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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

APRIL, 1928

THOMAS HARDY: JUNE 2, 1840—JAN. 11, 1928

THOMAS HARDY died in his eighty-eighth year, and the nation saluted in silence. Westminster Abbey will for ever tell of his name, and Wessex will for ever hold his heart. Fifty-seven years ago he wrote his first novel, and thirty-one years ago his last. He passed through the fires of fierce, and sometimes cruel, criticism, to a place of highest honour in the world of letters. For many years Max Gate, Dorchester, has been a royal house, and Thomas Hardy an uncrowned king of literature. In 1897 he laid down the pen of the novelist and took up that of the poet. The two pens were not unlike, for this novelist was often a poet, and this poet sometimes a novelist. Lionel Johnson, in 1894, in his brilliant study, *The Art of Thomas Hardy*, places Hardy without hesitation amongst the great English writers, and the passing of the years has confirmed that judgement. Thomas Hardy takes his place in the noble line of novelists—Fielding, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Hardy. The scenes of Hardy's novels, and his characters, are becoming increasingly familiar, and time has given a greater, and not a less, vividness to them. Although Hardy has only just passed from us, he belongs as a novelist to another age, and we can view him with a certain detachment. We believe that, while *Under the Greenwood Tree* recalls to us some of the characteristic gifts of Hardy, it is rather in the tragic stories written by him that we see the highest range of his powers. It is by these that he will prove his enduring

fame. In the six great tragic stories—*Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), *The Return of the Native* (1878), *The Mayor of Casterbridge* (1886), *The Woodlanders* (1887), *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* (1891), *Jude the Obscure* (1896)—we see the scope and sweep of Hardy's gifts. In these novels we discover Hardy's extraordinary intimacy with Nature in all its moods, his close acquaintance with the peasantry and his knowledge of their ways of speech, his mordant irony, his exquisite sympathy with the suffering of men and animals, his mastery of style, his bewitching artistry, his curious familiarity with the folk-lore and the ancient history and landmarks of Wessex, his knowledge of and use of the superstitions of the country-side. It is in the six novels of tragedy that we see Hardy at his greatest, and it is to these that we shall limit our attention in this short study.

Hardy points out, in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, that many of the names of ancient glory and family estate appear amongst the peasantry of Wessex, and that these names of high family now belong to those of low estate. Amongst other names he mentions his own—Hardy. There is no doubt that he has recovered for that name the old title-deeds, reclaimed the estates, and increased their extent. For he is now the Lord of wide Wessex. He is Lord of Dorchester; he has staked out his claim throughout the villages of Dorset; and wherever we travel in that lovely country we are aware of his presence, and that his characters haunt the places to which he first attached them. Stinsford, where his heart now lies, Shaftesbury, the Blackmoor Vale, Puddletown, Bere Regis, the country of *The Woodlanders*, Sherborne, the Downs of Wantage, all speak of him. He shares with the creator of *King Lear* that stretch of moor-land we call Egdon Heath.

Millet's peasantry stand for ever on the soil of the fields round about Barbizon; the characters of Dickens are seen in the courts of old London Inns and walk its streets; Hardy's men and women work in the fields of Dorset, and

talk in its market-places, and roam across its heaths. He is for ever Hardy of Wessex, not of Westminster; not even the national funeral in the Abbey could filch a portion of him from his beloved Wessex. It is because his characters speak so truly of Wessex that they appeal to us so insistently—for they tell of race, of soil, and are real men and women. No explorer ever staked out his claim so convincingly as Hardy; no military leader ever so thoroughly subdued and conquered a country-side. He shares Egdon Heath with Shakespeare, and Wessex with King Alfred.

Hardy spent some of his early youth in London, working in the office of Sir Arthur Blomfield at 8 Adelphi Terrace. It is interesting to recall that until recently Mr. Bernard Shaw dwelt a few doors away from there, and that Sir J. M. Barrie still resides a few yards from where Hardy worked as a young architect. They were both pall-bearers at Hardy's funeral in Westminster. Hardy soon forsook the profession of the architect and devoted himself to literary work, yet no experience of Hardy's life was more potent in his work than that of his early profession. He never ceased to be an architect. We realize that in his novels there is a most exact planning; they all reveal symmetry and design and the architect's skill. We see the architect at work in all his stories. We do not refer to his descriptions of old manor houses and churches—although only one greatly interested in architecture could write of them as he does—but to the designing of his plots, to their essential unity and austere simplicity. Lascelles Abercrombie likened the work of Hardy to that of the sculptor. The sculptor designs first, and then chisels the marble and releases the angel which vision flashed before his eyes. There is something statuesque about Hardy's greatest characters—the rugged and all too strong Henchard; Tess, with her broken heart and her pure soul; Marty South, with love unrequited and yet so constant; Gabriel Oak, with his noble loyalty and deathless love. There they all stand, clearly sculptured

against the background of fields, farms, woodland scenery, and market town. Hardy calls Tess 'a figure which is part of the landscape.' He is architect, sculptor, and artist. He has the dreaming meditation of the artist. He sought the great solitudes and the deep silences. He dwelt amongst his own people and his own country-side, because he loved them, and coveted, for his art, stillness and peace. He has—to quote the Wordsworthian phrase—his eye on the object. He looks at the object with penetrating gaze—designs, sculptures, paints. Surely he describes himself when he says of Angel Clare, 'He made close acquaintance with phenomena—the seasons in their moods, morning and evening, night and noon, winds in their different tempers, trees, waters, mists, shades and silences, and the voices of inanimate things.'

Far from the Madding Crowd is the title of one of his greatest novels, and is in part a description of his life. The eyes of Gabriel Oak, which see so many things that the town dwellers cannot see, even if transported to Wessex, are really the eyes of Thomas Hardy. Hardy did indeed gaze at the heavens. Only a real star-gazer could have written these words: 'A difference of colours in the stars—oftener read of than seen in England—was really perceptible here. The kingly brilliancy of Sirius pierced the eye with a steely glitter, the star called Capella was yellow, Aldebaran and Betelgueux shone with a fiery red.' How carefully he watched the man in the fields! Gabriel Oak is at work in the season of the lambing of his ewes. Hardy describes him at his toil, and says: 'Oak's motions, though they had a quiet energy, were slow, and their deliberateness accorded well with his occupation. Fitness being the basis of all beauty, nobody could have denied that his steady swings and turns in about the flock had elements of grace.' His awareness of natural phenomena is amazing! He notes the things which we never see and is aware of their significance. Gabriel Oak knows the great storm is coming, because near

to the door of his cottage he sees a large toad; within the room he finds a 'huge brown garden-slug'; outside he sees the sheep huddled together, and notices that on his sudden appearance they are not startled. 'They had now a terror of something greater than their terror of man. But this was not the most noteworthy feature: they were all grouped in such a way that their tails, without a single exception, were towards that half of the horizon from which the storm threatened . . . the flock as a whole not being unlike a vandyked lace collar, to which the clump of furze-bushes stood in the position of a wearer's neck.' What extraordinary observation, and what an artistic description! Hardy was a great landscape painter, and his brush was his pen. He can paint on a small canvas and on a large one. Scattered through his books we find both kinds of his artistry. His most brilliant piece of literary painting is the opening chapter of *The Return of the Native*. It can stand, without any sense of inferiority, beside the pictures of Claude, Turner, Constable, and Corot.

Hardy never allows his love of Nature to make him merely a landscape painter. He does not paint a scene and dot a few dimly discerned people upon the country-side. He never overcrowds his canvas, but he certainly subordinates the scenery to the characters. His characters have a home and a country-side, and they dominate them. He describes the lush meadows of Talbothays, the bleakness of Starveacre Farm, the solitude of Stonehenge. But he does this with one purpose. For he desires us to see Tess in the scenery of the situation in which she is placed. Hardy was indeed a lover of Nature, but he loved men and women more. He describes Egdon Heath, not only that we may realize its beauty, but that we may see vividly Clym Yeobright, Diggory Venn, Eustacia Vye. With fine fidelity he depicts for us the farm and land round about 'Weatherbury,' and as we read his description we see the scene vividly. But he describes that country-side to show to us the life and

manners of Bathsheba Everdene, of Sergeant Troy, of Gabriel Oak, and of the village rustics.

It is interesting to note how firmly he sets his characters in the midst of Wessex, and that there is a real compactness of composition. The scenery and the *dramatis personae* speak, not of two entities, but of one. If we separate one from the other, the reality of each is gone. Thomas Hardy seems to be strangely ill at ease when he creates characters and locates them outside Wessex. Fortunately, he rarely did this, for both in life and in fiction he dwelt amongst his own people. Hardy wrote great tragedies, not of kings and queens or of royal Court life, but of Tess, a milkmaid; of Jude, a stonemason; of Giles Winterborne, a planter of trees; of Gabriel Oak, a yeoman farmer; of Henchard, the corn merchant and self-made man who became Mayor of Casterbridge. He recalls the tragedy of Egdon Heath, not in the story of a king called Lear, but in that of a middle-class and broken-hearted mother.

The characters of whom he writes, and whose fortunes—chiefly misfortunes—he tells, are, with scarcely any exceptions, not only dwelling in Wessex, but have never dwelt anywhere else. He sees in the country realm of Wessex a stage which is wide enough to reveal great tragedies. He speaks of Wessex when he writes: 'It was one of the sequestered spots outside the gates of the world where may usually be found more meditation than action; more listlessness than meditation; where reasoning proceeds on narrow premisses, and results in inferences wildly imaginative; yet where, from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein.' He refuses to view the rustics of his country-side as living lives of small significance, for he looked within rather than without, and saw the oceanic storms which raged within them, and knew the capacity for tragedy which is revealed in the lives of the lowly. He

gives a royal grandeur to Tess, to Giles Winterborne, to Gabriel Oak, to Marty South. His noblest characters become regal through their sufferings, and are crowned with the crown of thorns.

There is a seeming perversity about Hardy's writing; but so there is about every writer who chooses tragedy as his *métier*. His pity cries out for the happy ending to his stories, but the artist in him will not allow him thus to spoil his work. For often the happy ending does not improve, but mars, a work of art. We do not ask for it in *Hamlet* or *King Lear*, and the Book of Job is not made more musical by such a close to its story. If the forces which make for tragedy are once let loose, the writer must allow them to move towards their destined end. There is, however, in Hardy a little touch of perversity in detail. We think that many feel it in the story which tells how Tess writes a letter to Angel Clare before her wedding which, if it had been received by him, would have averted the tragedy. She slides it under the door of his room, and he never receives it, for it slips underneath the carpet. Life scarcely works in this fashion. We feel the same when we read in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* of the return of the sailor, the father of Elizabeth Jane. The time of his arrival, its unexpectedness, is strange, passing strange. He asks a little too much from extreme and odd coincidences. We note too many strange accidents and coincidences in the tragic walk of Mrs. Yeobright to her son, Clym—the closed door, the repelled mother, and the sequence of improbable mistakes which prevent the reconciliation. We think, however, that this microscopic examination of his plots is a little too furtively detective. Hardy's tragedies always proceed out of something—in Tess we see the hopeless and careless home life, the betrayal of the maid, the procrastination at critical moments, the brutality of Alec D'Urberville, and the crass stupidity of Angel Clare. Hardy gives us the record of events out of which Tragedy is fashioned. We admit that

sometimes he drops down from the dignity of tragedy to the low level of melodrama; but the end of a Hardy tragedy speaks, not of hopeless defeat, but of that which purifies the passions. We know it is well with Tess, with Giles Winterborne, with Henchard. The storm of tragedy is lulled to rest, and there is a great calm. We agree with Lionel Johnson's judgement that Hardy's philosophic comments, his bursts of fierce irony, his thunderings against the universe, are dragged in, and do not arise out of his story. These passages can be cut out of his stories without maiming them; yea, rather, their elimination increases the artistic value and the essential unity of the stories. For his novels tell, not of the cruelty of the universe, but of the tragic happenings which come through man's inhumanity to man. The greed, lust, brutality, and selfishness of others break the lives of Tess, Giles Winterborne, and Fanny Robin, but we realize that they are greater and stronger than all the forces of tragedy which drive them to death. It is vain to deny that there is a deep pessimistic strain in Hardy, but it is also foolish to fail to realize that the final effect of his writing is not pessimistic. He teaches us how men and women can suffer, and with what dignity. There must be much good in a world that can produce a Tess, a Giles Winterborne, a Gabriel Oak, and a Marty South.

Hardy reveals dark skies, fierce storms, the hard, tragic facts of life; but he brings to them an extraordinarily tender and delicate pity. He wept with Tess and for Tess long before we did. He made her sorrows his own, and the words he prefixed to that story speak of his tender pity for her:

> Poor wounded name! My bosom as a bed
> Shall lodge thee.

Hardy is full of exquisitely sensitive nerves. No one can doubt that who reads his works. He suffers with all who are driven out into the pitiless and storm-driven heath of life.

Hardy's compassionate heart goes out to all outcasts, whether they are exiled by their own fault or by that of others. He treats life personally and never abstractly. There is an undertone which we can often hear in his writings. It rises and swells in sound. 'Why is there all this sorrow arising out of so little fault? Why should the prison-house be built by circumstance around the lives of men and women?' Hardy is sensitive to Nature, but he is more keenly sensitive to human sorrow. When we see Tess drenched with rain, with bleeding hands and broken heart, hacking swedes in the damp, clammy, stony fields of Starve-acre Farm, we know that only a man with a deep and tender pity could have made us hear her weep. It speaks of something more than artistry, and of a diviner thing—compassion. He states fact after fact, and he gets his effect, not through, but without, moralizing comment. He drenches all his hard, terrible facts in pity. He does not gaze as a spectator at the long, lonely sorrows of Tess; he stands in them, and they wring his heart. Here we touch upon one of Hardy's greatest notes. He does not know how to free prisoners, but he enters into the darkness of bondage with them and wears their chains. No one can read *The Return of the Native* without for ever remembering that walk of Mrs. Yeobright along the long road across the heath to seek reconciliation with her son. There is the closed door, and the walk back under the burning sun. She walks until she stumbles, falls to the earth, dies. Only a man with a great heart could have written the story of the tragic scene in which Death comes as a swift release to a mother's anguish and despair. It touches sublimity, and, therefore, moves us to tears. We note the same pity in the way in which Hardy limns the character of Henchard. We see the man's obstinacy, his passions, his wild and ungovernable temper. He sets down all his faults; but we pity him because Hardy makes us do so. He shows us that the man is greater than his sins, for he is hungry for love. Henchard is great amidst the ruins of his life, for the

lamp of love still burns within his soul. He creeps away to die in a broken hut on a lonely moor. But that lonely death has a touch of sublimity in it. Every one forgets him; but not Hardy and his pity. Hardy makes no great gap betwixt men and the animal world, for they are both wrapped about in mystery, and both call for our pity. He tells us of the young Jude being hired by the farmer to frighten the birds away with his clacker. He refrains from doing so because 'they took upon them more and more the aspect of gentle friends and pensioners.' We might rightly call that phrase Franciscan. We see this tender pity revealed both in the novels and in his poetry, as in 'The Blinded Bird,' and 'The Puzzled Game Birds.' There is no writer who, to our knowledge, has revealed a greater and more tender compassion than Thomas Hardy. We shall never rightly understand his most stormy protests, or his challenge to gods and men, unless we realize that his protests welled up out of a heart that bled, and out of a deep and boundless pity.

It is difficult to-day to understand the anger that was aroused when *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* was first published. The sub-title was *A Pure Woman*. We all believe now that it was rightly chosen. Probably Hardy has done much to give us a deeper insight. We know that, in that book which was once so cruelly judged, Thomas Hardy removed ethics from the Old Bailey to the hearth-side; that he took the standard of Jesus and not of the Pharisees. The story of *Tess* might also be called *The Conversion of Angel Clare*. The tragic happening comes because Angel Clare casts off Tess when she tells him the story of her early womanhood. Hardy shows that Angel Clare's father, the evangelical vicar, and his mother, would have judged more truly. He says of them, 'Her present condition was precisely one which would have enlisted the sympathies of old Mr. and Mrs. Clare. Their hearts went out at a bound towards extreme cases.' But to return to Clare and his stupid cruelty, and his blinded ethical judgements. Let us look carefully at the way in which he passes

from his pharisaical attitude to one of pitying understanding. He leaves Tess, goes to Brazil, and in the land of great silences asks himself questions—'Clare asked himself why he had not judged Tess constructively rather than biographically, by the will rather than by the deed.' Here Clare is learning to look at Tess in the white light of reality. What does the past matter if she wills purity in the present? Clare begins to see the worthlessness of judgements which are based upon past acts rather than upon present willing. Hardy carefully shows the road along which Clare travels in order to reach a new way of looking at life.

'During this time of absence he had mentally aged a dozen years. What arrested him now as of value in life was less its beauty than its pathos.' He said, 'Who was the moral man? Still more pertinently, who was the moral woman? The beauty and ugliness of character lay, not only in its achievements, but in its aims and impulses; its true history lay, not among things done, but amongst things willed.' Here Clare finds the real valuation, for he refuses to acknowledge any other test than that of the present purpose of the whole personality.

'Thus from being a critic he grew to be her advocate. Cynical things he had uttered to himself about her; but no man can be always a cynic and live; and he withdrew them. The mistake of expressing them had arisen from his allowing himself to be influenced by general principles, to the disregard of the particular instance.'

Surely Hardy is here giving us words of insight and power, and at this point is testing life by the principles of Jesus. Here you have the old war betwixt the Pharisee and Jesus. Simon judges the woman by general principles and biographically; Jesus sees that her true history lies, not among things done, but amongst things willed. Jesus saw the sinful woman's essential purity, for purity is not a jewel which, once lost, is lost for ever; it is an affair of the will. So Jesus says to her, 'Thy sins are forgiven. . . . Go

into peace.' It is easy now to say what Hardy said in the story of Tess. We must, however, remember that Hardy said it thirty-seven years ago, and the assertion of it brought forth a screaming chorus of angry voices. But that anger has now passed away, and we know that on this question he was right, and that he stood on the side of the teaching of the Gospels, and that his message was first spoken by Jesus, in the house of Simon the Pharisee, to that so sorrowful and so tenderly loving woman who *was* a sinner.

Pessimism deeply tinges much of Hardy's work, but there is also revealed in his writings a love which unfolds a great optimism. He knows of the love which hopeth all things, beareth all things, believeth all things. For Hardy writes of lovers who look on tempests and are never shaken; who love on, despite the sins and follies of the beloved, and reveal a love that never faileth. We see this in Henchard, the Mayor of Casterbridge; in Diggory Venn, in Tess, in Gabriel Oak, and Marty South. He speaks of 'the grim fidelity' of Gabriel Oak, and in that yeoman farmer we see a love which time and disaster cannot destroy. But it is in the description of Marty South that Hardy shows the wealth and treasure of the unrequited lover. Giles Winterborne, whom she has loved with a tender and unrewarded love, is dead. But death cannot impair her love, and we see her, at the end of the story, keeping vigil over the grave of her beloved. She is only, to outward view, a poor woman labourer in the woods, but Thomas Hardy reveals her real grandeur: 'As this solitary and silent girl stood there in the moonlight, a straight figure, clothed in a plaitless gown, the contours of womanhood so undeveloped as to be scarcely perceptible, the marks of poverty and toil effaced by the misty hour, she touched sublimity at points.' There is something strangely appealing in this rustic maiden, and her speech certainly touches sublimity: 'Now, my own, own love,' she whispered, 'you are mine and on'y mine; for she has forgot 'ee at last, although for her you died. But I—

whenever I get up, I'll think of 'ee, and whenever I lie down I'll think of 'ee. Whenever I plant the young larches I'll think that none can plant as you planted; and whenever I split a gad, and whenever I turn the cider wring, I'll say none could do it like you. If ever I forget your name, let me forget home and heaven! . . . But no, no, my love, I never can forget 'ee; for you was a good man, and did good things!'

Hardy's cynicism is at times as biting and withering as the east wind, but he knew, as he said of Angel Clare, that 'no man can be always a cynic and live.' He was aware that the saying is also true of an author and his work. His sombre tints and gloomy view of life never hid from his eyes the vision of those men and women who live their lives in the strength of the words, 'Now abideth Faith, Hope, Love, but the greatest of these is Love.' He knew the deceits and betrayals of life, its sudden frustrations and dark tragedies, but he also saw, against life's Rembrandtesque background, men and women who revealed the grandeur of unconquerable heroism and the infinite beauty and pitying tenderness of a deathless Love.

W. Bardsley Brash.

THE RELIGIOUS BASIS OF PLATO'S PHILOSOPHY

WE have all been accustomed, on the authority of our teachers, to regard Plato as the 'master of those who think,' and, however unfamiliar we may be with philosophers and philosophical doctrines, we all realize in some fashion that philosophy and science and theology, too, owe to him a very great debt. The debt is so great that it can hardly be calculated; so many of his phrases and ideas have become a part of our everyday mental equipment, while poetry and religion are permeated with his thoughts. Yet, when a man sets himself to the task of describing Plato's system as a whole, a curious uncertainty comes over him. There is so much difference of opinion among his interpreters as to what his ultimate system was. Professor Burnet[1] has recently said that the time has not yet come for an attempt to expound the Platonic philosophy as a whole; many riddles have still to be read, many gaps in the evidence to be filled up. Under these circumstances it would be impossible in a brief paper to try to deal with Plato in any comprehensive way. My aim here is much simpler. I wish to indicate one of the paths by which a modern reader may seek to approach the study of Plato.

To follow this avenue of approach it will be essential to have a clear understanding of the terms we are going to use, viz. *religion*, *philosophy*, and, in a minor degree, *science*. Many scholars have noted with surprise that the Greek language, in spite of all its wealth of vocabulary, possessed no word for 'religion.' On inquiry, too, one finds that the Greeks had no precise equivalent for 'science' in the modern sense. Yet we know that both religion and science flourished among them. A parallel case might be found in a

[1] See *The Legacy of Greece*, ed. R. W. Livingstone, p. 85.

phenomenon of the economic world, where there arises, as time goes on, a greater and greater division of labour, a more and more extensive differentiation of crafts. In the primitive village the blacksmith is plumber and cutler as well as smith, the carpenter is also the undertaker; whereas in the complex modern town each is distinct. So, in the life of language, there comes, with the lapse of ages, a greater differentiation in the usage of words, and at length the need is felt for a new symbol to express something that has nevertheless always existed. It would seem, therefore, that in the ancient Greek world, during the period that we are considering, one word had to do duty for religion, philosophy, and science, and that word was *philosophia*, 'love of wisdom.' The gossip Diogenes Laertius[1] tells us that the first man to use the word *philosophy* was Pythagoras, and that he coined it in a spirit of great humility, believing that wisdom itself could never come within man's reach, only the 'love of wisdom,' for wisdom was the possession of God alone. We know what philosophy was for Pythagoras. It consisted chiefly of what we should call religion. It was a 'way of life,' a way of life that involved a ceaseless purification of the soul, the soul being entombed in the body and seeking release from the wheel of birth. For the rest, Pythagorean philosophy was exactly what we call science, more particularly mathematical, musical, and medical science. At a later date Aristotle[2] applied the term 'philosopher' to the predecessors, as well as to the successors, of Pythagoras, and made 'philosophy' describe the activities of the Ionians, who were just scientists, with no religion at all, as well as those of the Eleatics, who devoted themselves more to what we should call pure philosophy. Hence it was that the word 'philosophy' in the time of Plato was a word of complex meaning, embracing more than one branch of wisdom. To Plato the word meant all the three things we have

[1] Diogenes Laertius, i. 12.

[2] Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, A, 3, 983*b* 21; 6, 987*a* 29, &c.

spoken of; it was religion, philosophy, and science in one. It is doubtful whether he ever separated in his mind religion and philosophy. That he did, to some extent, think of science apart is plain, not only from the famous passage in the *Republic*, where mathematics is assigned to a lower section of the line than dialectic,[1] but also from the *Timaeus*, where the scientific portion of the work is called a 'probable account,' the product of a lower form of intelligence than that which creates philosophy.[2] Yet science must have come to her own at last, even with Plato, for, out of the cloud of legend that surrounds his teaching in the Academy and the *Unwritten Thoughts* of his later life, at least this gleam of truth has penetrated to us—that his last years were concentrated on the study of mathematics.

But what is religion and what is philosophy and what is science? Where is the dividing-line? Most of us would agree that religion is that by which we live—a set of concepts or beliefs which supply the motive-force for life and conduct. Galloway has defined it thus: 'Religion is man's faith in a power beyond himself, whereby he seeks to satisfy emotional needs and gain stability of life, and which he expresses in acts of worship and service.'[3] Religion is of personal value to the believer. But philosophy, according to our view, does not involve all this for its possessor; it is not a matter of life and death. It springs rather from the instinct of curiosity, being a serious endeavour to understand the world and man and their interrelationship, for the sole sake of understanding, and with the aid of reason alone. In its general attitude towards its material, philosophy resembles science; it differs from science in its subject-matter, and in its method of approaching that subject-matter. Whereas science deals with a particular portion of the world, that portion varying from science to science,

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[1] Plato, *Republic*, vi. 510 C–D. [2] Plato, *Timaeus*, 48 D.

[3] G. Galloway, *The Philosophy of Religion*, p. 184.

philosophy treats of the world as a whole, so far as it may be understood by man; it seeks to see in the universe a single co-ordinated system of things, and there is no region of the universe that it does not question. It investigates the principles of science, whereas science takes its subject-matter for granted, and regards it always as an object external to the mind, not, as philosophy, in relation to the mind.

My suggestion, therefore, is that the work of Plato should be considered in these three aspects—as religion, as philosophy, as science; and in the present paper we shall be concerned with the first two only. If we can see clearly for ourselves what part of his doctrine is definitely a religious datum, what part philosophical, even although we may not succeed any more than others in finding in Plato one coherent system, we shall at least understand better how he came to hold his particular views.

No reader can study Plato without receiving the impression that he was an intensely religious man; and when I speak here of 'Plato,' I mean the writer of the dialogues, without entering at all into the famous controversy as to whether in those dialogues he was expressing the views of Socrates or of himself. One historian says that it is a question that is interesting only to antiquarians. Without taking as extreme a position as that, I think one can maintain that the chief thing is to have the philosophy, whether it was that of Socrates or of Plato. When, therefore, I speak of Platonic doctrine, I shall mean the doctrine of the Platonic dialogues, for, although nearly all the views I shall mention were put into the mouth of Socrates, I have no doubt that Plato held them as much as, or more than, his master. Now both Socrates and Plato probably came under Pythagorean influence, i.e. a deeply religious influence, which had its roots in Orphic and Dionysiac beliefs. The first and most important belief for such a man would be that his soul (meaning by 'soul' in this context the conscious personality)

was his most precious possession. This soul, as the Orphics taught, was of divine origin; so Plato, in the *Timaeus*, says: 'It is a heavenly, not an earthly, plant.'[1] One of the passages in which this belief is uttered most impressively is that final portion of the *Phaedo* where Crito has asked Socrates: 'But how would you like to be buried?'

'Just as you please,' said Socrates, 'if you can but catch me, and I do not escape you.' And at the same time, gently laughing and addressing himself to us: 'I cannot persuade Crito,' said he, 'my friends, that I am that Socrates who now disputes with you, and orders every part of the discourse; he thinks that I am he whom he will shortly behold dead, and asks how I am to be buried. And all that long discourse which some time since I addressed to you, saying that after I had drunk the poison I should no longer remain with you, but should depart to certain joys of the Blessed, this I seem to have declared to him in vain.'[2]

That this recognition of the soul as an entity apart from the body, and the assumption that it does not perish with the body, were acts of religious faith is proved by all the words and deeds of Socrates on that last day of his life. When his friends doubted his belief in the immortality of the soul, he had recourse to three different metaphysical arguments to prove it, none of which succeeded in producing complete conviction in his hearers. It was proved, if at all, by the superb confidence of the believer himself. With his latest breath, when the greater part of his body was already numbed by the poison, he uncovered his face, and said: 'Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius; pay this debt for me, and do not forget it'—a last offering this to the God of Healing, who had cured him of life's fitful fever, and brought him to true health in the next world.

The divine nature of the soul and its immortality, then, were articles of religious faith with Socrates and with Plato. Whether their belief was in a personal or an impersonal

[1] Plato, *Timaeus*, 90 A.
[2] Plato, *Phaedo*, 115 C–D.
[3] Ibid., 118 A.

immortality it is difficult to say. If the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which occurs in so many of the myths, is to be taken seriously, it would seem that the soul retains a certain reminiscence of its previous personality, or, at least, retains the influences of its previous incarnation, when it comes to the choice of a new life, after its intervening period of reward or punishment. But such continuity cannot, of course, be regarded as equivalent to the soul's immortality as held by many of the Christian Churches. Sometimes, too, one comes across a passage which leads one to feel that the ultimate destiny of the soul is its union with the great impersonal soul of the All. This would imply that the soul does not persist in the sense of separate 'conscious personality.' In the *Theaetetus*, for instance, we read:

> But it is not possible that evils should cease to be—since by reason of necessity there must always be something contrary to the good—neither can they have their seat among the gods, but of necessity they haunt mortal nature and this region of ours. Wherefore our aim should be to escape hence to that other world with all speed. And the way of escape is by becoming like God in so far as we may. And the becoming like is in becoming just and holy by taking thought—God is never in any wise unjust, but most perfectly just, and there is nothing more like to him than one of us who should make himself just to the limit of man's power.[1]

This leads us on to the question whether Plato's religion included a belief in God. We have noticed the use of the word 'God' in the above quotation, and there are many others where it occurs in the plural, as well as in the singular. A doubt has been expressed as to whether Plato does not always use 'God' in a popular, mythical sense, without believing the dogma literally. In the *Timaeus*,[2] for instance, where the world is described as being created by God, we know beyond dispute that a literal creation was not meant, that Plato was imparting philosophical truth in a myth or

[1] Plato, *Theaetetus*, 176 A–C (tr. P. E. More).

[2] Plato, *Timaeus*, 30 A, &c.

story, and hence no literal belief in God can be deduced from that dialogue. But there is abundant evidence that Socrates, and Plato too, believed in some good power at work in the world. Socrates, at the end of the *Apology*, affirmed that 'there is no evil for a good man, either living or dead, and his concerns are never neglected by the gods.'[1] There is, too, a famous passage in the *Phaedo* where Socrates is represented as relating his early experiences in the study of the world and man.[2] He tells how he had at first been greatly attracted to physical science, and had heard some one reading from a book of Anaxagoras a new doctrine, which was that Mind was the disposer and cause of all things. Socrates, in great joy, thought that he had found the pearl of great price which he had been seeking, namely, some means of explaining that everything in the universe was ordered for the best; for, if Mind disposed everything, surely it followed that it had all been done for the best, and he expected that Anaxagoras, in describing the causes and nature of physical things, would at the same time prove that it was best for them to be so. In short, he wanted from Anaxagoras a demonstration that the world had been constituted as it was for a good end, and was under the control of a beneficent power. How great was his disappointment when, on reading the book, he found that Anaxagoras, like a true scientist, talked chiefly of air and ether and other material causes, assigning to Mind quite a secondary importance, as if it were a material force merely, possessed of no moral character. From that time, says Socrates, he gave up the pursuit of physical science. Who can doubt that this desire for a good first cause, which was to make the world seem desirable and purposeful, was the expression of a religious emotion, a religious instinct, upon which Socrates wished his science to be based? If this view be correct, his wish was that reason should be set to work upon a major premiss that was provided by religion. Some may say that this passage refers to

[1] Plato, *Apology*, 41 D. [2] Plato, *Phaedo*, 97 C–E.

Socrates alone, without involving Plato himself. But the same kind of thought recurs frequently in other places, where Socrates is not the speaker. For instance, in the *Sophist* (248 E) the Eleatic stranger is made to exclaim: 'By Zeus! What is this? Are we going to believe out of hand that the Highest Being has in fact no motion or life or soul or intelligence?—a thing that neither lives nor thinks, but remains for ever fixed in solemn, holy, unconscious vacuity?' And Theaetetus answers: 'That would indeed be a terrible admission, Stranger!' In his religious moods, then, Plato really speaks as if he believed in some spiritual and personal being, a something not ourselves that makes for righteousness; and, from the point of view of religion, I do not think we can go far wrong in calling that something 'God.'

We find, therefore, that the Platonic discourses make constant reference to certain convictions of this kind, which the speakers are quite unable to prove, but to which the hearers are always exhorted to be loyal. Some of the most important of these convictions concern the soul: that the human soul is of divine origin, that it has an eternal destiny, is immortal, and, further, that the good of the soul must take precedence of every other good. This doctrine involves, of course, a distinct dualism, owing to the sharp antithesis that is made between the things of the soul and the things of the body, and to the recognition of the evil that is inherent in material things as opposed to the goodwill of God. Another great conviction is that the order of the universe has been disposed by a perfectly wise and righteous God, so that no evil can befall a good man in this world or in the next. The corollary to this conviction is the belief that a man's future happiness or misery depends precisely on the manner of his life in this present world.

I wish now to pass on to what I consider to be more distinctly the philosophy of Plato—that is, not the faith by which he lived, so much as the positions he arrived at in his

effort to understand the world and to attain to knowledge of it and of man. As already stated, one cannot see that Plato himself drew any such distinction; all for him was philosophy. But we shall be able to relate and to evaluate the various dogmas more intelligently if we draw some such distinction for ourselves, if, following Kant, we regard the great ideas of God, soul, cosmos, and the like as postulates of the spiritual life, which require no demonstration and are incapable alike of proof or refutation, while we consider the philosophical propositions to be postulates required for the advancement of knowledge.

There is every reason to think that Plato's religious postulates influenced to some extent his philosophical doctrine and his philosophical language. The dualism which we noticed in his separation of the soul from the body, and in the opposition of the interests of the one to those of the other, is repeated, as it were, in his consideration of the world as an object for philosophy. The world of sense is rigorously separated from the world of thought or ideas, and this great division pervades all the strictly philosophical dialogues, from the *Phaedo* onwards.[1] Even in the late *Timaeus* it is repeated: 'First there is that which is eternally and has no becoming, and again that which comes to be and never is; the first is comprehensible with the aid of reason, ever changeless, the other is opined by opinion with the aid of reasonless sensation, becoming and perishing, never truly existent.'[2] The connexion in thought between this view, which is part of Plato's Theory of Knowledge, and the other religious postulate of an unseen world where the soul spends the intervals between its incarnations, is indicated in many places, and very strikingly in the *Meno*, where Socrates calls upon a slave, who has had no instruction in geometry, to answer his questions regarding a square described upon the sand.[3] The slave is led, purely through questions, to admit

[1] See Plato, *Phaedo*, 79 C–D.
[2] Plato, *Timaeus*, 27 D–28 A.
[3] Plato, *Meno*, 82 C seq.

that the square on the diagonal will be double the original square. Socrates concludes that the knowledge thus elicited from the slave must have, in a sense, been his always, although he has never had instruction. True opinions regarding geometry have been aroused within him while he was, as it were, asleep and unconscious. His recovery of them from within himself has been a recollecting, and the recollection must have been of true opinions that were learned or imparted in some previous existence. The soul's knowledge is thus independent of the human body and independent of death.

This fancy is developed even more in the poetical myth of the *Phaedrus*, in which the souls of men are likened to a charioteer, with two winged steeds, one noble and the other unruly, whose aim it is to be carried round in the revolution of the upper heaven in the company of the blessed gods.[1] Many souls fail to keep to the path by reason of the plunging of the unruly steed, or the ill driving of the charioteer, but those who follow the course of the gods behold far above, in the plain of Truth, Justice Itself, Temperance Itself, Knowledge Itself, the Forms. Further,

> The soul who has never beheld this vision cannot pass into a human form, for it is a necessary condition of a man that he should apprehend according to that which is called a Form (Eidos), which, proceeding from a variety of perceptions, is by reasoning combined into a unity. And this is nothing more nor less than a recollection of those things which in time past our soul beheld, when it travelled with a god, and, looking high above what we now call real, lifted up its head into the region of Eternal Essence.

No one can fail to detect the ecstatic note in this description of the Forms or Ideas, for which the name of Plato is perhaps chiefly famed. The picture of the Forms as eternal essences seen on the plain of Truth has been rightly interpreted by Professor J. A. Stewart as an experience common to the artist or the seer.[2] The artist and the seer

[1] Plato, *Phaedrus*, 248 A seq.

[2] See Stewart's *Plato's Doctrine of Ideas*, pp. 185 seq.

have the power of isolating an object and contemplating it by concentration of interest. Psychologically this is known as a dream-state, in which mental images take the place of sense-presentations, a state of reverie. Such reverie comes to the artist in his moments of inspiration; it comes to the onlooker who sees the product of art and enters into its spirit; it comes, above all, to the seer, the prophet, and the religious visionary, who by ascetic practices attain to contemplation of Divine Being. In that reference of Plato to recollection there is something of the experience of the artist and the religious devotee. All artists and people of ecstatic temperament have had times when the sight of a beautiful object, or the mere sound of words, will give them that sure, irrepressible conviction that they are seeing or hearing again something known long ago in the past. Professor Stewart calls this feeling 'transcendental recollection.' Some such experience as this Plato had undoubtedly had, and it is significant that one of the early expositions of the doctrine of Forms is given in the language of aesthetic and religious experience. In all probability he first arrived at the doctrine by this path; and this side of the doctrine, as Professor Stewart has pointed out, was ever the more influential aspect with his followers. But there was another side, the side that had the greatest influence on subsequent philosophy, namely, the theory of Forms as a basis for the progress of science. Their inevitability in science may be realized by merely reading again one sentence from the *Phaedrus* myth: 'The soul that has never beheld the heavenly vision can never pass into human form, for a human being must inevitably apprehend according to that which is called a Form, which, proceeding from a variety of perceptions, is by reasoning combined into a unity.' There is obviously a logical process here; a unity is obtained by reason working upon different sense-presentations. Our own traditional psychology would have said that general concepts are formed by a mental

abstraction of the qualities common to groups of similar objects. Plato had not all these technical terms at his command, and, though he makes it plain that a logical process is being considered, he prefers to indicate that process in language that is, strictly speaking, applicable to the artist or the seer. Various terms have been suggested by moderns as equivalents for the Forms. Lotze described the Form as 'the validity of truth as such'; others made it represent 'a law of nature.' Professor Taylor says that the Form is the 'signification or intension of a class-name, as distinguished from its extension.' The term 'concept' can only be used with the understanding that the Form is not an act or process, but the thing which is known, and that it exists quite independently of the mind which knows it. Socrates, we are told by Aristotle, had gone a long way towards the formulation of this doctrine by his investigation of the meaning of moral terms.[1] He insisted on exact definitions of 'universals,' only, according to Aristotle, he had never reached the point of regarding the universal term as distinct from the particulars to which it applied. The Pythagoreans may have regarded the subject-matter of mathematics as distinct from the numbers and figures of everyday sense-impressions; Aristotle, at all events, believes that their theory that things 'resemble numbers' had a profound influence on the doctrine of Ideas. Plato's advance, according to him, was to extend the word Form (already employed probably by Socrates) to include both mathematical terms and also the ethical, moral, and aesthetic terms, such as Socrates had investigated, and ultimately all terms that are used in predication of any sort. Further, Plato made an attempt, at least, to connect the two worlds of sense and thought, and to explain the kind of interaction that goes on between them. To understand this interaction it would be well to repeat some of the actual language used by Plato in his *Phaedo* and *Republic* to describe the

[1] Aristotle, *Metaphysics*, A, 6, 987*b* seq.

doctrine of Forms. First, we have the affirmation that there are two different worlds.[1] 'Besides pluralities of phenomena, transient, mutable, and imperfect, which become and are objects of opinion, there are unities, eternal, immutable, perfect, which really exist, and are objects of knowledge.' These are called Forms or Ideas.[2] Secondly, 'wherever a plurality of particulars are called by the same name, there is a corresponding Form or Idea.'[3] Thirdly, 'it is the presence, immanence, or communion, of this Form or Idea which makes particular participants what they are.' All members of the class 'black,' for instance, are black in virtue of their participation in the Form of blackness.[4] Sometimes the relation of the particular to the Form is expressed by the simile of 'imitation' or 'reflection'; the Form is the pattern, of which the sensible thing is an image. Both 'imitation' and 'participation' are, of course, imagery, employed in default of technical language adequate to explain a logical idea. In the *Phaedo* it is made clear that the Forms have to be suggested to the thinker through the medium of the senses. A perfectly straight line is never seen in actual fact, but the sight of various approximations to straightness in the sensible objects around suggest a standard or perfection of 'straightness.' The Form is discovered by thought, but it is sense-experience that furnishes the data for thought. Hence the world of sense is in the end as essential to philosophy as the world of thought, although Plato, because of his religious bias, no doubt, denies all reality to the former; for the Form itself, to be known, must have a reflection in some sensible object, just as every sensible object is a complex, as it were, of imperfect reflections of various forms. This theory roused much criticism both within and without the school of Plato, and

[1] For these propositions see Dr. Jackson's article in *Companion to Greek Studies*, p. 208.

[2] Plato, *Phaedo*, 100 B, &c. [3] Plato, *Republic*, 596 A.

[4] Plato: *Phaedo*, 100 C; *Republic*, 476 A.

the unsatisfactoriness of the explanation of the interaction between Forms and Sensibles was never overcome. But one can realize that the doctrine must have given a great impetus to logic, which, some time before, had received a very crushing blow from the activities of Zeno the Eleatic and Gorgias and the Cynics, who denied the possibility of making any universal proposition at all, except that of identity. One could say that A is A, but not that A is B. Their difficulty arose from their inability to distinguish between the verb 'to be' as a copula, and as denoting existence. Hence both Socrates and Plato made a great contribution to the progress of logic by affirming in this striking way the possibility of predication and reasoning.

When the doctrine of Ideas had thus been employed to solve the problem of predication, it was expanded to include a scheme of universal science. We hear, in the *Republic*, that at the head of all the ideas there stands the Idea or Form of the Good.[1] There is, in fact, a hierarchy of Forms, the Forms that compose the concepts of the special sciences being dependent on Forms of a more and more ultimate and general character, until finally every other Form is shown to be a manifestation of the chief Form, the Good. Professor Taylor has suggested that Plato was attempting to devise for science as a whole some such scheme as has been developed so successfully by modern mathematicians in reducing the postulates of mathematics to a few ultimate, self-evident principles of logic. This kind of intellectual activity was named by Plato dialectic, and it proceeds by the assumption of hypotheses. First a provisional hypothesis is made; it is tested, revised, perhaps reconstructed, and leads finally, as a stepping-stone, to something more ultimate, something that is not a hypothesis, something whose truth is not challenged, which is self-evident. When some such principle is attained, the dialectician may descend again to the hypothesis, which is now confirmed, as being a

[1] Plato, *Republic*, 505 A, 511 B, &c.

deduction from his first principle. The first principle of all is the Good. This scheme of dialectic remained for Plato, at best, a vision, a hope which the philosopher might set before himself. In the dialogues he never made an attempt to work it out in its completeness. But it has nevertheless remained the ideal for scientific method, as many scholars have pointed out. The postulates of science must be subjected to an increasingly rigorous scrutiny, if science is to go forward. False assumptions have to be discarded, inconsistencies eliminated, no step should be omitted which would aid in the realization of science as a self-consistent body of truth. Such an end may never be quite attained by human beings, but the whole interest of the philosophic life is concentrated in the attempt. To express the vast magnitude of the philosopher's task the late Dr. Adam aptly quoted the following lines of a modern poet:

> Nay, come up hither. . . .
> Unto the farthest flood-brim look with me;
> Then reach on with thy thought till it be drowned—
> Miles and miles distant though the last line be,
> And though thy soul sail leagues and leagues beyond,
> Still leagues beyond those leagues there is more sea.[1]

In describing the Form of the Good, which is the goal of every human effort, in which truth and being coincide, though it is far beyond both in glory and power, Plato admits that he can explain it only by way of a parable, for its real nature will never be adequately known.[2] So he likens the Good to the sun, which in the visible world is the cause both of growth and of vision, though in itself it is neither of these. Just as the sun, by giving light, enables objects to be seen, and enables the faculty of sight to see, so the truth, imparted by the Good, enables the Forms to be known, and gives the knower the power of knowing them.

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[1] D. G. Rossetti, *The House of Life*, Sonnet xxxvii.

[2] Plato, *Republic*, 508 A, &c.

It is obvious that the Good here has not merely a moral significance; it is the general end or purpose of the cosmic scheme. It is only in virtue of serving some end or purpose that either a Form or a sensible object can possess any reality. There has been a disposition among certain interpreters of Plato to equate the Idea of Good with God, but, as Professors Burnet and Taylor have often said, it is impossible to equate a Form with God, who, if He does exist for Plato, is not a form, but a living soul. In the myth of the *Timaeus*,[1] in fact, God, the creator, is represented as fashioning the world after the pattern of the Form or Idea, showing that the Idea is prior, in thought, to God. If, then, it is impossible to equate God and the Good, interpreters say that Plato has failed to explain satisfactorily the relation between the two. One may be compelled to make this admission, understanding at the same time that they *could* not be related satisfactorily. The one conception, God, is a datum of the religious consciousness; the other, the Form of Good, is a postulate, rather, of Plato's philosophy, of his endeavour to understand the world.

But, as we have said all along, Plato saw no cause to sunder religion from philosophy, and perhaps it would be truer to say that it was his religious instinct which led him to philosophy, and that his philosophy in turn influenced his religion. For there can be no doubt whatever that even in his most religious moments it is the intellectual side of experience that counts with him most. Plato's saints have to be trained in the school of philosophy. Only the man who has subjected himself to stern mental labours can see the vision, and go down into the cave and help the poor, blind prisoners who sit there in the darkness. In the *Republic*, when the ideal city of the philosopher's dream has been duly described and discussed, Glaucon asks Socrates whether the wise man will ever take part in politics. Socrates answers: 'Yes, he will,

[1] Plato, *Timaeus*, 30 D, &c.

but only in his own city, not in his native land, except by some divine chance.' 'I understand,' replies Glaucon, 'you mean he will do so in the city which we have just now organized in our talk, the city of our speculations—for I do not believe that it is to be found anywhere on earth.' 'Perhaps,' says Socrates, 'a pattern of it is laid up in heaven for him who wishes to behold it, and, beholding it, to found a city in himself. And it is of no moment whether it exists anywhere, either now or hereafter. For the wise man will follow the laws of this city, and of no other.'[1] One could hardly conceive of a more perfect fusion of religion and philosophy than this. The philosopher founds the ideal city within himself. While he lives, he is already a citizen of heaven, for the Kingdom of Heaven is within him.

All the Platonic doctrines thus far considered are those which are familiar to the ordinary reader. It would be irrelevant to our present purpose to try to penetrate to his later, more abstruse work. But we have gone far enough to realize that Plato was, above all, a seeker, one who was trying seriously to reach the goal of truth. It seems to me that he started out on his quest with certain firm religious convictions which no theorizing could shake, and he called in the aid of reason to help him to interpret the material world in the light of those religious convictions. It was a noble experiment; and the experimental nature of his work perhaps explains to us why we find no carefully-balanced, self-contained scheme of philosophy, such as is found in the works of later philosophers—of Hegel, for instance, or of Bradley. But I think we can understand the mental history of such a man, and, using this thought as a clue, we may perhaps be able to thread our way with greater understanding through the wonderful maze of the Platonic dialogues.

MARIE V. WILLIAMS.

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[1] Plato, *Republic*, 592 A–B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HENRIK IBSEN

HENRIK IBSEN was born on March 20, 1828, and by one of the pleasant conventions of the day we are allowed to make the centenary of his birth the occasion for reviewing his work and attempting to see it in some new perspective. After half a century of extravagant abuse and equally extravagant adulation, it is refreshing to learn from an American critic that Ibsen had no ideas of any kind. There may be a degree of truth even in that absurd conclusion, but the limits of this admission will become apparent when we turn to the dramas and seek in them an underlying philosophy.

Ibsen is, first of all, a dramatic poet, and his work must be judged, as all art is judged, by its appeal to the imaginative and aesthetic judgement. To see a play or to read it in order to discover a philosophy is to quench the spirit and to do violence to beauty, and especially is this true of the plays of Ibsen, for though he deals quite frankly with living issues in ethics and philosophy, in the good and the true, yet these are presented to us in a dramatic art which has the compelling power of the beautiful. No one can read the earlier plays without feeling that power of enchantment, or what Professor Abercrombie called incantation, which is of the very essence of poetry; and in the later social dramas the same quality is felt—sometimes incidentally, in a word or a lyrical touch; at other times more deeply, in the inherent sublimity of a play which reflects the inner values Ibsen discerned in life and character. It is this beauty as truth with which we are here concerned, and, while we may say with Hegel that 'a great man condemns the world to the task of explaining him,' we also add that a great poet claims our study because we owe to him much of our deepest insight into the spiritual values of life.

It has been said that, for English people, Ibsen is the land

of Norway—the land of the midnight sun ; but he is not the warmth and fragrance of the summer, he is the pioneer in the darkness, and in his fearless studies of human life he has something of the gloom of the long winter night. His view of life has a certain sombreness, and it might be imagined that he was finally at war with fate, regarding the facts of destiny as hostile to humanity. Yet he has none of the grim fatalism of Thomas Hardy, and his fighting spirit has always a tonic and bracing quality. He startled many nations by his extraordinary frankness in using dramatic art as a means for criticizing social and national evils, and there is no more striking example in literature of the way in which a moral surgeon can be hated until his beneficent work compels admiration and gratitude. The function of the prophet is not to prophesy smooth things, and in Ibsen's criticism of life there is the salt and cleansing quality which is the mark of the inspired word.

To seek in the plays of Ibsen for a philosophy in the narrower sense of that term would be futile. He was no metaphysician pursuing an abstract theory of reality. It may be that in the attempt of Brand to grapple with the riddle of life, and in the research and experiment of Julian, in *Emperor and Galilean*, there is evidence of deep reflection, and occasionally through the dialogue in the prose dramas can be heard the tones of Ibsen's voice declaring what for him are the final truths, yet it would be a grim injustice if we were to discuss Ibsen's work in abstract and academic terms. Psychological and ethical insight we shall find, perhaps to a terrifying degree, but philosophy is the interpretation of life, and Ibsen presents us with life in the concrete ; his characters are real men and women, dealing with the problems of actual human experience. He gives us a wealth of action and reflection, representing in poetic form the facts men have to face and the truths whereby men live, with a full-blooded reality, a passion, and beauty beyond the reach of any philosophical analysis.

Both in literature and in philosophy, Ibsen may be claimed as a realist. He painted with exact and careful detail the homes, the towns, the personal and social life of Norway; and he insisted, in innumerable ways, that the plain and sincere man can get beyond all conventions and abstractions to the real thing. Yet this is not the whole truth. As Professor Vaughan pointed out, Ibsen 'is much less concerned to reproduce the mere outward facts of life with literal fidelity than he is to drive home certain views of human character and conduct.' *Lady Inger* was published in 1854, when Ibsen was twenty-six years old, and it illustrates two vital elements in his work—his profound concern for the right and authority of the individual will, and his deep sense of the intangible and mysterious elements in man's nature. Other themes equally essential to an understanding of Ibsen's message are woven into this earlier play—questions of sex morality and social nemesis, the effect of hidden sin on mind and conduct, on social and national calamity; problems of accident and fate, of Providence and God. On these and other grounds, it would be more just to describe Ibsen as a romantic in literature and an idealist in philosophy; certainly realism is not the last word for him.

Human will pitted against heredity and fate, and crushed by social inertia, is incarnate in Brand, while Peer Gynt is the incarnation of fantasy, and is cursed by his inheritance of wild impulses unguided by any firm principle of action. The two poems are complimentary. As Dr. Wicksteed has shown, 'In *Brand* the hero is an embodied protest against the poverty of spirit and half-heartedness that Ibsen rebelled against in his countrymen. In *Peer Gynt* the hero is himself the embodiment of that spirit.' Brand is a splendid failure. All his intense desire for self-realization is thwarted by limitations in his character that go back to his mean-spirited mother. The darkness of the valley where he was born shadows his whole life. His stern message falls on the deaf ears of a starved and superstitious peasantry, and

his wife and child are sacrificed for the sake of his priesthood in the sunless valley, fit symbol of his sunless creed. Over against Brand is the figure of Dean, one of a series of Ibsen portraits of the representatives of official religion, with his complacent selfishness and mental opacity and cowardice. Brand follows his call, inflexible to the point of cruelty, until he is driven out and stoned by his own people. Bruised and bleeding, he is overwhelmed by an avalanche, and, crouching before it, he cries:

> Answer me, O God above!
> In death's jaws: Can human will,
> Summed, avail no fraction still
> Of salvation?

A voice is heard, crying through the thunder roar:

> God is love!

If Brand could have learned from Agnes, one of Ibsen's purest and most beautiful creations, redemption through love might have been more than a thundering epilogue.

Peer Gynt is the *Faust* of Norway, and has claims to be regarded as Ibsen's masterpiece. It is the story of a lost soul, but immeasurably more. Norwegian legendry and folk-lore run riot through the play, and the trolls and imps and the Boyg are only scattered examples of the fairy-tale imaginings which are woven into the romance. Ibsen's Norway is still the land where the old gods dwell, and the supernatural world is never far away. It appears in the ghost in *Lady Inger* (1854), and in the Rat-Wife in *Little Eyolf* (1894), and although, as in the case of the White Horses of *Rosmersholm* and the helpers and devils of *The Master Builder*, nothing happens that cannot be explained by normal and natural agencies, yet these weird and uncanny influences seem to have their inevitable place in the character and atmosphere of the plays. To identify the symbolism in *Peer Gynt* is a perilous task, but the trolls and imps are fit emblems of uncontrolled instincts and passions, and the shapeless, invulnerable Boyg is a queer symbol of that

compromising cowardice which dodges every direct issue, and never goes through with anything. 'Go roundabout,' is the motto Peer learns from the Boyg, and it sums up his character; yet, just as his fate was almost sealed, the Boyg shrinks up to nothing, and says in a gasp:

> He was too strong. There were women behind him.

The end of the play is akin to the end of Goethe's *Faust*:

> The Eternal Womanly
> Draws us above.

The part played by Solveig in *Peer Gynt* is typical of much in Ibsen's reading of life; she is taking the woman's part in the suffering love by which alone the world is redeemed. Peer Gynt travelled the dangerous edge; he saw strange things by land and sea; he traded in things doubtful and in things evil; accident and fate brought him home again to the cottage of the woman who had found something in his wild soul which had called forth her power to love. The judgement day is upon him. Thread-balls, withered leaves, dewdrops, broken straws, all have voices of rebuke and scorn, and the Button-moulder settles his fate:

> He has set at defiance his life's design;
> Clap him into the ladle with other spoilt goods.

Peer hears Solveig's voice singing, and says:

> Round about, said the Boyg! Ah, no; this time at least
> Right through, though the path be never so straight!

He runs towards the hut; at the same moment Solveig appears in the doorway. He flings himself down on the threshold, saying:

> Cry out all my sins and my trespasses!

Solveig is old and blind, but she gropes for him and finds him, and sits down beside him, saying:

> Thou hast made all my life as a beautiful song.

Suddenly it comes to him that perhaps Solveig can tell him where his true self has been.

> Where was I, as myself, as the whole man, the true man?
> Where was I, with God's sigil upon my brow?

Solveig replies:

> In my faith, in my hope, and in my love.

There is a long silence, while the sun rises. The last word is with Solveig, and in that word, but still more in that overwhelming silence as the day dawns, is revealed the secret of the soul's redemption. *Brand* ends with the note of divine love, *Peer Gynt* with the note of human love, and both are at the heart of Ibsen's interpretation of life.

The only concession we can make to the critic who said that Ibsen had no ideas is a frank admission that he was more interested in passion and will than in reason. When he turned from romantic poetry to the problem play, he was marking out the line of development which has been followed by the whole movement of modern psychology, the chief concern of which is with human conduct interpreted mainly in terms of instinct and impulse. The autonomous reason and the categorical imperative which Kant derived from it seem to belong to the realm of perished romance, and the 'common-sense' Scottish philosophers have come into their own, including Reid, with his revolt against 'ideas,' and his doctrine of an almost instinctive moral sense. On the whole the tendency is healthy and vital, and the work of such men as McDougall, Drever, and Shand, to mention names at random, has restored the emotions to their rightful place in our view of human nature. All this psychology of the schools was put on the stage fifty years ago by Ibsen. Not that he was a student in any pedantic sense. His fierce independence may be accountable for the fact that he was no great bookman. An odd sentence in *The Master Builder* may have a biographical value. Solness asks Hilda if she reads much, and she replies, 'No, never! I have given it up. For

it all seemed so irrelevant.' Ibsen's most scholarly work is his least characteristic play; *Emperor and Galilean* has the remote realism of historical accuracy, but it lacks the individuality of Ibsen. His inspiration was drawn, not from the schools of philosophy or literature, but from the school of life. Here he learned the meaning of emotion as the dynamic of morality, and the incapacity of the theorist to deal with the passion and pain of life.

Ibsen's voice is heard when Fjeldbo reproaches Bratsberg, in *The League of Youth*. 'What have you done for your son? You have taken pains to educate him, but you have never given a thought to the moulding of his character. You have lectured him on what he owes to the honour of his family, but you have not guided him, and moulded and formed his character, so that to act honourably should become an unconscious instinct with him.' Paul put that plea very concisely: 'Knowledge puffeth up, but love buildeth up.' Ibsen sets out this issue, with its dread possibilities, in *Rosmersholm*, a play which is almost Greek in its pure tragedy. Rosmer is the spirit of established social law, while Rebecca West stands for the world of passion and freedom and adventure. Rosmer's life has been dragooned by the ideas and ideals of his family tradition, and he goes over the millrace with Rebecca, shipwrecked by the contrary winds of living passion and obsolete ideals. *Rosmersholm* deals with a problem that comes up in another form in *The Master Builder*, where the radical conscience of Hilda Wangel is set over against the 'sickly' conscience of Solness. Hilda says, 'If one had a really vigorous, radiantly healthy conscience—so that one dared to do what one would.' You may dislike Hilda and Solness, but they are drawn with a consummate knowledge of human nature, and the sincerity of the plea for freedom of conscience is not diminished by the subtle study in the play of the obscure promptings and mysterious elements in human character.

If Ibsen makes great allowance for passion and instinctive

impulse in his scheme of things, he allows even greater scope for the authority of the individual will. It is a commonplace that he was a prophet of revolt. He left home in early life, and never communicated with his father again, and it is significant that, with the exception of the Stockmann family, there is rarely a happy household or a satisfying example of fatherhood in the whole range of Ibsen's work. We can only surmise at what painful cost the young dramatist reached his doctrine of 'the inalienable sovereignty of the individual will.' This principle is at the heart of his theory of culture, and it finds expression in *Lady Inger*, one of the earliest plays, and in *John Gabriel Borkman* (1896), one of the latest. It is the root of the bigotry of Brand and the courage of Nora. *The Lady from the Sea* is a very delicate presentment of the same theme, the emphasis being placed on the value of action and of character depending on perfect freedom of choice. That Ibsen saw the dangers of this claim of the individual against society is clear from his immediate recognition of responsibility as the counterpart of freedom. Wangel says to his wife, 'Now you are completely free of me and mine. . . . Now your own true life may resume its real bent again, for now you can choose in freedom, and on your own responsibility, Ellida.' Ellida clasps her head with her hands and stares at Wangel. 'In freedom, and on my own responsibility! Responsibility, too? That changes everything.' The sovereignty of the individual will without an equally powerful sense of responsibility to society is the road to an egoism as cruel as that of John Gabriel Borkman and Sir Willoughby Patterne, or to a madness as tragic as that of Julian or Lear.

Ibsen's great demand upon life was that humanity should become more and more free to realize its own inner and independent being, and his revolt is against all the shams and conventions and lies of society which cramp and stifle the soul. This is the source of his great fight for the emancipation of womanhood. The fullest life, both for individuals

and society, is only attainable when to each is assigned the place which his own developed capacities enable him to fill; and in Norway—and, indeed, throughout Europe last century—the life of women was intellectually restricted and spiritually impoverished by the conventions and habits of mind which governed the home and society alike. One of Ibsen's notes written when he was contemplating *A Doll's House* (1879) is illuminating. 'There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of conscience, one in man and another altogether different in woman. They do not understand each other, but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman, but a man. Woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with the laws framed by men, and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view.' That is how Ibsen saw the principle at stake, and he embodied it in the dramatic form of which he was a master.

The subject of *A Doll's House* is hinted at in *Love's Comedy*, written fifteen years earlier, in Svanhild's description of 'the aunts'; and there is a passage in *The League of Youth* (1869) which might have occurred in *A Doll's House*; Selma says, 'You dressed me up like a doll; you played with me as if I were a child. I would have been glad to share any sorrow; I had some seriousness in me, and longed for things to stir one's heart and elevate one. . . . I shall leave you. . . . Let me be!' The older woman, Martha, speaks for herself and for the young girl, Dina, in *Pillars of Society* (1877): 'Oh, how we writhe under this tyranny of custom and convention.' Storms of discussion and abuse followed the publication of *A Doll's House*, and no one could answer the question which was asked throughout Europe, 'What of the children?' But Ibsen was not propounding a general principle of action; he was dealing with a very real problem, and he saw it in the lives of two very real people, Torvald Helmer and his wife. The irony of Helmer's words to the

awakened Nora is surely one of the most poignant things in literature: 'Do you suppose you are any the less dear to me because you don't understand how to act on your own responsibility? No, no; only lean on me; I will advise you and direct you. I should not be a man if this womanly helplessness did not give you a double attractiveness in my eyes. . . . How warm and cosy our home is, Nora. Here is shelter for you; here I will protect you. . . . Have no anxiety about anything, Nora; only be frank and open with me, and I will serve as will and conscience to you.' Helmer speaks for a whole world of so-called romance and chivalry, but to Nora his words are an almost blasphemous degradation of womanhood. 'In all these eight years,' she says, 'longer than that—from the very beginning of our acquaintance—we have never exchanged a word on any serious subject.' So the play moves on to its inevitable end. Nora has a duty to her own personality that she cannot fulfil as the wife of Helmer; she goes out to seek her own soul, fleeing from the doll's house in which she had lived all her days, first with her father and then with her husband. She raised more problems than she solved, no doubt, but she played a great part, along with Thomas Hardy's *Tess* and *Jude the Obscure*, in compelling men to face the brute facts of the social order, and to concede the spiritual claims of the individual soul as the supreme concern in life.

The horrible possibilities of inheritance provide the theme of the terrible drama, *Ghosts*, which suggests that Ibsen had his own answer to the question, 'What of the children?' The tragedy lies solely in suffering; the pity and terror are unfolded in the agony of Mrs. Alving, who, unlike Nora, elected to live with her husband a life which was one long crucifixion, and in the curse which has been brought by the sins of the father upon the life of her son. Hereditary disease haunts the background of *A Doll's House*, and reappears in little Hedvig in *The Wild Duck*, but it is presented in *Ghosts* with all the cumulative horror of the Greek nemesis,

and the impression left upon the mind is appalling. The play again struck a courageous blow for the cause of womanhood, but it has been suggested that it falls short of the heights attained by the master spirits of tragic drama because it is deliberately shorn of the elements of heroism and nobleness. One might suggest that Mrs. Alving is touched with both these qualities. But Ibsen, in addition to painting the outward facts of life with clear vision and absolute fidelity, has portrayed with equal originality and sincerity the inner life of the spirit of man, its inheritance of sin and sorrow and pain, its struggle, its defeat. If this be to fail in the high art of interpreting life, then it is a failure which challenges comparison with the *Antigone* and the Book of Job.

Arnold could have said of Ibsen, as truly as of Goethe :

> He took the suffering human race,
> He read each wound, each weakness clear ;
> And struck his finger on the place,
> And said : Thou ailest here, and here !

Yet humanity needs a physician who can do more than point out the nature of the malady, and Ibsen was more than a destructive critic. After the outcry raised by *Ghosts*, he defended himself in *An Enemy of the People*, an incisive and brilliant satire, culminating in the challenge of his fierce individualism, 'the strongest man upon earth is he who stands most alone.' Yet Stockmann is risking all he has for the sake of the health and well-being of the people. Society will be saved when one can be found who will dare everything for the truth. That is one of the first principles in Ibsen's constructive philosophy : the truth shall make you free, and shall make you whole. *Pillars of Society* had attempted the same theme in the clash of truth and hollow respectability. Yet such is the salt humour of Ibsen that you feel he is thoroughly enjoying himself in depicting the inexorable demands of Lona and the inflexible truthfulness of Stockmann ; and he has the final honesty which is able to laugh at his own tendency to be righteous

overmuch when he satirizes his own idealism in *The Wild Duck*.

The moral individualism of the eighteenth century had broken down before the advance of social ethics and humanitarianism, and Ibsen has an undoubted place among the thinkers whose critical work restored the principle of the individuality to its legitimate authority. His distinctive message suggests at once a comparison with Schopenhauer and Nietzsche, who shared his intense energy in attacking the most critical moral and psychological problems of the day. Schopenhauer saw the old social morality as a kind of refined selfishness, and his doctrine of the will-in-itself gathers up, into a terrific triple alliance, pure egoism, the self-preserving instincts, and the order of the universe itself. Ibsen's individualism has something of this cosmic quality; he makes you feel that it was quarried out of the foundations of the earth. Nietzsche sought, as Ibsen did, to free mankind from the shackles of a sentimental and superstitious religion; he aimed at delivering men from the terrors of 'bad' conscience, which was his name for social and moral compunction. If *The Master Builder* is a genuine plea for the 'healthy' conscience, *Hedda Gabler* is a fiendish parody of the emancipated woman, and to that extent Ibsen saw dangers to which Nietzsche was blind. It is notable that these three exponents of individualism will be remembered, not as philosophers, but as artists; they possessed the genius of creative imagination, and used the sword of the spirit to pierce the heart and mind of men. In the last resort, however, Ibsen stands alone. There is a vein of mysticism in his work, yet the mark of Ibsen's greatness is the actuality of his characters and the reality of the issues with which they are concerned. Among the great poets of the world, he seems most akin to Lucretius, in unswerving devotion to truth, sensitiveness to the mystery of life and to human suffering, and in splendour of imagination and burning moral passion.

S. G. Dimond.

THE WORLD OF COLLOIDS

IT was Thomas Graham who first divided all substances into two groups or worlds—the crystalloids and the colloids. This distinction has since proved to be one of immense importance. A few preliminary remarks about its discoverer will not, therefore, appear out of place. Born at Glasgow in 1805, the son of a merchant of that city, Graham studied chemistry at Edinburgh, became in 1837 Professor of Chemistry at University College, London, and in 1855 succeeded Sir John Herschel as Master of the Mint, an office which he retained until his death in 1869. He became a F.R.S. in 1836, a corresponding member of the Institute of France in 1847, D.C.L., Oxford, in 1855.

Graham took a leading part in the foundation of the London Chemical and the Cavendish Societies, and served as President of both in 1841 and 1846. His most brilliant researches were carried on between 1861 and 1869. His chief subject was the diffusion of gases and of liquids. The chief law known under his name is 'that the diffusion rate of gases is inversely as the square root of their density.' After obtaining the gold medal of the Royal Society in 1850, principally for his investigations on the diffusion of liquids, to which he devoted the Bakerian Lecture, read by him in 1849, he again read the Bakerian Lecture in 1854. The subject he chose was 'Osmosis,' a term used to designate the mutual diffusion of liquids through a porous septum, which he applied to illustrate the theory of the flow of sap in plants. In 1861 he described to the Royal Society the continuation of his experiments on liquid diffusion.

He distinguished in liquid solutions two kinds of substances, the one diffusive, the other non-diffusive, to which he gave the names of crystalloids and colloids (after the Latin *collum*, i.e. gum as the most characteristic representative of the latter). He found that colloids are pervious

to crystalloids, but not to other colloids. Thus when a mixed solution of sugar (crystalloid) and gum (colloid) is placed on a sheet of unsized paper, stretched on a loop and floated on water, the greater part of the liquid sugar penetrates the septum within twenty-four hours, while all the gum is retained. To this process of separation he gave the name of *dialysis*, and called the instrument by which it was effected a dialyser.

By demonstrating this difference of physical behaviour between crystalloids and colloids, in which it seems, however, he had been somewhat forestalled by the famous Faraday, Graham opened a new perspective for science. We have since learnt that the properties of a substance rest, not merely on its chemical composition, but also on the physical condition, or 'phase,' in which it exists—i.e. on the physical structure of the composing molecules—and it is the latter which, when changed, gives rise to new chemical properties. The chemical constitution *per se* is thus but an insufficient index to the behaviour of things. There are forces which may, and frequently do, modify the purely chemical forces. Modified chemical phases may be said to exist in the so-called 'allotropic modifications' of which the various forms of carbon, such as coal, graphite, and diamond, are good examples. There is the case of chalk and marble, both composed of calcium carbonate, yet very different in properties. A mere chemical description of these bodies is evidently inadequate. We need to be told the respective modification.

For an explanation of most of the phenomena here concerned we must look to another force outside the purely chemical forces. And this force is a physical force, now known as 'surface-tension.' It is one of the capillary forces, present on the surface of every body, though generally in quantities so minute as to be negligible for all practical purposes. Given, however, particular circumstances, such as a great change in the relation between surface and mass,

surface-tension may assume important proportions, and the substances coming under its influence may, as it were, form separate groups, or 'clans,' or 'nations,' with sundry properties and conditions of life, with special appearances, rendering special classification necessary. Now, the colloidal world is precisely that phase of matter in which these particular circumstances obtain, as the latest study of the subject has revealed. This study has, indeed, within a few decades, produced marvellous results, affecting almost every branch of science and of industry.

Man himself, like every other organism, may be viewed as a colloidal aggregate, which shows how necessary and important it is for us to acquaint ourselves with the force involved in the colloidal phase. In their little work on *Surface-Tension and Surface-Energy* (London, Churchill) Messrs. R. T. Willows, M.A., D.Sc., and E. Hatschek tell us:

> Among the purely physical properties of their materials, to which the chemist and the biologist have been compelled to pay an increasing amount of attention during recent years, surface-tension undoubtedly occupies the first place. In a great measure, this is due to the development of surface for a given mass, so that the properties of surfaces become important, and sometimes decisive, factors in the behaviour of such systems.

Dr. H. Leiser, in his fascinating little volume, *Die Welt der Kolloide* (Leipzig, Reclam), states that the position of colloidal chemistry within that greater body of knowledge called 'physical chemistry' is entirely circumscribed by the determinating influence of surface-tension, which, within the world of colloids, reigns as the supreme law, from which everything else must make its start. Colloids are to be regarded, he says, as specially privileged carriers of charges of this force, and this quality it is which distinguishes them from other bodies.

The best way to envisage surface-tension is to think of a stretched elastic membrane—say a sheet of india-rubber. There is an obvious tension, and something similar subsists

on the surface of all plastic bodies, including, of course, also liquids. Excepting mercury, pure water has the highest surface-tension of all ordinary liquids. It is the action of surface-tension that draws out all over the surface any impurities that may settle on it, and hence arises the great difficulty of getting a pure water or mercury surface. The surface thus behaves as if it were composed of an elastic membrane. It has, however, been found that the surface-tension per unit length is independent of the size of the surface, a fact which constitutes the difference between the surface-tension and the tension of an elastic film.

If we imagine, instead of the liquid film, one of india-rubber, it is obvious that a given weight can only stretch this to a definite extent. To enlarge the film, further additional weight would be required, or, in other words, the stress per unit length is *not* independent of the size of the surface, but increases with the extension of the latter (Willows and Hatschek).

Drops of liquids, free from all but their own molecular forces, assume spherical forms, this being the only shape consistent with equilibrium under equal surface-tensions at all parts of the curved surface, i.e. the sphere being the body with the minimum surface for a maximum of content. It is the fact of the presence of such a force, tending to make the surface of bodies smaller, which allows of the conception of surface-tension as enveloping bodies, say a drop, like an elastic membrane. Even the ancients were struck by the fact that a liquid unsupported in space tends to assume globular form; to-day we know that the same force which shapes the raindrop is an all-important factor in the causation of vital phenomena. The problem how certain known facts and certain assumptions about the liquid state can be made to account for the existence of a surface-tension has been treated exhaustively by Laplace, by Gauss, and, more recently, by Van der Waals.

Laplace assumes that the molecules of a liquid attract one another with forces acting over very small distances only.

The distance beyond which this attraction becomes imperceptible is known as the radius of molecular action. It is obvious that forces of this kind, which are inappreciable at distances of, say, 1 mm., may yet be enormous in the small space in which they are operative. Such a conception is naturally somewhat difficult, but becomes easier if we consider a parallel case—that of adhesion between surfaces in contact. This is also caused by attraction, effective only over such short distances that the slight irregularities of even smooth surfaces prevent it from acting. Yet copper, for instance, can be polished to such a degree that a cube of the metal will support eleven others merely by adhesion. This means that 1 sq. cm. of surface carries a copper prism 1 cm. square and 11 cm. long, which accordingly weighs 98 grm. Yet a slightly insufficient polish or the presence of some particles of polishing material renders this attractive force inoperative.

Granting Laplace's fundamental assumption, we see that the molecules in the interior of a liquid are subject to attraction in all directions, but that a different condition prevails in a layer at the surface, the thickness of which is smaller than the radius of molecular action. In this layer the molecules are subject to unbalanced attraction from the adjoining molecules in the interior—in other words, to an inward pull—which keeps the surface in a state of tension. If we imagine a small prominence raised somewhere in the surface, the tendency of this inward pull would be to bring it into the general level of the surface, and the effect is the same as that of an elastic membrane covering the surface.

A further conclusion, however, remains to be drawn which is less familiar. The effect of the mutual attraction between molecules must be the same as that of a pressure existing in the liquid, and this is called the *intrinsic pressure*. A liquid must, therefore, oppose a resistance to forces tending to enlarge its volume, or, in other words, must possess cohesion or tensile strength. We habitually overlook this fact, only because we handle liquids almost exclusively under conditions which change their shape, but do not alter their

volume. If, however, we attempt to do the latter, the existence of cohesion or intrinsic pressure is easily demonstrated. . . .

It is fairly clear that the foregoing reasoning applies, not only to liquids, but also to solids or even gases, both of which ought accordingly to possess surface-tension and intrinsic pressure. As regards solids, we find support for this proposition in the continuity of phenomena, which is the basis of physical science. We know that the surface tension of a liquid increases with falling temperature, and it is, therefore, improbable that it should suddenly disappear when the temperature falls to the freezing-point and the liquid changes into a solid (Willows and Hatschek).

Needless to say, the theory of Laplace is supported by mathematics, which add to its plausibility. Nevertheless, it is possible, and also, it seems to me, quite legitimate, to look upon the phenomena of surface-tension in a different light, and to interpret them from a broader point of view. For this is what seems to emerge from the above physical explanations: To possess a surface is to pay the penalty for it. In other words, every particle in the cosmos is not only under inherent necessities, so far as the maintenance of its individuality is concerned, but also under special restrictions as regards its limiting surface, i.e. where it comes into contact with the outer world. In order to achieve the status of a recognized or recognizable individuum, differentiated out from the common matrix of things, the particle must 'go to the trouble' of arranging its volume according to definite cosmic principles. And these principles can be recognized, I maintain, as mainly economic or cosmo-economic—having regard, that is, to the best mutual accommodation of things and to the various forms of 'division of labour' necessitated by their differentiations.

Let us see. The first thing required from all bodies is 'fitness'—fitness, that is, for 'home' purposes and fitness for 'outside' purposes—a dual, i.e. a constitutional and a social fitness. Obviously, in order to survive, or to live at all, a body must be both (*a*) resisting (physically cohesive) and (*b*) attractive (chemically associative). No particle in

the universe exists by itself or to itself. The shape of a particle, therefore, universally bears important relations to its double function in the world of matter. Indeed, it must bear the impress of the perpetual tug-of-war between the purely 'individualistic' and the more pronouncedly reciprocal or associative tendencies. It is evident that we have here an adumbration of that reciprocal accommodation between associated units which we see later in economic arrangement (amongst plants and animals), and we may see, too, that this quasi-economic character is impressed on the very constitution of matter. Were it otherwise, the well-being of the cosmos would seriously suffer. Indeed, it is universally observable that, with any pronounced failure of fundamental quasi-economic arrangements, life is ill at ease, and serious frictions and convulsions will ensue. So much is this the case that it appears as though the normal and most important function of life was to economize, organize, or order, all that it touches. Looking thus at Laplace's explanation of surface-tension, we might say that the molecules of the interior of a liquid—the more or less 'submerged' lower classes—can afford a comparatively uniform and simple, though a more or less 'servile,' existence—balanced by the very uniformity and 'tedium' of their relatively narrow world. No such simple uniformity, however, can be countenanced at the thin limiting surface. For here, exclusively placed in a 'charmed' layer, thinner than the radius of molecular action, dwell the select few, the 'upper ten,' those who have successfully 'aspired' to 'come on top.' It is quite possible—in the terms of the metaphor—that residence in the rarefied atmosphere of the limiting surface is a case of 'extra capacity,' of 'special endowment,' or of 'distinguished service,' or a case, as it were, of *noblesse* and of *noblesse oblige*. Well may it be that from time to time the molecular 'aristocrats' conceive an intense 'cosmopolitanism,' a 'longing' to partake more fully, and in a more unfettered way, of the glories of the external world open to their grasp.

A constant 'inward pull,' however, emanating from the 'plebeian' molecules within, to whom they are bound in descent and in age-long reciprocity, keeps the 'aristocrats' to their onerous path—the path of integrity. For integrity and character—'the sum of tendencies to act in a certain way,' according to Huxley—are the most indispensable qualities in the cosmic scheme, and only when the work of the world is duly performed by every 'class,' when character is constant and reliable, in a cosmic sense, may the joys of higher intercourse be freely obtained.

Freedom with Virtue takes her seat.

Whether Laplace's theory, and the comment I have ventured to offer, be right or wrong, the outstanding feature connected with surface-tension remains, viz. that there obtains normally a tendency in the development of bodies—liquid or plastic—to economize *à outrance* in the matter of shape. It is vitally important to an understanding of colloidal phenomena, so I believe, to grasp the significance of this tendency. When under the sway of surface-tension, as already noted, particles assume the spherical as the most economical shape. It is as if thus an early foundation had been laid for the purposes of a subsequent higher structure, for a more highly organized, i.e. 'organic,' development. It is, further, as if in the plastic or 'youthful' condition the particles had thus received a preparation fitting them for the most economical solid, i.e. the crystalline phase. For not only is it known that all solids normally tend towards the crystalline formation, but it seems also that all solids in their inception have to be passed through, or born out of, the plastic or liquid phase. Crystallization as spherolites is well known. Recent research even seems to point to the existence of liquid crystals. The economical shape of liquids thus seems to be the forerunner of the most economical shape of solids. In short, at whatever stage of development they are met with, inorganic particles seem normally to make use of

the forces at their command in such a manner as to present the most economical structure. In so doing they achieve fitness and efficiency for cosmo-economic purposes.

Such coincidences may not lightly be passed over. A universal principle must be here involved. Nor can a cosmo-economic interpretation be lightly dismissed as fanciful or as transcendental. Although some would say that particles and systems behave as they do because they cannot help themselves, this is not a profound explanation. In any case, it does not negative a cosmo-economic interpretation. I am convinced that the definiteness of growth and of variation in the organic world, which has hitherto baffled all attempts of explanation, can be rationally and satisfactorily accounted for by an economic or 'bio-economic' interpretation. Biologists speak of 'orthogenesis'—the steady pressure forward through a long series of generations and of new productions. 'The importance of orthogenesis, both in the animal and plant kingdoms,' Professor W. H. Lang, F.R.S., stated before the British Association (1915), 'is again coming into prominence, however it is to be explained.'

The problem here, as in the inorganic world, is, Why has evolution taken place in certain directions and not in others? My answer is that we must look to economic or quasi-economic causes. I have dealt with this matter in my book on 'symbiogenesis,' by which I mean 'the direction given to evolution by the long-continued operation of symbiosis,' which latter term at once provides the economic or quasi-economic point of view, for it involves association or 'partnership' (between organisms of different species). It only remained to be seen how much in evolution is everywhere due to 'partnership,' to 'division of labour,' and to 'reciprocity,' to fix upon the economic as the most fundamental causes. The inorganic world, with its numerous forms of more or less stable associations, presents phenomena analogous to physiological 'partnership,' i.e. to symbiosis. It is shown in my book how, in the biological world, the successful

establishment of symbiosis conduces to many powerful 'symbiotic momenta,' and that it is these momenta which have at all times given considerable direction to the evolutionary process. We may assume something similar to have taken place in the inorganic world, and the definiteness of evolution which it presents to be due to 'quasi-symbiotic momenta.' Even the numerous fluctuations of behaviour, to be met with both in the inorganic and organic world, present striking similarities, supporting the pan-psychic or 'pan-economic' view here taken rather than any other. Huxley, indeed, foreshadowed the discovery of a fundamental principle of mutuality, such as symbiogenesis, comprising both inorganic and organic worlds, when he stated:

> When we know that living things are formed of the same elements as the inorganic world, that they act and react upon it, bound by a thousand ties of natural piety, is it probable, nay, is it possible, that they, and they alone, should have no order in their seeming disorder, no unity in their seeming multiplicity, should suffer no explanation by the discovery of some central and sublime law of mutual connexion?

Materialistic philosophers have seen, in the demonstration of surface-tension and of its wide dominion, additional justification for their view that purely physical and chemical agencies are sufficient to account for the origin and evolution of life on our globe. Yet, as is now evident, such assumptions as that of Laplace, taking for granted a fundamental 'endowment' of matter, allow of other than purely materialistic interpretations. We may also ask: Whence comes 'molecular motion'? Whence are the 'charges' of energy carried by molecules? What is it that makes them 'attract' to each other?

We know—or, at least, think we know—of a force which universally draws the constituent particles of any given mass towards the centre, and we call it 'gravity.' It may be that this 'gravity' is but one expression of the solidarity of all things cosmic. It may be, again, that similarly other forces

emanate from the universe, and make, for instance, for individualization. 'Gravity' may mean that all bodies are under some definite cosmic restraint, that they may not carry individuality to any extent they please. The indications are, indeed, that the presence of units, particles, systems, or entire 'species' is not desirable in our scheme of things, except under certain well-defined economic conditions. Let us see. The conversion of particles from the crystalloid to the colloidal phase implies giving to these particles increased surface relative to their contents. It can be done by finely dividing them in a 'disperse' condition. What is wanted is, precisely, a method which, though it renders the particles less dependent on gravity, yet increases their activities in other important directions. It is as though we were contriving a higher or 'colloidal' freedom for certain particles by freeing them from former 'social' shackles and giving them opportunities for a higher usefulness, i.e. freedom to subserve more particularly 'vital' phenomena, though now with many new forms of restraint. It is, indeed, as though the benefits of 'dispersal'—under adequate conditions of reciprocity and restraint—were felt as fruitfully, and contributed as vitally to progressive evolution, in the inorganic as in the organic world.

There is a world-wide system of reciprocity in operation between the plant and animal kingdoms, although it is as yet insufficiently realized to what an extent the symbiotic bond has facilitated the dispersal of both plant and animal over ever new and improved environments (media), whilst stimulating their mutual serviceableness, their mutual evolution, and giving advantages to strenuous and symbiotic over non-symbiotic organisms. We may say that just as seeds, ready for dispersal by symbiotic partners, generally carry their extra 'charges' of valuable and indispensable food-energy, so certain inorganic particles, fitted for dispersal as vital or 'colloidal' particles, carry their extra charges of valuable (electrical) energies. In either case, dispersal means new links, new media, new environments, with increased

possibilities of individualization and of serviceableness. When adequately 'dispersed,' colloidal particles will give wonderful proof of individuality and vitality. The good effects, just as in the case of seed dispersal, are in no small measure due to a kind of reciprocal relation with the 'medium of dispersion.' In colloidal solutions, as Sir E. Sharpey Schafer has reminded us, the colloids are *associated with* crystalloids (electrolytes), which are either free in the solution or attached to the molecules of the colloids.

The colloidal molecule itself represents *an association* of particles. Graham suggested that the basis of colloidality may really be this *composite* (symbiotic or quasi-symbiotic?) character of the molecule. (According to Graham, the colloid possesses *energia*; it is a dynamical state of matter, the crystalloid being the statical condition.)

It is noteworthy, again, that, so far as we know at present, it is not all inorganic particles that have become 'fitted' for the higher freedom of the 'disperse' or colloidal phase. Some appear too inert, too 'sluggish,' or too 'static,' which would seem to leave ample scope for further discoveries of the special methods of 'individual treatment' needed in the case of these elements. Some may prove permanently recalcitrant or 'uneducable.' Theirs may be a case like that of the wasteful and non-reciprocal members of the biological world, whose dispersal is frequently a difficult and precarious matter precisely for lack of symbiotic affinities. 'Evolution,' according to Sir Francis Darwin, now becomes definable as a process for drilling organisms into habits and eliminating those which cannot learn. Like many sluggish and degenerate organisms, some of the inorganic elements may have arrived at blind alleys of evolution, i.e. divorced from all participation in the union of strenuous and progressive life.

That the inorganic world has its own chapter of 'pathology' is, indeed, becoming increasingly evident. Many may have heard of the 'illnesses' of metals and of the 'dissociation' or break-up of elements, and even of atoms.

Few, however, will have realized what striking similarities there are between inorganic and organic pathology. There is the matter of 'resistance,' for instance, now prominently coming to the fore, both so far as the organic and the inorganic worlds are concerned. There is the principle of Le Chatelier, which has been invoked to solve the highly important subject whether the production of surface-energy is accompanied by any temperature changes—in other words, by the liberation or absorption of heat (Willows and Hatschek). This principle asserts that 'when the state of a (physical) system is changed, the system alters, so as to oppose a greater resistance to that change.' Now, this is precisely as though the system was intent upon self-preservation, i.e. on preservation of integrity and of 'character.' And this is also precisely what every organism, under normal conditions, is endeavouring to do; for the 'physiological system' opposes interferences much in the same way as does the 'physical system,' although it would take too long here to detail the interesting physiological phenomena to illustrate the parallel. This much I would, however, point out, viz. that some physiologists have recognized the 'defence' of the organism to be not merely a defence of individuals, but also a defence of the species, which at once provides a wider point of view such as here advocated, i.e. in adumbrating how phenomena, apparently trivial and of local significance only, are often, in reality, deeply connected with the very life of a species, or a genus, or even the whole community of sentient life.

I have already alluded to the fact that, owing to surface-tension, the surface of liquids in some ways behaves as if it were composed of an elastic membrane—a kind of 'invisible skin.' This 'invisible skin' is comparable to the 'visible skin' of cellulose, secreted over its surface by plant-protoplasm. The skin-formation in the latter case, be it remembered, is connected with the grand division of labour between the plant and animal kingdoms alluded to above. It is by no means impossible, therefore, that the inorganic

phenomenon here concerned may similarly have its own quasi-economic or quasi-symbiotic meaning. It is possible that, in view of the fundamental importance of the most perennial, viz. the economic, problem, it became an inexorable decree of Nature that all evolution shall be in accordance with achievements of economic or quasi-economic progress by a species organic or inorganic. And this would also supply a rational explanation of the fact that health and beauty are generally found together. Nothing can be healthful or beautiful that is not shaped in accordance with the most fundamental economic laws impressed upon the very constitution of matter. The lines of objective beauty are the lines of health, because they are the lines of cosmo-economic usefulness.

It has long been recognized that '*L'arte pura è magra*' ('Pure art is meagre'). Milton's insistence on Nature's 'sober laws' and 'holy dictate of spare temperance,' Ruskin's emphasis that 'the increase of both honour and beauty is habitually on the side of restraint,' Samuel Butler's view that 'the history of organic development is the history of a moral struggle'—all these, we may feel sure, contain universal truths. Nature's inevitable necessity is to prevent excess, exorbitance, top-heaviness, monstrosity, and, above all, economic sterility. That is what the ancients meant when they said that '*Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dicit.*'

Enough has now been said, I hope, to show that there is much of philosophical interest to be gleaned from the study of colloids. One of our most eminent biologists, Professor J. Arthur Thomson, has declared that in the organic world there are probably architectural laws of growth and differentiation of which we have not more than glimpses. In view of the mutual interpenetration of the inorganic and organic spheres, it is therefore not at all unlikely that a philosophical apprehension of the phenomena of the colloidal world may quicken our understanding of many of the most mysterious phenomena to be met with in the 'higher' world, the world of organic life.

H. REINHEIMER.

SHELLEY'S HELL COMPLEX

THE thesis of this article is that Shelley was a man of deeply religious mind who was driven from orthodox loyalty by the form in which religious truth was, in his day, expressed, and that this is particularly illustrated in the prevalent conception of hell, and Shelley's reaction to it. This reaction was so violent that it is not an exaggeration to speak of Shelley's 'hell complex.' Moreover that reaction forms one of the most instructive lessons in the world of the evil wrought by bad thinking. For the conception of hell common at the beginning of the nineteenth century drove Shelley's sensitive mind into violent and passionate rebellion.

He would never accept a dogma merely because it was generally believed and taught in the creeds. If his friends suggested that many people held the creeds to be true, but applied to their language a private interpretation—knowing that their statement would be taken in an entirely different sense—or made concerning them mental reservations, Shelley's crystal clear mind saw through the device at once, and he called it by its true name, insincerity, and often hypocrisy; at best intellectual cowardice. He refused to hold that an 'infallibility' overthrown by even a moment's thoughtful inquiry can be established and accepted on the ground of utility by an intelligent and self-respecting person. If his enemies thundered their anathemas at him for heresy, and tried to frighten him with all the horrors of their vulgar hell, he grew the more convinced that a 'truth' which needed such support must be partly if not wholly false. His whole soul, free as the winds, rebelled at the pitiful mentality which for so many bleak and dreary centuries has imagined that persecution is an adequate answer to argument.

The idea of hell from which he so violently rebelled seems to have influenced his mind all his life. Of all theological topics mentioned in his works, both prose and poetry,

reference is most often made to this. I have spent a good many hours in going through his works—the five volumes of his essays and the complete volume of his poetry—and I have counted the subjects dealt with which are directly related to religion. Of all mention of these subjects over fifty per cent. are definite references to hell.

But even before he wrote anything we find his hell complex functioning. It is surely indicative of much that when, as a little boy playing about the grounds of Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, where he was born, Shelley set fire to a stack of faggots, his excuse was that he wanted 'a little hell of his own.' Few children, we are bound to think, would use such an expression, since it is to be hoped that few children, even in those days, would have been given the revolting conceptions of punishment after death which disfigured the theology of the time and which had evidently, and most unfortunately, been allowed to sear and stain the child-mind of the future poet.

It will be necessary, in order to establish my thesis, to make considerable quotations from Shelley's works. Turning to his earliest work, 'Zastrozzi,' we find at once a tyrant and a victim, typical actors in all Shelleyan phantasmagoria. The execrable Zastrozzi says to his friend, concerning the fate of the victim, Verezzi, 'Ugo! he shall die—die by the most hellish torments. I give myself up to fate; I will taste revenge; for revenge is sweeter than life; and even were I to die with him, and, as the punishment of my crime, *be instantly plunged into eternal torments*, I should taste superior joy in recollecting the sweet moment of his destruction. *O would that destruction could be eternal!*'[1]

And in the same work, 'The guilty Matilda shrunk at death . . . her soul had caught a glimpse of the misery which awaits the wicked hereafter!'[2]

When we turn to 'St. Irvyne,' or 'The Rosicrucian' we

[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. I., p. 17 (ed. Forman). [2] Ibid., p. 188.

see Wolfstein contemplating suicide by throwing himself over an Alpine precipice and thus soliloquizing, 'Into this then shall I plunge myself? . . . and by one rash act endanger perhaps eternal happiness—deliver myself up perhaps to the anticipation and experience of *never ending torments*.'[1] Later he again contemplates the fact that, though 'now exulting in youthful health and vigour, the time would come, the dreadful day of retribution, when endless damnation would yawn beneath his feet and he would shrink from *eternal punishment*.' And again, 'I may suffer for this premeditated act tortures now inconceivable. I may writhe, convulsed in immaterial agony for ever and ever.' Eloise is supposed to find comfort in the thought that her enemy will 'howl with the fiends of darkness in never ending misery,'[2] and the book closes with Ginotti doomed to 'a dateless and hopeless eternity of horror.'[3]

In 'The Necessity of Atheism' Shelley scorns a God who *commands* belief, and proposes 'the highest rewards for faith, eternal punishment for disbelief.'

> There needeth not the hell that bigots frame
> To punish those who err,

Shelley tells us in 'Queen Mab' (begun in 1810 and finished in 1813), and in the same poem he breaks out passionately against the three words which he says tyrants use—God, hell, and heaven.

> A vengeful, pitiless, and Almighty Fiend,
> Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
> Of tameless tigers hungering for blood.
> Hell, a red gulf of everlasting fire,
> Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
> Eternal misery to those hapless slaves
> Whose life has been a penance for its crimes.
> And heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
> Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
> Before the mockeries of earthly power.

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[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. I., p. 165. [2] Ibid., p. 264. [3] Ibid., p. 298.

And again,

> The self sufficing, the omnipotent,
> The merciful, and the avenging God!
> Who, prototype of human misrule, sits
> High in heaven's realm, upon a golden throne,
> Even like an earthly king; and whose dread work,
> Hell, gapes for ever for the unhappy slaves
> Of fate, whom he created in his sport,
> To triumph in their torments when they fell.

In a 'Refutation of Deism' (1814) Shelley pursues the same theme, and condemns God for sentencing souls to hell for being what He made them.[1]

In his 'Essay on Christianity' (1816) Shelley argues strongly against the current conceptions of hell.

> Jesus Christ would hardly have cited, as an example of all that is gentle and beneficent and compassionate, a Being who shall deliberately scheme to inflict on a large portion of the human race tortures indescribably intense, and indefinitely protracted; who shall inflict them too without any mistake as to the true nature of pain—without any view to future good—merely because it is just. . . . It is not to be believed that hell or punishment was the conception of this daring mind. It is not to be believed that the most prominent group of this picture, which is framed so heart moving and lovely—the accomplishment of all human hope, the extinction of all morbid fear and anguish—would consist of millions of sensitive beings enduring, in every variety of torture which Omniscient vengeance could invent, immortal agony. Jesus Christ opposed with earnest eloquence the panic fears and hateful superstitions which have enslaved mankind for ages. . . . It is not to be believed that a person of such comprehensive views as Jesus Christ could have fallen into so manifest a contradiction as to assert that men would be tortured after death by that Being whose character is held up as a model to human kind, because He is incapable of malevolence and revenge. All the arguments which have been brought forward to justify retribution fail, when retribution is destined neither to operate as an example to other agents nor to the offender himself.[2]

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[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. II., p. 44. [2] Ibid., Vol. I., pp. 262-71.

The news of the death of Princess Charlotte and the news of the execution of Brandreth, Ludlow, and Turner for high treason reached Shelley about the same time. The execution drew forth the passionate anger of the poet. He imagines the victims awaiting the last moment.[1] 'Hell is before their eyes, and they shudder and feel sick with fear lest some unrepented or some wilful sin should seal their doom in everlasting fire.'

Canto VIII. of Shelley's lengthy narrative poem, called in later editions 'The Revolt of Islam,' discusses the nature of the power that rules the universe, and we find in sub-section viii. the following:

> And it is said this Power will punish wrong;
> Yes, add despair to crime, and pain to pain.
> And deepest hell and deathless snakes among,
> Will bind the wretch on whom is fixed a stain,
> Which like a plague, a burden, and a bane,
> Clung to him while he lived;

and again in Canto X., sub-section xxxv.:

> . . . When we are dead, the day
> Of judgement comes, and all shall surely know
> Whose God is God, each fearfully shall pay
> The errors of his faith in endless woe!

Even then the horrible thought cannot be left, for Shelley writes (xxxvii.):

> Aye, there is famine in the gulf of hell,
> Its giant worms of fire for ever yawn—
> Their lurid eyes are on us! those who fell
> By the swift shafts of pestilence ere dawn,
> Are in their jaws! they hunger for the spawn
> Of Satan.

[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. II., p. 111. Shelley's 'Address to the People on the Death of Princess Charlotte,' by the 'Hermit of Marlowe,' was published in 1817.

Then follows a description of hell too long to be quoted here, but one which surely has seldom been surpassed for its horror.

We pass on to the poem 'Rosalind and Helen' (1819), only to find borne out our suggestion that Shelley can scarcely write any poem or essay without some reference to hell. So here:

> She is adulterous, and doth hold
> In secret that the Christian creed
> Is false, and therefore is much need
> That I should have a care to save
> My children from eternal fire.

And again,

> The ministers of misrule sent,
> Seized upon Lionel, and bore
> His chained limbs to a dreary tower,
> In the midst of a city vast and wide.
> For he, they said, from his mind had bent
> Against their gods keen blasphemy,
> For which, though his soul must roasted be
> In hell's red lakes immortally,
> Yet even on earth must he abide
> The vengeance of their slaves.

'The Cenci' (1819) is a characteristically Shelleyan subject, dealing, as its author loved to do, with tyranny oppressing innocence, appearing to triumph, and yet suffering defeat in a spiritual sense. Count Francesco Cenci is such a tyrant that his daughter, Beatrice, cannot bear to think of God as a Father, for the latter word has, for her, lost its real meaning.

> *Beatrice.* If sometimes, as a shape more like himself,
> Even the form which tortured me on earth,
> Masked in grey hairs and wrinkles, he should come
> And wind me in his hellish arms, and fix
> His eyes on mine, and drag me down, down, down!
> For was he not alone omnipotent

On earth, and ever present? Even tho' dead,
Does not his spirit live in all that breathe,
And work for me and mine still the same ruin,
Scorn, pain, despair? Who ever yet returned
To teach the laws of death's untrodden realm?
Unjust perhaps as those which drive us now,
Oh, whither, whither?
Lucretia. Trust in God's sweet love,
The tender promise of Christ: ere night,
Think, we shall be in Paradise.

—Act v., sc. iv.

Note also the words of Lucretia about Giacomo, who, she says,

. . . will find
Life a worse hell than that beyond the grave.

So the conception of hell which we suggest was an obsession is ready to rise to Shelley's mind, not only in a philosophic poem, but in a magnificent drama like 'The Cenci.'

When we turn to 'Prometheus Unbound,' written at Rome in the spring of 1819 and published in 1820, we see a conception of the hopelessness of punishment and torture as an answer to belief and liberty of thought.

Prom. I would not quit
This bleak ravine, these unrepentant pains.
Mercury. Alas! I wonder at, yet pity thee.
Prom. Pity the self despising slaves of heaven,
Not me, within whose mind sits peace serene
As light in the sun.

And later in the poem we find (Act II., sc. iv.) Asia arraigning God as the creator of hell and 'the sharp fear of hell.'

The idea of hell is not developed in 'Oedipus Tyrannus' or in 'Epipsychidion,' though the idea of tyranny is present in both, and receives what it is bound to receive at Shelley's hands—contempt and derision. Hell's sulphurous fumes do not mar the quiet dignity of what, to the writer, is the finest of all Shelley's poems—'Adonais.' Nor does the obsession mar the last work issued during Shelley's life—'Hellas.'

The poems we shall consider now were published as *Posthumous Poems* in 1824, two years after his death, though in date of composition many of them precede those already discussed. In the fragment 'Prince Athanase' we find this significant passage:

> Nor what religion fables of the grave
> Feared he.

In 'Peter Bell the Third,' written in 1819, we hear the flames of Shelley's hell crackling brightly:

> Peter Bell,
> Damned since our first parents fell,
> Damned eternally to hell—
> Surely he deserves it well!
>
> And Peter Bell, when he had been
> With fresh imported hell-fire warmed,
> Grew serious . . .

with a good deal more on the subject of hell-fire and damnation, including the lines:

> And this is hell—and in this smother
> All are damnable and damned;
> Each one, damning, damns the other;
> By none other are they damned,
> 'Tis a lie to say, 'God damns!'

In the drama of 'Charles the First' we find the prisoner Bastwick, who is condemned to

> pay five thousand
> Pounds to the king, lose both his ears, be branded
> With red-hot iron on the cheek and forehead,

addressing his judges in the Star Chamber thus:

> Were I an enemy of my God and King
> And of good men, as ye are;—I should merit
> Your fearful state and gilt prosperity,
> Which, when ye wake from the last sleep, shall turn
> To cowls and robes of everlasting fire.

In the poem, 'To the Lord Chancellor,' Shelley, tortured in soul, breaks out in curses upon Lord Eldon, who decided that the poet was not a fit person to have charge of his own children by Harriet Westbrook, and ordered that they should be left in the charge of a certain Church of England clergyman.

> By the false cant which on their innocent lips
> Must hang like poison on an opening bloom,
> By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
> Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb—
> By thy most impious hell, and all its terror; . . .
> I curse thee.

Among the latest poems published were 'The Masque of Anarchy' (published in 1832) and 'The Daemon of the World' (1876), and in both we find traces of the intense hatred which the poet felt against a system which could contain such conceptions as the current one about hell. In the first these lines are found:

> Freemen never
> Dream that God will damn for ever
> All who think those things untrue
> Of which priests make such ado.
>
> —lviii.

In the second we find a line about

> The bloodhound of religion's hungry zeal.

In his essay 'Speculations on Morals' (published in 1888) Shelley shows at length how corrupted the conception of morality became when linked to it was the thought of the eternal torments of hell,[1] and in his 'Essay on the Devil and on Devils' we find him tilting at the same anomaly.

> To tempt mankind to incur everlasting damnation, must, on the part of God, and even on the part of the Devil, arise from that disinterested love of tormenting and annoying which is seldom

[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. II., p. 314 (ed. Forman).

observed on earth. The thing that comes nearest to it is a troop of idle, dirty boys baiting a cat; cooks skinning eels, and boiling lobsters alive, and bleeding calves and whipping pigs to death; naturalists anatomizing dogs alive . . . are nothing compared to God and the Devil, judging, damning, and then tormenting the soul of a miserable sinner.[1]

We have now searched every known work of Shelley's and found that in every one up to 1820 there is some noticeable result of what we have called the 'hell complex.' As far as the present writer is aware, this particular piece of work has never been done before. One does not wish to over-estimate this finding. Indeed it is merely the religious aspect of Shelley's two master passions—the passion for justice, and the passion for sincerity. But it is significant, and we believe it to be the best example in the world of the great harm wrought by bad thinking, and revolting teaching, and of forcing the results of both on the followers of such a person as Jesus Christ. It was not until the last two years of Shelley's life that hell-fire ceased to obscure his vision. A glorious personality which might have contributed so much to Christian thought was outraged. A conception so utterly false and vulgar poisoned that sincere mind and horrified that tender spirit, and drove Shelley into extreme opposition.

LESLIE D. WEATHERHEAD.

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[1] *Prose Works*, Vol. II., p. 394.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY

IN Saxon times, the area of the shire and that of the diocese were the same. The Shire Court was presided over jointly by the alderman of the shire and the bishop of the diocese. With them sat the sheriff and Saxon thanes as assessors. Before this court were brought lay and clerical offenders alike, though it is probable that the bishop had paramount influence in deciding cases in which the clergy were concerned. William I separated the civil from the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The clergy were to be amenable only to the bishop, and tried in his 'Court Christian.' It was maintained that, as a result of this change, clerical crime was widespread. However atrocious an outrage he might commit, a priest ran no risk of losing life or limb. The bishop's punishments were limited. He could deal with culprits only by fine, flagellation, or imprisonment. His professional instincts inclined him to leniency. Henry II made up his mind that clerical offenders, like others, should be sentenced by the King's Courts. They were, in the first instance, to be brought before the Courts Christian, which should decide the question of guilt, and degrade criminal priests. Yet to the King's Courts, for actual sentence, they must go. As is well known, Becket made a most determined stand against this, the King's proposal. The issue of a long and painful quarrel was Becket's murder. The baptism of blood consecrated him as the popular martyr, the Christian hero; in fact, if not in name, the national saint. His name was for ever associated with the rights of the clergy to be tried by their own order. The question was shelved. No king, not even Edward I, dared to reopen it. Such resistance as was made was of a quiet and tentative nature. The bishops had the eyes of lynxes in this matter. Sometimes, however, they were eluded, and a clerical rogue was hanged before intervention became possible.

It must not, however, be forgotten that in more trivial

cases, now known as misdemeanours, the trial of the offenders always took place before the ordinary courts and in the ordinary way. It was only in cases of felony that the Courts Christian claimed control. This, however, implied that the cases which cried aloud for strict inquiry and just punishment did not receive them. Clerical criminals slipped through the fingers of justice. A long-suffering public had to bear with sullen resignation the continuance of this usurpation of judicial rights. There were, however, times when the seething discontent broke into open mutiny. The Bishops' Courts were invaded, and their officials attacked by those who could restrain their wrath no longer. Yet the remedy was perhaps worse than the disease. Excommunication lighted on the chariot of each offender, and could only be dislodged by a painful penance. In cases of felony, then, a criminous clerk was arrested by the sheriff's officer, imprisoned, tried before the king's justices, and even by them convicted. The trial and conviction availed nothing. The criminal was claimed by the bishop's representatives, lodged in his prison, and brought for trial before him or his commissaries. This court was a biased one. Of its not tempering justice with mercy there was no risk. It was almost certain not even to temper mercy with justice. When the accused clerk appeared, it was with 'compurgators,' who were either jurymen-witnesses to character, whom he himself had invited to come, or else perhaps priests, chosen by the bishop or by his official. With such judges, and such a jury, he might reasonably expect to be 'purged'—in other words, to be pronounced guiltless of his offence, and escape unscathed. Even if opposers of his purgation arrived, and the case against him were irresistible, he might still be remanded and allowed to make a further attempt at purgation. He might, at worst, in a case of the utmost flagrancy, find himself in the bishop's prison, with about sevenpence a day, reckoned in our currency, for his support. Cases of such confinement were rare.

The mediaeval bishop was, as a rule, a shrewd man of business, who had often been an important Minister of the Crown. Such a man was not at all inclined to spend a penny more revenue on the maintenance of criminous clerks than was essential to his credit and reputation. This privilege of dismissal from the King's Court and trial by the Court Christian is known as 'Benefit of Clergy.' A benefit to clerical rogues it certainly was: it was no benefit—it was the exact reverse—to all others. It must not be forgotten, either, how numerous the clerical body then was. Bishop Stapledon, of Exeter, at a single ordination, laid his hands on a thousand candidates for the different orders. Many of the physicians, and probably most of the notaries of those days, were either in 'holy orders' or in 'lesser orders.' The former term was applicable to priests and deacons, the latter to sub-deacons and acolytes. It has been calculated that, in the later Middle Ages, about two per cent. of the entire population were 'clerks'—a term which included all members of the clerical profession. The existence of the privilege of 'Benefit of Clergy' was, in part, responsible for this enormous percentage of ordained persons. Many a youth took 'the first tonsure'[1] because his friends were aware that he would be invested with a peculiar sanctity, and, at worst, could never meet with a felon's death. Moreover, a practice gradually arose, and became more and more extensive, by which it was presumed that a man who could read was a clerk.

This pernicious system increased yet further the number of those who sheltered themselves from punishment under the shield of 'Benefit of Clergy.' Nothing could have worked more unjustly. A striking case of its monstrous results is given in the *Paston Letters*, in a letter written by Margaret Paston, in 1468. Thomas Gurney asked his servant to slay his enemy, a gentleman of some position. The servant

[1] The shaving of a portion of the crown of the head as a sign of dedication to religion, accompanied by the bishop's consecration of the person tonsured, who, from that moment, was a 'clerk.'

obeyed the master, and carried out the deed with a dagger. The two offenders were alike found guilty of the murder. Gurney, who could read, claimed 'Benefit of Clergy,' and, as a 'clerk convict,' saved his life, though he was by far the more guilty person of the two. The other, who had been only his master's instrument, and could not read, was hanged. We shall see that murderers, burglars, thieves, men guilty of every description of crime, were claimed by the ecclesiastical authorities, even after conviction, and were usually 'purged.' 'Benefit of Clergy' was by no means the only legal privilege possessed by the order. A layman, charged with a personal assault on a clerk, might be punished for the offence by the ordinary courts of law. But, in addition, he might also be excommunicated by the Church. To clear himself of this excommunication, he had to carry out a painful penance imposed by the bishop or his tribunal. Cases of perjury, sacrilege, usury, adultery, and disputes about wills came under the cognizance of the Courts Christian.

The wielding of such enormous powers by the Church was directly opposed to the national feeling. The lay mind saw clearly that something was wrong. Yet the rulers of the Church hardened their hearts and set their faces against all opposition, clinging ever to every privilege with passionate tenacity. 'Sons of Belial,' 'sons of iniquity,' 'sons of the devil,' were some pleasant titles given to those who strove in any degree to lessen a single clerical advantage. The procedure under which 'Benefit of Clergy' might be obtained varied. Clerical offenders, like others, were arrested by the sheriff's officer. They might be claimed at once by the bishop, if he heard of their arrest and went to a great deal of trouble. When so claimed, they were placed in the bishop's prison. There they remained until the next visit of the king's justices, perhaps seven years distant. Their persons were then demanded by the Crown, and had to be surrendered. They were afterwards, either on indictment or after conviction, again delivered to the bishop.

Little inclined to be responsible for the board of an accused clerk until the next assize, the bishop usually preferred not to claim his person on arrest, but to await the arrival of the justices. When they came, the prisoner, who after his arrest had been spending the time in the king's prison, might be allowed to plead his 'privilege of clergy' immediately on indictment. In that case, he would not be tried at all by the King's Court, but pass at once into the bishop's custody. Trying a change of prison, he might be able to consider whether the Crown or the Church offered the better fare. He had, however, generally to stand his trial, with the chance of being acquitted, when his troubles were at an end. If he were convicted, the verdict was treated as a nullity, he was handed over to the bishop's commissary, and a new trial took place in his Consistory Court.

While a clerk was waiting in the bishop's prison, the fact of the coming trial was proclaimed in the church of the parish in which he lived. Adverse witnesses were certainly not compelled, nor even pressed, to attend. They were, however, during Mass, publicly invited to do so. The 'compurgators' or 'jurymen' were, in the meantime, either collected by the prisoner's friends, or found by the bishop or his representatives. Such 'compurgators' testified to the character of the accused, and, on their recommendations, the bishop's commissaries, who presided at the trial, would seem to have acted. The usual result, as has been said, was 'purgation.' It has been stated that there were cases in which the officers of the Crown evaded the ordinary practice of granting 'Benefit of Clergy.' Archbishop Peckham, famous as one of our two friar archbishops, and who bearded Edward I on more than one occasion, quotes two such incidents which occurred at the Guildford Assizes, in 1284. On that occasion, two clerical prisoners were hanged.

The archbishop insinuates that the trials were deliberately hurried on before the day appointed for the release of clerks. He was much enraged, and expressed the earnest hope that

those who brought about what were, in his opinion, judicial murders might be traced, punished, and excommunicated.

It is time to pass to a few cases in illustration of what has been said, collected mainly from the registers of the Bishops of Bath and Wells. The Fitchet family occupied the manor of Spaxton for many years. Sir William Fitchet, who lived in the reign of Edward I, was one of the benefactors of Ford Abbey, the remains of which form one of the noblest residences in the West of England. Sir John Fitchet, the son of Sir William, was, like his father, a knight. He was brought before the king's justices at Somerton, in 1321. The charge against him was complicity in the murder of Walter de Compton. He was accused, moreover, of harbouring felons. These, doubtless, were the men who actually committed the crime. Sir John was convicted. He might have paid the penalty with his life but for the fact that he was a 'clerk.' In the days of his youth he must have received 'the first tonsure,' and thus qualified himself for 'Benefit of Clergy.' His brother, or cousin, Edmund Fitchet, was convicted by the judges of complicity in the same crime. The Crown had actually escheated his property, but this had to be surrendered when he was admitted to purgation, and acquitted. Thus these two well-born criminals were snatched from the grasp of justice, and went on their way rejoicing.

The days of Edward II, when these cases occurred, were notorious for crimes of violence. A journey through the country involved the traveller in the risk of losing, not only his property, but his life. He might be pounced upon and maltreated anywhere. The bishops, attended though they were by a retinue of knights and armed men, were often afraid to make a journey to London to take their places in Parliament. They wrote letters of apology to the king, pleading ill-health, or age, or the 'peril of the ways,' as their excuse for not obeying his mandate to attend. It was, in reality, usually the 'gentlemen of the road' who made them shirk their duty.

Men of high degree were not ashamed to attack travellers as they passed through their manors. If legal action were threatened, they were prepared to intimidate any witnesses from appearing against them. The same year, probably the same assize, which witnessed the trial of the Fitchets, saw four other clerks charged with homicide and robbery. These may have been the very felons harboured by Sir J. Fitchet. Two of these men were purged. The character of the two others was so bad that no 'compurgators' could be found for them. In spite of this fact, which spoke for itself, Bishop de Drokensford, who always erred on the side of leniency, decided to give these desperadoes another chance and turn them loose once more on the society which they had wronged. He issued a commission for a fresh trial of these incriminated clerks. At the same time, and under the same commission, four other 'clerks,' with various charges against them, were also to make an attempt to secure purgation. In the following year, Richard Ingram, clerk, was convicted before the king's justices at Somerton of the murder of John de Taverner, burgess of Wells. He passed into the bishop's custody for re-trial before two canons of Wells appointed by him for this purpose. A year or two later, in 1326, the assize was held at Glastonbury. Among the prisoners was a clerk named Hugh de Bytton, who was charged with theft. Of this crime he was convicted, and handed over to the spiritual authorities. Bishop de Drokensford, in issuing a commission to three canons for his purgation, made it very clear that the decision of the King's Court was no way final. Bytton is said 'to have been convicted of theft by laymen, "as far as they could."' In these few words, which occur continually in similar entries in the episcopal registers, is conveyed the resentment of the officials of the Church against even the limited jurisdiction possessed by the Crown over the persons of accused clergy. It may be a question whether the Consistory Court, in cases which had come under the cognizance of the justices, did

not start with a prejudice against their decision, and a determination, on any colourable pretext, to reverse it.

Cattle-stealing was a form of crime which, in the Middle Ages, when the means of communication were so bad, was very difficult of detection. It should have been, therefore, a matter of congratulation when a man guilty of this offence was caught and brought to justice. It is, however, to be feared that Simon Strange, convicted of this crime in 1327, and admitted to purgation, escaped, as being a clerk, all punishment, and proceeded again to live by plundering his neighbours.

Similar entries meet us in the register of Ralph of Shrewsbury, de Drokensford's successor. In 1331, a commission was issued as usual to three canons of Wells to pronounce the purgation of two clerks. One of them was charged with the robbery of a horse of the value of twenty pounds, the other, with entering a house and stealing sixty pounds.

From the register of the neighbouring diocese of Exeter, over fifty years later, we gather that a state of things prevailed there in the reign of Richard II which almost surpassed in seriousness the conditions in the see of Bath and Wells in the time of the second Edward. Bishop Brantyngham, in 1379, issued a commission to three canons to deal with what would seem to have been a considerable number of cases of homicide and theft. The commissaries were informed by the bishop that the accused, who had been convicted before the justices, were said to have been charged with their crimes by envious people who disliked them. In addition to making this suggestion, the bishop plainly told the commissaries that, if it were consistent with justice, he would be pleased to see his prison without tenants. We cannot doubt that the hint was taken.

In 1386, Brantyngham arranged for the purgation of two convicted clerks. They were ready with the usual story that they had been indicted owing to the malice of their enemies. The former of the two cases was one of murder. The prisoner,

after an inquest held by the coroner, had been charged with this crime before the justices, and had been by them convicted. The latter of the cases was the theft of three oxen of the value of upwards of sixty pounds of present money. The accused, who was called Thomas de la Mare, had been brought, in the first instance, before 'the Seneschal of the Liberty of the Manor of Churlton.' Convinced of his guilt, he committed de la Mare for trial by the king's judges, who condemned him. The two criminals, said the bishop, earnestly desired purgation, and this may well be believed. Public opinion would certainly have said that they had been most carefully tried and rightly convicted.

It is to be feared that a letter written by Simon Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, to the bishops, in the closing years of Edward III, conveyed the exact truth. The laity in Parliament, declared the archbishop, were shocked by the ease with which purgation had been constantly procured. It was terrible, they thought, to see criminals of the worst type let loose upon the world. The archbishop evidently believed in the truth of these allegations, for, as Capes tells us, he made stringent regulations for 'the watch and ward and prison fare of such offenders.'

Islip's efforts were, however, disregarded. The bishops usually resented the interference of the archbishop, and were constantly appealing to the Pope against him. They were certain to pay no attention to monitions which crossed their prejudices.

During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, those who obtained 'Benefit of Clergy' were at least in 'minor orders.' In the earlier part of the fifteenth century the practice seems to have crept in of remitting all cases in which the accused could read, to the Bishop's Court, on the presumption that the possessor of scholarship so advanced was a clerk. It is difficult to say how this custom arose. It may have been that clerical offenders, ordained in a diocese distant from the place of crime, often found it impossible to prove that

they really were in the ranks of the clergy, and were, in consequence, summarily disposed of by the King's Courts.

However this may be, this abuse of a privilege sufficiently intolerable grew, until it reached its climax in the sixteenth century. Thus we find Thomas Shalys, husbandman, of Taunton, accused, in 1522, of a violent assault, ready with his 'neck-verse,'[1] and sent for trial to the Consistory Court. An earlier Taunton case is of even greater interest. In 1502, Oliver King, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, had to deal with the purgation of William Edwards, painter, of that town. He had been brought before the king's justices on a charge of house-breaking and extensive thefts nearly three years before, and must since have been held fast in the bishop's prison at Wells. It looks as if the bishop, a man of high character and an experienced statesman, convinced of the painter's guilt, had resolved that he should undergo at least some punishment by remaining in bonds, and delayed his purgation for a long period. Edwards at length petitioned for this privilege. The bishop proceeded to handle the matter in the usual way, and, as far as we know, with results satisfactory to the criminal. Yet there seems little reason to doubt that Edwards was as black as he had been painted. He had broken into the house 'with sticks and knives,' and had then committed thefts which rival those of the accomplished modern cat-burglar. He had abstracted about eight hundred pounds from a chest—a sum which probably formed the victim's entire capital. Among the plunder were four gold rings, four silver rings, a crystal salt-cellar, all in silver-gilt, and a 'silke girdle harnessed in silver and gilte.' Gone were a sheet, two hand 'knapkins,' four yards of cloth, three

[1] The 'neck-verse,' commonly the first verse of Psalm li., was a portion of Scripture by reading which the criminal claiming 'Benefit of Clergy' often saved his neck from the gallows. Thus, in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel':

> Letter nor line know I never a one,
> Wert my neck-verse at Hairibee.

night-shirts, two 'kerches.' A choice gown 'of sky-blue colour with coler and cuffes of damaske,' which probably was the envy of the neighbours of Mistress Bereham, the wife of the victim—even this beloved piece of raiment took wing. Taunton people must have reflected bitterly how little security for life and property there was when criminals could atone for their offences on the easy terms granted by 'Benefit of Clergy.'

William Boyden, a goldsmith of Taunton, furnishes another instance in which ability to read was salvation. A Taunton barber and a Dorset man had broken together into St. Mary's Church and robbed it of silver candlesticks and a silver ship, and had been brought before the King's Court for this offence. Boyden had been charged with receiving, and housing the thieves, doubtless with a view to sharing in the profits of the spoils. The actual perpetrators of the crime were left to their fate. Boyden—who probably prompted it and was certainly ready to share in its profits—*tamquam clericus*, as entitled to 'Benefit of Clergy,' was set free by the Crown, and asked for purgation.

We have seen that only in comparatively rare cases, and then by a kind of 'sharp practice,' did the Crown decide the fate of clerical prisoners, and that the normal practice was purgation. A singular case is presented in conclusion, in which a clergyman, undoubtedly guilty of manslaughter, appeared neither before the king's justices nor the Consistory Court. This is a sample of cases which, in evasion of the statute of Praemunire, were submitted to the Pope, under colour of asking him for plenary absolution. Such cases were heard by one of 'the Papal Judices' resident in the kingdom, usually bishops of the English Church. The Pope's absolution was bestowed by one of his penitentiaries also living in this country. The incident in question occurred when the see of Bath and Wells was held by John Stafford, son of the Earl of Stafford, a prelate who, though illegitimate, became Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Chancellor.

Sir W. Pole was a priest, and, like many of his order, was as fond of sport and amusement as other people. On one occasion a game of quoits was arranged. Certain stakes were settled. The points were to be counted and payment made according to the results of the match. The parson won, and expected the due reward of his superior skill. What was his surprise to find that his opponent refused to pay! He remonstrated with him, and no doubt said much about the conduct due from one gentleman to another. Remonstrance had precisely the opposite of the effect intended. The layman became insolent, and his language was such that the parson lost control of his temper. In a paroxysm of rage, he seized a quoit, threw it at Whitethorn, and seriously wounded him in the head. The injury was unfortunate, but, so Pole contended, would soon have yielded to treatment with any one but Whitethorn, who was a most intractable invalid. His surgeons gave him strict injunctions about diet and drink. Whitethorn would have none of their recommendations. He had no intention of being dictated to or stinted in anything. He ate the very food, the very drinks passed his lips, which were strictly forbidden. What was the result? He became paralysed, and, after eight days' illness, died. Much rather must he be said to have been the victim of his own misdirected appetite and perversion of will than of another's temper. Such was the argument of Pole's appeal to the representative of the Holy See. The line of reasoning is the reverse of convincing. Yet it seems wholly to have satisfied the Papal Judge by whom the case was considered. The penitentiary of Pope Eugenius IV, accordingly, sent Pole to Stafford absolved. The bishop thereupon, in 1481, granted him his dispensation to resume clerical work. Pole retired for some time from the diocese of Bath and Wells, and became Rector of Gillingham, in the diocese of Salisbury. He afterwards returned to his old district, and was instituted to the rectory of Sparkford.

H. P. PALMER.

ROSSETTI, THE PRE-RAPHAELITES, AND A MORAL

'TO keep a few friends, but these without capitulation,' is a task, says R. L. S., requiring all a man has of fortitude and delicacy. Delicacy, yes! For friendship beholds itself in a glass of secret enchantment, and at the least touch of a vulgar assertiveness the fissile spell is broken. But fortitude would seem to bear too heavy a hand upon this fragile mirror of our hopes and affections. It stands in doubtful inconsequence upon a spirit that looks within its orbit for sympathy and affection in the chosen companions of our pilgrim way. Surely friendship must court the gentler and more submissive virtues, and be gathered as the fruit of an unrestricted interplay of spirit. Fortitude, even as Botticelli conceives it, with fingers playing only lightly about the sword-hilt, hardly appears the becoming attitude to a friend's approach. Yet for most of us it is a necessary if formidable armour. It is not until we have ridden safely over the bar of a distant acquaintanceship that we are in danger of running aground, and in these inner relationships of life there not seldom lurks a spiritual sycophancy of which all but the most fearless needs take great heed. In no other by-way of our life does a puling mendicancy bemask itself in the shadows, so that it may the more cunningly circumvent our personal independence. It is easy to capitulate and be held captive by the invading affections of those whose interest in us is too little balanced by an understanding of our genius. We respond with an unhealthy eagerness to their critical opinions, and discover too late we have played the part of recreant traitors to ourselves. Rarely do we discover the finely adjusted balance between a vigorously contagious influence and an independent spirit, without which friendship becomes the repressive enlacement of our own peculiar endowment.

There are few more pertinent illustrations of this than

the relationship between Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The loyalty which marked their friendship proved itself an obstacle to their artistic development. A group of men whose aesthetic outlook and intellectual convictions are widely divergent are likely to find such an association a halter rather than a spur. In any case, the quality of individuality, that elusive and yet supreme quality in all artistic achievement, is unlikely to be developed by such alliance. For Rossetti it was a curb much more than an inspiration, an unfortunate relationship since it led him to give to the brotherhood what ought to have been reserved for himself. His nature, at once quick and eagerly responsive to any current of influence, yielded to the unbending nature of Hunt and the brilliance of Millais. With their vastly superior technical accomplishments, he was acutely conscious of his own defects, and they unfortunately failed, until it was too late, to recognize his genius. Their outlook was too alien ever to be fused into a common purpose and illumined by an identical vision. Rossetti was a pure Romantic, and, had he developed his own genius, we might have gained an English Daumier. There was in him an ability to seize a moment of passion, and to delineate the subtle characteristics of a face and to place it all in an atmosphere which intensifies its emotional appeal. In him the imaginative quality was supreme. It was the presence of this quality that led him to revolt against the pickle-jars of Madox Brown, and subsequently saved him from the arid representational realism of the school. If Holman Hunt had possessed a finer insight and less stubbornness of nature, the energies of the brotherhood might have been guided into more fruitful channels, and initiated a true renascence of English art instead of leading it into a blind alley. The net result for Rossetti was a stultification of his own genius, which would have blossomed better in an anchorite's cell than as the centre of a movement which unwittingly confused archaeology with art.

The Pre-Raphaelites have fallen on evil days. Their contemporaries persecuted them, and posterity has passed them by with a disdainful glance tinctured with a slight derision. Mr. Clive Bell has delivered the judgement that they were not artists, and henceforth nothing more is to be said. They might retort, if they were still alive, that they had one virtue in excess of their modern critic—a certain becoming modesty respecting the excellence of their own work—which he would, however, probably regard as a defect. Yet, even in these days of strenuous warfare over the Post-Impressionists, it is difficult to understand the hatred and venom they received. Such feelings were not aroused simply by the aims and purposes of the school, but by the fancied designs of the brotherhood upon the academic stronghold. Art, always to be apprehended as an adventure, and finding itself accepted as a tradition, is a little insanely jealous of those more turbulent souls who decline its spacious hospitality. Some one whispered 'Revolution.' They were young, and it is only the young who are not permitted to be revolutionaries. Yet, after all, it was not a very revolutionary principle—the return to nature. It had been propounded by Sir Joshua Reynolds, though in a manner reminiscent of Boileau, who, having told us in the *Art of Poetry* 'that nature must be our sole study,' was careful to remind us that by nature he meant the life of the Court and of the town. Similarly, with Sir Joshua, nature is rather the residuary legatee of the classic marbles and the painters of the 'seicento' who are the real study of the artist. But to Rossetti and the brethren the return to nature was a much more serious thing. They desired to sit at the feet of nature and to become her docile pupil. 'The windows of their art should be opened to the purity of the azure sky, the prismatic sweetness of the distant hills, the gaiety of hue in the spreading landscape, and the infinite richness of vegetation.'

Such a return to nature usually resolves itself in one of

two ways. We may become, in Rousseauistic fashion, completely submerged by the visible order, so that the sense of distinct personality is lost. This is the mood that we encounter in Shelley.

> And the multitudinous
> Billows murmur at our feet
> Where the earth and ocean meet,
> And all things seem only one
> In the universal sun.

Here painless extinction in a total coalescence with the landscape seems to be the necessary prelude to becoming the vehicle of a spiritual revelation. The other method, beloved of Rousseau, Wordsworth, and the later Romantics, is to endue nature with human feelings. With them, this mental attitude is always present, even though with only a sense of their own elusive desire.

> Oh, why hath not the mind
> Some element to stamp her image on
> In nature somewhat nearer to her own?

Voltaire's sardonic jest that God made man in His own image, and that man has been returning the compliment ever since, could be turned with equal appositeness to Rousseau and Chateaubriand, who re-created nature in the image of their own desires, and made her the vehicle for all the vague ideas they sought to foist on to a too credulous period.

This is Ruskin's 'pathetic fallacy,' a fallacy which the Pre-Raphaelites never succumbed to, though there is a little indication that Rossetti was at times tempted by it. But their escape was not due to any superiority to the Romantics, but to an entire lack of response to its feeling. The Pre-Raphaelites never returned to nature in any sense that mattered to art. For nature had little place either in the emotional content of their painting or in the significance of its ideas. They go to nature as a student goes to a cast

—in order to copy certain details. There is labour, faithfulness, veracity, and divers other virtues, none of which has anything to do with art. There was the effort to represent 'things as they are or may be,' or, as Ruskin says of Millais, he 'thought it desirable to paint such grass and foliage as he saw in Kent, Surrey, and other solidly accessible English counties.' They took their canvases out into the country or into Palestine, and painted the grass and the foliage with the exactitude of an illusory facsimile. With a not too remarkable power of insight, they saw that grass was green in the spring-time and they painted it green. Apparently this was a very revolutionary thing, and probably, as a piece of authentic history, better than painting it brown or yellow, as was the prevailing fashion, but as art no better, and possibly a little worse, than the brown fields 'enamelled by Claude.' They painted detail with a meticulous care, but with no emotional or aesthetic significance. Too often the details are there to mask and bolster up a weak design, and they mistook this irrelevant detail for an important aspect of the work of the Primitives. They felt the fascinations of the earlier period in art, and had the sound sense to turn in disgust from the false traditions of their time. But, having quite rightly decided on what grounds they disliked the moderns, from Raphael onwards, they quite failed to perceive on what grounds they ought to rejoice in the Primitives. And, to understand how little they understood the Primitives, we only need to spend a little time comparing the landscapes in Geertgen Tot Sint Jean's 'John the Baptist' or Martin Schongauer's 'Holy Family,' both at Berlin, with that of the 'Hireling Shepherd' or any of the landscapes. And as we see these things we wonder if, after all, something less than justice has been done to the critics who so viciously condemned the new school. But any remorse we may feel is dissipated by the recollection that when they did begin to see merit in the Pre-Raphaelites, it was for their faults and not for their virtues. 'We should mention the love of

painting displayed in the clefts of the mountains, which are photographically studied.' And Ruskin, who was conscious of the danger, yet failed to indicate their real weakness. So of this weakness they remained unconscious. They never succeeded in understanding the emotional significance of design, or discovering wherein the real beauty of line lay—the line that gives, as Ingres says, 'the rightness of art'—they too often reveal a theatricality of sentiment in the attitudes of their figures, as in 'Christ with the Doctors' or the 'Shadow of the Cross.'

Two things are responsible for the failure of this artistic revolt, which might have meant so much to the development of art in England and saved us from becoming a byword for the next generation. The first is the slogan, 'The return to nature.' They spent valuable years attempting to live up to a catchword which had commended itself to them when turning over some illustrations of the Campo Santo. So intent were they upon their artistic motto that they missed altogether the thing it signified. They were men of critical insight who could realize how degenerate art had become; they possessed the force of character and strength of purpose to face unpopularity and hardship rather than paint with a vulgar insincerity; but in liberating their art from a bad tradition they proceeded to enslave themselves to a maxim. Beginning with a misconception as to the true relationship between nature and art, they were unable to free themselves from it from fear of being inconsistent with the principles of the school. We can watch unhappily the same phenomenon to-day. Still the catchwords—Romanticist, Realist, Return to Nature, Art for Art's Sake, Significant Form—are blazoned, one after another, upon some banner, and art ceases to be a rare and inspired thing and becomes a piece of bedraggled propaganda. No art can live which dissipates its energies in this manner. Art is winged with desire, yet must be freshened by an impetuous, even fitful and intense, sensibility. To live in the movement is so often

to die as the artist. There is the moral, with no surprising adornment, but we do not imagine any one will heed. It will still go on—groups, coteries, clubs, and all the social impedimenta of art. Then one day it will dawn upon us, as we sink down with a sense of restless ennui, that there has been nothing amidst all the dust and noise of aesthetic controversy that was worth the scrapings of a palette or the worn-out nibs of our pens.

But again, in such associations and groups formed for the prosecution and development of art, inevitably it is the second-rate mind which tends to dominate and control the movement. Rossetti had a very distinct and special genius in the 'creation of a new ideal' in the common order of our life. He seemed to possess a native understanding of the ideal problem of art, which was to discover a perfectly suitable medium for expressing the inner spiritual data and intuitions of the artist's mind. In his poetry this found an almost perfect expression, and in his painting, despite the uncertainty in mastering its technique, his imaginative power gave him a sense of vigorous, simple rhythm which was too often lacking in the other members of the school. But this finer sensibility was imperfectly understood by the other members of the school, and the insensate hostility which both his painting and poetry aroused drove him more and more into a spiritual retirement. This was unfortunate for the school, but perhaps inevitable. His perceptions and judgements, always more admirable than those of any other member of the school—excepting, perhaps, Madox Brown, who never identified himself with the brotherhood—were discounted, and where he should have inspired he was treated as a refractory pupil.

Looking back, one realizes how much the Pre-Raphaelite movement lost because it failed to respond to the aesthetic wholeness that was present in the mind of Rossetti. He alone of the brotherhood felt the profound unity of a vast, comprehensive whole which lies behind, and gives value to,

each individual experience. Herein lies the appeal of his work. In addition to its pictorial quality—which is very apparent in such canvases as the 'Beata Beatrix' and the 'Ecce Ancilla Domini,' with their unity of rhythm and sense of repose—there is a profound feeling which reveals a reaction, not merely to an historical incident or a fitful gesture of life, but to a sense of ageless destiny using colour and form in the expression of its imperative purpose. His personal quality of vision is never lost; each experience is apprehended with a fine and complete intensity of emotion and with the genius of all great art placed in relation to the whole texture of life. His perception, beginning as an individual thing, always transcends the bounds of his own personality and interweaves itself with the universe, so that the Beata Beatrix might have heard the morning stars singing together or have let fall her eyelids lest in that far-off twilight world she should see the hapless Hippolytus dragged by maddened horses in a wild surge of waters to his last long and desolate rest.

Truth and beauty, about whose aesthetic relationship the sounds of battle were heard even before the 'Poetics,' were in Rossetti held in a natural equipoise. It is easy to divorce them, but the result is disastrous, and with Rossetti they were always in an intimate connexion, completing the world of spiritual reality in which he dwelt. They were never apprehended as abstract things, or in any way separated from the concrete reality of his world of experience. From the infinite potentialities of an ideal beauty his mind chose certain forms, to body them forth in vivid images re-created with the intense power of his own perceptions.

> A sonnet is a moment's monument,
> Memorial from the soul's eternity
> To one dead, deathless hour.

His work has a subjective aspect, because the value of any object is determined solely by his emotional reaction to it. This is what Joubert means in one of his *Pensées*: 'Il ne faut

décrire les objets que pour décrire les sentiments qu'ils nous font éprouver, car la parole doit à la fois représenter la chose et l'auteur, le sujet et la pensée.' This saved Rossetti from that bald imitation which, as Victor Hugo reminded us in the *Odes and Ballads*, petrifies art. Here he was much more akin to the Primitives than any others of the Pre-Raphaelite school, and in his poetry we can see how he was ceaselessly selecting aspects of his vision of the world of nature to present in definite images of thought. Though detached, they are completely realized, and are presented with a gem-like truthfulness and definiteness of form:

> Golden kingcup fields with silver edge,

or

> The heart-shaped seal of green
> That flecks the snowdrop underneath the snow.

That is the painter's mind, and throughout his poetry the same quality occurs. In the few poems of a descriptive character this same intense and concentrated power of observation occurs—swift, rapid impressions of each scene.

> Here and there
> The shade takes light, where in thin patches stand
> The unstirred dregs of water.

Or

> And on the waste, uncoloured wold
> The invisible burthen of the sun grown cold,

revealing the quickness of his mind to catch and analyse each subtle variation of light or shadow upon the landscape.

I have suggested that, in Rossetti, English art might have found its Daumier, and to those who know Daumier the comparison may sound superficial and inept. Yet, looking at Rossetti's work as a whole, one cannot but feel in it the same dramatic intensity and power of delineating character, and ability to perceive the inner psychological force that is issuing in deeds, events, situations, and eliciting in their very swiftness of action some corresponding emotion in the narrator, which so distinguished the supreme art of the

great French caricaturist. Hardly the same virile and masculine power, and little of that inventive genius which issues in the grotesque, but a rarer power of translating a purely spiritual emotion into a concrete and living image.

This quality is supreme in 'The Laboratory,' 'Found,' 'Paolo and Francesca,' and in those rapid sketches in ink with which he beguiled his odd moments. It is true that he produced later a type of beauty which 'for wealth of sublime and mysterious suggestion, unaided by complex dramatic design, was unique in the art of the world,' and yet one feels, as they look at some of the early slight sketches, that this later phase, impressive as it is with a new and strange beauty, only partially expressed the inner compulsive power of his mind. Rossetti did not feel at all unless intensely, and no juster word has been said of him than that 'to him life was a crisis every moment.'

There is one other motive of Rossetti's work which has been dealt with adequately, and yet must be mentioned in closing. It has been written about so adequately because it is the beginning and end of all his work, and that is the mystical profundity of his conception of love. There was probably no unfairer criticism than the one which characterized Rossetti's as the 'Fleshly School of Poetry.' In Rossetti, love is life's mystical passion, and there is nothing in the slightest degree akin to the French Decadents. Here is no grossly sensuous expression of love's reality, but a recognition of its complex mystery and an endeavour to behold it from the remoter altitudes of spiritual vision. This is the key-note of the 'House of Life.'

> Love's throne was not with these; but far above
> All passionate wind of welcome and farewell
> He sat in breathless bowers they dream not of;

or

> Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,
> That among souls allied to mine was yet
> One nearer kindred than life hinted of.

O born with me somewhere that men forget,
And though in years of sight and sound unmet,
Known for my soul's birth-partner well enough!

Yet here, as elsewhere, there is no poetry of abstraction. Each thought is clothed in a well-defined image, and what could so easily have been lost in a nebulous and vague music of words and mystical rhapsodizing is tied down until it becomes a warm, living, and closely companionable reality, but still bearing with it the quality of that tenuous atmosphere in which it had its birth. It is the poetry in which the most exalted vision is allied to a supreme and consummate art—an achievement so rare that we must go back almost to Dante before we discover again its perfect expression.

In the century that has passed since his birth—Dante Gabriel Rossetti was born on May 12, 1828—his true place in English art and letters has gradually emerged. The dust of controversy has settled, and we are able to discern the inner qualities of beauty and spiritual exaltation which characterized his work. It is this that transfigures his thought, and forbids us to see in his symbolism anything that is vulgarly sensual. In the intervening years since his death we have gained an insight into the meaning of his work and realized that beauty has its own immortal perfection. This centenary may be the occasion to remind us that he brought back again to poetry the mystical passion of Crashaw and Donne, and yet united with it a perfection of ideal human loveliness that is original in English art and letters.

ARTHUR B. BATEMAN.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS

The Greville Diary, including Passages hitherto withheld from Publication. Edited by PHILIP WHITWELL WILSON. Illustrated. Two volumes. (William Heinemann, Ltd. 1927.)

THE *Greville Memoirs*, filling eight large volumes, were published by Messrs. Longmans & Co., under the editorship of Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council, to which Greville was Clerk for nearly forty years. He began his record in 1818, when he was twenty-four; three years later he became Clerk. He had intended to put his manuscript into the hands of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, but Lewis died before Greville, who finally entrusted his work to Reeve, expressing the opinion that such memoirs ought not to be locked up till they had lost their principal interest by the death of all those who had taken any part in the events they describe. Greville died on January 18, 1865, in the suite of rooms which he had occupied for twenty years in Earl Granville's house in Bruton Street. The first three volumes, dealing with the reigns of George IV and William IV, were published in 1874; the five devoted to the reign of Queen Victoria down to 1860 appeared in 1885 and 1887.

Sir A. W. Ward, who gives Greville the palm among the memoir writers of last century, says in *The Cambridge History of English Literature* that, 'in the earlier volumes, the writer adheres to the principle of leaving time to soften, and even to arrest, his judgements'; in the second and third series, occasional suppression was found necessary by the editor, whilst the years brought with them to Greville 'a gentler tone, together with an occasional weariness of the great world.' His insight into character was hardly surpassed by any of his great predecessors, and 'neither personal goodwill nor personal dislike hindered him from perceiving the failings of Wellington, or ignoring the merits of Peel; and the

vagaries of Brougham diverted him too much to allow of his even here lapsing into caricature.' His new editor brackets Greville with Pepys.

Reeve made nearly 1,100 suppressions, which cover about 400 pages of typescript and reach 100,000 words. This new material is ' of absorbing human interest and essential to the historian.' Greville enjoyed unique opportunities as a diarist. His mother was the eldest daughter of the third Duke of Portland, who was twice Prime Minister ; his family was connected with all the ruling families, including the Cannings, whilst as Clerk of the Privy Council he was in constant personal touch with royalty and moved among the statesmen of the time as an equal. He was the intimate friend of Wellington during the years when the great soldier was the foremost personage in Europe. Mr. Wilson has grouped together passages dealing with Wellington and other celebrities, supplying dates which show when a particular entry was made. Greville was sometimes crippled with gout, and in 1848 had to go to a council at Windsor with his crutches, and to crave the Queen's permission thus to enter her presence. ' She was exceedingly gracious, and the Prince very civil. She seemed considerably amused to see me come in on my crutches, and both she and the Prince said some civil things to me, and I flatter myself I contrived to sidle out, so as not to turn my back on Her Majesty, with no inconsiderable dexterity.' Three years later he writes that his disinclination to continue the diary had increased, though he was reluctant to give up entirely an occupation which had engaged him for forty years.

He always thought that his work would be read by the public who were greedy of such records. He boasted : 'I have carefully expunged everything relating to private individuals and private life, that I may not needlessly do mischief—or hurt feelings, for no other end than that of gratifying malignity and idle curiosity.' Reeve, however, found it prudent to make many omissions of passages which

would have been annoying to Queen Victoria. The manuscript from which Mr. Wilson has drawn his new material originally belonged to Mr. Reeves Wallace, a relative of Henry Reeve. It is a copy of the original now in the British Museum, and was purchased by Mr. Gabriel Wells, a well-known American collector, who arranged for its publication with Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York. It has been edited in a way that makes it a delight to turn the pages, and Mr. Wilson avails himself of every opportunity to brighten it.

Greville first appears as 'A Patrician at Work.' He rejoices on August 7, 1832, over the scrape into which 'Key, the Reforming Hero of the City and twice Lord Mayor, has got into, and which has compelled him to sneak out of Parliament. I like to see such idols as these *brought to disgrace*.' The diarist goes to St. George's Hospital, in December 1847, to see an operation performed under chloroform. 'I have no words to express my admiration for this invention, which is the greatest blessing ever bestowed on mankind, and the inventor of it the greatest of benefactors, whose memory ought to be venerated by countless millions for ages yet to come. All the great discoveries of science sink into insignificance when compared with this. It is a great privilege to have lived in the times which saw the production of steam, of electricity, and now of ether—that is, of the development and application of them to human purposes, to the multiplication of enjoyments and the mitigation of pain. But wonderful as are the powers and the feats of the steam-engine and the electric telegraph, the chloroform transcends them all in its beneficent and consolatory operations.'

Aristocrat though he was, Greville regarded his grandfather, the Duke of Portland, as 'a very honourable, high-minded, but ordinary man; his abilities were very second-rate, and he had no power of speaking; and his election to the post of leader of the great Whig party only shows how aristocratic that party was, and what weight and influence the

aristocracy possessed in those days; they would never have endured to be led by a Peel or a Canning. Adair told me that old Lord George Cavendish expressed the greatest indignation at their party being led by Burke in the House of Commons, and it was this prevalent feeling, together with the extraordinary modesty of Burke, who had no vanity for himself, though a great deal for his son, which accounts for the fact, so extraordinary according to our ideas and practice, that, though Burke led the Whig party in the House of Commons for four or five years, when that party came into power he was not offered a place in the Cabinet, but put in a subordinate office, which he consented to accept, seeing men so immeasurably inferior to himself occupying the highest posts.'

The duke gained for his grandson early in life the sinecure Secretaryship of Jamaica and the reversion of the Clerkship of the Privy Council. Greville had free access to the fashionable society of the time. On November 21, 1829, he is at Strawberry Hill, where everything in Horace Walpole's house remained just as he had left it. He also visited Miss Berry in Curzon Street. Her house was 'one of the last *salons* that existed in London, and the most agreeable. It was frequented by all the rank, beauty, and talent of those times. Whenever the lamp over the hall door was lit, any *habitué* of the house was welcome.' Mary Berry had 'a fine, commanding figure, and a very handsome face, full of expression and intelligence.' It is said that Walpole wished to make her Lady Orford, and she was certainly the charm and consolation of his later years. She often talked to Greville about him, and had a great veneration for his memory. Greville gathered that she never was quite sure whether Walpole wished to marry her, but inclined to believe that she might have been his wife had she chosen.

Greville burnt his fingers many times at the Turf. He won the Derby for the Duke of York with Moses and was at George IV's Jockey Club dinners in 1828 and 1829.

There was an idea that after the Duke of York's death he might train horses for the King. The diary describes the Turf as 'a mind-spoiling pursuit.' He complains that it left him no time to write or read, and valuable reminiscences were forgotten. Newmarket pursued him everywhere. On starting for the Derby in 1838, he writes: 'Racing is just like dram-drinking, momentary excitement and wretched intervals, full consciousness of the mischievous effects of the habit, and equal difficulty in abstaining from it.' Ten years later he says: 'I grow more and more disgusted with the atmosphere of villany I am forced to breathe . . . it is not easy to keep oneself undefiled.' One day he resolves to extricate himself from the whole concern and pursue other occupations and objects of interest, then he finds himself absorbed as deeply as ever.

The journal for 1842 notes that Lord Temple dined alone with Chatham and Wolfe just as the latter was starting for America. 'After dinner, Wolfe got greatly excited, drew his sword, flourished it about, and boasted of the great things he would do with it, in a wonderfully braggart style. Lord Temple and Mr. Pitt were horror struck, and, when the general was gone, they lifted up their hands and eyes, and said what an awful thing it was to think that they were about to trust interests so vital to the discretion of a man who could talk and bluster in such a way.' Pitt had no reason, however, to regret the confidence he had placed in the hero who was to die in taking Quebec.

Greville got into close touch with Wellington, who told him that he considered the principal characteristic of the Duke of Marlborough was his strong, sound sense and great practical sagacity. It was a mistake to say he was illiterate. Wellington thought the errors he committed were due to his wife. Croker dined *tête à tête* with Wellington before he went to take command in Portugal. He was so quiet after dinner that Croker said, 'Sir Arthur, you don't talk; what is it you are thinking about?' He replied, 'Of the French.

I have never seen them; they have beaten all Europe. I think I shall beat them, but I can't help thinking about them.'

When Marshal Soult came as Ambassador Extraordinary to Queen Victoria's Coronation, Wellington made the editor of his *Dispatches from the Peninsula* keep back the eleventh volume, in which the account of the battle of Toulouse appears, because some of the details were calculated to annoy Soult. Croker was not so chivalrous. He brought out an offensive article in the *Quarterly* on the very day of Soult's arrival, though Wellington did all he could to get him to keep it back. John Bull was not lacking in the generosity of his welcome, for, as Greville says, 'Johnny is a gentleman who does things in excess, and seldom anything by halves.' Wellington told Greville that, at the beginning, his generals in the Peninsula knew nothing of the matter, and he was obliged to go from division to division and look to everything himself, down to the minutest detail. Greville asked why Bonaparte had not himself come to Spain to attack him, and, if he had come with a great force, he wanted to know whether he could not have driven him out. Wellington replied that he thought Napoleon had satisfied himself that it would be a work of great difficulty, and great length, and that he had no mind to embark in it. The French certainly would not have driven him out, for he would have taken up some position, and been enabled to baffle the Emperor just as he had baffled his marshals. Wellington 'talked a great deal of the Spanish character, unchanged to this day; of the vast difficulties he had had to contend with from both Spanish and Portuguese Governments, the latter as bad as the former; of their punctilios and regard to form and ceremony.' Greville says it was impossible to convey an idea of the 'zest, eagerness, frankness, and *abundance* with which he talked, and told of his campaigns, or how interesting it was to hear him' He regarded Massena as the best of Napoleon's generals to whom he was ever opposed. At Salamanca his

opponent was Marmont. Wellington was anxiously waiting for a fitting opportunity to attack. He was dining with his officers in a farm-house. The whole French army was in sight, moving and firing on the farm-house. Wellington got up and looked with his glasses over a wall. 'That will do,' he said; 'I'll attack them directly.' He ordered his horses and was off in an instant, followed only by his old German dragoon, who went with him everywhere. He galloped straight to Pakenham's division and desired him to begin the attack immediately. 'Give me your hand, and it shall be done,' was the reply. The Duke gave him his hand, which Pakenham shook warmly and then hastened off. In forty minutes forty thousand Frenchmen were beaten.

When Marmont came to London he said that Napoleon's generals liked the Russian expedition, but he held that two campaigns should have been employed instead of one. He said that 'Napoleon's army was destroyed by the time he got to Moscow, destroyed by famine; that there were two ways of making war, by slow degrees with magazines, or by rapid movements and reaching places where abundant means of supply and reorganization were to be found, as he had done at Vienna and elsewhere; but in Russia supplies were not to be had. Napoleon had, however, pushed on with the same rapidity and destroyed his army.' One corps of 80,000 reached Moscow with 15,000; a cavalry force of 50,000 was reduced to 6,000.

Greville heard Wellington speak in the House of Lords on February 18, 1830, and said to Robert Grant, who was sitting by him on the steps of the throne, 'That is a good speech of the Duke's.' Grant replied, 'He speaks like a great man'; 'and so,' adds Greville, 'he did; it was bold and manly, and a high tone, not like a practised debater, but a man with a vigorous mind and determined character.' Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst found him 'a good man to do business with, quick and intelligent.'

Greville has little that is good to say of the Court of

George IV. 'A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and life of petty intrigue and mystery.' The rapacity of the King's mistress, Lady Conynham, was unbounded. She lived in one of the houses in Marlborough Road. All the members of her family were continually there, and were supplied with horses and carriages from the King's stables. She bore herself as mistress of the King's house. He told her, 'You cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please, everything to show you are mistress here.' She had strings of pearls of enormous value, and at a ball wore a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts and was given by Cardinal York to the King.

After the death of George IV 'the Press burst forth in full cry against him, and raked up all his vices, follies, and misdeeds, which were numerous and glaring enough.' William IV had passed his life in obscurity and neglect, without consideration or friends, and was ridiculous from his grotesque ways and little meddling curiosity. That was his experience for above forty years. The death of the Princess Charlotte and of the Duke of York made him heir to the throne and procured him a little more consideration. Then the health of George IV broke down, and in three months William was king. He began well, and threw himself into the arms of the Duke of Wellington with the strongest expressions of confidence and esteem. The Duke told Greville that he was reasonable and tractable and that he had done more business with him in ten minutes than with his brother in as many days. His good nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him were striking, nor did he forget any of his old friends and companions. He kept the habits and manners of a country gentleman, and Queen Adelaide liked quiet and retirement and Bushey, and did not want to be a queen. William died on June 20, 1837.

Little was known of Princess Victoria. 'She has been kept

in such zealous seclusion by her mother (never having slept out of her bedroom, nor been alone with anybody but herself and the Baroness Lehzen) that not one of her acquaintance, none of the attendants at Kensington, not even the Duchess of Northumberland, her governess, have any idea what she is, or what she promises to be.' Lord Granville told Greville years afterwards that the Duchess of Kent and Sir John Conroy plotted for the establishment of a regency. The duchess wrote to Melbourne, shortly before the death of William IV, that it was her daughter's wish, and she was authorized to tell him so, that he would bring in a Bill to establish a regency for a short time. Baron Stockmar assured Melbourne that this demand of regency was made at the instigation of Conroy, and without the consent or knowledge of the Princess. That opened Melbourne's eyes, and he determined to have nothing more to say to Conroy. On her accession, the young Queen asked Conroy to name the reward he expected for his services to her parents. He asked for the Red Ribband of the Bath, an Irish peerage, and £8,000 a year. She told him the first two requests rested with her Ministers, but that he should have the pension. The young Queen showed rare tact when she visited Queen Adelaide at Windsor. The flag on the Round Tower was half-mast high, and she asked Melbourne to see that it was not raised in honour of her visit.

The Coronation passed off well. The Abbey looked beautiful, particularly where the peeresses sat blazing with diamonds. Half a million people were said to have streamed into London, and it was estimated that £200,000 was paid for seats. Mr. Strachey was allowed to use the Greville MS. for his *Queen Victoria*, and the new light thrown on the early days of her reign in this edition adds to the impression made by that striking biography.

Greville went to hear Edward Irving in 1833, and gives an account of the tongues which interrupted Spencer Percival's address. Irving's subject was 'God is love,' 'upon which he

poured forth a mystical, incomprehensible rhapsody, with extraordinary vehemence of manner and power of lungs. There was nothing like eloquence in his sermon, no musical periods to captivate the ear, no striking illustrations to charm the imagination; but there is undoubtedly something in his commanding figure and strange, wild countenance, his vehemence, and, above all, the astonishing power of his voice, its compass, and variety, which arrests attention, and gives the notion of a great orator. I dare say he can speak well, but to waste real eloquence on such an auditory would be like throwing pearls to swine.' In 1857 he heard Spurgeon in the music hall of the Surrey Gardens. 'He is certainly very remarkable, and undeniably a very fine character; not remarkable in person, in face rather resembling a smaller Macaulay; a very clear and powerful voice, which was heard through the whole hall; a manner natural, impassioned, and without affectation or extravagance; wonderful fluency and command of language, abounding in illustration, and very often of a very familiar kind, but without anything either ridiculous or irreverent. He gave me an impression of his earnestness and his sincerity.'

Greville devotes some delightful pages to Macaulay, whom he first met at dinner in 1832 at Lord Holland's. He sat next to 'a common-looking man in black,' and was astonished when he joined in the conversation. When Lord Auckland said 'Mr. Macaulay, will you drink a glass of wine?' Greville thought he should have dropped off his chair. Sir James Stephen told Greville in 1836 that Macaulay could repeat all Demosthenes by heart, all Milton, a great part of the Bible, and the New Testament in Greek. He seemed to have the faculty of digesting and arranging as well as remembering. 'Far superior to Brougham in general knowledge, in fancy, imagination, and in the art of compositon, he is greatly inferior to him in those qualities which raise men to social and political eminence.' He was no rival to Brougham in the House of Commons, and in Society he was not sufficiently

flexible and diversified, whilst Brougham was all life, spirit, and gaiety.

The death of Sir Robert Peel in July 1850 eclipsed every other subject of interest. The suddenness of his fatal fall from his horse took the world by surprise. 'The sympathy, the feeling, and the regret which have been displayed on every side and in all quarters are to the last degree striking. Every imaginable honour has been lavished on his memory. The Sovereign, both Houses of Parliament, the Press, and the people, from the highest to the lowest, have all joined in acts of homage to his character, and in magnifying the loss which the nation has sustained.' The Duke of Wellington declared that in his long connexion with him he had never known him to deviate from the strictest veracity. 'He was easy of access, courteous and patient, and those who approached him generally left him gratified by his affability and edified and astonished at the extensive and accurate knowledge, as well as the sound practical sense and judgement, which he displayed on all subjects. It was by the continual exhibition of these qualities that he gained such a mastery over the public mind, and such prodigious influence in the House of Commons.'

The riches of the memoirs are indeed inexhaustible, and, though Mr. Wilson fails to mark clearly the additions which he has made to the earlier edition, he has certainly given new interest to a work which is of the highest value for all who wish to come into close touch with the English world of the reigns of George IV and William IV, and the quarter of a century when Queen Victoria was creating a loyalty for the throne and its occupant which her two uncles had wellnigh extinguished.

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH OF ENGLAND

SOME HISTORICAL REFLECTIONS AND A CONCLUSION

THE condition of the national Church of England is necessarily the interest of all the Churches, Established or Free. When, therefore, we witness that Church passing through a period of stress not unlike that of the eighteenth century, we as Methodists are specially concerned. For the religious history of that century is our own, and we are fascinated to watch events which will decide whether once again a living movement within the Establishment is to find the place too strait for it and is to seek its destiny without. It is well, therefore, to examine the relation between Methodism and the Anglo-Catholic movement, and the relation of both to the historic Church of England.

It is perhaps not too much to say that England in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries experienced very similar stages of Reformation and Counter-Reformation to those which distracted Europe in the sixteenth. Granting the far-reaching significance of the Tudor measures and of the Civil Wars, we must allow that these events were primarily political. The Supremacy Acts and the Elizabethan Settlement moulded the English Church as it was to be, and the episcopal system was only temporarily challenged by the Puritans. These events, however, had merely stimulated a development which had always been conditioned by the individual and national independence of the English people. With a slow-moving insularity, this country has always tended to absorb external influences rather than to conform to them. Our Reformation was a thoroughly English adaptation of the Continental upheaval. It was the will of the king in Westminster, who was more to Englishmen than the Pope at the Lateran. The Tudors were high-handed, but it was part of their genius for government that the greatest of them intuitively knew how far they could carry the country with them. Thus the Elizabethan Settlement was a masterly compromise, undoubtedly meant to make the English Church predominantly Protestant in doctrine and practice, but giving verbal concessions to Romanist sympathies for the sake of preserving the national unity. The nation, therefore, went quietly about its work, with a Church which had no close analogy anywhere else. The Pope was renounced and the extreme Latin forms abandoned; yet the Anglican divines were at great pains to prove their continuity in the Apostolic Succession. Above all, the Established Church was inevitably bound up with the secular authority, but this process had been going on for centuries. There

was a characteristic reluctance to depart from custom, with the result of a Church in whose formulae and observance traditional and Lutheran elements were nicely balanced.

In all this, however, the first consideration had been the integrity of the State. A less judicious 'Settlement' would certainly have produced a cleavage which would have left the country fatally vulnerable to the Armada. It may reasonably be said that, apart from doctrinaire discussions, the Reformation as a religious force had not yet touched England. Not until Wesley's day was the nation shaken to its heart, and compelled to face religious issues, as such, without a distorting political bias. This is not to deny that the Continental Reformation had complicated political aspects; nor is there the least desire to discount the religious heroism of the English martyrs. It is only said that calm judgement on the religious questions was prejudiced by the prevailing political strain. But when once the call was heard, unconfused by anxiety for the nation's safety or honour, men chose for themselves a free course, and, boldly if reluctantly leaving the national communion, formed the Methodist Church. It may fairly be contended that this was the authentic English Reformation—the late response to the Continental movement, but spiritually akin. For although Wesley, unlike Luther, was not attacking the Roman errors, he did nevertheless inspire the assertion of the Protestant principle latent in the Church of England, and now active for the first time and issuing to its logical conclusion. Wesley was not dissatisfied with the formularies of the Established Church; he was content to use it as he found it, and any vagueness in its theory did not trouble him greatly. He felt that any Body would serve for the right Spirit, but he was the disciple of Luther in following without misgiving the leading of the Spirit, even though it should escape from the familiar body of his own Church entirely.

By the time of Newman the energy of the Protestant element of the Church had deeply affected the life both of the Church itself and of the nation at large. For what the country experienced at that time was not merely the consolidation of Methodism, but a rising tide of liberal thought in religion and theology, in philosophy and political theory. Methodism had a large share in the awakening of the middle class to responsibility and power, and must therefore be regarded as an influential factor in causing the Oxford Movement, which began just after the franchise had been largely extended by the Reform Act of 1832.

The Oriel group was speaking the mind of many when it claimed that the removal of disabilities upon Dissenters was an attack on the Establishment. It seemed that the Church of England was in danger of losing all resemblance to the historic universal Church, and that an effort must be made to restore it. The counter-attack was launched in July 1833, when Keble preached at Oxford on the 'National Apostasy,' and Newman inaugurated the 'Tracts for the Times.' The declared object of the movement was the 'Dissemination of High Church Principles,' the recovery to the Church of England of the

characteristics lost at the Reformation, and generally her reduction to conformity to Catholic faith and practice. In 1841 Newman, in the celebrated Tract xc., asserted that the Thirty-nine Articles were to be understood in the sense of the Catholic Church. This was not merely making the fullest possible use of any diplomatic obscurities in the formulae ; it was a positive challenge.

The Tractarian controversy raises the question of the oecumenical position of the Church of England. Newman had some justification for his belief that any real regard for apostolic tradition had been consistently sacrificed to the national expediency. At any rate, Canterbury had long declined to be ruled by Rome, which claimed the sole right to interpret that tradition. But the basis of the Oxford Movement is simply that of the Counter-Reformation. It refused to accept the judgement of the Reformers that the corner-stones of Romanism are unreal, and that the Reality in it is equally available to men without it, as Wesley proved. Moreover, the balance of tendencies in the Anglican Church laid it open to be viewed at least as much as a Catholic Church of lamentably irregular practice as a Church of thoroughgoing Protestant conviction. If Wesley had evoked the latent Protestantism in the Establishment, the Tractarians would galvanize the Catholic element into life.

The present Anglican position is, indeed, the natural outworking of the Elizabethan Settlement. Sooner or later it was inevitable that the disparate elements thrown together in solution should crystallize out. The Methodist Revival settled the form of developed English Protestantism in relation to the Church of England ; the Oxford Movement was an important phase in a process which will ultimately settle the form of English Catholicism in the same relation. By that time the energies of the English Reformation and its sequel will have done their work. The English type of Protestantism represented by Methodism is not the Lutheran any more than it is the Scottish type ; it takes its form largely from its Anglican descent and its English inheritance. In time there will also be evolved a characteristically English type of Catholicism, which will stand to the Latin Church much as Methodism stands to Luther, but bearing equally ineffaceable marks of Anglican influence and English ancestry. This is a vital point, for, whatever opinion may be held of a national Church as such, no Church can ever be the Church of Englishmen which ignores their history and outlook. This explains why neither Presbyterianism nor Romanism has ever secured, or is likely to secure, a real hold on the English people.

Here, then, is a true mission for the Anglican Church, but it calls for the abandonment of the *via media* policy. Granting that the Protestant leadership of this country has definitely passed to the Free Churches—and the assumption may fairly be made—there is great need for a radically English interpretation of the Catholic position. Logically the Anglo-Catholic party should be excluded, as were the Methodist societies, simply because an undue emphasis on either principle is fatal to the equilibrium by which alone the Anglican

Church can live. But the need of the present is not for consistency, but for courage. The policy of the *via media* has been of incalculable service in giving time and opportunity for the working out of the two historic principles until they should both become thoroughly naturalized to their English environment. In the crisis which is now maturing it would be disastrous for the Anglican Church to be bereft of the Catholic party which is to-day her most active element, and which, if it were to secede, would take with it the Catholic destiny of the Church, as Methodism inherited her Protestant birthright, and that which remained would be a colourless residuum indeed. A Church that has no room for any enthusiasms is in a perilous state. But the Church of England dare not harbour an enthusiasm while she remains a precarious composite structure; the only way is to declare herself on one side or the other, and, whatever hostages may be offered, her true affinity is undoubtedly in the Catholic direction.

The fact that the Anglo-Catholic party apparently will, as things are moving, become dominant in the Church does not impair the value of such a solution. Nor does the fact that this would mean the attainment of all that the Tractarians set out to gain. The religious life of the world cannot afford to lose the essential values of the Catholic emphasis, even supposing that there were any likelihood of their being utterly lost. But they become obscured either by the heavy shadow of Rome or by mere disregard on the Protestant side. The conservation of the past, the peculiarly Catholic ways of mysticism, the genius for order, and the sense of Christian solidarity, are treasures too great to be thrown away. Both Catholicism and Protestantism are far bigger and more positive than either their opponents or some of their warmest supporters think, and each has a profound need of the other.

There may be, in the Anglo-Catholic outlook and practice, things which, as Protestants, we distrust. It is to be remembered, however, that the movement does not stand quite where the Tractarians stood, and certainly its ground is not that of Rome. The position is illumined by Professor N. P. Williams, of Oxford, in the *Expository Times*, November 1927. He is probably in advance of most Anglo-Catholics, but it is very significant that any Catholic should place the emphasis, as he does, jointly upon Catholicism and criticism. A Church which is prepared honestly to face criticism is in the way of spiritual health, and surely the courage that will probe will not fail at the cautery.

Too much hope is not to be based on the progress of individual Catholics towards freedom of thought, which is the treasured possession of Protestants. The goal is truth, the truth as it is in Jesus, and we must go our several ways to find it. Catholic and Protestant are to-day using each other's distinctive modes as never before. The Church of England has a great chapter before her if she will undertake to present the abiding values of the Catholic witness, revering the past yet not obsessed by it, proving all things yet holding fast that, and only that, which is good. Such a Church, following the slow, deliberate genius of the English race, and setting forth, free from

selfishness and superstition, the vital truth as the Catholic sees it, will richly complement the very best that an enlightened Protestantism can achieve.

LESLIE H. BUNN.

THE AHMADIYYA MOVEMENT

THE penetration of the Western spirit into the East has been attended by vast and far-reaching changes in the mental outlook of the Oriental. Science, machinery, historical criticism, and other factors of Western civilization have all played their part in the disintegration of old thought-forms and age-long superstitions. This influence of Occident on Orient, however, has not been unresisted in the past, nor is it unresisted to-day. While some Easterns have drifted with the stream, and merely tried to adjust the old to the new—to put the new wine into old wineskins—yet the majority still cling desperately to the established order. Some few of these last go further, and, rather irrationally, attack Western thought with Western weapons, while still clinging to the present order of things. Truly men are slow to scrap their outworn faiths.

The Ahmadiyya Movement, in Islam, provides a unique example of this last manifestation of Oriental revolt against the modern spirit. Mirza Ghulam Ahmad was born in Qadian in 1839. Qadian lies about seventy miles from Lahore, the capital of the Panjab, and was the ancestral seat of Ghulam Ahmad. An account of the family of the founder of the Ahmadiyya Movement is given in Sir Lepel Griffin's *Panjab Chiefs*. The early education of the Mirza consisted in the study of Oriental tongues, and in medicine. From extreme youth he appears to have been of a studious disposition, and in his early manhood devoted much time to the reading of the Koran, the commentaries thereon, and sayings of the Prophet. Ahmad wrote incessantly for several Urdu journals, and in 1880 produced the first two parts of his *Barahin-i-Ahmadiyya*. In the third part of this work, which appeared two years later, the author announced himself as the Mujaddid (the Reformer). Still more startling claims were to follow. The Mirza proclaimed himself to be the promised Messiah, and to fulfil the belief in the second coming of our Lord. Whether he was prompted to do this by the excessively Millennarian teaching prevalent among certain American missionaries in the Panjab is open to question. This seems to be, however, the most likely explanation of the facts. If so, we see in the Panjab, Pastor Russell and Islam joining forces in order to supersede Christianity by a New Islam. The Mirza appealed to a prophecy ascribed to Mohammed to the effect that, 'He'—i.e. the promised Messiah—'will break the Cross.'

Again he was the Mahdi, but a peaceful Mahdi, a being utterly at variance with all orthodox traditions, save one—namely, 'There is no Mahdi except Jesus.' This tradition Ahmad accepted as against

all others contradicting it. Ahmad thus summed up his position, 'The spiritual personality of the Messiah, and the Mahdi, is a combination of the spiritual personalities of the Holy Prophet Mohammed and Jesus.' The Mirza now professed to be able to work miracles, and, about this time, made the 'greatest discovery of the age'—namely, that Arabic was the mother of all languages. His miracles remain in the realm of the non proven; his prophecies not only frequently went wrong, but got the Mirza into trouble with the Government; while his philological researches out-do Max Müller at his wildest.

The cause of Ahmad's trouble with the Government was a prophecy of the death of his opponent, Pandit Lekh Ram, of the Arya Samaj, near the time of a Mohammedan festival. Lekh Ram actually did die about such a time—with the assistance of a dagger: and thus it was not unnaturally surmised that the Mirza's friends had helped prophecy to fulfil itself. It proved impossible, however, to bring the matter home to the Ahmadis, and the upshot of the affair was that the Mirza was bound over to restrain himself with regard to this class of prophecy.

The attitude of this 'Messiah' to Christianity was peculiar. While maintaining the inspiration of the Koran, and the infallability of Mohammed, he loved to cast doubt on the historicity of the Bible by citing the *Encyclopaedia Biblica*, as though this were the receptacle of the established Christian opinion of the day. It is needless to remark that he was bound by no one canon of criticism, but merely printed adverse quotations affecting Christianity, selected eclectically from the writings of those orthodox and liberal scholars to which he had access. His Jesus was the Jesus of Islamic tradition, and not the Jesus of history and the New Testament. When he speaks of the Master it should be borne in mind that it is one of the prophets of Islam he refers to; a pure figment of the Moslem imagination.

This lay figure of the Koran and the Hadith was enlarged upon by the Mirza. Jesus, he maintained, did not die on the cross, but came to the 'Lost tribes of the house of Israel,' who, it appears, are the people of Afghanistan and Kashmire. Here is a striking parallel to the British Israelite delusion with a vengeance; but this time with at least something tangible to produce as evidence. It would appear that these lost tribes cannot get themselves properly lost at all. From Commodian's Instructions, the Carmen Apologeticum, and Ethiopic Acts of Matthew, not to mention the Narrative of Zosimas, to the Queen of Sheba myth of Abyssinia, the Jewish colony of South India, and the present British Israelite fabulators, the lost tribes are ever with us, but the Mirza does not prove his case from proof texts badly misinterpreted; he was convinced that he had much better evidence than that. First he cites, as his primary authority, Nicholas Notovitch's *Unknown Life of Christ*; which work Notovitch claims to have discovered in a Tibetan monastery. This spurious writing was proved by Professor J. A. Douglas, of Agra, to be the work of the supposed translator. The romance of Balaam

and Josaphat is also allowed to support the claim. Again we are on well-criticized ground; for Dr. Rendel Harris has thrashed out the sources of this work in the *Rylands Bulletin*.

The Mirza, in the third place, appeals to an ancient tale translated into Urdu, entitled *Ikmal-ud-Din* (Perfection of Faith) which is now out of print. The final and conclusive proof, however, was his claim to have made the great discovery that the tomb of Jesus was on Khan Yar Street, in Srinagar, Kashmire. That there is a tomb there is not to be denied, but it is held by most Moslems in the city to be the tomb of an unknown prophet named Yus Asaf. This did not deter the Mirza, however, for was not Yus, Joseph, the same being Josaphat and a corruption of Yasu, called the original name of Jesus? Asaf was quite easy. It was the Hebrew word *asaf*, 'to gather,' and referred to Jesus as the one who gathered the lost tribes.

One other great discovery of Ahmad was that Guru Nanak, the founder of the Sikhs, was a Moslem. So much for the contributions, for what they are worth, of the Mirza to scholarship. Ghulam Ahmad died in 1908, and had, by that time, established for himself a new sect in Islam. Since that date the original movement has developed into two branches; which split over the question of political interference.

The Lahore Anjuman-Isha'at-i-Islam (Society for the Spread of Islam) is most active, and has sent missionaries to England. They have a mosque at Woking, and claim a number of British converts.

The Ahmadiyya fraternity use the printing-press to good purpose, and produce periodicals and books in both Urdu and English. Their output is amazing, and reveals the earnestness of those who control its affairs. Christianity, Buddhism, and Hinduism are attacked with vigour, and Islam is proclaimed as the universal religion.

The gage has been thrown down, and we cannot, for very shame, fail to answer the challenge. We must print tract for tract, periodical for periodical, book for book. It is expedient that a printing-press be established in Lahore, especially to produce the necessary Christian literature with a Moslem outlook. This is no time for idly standing aside. The Christian world must be up and doing, for, in the words of the title of a recent book, 'Islam defies your King.'

E. J. JENKINSON.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Minor Prophets in the Freer Collection and the Berlin Fragment of Genesis. By H. A. Sanders and Carl Schmidt. (New York : The Macmillan Company. $3.50.)

THIS is Volume XXI. of the University of Michigan Studies, and students of the Septuagint text of the Minor Prophets and of Genesis will welcome it as a notable factor in the attempt to restore the pre-Hexaplaric text of these books. Professor H. A. Sanders of Michigan has already laid all textual scholars under an obligation by his volumes on the Washington MS. of Deuteronomy, Joshua, and the Psalms in the Old Testament, and of the Four Gospels and the Epistles of Paul in the New. He has here collaborated with Professor Carl Schmidt of Berlin, who himself purchased the Genesis papyrus in Egypt and presented it to what was the Royal Library, and is now the Staats-bibliothek, in Berlin. The result is a work of painstaking and exact scholarship, worthy of the high reputations of the editors. It is to be regretted that Professor Rahlfs of Göttingen had unfairly forestalled these editors in his publication of the Berlin Genesis. Surely Rahlfs's reputation in this field of scholarship did not need such unworthy haste. However, there is no question that this Michigan edition of the Berlin Fragment will be far more valuable than that of Rahlfs, for it has been prepared, not merely from photographs, but from very careful work upon the original by the two scholars most competent to undertake it. Interesting accounts of the history of these papyri form the introductions to valuable chapters on the palaeography and the character of the texts, &c. The texts themselves are printed with the lacunae supplied from Swete's edition in the case of the Minor Prophets, and from Brooke and McLean's text in the case of Genesis. The arrangement is admirably clear and easy for reference. From the character of the writing and of the text and from the subscription in the papyrus of the Minor Prophets, the editors are sure that the date is earlier than A.D. 270. The Berlin Genesis they assign to the end of the third century A.D. Unwearying patience and skill were necessary for the piecing together of the fragments of the Minor Prophets MS., which had been packed in two small boxes and sent to the United States soon after the end of the war. A few lines are all that remain of Hosea, but of the other prophets enough has been preserved to be valuable, thanks to the care with which they have been treated. The MS. has marginal glosses, which Professor Sanders believes were written by a Copt, who was not a good Greek scholar, but who had made them, it may be, to use them in a sermon. Their

importance for us is that they make probable the belief that the home of this papyrus was in Sahidic territory or in that of some dialect that was akin. There are a number of adaptations to the Hebrew text, but this MS. is most closely affiliated with the Akhmimic version. It is because of the similarity of the problems involved in the study of these two third-century MSS.—W and 911—that they have been published together in one volume. The editors claim that the result of their studies is the proof that, with the support of these papyri, some groups of minuscules are of equal or even more importance than the uncial groups in determining the pre-Origen text of the Septuagint. This book is made more interesting by excellent reproductions of fragments of the papyri large enough to enable the reader to form an idea of the palaeography of the originals. A list of libraries containing facsimilies of both is a useful appendix. Both editors and publishers are to be congratulated on this volume.

The Old Testament in Greek. Vol. II. : The Later Historical Books; Part I., 1 and 2 Samuel. Edited by Alan England Brooke, Norman McLean, and Henry St. John Thackeray. (Cambridge University Press. 20*s.* net.)

It is now more than ten years since the appearance of the last part of the first volume of the Cambridge Septuagint. Work of this kind must be largely international in character if it is to be complete, and it will occasion no surprise that all the preliminary work for the second volume was seriously delayed by the war. Dr. Brooke also found it impossible to continue his full share in the undertaking, but an able collaborator was found in the person of Dr. St. John Thackeray, who has done much to collate MSS., and has contributed a detailed study of the evidence of Josephus, whose writings are an important source for the Greek text of the later historical books. With such work as this in his hands, no student will find it in his heart to grumble at the delay. The textual problems of the books of Samuel are perhaps more interesting than those of any other book in the Old Testament, and even the reader of the marginal readings of the Revised Version may get a glimpse of how much the Septuagint contributes to their solution. We venture to welcome this resumption of publication most heartily, both for its own sake and as an earnest that more will be forthcoming in the not too distant future.

The Old Testament: An American Translation. (Cambridge University Press. 87*s.* 6*d.*)

This translation has been made by four experts, Alexander R. Gordon, Theophile J. Meek, J. M. Powis Smith, and Leroy Waterman, and is issued by the Chicago University Press. The translation tries to be American in the sense that the writings of Lincoln, Roosevelt, and Wilson are American. It aims at being understood wherever English is spoken. The symbolic and figurative language of the Hebrew has been retained, with translation into more familiar terms where this

might be misunderstood. The first two translators are professors in Montreal and Toronto; the editor, in Chicago; and Professor Waterman, in the University of Michigan. Each has been free to express himself as he felt best. The editor has aimed at uniformity only in the most essential matters. Headings are inserted for the various sections, and the work of each translator is clearly indicated. The translation moves easily, and is clear and simple wherever we have tested it. The Story of Creation is set out in a way that brings out the various stages. 'Please tell me your name,' in the account of Jacob's wrestling with the angel, is rather too modern for such a memorable scene. Other expressions lay themselves open to the same criticism, but there is a freshness and ease about the translation which makes it very pleasant reading. The alphabetical arrangement of Psalms xxxiv. and cxix. is shown. The great passage in Job xix. reads thus:

> But I know, my Vindicator lives;
> And hereafter he will rise up upon the dust;
> And after my skin has been torn off—like this!—
> And from my flesh, I shall see God,
> Whom I shall see on my side,
> And my eyes will see unestranged.
> My emotions are spent within me.

Psalm cxxi. is a very happy rendering, and the arrangement is a real aid to the reader. 'The Song of Songs' owes much also to arrangement and headings. Isaiah ix. 5, 6 reads:

> For every boot worn by booted warrior in the fray
> And war-cloak stained with blood,
> Will be for burning—food for the fire.
> For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us,
> And the government will be upon his shoulder;
> And his name will be
> 'Wonderful counsellor, godlike hero,
> Father for ever, Prince of Peace.'

The handsome volume will be greatly valued for the freshness, simplicity, and exactness with which the four professors have carried out their great task.

Christ the Word. By Paul Elmer More. (Oxford University Press. 18*s*.)

This is the fourth and final volume in Dr. More's historical study of the Greek Tradition, from the death of Socrates to the Council of Chalcedon. This volume is a monograph rather than a history, for 'the whole course of Greek theology itself, though it branched off into innumerable minor issues, was steadily centred upon the one question of the authenticity and meaning and consequences of the Incarnation.' Dr. More is 'by no means insensible to the grandeur of Western Christianity, by the side of which the Eastern Church, in its ages of decline after the fourth century, sinks into insignificance.' But 'Roman legalism and mediaeval scholasticism have added

elements unfortunate in themselves and alien to the original spirit of the faith. From these religion, if it is to hold the modern mind, must be freed, and can most easily be freed by returning, for the moment at least, to the more Hellenic type of theology. We need to reintegrate for ourselves the Gospels and the philosophy of Plato, as this was once done in the dogma of Christ the Word.' The documents of the Apostolic Age lack the note of direct authority, yet one cannot read them without a thrill of elation. The new thing that has entered into the life of mankind appears in them with a marvellous freshness of beauty and with kindling power. The prologue to the Fourth Gospel has much resemblance to Philo's teaching, but the identification of the Logos with a person strikes an entirely new note. The chapter on 'The Setting of Gnosticism' is very suggestive, and so is that on 'The Christian Theosophists.' Dr. More holds that the Fathers of the second century added the Holy Spirit to the Father and the Son as a name for their effluent power and sympathy. Dr. More himself thinks that the dogma of the Trinity 'has no justification in the words of Jesus or in Scripture, that it was forced upon the Church by the mythopoeic tendency of the age.' We do not see how that opinion can be sustained in view of the discourse in the Upper Room. That does not blind us to the beauty of the book and the new light which it throws on the early centuries of Church history. Our Lord saw everywhere the indication of purpose in the heart of a heavenly Father, and He summoned men to repentance 'that, through a life of purity and humility and love, they might bring their wills into harmony with the will of God, and so be prepared for participation in that Kingdom on earth and in heaven of which He, Jesus, presumed to call himself the Lord.'

New Studies in Mystical Religion. By Rufus M. Jones. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

These Ely Lectures were delivered at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1927, and are dedicated 'To the beautiful memory of my friend, Baron Frederich von Hügel.' The Introduction shows that mysticism 'only means that the soul of man has dealings with realities of a different order from that with which senses deal.' The idea that religion is abnormal is discussed, and is shown to be really 'a way of correspondence with God, a source of spiritual energy, a spring of joy, a burst of inspiration, an organizing power, the begetter of undying love.' Mysticism may lead to self-denial and sacrifice, but it entails no hatred of life. 'It only insists that the finite is never a terminus; it is meant to be a thoroughfare on into the Heart and Life of God.' The chapter on religious education pleads for ministers and teachers who know God and have a warm human touch with men, and at the same time are in immediate correspondence with the world within the world we see. As to organization, Dr. Jones feels what a difference it would have made if there could have been a body of exuberant and triumphant men and women, through all the centuries, bearing witness to the power of the Spirit to raise life to complete

health and holiness. The mystic regards God as the inward sap of a living vine where His life and our lives bear spiritual fruit together. Tertullian said that 'Whenever the soul attains its natural soundness, it speaks of God.' That testimony of the soul is the subject of Dr. Jones's last chapter. The high-power life is the normal life, and those who have it are to be met everywhere and are the outstanding evidences of Christianity. All our knowledge of God has come through some human consciousness of Him, and each great religious tradition has 'originated in the special experiences of some soul who has acted as the revealer of spiritual reality.'

Adventure: The Faith of Science and the Science of Faith. By Burnett H. Streeter, Catherine M. Chilcott, John Macmurray, and Alexander S. Russell. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This set of essays is a resumption of the Cumnor series: *Concerning Prayer*, *Immortality*, and *The Spirit*. Death shattered the old 'Cumnor group,' but the new workers have the same spirit, and deal with great subjects with the same frankness and insight. Dr. Russell's essay, 'The Dynamic of Science,' shows that science is built on adventure. The 'courageous break-away from what was best established in the past has led to the most wonderful advances in physics and chemistry in the past fifteen years.' Mr. Macmurray, in 'Beyond Knowledge,' shows that a faith which does not submit itself to reason, but prefers to ground itself upon 'experience,' intuition, tradition, or mysticism, must be below and not beyond knowledge. Such faith justly earns the charge of obscurantism and superstition. Faith is courage in the face of ignorance and insecurity, the refusal to be beaten by failure. 'Such a life of faith lies beyond knowledge, because it is the transcendent spirit of knowledge, the courageous life of creative adventure.' Canon Streeter, in 'Moral Adventure,' points out that Protestantism was an experiment in the moral sphere. It transferred the parade-ground of the school from the cloister to the hearth. Francis of Assisi taught his followers to make religion more an adventure in the world than a meditation in the cloister. 'What is morality?' leads up to a timely and well-balanced study of 'The Ethics of Sex.' It will be read with much satisfaction by all who are awake to the problems of marriage and divorce. Dr. Streeter also writes on 'Finality in Religion.' The perfect human life seen in the Gospels is a vertitable expression of the divine. History is seen 'as a revelation of the love of God, which culminates in the Cross only because it is the initiative act of moral re-creation, of which the full glory will not be evident till the Kingdom of God shall come.' Mr. Macmurray's 'Objectivity in Religion' argues that to make religion real we must assume the incarnation of God in a human personality in that of Jesus Christ. 'Myth and Reality,' by Miss Chilcott, shows that religion presents its claim to the interpretation of reality under the form of a myth. Christianity further claims, for its myth, truth of objective fact. It involves the conception of the

Mediator and of Christ's atoning work. It is a suggestive essay. In the 'vision of humanity grown to its full stature, the stature of Christ, we see Christ, not superseded, but consummated: His work of mediation transcended and brought to fulfilment.' The set of essays does honour to the minds and hearts of the new Cumnor group.

Relativity and Religion. By H. D. Anthony, M.A., Ph.D., B.Sc., F.R.A.S. (University of London Press. 6*s*.)

This is, in substance, a thesis presented for the Doctorate of Philosophy. It is based on the fact that 'the whole question of what is really the essence of Christianity must, on the theoretical side, be related to current philosophical and scientific theories, and, on the practical side, to the problem of Christian Reunion.' There is, of course, much in such a thesis which appeals to experts, but there is also much that can be grasped without a specialized training. Dr. Matthews, in an appreciative foreword, says that Dr. Anthony has a firm grasp of the fundamental Christian experience, and the requisite mathematical and philosophical equipment, combined with a critical judgement. The dependence of religious thought on current ideas in pre-Copernican times and in modern science is dealt with in Part I. Every religion has at its centre some sort of belief about the universe. The theory of relativity is leading towards a reconsideration of our ideas of space, time, and matter. The nature of the problems thus raised is explained, and the work of Wildon Carr, Viscount Haldane, and Whitehead is discussed at length. Christianity successfully passes Troeltsh's standard as the world-religion which has, as its ideal, love to God and love to man. 'As the horizon of Western knowledge increases, and as the mysticism of the East brings her contribution, so will the Spirit of Love and Service and Humanity, which Jesus proclaimed, find its consummation in a world which has learned to treat men as brothers because it has also learned to cry Abba, Father.' In building the City of Truth many theories are being discarded, but 'still we believe that One who claims to be the Way, the Truth, and the Life has indeed revealed the Love of a Heavenly Father which abides through the changing scenes of human activity.' Dr. Anthony's study well bears out the tribute of the Dean of King's College.

Nature and God. By William Fulton, D.D., B.Sc. (T. & T. Clark. 9*s*.)

Professor Fulton delivered the Alexander Robertson Lectures at the University of Glasgow in October and November 1926. They are here enlarged in a way which will make younger students acquainted with some great names in the history of theology, philosophy, and science, and will direct their attention to significant books by recent authors. As to the relation between science and religion, it is a matter of relative indifference to theistic faith whether the world has always possessed its present organization, or is the result of a continuous process, so long as it may be recognized as the product of the Divine

Will, and as interpretable, taking it as a whole, in terms of meaning and purpose. The three chapters given to natural theology are full of interest, and lead up to a study of natural science and its domain. The conclusion is reached that if religion will cease to encroach on the domain of science, and science allow that its domain is limited, there is good hope for reconciliation between the two. The whole historical movement, more especially the whole religious development of mankind, reaches its climax in Jesus Christ, and from Him the rays of light proceed that illuminate the whole world. The theological notion of purpose needs to be purged and purified, but the theistic believer may still retain a rich and full conception of the Deity, even in His relation to the natural world. When the divine immanence and transcendence are set in the light of the moral and religious consciousness, they acquire a richness and a glowing warmth such as they could not acquire from metaphysical considerations alone. The concept of purpose is brought out in a very impressive way, and the lectures light up the relations between science and religion in a masterly and yet thoroughly lucid fashion.

Textual Discoveries in Proverbs, Psalms, and Isaiah. By Melville Scott, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

This essay gained the degree of Doctor of Divinity in the University of Strasburg, and one feels in turning its pages how well the honour was deserved. It is a work of conjectural emendation based on minute study of passages which present difficulties in the accepted versions. Some Hebrew letters are easily mistaken for others, and Dr. Scott shows, in case after case, how the change of a letter gives a new complexion to a sentence. The task is most difficult in Proverbs, where each verse is generally complete in itself, but if a proverb as emended becomes sharp and poignant, if it really bites, the emendation commends itself to one's judgement. The emendations are always suggestive, and students will examine them with real profit, and often with hearty agreement.

Certain Alleged Gospel Sources. By W. Lockton, B.D. (Longmans & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a supplement to the writer's *The Three Traditions in the Gospel*. The positions of Dr. Streeter and Dr. Vincent Taylor as to Proto-Luke, and the M which Canon Streeter postulates, are discussed, with the salient passages set in parallel columns. Mr. Lockton thinks Luke used two chief lines of tradition in writing his Gospel, that Mark, who followed, knew both these traditions and conflated a third with them, and that Matthew fixed and combined the different lines of tradition used in part in Luke and Mark. The First Epistle to the Thessalonians seems to contain undoubted references to the gospel tradition as it appears in Matthew. Mark was earlier, and was probably written about the year 40. Luke he dates still earlier. It is a new and deeply interesting discussion of the Synoptic problem.

Old Testament Essays. (Charles Griffin & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.) These are the papers read before the Society for Old Testament Study at its eighteenth meeting at Keble College, Oxford, last September. The society was founded in 1917 to promote and co-ordinate Old Testament study, and was attended in 1927 by representative scholars from America, Denmark, France, Germany, Holland, Lithuania, Czecho-Slovakia, and Russia. Nearly a hundred members were present, and the full programme is included in this volume. The sixteen papers show the range and importance of the studies. 'Prophetic Symbolism,' 'The Original Form of the Tetragrammaton,' 'The Tree of Life in Eden,' 'Deuteronomy and the Poetry of the Psalms,' and other subjects of equal interest, are discussed in a way that will provoke to further research. Professor Obbink, of Utrecht, thinks the biblical story means that man did eat of the tree of life in Paradise. On that he may fail to carry conviction, but he stirs inquiry. Dr. Cook says that archaeological research in Palestine seems to be supporting conservative rather than radical views of biblical history and religion. It is a volume which makes a strong appeal to students.

A Picture of Religion in England To-day. By William H. Draper. (Methuen & Co. 5*s.*) The Master of the Temple seeks, in this broad-minded little book, to encourage and interpret the emotions and thoughts that arise in the hearts of those who look on religion as a living thing. The stress is more and more being laid on character and conduct. The Bible is coming to be regarded as a book which teaches men to live a life worthy of disciples of Christ, and one which knits them together in one communion and fellowship, so that their light may shine before men. Charity is springing up in the religious field. 'The Catholic Church in which the English believe is at once older than that ghost of the Roman Empire, as Hobbes called it, and younger than the Pretender to universal sway, with its Court and head office in Italy, and its half-pagan talk of an eternal city, not even in the clouds or above them, but still among the ruins of the Capitol and built of the stones that cannot stand one upon another.' We are beginning in England to understand that the Church is a brotherhood, and the world is crying out for such a new creation. Nor does Mr. Draper, when measuring the territory of true religion, overlook the work done by Churches outside the Established Church. His sketches of Christian men and women whom he has known are very impressive, and his account of the work of prelates, clergy, and laity will broaden the outlook of many of his readers.

Rationalism and Orthodoxy of To-day. By J. H. Beibitz, M.A. (Student Christian Movement. 5*s.*) Julian Huxley's *Essays of a Biologist* suggest that what we mean by conscience marks the culmination of the whole evolutionary process, apart from the development of religion. There is in the universe an overwhelming

impression of order and rationality; the majestic progress of life tends to mentality and to a conscious appreciation of goodness, truth, and beauty. All these diversities of the universe find their principle of unity in the One Mind. Mr. Huxley's ideas of the origin of religion and his new conception of God are criticized. The Christian philosophy of the universe based on the doctrine of the Logos is intelligible and coherent. Its supreme claim lies in its appeal to the moral and spiritual sense. Young thinkers will find this an impressive argument.

Abingdon Press Publications.—*The Philosophy of Personalism* ($3.50), by Albert C. Knudson, Dean and Professor in Boston University School of Theology, is a study in the metaphysics of religion. Personalism is expounded in the light of its historical development and of contemporary philosophy. Special attention is given to the work of Borden P. Bowne. The historical aspects of the subject are carefully studied, but the main purpose is critical and constructive. It seeks to present in outline a type of philosophy that meets the needs of both the theoretical and the practical reason. A revival of metaphysical theology is greatly needed. Advanced theological thinking seems to be linking itself up with a crude realism, dualism, pragmatism, or positivism, and nothing will afford a more valuable guide through the labyrinth of speculation to a firm basis for faith than a mastery of the philosophy of personalism, which is 'the ripe fruit of more than two millenniums of intellectual toil, the apex of a pyramid whose base was laid by Plato and Aristotle.'—*Religion* ($1.75), by Professor G. W. Fiske, is 'a study of the aims and objectives of religious education, evolved through Christian history under stress of changing religious ideals and educational theories.' Ten chapters are given to purpose in historic aims and principles, then current methods are analysed in the light of the educational principles evolved in the first part. To teach as Jesus taught is urged on present-day workers, 'because we cannot find a wiser or more skilful teacher.' Professor Fiske shares with others the fruit of his large experience in a very stimulating way.—*Christian Conquests in the Congo* ($1), by John McKendree Springer, is another book by this devoted missionary, who describes the methods of work in Lubaland. When he rode into a cannibal village on his bicycle, the people fled in all directions into the dense forest. When he told one old crippled man why he had come, he shouted for the natives to return, which they did slowly and a bit shame-facedly. The record is delightfully told and is very well illustrated.—*Rough-hewed* ($1.50) is a volume of sermons by Dr. Raymond Forman, of St. Paul's Methodist Church in New York. Joseph is taken as a triumphant example of a rough-hewed man, and forms the text for a stimulating sermon. The whole set of sermons has the same fresh and inspiring note. It is a pleasure to think of such a ministry.—*The Sermon on the Mount* ($1.75) is a scholarly set of studies by Geoffrey Wardle Stafford. Each of the Beatitudes is expounded and applied with much skill, and there are studies on salt, light, and other three subjects

of the fifth chapter of St. Matthew. The primary lesson of our Lord's sermon—that Christianity is a spirit—is well brought out. The style is clear and easy, the illustrations good, the thought is rich and helpful. It is certainly a volume full of promise.—*God is at the Organ* ($1.50) gives fourteen sermons by W. L. Stidger. He finds four manuals in the organ of the universe—science, nature, humanity, and Christ. God plays them all. The first sermon develops that theme; others bring out the relation of new scientific discoveries to God. Seven nature sermons show how God is constantly revealing Himself through nature. The book is fresh and arresting throughout. —*Pharaoh's Question* ($1) gives eight addresses by Professor Leon Prince which seek to promote right choice and wise action. They are wise and bracing counsels which will help many to make the best use of life.—*To Know Him* ($1) contains five addresses by Dr. M. S. Rice, of Detroit, at Depauw University. Their theme is Christ as a Man, a Teacher, a Friend, a Saviour. All that is needed is that He 'shall be actually realized in life.' The addresses will set many to work out that problem with fresh courage and insight.—*Jesus as a Philosopher* ($1), by Dr. Horne, Professor in New York University, comes from a radio lecture-room. Their simple, direct style suited the vast audience that listened to the lectures. After the lecture which gives its title to the book, patriotism, happiness, success, and other subjects are dealt with in a practical way. The talks on 'A Boy's Life' and 'Standards for my Daughter' will help both young folk and parents.—*What is Left of the Apostle's Creed* ($1), by Dr. Loren Edwards, is a constructive and practical survey of the teaching of the Creed in the light of the assured findings of historical and biblical research. It is a valuable study, and likely to strengthen the faith of all who read it.—*The Appeal to Reality* ($1), by R. E. Fairbairn, aims to bring about a recovery of intelligent conviction. Its appeal is to thoughtful readers, and they will find it of real service in strengthening their hold of vital truths.—*The Heights of Christian Duty.* By Doremus A. Hayes. ($1.75.) Dr. Hayes holds the Chair of New Testament Interpretation at Evanston, and deals with the subject of Christian Unity in a way that is fresh and interesting. The Pauline doctrine is expounded, and the effect of disunion at home and on the mission field is brought out. Professor Hayes feels that there is a turning of the tide, and gives some interesting facts about movements for unity. The second and third parts of his book are on Hindrances and Helps, and a closing section is a vision of the consummation towards which he looks. The study will be of much service to those who are working for the closer fellowship of the Church in all lands.—*The Merchant of the Mûristân and Other Palestine Folks.* By Madeline S. Miller. ($3.50.) This is such a book on Palestine as one seldom meets. It is based on personal and intimate experience of the people, and is enriched with a series of photographs by the writer's husband which are wonderfully picturesque. It has end-paper maps of Palestine and of Jerusalem, and sets itself to describe the types of people in the Holy Land, which are far safer

links to the time of Christ than pavements and walls. 'Travel in His Land Incarnates Him' is the key-note of the book, and we see the peasant and merchant, the shepherd and the townsfolk of Nazareth, as Christ Himself must have looked upon them. It is a choice and deeply interesting study.—*Dealing Squarely with God* is a Stewardship Primer by Ralph S. Cushman (50 cents). It sets forth stewardship as our Lord's philosophy of life and gives its creed in six articles. These are clearly explained and enforced. The little book will help many to take the steps which Dr. Cushman recommends as the fruit of long experience.

The Holy Spirit. By A. J. Macdonald, M.A., B.D. (Student Christian Movement. 8*s.* 6*d.*) The doctrine of the Spirit in the New Testament, and in the Fathers and writers of the first centuries, is here set forth in a way that will be of real service to Christian thinkers, and will afford welcome guidance for study circles. The Bishop of Liverpool, in a Foreword, says that the book shows that the Christian faith has always included the principle that the energy of men may be linked up with the energy of God. To see that, and avail ourselves of it, is the remedy for all listlessness and inefficiency.—*Can Religion be Taught?* This is a report of the Central Education Committee of the Society of Friends. The religious teaching of children rested largely in the past on the home and the boarding school, but training in the home is more difficult than it was fifty years ago, and nearly half the Quaker children go to day schools. The report says: 'Friends have perhaps never fully realized the critical importance of religious education in the life of the Society.' The scope of the teaching required, the adaptation of teaching to different ages, and practical suggestions for parents, teachers, and leaders are dealt with in this timely and sensible report.—Mr. Allenson issues *Feathers on the Moor*, by Archibald Alexander, D.D. (5*s.*), little homilies, graceful in word and thought, treasures picked up and passed on to others in a way that stirs mind and heart. It is a joy to listen to these forty-two talks.—*The Bronze Bison*, by W. Pottinger, M.A. (8*s.* 6*d.*), is a striking title for these twenty-five addresses to boys and girls. Young folk will love them, and learn much from them. They are really fresh and much alive.—*Saint John the Baptist*, by F. W. H. Myers (1*s.* 6*d.*), seems to be the first separate issue of a poem that ranks next to the author's *Saint Paul*. It is a noble study, and this dainty booklet will be warmly welcome.—*The Secret of a Warm Heart*, by N. M. Cail, M.A. (8*s.* 6*d.*), gives twenty-two papers of great charm and interest. The subjects are striking and the illustrations are effective.—*The Stumbling-Block*, by Ambrose J. Williams (8*s.* 6*d.*), is a study of truth in many aspects. It implies a whole-hearted harmony with the universe, so that body and mind all contribute to enrich life.—Dr. Johnson's *Prayers and Meditations* still hold their place as a book of devotion, and this is the third edition, with new matter. It is demy 16mo and bound in purple cloth, with bevelled boards (8*s.* 6*d.*).—*Prayers of the Social Awakening*, by Dr. Walter Rauschenbusch

(Student Christian Movement, 8*s*.), is the first British edition of a volume which seeks to provide prayers for the new social world in which we are living. The Social Meaning of the Lord's Prayer is brought out in an introductory section, and, after prayers for Morning, Noon, and Night, Praise for the Fatherhood of God and for this world, we have prayers for all classes—judges, doctors, nurses, working-men and employers, and for the progress of humanity. It is certainly a varied and welcome prayer-book.—*The Prayer-Life of our Lord*, by D. M. M'Intyre, D.D. (Morgan & Scott, 8*s*. 6*d*.), will teach its readers much as to the place which prayer filled in the life of Jesus from His childhood to the cross. Much of his prayer was communion of holy love with the Father. His prayers were always heard, but the answer did not always come at once. The book will be felt by many to be a true school of prayer.—*Thanksgiving the Key to Prayer*, by Malcolm Spencer, M.A. (Student Christian Movement, 1*s*. 6*d*.), is one of a series arranged to meet a widespread request for help in the practice of the spiritual life. Its theme is thanksgiving as the key to worship and intercession. Prayer is bringing the desires of our heart to the touchstone of the spirit of Jesus. To grow like Him is therefore the only way to approximate to omnipotence in prayer. The Christian can best bring his interests and experiences to the touchstone of his realization of God in Christ by thanksgiving. Its scope needs to be greatly widened, and it then leads naturally to intercession and worship, and provides the golden key to a whole-hearted life alike of service and of prayer.—*Effectual Fervent Prayer*. By Gordon B. Watt, M.A. (Morgan & Scott. 2*s*. 6*d*. net.) Prayer is here described as the need of the hour. We seem unable to solve some of our world problems and want 'wrestlers, like Paul; agonizers, like Epaphras.' Mr. Watt brings out many aspects of prayer, helps us to overcome hindrances, and sketches an ideal prayer-life from the attitude of Daniel (ix. 3). It is a lucid and really helpful study of an all-important subject.—*Together: Short Prayers and Meditations*. By Lilian E. Cox, B.A. (Ludgate Circus House.) This represents the chapel of the Calcutta Girls' High School, with personal prayers, and prayers of the corporate life in Church and school. It has prayers and meditations for the Christian year, for harvest and the holidays, and they are all uplifting.

The Doctrine of God. Three Lectures by J. K. Mozley, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 4*s*. net.) These lectures were delivered at King's College, London, and seek to promote a better understanding of the Christian doctrine of God. They draw out the historical approach through Greece and Israel; describe the relation of God to the universe and to man; and then concentrate on the New Testament presentation of the doctrine of God, which would attract philosophically minded Greeks, and enable them to find there what their own philosophy had in some measure foreshadowed. In the New Testament the world, and all that is in it, is viewed against the background of God's Fatherhood and of His will to overcome evil by redemptive action.

The New Testament history is the history of God's method of salvation. The way in which the New Testament associates the doctrine of Christ and of the Spirit with the doctrine of God gives an enlarged view of the divine life and of that life as manifested in the world. The lectures are luminous and forcible, and will be of great service to young Christian thinkers.—*The Old Rabbinic Doctrine of God: I. The Nature and Attributes of God.* By A. Marmorstein, Ph.D. (Oxford University Press). This is No. 10 of the Jews' College Publications. 'The teachings of the rabbis about God are like a mirror of the Jewish soul: without them the Jew, his history and glory, his suffering and joy, cannot be understood.' In the first four centuries, Palestine and Babylon produced many men and women 'who were inebriated with the glory and majesty of God.' Their whole life was dedicated to Him. Dr. Marmorstein presents the doctrine as preserved by the rabbinic teachers and sages. He begins with the pronunciation of the Tetragrammaton, and passes on to the Bible names of God, and the rabbinic synonyms. There is a section on 'The Sources,' such as the Mishna, which will be greatly valued by students, and eight of the divine attributes are described from rabinnical teaching. It is a masterpiece on the subject which is still the beginning and end of Jewish thought, teaching, philosophy, poetry, mysticism, scholarship, and life.—*Our Father and His Family.* By J. Ernest Rattenbury. (Epworth Press. 1*s.* net.) This devotional and social study of the Lord's Prayer will take a high place among modern expositions. It is divided into two parts: The Holy Name and The Petitions. 'No man can be more than a very little child to the Heavenly Father.' To say '*Our* Father' is to link oneself to the great human family, and brings home the mystery of that love which is infinite and eternal. From the Name we pass to the Petitions, which are all brought into touch with the wants of God and the needs of men in a way that is both impressive and inspiring. It is a little book, but rich indeed.—*The Transforming Friendship*, by Leslie D. Weatherhead (Epworth Press, 3*s.* 6*d.* net), dwells on our Lord's friendship as the soul of Christianity. It is as real for us as for the world in which He lived among men. Its intimacy, its power, its personal nature, the lengths to which it will reach, and the challenge which it makes to all disciples to take up their cross are put in a way that makes a strong appeal to faith and obedience. Young Christian readers will find great stimulus and encouragement in this beautiful little book.—*The Life of Christ*, by Rev. R. J. Campbell, M.A., is an important addition to Benn's Sixpenny Library. Mr. Campbell's first sentence is arresting: 'Jesus of Nazareth is by general consent the greatest being who ever lived in this world, if we have regard to the profound and lasting effects He has produced.' He describes the story as told by the first Christian preachers, and traces it to its sources. Then he opens up the early life of Jesus, shows him as a public figure, unfolds His teaching and follows Him along the Via Crucis. It is a piece of work that has been inspired by its subject and will draw all who read it closer to Christ in love and reverence.—*The Proofs of Christ's Deity*, by

Harold E. Gorst (Morgan & Scott, 6*s.*), takes the events of our Lord's life, from His birth to His resurrection, and shows how they prove His deity. The various phases of the ministry are beautifully described, and all our Lord said and did corroborates the testimony of the Father: 'This is my beloved Son.'—*Studies in the Teaching of Jesus* (Student Christian Movement, 2*s.* 6*d.*) is an eighth and revised edition of a book that has had a circulation of 32,000 copies. Mr. Oldham had not time to make the revision himself, but it has been done in a way that will increase the value of a very useful and helpful book.—*The King's Daughters.* By Marion Reid. (London: Lund, Humphries & Co.). Three gracious and spiritual talks to women, illustrated by R. O. Pearson, who was missing at La Hooge in June 1915 and whose engravings, etchings, and woodcuts are in the British Museum. Those in this booklet are full of beauty, and the little papers make a happy appeal to women as the Madonnas of to-day. Mrs. Reid does not fail to make her protest against taking the life of animals for our food.

Christ in the Common Ways of Life. By C. S. Woodward, Canon of Westminster. (Longmans & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a happy title for the Lenten book of devotion issued under the aegis of the Bishop of London. It is written for plain folk. Christ is neither above nor beyond them. We must believe in Him before we can follow Him—believe that He really lived a human life in our world. His methods and His message are clearly described. What was new in His teaching was His insistence that love is the primary duty of man towards His Maker. Canon Woodward shows how this love may be cultivated and gain the true childlike character. Daily work, amusements, money, citizenship, are handled with discrimination, and we are brought into the presence of the Enabling Spirit and left with an inspiring view of the Kingdom. This is a subject which lies at the root of personal religion and religious progress, and it will stimulate and help all who read it.—*Concerning the Bible.* By Conrad A. Skinner, M.A. (Sampson Low & Co. 5*s.* net.) Everything that a young reader needs to know about Bible manuscripts and versions seems to be packed into this book, and it is done in a way that arrests attention and tempts the reader to make further inquiry into one of the most important and most fascinating lines of study. Revelation, inspiration, and the authority of the Scriptures are wisely discussed, helpful comparison is made between the Mosaic code and that of Hammurabi, and the sketches of the chief translators of the English Bible are excellently done. It is a book that will be of lasting service.—*Our Lord and Saviour.* By Peter Green, M.A. (Longmans & Co. 4*s.* net.) Canon Green's 'Study of the Person and Doctrine of Jesus Christ' seeks to promote a deeper and more personal fellowship with Christ. The path to it is by vision, understanding, and discipleship, and his three chapters on these modes of approach will help many to tread that road. Personal experience and incidents of pastoral work are used to light it up.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Five Centuries of Religion. By G. G. Coulton. Volume II. The Friars and the Dead Weight of Tradition. (Cambridge University Press. 31*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Coulton says in his Preface that none of the critics of his earlier volume has produced mediaeval testimony against his main facts. He bases his work on actual contemporary documents. He holds that 'the Religious Orders have been among the main forces of European civilization; at certain times and in certain places they may, perhaps, have been the greatest of all civilizing forces.' That, indeed, is now regarded as a commonplace. But Mr. Coulton feels that no monastic historian can be faithful to his duty without showing clearly why monasticism, 'as a world institution, with enormous endowments and extraordinary privileges, is already a thing of the past; why the monastery is no longer one main factor in the State, but a matter of private and individual choice.' The thirteenth century was the crowning period of mediaeval monasticism, though it may have had more real validity and solidity between 1050 and 1150. Between 1200 and 1260 'the last of the great reforming Orders are in their first fervour, while some among the older Orders are still their not unworthy coadjutors. When St. Louis spangled his realm with monasteries, as an illuminator inlays his page with painted letters, these new foundations were not confined to the friars alone; the good king cherished his monks also.'

St. Bernard's aim was to bring his monks back to original Benedictinism; St. Francis, who can seldom be accused of serious impatience and want of sympathy, was definitely impatient and unsympathetic with the Benedictine Rule. At the General Chapter of 1217, when Cardinal Ugolino, afterward Pope Gregory IX, was present, some of the friars adduced the Rules of St. Benedict, St. Augustine, and St. Bernard as models. That provoked Francis to a vehement assertion of independence. He would have no other way or form of living named 'save that which hath been mercifully shown and given unto me by the Lord.' Mr. Coulton shows that there was as much room in those days for a reformer like St. Francis as there has been in any generation of Christendom. The environment was trending towards capitalism, which meant decay for the Benedictine ideal. Cardinal Hugues de St.-Cher, in 1260, charges the clergy and Religious Orders with using their subjects and their men worse than knights and barons do. Longland, Bishop of Lincoln, complains in 1526 that abbots and priors are intent only upon money and flay their outside subjects worse than did the secular clergy or the laity. English monasticism never reached that pitch of anti-democratic sentiment common in France and Germany long before

the Reformation. In these islands there were no houses reserved for those who could show sixteen quarters of nobility; no abbeys that had literally become 'almshouses for the nobility.' There was much luxury, however. Abbot Beere, in 1516, blazons forth the manors to which he 'retires in turn for recreation, when he is set free from worldly business among the great, or when he wearies of his splendid hall and cloister at Glastonbury.' If the abbot was a baron, the monk was a squire. Grosseteste found the monks at Ramsey in 1251 in possession of costly private drinking-cups, which they kept in their own chests. Matthew Paris is scandalized by the way in which Grosseteste broke these up, 'whereas, if he had been circumspect, he might have given them unbroken to the poor.' Reform did not begin with St. Francis. Among his precursors was the Calabrian abbot, Joachim, who founded a reformed branch of Cistercians, for which he gained the Pope's approval in 1196. He foresees a golden future, when psalmody would lead men to find in their Bibles the Everlasting Gospel. That age was to be 'governed by a sort of holy Communism, by a natural and instinctive Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.' It is strange that such views escaped official condemnation and received negative, if not positive, encouragement from three popes. 'The fact is, that the mediaeval Church admitted far more licence of thought than has been possible since the Council of Trent, provided that such freethought was not too plainly formulated and did not become too popular.'

Mr. Coulton describes the story of the first Franciscans and Dominicans as one of the imperishable idylls of the world, but a rapid disintegration took place wherever Francis himself was not present. 'His own followers stretched him upon the cross of his own generous miscalculations; his life is an epic of spiritual endeavour, but it shows also a tragedy of worldly failure.' The story of Dominican failure is closely analagous to the Franciscan.

'A Great Archbishop' is a chapter devoted to Odo of Rouen, who was fit to stand by the side of his older contemporary, Grosseteste. He was consecrated archbishop in 1248. He is an unsainted saint, who quietly distributed half his income in charity. 'The world cast its grimy work upon him; he drudged heroically for a whole lifetime through dust and disorder; and he stands, with our own Grosseteste, among those who have laboured too steadily and prosaically to earn the effusive gratitude of posterity.' The Evesham Chronicle describes a tragi-comedy of almost unrivalled interest. In 1191, Roger was forced as abbot upon the reluctant monks by the King and Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury. The Bishop of Worcester claimed to exercise episcopal jurisdiction over the monastery, but this 'servitude' the monks stoutly resisted. They appealed to Rome, where, in 1206, their doughty champion, Thomas de Marleberge, won the exemption they claimed. That, however, meant that they were subject to the Pope, whose legate visited Evesham, where the tyrant Roger was at last deposed. He was allowed to become prior of the Evesham dependency of Wortham, in Lancashire, where he

embezzled all that he could of the revenues, as he had done at Evesham, and there he died impenitent. In due time, Marleberge became abbot, and carefully records in the Chronicle his own good deeds. Evesham was probably indeed never more prosperous than under his rule. The appendices to Mr. Coulton's volume fill 242 pages, and give striking evidence of the laborious research involved in their preparation, and not less of the appalling demoralization into which the monastic system fell.

Unknown Somerset. By Donald Maxwell. (John Lane. 15*s.*)

This is Mr. Maxwell's eighth volume in the Unknown Counties Series, and it is certainly one of the best. The drawings were never more arresting, both in colour, monochrome, and line, and nearly every page has something that one lingers over with pleasure, whether it is a pack-horse bridge, the Wellington obelisk, a Great Western viaduct mounting higher than the church tower at Peasford, or glimpses of scenery that invite one to set out on pilgrimage. It is dainty work, and it has endless variety. Mr. Maxwell does not attempt to write a guide-book. He leaves Taunton and Wells, Bath and the caves of Cheddar, and even old Glastonbury, to their own chroniclers. But he justly claims that his readers will discover things which are in no guide-book and will find clues to rambles and explorations which will carry them beyond the places described in his pages. He begins at Sedgemoor, and the illustration in colour, with sunset sky, its unearthly waterways, and the wooded height, is one of the successes of the volume. The old bridges at Langport fill two beautiful companion pages, and we are soon in Athelney, where Alfred is said to have burned the cakes. It has its monument to the hero-king, but its chief beauty is its lonely position on the marsh by the side of the little river Parrett. Nunney appeared to the eye of the artist as the perfect village, with church, castle, and jumble of roofs, all set in foliage and compact in a hollow. The Mendips and the Quantocks give scope for pictures and stories over which we find it a pleasure to linger, and Mr. Maxwell keeps us interested and amused all through our wanderings in his company.

History of Europe. By Irene L. Plunket, M.A., and R. B. Mowat. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 10*s.*)

This volume really includes two distinct works, Miss Plunket's *The Middle Ages*, and Mr. Mowat's *Europe and the Modern World*, the dividing line between them being the last decade of the fifteenth century. But they fuse together into a complete whole remarkably well, and provide a history of Europe and the western world, from the time of Charles the Great to the outbreak of the Great War, which could hardly be improved upon. The two writers have alike done their work so well that it would be invidious to make comparisons between them. The interest of the narrative is well sustained, and,

by sheer power of fascination, grips the attention of the reader from first to last. The interest of the text is not a little enhanced by an immense number of illustrations, the selection and execution of which leave nothing to be desired. Beginning with imperial Rome, Miss Plunket briefly, yet in a quite adequate fashion, outlines the course of events until the coming of Charles the Great and the establishment of the Holy Roman Empire. At this point the story broadens out into a much greater fullness of detail, and is so carried on until the period of the Renaissance. From the year 1492, the era of geographical discovery, Mr. Mowat takes up the tale, which he carries on to the Great Upheaval of 1914, the causes of which are searchingly dealt with. It is, at present, impossible to do more than speak in general terms of a work which we cannot but regard as one of the most valuable books of its own class which has appeared in recent years. It reveals much erudition and a true sense of historical proportion on the part of its authors, and is, in our opinion, the best text-book upon the subject dealt with to which the student can have recourse. One who has fairly made its contents his own will find himself equipped with a solid groundwork of general information, upon which more detailed study may be securely based. We have but little to offer in the way of criticism. We do, however, deprecate Miss Plunket's reference to Charles the Great under the name of Charlemagne, and still more to his being described as 'King of France.' This last is an anachronism, and, together with the French name, obscures the fact that Charles was a German, and that the Holy Roman Empire was a Germanic and not a French institution, and seems to favour what has been not inaptly described as 'the French delusion.' Mr. Mowatt's mention of the famous Quintus Fabius Maximus as the man 'who did not despair of the State,' so far as our memory serves, needs a little correction. We have not the means of verifying the reference at the moment of writing, but, unless we are much mistaken, Livy, in his famous twenty-second book, tells us that the plebeian Consul Varro, on his return to Rome, after the disaster of Cannae, for which he was largely to blame, was thanked on the above-mentioned ground—a fine instance of Roman magnanimity and greatness of soul. In discussing the Schleswig-Holstein question, Mr. Mowat describes the population of Schleswig and south Holstein as predominantly Danish. This is surely a slip of the pen, and instead of 'Danish' we should read 'German.' Lake Titicaca, we are told, is 1,245 feet above sea-level, a printer's error, no doubt, a '0' having dropped out in the printed text, for, if we multiply the figure stated by ten, it gives fairly correctly the elevation of that amazing inland sea. We merely draw attention to these trifles that the necessary corrections may be made when a new edition is called for, which should be at an early date if this fine work is circulated as it deserves to be. In conclusion, we thank the authors for one of the very best books of its kind that we have seen, and Mr. Johnson, printer to the University, for the skill and historic insight which he has displayed in selecting the illustrations, and for the very attractive

form in which the volume is presented; this last, however, is a by no means unusual feature in the case of volumes which issue from the Oxford Press.

The Life of Rachel McMillan. By Margaret McMillan. (Dent & Sons. 6*s.* net.)

This biography makes one proud of both Rachel McMillan and her sister. Their parents were Scottish Highlanders whose married life was spent in America till the husband's death brought the widow, with her two girls, back to Inverness. Rachel was her old grandmother's nurse and companion till her death set her free to follow her own course. For some years she was a travelling teacher of hygiene under the Kent County Council, whilst Margaret found her sphere in Bradford as a lecturer for the Independent Labour Party. Then Rachel devoted herself to the care of slum children in Deptford, and her Training Centre and Nursery Schools opened a new phase in medical and educational methods. Margaret joined her in this work. The sisters had to face mountains of difficulty, but Rachel never lost courage. Her sister says, 'Real service is, in the beginning and to the end, courage in going *down* and not turning back.' She had a wonderful influence over children, and realized that 'up to twelve at least the oral arts, contact, and imitation are Nature's own methods. They set the door *wide*.' She believed in Bible teaching, for she felt that many children would hear through their teacher alone 'of a great Teacher, the Christ, whose Word is Life.' The strain of the raids in Deptford, where their home was shattered, told heavily on both sisters, and Rachel died on March 25, 1917, literally worn out, but her work has taken root and grows from strength to strength, powerfully influencing the care of children, not only in this country, but in America. The book is written with real literary skill, and is a plea for the two million little children who are still without nurses, and live in crowded homes where real nurture is impossible.

A Small Boy in the 'Sixties. By George Sturt. With an Introduction by Arnold Bennett. (Cambridge University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This book has a double charm. It is one of the most realistic pictures of daily life in a little town that we know; and it wakes up in one's memory answering pictures drawn from far-distant memories. Mr. Arnold Bennett adds to the charm by his account of his friend, who is well known by *The Bettesworth Book*, *Change in the Village*, and *The Wheelwright's Shop*. He took pride in his work as a wheelwright, as father and grandfather did before him, but 'by profession he was an author.' He got his work published slowly and with difficulty, but the lettered public soon felt what good work it was, and before he died on Feburary 4, 1927, he had won an honourable place as an author. This story of his boyhood at Farnham holds us from first

to last. It is written in the clearest English, and it is full of details which make home and parents, hop-fields and holidays, vivid pictures of the past. His schooldays are not the least interesting, and the man we pity most is his schoolmaster, Mr. Poppleton, who could not hold his own against the Grammar School and died in poverty. The three fairs, the military marches, the bishops and rectors, all have their place in this picture of a past that has almost vanished. Mr. Sturt makes it all live again, and makes us live through it with him.

The Book of the Inn. Selected and edited by Thomas Burke. (Constable & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

Here are two hundred literary pictures of the English inn from William Langland to Anthony Trollope. The frontispiece, from a woodcut of the George Inn, Glastonbury, by Robert Gibbings, forms a stately vestibule to a delightful set of extracts in prose and poetry about A Lodging for the Night; Mine Host and Hostess; Arrival and Departure; Chambermaid, Ostler, Drawer; Adventure and Encounter and Taking mine Ease. Mr. Burke's Preface is a welcome to the treasures he has skilfully gathered, and he pictures the inn standing at the end of a journey, with its shelter and food coming as an agreeable surprise. It is a very pleasant introduction to a book which is a fine anthology of the English inn.

The Cult of Santiago: Traditions, Myths, and Pilgrimages. By James S. Stone, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 15*s.* net.)

This volume is the work of one who regards the Iberian Peninsula as one of the most delightful countries in Europe. He has gathered together all the New Testament facts about St. James and added to them the legends that have gathered round his name. The apostle's body is said to have been forgotten for eight hundred years, and to have been discovered in the reign of Alfonso II, with a letter beside it which asserted that this was the brother of St. John. It is really a grotesque story, but the shrine at Santiago attracted mighty companies of pilgrims, who made it the scene of one continuous festival. Dr. Stone gives many vivid pictures of the pilgrims and their visits to the shrine, in a book which helps us to understand the life of those devout and credulous worshippers.

Hours in the National Portrait Gallery. By John Steegmann. (Duckworth & Co. 8*s.* 6*d*). Mr. Steegmann is the official lecturer at the National Portrait Gallery, and his descriptions of its treasures are a real course of instruction as to portrait painting. Mr. Milner, as Keeper of the Gallery, in his Introduction gives a brief account of the principles which guide the trustees. The object is to secure authentic likenesses of British celebrities, whether in marble, bronze, terra-cotta, or oil, water-colour, or crayon. It used to be thought that portrait painting in England began with the coming of Holbein in

1526, but the Exhibition of British Primitives in 1913 drew attention to the fact that various native schools existed throughout the Middle Ages from the eleventh century onwards. The earliest portrait in the Gallery is the electrotype cast of the effigy of Robert, Duke of Normandy, taken from the original, carved in bog oak, at Gloucester Cathedral, which is probably of the period of Henry II. As we move about the Gallery, Mr. Steegmann draws attention to the special portraits and to the merits of the painters. Van Dyck's best work is so magnificent that it redeems the worst into which his incredible facility so often betrayed him. Roubiliac is the unrivalled master of portrait sculpture in the eighteenth century, and the Gallery possesses six fine examples of his work. Sixteen illustrations, very effectively produced, add to the value of a book which it is a pleasure to read and which will prepare visitors for many a delightful hour in a Gallery which is steeped in English history.

The Student Christian Movement publish *Sadhu Sundar Singh: Called of God* (5*s*.), by Mrs. Arthur Parker, which has grown out of conversations with the Sadhu. It is a sixth and revised edition of the book that appeared in 1918. It is a wonderful story of the Indian mystic and his noble ministry.—*British Connection with India*. By K. T. Paul. (5*s*.) The Earl of Ronaldshay says in his Foreword that the book answers two questions: 'What does India want?' and 'What does England want?' It describes the British Connexion, the National Movement, the effect of the war, the work of Mr. Montagu and Mr. Gandhi, and gives a clear account of the Swarajist Party, and the prospect of a better world which India and China really desire. It is a book that throws real light on the present conditions of life in India.—*Soviet Intrigues in China*, published by the Publicity Bureau in Hong-Kong, is full of facts which show how Bolshevism has wrought endless mischief in the internal affairs of China.

Britain's Industrial Future. (Ernest Benn. 5*s*. and 2*s*. 6*d*.) This report has grown out of the Liberal Summer School, and deals with 'The Condition of British Industry,' 'The Organization of Business,' 'Industrial Relations,' 'National Development,' and 'National Finance.' It is the work of experts, based on wide experience and supported by statistics. The grievances of the day are, as the Introduction says, mainly economic, and this wise and broad-minded attempt to grapple with them, and indicate how they may be relieved, will be a real help to many thinkers and workers.

GENERAL

The Teachings of Maimonides. By the Rev. A. Cohen, M.A., Ph.D. (Routledge & Sons. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This volume takes the form of an *anthologie raisonnée* of the opinions of Maimonides, collected and pieced together with great skill and industry from his works. His father was a mathematician and astronomer, as well as an expert Talmudist, who fled from Cordova when it fell into the hands of the Moors. After ten years' wandering from town to town in Spain, he settled in Fez in 1160. Maimonides finally settled in Cairo as a physician. He was physician to the Grand Vizier, and Richard I is said to have offered him a similar position. He died on December 13, 1204, and was buried in Tiberias. His most famous work, *Guide for the Perplexed*, appeared in 1190, and Mr. Cohen draws largely on it for his summary. God is the life of the universe, who controls and sets in motion its principal parts. His attributes are described and he must alone be worshipped. That worship is mainly paid through prayer which is not hollow emotions, but intellectual. Maimonides regarded prophecy as a degree of mental and moral perfection to which all might aspire. To him the Torah was, in every letter, the work of God, and sought to promote the well-being both of body and soul. As to Providence, he holds that the greater the human perfection a person has attained, the greater the benefit he derives from divine Providence. He regarded Jesus and Mohammed as false prophets, mainly on the ground that their teachings often militated against the ordinances of the Torah, yet their activities, under God's wisdom, were 'nothing else than a means for preparing the way for the king Messiah.' The *obiter dicta* given here are good indications of the wisdom of a great Jewish teacher.

Morals in Review. By A. K. Rogers. (Macmillan & Co. 15*s.*)

The value of this book lies in its self-imposed limitations. Dr. Rogers does not attempt to show what human conduct is concretely, and how it has come about; nor does he aim to supply a history of ideals. His endeavour has been to isolate the contributions to ethics which have left a definite mark, especially those that are still relevant to discussions at the present day. His first four chapters are given to Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and Epicureanism and Stoicism. Then we reach the Ethics of the Church as represented by Thomas Aquinas, the Beginnings of Modern Naturalism in Hobbes and Spinoza, and study in turn the Ethics of Reason, of Sentiment, Moral Realism in Mandeville, the Ethics of Conscience, Theological Utilitarianism, Utilitarianism, Metaphysical Ethics in Germany and England, and Scientific Ethics in Spencer, Huxley, Comte, Clifford, Stephen, Guyau. That outline will give some idea of the compass of the book. Its treatment is not dry-as-dust, but thoroughly readable, as well as sympathetic and discriminating. Hobbes defends civil authority against the revolutionary principles which were then

tearing England with fratricidal strife. He undervalues spontaneity as compared with social restraint. The discussion of Hume is of great value. His sceptical side has been much dwelt upon, but he professes that he is not casting doubt on moral beliefs, but asking what they actually amount to. Adam Smith's emphasis on sympathy is a significant advance over the position of Hume. Bishop Butler is perhaps the most typically English of all the English ethicists. 'He brought a strong sense of empirical reality to the evaluation of preceding contributions, with their rather bewildering variety of motives, and so restored something of the balance and sobriety that belonged to the earlier Greek tradition.' A valuable Postscript dwells on the necessity of showing that the welfare of a great number and variety of men who have not only interests in common, but for each of whom the good takes on a personal complexion which cannot be deduced rationally from general principles, can be discovered only in the process of living by each man for himself.

English Monumental Sculpture since the Renaissance. By Katherine A. Esdaile. (S.P.C.K. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

This is a book that was really needed, and its interest is manifest in its first pages, on 'The Sculptor and his Material.' The state of the roads in mediaeval England made it necessary for the sculptor to live near the source of his material. This gave rise to local schools. It was not till well on in the sixteenth century that foreign marbles were imported on a large scale. Alabaster was used for great monuments as early as 1387. The tomb of the first Earl of Rutland, 1543–4, cost only £24, including carriage and erection, though it had two recumbent figures and numerous weepers. The 'rough mason' who dug stone for the vault earned 6*d.* a day, his labourer 4*d.* Prices rose rapidly, for, in 1591, £200 was paid for two tombs for the third and fourth earls, and setting them up at Bottesford. The tombs were rich in imagery and show the dress of their period in a remarkable way. Sometimes the tomb is of the simplest, but oftep it is adorned with all the arts of the workers in marble, metal, or enamel. All these phases are described and made impressive by a set of striking illustrations. The sketches of representative sculptors throw light on many stages of their work. Flaxman never grappled with the art of marble carving. Only one or two of his figures on a great scale, Lord Mansfield and Sir John Lavery, are really satisfactory. His greatest service to art was as a popularizer of Greek ideas. Mrs. Esdaile's book breaks fresh ground, and does it in a workmanlike and most instructive fashion.

More Words Ancient and Modern. By Ernest Weekley, M.A. (John Murray. 5*s.*)

Every book from Mr. Weekley's storehouse is a treasure house. Out of it come things new and old which add life to our daily language. Bonfire is really a fire made of bones, though we have transferred it to a more inflammable material; bootlegger carries us far behind

the days of prohibition, to the flasks which in old Kentucky were stowed into the wide bootlegs. Bridegroom and widower are the only two male titles derived from the female, and show the importance to woman of marriage and widowhood. Carfax, at Oxford, Horsham, and Exeter, represents Old French *carrefourcs*, the four forks or roads. Mr. Weekley derives meal, mealy-mouthed from the Aryan word for honey. Mountebank is from the Italian, and described the quack-doctor, who mounted on a bank and varied his physic with conjuring and juggling, in which he was assisted by a zany or merry-andrew. Rigmarole comes from the game of ragman-roll, which enlivened mediaeval life. Stanzas were written on a roll of parchment with strings attached to each. The parchment was rolled up with the strings hanging out, and, when one of these was pulled, the roll was unfurled to show what stanza had been lighted upon. We hope that Mr. Weekley will soon give us another book, for there is no better or brighter way of getting into the heart of our vocabulary than his.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia: A Dictionary of Useful Knowledge. Edited by David Patrick, LL.D., and William Geddie, M.A., B.Sc. Volume X.—Teinds to Zyri. (W. & R. Chambers. 20*s.* net.)

This volume brings to a close the New Edition of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia*, and nothing could exceed the vigilance and the knowledge with which the editors have done their work. The ten volumes contain over 30,000 articles, over 3,500 engravings, and a splendid set of coloured maps, and a thousand contributors have shared in their production. Every article has been revised and brought up to date, so that the work is in every respect complete and reliable. There is no cyclopaedia so convenient and so useful as this. The articles cover every detail, and give lists of reference to authorities which will be of much service to students.

Epworth Press Publications.—*A Temple of Topaz*, by F. W. Boreham (6*s.* net), is the fifth series of 'Texts that made History.' The idea came to Mr. Boreham when he was about to announce a winter series of addresses which were to be given every fortnight. A kind of inspiration moved him to take his own breath away by adding that on alternate Sunday evenings he would deal with texts that made history. Hosts of readers all round the world will see in this volume texts that have transformed the lives of such men as William Law, Abraham Lincoln, General Gordon, and others. The Bible seems to get hands and feet and walk into our own lives.—*The Bible Among Men.* (3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The sermons and addresses which Dr. Ritson has delivered as Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society seem to cover every side of the subject, and they do it in a way that brings a reader into intimate touch with the needs of the world and the great work which the Society is doing. Illustrations are given which touch the conscience and the heart.

It is a catholic book, full of sympathy for all search for God, and widely awake to the opportunities opening for the spread of Bible truth.—*A Life of St. Paul for Young People.* By Ronald C. Parkin. (*3s. 6d.* and *1s. 6d.* net.) The writer follows the same lines in this book as he did with such approval in *A Life of Christ.* He never writes down to his young readers, but he never becomes dull or hard to understand. The boyhood at Tarsus is set in quite a new light, and every stage of St. Paul's life is vividly described till he reaches Rome and wins his final triumph.—*Christianity and the League of Nations,* by A. W. Harrison, D.D. (*3s. 6d.* net), gives a full account of the constitution of the League of Nations, shows what important work it has already done, describes its difficulties, answers its critics, and calls on all Christians to labour for the great ends for which the League has been established. It is a book that has a wide appeal, and will greatly strengthen the operations of the League.—*Moses and Jesus.* By G. R. H. Shafto and A. Gordon James. (*3s. 6d.* net.) This Primer of Sociology is based on the Decalogue as the fundamental document on the subject. Each of the Ten Words is explained and applied in the light of that principle, and suggestions are made for thought and discussion.—*The Redemption of Human Life.* By G. B. Robson. (*3s. 6d.* net.) Great subjects are here lighted up by incidents which add piquancy to the exposition. The struggle for life is never allowed to slip out of sight, but we are made to feel the power of union with God and Christ which may turn it into a triumph. Mr. Robson is practical, and his chapters on our relations in the home and outside it supply just the stimulus that we need for the redemption of life.—*John Bunyan: His Life and Times.* By R. Winbolt Harding, B.D. (*2s. 6d.* net.) This is the tercentary of Bunyan's birth, and this book tells the story of the man and of his times; it lights up his books and brings out the wonders of *Pilgrim's Progress* as 'a map of the road,' a literary classic, and a work of art. It shows Bunyan's marvellous diligence, his love of music and birds, his joy in children, and his delight in courage.—*Ministers' and Laymen's Handbook.* By John Elsworth. (*2s. 6d.* net.) The last edition of this handbook appeared in 1916, and many changes have been made by the last eleven Conferences. Mr. Elsworth has taken note of them all, verified references, and largely recast the contents of the book. This has been done with the care and skill which has marked all his previous work, and it is now once again thoroughly up to date and absolutely reliable.—*Protestantism Justified: Christian Truth against Roman Error.* By Frank Ballard, D.D. (*1s.*) A powerful and timely appeal for Protestant vigilance in the presence of the perils which threaten us from ruthless and determined foes. The case could not be more clearly and vigorously put, and the little book meets a great need.—*The Garden of God, and other Nature Fancies and Studies.* By Coulson Kernahan. (*2s. 6d.* net.) Butterflies and lilies, nightingales and cuckoos, sky islands and glorious sunsets—these make the charm of this book. It overflows with love of Nature and of every living thing. The little papers leave us

smiling.—*Tales of our Village*, by Mrs. Coulson Kernahan (2*s.* 6*d.* net), gives a view of village life which it would not be easy to match for insight and sympathy. It is a piece of delightful character-painting.—*Partners*, by Estelle Gwynne, is a tale that warms one's heart.—*The Singing Parson*. By Hubert Quinn. (1*s.* net.) Barney Malley was only a stripling, but he had a rich, clear, baritone voice, and he wrought miracles with it. The most stubborn atheist surrendered in the crowded fair as Barney sang, and he did similar wonders wherever he went.

William Cook, Antique Dealer. By Richard Keverne. (Constable & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.) It would not be easy to find a more absorbing detective story than this. It is a chain of surprises which are kept up to the end, and, despite the clever rogues with whom we have to keep company, there is so much genuine kindness and goodwill in the detective group that it is a pleasant book to read. Of course, it is full of suspicions and misunderstandings, but these only add zest to the narrative. Nor is it without a love-story, and one that ends happily, too. It is written well, and we are sorry when it is finished.—*Two Forsyte Interludes* (Heinemann, 1*s.*) supply missing links between *The White Monkey* and *The Silver Spoon* and between *The Silver Spoon* and *Swan Song*. The scene of both is in America. Young Jon Forsyte gets his broken heart mended in Carolina by Anne Wilmot, and Soames runs the gauntlet in Washington, where he is in a panic lest Fleur should meet Jon and his bride, and where he has his own adventure with Jon's mother. We have only one fault to find with the *Interludes*; they leave us hungry for more. It is very delicate and dainty work, and very much alive.

Metaphysics and Modern Research. By I. C. Isbyam. (C. W. Daniel Co. 15*s.* net.) Three works bearing this pseudonym are here gathered into one ample volume, with Mr. Louis Zangwill's essay, 'The Quest of Spiritual Truth,' which appeared in the second of the books, *The Ego and Spiritual Truth*. The writer points out that recent advance in physical science has weakened materialistic views to an extent not yet generally appreciated. Theories of relativity and of quanta devised to discover difficiences in mechanical laws are incompatible one with another, and chiefly serve to show how ignorant we are. Mr. Isbyam follows the line taken by Professor James Ward in *Spiritual Pluralism*, but he deals with his subject in a way which makes a reader feel that he is following a strong and stimulating thinker.

Selected Poems by William Blake. With an Introduction by Basil de Sélincourt. (Oxford University Press. 2*s.* net.) This selection represents every side of Blake's work, including the famous descriptive catalogue on the Canterbury Pilgrims, and Mr. de Sélincourt's Introduction lays stress on Blake's sense of melody, which was one of his greatest gifts as a poet. Excessive susceptibility and pride were joined with infinite tenderness. In the 'Auguries of Innocence' each of the 'little jewels is as full of beauty and reality as a dewdrop

that flashes a ray of pure colour and mirrors the world.' Such a volume as this is an enrichment even to *The World's Classics*.

The Play's the Thing. By Herbert F. Allen, Ph.D. (The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.) This rich little set of essays comes from the University of Michigan, and opens with a paper 'On the Enjoyment of Tragedy.' It seems strange that its horrors do not repel, but Dr. Allen argues that 'beauty, mystery, the greatness of life and the greatness of men, because we love these we enjoy tragedy.' The idea is worked out with illustrations from Shakespeare and the *Antigone*. 'The Modernity of Aristophanes' shows that his great comedies are amazingly modern. He is always the satirist who can affix a devastating phrase or epithet so adroitly that we almost envy the victim. His work is so much alive that he may well be described as the greatest of the moderns. 'The Natural History of the Biographic Drama' traces its course from the Greek masters to Shakespeare and John Drinkwater; whilst 'The Cynic Utopias' moves freely among the modern dreamers like Bulwer-Lytton and Samuel Butler, and, like the earlier essays, shows a fine critical insight whilst never ceasing to interest and instruct.

Children's Words and Ways. By J. C. Wright. (Bagster & Sons. 2*s*.) Character is formed in very early life, and this little book shows what are the thoughts of a child and gives pleasant illustrations of child wisdom and humour. The chapter on Poetry and the Child is very interesting, and so is the book from first to last.—*Prohibition in Outline*, by F. E. Johnson and H. S. Warner (Methodist Book Concern, 75 cents), gives an impressive view of the subject in all its aspects. Prohibition has meant the closing of about 175,000 saloons, with a great decrease in deaths due to alcoholism and in drunkenness. Its bearing on society and on the individual is brought out, the problem of enforcement is discussed, and a programme of action is suggested. Every temperance worker will welcome this practical handbook.—*Drink Nationalization in England, and its Results*. By Wilson Stuart, M.A., B.Sc. (James Clarke & Co. 1*s*.) A careful examination of the Carlisle experiment, based on close observation in the city. Mr. Stuart's cross-examination before the Southborough Committee is appended. The result is distinctly unfavourable to the Carlisle experiment.—*Finding my Place*, by Mary E. Moxcey (Abingdon Press, $1.50), deals with 'a girl's outlook on life and vocation.' The author has enjoyed the help of her high-school girls, and covers the range of woman's work in the home and in business in a way that is really helpful and distinctly readable. Problems are suggested for discussion and they are always stimulating.—*Parenthood and the Character Training of Children*. By T. W. Galloway, Ph.D. (Abingdon Press. $1.) Every side of this subject is handled with insight and ripe experience. It is a subject of vital importance, and parents will find here a great deal to help them. Topics are suggested for thought and discussion, and many illustrative incidents light up the study.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (January).—The Rev. G. C. Hardwick, in 'Dr. Barnes and the Anglo-Catholics,' says it would have been useless for the bishop to appeal to the doctrine of Cranmer or Hooker. 'The Anglo-Catholics repudiate these authorities. On the other hand, the appeal to Scripture would have been countered by the appeal to "tradition," a vague and therefore serviceable controversial formula. There remained only the appeal to experience—i.e. to science and to common sense.' Dr. Barnes said in 1925, 'For the belief that inanimate matter can be endowed with spiritual qualities there is no scientific evidence.' This Mr. Hardwick holds to be an absolutely sound contention, both from a scientific and a metaphysical point of view. 'The Slum Problem,' by B. S. Townroe, gives instances to show that land now covered by small house property of comparatively little value may give a far higher return if fully developed. The 'Negro Spiritual' article is charming.

Hibbert Journal (January).—Lord Haldane, in the opening article, discusses a profoundly important question: 'How to bring religion and systematic study into harmony.' He advocates, as might be expected, greater breadth and freedom in the training of the clergy, and says very truly: 'Religion is a wide subject, and it has many forms.' But he fails to see that the wide study of many kinds of religion tends to diminish the intensity and concentration necessary for the effective promulgation of one faith, firmly and tenaciously held. Lord Haldane's model teacher of religion would be a philosopher, rather than an evangelist. The subject is pursued in the next article by Rev. Hubert Handley, on 'Decline in the Ministry of the Church of England.' He quotes *Crockford* to prove that candidates for the ministry in the Church are failing both in quantity and in quality, and that, at the present rate of recruiting, the parochial system cannot be effectively maintained, and that 'anything which can fairly be called the Church of England will have failed to exist.' Mr. Handley's article is an effective plea for the 'yearning and panting of the younger life within the Church for dogmatic fresh air.' A plaintive protest against the present ecclesiastical indefiniteness of the Anglican position is put forward in the third article, 'A Catholic without a Church.' The writer, Rev. T. J. Hardy, illustrates with telling irony the fact that there is to be found 'more than one standard of Catholicism, and that each standard claims to be exclusively Catholic.' If that much abused word cannot be better defined than it is to-day it had better be abolished. The

article on the Prayer Book and the Holy Communion, by H. A. Garnett, while interesting, has been side-tracked by events which have happened since the article was written. The paper on 'Wanted —a Theology of Positive Vision' excites hopes by its title which it does not fulfil. Other articles of excellence are on 'John Woolman,' 'The Causes of War,' 'The Phenomena of Trance,' and 'Shakespeare and Religion.' The last, written by Professor Clement Webb, is specially good.

The Journal of Theological Studies (October). — Professor Cuthbert Turner continues his illuminating studies in St. Mark's Gospel by dealing with the 'Western' Readings in its Second Half, i.e. the part of the Gospel in which the Western evidence for the text is best and strongest. Dr. Turner also adds a note on the text of the last twelve verses of the Gospel. A Note on 'The Michigan Fragment of the Acts,' by A. C. Clark, deals with a papyrus fragment of Acts in the Michigan collection and a previous paper upon it by Professor H. A. Sanders. Other Notes are on the Epistle to Diognetus, on certain passages in the *Corpus Hermeticum*, and 'An Emendation of the Text of 1 Macc. iii. 48. The reviews of books in this number are even more important than usual. They contain contributions by Dr. A. E. Brooke, Rev. W. A. Elmslie, Dr. Bindley, Professor Bethune-Baker, and others equally eminent as authorities in their own special subjects. The new feature, under the heading 'Chronicle,' contains a valuable survey of recent 'Old Testament and Related Literature' by Dr. Stanley A. Cook. This paper by itself would give distinction to the present number of the Journal.

Church Quarterly (January).—Professor Watson writes on 'An Eighteenth-Century Clergyman' with special reference to the Woodforde Diary, and the sermons of Anthony Hastwell, who held two livings in the North Riding of Yorkshire from 1758 to 1798. They show 'no sense of the power of sin, nor of supernatural grace.' The dangers of this 'benevolence theology' were great, and Dr. Watson clearly points them out. Canon Lyttelton's 'Questions for Modernists' puts them in dialogue form, asking: Is there any vital difference between Traditionalists and Modernists? and How far do Modernists profess agreement with us on the tremendous question of sin? It is an important number, with articles that will awake much fruitful discussion.

The Holborn Review (January).—The first article, on 'The Tragedy and Triumph of the Termite,' by Rev. Joseph Ritson, reviews appreciatively Maeterlinck's *Life of the White Ant*. Rev. P. McPhail contributes Part II. of his paper on 'The Historic Creeds and Modern Thought'—a large topic for eight pages! The writer's object is to press home his belief that, 'if the present organizations of religion in the Churches can adapt themselves to, and keep pace with, our continually increasing knowledge,' they may still exist and flourish, but, if they cannot, they will be swept away. A paper by Rev. H. J.

Flowers, on 'The Ethical Teaching of Jesus,' takes the position that 'the real nerve' of His teaching is 'not the doctrine of reward, but rather that of the Godliness of goodness and the evil of sin.' Another interesting article, by Mr. H. Jeffs, C.L.H., is entitled 'How were the Prophets Published?' The writer draws attention afresh to the form and the substance of the prophetic writings. Dr. Peake's Editorial Notes are, as usual, timely and valuable.

Expository Times (January).—The Notes of Recent Exposition deal chiefly with Canon Streeter's 'group-volume' entitled *Adventure: the Faith of Science and the Science of Faith*, with Professor A. Duff's *History of the Religion of Judaism*, and with the subject of Authority in Religion, as set forth at the Summer Conference of Congregationalists in Oxford. The 'Leader of Theological Thought' selected by Rev. E. P. Dickie for characterization in this number is Karl Heim—a name which will probably be new to many readers. Heim is essentially a leader of the German youth of to-day, and he seeks both to combat the claims of Roman ecclesiasticism and to give to evangelical theology a firm foundation in philosophy. The article is well informed and timely. Professor J. A. Selbie of Aberdeen, writing on 'The American Translation of the Old Testament,' pronounces a recent undertaking with that title, written by professors of the University of Chicago and elsewhere, to be 'a volume worthy of its great subject.' Other articles are 'The Mohammedan Agrapha,' by Rev. R. Dunkerly, and 'Surprises in the Early Church in Rome,' by Rev. A. G. Mackinnon, D.D.

Science Progress (January).—Sir Oliver Lodge writes of the astonishing light that the first quarter of this century has thrown upon the nature of matter, and the constitution of the atoms and molecules of which it is composed. Our views have been almost revolutionized since that remarkable period of scientific activity, the nineteenth century. The opportunities before us are so great that 'what the world may be like a thousand or a million years hence surpasses our present powers of imagination.' Dr. Violet Anderson describes 'The Flora of the Chalk Downs.' The root systems of the typical plants of the chalk grassland are confined to the upper three feet of soil, and a home is provided for many plants which are highly intolerant of acid conditions.

British Journal of Inebriety (January).—'The Tobacco Habit,' the Norman Kerr Memorial Lecture by Professor Dixon, is full of facts about smoking and the nature and action of nicotine. It is based on much research and is very interesting.

Bulletin of the John Rylands Library (January).—Blake and Bunyan, Dr. Peake's 'Recent Developments in Old Testament Criticism,' and the Woodbrooke Studies make this a varied and valuable number.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (Chicago: October).—This important theological periodical is to be changed from a bi-monthly to a quarterly, so that in 1928 four numbers will be issued—in the months of January, April, July, and October. The number before us, the last in 1927, is a double number, and its contents are full of interest. The first article, by Professor W. C. Bower, deals with the cardinal question of the reconstruction of religious education, and especially with 'the Curriculum as enriched and controlled Experience.' Dr. Chester M'Cown writes on 'Climate and Religion in Palestine,' and W. M. Horton on the important topic of 'The Objective Element in the Experience of God.' Another topic claiming special attention at present is 'The Interpretation of Scriptures,' but the article upon it, by Frank Eakin, is—perhaps of necessity—slight and meagre. It is an extract from a forthcoming book by the same writer. Other articles are on 'The Shepherd of Hermas' and 'Some Religious Aspects of the Kansas Struggle.' The section entitled 'Book Reviews' is full of ably written articles.

Harvard Theological Review.—In the October number, greatly enlarged (225 pp.), there is only one article, but it is really a comprehensive and scholarly treatise, entitled 'Foreign Groups in Rome during the First Centuries of the Empire,' by Professor George La Piana, who contributed in 1925 to the same review a vivid sketch of 'The Roman Church at the end of the Second Century.' The two essays are preparatory studies of 'historical background,' but they show how fully equipped is the author to give, in a future work which is promised, 'a description of the origin and growth of the Christian community of Rome during the first centuries of the Empire.' Much valuable information is given in this article, which clearly presents the results of the author's researches. The environment, the professional associations, and the religions of the foreign groups in Rome are described in detail. Professor La Piana also writes on the Mystery Religions and on the Social Condition and Religious Situation of the Jews in Rome.

Princeton Theological Review (October).—Five principal articles constitute the main contents of this number. The first is by Professor Machen, who undertakes a defence of the integrity of the Lucan narrative of the Annunciation against those who postulate an interpolation implying the Virgin Birth of Christ. Professor Oscar Boyd writes on 'Echoes of the Covenant with David.' He points out the many 'echoes' and reminiscences of Nathan's oracular words to David in 2 Sam. vii., which are found in various parts of the Old Testament, not to mention the New. Ambrose J. Wilson, of Queen's College, Oxford, discusses the meaning of 'the sign of the prophet Jonah' as mentioned in the Gospels, together with its 'modern confirmations.' Courtenay H. Fenn answers the question 'Is Christianity Responsible for China's Troubles?' in the negative, closing with the words, 'Nothing but the supernatural would have

sufficed to produce Christianity's record in China in the past; nothing less than the supernatural is capable of regenerating the troubled land of Sinim.' Dr. O. A. Marti also writes on 'Popular Protest and Revolt against Papal Finance in England from 1226 to 1258.'

Methodist Review (New York: November—December).—The first article, by Herman H. Horne, entitled 'The Ministry of Teaching,' enforces the importance of remembering that 'pastors are also teachers.' It closes with eight beatitudes for teachers, one of which is 'Blessed are you teachers, for you are freed from the temptation to put your trust in money.' The paper entitled 'The Purple Testament' deals with the contrast between 'bleeding war' and the love and goodwill of Christmas-time. Professor Marratt writes well on 'The New Idealism in Poetry' and Professor Ryan describes 'The Place of Imagination in Religion.' One of a series of papers on religion and science, by Dr. Trevor of Atlanta, discusses in this number the meaning of 'The Reign of Law.' A lively paper on 'An Adventure in District Superintendency' will interest all who do, and many who do not, know what a 'district superintendent' is. This excellent Review always contains a great deal of matter which cannot be exactly classified or described. Especially under the titles 'Notes and Discussions' and 'The House of the Interpreter' ministers and others will find abundant food for thought and edification.—(January—February).—Professor Cell's article on 'The First Foundation of American Methodism' is a critical examination of the rival claims to priority of New York and Maryland Methodism. 'In any event, the New York foundation was the first Methodist Society in America in the true historic meaning of that term, and no subsequent discovery of documents would be able to alter that fact.'

Christian Union Quarterly (January).—Dr. Lynch, who now becomes associate editor of this Review, contributes the first article, on 'Catholics and Protestants in Conference.' He thinks that members of the two communions might set themselves to the task of mutual understanding, and refers to the fifteen members of the Congregational Church in Fairfield, Connecticut, who took up a systematic study of Roman Catholicism. Dr. Opie writes on Lausanne and Mr. C. H. Palmer on 'Some Anglican Problems of Reunion.'

Canadian Journal of Religious Thought (December).—This number closes the fourth year of this Journal. Each year has seen an increase in its circle of readers. It meets a need which is felt in a new and developing country like Canada, where there are few such publications. One editorial note refers to the death of Professor Gressmann at Chicago. He had gone to America on an errand of peace and conciliation, and had done fruitful work in Germany as a protagonist of the method of comparative religion. Professor Jordan's 'French Modernism' is an able criticism of Couchoud's *Le Mystère de Jésus*, which is more extreme than Loisy in its reconstruction of primitive Christianity.

FOREIGN

The Chinese Recorder (August) gives information on China which many will welcome. There is a new political consciousness, and Christianity is being dewesternized. It is a time for tactful leadership. Bible circulation for 1926 reached 8,821,893 volumes, an increase of 86,9[illegible] on that for 1925. The American Bible Society had 549 voluntary workers and correspondents, 26 colporteurs, and a large staff in its offices at Shanghai.

Analecta Bollandiana (Tomus XLV., Fasc. iii. et iv.).—Mgr. Lanne[illegible] gives an interesting account of the prophetic dreams of women about to bear famous sons. Stories about Napoleon, Rossini, and Mussolini are referred to. There is a full account of St. Thomas of Emessa and St. Marthe, mother of Symeon Stylites. A shorter paper, on 'The Sanctuary of the Apostles on the Appian Way,' is of special interest. The remains of Peter and Paul are said to have been translated from this resting-place, but none of the places that claim their possession can establish its title to that honour.

The Calcutta Review (November) has articles on 'Banking in the days of John Company,' the 'Regeneration of Rural Bengal,' and other Indian subjects. The account of 'Umar Khayyám' says that Khayyám (tent-maker) was a *nom de plume*, though it is not certain that he made or sold tents. That was his father's business. Umar was appointed Astronomer Royal to Sultan Malik Shah's observatory in A.D. 1074–5. Illustrations are given of his views from his poetical quatrains.—(December)—Mr. Das, in 'Early Intercourse between England and India,' says this goes back to the earliest recorded history. It was broken off by a succession of political convulsions, and was gradually renewed by the papal envoys of the thirteenth century, who visited the Court camps of the Mongol Khans, and by Marco Polo's residence at Cambalue, the modern Peking. The dawn of English trade with the East Indies dates from the first voyage of James Lancaster in 1591. It is an article of much interest.

Islamic Culture (Vol. I., No. 4, October) has important contributions on 'Islamic Culture under the Moguls,' 'Wit and Humour under Arabic Authors,' 'The Earliest Biographies of the Prophet and their Authors,' and other Islamic subjects. It is a Review that helps a Western reader to get into the heart of this religion, and well deserves its position as the New Hyderabad Quarterly. It is well printed and full of good work.