, a loosing hold . . . a non-adhesion.' The path leading to this cessation has for its first element right belief, the knowledge of the four truths. Its sixth, right effort, is the struggle to get rid of demeritorious qualities, to develop and preserve the meritorious. Its last, right concentration, is a progressive attainment, the last stage of which, the 'fourth trance,' has 'neither misery nor happiness, but is contemplation refined by indifference.' Further, in another account of the same conversation,[5] it is laid down that with regard to the five groups, since they are

[1] *Outline of History*, 206.
[2] Dhamma-Kakka-Pavattana-Sutta, S.B.E., xi.
[3] Visuddhi-Magga, Warren, *Buddhism in Translations*, p. 156.
[4] Maha-Satipatthana-Sutta, Warren, p. 368 ff.
[5] Maha-Vagga, Warren, p. 146.

each and all 'transitory evil and liable to change,' it is not possible to say of any one of them, 'This is mine. This am I. This is my ego.' Realising this the disciple 'conceives an aversion for' the groups, is released from passion, and 'knows that rebirth is exhausted.'

Taking Gautama's teaching along with his own exposition of it and comparing it with Mr. Wells' summary, we find that the latter has introduced an element foreign to Buddhist thought, the idea of a self which lives not for itself but for others. Gautama's purpose was to teach a way out of the misery involved in the endless round of existence. In his system there is no room for a self-less life of service in the Christian sense, for there is no self to serve or be served. This point may be further illustrated by the fact of Gautama's claim that he had delivered himself, and his teaching that his disciples must likewise save themselves.

> A man is his own helper: who else is there to help?
> By self-control man is a rare help to himself.[1]

How far all this is from implying 'that a man must be no longer living for himself'; that 'Nirvana is the extinction of futile personal ends' would seem to be clear. At all events there is a good deal that would 'prevent a personal disciple of Jesus from accepting all the recorded teachings of Buddha.'

(*b*) In the second place we have to examine what Mr. Wells considers to be the original teaching of Jesus. He says: 'We are left with the figure of a being . . . teaching a new and simple and profound doctrine, namely, the universal loving Fatherhood of God and the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven.' 'All men were brothers—sinners alike and beloved sons alike—of this divine father.' 'All men belonged to the kingdom; all their possessions belonged to the kingdom; the righteous life for all men, the only righteous life, was the service of God's will with all that we had, with all that we were.' 'In the white blaze of this kingdom of His there was to be no property, no privileges, no pride and precedence; no motive indeed and no reward but love.'[2]

There is little here at which one can cavil. It may not perhaps represent all that Christians are accustomed to associate with Jesus' attitude towards and teaching regarding life and its spiritual meaning, but it includes enough for our present purpose. We find (1) God as Father, as loving. (2) A kingdom of real persons in a definite relation to one another. (3) An ideal for the men of the kingdom of service with all that they have and all that they are, a service of God's will. (4) All men are brothers. (5) The outstanding feature of the kingdom is love.

As we have already seen, there is no room in Buddhism for any doctrine of a real self, much less for any possibility of spiritual communion with a supreme being. Gautama's ethical system is a means to an end, not the expression of a brotherly spirit. The only gods recognized are those dwelling in the upper realms, who are themselves

[1] Dhammapada, 160. K. J. Saunders' *The Buddha's Way of Virtue.*
[2] *Outline of History*, pp. 283, 284, 285, 286.

subject to the same laws of causality as the beings on the human and lower planes of existence. They too need to strive, as having not yet attained. The best thing a man can do is to become homeless, houseless, that he may the better pursue the way. 'Full of hindrances is household life, a path defiled by passion. Free as the air is the life of him who has renounced all worldly things. How difficult it is for the man who dwells at home to live the higher life in all its fullness, in all its purity, in all its bright perfection! . . . Let me go forth from a household life into the homeless state!'[1] On the question of His own indwelling in the hearts of men, too, the implications of the teaching of Jesus are very different from those of the following: 'The outward form, brethren, of him who has won the truth (Gautama here speaks of himself) stands before you, but that which binds it to rebirth is cut in twain. So long as his body shall last, so long do gods and men behold him. On the dissolution of the body, beyond the end of his life, neither gods nor men shall see him.'[2] It is clear that Mr. Wells himself says of Christianity a number of things that would make a 'follower of the actual teaching of Gautama Sakya' hesitate before receiving them very readily.'

(*c*) We have now to consider briefly one more point of contrast. Mr. Wells says: 'We will not discuss here the Buddhistic doctrine of *Karma*, because it belongs to a world of thought that is passing away.' It is worth noting that it is not a Buddhist doctrine, primarily, but a Hindu conception; that since it is still part of the religious thought of millions, it is not to be passed over quite so easily. Moreover, it is matter for doubt whether Gautama's system would have had any *raison d'être* apart from this theory and the concomitant idea of transmigration. 'The word *karma* means literally action, but in the doctrine means the inevitable working out of action in new life.'[3] As for transmigration, 'the series of births and deaths goes on in a never-ending cycle, the soul finding no rest nor relief from suffering, unless it finds some means of release from the necessity of rebirth and returns to the divine source whence it came.'[4] The teaching of Gautama is only one of these means of release, but while his predecessors and contemporaries believed in transmigration, Gautama denied its possibility, consistently with his doctrine of 'no-soul' (anatta). 'In exactly the same way not a single element of being passes over from a previous existence into the present existence, nor hence into the next existence.'[5] This same negation lies behind what Gautama said concerning his passing out of the sight of gods and men after the dissolution of his body.

Behind the Buddhist faith, both primitive and modern, lies this belief in the inexorable working out of the results of action, good and bad, if not in this life, then in some other. Thus stated it appears not un-christian in essence, but when one recollects that it is a law

[1] Tevigga Sutta, S.B.E., xi.

[2] Brahma-Gala Sutta, S.B.E., vol. ii.

[3] Dr. J. N. Farquhar, *Crown of Hinduism*, p. 187.

[4] Visuddhi-Magga, Warren, p. 250. For criticism of the doctrine of 'Karma,' see A. G. Hogg's *Karma and Redemption*; J. P. S. R. Gibson's 'Karma' in *International Review of Missions*, July 1921; and the Rev. C. H. S. Ward's pamphlet *Karma and Rebirth* (C. L. S. Colombo), July, 1922.

without a law-giver; that it knows nothing of, has no place for, forgiveness or redemption; that according to the Buddhist definition of it the new being who suffers or enjoys the result of the evil or good done previously is not identical with the doer, but an entirely different being—its dissimilarity to the teaching of Jesus is striking.

(*d*) Concerning the rivalry of the great religions 'which arose between the Persian conquest of Babylon and the break-up of the Roman Empire,' Mr. Wells writes: 'It is not to one overcoming the other or to any new variant replacing them that we must look, but to the white truth in each being burnt free from its dross, and becoming manifestly the same truth, namely, that the hearts of men, and therewith all the lives and institutions of men, must be subdued to one common Will, ruling them all.'[1] In passing, we may remark that in the delineation of the period referred to is an illustration of Mr. Wells' habit of general but inexact statement so bitingly criticized in H. A. Jones' *My Dear Wells*. Cyrus entered Babylon in 538 B.C. and in 493 A.D. the Goth, Theodosic, became king of Rome. The Buddha appeared 'when Cyrus was preparing to snatch Babylon from Nabonidus,' and Mohammed was 'born about the year 570 A.D.' and did not begin to preach until he was forty years old. The dates given are Mr. Wells' own.

That there is much in the teaching of Gautama the Enlightened One, the Wise One, the Conqueror, that is good and true is beyond possibility of doubt, but that is not to say that the truth in a purified Buddhism will be found to be 'manifestly the same truth' as that which inheres in the life and teaching of Jesus. For the Buddhist as for the Jew, the Law makes sin manifest, but cannot destroy it; and our answer to Mr. Wells and the critic of missionary effort is not that Christianity is going to win in a battle of rivals, but that the followers of the Enlightened One will find the light he passed on to them merged into 'the illumination of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.'

> And now farewell: the sky flames with the dawn
> And the pale moon fades at the rising sun.
> E'en so, if this strange Syrian tale be true,
> Shall the Anointed brighten all the East
> And our clear moonlight yield to radiant Dawn.
> Hath not the moon herself a borrowed glow,
> Nor grudgeth yielding to the Source of Light?[2]

J. E. UNDERWOOD.

[1] *Outline of History*, p. 367.

[2] Kenneth Saunders (I. R. M.) July, 1923.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Religion and Modern Thought. By G. Galloway, D.Phil. (T. & T. Clark. 7*s*. 6*d*. net.)

Professor Galloway here republishes under a general title a number of essays, or addresses, written during recent years. Naturally they are unequal in interest and value. The earlier papers in the volume are for the most part too abstract and remote to touch the quick of 'modern thought.' In these days we move rapidly, and 'pre-war' for many means antediluvian. The author recognizes this in the postscript which he has appended to a paper on 'Religious Experience' written ten years before. The 'great and epoch-making changes' of which he there speaks cause a considerable portion of the present volume to sound antique and distant, though whatever Dr. Galloway writes is sure to contain some food for thought. The most interesting and vital essays are the last three, dealing with 'The Personality of God,' 'The Essence of Christianity,' and 'The Supernatural in Religion.' The thought of intelligent religious people needs to be clarified on each one of these great subjects, especially in view of difficulties and objections raised by modern science and philosophy. The idea of God as 'an active and ethical Will who is ground both of the world of existences and the realm of values' needs to be freshly vindicated, and the consequences of abandoning the idea of a 'static God' fully faced. Dr. Galloway takes some steps in the right direction, but fuller exposition is needed if the idea of a living God is not to fade away, as it is in great danger of fading from the conceptions of a new generation. So with what seems to be the elementary question, 'What is the Essence of Christianity?' Here again it is needful to discard the static idea of a religion based upon a single generalized idea gained by philosophical reflection. 'The moving element in history,' says Dr. Galloway, 'is not a speculative idea, but the values which grow out of the historic life, and these values vary in meaning and appeal from age to age.' Christianity cannot be treated as an abstract entity, apart from the personal lives in which it is realized, as if it possessed in itself an intrinsic and independent power of development. Dr. Galloway does not deny the continuity of the Christian religion, nor its specific character preserved in the course of its evolution. But if we try to fix the persisting element as impervious to change we fail. 'The problem is as intractable as the endeavour to account for the identity of a person by seeking within him an enduring and unalterable substratum.' But the broad principles which distinguish the Christian outlook on the world and life are well sketched by Dr. Galloway on pp. 279–288, and his whole discussion of the subject is stimulating and informing.

In the last essay the important subject of the supernatural is dealt with very suggestively. Professor Galloway vindicates the place of miracle in Christianity, but he shows the necessity of revising and purifying current ideas of the miraculous. He protests against the attempt to 'exalt belief in miracle as a kind of test and to treat willingness to admit the supernatural as an unfailing index of the quality of a man's religion.' A man cannot be 'constrained by logic to enter the kingdom of heaven,' and no system of Christian evidences can compel belief in a religion as Euclid compels assent to a theorem in geometry. But when the Principal of St. Andrews writes his next book on *Religion and Modern Thought* he will, if we mistake not, have more to say upon the great theme, which is but lightly skirted in the closing paragraph of his present book.

An Introduction to the Psychology of Religion. By Robert H. Thouless, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This book has grown out of lectures delivered to ordination candidates during the Long Vacation at Cambridge. As Lecturer in Psychology at the University of Manchester Mr. Thouless is master of the subject, and his volume is intended primarily for those who wish to study the psychological problems of religion, without any prior knowledge of the terminology of the science. The main business of the psychology of religion is to study the religious consciousness, but religious behaviour must also be investigated. 'Modern psychology has become fruitful by giving up the attempt to confine itself to mind alone, and including human behaviour in its field. All *experimental psychology* is a study of behaviour, and the American school of behaviourists confine themselves entirely to this study, and refuse to concern themselves with the mind at all.' Five chapters are given to the Traditional, Natural, Moral, Affective, and Rational Elements in religious belief, and such subjects as 'The Sex-Instinct and Religion' are wisely discussed. The conclusion reached is that the power to rationalize experience is a criterion of the truth of a religious hypothesis, as it is of a scientific hypothesis. The success of a religious doctrine in rationalizing experience creates a strong presumption in favour of its truth. A further presumption is created by its power to rationalize different and independent kinds of experience. 'If we find that by following the dictates of religious experience we build up a system which corresponds with the religious system built up from consideration of the other types of relevant experience—i.e. the facts of the natural world, the historical facts of religions, and the facts of the moral consciousness—then we have a very impressive argument for the general validity of religious experience.' The study is one of great importance and of sustained interest.

The Life and Teaching of Jesus the Christ. By the Right Rev. Arthur C. Headlam, C.H., D.D. (John Murray. 12*s.* net.)

This work is part of a larger design on which Dr. Headlam has been

engaged for nearly ten years. A considerable portion of the book was given as lectures, and that adds in various ways to the value of the work. It is admirably lucid and reasonable; it makes no attempt to evade difficulties; and it examines every position without prejudice. The one presupposition which the writer allows himself is that we must be able to account for the fact of Christianity. The Introduction, devoted to an examination of 'The Critical Attitude,' is of special importance. It begins with our primary authorities, the four Gospels. The fact that St. Mark is the principal narrative source both of St. Matthew and St. Luke shows that in the opinion of the writers of those Gospels it was by far the best available account of our Lord's life. The study of each of the Synoptists is fresh and suggestive. As to the Fourth Gospel, 'the whole critical question is in confusion, and neither those who hold the traditional view nor their opponents are able to put forward a theory which commands assent.' An examination of various parts of the Gospel leads to the conclusion that the work is based on good information and that the account of our Lord's teaching represents a real tradition, though influenced in a way that the other Gospels were not by 'the theological ideas and expressions which grew up in the Apostolic Church.' The account of 'Palestine, Civil and Ecclesiastical, at the Time of the Christian Era,' supplies the background for the life of Jesus, which is dealt with in seven sections—'The Education of Jesus'; 'John the Baptist'; 'The Galilean Ministry'; 'The New Teaching'; 'The Kingdom of God'; 'The Crisis of the Ministry'; 'The Messiah.' The most important part of the investigation is that of the teaching. It is throughout derived from, and based on, the Old Testament, but 'it represents a most remarkable transformation of that material. It seizes on and develops its most spiritual ideas, and puts on one side everything that is temporary and inadequate. It makes the whole of life depend on the fulfilment of the Will of God, and the right attitude of the soul to God. It makes faith and love the central fact in the Christian life. It looks upon the kingdom of God as the ideal for man, and sees in the kingdom of God the fulfilment of God's will and righteousness. All these things come from the Old Testament. Some few had found this or that rule of life, but in Jesus they mean the transformation of all human life.' The teaching of Jesus, as contained in the Gospels, is 'a homogeneous whole coming from one teacher of intense spiritual power.' Dr. Headlam's task is only half completed in this volume, and every reader will hope that episcopal duty will leave him free to complete a work which will strengthen faith and answer many questions which arise in the minds of careful students of the Gospels.

Modernism and the Christian Faith. By John Alfred Faulkner. (Methodist Book Concern. $2.75 net.)

Few men are better fitted to deal with this subject than Professor Faulkner. He has the church historian's knowledge of past debates on doctrinal questions and an enviable lucidity in setting forth his own conclusions. Nor does he lack insight and sympathy into the working of other minds. He is scrupulously fair in his criticisms,

and is never afraid to face difficulties and to treat disputed questions with absolute candour. The book has eleven chapters dealing with Authority, Inspiration, Miracle, Jesus (three chapters), Atonement, Paul as the After-Christ, Trinity, Ritschl or Wesley, and Hell. The Appendix gives fifteen notes on allied topics. Walter Pater on 'Come unto Me' is the first. The three last are an important study of 'The Alleged Early Martyrdom of St. John,' 'Miracle and Sadhu Sundar Singh,' and 'The So-Called Virgin Birth.' It is a book that will powerfully appeal to thoughtful readers and will strengthen faith in the great doctrines of Christianity. As to Inspiration, he says the contributions of men to the Bible are many, varied, and fascinating, and give the Book its very human appeal—human in its weakness and its greatness, its imperfections and its genius; but the contribution of God is His presiding over that evolution, guiding it to the supreme goal of redemption by the Christ to the end of salvation for all mankind who will receive it, and in His own time and manner revealing Himself and His truth for that salvation with a beauty, cogency, fullness, variety, breadth, depth, and self-evincing brightness which make the Bible as a whole the Book of God which shines in its own glory. The chapter on Miracle shows that the modern man, if he stands on Christian ground, has not only no need to deny his belief in miracle, but a good right even from his own point of view of reason and history to affirm it. The chapters on Jesus, Atonement, St. Paul as the After-Christ, and Trinity are full of suggestion and are real aids to faith, whilst the terrible subject of Hell is handled in a way that leaves us wondering whether there may not be improvement in the state of those who admit the justice of God's strokes, 'that very acquiescence lifts the soul into better air; at that very moment hell is and must be less of hell and more of heaven.' It is a rich and ripe study which will inspire Christian men and women with new hope and courage.

Education for Christian Service. By Members of the Faculty of the Divinity School of Yale University. (H. Milford. 15*s*. net.)

The Yale Divinity School was established in October, 1822, and during the century 3,618 men have studied in it. They have come from all branches of the Protestant Church, and the great majority have become pastors in the United States. Two hundred and fifty have gone abroad as missionaries; over 600 have become college professors; more than a hundred have been elected presidents of colleges and universities. This centennial volume enables a reader to understand the spirit and methods of the school. Dr. Brown, the dean of the school and pastor of the University Church, strikes a high note in the opening paper on 'The Training of a Minister.' He holds that no other calling open to men can bear comparison with it for a moment. 'Among all the good things in life the minister has the best.' He goes forth to make religion real to men, and this he can only do by being a profoundly religious man himself. 'There must go with that deep religious experience a large measure of trained

efficiency. Man's love for God and men must abound in all knowledge, in sound judgement, in moral discernment, and in the ability to shape means to ends.' A fine optimism runs through this inspiriting paper: 'It is a great hour to be alive at all, and to be alive and young, with all those splendid years of opportunity just ahead, is heaven itself.' Professor Porter deals with 'The Historical and the Spiritual Understanding of the Bible.' 'No single summary,' he says, 'can do justice to the richness and variety of the thought and life that flow through the New Testament.' Dr. Dahl writes on 'The Modern Approach to the Old Testament.' Like Jesus, we are 'not to be bound by the letter of these books, but filled with their dynamic power.' The Old Testament thus becomes 'more valuable than ever before.' Professor Bacon's subject is 'New Testament Science as an Historical Discipline.' A messenger on behalf of God must apply the approved methods of the most scientific historical inquiry to the history of Redemption. Every paper invites comment. Dr. Tweedy's 'Training in Worship' is singularly fresh and suggestive for all who have to lead public worship. Questions of music and of church buildings are not forgotten in this discussion. There is a valuable paper on 'The Function of the Theological Seminary in the Enterprise of Missions.' The seminary is bound to look upon no smaller parish than the whole world. Education and evangelism are well represented in a volume which shows how much the Yale Divinity School is doing to train men for the noblest calling and the most exacting in the world.

Ancient Hebrew Stories and their Modern Interpretation. By W. G. Jordan, B.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Professor Jordan examines some of the Old Testament narratives in the light of modern study, with a view to discovering their original significance and showing their relation to other parts of that great literature. An introduction of nearly sixty pages provides the background for the various expositions. The steady growth of the documentary theory is described, and the significance of the critical process is clearly brought out. Twenty-seven typical stories, which reflect the actual ideas or religious experiences of the race, are examined in detail, and in the Epilogue the chief results are focused. Like all living peoples, the Hebrews had real dramatic instincts and artistic impulses, which took the form of poetry and story. 'The stories have their own character, and repay separate study. If we believe that God reveals Himself in the great complex movement of human life, there is no need of elaborate apologetic to prove once more that He fulfils Himself in many ways.' Professor Jordan holds that criticism of whose limitations and uses he has become more and more conscious has neither lessened the interest nor destroyed the spiritual value of these stories. God comes nearest to us in the varied forms of history and story. 'Hence we believe that these stories will still have a ministry, not simply to children, but to men of all classes and capacities who preserve a childlike heart and do not allow pedantry to kill the poetry in their souls.'

Classics of the Soul's Quest. By R. E. Welsh, M.A., D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. *7s.* 6*d.* net.)

The writer is Professor of Apologetics and Church History in the Presbyterian College, McGill University. He here makes a comprehensive and comparative survey and estimate of the great documents of the soul in its quest of the eternal goodness. The studies are concerned with the life of the spirit, and Dr. Welsh feels that these personal records are capable of generating some equivalent movement in our inner life, and are not only corrective of ephemeral moods and of individual aberrations, but afford vital material for further interpretation in the growing light of life. He begins with St. Augustine's *Confessions*, then passes on to Dante, whose vision is dealt with in four chapters. Studies of Tauler's *Sermons*, *Theologia Germanica*, and *The Imitation* follow, with chapters on Bunyan, Law, Tolstoi, Marcus the Epicurean, and Rabindranath Tagore. An appendix gives brief studies of kindred classics, and a section on William Law and John Wesley shows with what care and sound judgement these estimates are made. He says, 'John Wesley should rightly have an ample chapter to himself if we were here dealing with his incomparable *Journal*, and with his life-work, which left an immeasurably deeper and more lasting impression upon the mind and life of Europe and America than anything William Law ever did or wrote.' But in the *Journal* his eyes look outwards, not inwards. 'It might almost seem as though his soul in its settled complacency endured no conflicts, no wounds, no alternations, such as we have observed in many saintly souls.' As to the controversy with Law, Dr. Welsh says it will generally be admitted that Law's books were not such as to meet the immediate needs of those lying under heavy conviction of sin; they had other uses. 'Law and Wesley each spoke as he saw and felt, each presenting an aspect of the "truth as it is in Jesus."' Each of the classics reviewed has much to suggest, and an impressive final chapter gathers up their significance. They exhibit the distinctiveness of Christian experience, and show that the historical Jesus Christ is its indispensable source and constant prerequisite. The literature is that of the Spirit ever causing new meanings to break forth out of old Scriptures. 'It is never complete and cannot fully compass or exhaust the significance of the Living Word.' Jesus Christ *means* more to us than anything He ever said. It is a book which will greatly move and truly enrich those who study it.

Belief in Christ. By Charles Gore, D.D. (Murray. *7s.* 6*d.* net.)

Bishop Gore shows from a study of the Jewish background how completely Jesus transformed the expectation of the Messiah, 'turning His back on political and nationalist ideals, and building up, out of the materials of prophecy, one profoundly unified and spiritual conception of the Christ manifested, suffering, dying, rising, glorified, and to come in judgement.' By His unexampled spiritual authority 'He absorbed the attention, the faith, the devotion, of His disciples,

so that He came to be as God to their souls.' Saul of Tarsus explained to the disciples the meaning of their faith. The doctrine of the Incarnation in his Epistles is substantially identical with that in the Hebrews and in St. John. Dr. Gore finds no justification for the theory that the theology of St. Paul and St. John overlaid or obscured that of the historical Jesus. The word which best sums up the Incarnation doctrine is finality or uniqueness. Nothing except the full doctrine of the Nicene Creed can explain or justify that ascription. 'No disclosure of God to man, such as is possible in this world, can be even conceived fuller or completer than is given in Him who is God incarnate—the Word made flesh.' Dr. Gore holds that the Fourth Gospel gives at first hand the mature testimony of the Son of Zebedee. His book is to be welcomed as a real aid to faith. It shirks no difficulty, but it shows how firm is the foundation of belief in Christ.

Types of Jewish-Palestinian Piety from 70 *B.C.E. to* 70 *C.E. The Ancient Pious Men.* By Adolph Büchler, Ph.D. (No. 8 of Jews' College Publications.)

The Principal of the Jews College collects and re-examines the reports preserved in the rabbinic literature about the pious men who lived in Jerusalem, and supplements, by a detailed examination of all the early records about the ways in which the pious men expressed their religious sentiments and ideas, the generalizing presentations by scholars of the rank of Jost, Wellhausen, and others, of the religious life of all the sections of Palestinian Jewry in the first century. He gives much information about Hillel, and shows how scrupulous the pious men were in Sabbath observance. The records of Hillel's piety deal mainly with his relations to his fellows; those about his contemporaries refer mainly to their relations with God. A full account is given of 'the pious men in the Psalms of Solomon,' and the last section deals with Honi the Hashid and his prayer for rain. Dr. Büchler supports and illustrates his positions by quotations from Hebrew authorities in this learned and valuable work.

The Christian Idea of Sin and Original Sin in the Light of Modern Knowledge. By E. J. Bicknell, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 6*s*. net.)

These Pringle-Stuart Lectures were delivered at Keble College in 1921. As men received a fuller revelation of the character of God their idea of sin was deepened and purified. Sin was always in relation to God, whom it displeased. The doctrine of original sin is entirely independent of the historical value of the third chapter of Genesis. Psychology can teach us nothing new about the essential nature of sin or original sin, but it is proving of enormous assistance in distinguishing between the commission of actual sin and moral disease. 'The problem of sin remains unaffected by modern knowledge. Sin is still sin against God. It still needs redemption and forgiveness, and we believe that in Christ alone we have the remedy for the situation.' The lectures are lucid and helpful in a marked degree.

The Christian Doctrine of Peace. Edited by James Hastings, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 8*s.* net.)

Dr. Hastings corrected the final proofs for this volume shortly before his death. He felt that a fresh moral force was needed to move the people to the will-to-peace, and hoped that all preachers would make that a message at this time. He has here provided ample material for such appeals. Every side of the subject—'Peace with God,' 'Peace of Conscience,' 'Peace and Progress,' 'The Evil and the End of War'—is discussed and illustrated by quotations from poets, theologians, and other writers. It is a book that was greatly needed, and the way in which the need is met is admirable. The editor's wide range of knowledge and his catholic taste make it a real pleasure to spend an hour in his company.

Studies in the Teaching of the Sermon on the Mount. By Arthur W. Robinson, D.D. (Student Christian Movement. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Canon Robinson groups his studies into eight sections, adding notes at the end of each which supply illustrative comment and quotations. He feels that nowhere can we find fuller guidance in the reconstruction of the world order. Our age is suffering from suppressed religion, and our persistent habit of keeping our better thoughts and feelings to ourselves is at the bottom of our restlessness and dissatisfaction. Our Lord began the great sermon by setting forth the ideal of human character, and did so with confidence that the future would be found on its side. He strikes at the outset the note of hope, and closes with the tremendous thought of human responsibility. 'The man has to make his decision, and that decision is determined by his wisdom or his folly.' It is a suggestive and intensely practical set of studies.

Messrs. Longmans publish three devotional books of special interest and importance. Canon Peter Green's subject is *Personal Religion and Public Righteousness* (2*s.* 6*d.* net). It points out the tasks before the Church, and shows that a great advance in personal holiness will alone supply the necessary power for accomplishing them. The Canon never loses his grip of the conscience; and many personal incidents light up his appeals. It is a soul-stirring message for Lent. —The Rev. Jesse Brett writes on *The Way of Vision: An Aspect of Spiritual Life* (5*s.* net). He holds that poverty of soul is a reproach that should never be incurred. With abundant opportunities and helps of all kinds we can offer no excuse for poorness of spiritual attainment. He describes the way of vision, which is the way of the spiritual life, as we experience it, and stimulates his readers to live according to the spirit; to live in continual remembrance of our great future, when this partial vision shall give place to the beatific vision. The writer has his heart in his message, and he makes us feel its power.—*Helps to the Christian Life*, by T. W. Gilbert (1*s.* 8*d.* net), is a manual for communicants which gives counsels as to prayer, Bible reading, preparation for holy communion, with appropriate prayers, questions for self-examination, and scripture passages to be

consulted. These lead up to the Order of the Administration of the Lord's Supper, with brief explanations. It is a manual which will be of real service to a wide circle.—*Evangelistic Talks.* By Gipsy Smith. (Hodder & Stoughton. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) These were noonday addresses given in Nashville, Tennessee, in 1922. The hall seated five thousand, and was not only packed at these weekday services, but vast numbers could not even get inside. Dr. Vance says in his Foreword that the sensational feature was not the crowds but 'the wonderful versatility and swift mind and heart reaction of the speaker.' A local pastor spoke for ten minutes on some Bible passage of his own selection, then the evangelist delivered these addresses. 'And they were invariably on the theme and the scripture presented by the local pastor.' They deserve all the praise Dr. Vance gives them. They are intensely spiritual, full of Bible truth, and lighted up by stories of grace which are simply amazing. 'To find satisfying explanation' of the addresses and of these incidents 'one needs to go back to Pentecost.'—*Revival Addresses.* By A. Douglas Brown. (Morgan & Scott. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Eight addresses full of pointed appeal and lit up with personal experience. The son of Archibald Brown is following in his father's steps, and many will be glad to take Mr. Albert Head's advice in his Foreword and 'to plunge into the attractive contents of this volume.'—*The Christian Hypothesis.* By the late Edward C. Tainsh. (Longmans & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The Vicar of St. Patrick's, Birmingham, says in a brief Preface that Mrs. Tainsh consulted him about the publication of this volume, and that he soon saw how it would help many who had 'failed to find those grounds for belief in the Christian religion which are essential if they are to accept the Christian ideal as their aim in life.' It deals with the nature and objective of faith, faces some grave hindrances, and concludes by showing the grounds upon which the Christian faith may be received and the divine provision for the fulfilment of the Christian ethic. Faith is belief on substantial and considered grounds, an activity of the purified and divinely-illumined reason. It is an act based on moral grounds for moral ends. As to the miraculous element in Christianity, which is to some a stumbling-block, we are asked to remember how simple a thing a miracle may be to Him who has power to touch the springs of being. The root-doctrine of Christianity is that God is self-sacrificing love. Christ demands that man should enter upon the spirit of that love and render it in the activities of his own life. The concluding section brings out the means by which Christ accomplishes the renovation and exaltation of humanity. That subject is dealt with in a broad and catholic spirit, and has much to encourage honest seekers after truth. If a man's moral sense is conquered by the Christian vision, he should count that for faith, and act accordingly.—*The Cross and the Garden.* By F. W. Norwood, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 5*s.* net.) These are beautiful sermons, with a freshness of style and treatment which makes them very attractive. Joseph's gift of his own sepulchre is the theme of the first sermon. Joseph had 'never seen a life that reminded him so much of the flowers in the garden as the life of Jesus of Nazareth.' When that life was trampled down under the heels of men, he rushed into the midst of the horror, saying:

'Let Him lie among my flowers; He is more worthy to lie there than I.' 'The God of the living' is another suggestive sermon, and all of them have point as well as grace and tenderness.—*Everyday Religion.* By Edward S. Woods, M.A. (Student Christian Movement. 5*s.* net.) This is a sequel to the writer's *Modern Discipleship*, and deals with some of the practical implications of Christian discipleship in the field of common workaday life. The thirteen chapters discuss such subjects as 'The Problem of Living Together' and Christianity in relation to work, recreation, money, sex, health, beauty, &c. Mr. Woods is a wise and plain-spoken counsellor, as the chapter on 'Christianity and Sex' will show. That on 'Christianity and Health' is not less important. 'In the last resort, our failure in fighting sin and disease is due to lack of belief in God.'—*No More War, and Other Sermons.* By W. E. Orchard, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 5*s.* net.) This selection from a year's sermons has been made to demonstrate the still unrealized implications of the Christian faith, or because certain sermons pleased or displeased some who heard them. 'The Gaiety of Christ,' which opens the volume, is an arresting subject; 'The Sacrament of Sleep' is a suggestive treatment of a matter that concerns us all. The whole volume is marked by insight and spiritual force.—*Stories on the Lord's Prayer for the Children of the Holy Catholic Church.* By R. J. Julian Smith. (Amersham: Morland. 2*s.* net.) Very good stories for Roman Catholic children. Unselfishness and prayerfulness are happily taught.—*The Acts of the Apostles. With Introduction and Commentary.* By A. W. F. Blunt, B.D. (Clarendon Press. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a volume of *The Clarendon Bible* of which the bishops of Newcastle and Ripon are the general editors. It is one of the best commentaries on the Acts that we know, and may be strongly commended to all who wish to have careful and sound explanation of difficult passages. The Revised Version is used, and many illustrations are given of places mentioned in the Acts and kindred subjects. It is a thoroughly helpful commentary.—*Notes on the Revelation of St. John.* By P. P. Cutchey. (Eliot Stock. 1*s.*) This is an attempt to give the meaning of the symbols used in the Apocalypse as revealed in the history of the world. The writer holds that his chronology can be verified from Scripture and that it indicates that in 1925 the kingdom of God on earth will be manifested. He urges that 'if the Revelation is true, then Christ and the prophets are true, and the whole of the Bible is corroborated. The present-day scoffers, who would delete the book of Genesis, can only fail in the attempt.'

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

History of the Great War based on Official Documents. Military Operations in France and Belgium, 1914. Compiled by Brigadier-General J. E. Edmonds, C.B., B.M.G., R.E. (Retired), P.S.C. (Macmillan & Co. 21s. net.)

THIS is the first portion of the history of the Great War prepared by direction of the Historical Section of the Committee of Imperial Defence. It covers the first two months and a half of hostilities, from the embarkation of our Expeditionary Force, up to the Battle of Mons, the retreat of the Seine, the fighting at the Marne and the Aisne. The mass of documents dealt with has been very great. The British records comprise the war diaries of every staff and unit engaged, with orders, intelligence, and detailed reports of actions; the General Head-quarters files, the Commander-in-Chief's diary, and practically every telegram sent and received. Private diaries and papers, and accounts published in Belgium, France, and Germany, have been used to complete the account. The maps in this volume are intended for general readers; others intended for students of war will be published separately. Full particulars are given as to the locations of troops, and each stage of the fighting is described with precision. The Introduction shows the organization of our Expeditionary Force and the military arrangements of Belgium, France, and Germany. In the Battle of Mons our soldiers met superior numbers of the most highly-renowned army in the world, and were able to give a good account of themselves. That left them in high spirits. The heroic retreat from Mons fills three chapters. Not less heroic was the Battle of Le Cateau. For six hours General Smith-Dorrien everywhere held his ground successfully, and save immediately to the west of Le Cateau his line was not only unbroken but unshaken. Even there the Germans did not immediately press home the advantage gained. The return to the offensive was begun on September 6 at the Battle of the Marne. This led to the German retreat, which had a demoralizing effect on the troops, exhausted as they were by hard and, on the whole, unsuccessful fighting following on the great physical strain of the headlong rush through Belgium to the Marne. The British found the enemy in such force at the Aisne, entrenched and supported by 8-inch howitzers, that September 14 passed in alternate attack and counter-attack, and ended in no decisive result. It was the first day of trench warfare. Thus a new strategic situation arose. The Germans had not trained their troops for position warfare, as the General Staff believed that the decision in France would be reached in thirty-six to forty days, yet they were at a great advantage in their knowledge of trench warfare and had the material required for its practice. The British could at first do little more than dig cover. The German artillery observers were very active. One was found in a haystack with a week's supply of

food; another was concealed in a tree, and when an officer discovered him he promptly dropped upon him and, stunning him, escaped. The British Army gained much useful experience on the Aisne, and absolute confidence in its shooting. Our men were sober, temperate, and self-respecting. 'There could be no fear as to the final victory, if only armies of such soldiers could be brought into being in sufficient numbers without delay, and conveyed in security across the Channel to France.' The volume is marked by fullness of information, and all its conclusions are stated with wonderful clearness. Many little details add vividness and human interest to the record. Appendices giving our order of battle, the French plan of campaign, and the operation orders of Sir John French add much to the value of a worthy record of the heroic opening of the Great War.

A Short History of the British Commonwealth. By Ramsay Muir. (Vol. II., The Modern Commonwealth, 1763 to 1919.) (George Philip & Son. 15*s*. net.)

Professor Muir's first volume appeared two years ago. The present volume has needed the utmost compression, for it covers almost the whole history of our connexion with India and Canada, the whole history of that with South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand, besides the American Revolution and the development of the United States. The problems dealt with bear directly upon the problems of our own day. Mr. Muir has felt the difficulty of being impartial, but has honestly tried to remember that no man has a right to express a definite judgement upon a controverted question unless he can understand why men as able and honest as himself have come to quite different conclusions. The first volume closed with the triumphs of the Seven Years' War; the second opens with the downfall of the Whig Oligarchy which had ruled Britain for fifty years. George the Third created a new party, of which he was himself the leader, a revived Tory party, which showed itself competent enough until it had to stand the strain of the American war. But for that disaster Royal control of the executive might have got itself established. After the war those who arranged the American Constitution were able to draw upon Britain's long tradition and experience, and were 'enabled to show a political capacity and a political wisdom that can scarcely be too highly esteemed.' Whilst an empire was being lost in America, in India the British power was being saved from the destruction which seemed to threaten it in 1771, and was 'being turned into the means of bringing good government to the Indian peoples by the genius, courage, and patience of one man. The work of Warren Hastings, carried on in the face of extraordinary difficulties of every kind, formed in truth the turning-point in the history of British India, and the foundation of all the good work which was subsequently done.' His work and the ordeal he had to endure were alike auguries of a new spirit in the treatment of dependent peoples. The political transformation in Britain and the foundation of a new oversea empire are luminously described. Then we watch the French Revolution, and see how it brought to nought a promising movement of political reform in this country and led

to the repression of free speech and free thought. After the fall of Napoleon an era of national and imperial reconstruction began; then came the adolescence of the daughter nations, followed by 'the age of imperialism and the rivalry of world-powers.' An Epilogue describes the ordeal of the Commonwealth between 1905 and 1919, and shows that our country must now play her part in the reconstruction of a ruined world, and, if it may be, in the substitution of the reign of Law for that of Force. The volume has cost much labour, but it is one of great significance and sustained interest. It lights up both the past and the present, and offers much wise and timely suggestion for the empire-builders of to-day.

Journal and Essays of John Woolman. Edited by Amelia Mott Gummere. (Macmillan & Co. 25*s*. net.)

This edition of one of the Quaker classics was undertaken at the request of the Friends Historical Society of Philadelphia. Mrs. Gummere, mother of the head master of the Penn Charter School, whose study of Seneca, the first of an American series of classical books to be published in this country by Messrs. Harrap, we noticed in our last number, has prefixed to the *Journal* an extended Life of Woolman which gives much fresh information as to the man and his message. He had two great objects—the abolition of slavery and the readjustment of human relations for the relief of the labouring classes. His *Journal* is 'the history of the Progress of Soul through what was to him indeed a Vale of Tears.' He believed it possible 'to provide all men with an environment which will best develop their physical, mental, and spiritual powers.' That is Seebohm Rowntree's definition of social reconstruction, but Woolman anticipated it by more than a century. Mrs. Gummere gives a full account of the early editions of the *Journal*. It contains only a thread of personal history, so that the Biographical Sketch, which covers a hundred and fifty pages, is of peculiar interest. Woolman came from a Gloucestershire family. His grandfather emigrated in 1678, and settled at Burlington, West Jersey. John Woolman's work as assistant and book-keeper in a general store, his learning to be a tailor, and his life as a schoolmaster are described. He made his first appearance as a minister when he was twenty. From the beginning he seems to have 'put aside the narrowness of thought and teaching by which he was surrounded, and to have grasped a sense of the *unity* of mankind. The keynote of his message, at the very start no less than at the moment when, wearied out, he laid down his life in a distant land, was always and ever love: love to God and love to man. This single note runs through the life and writings of John Woolman, as has been said, like a silver thread that is always conspicuously bright and glowing, however dark the web in which it is woven by circumstance.' It is a story which never loses its charm, and Mrs. Gummere has told it with so much sympathy and with such careful research that her volume takes rank as the standard edition of the *Journal*. Portraits, facsimiles, and other illustrations add to the interest of

the work, and the biographical notes in the Appendix will be of great service to students as well as to the ordinary reader.

The Ancient World. Egypt and the Old Testament. By T. Eric Peet, M.A. *History of Roman Religion.* By W. R. Halliday, B.A., B.Litt. (University Press of Liverpool and Hodder and Stoughton. *5s.* net each.)

This series on *The Ancient World* is edited for the University of Liverpool Institute of Archaeology by the Professor of Egyptology, who has written the first volume. The work will deal with various branches of archaeology and ancient history, and each volume will be prepared by a specialist. The object is to present an authoritative account of the results of recent research in a form that will be attractive to the general reader and helpful to teachers and students. The volumes are in clear type, with wide margins and full index. Professor Peet begins with a chapter on 'The Nature and Value of Biblical Tradition,' and deals with the early relations of Egypt and Palestine, the sojourn in Egypt, the Exodus, Necho and the prophet Jeremiah, and kindred subjects. No portion of Egyptian history has perhaps been more brightly illumined by the discoveries of the last ten years than that into which the sojourn of the Israelites in Egypt and the Exodus must have fallen, and recent discoveries make us hope for still fuller light. Professor Peet accepts the conclusions reached by the critics as to the Pentateuch, but he is not able to glean much exact information from Egyptian records. As he says, 'Archaeology is not an exact science, and deals more often in probabilities and possibilities than in irrefutable demonstration.' It is easier to give the local colour of the sojourn and to describe the route of the Exodus. These and the later relations between Israel and Egypt are studied with much care, and light is thrown on various points in the history.—Professor Halliday's *History of Roman Religion* is brought down to the death of Augustus. In studying its earlier stages the evidence of Latin literature must be handled with caution. The Romans from the beginning were unimaginative, but shrewd, hard-headed, and practical, by instinct a race of lawyers rather than a race of poets or philosophers. The object of acts of worship was to secure the aid of the appropriate *numen* or *numina* in the matter then in hand. The religion had a complete lack of individualism. 'Even in the face of death no hope or fear of personal immortality confronted the early Roman.' The observances were those of the household, the farm, and the State. To each a chapter is devoted. Then we have chapters on 'The Religion of Numa'; of the period from the Etruscan monarchy to the Punic wars; the last century of the Republic; and the Augustan revival. Augustus sought to strengthen national feeling and pride in the greatness of Rome, and to this end he tried to revive the national religion, which had ceased to exist in any real sense. He repaired or rebuilt no less than eighty-two temples, revived sacred offices, such as the *Flamen Dialis*, and aimed at restoring a rigid exactness in the observance of religious law. But a revival of the old Roman religion in any real sense was impracticable. It was impossible for a cosmopolitan empire to

recapture the social and political environment of early Roman religion. The sense of personal religious need was made more acute by the loss of political liberty and the increasing influence of women, to whom the ancient forms of worship had little to offer. 'Hence the rapidity with which the Eastern cults spread from the lower classes of the cosmopolitan city into the upper strata of society.'

Histoire ou Légende? Jean Tauler et le Meisters Buoch. Par A. Chiquot. (Paris: E. Champion.)

This is the treatise presented to the Faculty of Letters in Paris for the diploma of Advanced Studies in Living Languages. It is an investigation of a manuscript preserved in the University of Strasburg describing the conversion of a Master of Holy Scripture by a friend of God from the Oberland. For five centuries Tauler was regarded as the hero of this story, but after the exhaustive investigations of Père Denifle that opinion can no longer be entertained. M. Chiquot goes over all the facts, and reaches the conclusion that the Master of Holy Scripture cannot have been Tauler. The nature of his preaching, his doctrine, and the known facts of his life are in contradiction to those of the *Meisterbuch*. There has never been a Master of Holy Scripture corresponding to the figure described there, nor a pious layman or friend of God from the Oberland. Both may be regarded as fictitious, and the author of the fiction was Merswin, the rich banker of Strasburg, and the founder of the religious house of the Green Isle in that city, where the Meisterbuch was preserved. It was a religious romance. The study throws light on many phases of religious life in the fourteenth century.

Our Hellenic Heritage. By H. R. James, M.A. Vol. II., part 8, *Athens—Her Splendour and her Fall.* With Maps and Illustrations. (Macmillan & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The story of Athens has thrilling action in it, and a height of splendour which ended in tragic reverse of fortune through the rash adventure of the Sicilian Expedition. It will always be one of the most vivid and instructive chapters in human history, and all the inheritors of Greece and Athens have in it a personal concern. Mr. James begins with the Persian Wars, and tells the story of the great achievements of Athens in a series of compact and illuminating paragraphs. The chapter on 'The City Beautiful,' with its maps of Athens and photographs of the Parthenon and other temples, is intensely interesting. The gamble in Sicily and the disaster which attended it lead on to 'The Passing of the Splendour.' The next division of the book will describe the achievement of Greek literature and art which culminated in the fifth-century Athens. An outline of dates and a note on books add to the value of this impressive survey of one of the great stories of the world.

Back to the Long Grass: My Link with Livingstone. By Dan Crawford. (Hodder & Stoughton. 16*s.* net.)

Mr. Crawford has a style of his own which has made his *Thinking Black* an African classic. His present work is built on Livingstone's

last journey, and draws much on his last recorded words. 'For,' he says, 'I still stick to it that in trying to size Dr. Livingstone we must persistently underline nearly all his *Last Journal*.' At Elizabethville Mr. Crawford jumps off into the forest for his route northward to Lake Mweru. The rainy season was over. The African sky had settled into six solid months of sapphire. They could sleep out in the forest without tent or impedimenta. A great six-foot fire of logs guaranteed an all-night blaze, and its red ashes warmed up 'both morning drink and drinker.' The talk of the natives by the camp-fire is the best way of key-holing the family secrets of a whole continent. The negro's verbal strength in a dispute with a European lies in native sagacity colouring his thought with forest figures of speech. Mr. Crawford's experience leads to three conclusions: 'that every man is a volume if you know how to read him; brains alone can appreciate brains; and that those who, knowing little, are assured that the African knows less are assuredly wrong.' Some quaint proverbs are quoted: 'A young lion does not fear its father's roar.' He tells how a lion attacked a woman who was working in the fields, and she split its skull with her short Luban hoe. At the shaggy bit of untamed earth called Ilala Mr. Crawford sought out the very spot where Livingstone died, kneeled where he knelt, and prayed his prayer: 'O Father, help me to finish this work to Thine honour.' He gives photographs of the tree under which Livingstone died and the inscription upon it. In the Epilogue to his vivid and racy volume he tells how the flag of faith was flying to the very end over Livingstone's little grass hut. He marched off on his last expedition with no guaranteed salary. Mr. Bennett called it 'a Lord-will-provide expedition,' and added, 'Of course, the Lord *will* provide, and *I* am going to help *Him*.' Gordon was mad enough to do such a thing. 'Both were singular men out for the singular, not the plural, only for "honour, not honours."' There is scarcely need to say that this book is alive from beginning to end, and its photographs give a real picture both of the natives and the 'last mile' of the great missionary explorer.

Hadrian's Wall. By Jessie Mothersole. (John Lane. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The idea of a colour-book on Hadrian's Wall was suggested to Miss Mothersole by some friends in 1914. The war hindered such a publication, but in 1920 her friends took her along the line of the wall, where she soon fell a victim to its many attractions. She got lodgings at farms and other places, and walked the whole length of the wall, seventy-three and a half miles, from sea to sea. The example of William Hutton of Birmingham, who performed this feat in 1801 at the age of seventy-eight, stimulated her. She was fascinated with her journey, and enjoyed every step of it. She prepared twenty-five coloured illustrations, but only six of these could be reproduced in colour in this volume. Eight others appear in monochrome. An historical chapter gives the facts of the Roman occupation of Britain. Hadrian visited this country in 121 or 122 A.D., but

the works were only completed after he had left. The Vallum had a deep central ditch and two (sometimes three or four) earthen mounds. It runs always to the south of the wall and its fortifications. Agricola had built a series of forts, including Cobridge and Carlisle, across the isthmus, about 79 A.D., connected by a road afterwards known as the Stonegate. Hadrian erected a new line of forts a short distance to the north of the Stonegate line, then he constructed the Vallum, and finally built the great wall linking his line of forts, with a mile-castle every seven furlongs, and two wall-turrets between every pair of mile-castles. The original scheme of forts and Vallum had failed to ensure the safety of the frontier, and the necessity for a continuous barrier had become evident. So it came about that the wall was built. The Vallum-ditch was then cleared where necessary, and the clearings from the ditch were thrown upon an additional mound on the south margin of the ditch. Severus reconstructed great portions of the wall and forts, which had been thrown down by the enemy, 207–210 A.D. Its breadth is about 9 feet 6 inches at the foundation, and between 6 and 8 feet at the top. The original height was at least 12 feet to the rampart walk, so that it was probably 18 to 20 feet high, including the battlements. The forts or stations were military cities, about five miles apart, with barracks, storehouses, baths, &c., and very often with suburbs outside the enclosing wall. Miss Mothersole began her walk at Newcastle at five o'clock on a May morning, and found at Wallsend her first inscription, marking the spot near which the eastern gate of the Roman camp of Segedunum stood. She describes her pilgrimage with many little incidents which reveal the character of those whom she made friends with. At Heddon a road turns off to the left leading to Horsley, and she quotes Wesley's description of his visit to Nafferton, near Horsley, on May 21, 1758. He says, 'We rode chiefly on the new western road, which lies on the old Roman wall. Some part of this is still to be seen, as are the remains of most of the towers, which were built a mile distant from each other, quite from sea to sea. But where are the men of renown who built them, and who once made all the land tremble? Crumbled into dust! Gone hence, to be no more seen, till the earth shall give up her dead!' Miss Mothersole had the curlews, with their sweet whistling note, for companions along many miles, and the sight of the gorse was something too much for words. She gives many pleasant extracts from Mr. Hutton's narrative of his tour, and her drawings and pictures help us to see the fortifications and the run of the wall. She dwells on the family life enjoyed by the Romans on the wild outposts of the wall. The officers had their wives with them; children were born (and lost); sorrowing husbands have left memorials to their wives; disconsolate wives lament, on stone, their husbands. And trinkets there are in plenty; gold, and silver, and bronze, inlaid with stones; and beautiful enamel work. The illustrations add much to a charming book, and Miss Mothersole does not fail to give clear directions to those who wish to follow in her steps, or to find comfortable inns at which to stay. Those who are interested in the subject should not overlook a striking article on 'The Gods of the Wall' by Lieut.-Col. Spain in *Cornhill* for December last.

Benito Arias Montano. By Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Milford. 5*s.* net.) This is another of the attractive little volumes issued by the Hispanic Society of America. Montano was born in the same year as Philip II, and took part as his chaplain in a variety of affairs on his behalf. Philip sent him to supervise the new edition of the polyglot Bible which Plantin was publishing at Antwerp. There he also had to look after the printing of the new Missal and the new Breviary, of which Plantin had obtained a monopoly, and to discharge many commissions for the King and other friends in Spain. Much of his time was taken up in securing books for the Escorial, and he had many worries about money, that was slow in coming from Spain. The little volume gives a very pleasing account of this great scholar of the Spanish Renaissance.

A Child of the Morning. Memoirs and Letters of Renée de Benoit. (Morgan & Scott. 8*s.* 6*d.* net.) Madame de Benoit was a Swiss girl born on the banks of the Lake of Geneva. She did valuable service as a nurse in the Great War, and in June, 1916, married a medical missionary, who went out to India in the interests of the Basle Mission, whose German missionaries had been interned or repatriated. His wife died of influenza on her return to Geneva in 1919, in her twenty-seventh year. The letters are deeply spiritual, and form a picture of her inner life and experiences which is singularly attractive. It is a book that will make a deep impression on its readers.—*A Book of Quaker Saints*, by L. V. Hodgkin (Mrs. John Holdsworth) (Macmillan & Co., 8*s.* 6*d.* net), was published in 1917, reprinted in 1918, and has now been reprinted by Macmillans. It gives thirty-two stories of Quaker saints told in a dainty and discriminating way that will appeal to both young and old, and the seven illustrations by F. Cayley-Robinson, A.R.A., add to the charm of a rarely attractive volume. Its binding and type are well in keeping with its theme.—*John Wesley on Horseback.* By W. B. Fitzgerald. (Epworth Press. 1*s.*) This new edition is very attractive, and we do not wonder that the book is popular. The chief stages in Wesley's life are presented in a very instructive and pleasant style, and the closing chapter shows how much boys and girls may do if they catch some of the great evangelist's fire and devotion.—*Elizabeth Swift Brengle.* By Brigadier Eileen Douglas. (Salvationist Publishing House. 2*s.* 6*d.*) A tender and well-written biography of an American girl who found spiritual light and happy service in the Salvation Army. It is a picture of a gifted and devoted woman.

GENERAL

A Study of Kant. By James Ward. (Cambridge University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Dr. Ward was invited by the British Academy to deliver the *Henriette Herz Lecture on a Master Mind*, and selected Immanuel Kant as his man. That has led him to publish various notes made as a preliminary to something more systematic which he fears he is never likely to produce. The result is a series of criticisms of the various positions taken by Kant as he grappled with the problems of philosophy. The general summary is given in the Lecture which appears in the *Proceedings* of the British Academy. He begins the present volume with an account of 'The Man; his Nature and Nurture.' On a broad survey of the history of modern philosophy Kant holds the central place. 'No philosophers, not even Plato or Aristotle, can claim such a volume of literature, expository, philological, and polemical, as that which relates to Kant.' He was a small, thin man, 'hardly more than five feet in height,' and 'evanescent as a shadow.' In spite of his consuming zeal for philosophy, he every day found time to dine in company, and made a point of having a due balance of young men in order to impart gaiety and juvenile playfulness to the conversation. He was brought up among Pietists, and to that fact the awe which he felt in the presence of conscience, with its categorical imperative, was largely due. The *Critique of the Pure Reason* of 1781 is the merest patchwork or mosaic of scraps which in four or five months, like a man in a hurry, he put together into a work of over 850 pages. Professor Ward points out the indefensible presuppositions of the work, but shows that Kant opened up a new and fruitful career for philosophy by the central truth, the synthetic unity of apperception. He propounded an entirely new theory of knowledge. 'Unhappily, he was too fascinated by the false yet flashy glamour of his metaphysical deduction to see quite clearly all that his transcendental synthesis, based on the functional unity of self-consciousness in knowing, really meant.' The discussion of Kant's doctrine of 'inner sense' leads to the conclusion that for him it was an inexplicable fact. As W. Volkmann has said: 'The entire fiction of an inner self is nothing but an attempt to solve a problem which can never find its solution in the sphere of sense.' Kant was not fully alive to all that his transcendental philosophy involved. Fichte first learnt the centrality of the self from Kant, but he advanced farther into the promised land which Kant only dimly and partially described. The volume will be of the greatest service to students of philosophy. It pays full tribute to Kant's genius and helps one to understand the difficulties which he had to encounter.

The Odes of Pindar in English verse. By A. S. Way. (Macmillan & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

It is doubtful if an English verse rendering of Pindar's odes, even by so accomplished a translator as Dr. Way, will interest any but

the students of Greek literature who are keen on all attempts to reproduce the classics into English. Pindar's Greek is magnificent, but notoriously difficult. He makes no universal appeal, like Homer and the tragedians, and his readers, while charmed by the music of his diction, discover sooner or later a thinness of thought and a narrowness of outlook which the richness of his poetic style hardly redeems. The soul is a closed book to him, and the ethical maxims with which he decorates his odes in praise of the victors in the great contests suggest the art of the stenciller rather than the insight of a creative artist. Moreover, the contemporary crises of the national life are hardly noticed; he thinks incorrigibly in terms of the Polis, its founder and its great families. But he delights, as Swinburne delights, by his sheer mastery of rhythm and splendour of phrasing. Neither a prose version nor a rendering in verse, however varied and spirited, as Dr. Way's invariably is, quite conquers the difficulty of making Pindar speak in English as he does in Greek. The verse is bound to be paraphrastic, and too fluent for its compressed original. Nevertheless, Dr. Way's courageous attempt to solve an ever-baffling problem deserves our gratitude and admiration. Take, e.g., his rendering of the famous words in Pyth. IX.:

> What are we? what not? Things in one day ending!
> Man is a dream through shadows dimly seen.
> But when a glory shines from God descending,
> Then rests on man a sunbright splendour-sheen
> And life serene.

The A B C of English Salt-Glaze Stoneware. From Dwight to Doulton. By J. F. Blacker. (Stanley Paul & Co. 15*s.* net.)

Mr. Blacker has now completed his set of volumes on English ceramic art, and the third volume is as full of interest as those on old china and old pottery. Stoneware is harder than earthenware, and is infusible in the furnace owing to the silica in the clay forming the body. The last chapter gives a vivid account of the salting of a stoneware kiln at Doultons, whilst the earlier chapters furnish details as to the chief workers from Dwight, of Fulham, to the Doultons and other masters of the craft. The frontispiece is Dwight's bust of Prince Rupert, which Mr. Hobson, of the British Museum, describes as 'a technical wonder even to the potters of the present day.' The book takes one into a realm of art which is of extraordinary interest, and the numerous half-tone illustrations are wonderfully produced. It is a very welcome and attractive addition to the *A B C Series for Collectors.*

Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c., being Selections from the Remains of Henry Crabb Robinson. Edited by Edith J. Morley. (Longmans & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) This volume is published for the University of Manchester, and will be hailed with delight by a wide circle of readers. Miss Morley has been engaged, with interruptions during the war, for ten years on the abundant material preserved in Dr. Williams's library, and has prefaced it by an account of the diarist which shows the range of his friendships and the regard in

which he was held by the foremost literary men of his time. He says, 'There is a natural sweetness and gentility about Blake which are delightful, and when he is not referring to his visions he talks sensibly and acutely.' Southey thought Wordsworth had a sort of miserly feeling towards his poems, as if they would cease to be *his* if they were published. Robinson had the satisfaction of removing some estrangement between Coleridge and Wordsworth. He thought Wordsworth was 'the greatest man now living in this country,' and Coleridge 'a man of astonishing genius and talents, though not harmoniously blended as in his happier friend to form a great and good man.' The notices of Lamb, De Quincey, Hazlitt, and Godwin are full of interest. This is certainly a book to be treasured, for it brings us into intimate relations with a wonderful literary circle.—*English Critical Essays.* Selected and arranged by Edmund D. Jones. (H. Milford. 2*s.* net.) These essays, which range from Sir Philip Sidney to Dr. Johnson and Thomas Warton, help a reader to trace the main movements and counter-movements in English critical thought from the Renaissance to the Revival of Romanticism. The spelling and punctuation have been modified, but the essays, save in a few cases, have been given in full. Bacon and Johnson represent the critics proper; the poets are Sidney, Campion, Daniel, Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gray, and Young. The work of John Dennis, Addison, and Hurd is also represented. Such a collection of treasures drawn from widely-scattered sources is a real boon for lovers both of poetry and of criticism.—*Extemporary Essays.* By Maurice Hewlett. (Humphrey Milford. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.) There is welcome variety and much sparkle in these essays. They begin with W. H. Hudson, for whom Mr. Hewlett had affection as well as regard, and pass on to the Early Quakers, Shelley's 'Swan Song,' the De Morgans, Byron at his Worst, the Limits of the Readable, and other subjects in which most of us take a lively interest. There is much to learn and much to enjoy in this collection of pieces which have appeared in newspapers and reviews.

The Soul of Modern Poetry. By R. H. Strachan, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) By modern poetry Dr. Strachan means poetry published during the last twenty years. It is an extremely sensitive record of the bewildering currents and cross-currents of contemporary thought in its attitude towards life. Ours is a poetry of daily life. 'Mr. Masefield has discovered more completely a truth hidden from Wordsworth, that underneath the surface of apparently placid rural society there rages a war of human passion.' Sir Henry Newbolt says great poetry 'touches the universal longing for a better world.' That suggests the theme of Dr. Strachan's second chapter on 'The Meaning of Life.' Other chapters deal with 'The Poet as Creator'; 'Good and Evil in Poetry'; 'Futurism and the Spirit of Revolt'; 'War in Modern Poetry'; 'Death and Immortality.' The last chapter gives special attention to George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, and to Mrs. Shore's 'The New Ghost,' which makes 'marvellous use of all that is symbolic and suggestive of immortality in external nature and in the human heart.' The study is one that appeals to all lovers of modern poetry.

Alphabetical and Chronological Arrangements of the Wesleyan Methodist Ministers and Probationers. (Methodist Publishing House. 6s. net.) This is the twenty-fourth edition of Hill's *Arrangement*. The Rev. Arthur Triggs was trained for the editorship by Dr. Waller, who had been responsible for seven editions, and had introduced many improvements. Some interesting details as to the work are given in the Preface. Four hundred and thirteen names have been added to the roll of those 'who have died in the work.' The Rev. W. F. Slater, M.A., is the oldest minister in the chronological list. He entered the work in 1854. Hill's *Arrangement* is one of the indispensable Methodist books, and it has been edited with great care and skill by Mr. Triggs.—*The Christian Science of Thought*, by Mrs. Horace Porter (Allenson, 3s. 6d. net), first notes the laws laid down by psychology and then shows how these find their fulfilment in the faith of Christ. Many counsels are given as to the importance of a purpose running through and harmonizing all acts of prayer and worship, and of one constant standard of choice in readiness for each day's alternatives of thought and action. It is a lucid and practical book which should help many who are despondent or perplexed.—*Up to the Hills*, by C. A. Renshaw (Merton Press, 3s. 6d.), is the work of a Sheffield poetess. The pieces are short and range over a wide field. The beautiful tribute to Rupert Brooke and other war poems are tenderly sympathetic, and the joys of the country are well described in some of the other pieces.—*This Land I Love*, by Robert Bowman Peck (Selwyn & Blount), is a choice little book of poetry. The poems are well phrased, and have both thought and music in them. Domestic themes are happily treated.—*Poems*, by Gladys V. Austin (Amersham: Morland, 2s. 6d. net), is a set of short pieces chiefly on Nature subjects. They are graceful and melodious verses, and show how much these rural scenes have appealed to the poet.—*The Toad and the Butterfly*, by Constance Cochrane (Morland, 3s. 6d. net), is a story which will interest children in toads and butterflies, and it is very cleverly illustrated by Mary and Joan Cochrane.—*The Strength of the Hills*, by William Stanford (Allenson, 6s. net), is a set of Nature Studies in the West Country. It centres round the Wye Valley and Tintern Abbey, giving a set of photographs which show the loveliness of the scenes, and adding to its descriptions happy meditations on life, with its hopes and desires. The author has been a Wesleyan local preacher for thirty years, and he finds many a good text in these pleasant rambles.—*Subjective Concepts of Humans: Source of Spiritistic Manifestations*. By John J. Donnelly. (New York: International Press.) The writer was brought up a Roman Catholic and spent forty-four years in the priesthood, but he now entirely rejects the inspiration of the Bible. He admits all that is related of spirits that can be executed by subjective concepts; all that surpasses their powers he denies. It is a strange book, which has much to say about hypnotism, mediums, and the spirit world, but cuts itself loose from revealed religion and makes St. Paul, a clairaudient, the founder of Christianity. Mr. Donnelly does not seem to realize how the Bible rises above all other books, nor to appreciate the argument to be drawn from its power of 'finding' men.—*Persian Sketches*. By J. H. Linton, D.D. (Church Missionary Society.

2s. 6d.) Sir Percy Sykes, after a generation spent in Persia, says in his Foreword that the only thing that can save that country is an entire change of outlook among the grandees. Bishop Linton's portfolio of sketches increases our sympathy and interest with the people, especially the boys and girls. He has much that is good to say about the muleteers, and gives many pleasant pictures of the scenery and of the life of the Persians. The book is brightly written and well illustrated.—*A Pioneer Doctor, and other Stories*, and a *Japan Printing Book* (Church Missionary Society, 1s. each), are dainty little things which will fascinate small folk and teach them to think of other lands and their needs. They are got up with taste and skill.—*The Salvation Army Year Book*, 1928 (1s. 6d.), is full of facts about the Army and its latest developments. Brief biographies are given of prominent workers, and statistics and maps add to the value of this capital year book.—*The Redcaps' Annual*, *The Kiddies' Annual*, and *Brer Rabbit Stories* are as attractive as racy stories, bright poems, and clever pictures in colours and in black and white can make them. They are skilfully edited, and are full of life from beginning to end.—*Quis Judicabat.* (Blackwell. 6d. net.) This is a report on the Reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts drawn up for the Council of the Churchmen's Union. It describes the existing courts, and is prepared, on the whole, to accept the recommendations of the Commissions of 1883 and 1906 as to the Provincial and Diocesan Courts. The Committee holds that members of the Church of England are supremely fortunate in possessing the right of appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council.—*The Church and the People Outside*, by Thomas Tiplady, H.C.F. (Lambeth Central Hall, 6d.), gives some counsels for Christian propaganda suggested by personal experience. He feels that the revival is coming, and that the Church has a glorious opportunity to save the soul of the people. —Mr. Tiplady's *Songs of Pilgrimage* (Allenson, 1s. net) were written in the East End of London and on the battlefield as a relief from the tragedies of poverty and bloodshed. They are brightly expressed and full of faith and courage. They will bring sunshine to many darkened lives.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—Sir Valentine Chirol criticizes 'Four Years of Lloyd-Georgian Foreign Policy,' with the conclusion that the inheritance which he has bequeathed to his successors in the domain of foreign affairs 'is more than in any other a *damnosa hereditas*. For if he is to go down to history as the man whose great qualities did at any rate very much to "win the war," he will also go down to history as the man whose great defects went far to "lose the peace."' Canon Barnes writes on 'Movements of Thought in the English Church.' Among the most welcome reactions to which the war has led he counts a renewed interest in religion and a new appreciation of the genius of Christianity; its power not merely to comfort, but also to inspire. In Germany, among University students especially, the practical value of Christianity is emphasized. 'Competent observers report that the religious revival there has led to spiritual enthusiasm and moral earnestness, but hardly, so far, to intellectual speculation.' He says that 'the aim of practically all Anglican theologians now working in England is to strengthen Christian theology, and consequently Christian faith. Their outlook is essentially constructive.' They all affirm the Fatherhood of God, His Incarnation in Jesus, the belief that the Spirit of God works among men, and the doctrine of Eternal Life; and all seek to make the Church a fit instrument whereby the Spirit may establish on earth the Kingdom which Christ proclaimed.

Hibbert Journal (January).—This number presents a decidedly substantial bill of fare. The first two articles, for example, 'The Idea of Creation,' by Professor J. S. Mackenzie, and 'The Idea of Evolution and the Idea of God,' cannot be described as light reading. But both are well written, and deserve—especially the former—the attention of all who would draw or rectify the boundaries between philosophy and theology. A mathematical professor, Dr. A. N. Whitehead, is generous enough to vindicate 'The Place of Classics in Education,' and he strongly advocates the 'triangle'—English, Latin, and French. But he would admit the use of translations much more freely than tradition allows. 'Spiritual conditions in Canada' are represented by Mr. C. W. Stanley as extremely discouraging. The practical materialism of which he complains is not, of course, peculiar to Canada, and is largely due to the stage the country has reached in national development. The Rev. R. Travers Herford develops the thesis that 'alike for Jew and Christian there are present to the mind the same fundamental facts of religion.' All depends on the definition of 'fundamental.' Professor Cadoux, under the title 'Should we all be Perfect?' discusses afresh the old

controversy between Roman and Protestant on 'Counsels of Perfection.' The issue is joined *à propos* of recent utterances of Troeltsch and Baron von Hügel, and the case is well presented in Dr. Cadoux' thoughtful paper, but it leaves the combatants substantially in the position of 'as you were.' Professor Bacon of Yale discusses 'Two Parables of Lost Opportunity' with his eye mainly on Synoptic 'sources.' Dr. Greville Macdonald's defence of 'The Spirit of Play' is very refreshing. 'While work and its patient pursuit secure us food, play and its outcome in joy' not only provide recreation, as we have been accustomed to think, but 'secure us spiritual sustenance.' The *Hibbert Journal* continues excellently to combine the spirit of work and the spirit of play.

Journal of Theological Studies (October).—The opening article provides an elaborate and informing account of 'Bishop Barlow's Consecration and Archbishop Parker's Register; with some new Documents,' from the pen of the Rev. Claude Jenkins. The old controversy has been reopened by Monsignor Barnes, whose position is chiefly supported by sundry fanciful hypotheses of plots and villanies. It is well, therefore, that the whole history of Bishop Barlow's consecration and its bearing on Anglican orders should be set forth in detailed scientific fashion. Outsiders may cavil at the excess of detail, but Professor Jenkins has done his work with masterly thoroughness. Dom Chapman writes on 'St. Jerome and the Vulgate New Testament.' Professor J. H. Michael proposes to remedy what appears to be a displacement of the text on John x., and his suggested rearrangement would read verses 1–18 between verses 28 and 29. The Rev. H. N. Bate furnishes an interesting discussion of 'Some Technical Terms of Greek Exegesis,' including ἀλληγορία *θεωρία* and other words. Mr. C. H. Turner's paper on John vii. 37, 38 and Dr. Burney's on the Aramaic equivalent of a phrase in the same passage should be read together. Interesting reviews are contributed by Dr. Nairne, Dr. Tennant, and others.

The Expository Times (January).—This periodical is now well edited by Dr. Hastings' two sons, Mr. A. W. and the Rev. E. Hastings, and we rejoice that the name of its distinguished founder should thus be preserved. The January number is a good one. 'Notes of Recent Exposition' include an examination of Principal Jacks' contention that 'Christianity is a smothered religion,' Bishop Gore's new book on *Belief in Christ*, and other topics. Dr. Rendel Harris writes on 'St. Paul and Aristophanes' with scholarly ingenuity and perhaps a twinkle in his eye. His paper may send some readers to a fresh study of the second chapter of Colossians. The Rev. A. J. Gossip, of Aberdeen, contributes an appreciative memorial sermon preached on the death of the late Dr. Hastings and dealing with 'The Revelation of Immortality.' The two papers under the heading 'Contributions and Comments' will interest many of our readers, as written by the Rev. J. T. Hudson, B.D., of Ashton-under-Lyne, and Mr. E. E. Kellett, M.A., of Cambridge. The standing features, 'Foreign Theology,' 'In the Study,' and 'Entre Nous,' initiated by Dr. Hastings, are well maintained.

Church Quarterly (January).—Professor Rogers writes on 'The Natural Voice' with reference to church music. The dullness and unattractiveness of our services are largely a question of music. Men are being alienated by the high pitch of our chanting, which prevents their joining in it, as well as by the 'parsonic' voice it produces. Church music must be brought back to the people and reform must begin with the hymn for which 'fine old tunes with strong melodies, German chorales, and Swiss Psalm tunes' should be chosen. Congregational practices must be held and the hymns must be sung in unison until the people have learned to sing with rhythm and not note by note. Then they can sing in harmony. Canon Lacey's article on 'Minimum Conditions of Inter-communion' is followed by some comments by Dr. Vernon Bartlet. Both were written for *The Constructive Quarterly*. Dr. Bartlet urges that more stress must be laid on unity rooted in loyalty to Christ and obedience towards Him as Lord. He thinks 'the non-Episcopal groups might consent, as an act of loving deference for the traditional Catholic conscience in their brethren, to mutual recommissioning *relative to a greater approximation to a truly catholic Church*, if only it were really mutual in the deference shown to conscience on both sides.'

Bulletin of the Rylands Library (January).—The Shakespeare Exhibition of 1916 is to be repeated this year in the Library, and the July *Bulletin* will have a descriptive account of the First Folio, of which the Library has two copies. A special feature of this number is a photograph of an early Exchequer Tally given to Sir John d'Abernon in 1298, with reproduction of the brass—the oldest in England—at Stoke d'Abernon Church, near Cobham, Surrey. Some important articles and lectures appear in the number, with particulars of additions to the library which will greatly interest students. During 1922, 8,497 books were purchased and 1,070 given by friends.

Congregational Quarterly (January).—This new Review begins well. Articles on 'The Holy Alliance and The League of Nations'; 'The Meaning of the Death of Jesus'; 'Jesus of History and the Primitive Church'; 'Preachers I have Known,' by H. Arnold Thomas; 'Industrial Chaos and the Way Out'; and 'A Young Congregationalist to Young Congregationalists' show the variety and the value of its contents. Dr. Vernon Bartlet pays warm tribute to George Buchanan Gray.

Cornhill (January).—The New Year's number has many articles that arrest attention. Mr. Locker-Lampson describes the strain on 'The Country Gentleman.' 'The day of the Squire is over,' and many who love the country will regret it. 'Samuel Johnson's Academy' brings out fresh material as to an early stage of his life, and other papers in the number are of great interest. Features of the February number are Mr. A. C. Benson's account of his friend J. C. Bourchier; Ireland under two Flags, 'R. L. S. and his Sine Qua Non.' *Cornhill* is always fresh and entertaining.

Science Progress (January).—Mr. Shurlock describes 'The Scientific Pictures of Joseph Wright,' now exhibited together in the

Art Gallery of Derby, his native town. The pictures show that he was an interested student of science, and that there were educated people in his native town who took a keen interest in experimental science. Another feature of special interest is a paper on 'Recent Literary Tendencies.' The study of recent advances in science and the Notes are of great value.

Poetry (January).—The editor discusses Mr. Aldington's article in *The Fortnightly* on 'The Art of Poetry.' 'Poetry stands where it always did. The suggestion that "Modern" poetry can differ essentially from that which preceded it is fundamentally false.' Some pleasant poems are given in the number, and the editor's translation of *The Inferno* is continued. (February).—Besides its poems, an article on 'Merseyside Poetry' pays tribute to the sonnets of Mr. W. C. Roscoe, grandson of Liverpool's distinguished historian, and to Sir W. Watson, who spent most of his early life in that city, and to Mr. le Galienne, who was born in Birkenhead.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review.—In the October number three-fourths of the space is devoted to the second part of Professor Gustav Krüger's review of 'Literature on Church History' in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, 1914–1920. A most useful survey is given of publications referring to 'The Mediaeval Church.' A comment on Deussen's *General History of Philosophy* will interest theological students. It is written 'with especial regard to religions,' and in mediaeval philosophy the author finds 'a projection of the New Testament teaching upon the well-prepared field of Greek philosophy'; a special merit of his presentation is 'his vivid portrayal of the influence which the culture of the Moslem and Jewish worlds exerted on Christian philosophy.' Professor Anesaki, of the University of Tokio, contributes an informing article on 'Social Unrest and Spiritual Agitation in Present-day Japan.' He notes the appearance of new religious movements, 'ranging from impetuous revivalism and great visions to calm self-renunciation,' and he regards them as challenging traditional beliefs and as representing 'an aspiration toward a thorough review of spiritual values.'

Methodist Review (New York) (November, 1922).—The variety and interest of this Review are well sustained by the editor, Dr. G. Elliott. The first article is by Professor F. B. Snyder on 'Our American Ideals.' These the writer understands as 'the accumulated result of three centuries of English-speaking life on this continent,' centuries containing many confusions and struggles and mistakes, but also the building up of 'a civilization which we need not be ashamed to pass on to our children.' The veteran Dr. H. C. Sheldon writes on 'Mohammedanism as related to the prospect of World-Peace.' 'The New Mysticism' is described by the Rev. H. A. Reed as 'more of an effort and an aspiration rather than (*sic*) an achievement.' But it is a promising effort. Professor Beiler writes on 'The Prevailing Thought of God'—a subject which, of course, can

be barely touched in a review article. 'Matthew Arnold as an Ethical Teacher,' 'Feoder Dostoievski,' and 'The Preacher and Modern Poetry,' are titles which speak for themselves. The subordinate sections of the Review contain important and interesting papers, e.g. 'The Doctrinal Test of Membership,' 'Methodists and the Theatre,' 'The Biblical Account of Creation,' 'Wilhelm Herrmann,' together with many thoughtful and discriminating 'Book Notices.'

Methodist Quarterly Review (Nashville) (October, 1922).—This established organ of the M.E. Church South is now well edited by Gilbert T. Rowe. The greatly respected Professor of Vanderbilt University, Dr. W. F. Tillett, opens this number by an admirable article on 'The Hand of God in American History.' The story of Laban in the light of the code Hammurabi is unfolded in a paper by Dr. A. H. Godbey entitled 'Shylock in the Old Testament.' An appreciative notice of Bishop J. C. Kilgo by the editor incidentally gives an interesting picture of Southern Methodism. The article 'Is there a Galatian Problem?' will introduce some readers to an important section of New Testament study, but it touches the real problems only on the surface. Other articles are 'Will the Church Secure a New Grip of Vital Truths?' by J. F. Jenners, 'Shall we be Pessimists?' by J. C. Montgomery, and 'Omar, the Fugitive Moment, and Americanitis,' by D. M. Key.

Journal of Religion (November, 1922).—The Rev. C. W. Emmett, of Oxford, contributes the first paper, on 'The Methodist Movement in the Church of England.' He describes the problems which need to be solved, not only by Modernism, but by the Christian Church as a whole. In 'Psycho-Analysis and Religion' Dr. A. Cronbach, of the Hebrew Union College, pleads for the careful collation, sifting, and classification of material needed in a new department of study. Two characteristic papers for students of religion are 'From Comparative Religion to History of Religion,' by A. E. Haydon, and 'Religion and Anthropology,' by S. F. MacLennan. The articles on 'The Weakness of Protestantism in American Cities' and 'The Spirit of Evangelical Christianity,' by G. Birney Smith, complete a number which contains abundant food for thought, but in its tendency is more critical than constructive.

Princeton Theological Review (October).—The first article, by W. B. Greene, is entitled 'Yet Another Criticism of the Theory of Evolution.' It 'presupposes God throughout,' and the argument 'rests ultimately on metaphysics.' Consequently, we fear, it will be set aside by those who view the subject from the standpoint of physical science. The article 'Is God Almighty?' raises a question which is answered by the writer, W. H. Johnson, chiefly on biblical data; a further instalment, however, of the argument is promised. Other articles are 'Fossils as Age-Markers in Geology,' by G. M. Price, an instalment of 'Peter Martyr and the Colloquy of Poissy,' by B. F. Paist, and 'The Justification of Capitalism,' by Professor W. M. Clow, of Glasgow University. The traditions of this Review,

so long edited by Dr. B. B. Warfield, are ably followed by those who continue his work.

Bibliotheca Sacra (January).—In the editorial notes attention is called to the words of the greatest American banker just before his death: 'Character is far better security than collateral. Why, only yesterday I loaned a man a million dollars absolutely on his character; he has no collateral.' Professor Koenig, of Bonn, writes on 'The Problem of Monism.' Dr. Mears says in 'Plotinus in Human Thought' that 'his unifying conception of the soul as purely immaterial and spiritual essence was a contribution which was universally adopted, and which became the fundamental basis of all idealistic thought, whether Christian or otherwise.' Lieut.-Colonel Turton arranges in order the events of the first Easter Day as given in the four Gospels, with some helpful notes. A study of the traditional Virgin Mary in the Light of the Word, and a critical note on Luther's New Testament, are other features in this important number.

FOREIGN

Analecta Bollandiana. Tomus XI. Fasc. III. and IV. (Brussels).—Paulus Peeters deals with 'Translations and Translators in the Oriental Hagiography of the Byzantine Epoch.' The Christian literature of the East was largely drawn from Greek literature. The lines of propagation for Egypt, Armenia, and other countries are indicated in this scholarly piece of research. Père Delahaye concludes his study of the martyrs of Egypt, giving the Passion of three saintly martyrs and an index to the series of articles. Professor Jordan, of the University of Paris, discusses the date of Catherine of Sienna's birth, which he sets down at about 1847.

Calcutta Review (December and January).—Agnes R. Haigh writes on 'Indian Political Conditions.' She says the recent Reform Act has already to some extent brought India into line with the self-governing countries of the world. She is no longer constrained to view all outside events through Anglo-Saxon eyes. The story of India since her association with England is clearly outlined, and the benefits of the new system are impressively stated. The January number opens with 'Pages from the Past,' which describes the controversy over the appointment of Sir George Barlow as Governor-General in 1805. An important article deals with police administration in Bengal, and there are other papers of great interest.

Revue des Sciences Philosophiques et Théologiques (January).—M. Rabeau's 'Fact and Intuition' is a valuable study of the relativist doctrines of experience. In a note M. Bliquet deals with 'The Point of Insertion of Grace in Man according to Saint Thomas,' and reaches the conclusion that the problem is still open. In the 'Chronicle' reference is made to the Tutankhamen discoveries in Egypt. The summary of reviews is very full.