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The London Quarterly and Holborn Review

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THE LONDON QUARTERLY AND HOLBORN REVIEW

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BIBLE TRUTH IN MODERN LIGHT[1]

DR. W. T. DAVISON has a place of peculiar honour in the Methodist world as preacher, theologian, and author. He is the oldest member of the staff of this REVIEW, and for some time was its editor. Thirty-eight years spent in training young ministers have given him the duty and the opportunity to study the movements of Christian thought during the last momentous decades, and he has now gathered up his mature conclusions as to the way in which Christian truth needs to be presented to our own age. The subject has long occupied his mind. He accepts with all his heart the central core of the evangelical faith in which he was brought up, but has sought at the same time to understand and make his own the chief results of modern science and philosophy concerning this universe of wonders. He holds that 'there is nothing either in the simplicity of Christian faith on the one hand, or in biblical research or physical science on the other, to prevent an intelligent man from maintaining the two side by side, in full unity of thought and life.'

That is an inspiring word, and one for which a host of thoughtful men and women will be profoundly thankful. Religion seems for the moment under a cloud, but Dr. Davison thinks that there are signs of a change that will not be long delayed. The years before us will be as eventful for religion as for the social, national, economic, and political relations of civilized peoples. What is most necessary in all departments of human life is a deeper, stronger, and more constructive faith in God, in man, and in the future. The

[1] *The Living World in a Changing World*, by W. T. Davison, M.A., D.D. (Epworth Press. 6*s*.)

old Christian faith must be quickened in the light of new knowledge. That is the aim of his volume—to recapture early faith in its simplicity, freshness, and power.

Ours is indeed a changing world. The outward phases of modern civilization are being transformed before our eyes. The changes in habits and outlook are 'less visible and proportionately more subtle and mighty.' Dr. Davison dwells briefly but suggestively on doctrines of evolution and relativity; on what Sir Arthur Eddington calls the downfall of classical physics; on the light cast on the origin and earliest history of man by anthropology; on methods of historical investigation and literary criticism; on the light which their comparative study has thrown on the real nature and early developments of all religions. The survey almost bewilders us. What is its significance for ourselves? Whatever happens to the macrocosm without, man is not satisfied unless there is peace and harmony in the world within. The answer is clear: 'In the midst of an incredibly changing world, God has spoken, does speak, and will continue to speak to men. Not in an infallible book, nor through an infallible Church, for neither of the two exists on earth. But that there is, as there has always been, a *word*, alive and continuously manifesting the signs of rich and abundant life, so that none need be lonely, or bewildered, or lost.' 'God does speak to men' is a fact that leads right into the heart of reality and meets the pressing needs of living—and perhaps dying—men and women.

The Bible is the greatest and most influential book of religion that the world has seen. It is 'the long and various record of the revelation made by God of Himself, a long and notable line of development in and through the nation of Israel, till it found its climax in Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Word of God. His life upon earth, His teaching and works, His sufferings and death upon the Cross, and His Resurrection and Ascension into glory, are recounted in detail, and the latest records of the Bible contain an account of the

earliest beginnings of the community which accepted Jesus as Lord, and the ways in which they understood and essayed to carry out His design and establish the Kingdom of God upon the earth.' The great phrase 'the Word of God' in the Prologue to the Fourth Gospel became lost in the greater phrase, 'the Son of God,' but the idea of the divine speech or message often reappears as the enduring word in the midst of a changing world. The authority of the sacred Scriptures is moral and spiritual. They are the chart and standard to which the Christian turns for guidance and direction in all matters of faith and practice.

The chapter on 'The Word Incarnate' lays emphasis on the wisdom in every detail of our Lord's teaching on God, man, and the world in which we live. When the wonder and blessedness of being a Christian inspires the whole Church, the world will be startled and impressed as in the earliest days. 'If a new Pentecost were to be re-enacted, the old wonderful scenes would reappear and far greater wonders than these are even now at the doors.' The Holy Spirit is the living link between God and man. 'When the Word is quickened by the Spirit and the Spirit wields His weapon of the Word, the two—which are one—go on their way, conquering and to conquer.' Germany, which has largely lost its sense of religion, has been mightily moved by the teaching of Karl Barth and his school, who claim, 'We have, and can impart to you, the very Word of God Himself, which commands you with an authority all its own.' Dr. Davison refers to those who exalt 'the living Christ,' 'setting the Holy Spirit on one side as negligible. Surely there is no confusion here in the Christian doctrine, but only in the minds of those who misunderstand it. It cannot persist in the light of John xiv., xv., xvi. and the discourses of the Fourth Gospel, but those of whom we speak seem not to be sorry to disparage the Fourth Gospel, while they exalt the Synoptists, especially the second of them. Full-orbed Christianity to-day teaches that the world can only be

purified and renewed by the Holy Spirit, known through the ages, when He uses the Word, of which Christ the Redeemer is the Light and the Sun.' He is the Way-guide into all the truth. The breaking forth of new truth from the Bible depends upon the ceaseless activity of the Holy Spirit, who receives of that which is Christ's and from time to time declares it to those who are ready to hear. The Bible is as exhaustless as the resources of the Spirit, who uses it as one of His chief instruments. Dr. Davison faces the question, 'Is God dumb to-day?' The Lambeth Conference of 1930 considered afresh the doctrine of God. The times called urgently for such action. Some highly intelligent leaders of thought say, 'If there be a God of any kind, He does not and cannot "speak" to men.' This leads Dr. Davison to consider various difficulties which surround the doctrine of God. He is really the great Postulate on which all reasoning concerning the universe depends. 'There is only One Being of whom it can be said that He is the One Necessary Ground of all thinkers and all thought, all worlds, all universes, and all that dwell therein, whether possessing life like ours, or infinitely lower than ours, infinitely higher than ours, or possessing no life at all. Him first, Him midst, Him last, and without end!'

The greatest change that ever took place in the history of any religion came with the advent of Jesus Christ. It was not so much what He said, though more potent words have never been spoken; nor what He did, though His works were such as no other man did and His sufferings on man's behalf such as no man had ever borne or shall ever bear. His greatness—in wisdom, power, righteousness, and love—lay in what He *was*. To the modern man the appeal to experience is most cogent. There is enough in the moral, personal, and intrinsic evidence for Christ as a truly divine leader of men and a universal Saviour 'to furnish matter for a lifetime, and win to a knowledge of Christian truth the men of all nations and languages and personal idiosyncrasies.' God,

the Home of Spiritual Values for men and for all created life, is eternal, immortal, invisible, but has manifested Himself in His only Son, our Lord and Saviour. We recognize God as Father in creation, providence, and history, All-sovereign, All-holy. In redemption He is ours as Son, and as Holy Spirit He is, and ever has been, in the hearts of men, illuminating, inspiring, and guiding, and, since the manifestation of Christ, bringing home the meaning and power of His great salvation in the gospel.

The word evolution has been applied to the world of humanity as a description of the origin and development of the human race, but religious men can only employ it to denote a mode (not a cause) of continuity and succession in the vast world of life, entirely under the control of the one living and true God. In these higher regions the neutral word 'development,' including the possibility of degeneration, as well as advance, is greatly to be preferred. Creative evolution 'embodies all that physical science has demonstrated as to actual biological laws, while preserving the idea of a living and ordering God, who has established in nature a method of ordered progress which is in harmony with the ideas of creation and providence taught in the Bible and elsewhere.'

God is still speaking, and we must somehow get across the narrow boundary-line into which the unseen, the world of the spirit, the eternal in human life, is all-in-all, or we shall never hear the voice for which we are listening. What, then, does God say, speaking in Jesus Christ by the power of the Spirit, to the deep and far-reaching problems of religion to-day? That leads to a view of our Lord's outlook on life; the spirit of His own life and conduct, and His enthusiasm for humanity. His call to faith still reaches us from the Upper Room. As long as a man believes in God he has the fountain and spring of all true religion in his own heart. Faith in Christ is our link to the Father's house and to the world beyond. The Cross is the true symbol of the Christian

religion, and indicates the avenue by which salvation has come to man and the only way in which it can be worked out in the actual world, with all its sins and troubles.

Religious experience is manifest in every page of the New Testament. The effect of the Living Word did not fail when men turned from spiritual ideals to the prosaic facts of life, and the Bible keeps us near the spring where the great river took its rise, and presents us with the rich glow of the transforming flame of religion before its fires had smouldered down. This brings Dr. Davison to the special call for Christian witness in our eventful days. Unify, Simplify, Realize, Evangelize are his four watchwords. There must be variety and adaptability of method to bring the message of the gospel home. Men are restless without God, and do not know what is the matter with them. The evangelist must study the mind and heart of those whom he seeks to win. God works with him, and the Living Word gives life to those who heed it. The deeper problem of Providence may well be postponed till we ourselves 'have passed the judgement seat.' But the mission of Christ formed the climax of a purpose running through the ages. In Him the full purpose of God for mankind has been revealed. 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved' is a watchword of nations, and as generations have succeeded one another it has been made clear what practically unlimited resources exist to warrant a belief in the *potential* sufficiency of Christianity for all the needs of men. When 'God is all in all,' and the veil is removed from a universe created and controlled by love, 'we shall lose ourselves in light and praise.' Problems of death and the future life are treated by Dr. Davison with insight and wise discrimination. The old truths lose none of their force when thus viewed in modern light. God is leading the Church into richer fields of experience, and the words of Jesus: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life,' are 'a deep well which can never be fully fathomed, and certainly can never be exhausted.' JOHN TELFORD.

YOUNG DISRAELI IN SCOTLAND

I

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his diary (November 20, 1825), expressed the regret that up to that time he had not kept a journal. 'I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting, and I have deprived my family of some curious information, by not carrying this resolution into effect.' There were, no doubt, many 'curious' matters, particularly in the year 1825, that have been lost for lack of a chronicler—curious bits of information relative to Sir Walter himself and his literary associations—and Sir Walter's regret is shared by all who read his diary and 'ask for more.'

Fortunately, the baronet set matters right at once by starting his famous 'Gurnal,' in which he kept a fairly regular record of events and experiences almost to the end of his career. On November 8, 1852, he makes the observation that his home 'begins to be haunted by too much company of every kind, but especially foreigners. I do not like them. I hate fine waistcoats and breast-pins upon dirty shirts.' One wonders if, among the 'foreigners' who had recently 'haunted' Abbotsford, the chronicler was including young Benjamin Disraeli, who had, early in the fall of 1825, spent three weeks at Chiefswood with Lockhart, and several evenings at Abbotsford as the guest of Sir Walter. The fine waistcoat and the breast-pin might suggest a clue, but we would refrain from drawing any further conclusions as to identity.

Benjamin Disraeli (he started spelling his name in this way in 1828)—a handsome, energetic young man of twenty—arrived in Edinburgh, September 16, 1825, with letters from William Wright, a London barrister, and John Murray, the well-known publisher. It seems that, for some years,

Murray had entertained the idea of starting a daily newspaper in the interest of the Conservative party. Earlier in the year he had been greatly impressed by certain pamphlets written by young Disraeli for the financial firm of Messrs. Powles, wherein the imagination of the precocious youth had painted a gorgeous picture of anticipated prosperity with great profits for all investors, &c. Murray felt that, if what the pamphlets declared was true, then the time had come for his big project. He confided his plans to the young pamphleteer. No time was lost in making the necessary arrangements for the launching of the paper. On August 8 an agreement was signed by Powles, Disraeli, and Murray. Provision was made for starting the paper at the beginning of the new year. But who was to be the editor? For some unknown reason, J. G. Lockhart was nominated by Murray. Lockhart, it was argued, was a young Scottish advocate; he had done some brilliant writing in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and he had married the daughter of Sir Walter Scott. What more could be desired? But, it should be realized, the post of editor of a daily paper in those days involved some risk to a gentleman's social standing. Would Lockhart condescend to accept such an offer? How could he be made to see the importance, the opportunity, of the proposition? It was resolved to send a special emissary to Scotland to interest, not only Lockhart, but Sir Walter in the important business in hand.

Young Disraeli was dispatched, as Murray's special emissary, in the hope that he might, by the gift of his persuasive eloquence, win over the great literary men of the north. He lost no time in presenting himself at Chiefswood (Lockhart's country cottage near Abbotsford) armed with two letters, one from William Wright, introducing '*Mr. Disraeli*'—*not* Mr. Benjamin Disraeli—and the other from Murray, describing the emissary as 'my most particular and confidential friend.' Lockhart expected to be waited upon by the distinguished man of letters, Mr. Isaac D'Israeli, D.C.L., F.R.S.,

author of *The Curiosities of Literature*. He was not prepared to be solicited by Mr. Disraeli *junior*, and confessed he (Lockhart) was 'perfectly in the dark' as to the object of the young man's visit. The yellow face of 'The Hidalgo' (as Lockhart was called in literary circles) must have glowered. But the young emissary—this was his first big commission, and he was resolute about making the best of it—stood his ground without quailing. He had faith in his own 'devil of a tongue.'

With such a start, this visit of Disraeli to Scotland grows in interest for us. Every move he made—that is, every move that could be safely trusted to writing—was reported to Murray in a lively style. There is, however, an air of mystery—a code is used to confuse the intruder: Lockhart is referred to as 'M,' Sir Walter Scott is 'The Chevalier,' Murray himself is 'The Emperor,' and so forth. Here is the first report to Murray from Disraeli:

> I arrived at Chiefswood yesterday. 'M' had conceived that it was my father who was coming. He was led to believe this through Wright's letter. In addition, therefore, to his natural reserve, there was, of course, an evident disappointment at seeing me. Everything looked black as possible. . . . Suffice it to say that in a few hours we completely understood each other, and were upon the most intimate terms.

There is evidence here, perhaps, of the workings of the magic charm—the persuasive manner of the 'devil of a tongue.' In the course of the evening, the stiff and ceremonious master of Chiefswood was bending—aye, listening to a fairy-tale about the great London daily that was to achieve so many wonders, &c. It is easy to see that the emissary, proud in the confidence of an august publisher, felt encouraged to resort to all the tricks of flattery, cajolery, and even arrogance, to get into the good graces of Lockhart. Here was a manifestation of that diplomacy, in bud, which, in blossom, was to govern England and subdue Europe. Disraeli tells Murray that '"M" enters into our views with

a facility and readiness which are capital. He thinks that nothing can be more magnificent and excellent . . .' which might mean that Lockhart at first disdained to be 'editor.' Then Disraeli charmed away the ugly thought of a mere editorship—a term quite inapplicable, surely, to one who would be 'Director-General of an Immense Organ, and at the Head of a Band of High-Bred Gentlemen, and Important Interests.' 'The Chevalier breakfasted here to-day, and afterwards we all three were closeted together. The Chevalier entered into it excellently. . . .' Unfortunately, there is no record of the transactions of this meeting. What a remarkable trio, 'closeted together'! What secrets passed between them, what jokes were told, wherein they agreed, wherein they disagreed, we shall never know. The outcome, however, must have been satisfactory. In a few days, Murray received another communication from the emissary:

> The Abbotsford and Chiefswood families have placed me on such friendly and familiar footing that it is utterly impossible for me to leave them while there exists any chance of 'M's' going to England. It is impossible to give you any written idea of the beauty and unique character of Abbotsford. . . .
>
> I dine at Abbotsford to-day, and we shall most probably again discuss matters. . . . The Chevalier and 'M' have unburthened themselves to me in a manner the most confidential that you can possibly conceive . . .

Murray must have received the impression, as he read these enthusiastic letters, that this amazing young man was conducting the negotiations with a firmness of spirit and confidence in his own magic. Disraeli was very sanguine of success. To begin with, this was the sort of game he enjoyed. He had great satisfaction in playing an important part, and, in some mysterious way, he knew when to bring off the great effects. Life to him was nothing if not dramatic—in later years he referred to it as a 'dazzling farce'—and here he was exercising his talent for stage-management.

It is interesting to note that Murray, who was financing the whole game, was counting very heavily on this emissary

of his. In a letter to Lockhart, the publisher does not hesitate to sing the praises of Disraeli :

> I left my young friend [Disraeli] to make his own way with you, confident that, if my estimation of him was correct, you would not be long in finding him out. But, as you have received him with so much kindness and favour, I think it right to confirm the good opinion which you appear so early to have formed of him, by communicating to you a letter of my own. And I may frankly say that I have never met with a young man of greater promise, from the sterling qualifications which he already possesses. He is a good scholar, hard student, a deep thinker, of great energy, equal perseverance, and indefatigable application, and a complete man of business. His knowledge of human nature and the practical tendency in all his ideas have often surprised me in a young man who has hardly passed his twentieth year; and, above all, his mind and heart are as pure as when they were first formed; a most excellent temper too; and with young people, by whom he is universally beloved, as playful as a child.

A most glowing recommendation indeed, and one which the emissary seemed to deserve. After three weeks' absence, Disraeli returned to London (October 1825), bringing Lockhart with him, prepared to sign a definite agreement!

Sir Walter did not quite like the idea of losing Lockhart. He shows his resentment in the *Journal* entry written immediately after the departure of 'M' and the emissary :

> Here has been a visitor of Lockhart's, a sprig of the root of Aaron, young Disraeli. In point of talents he reminded me of his father, for what sayeth Mungo's garland :
>
> Crapand pickanani
> Crapand himself . . .
>
> which means a young coxcomb is like the old one who got him.

Within a month, however, sinister influences began to work in London, in opposition to the appointment of Lockhart as editor of the Murray publications, including the *Quarterly Review*. It seems that the old hands of the *Quarterly* resented having as their editor the very man who had malignantly flayed them but a short while ago in *Blackwood's*. Disraeli was dispatched for the second time to Abbotsford, to seek the help and advice of Sir Walter Scott. It was felt that a letter from the great man would smooth the troubled waters.

A letter was secured, and, once again, the emissary returned to London victorious. But, alas, dramas have a way of taking queer turns—Murray ('The Emperor') accused Disraeli of having 'ruined and mêlée'd everything.' It took Disraeli three hours of uninterrupted conversation with Murray the next day to have himself reinstated.

The *Representative* burst upon the public in January 1826. Nobody worked harder than Disraeli to make this possible. He was actively engaged in hiring editors, correspondents, printers, proof-readers and what not. He was in every department of the paper. But the *Representative* started at a most unfortunate time—it was the very week of the financial panic of '26—and it shared the ruin of the speculative companies whose glorious future had been prophesied in young Disraeli's flamboyant pamphlets. Within six months the great Conservative morning paper (which had set out to challenge the supremacy that John Walter had achieved for *The Times*) flopped hopelessly, and came to a pitiful end. The enterprise cost Murray £26,000.

Lockhart continued to stay in London and edit the *Quarterly*. But owing, perhaps, to the failure of the *Representative*, he and Disraeli gave each other the proverbial cold shoulder. It is more likely than not that Sir Walter shared Lockhart's feelings towards their guest of yesteryear.

In the spring of the same year (1826), Disraeli, who had the knack of turning failure to account, produced a novel based on his personal experiences of the past year. The first volumes of *Vivian Grey*, preluded by puffs of clever advertising and baited with the mystery of anonymity, took the city by storm. The plot is a melodramatic version of Murray's unlucky enterprise. The publisher himself appears in the story as a booby peer, the Marquess of Carabas, whom Vivian Grey, the hero, uses as a stalking-horse for his own personal political ambition. The marquess is prodded into forming a 'Carabas party,' and so flattered is he that he invites the young man to a gathering of well-known London

people (all cleverly introduced in thin disguise), and finally empowers him (Vivian Grey) to travel into Wales on a mission to Mr. Cleveland, a shelved politician with the haughty demeanour of J. G. Lockhart! Biographers and critics of Disraeli have since traced in this novel the rude outline and conception of the career which Disraeli, in 1826, worked out in imagination for himself. Says Vivian Grey:

'At this moment, how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? The noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy—shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old château? Supposing I am in contact with this magnifico, am I prepared?

'Now let me probe my very soul. Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make those conceptions beloved by others.

'There wants but one thing—courage, pure, perfect courage—and does Vivian Grey know fear?'

He laughed an answer of bitterest derision.

The speech that Vivian makes to Cleveland is also reminiscent of the spirit of the emissary addressing 'M' at Chiefswood:

'I will speak to you [Cleveland] with the frankness which you have merited, and to which I feel you are entitled. I am *not* the dupe of the Marquess of Carabas; I am not, I trust, the dupe, or tool, of any one whatever. Believe me, sir, there is that at work in England which, taken at the tide, may lead to fortune. I see this, sir—I, a young man, uncommitted in political principles, unconnected in public life, feeling some confidence, I confess, in my own abilities, but desirous of availing myself, at the same time, of the powers of others—and, sir, am I to play the hermit in the drama of life, because, perchance, my fellow actors may be sometimes fools, and occasionally knaves? . . .'

We are informed that Sir Walter Scott picked up the first volume of *Vivian Grey* and, after a hurried reading of a few chapters, put it aside as not worth climbing the stairs for. The noble author of the 'Waverley Novels' was, at this time, in no mood to enjoy this new sort of social satire. He had troubles of his own, following the financial crash of

1825. Disraeli and his novel were treated as a mere incident, and soon forgotten.

The breach between Disraeli and Lockhart, however, grew wider and wider. The editor of the *Quarterly* entertained many well-known people, including Mr. Wright and the elder D'Israeli, in his home. Benjamin's name was not on the guest list. As late as 1833, Disraeli told Macvey Napier that the *Quarterly* was being edited by a 'tenth-rate' novelist, and, in a letter to Lady Blessington, described Lockhart's style as exquisitely bad and notable for confused jumbles of commonplace metaphors. Lockhart, naturally, resented the thrust. He retaliated by making periodical references to 'the Jew scamp,' and his 'blackguard novel.' Lockhart's personal antipathy reached its climax in the bitter criticism of *Coningsby*.

II

At the time when young Disraeli visited Scotland, the old traditions of calumny and prejudice against the Jewish race prevailed. Not a few Tories in Great Britain were determined to 'keep the Jew in his place.' The repeal of the Test and Corporation Act of 1828 imposed a new disability on the oppressed race, making it difficult for a Jew to hold office, civil, military, or corporate, if called upon to take the elector's oath 'on the true faith of a Christian.' A Jew could not sit as a member of either House of Parliament, neither could he exercise the electoral franchise. 'Thus,' observes Justin M'Carthy, in his *History of our Own Times*, 'although no special Act was passed for the exclusion of the Jew from the rights of citizenship, he was effectually shut up in a sort of political and social ghetto.' Persistent efforts were made during the first quarter of the century to secure the rights of citizenship, and, if possible, parliamentary representation for the British Jew. But these efforts were doomed to failure as long as the Tories, the conservative element of reactionaries, were in power.

Under the circumstances, one wonders if, when the 'sprig of the root of Aaron' visited Abbotsford in 1825, the great Sir Walter Scott, who was a very pronounced Tory, shared the strong prejudice held by his party against the Jew? Young Disraeli was a Christian, to be sure, and an exception might be made in his case. Nevertheless, he had never renounced his sympathies for the race to which he belonged. He was consistent in his devotion to his people. He was ever proud of his Hebrew ancestry. As a matter of fact, he bragged about the genius of the Jew in history, and he openly planned to glorify the power and the influence of the Jew in the books he hoped to write.

As a youth, the guest at Abbotsford had been stirred by the historical romances of Scott. No doubt, he remembered the famous romance of *Ivanhoe*, in which his Tory host had presented some sympathetic, if idealistic, sketches of the oppressed race. The Shylock of Shakespeare was transformed into Isaac of York, a heroic Jew who preferred his daughter to his ducats, and remained a Jew despite all the persecution and distress showered upon him. Also, the Jessica of the prejudiced Elizabethan stage was changed into the charming Rebecca, 'whose figure might, indeed, have compared with the proudest beauties of England.' In a notable passage, this lovely Jewess pleads for the wounded Christian knight: 'But in wounds and in misery, the Gentile becometh the Jew's brother,' and, later, 'Our nation can cure wounds, though we deal not in inflicting them.' Is it possible that the treatment of the Jew in a romantic novel was one thing, and the treatment of the Jew in the flesh quite a different matter?

It is likely that Sir Walter felt a passing admiration for Disraeli, the 'coxcomb' representative of Jewry. The author of the 'Waverley Novels' might even have chuckled to himself as he watched the smart manner and rather arrogant conceit of the son of Isaac who pranced and curtsied before him, and even talked about securing a place in

Parliament for his (the baronet's) son-in-law. In nothing did Disraeli prove his descent so clearly as in his fondness for dress—'fine waistcoats and breast-pins' and all that. There were no marks of the oppressed race in his manners, dress, or thought. On the contrary, he served as a revelation of the potential powers, the hidden resources, and the peculiar genius of the ancient race—giving a very fine exhibition of the resourcefulness of his race before a Tory of the old school.

As a Tory, Scott was opposed to parliamentary reform. He showed a general distrust for change in most of the well-established institutions of human activity. He manifested strong Tory traits in his reverence for tradition and in his desire to keep the kingdom intact. He was in accord with the Tory administrative arrangements.

Almost instinctively, Disraeli seemed to realize the situation. He had the imagination to understand and appreciate Sir Walter Scott's Tory conservativism. He could see that The Chevalier's sympathies were bound up in his clannish love of home, family, live-stock, and farm-lands. There was a strong tribal and social instinct in the chieftain of Abbotsford. Being a member of an ancient tribal group himself, Disraeli did not find it difficult to get into the spirit of the Tory attitude of the landed gentry, to whom social and political prerogatives were matters of serious import. Was not the tribal and social instinct as deeply rooted in the Hebrew nature as in the Tory Scotch? Therefore, it was not surprising that in the Chiefswood and Abbotsford families, Benjamin made himself at home—'on a friendly and familiar footing.' In the years that followed, he made it his business to cultivate friendships among the Tory aristocrats. He lived among them, enjoyed their company, and supported their theories of government. Ultimately, he became the leader of the Tory party. As Premier, he upheld, as loyally as the bluest-blooded of old Tory nobles, the prerogative of the Crown and the privileges of the landed aristocracy.

During his stay in Scotland, the young Disraeli displayed the flexibility of one who thoroughly understood the society in which he moved. In his father's home he had received the benefits of the highest culture of his day. Through his father, who was a friend of Pye, Baring, Southey, Samuel Rogers, Tom Moore, and Byron, he had access to men of letters, and the homes of influential people in society. It may be said that, from the very first, young Disraeli was 'in Society.' And it was by reason of his strong social and tribal instinct that he was able to make use of the forces in society for his own, and his party's, advancement. What was the 'Young England Movement' but a renovation of the spirit of old England—the spirit which Scott revived and idealized in his colourful and chivalrous romances? Disraeli conceived of a new England, a new Toryism, with a substance of modern philosophic weaving; but he still retained the traditions, the love of the ancient order of things, of old England.

When he threw in his lot with the hereditary oppressors of his race, Disraeli was frequently subjected to mortifications and disappointments which would have driven a more sensitive spirit to bitterness. But nothing seemed to make the slightest impression on the 'emissary' who could turn insults and slights to good account. The extraordinary faculty of mastering his emotions and abiding his time may be traced to his Hebrew ancestry ('for suffrance is the badge of all our tribe'), and displayed itself fully during his visit to Scotland in 1825.

Whatever may have been the subsequent feelings of Lockhart and Sir Walter Scott towards Benjamin Disraeli, it is a matter of history that, at the age of twenty, he impressed them very favourably during his sojourn in Scotland. Among his papers, Disraeli left an interesting 'reminiscence' of this visit, written forty years later, in which there is a description of the happy meeting with Sir Walter. Here is 'Dizzy's' pen-portrait of The Chevalier:

I remember him [Sir Walter] quite well. A kind but rather stately person, with his pile of forehead, sagacious eye, white hair, and green shooting-coat. He was extremely hospitable . . . I have seen him sitting in the arm-chair, in his beautiful library, which was the chief rendezvous of the house, and in which we met in the evening, with half a dozen terriers about him—in his lap, on his shoulders, at his feet. . . . 'These,' he said to me, 'are Dandie Dinmont's breed.' They were all called Mustard and Pepper, according to their colour and their age. He would read aloud in the evening, or his daughter, an interesting girl, Anne Scott, would sing some ballad on the harp. He liked to tell a story of some Scotch chief, sometimes of some Scotch lawyer.

In 1867, Disraeli, with honours thick upon him, returned to Scotland. He was installed as Rector of Glasgow University. Once again he referred to his visit to Sir Walter Scott, his father's old acquaintance:

He showed me his demesne, and he treated me, not as if I were an obscure youth, but as if I were already Lord Rector of Glasgow University.

MONTAGU FRANK MODDER.

J. McT. E. McTaggart, by G. Lowes Dickinson (Cambridge University Press, 6*s*.), is a volume of extraordinary interest. McTaggart's bent towards speculation was manifest at the age of six, and at thirteen Kant was preoccupying his mind. His physical oddities and his outrageous opinions made him a marked character at Clifton. He specially excelled in the school debating society, and when he reached the sixth form his head master, Dr. Wilson, never went into a lesson without thinking of the boy whom he regarded as a first-class genius. He even gave Wilson criticism of passages in his sermons. 'It was invaluable to me to have such simple but acute reasoning, and that from one of my hearers.' At Cambridge he was placed in the first class of the Tripos with distinction in metaphysics, was made a Fellow of Trinity, and in 1897 was appointed to a lectureship which he held till his retirement in 1923. Miss Stawell felt him an inspiring teacher who seemed to have 'found the secret of the world and could have shown it to his generation.' His wit and his charming conversation, his passion for novels, his beliefs and his metaphysics, light up this record. He believed in 'the harmony of immortal spirits, but not in any higher Spirit that included them.' Our present life he thought was probably very short compared with our life future and past. Death he regarded as 'part of the continually recurring rhythm of progress—as inevitable, as natural, and as benevolent as sleep.' That is a poor philosophy after all.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF BIBLE HISTORY

ON December 2, 1931, Professor John Garstang, of Liverpool, left Paris on his third expedition to Jericho, for which the Museum of the Louvre is subscribing part of the expenses, as also are the University of Liverpool, the Leeds Literary and Philosophical Society, Sir Charles Marston, and Mr. Davies Bryon. Meanwhile he has enriched our knowledge of Palestine, and our understanding of Bible history, by publishing the results of his previous excavations, and a comparative study of biblical and Egyptian records, in *The Foundations of Bible History—Joshua, Judges*. For seven years he had directed the British School of Archaeology in Jerusalem and the Department of Antiquities in Palestine, and he returned to Palestine in 1928 to examine the discoveries of recent years in the light of a careful study of the oldest documents incorporated in the books of Joshua and Judges.

Forty years ago we used to speak of the Hexateuch, recognizing that the four main sources which had been distinguished in the Pentateuch were to be found also in the Book of Joshua. For some time past it has been clear that the same four sources run also through the Book of Judges, and, for convenience of general reference, Professor Garstang has adopted the divisions which have been accepted by Professor G. A. Cooke in the newer volumes of the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges on those two books. The two primary authorities, J and E, produced respectively in Judah and Ephraim in the ninth and eighth centuries B.C., and characterized in the one by the use of Jehovah (Yahweh), and in the other by the use of Elohim (God), for the Divine Being, are confirmed as historical authorities in all essential details by archaeological discoveries, and by the witness of Egyptian records contemporary with the events described.

The contradictions and other historical difficulties which have puzzled Bible students are due to the later additions in D, the work of the Deuteronomic school, and P, the Priestly Code. The nucleus of our Book of Deuteronomy, the Book of the Law discovered in the Temple, which prompted the religious reforms of Josiah, was expanded to its present form before Ezra, in the middle of the fifth century B.C., codified the whole Torah, the Law, as the sacred book of the Jews, our Pentateuch. But the Code of the Prophets, which included Joshua and Judges as well as the Books of Samuel and Kings, was probably not fixed for another two centuries, so that the Deuteronomic and Priestly editors may have added to Joshua and Judges till the third century B.C. The first verse of Judges puts the death of Joshua before the events described in the chapter: Judges ii. 8 describes his death and burial as happening after those events. Judges i. 8 says that the children of Judah took Jerusalem and smote it with the edge of the sword: Joshua xv. 63 has told us that the children of Judah could not drive out the Jebusites from Jerusalem, and we know from 2 Sam. v. 6–9, that the Jebusites held the town till David captured it and for the first time added it to the territory of Judah, after he had reigned in Hebron for seven years. Now Judges i. 1*a* and Judges i. 8 are both insertions of P; Joshua xv. 63 and the greater part of Judges i. belong to J. It does not follow that there is nothing historical in D and P; their editors doubtless had access to other early documents: J itself quotes from the Book of Jashar (Joshua x. 13) and from the Book of the Wars of Jehovah (Num. xxi. 14), from which the Song of Deborah also was probably borrowed by E (Judges v. 2–31). But where there are discrepancies in our present text, D and P cannot be given the same authority as J and E and JE, their combination. It is a striking tribute to the accuracy of modern biblical criticism that the documents which it has long distinguished as the oldest parts of the early books of the Old Testament have

their precedence now so fully established. Professor Garstang, at the opening of this latest book of his, prints continuously the text of J and E only, and finds it a consistent narrative, to which archaeological discoveries and Egyptian witnesses serve as an enlightening commentary.

The chief subjects of interest in this book for all readers of the Bible are three: the settlement of biblical chronology for the period after the Exodus, the clearing up of the story of the invasion and partial conquest of Palestine, and the disclosure of the sites of the chief towns mentioned in the Books of Joshua and Judges as they appeared in the Late Bronze Age, in which Joshua and his successors lived.

I. CHRONOLOGY.—We were confused in the nineteenth century by hopeless attempts to reconcile or to evade the different statements in the Bible about the duration of the periods before and after the Exodus. The confusion was increased by the uncertainty of the date of the Exodus and the general assumption, for a time, that the Pharaoh of the Oppression was the great Ramses II (1292–1225) because one of the treasure cities which the Israelites were forced to build was called Raamses (Exod. i. 11); that seemed to identify the Pharaoh of the Exodus with Ramses II's successor, Merneptah. But 1 Kings vi. 1 gives 480 years as the interval between the Exodus and the fourth year of Solomon's reign, which can be fixed as 967 B.C. (*Cambridge Ancient History*, i. 160); Jephthah (Judges xi. 26) estimates 300 years from the stay of the Israelites in Heshbon to the first or second year of his judgeship; Stephen (Acts vii. 6) allows 400 years for the bondage in Egypt, and Paul (Acts xiii. 20) 450 years to the period of the Judges (R.V. with the oldest MSS.). If Paul's 450 years mean 400 years of bondage with 40 years' wandering and ten years of conquest, all these numbers may agree with the facts recorded in Joshua and Judges; though obviously round numbers, they must have been based on Jewish records. Several of the judges mentioned in our Received Text—Tola, Jair, Ibzan, Elon, and Abdon—

are found only in P: they may well be historical and, with local rule only, have overlapped the judgeships recorded in the older documents. If the years assigned to the judges in J and E are added to the years of the oppressions, and 40 years are allowed for Joshua and the elders, with two years for the stay in Heshbon, we get exactly 300 years to the second year of Jephthah's judgeship; and if we add 38 years from the Exodus to Heshbon, four or five years of the remainder of Jephthah's six years' judgeship, 40 years for the Philistine oppression and Samson (Judges xiii. 1 and xv. 20), 20 for Eli (as the LXX in 1 Sam. iv. 18), 20 for Samuel (1 Sam. vii. 2, 3), 15 for Saul (*Camb. Anc. Hist.*, ii. 70—the number being lost in the Hebrew of 1 Sam. xiii. 1 and that verse missing in the LXX), 40 for David, and four for Solomon to the beginning of the building of the Temple, we get 481 or 482 years, answering to the 480 of 1 Kings vi. 1. That official figure of 480 years fixes the Exodus at 1447 B.C., and the beginning of Joshua's conquest at 1407. Merneptah is impossible as the Pharaoh of the Exodus, apart from the evidence of these numbers, for a victory stele of Merneptah in 1223 B.C. mentions Israel among the tribes of Canaan whom he has defeated in an outbreak against Egyptian rule.

Palestine was a part of the Egyptian Empire from 1500 B.C., when Thutmose III began his campaign in Syria, capturing 119 towns of Canaan, to the year 1110, when Egypt withdrew from Syria and the Assyrian invasions began. The periods of 'Rest' for Israel recorded in the Book of Judges correspond to the times when Egyptian authority was undisturbed: the 'Oppressions' by surrounding nations occurred when Egyptian authority was weakened, as we know from the Egyptian records. Yet, though the Egyptian power is in the background of Israelitish history in Palestine from Joshua till 1110, when the Ammonite oppression began and Jephthah became the deliverer of his people, there is only one reference to it in these two books. The Israelites

ascribed their earliest victories to the power of God, but Joshua in his farewell speech at Shechem recognizes their indebtedness to the power of Egypt which subdued and terrorized the Canaanitish tribes: 'I sent the hornet before you, which drave them out . . . not with thy sword, nor with thy bow' (Joshua xxiv. 12). The hornet was the symbol of the sovereignty of the Pharaoh.

When Merneptah had crushed rebellion in Canaan in 1228 B.C., there followed a period of anarchy in Egypt, and the usurpation of power by a Syrian named Yarza from 1205 to 1200. From 1221 to 1201, Jabin (King of Hazor) and Sisera oppressed Israel, but after the victory of Deborah and Barak there was a period of Rest for 40 years, from 1201 to 1161, for Set-Nekht (1200–1198) and Ramses III (1198–1167) re-established order in the Egyptian Empire. But, under the weak Ramessides, who lost control of Palestine (1160–1110), Midianites and Amalekites overran the country till Gideon brought deliverance and 40 years of peace (1150–1110). Then, when the Egyptian forces finally withdrew and the Assyrian invasions began, though Jephthah held rule till 1104, there followed 40 years of Philistine power, broken by the 20 years of Samson's judgeship, and the history of the Book of Judges comes to an end in 1065; for the episodes in chaps. xvii.–xxi. are quite detached from the main story. So we go on in clear chronological sequence to Eli and Samuel, 1065–1025; Saul, 1025–1010; David, 1010–970, with the capture of Jerusalem in 1003; till the fourth year of Solomon brings us to 967, and the 480 years from the Exodus are complete.

A period of 400 years for the Egyptian Bondage involves the correction of Archbishop Usher's chronology, which suggested 1921 B.C. as the date of the Call of Abraham and 1491 for the Exodus, leaving no room for the long lives of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Joseph, if Stephen and Paul were right in their estimate. But if Amraphel in Gen. xiv. 1 is Ammurabi and Abraham was his contemporary, we have

a margin of time wide enough to accommodate the patriarchs and leave 400 years for the Bondage, as Ammurabi reigned from 2067 to 2028 B.C.

II. THE ISRAELITE INVASION.—It has long been evident that the later Jewish tradition gives us impossible numbers for the size of the Israelitish army (Exod. xii. 37; Num. i. 46, xxvi. 51—all three passages assigned by critics to P). Six hundred thousand fighting men would, with the women and children, mean a total migration of about two million people. So immense a host, if we can imagine them issuing from Egypt, would soon have died in the desert from hunger and thirst; if they had marched four abreast they would have extended in continuous procession the full distance of 400 miles from Succoth to Jericho; there would not have been room for them in the whole Jordan valley, and we are told that they were all encamped for some time in a corner of that valley at Abel-Shittim, 'the meadow of the acacias,' and in Gilgal after they had crossed the Jordan. Moreover, the biblical story implies throughout that their forces were slight: they were driven back at their first approach by the Amalekites, who were a small tribe; they were defeated in their first attack upon Ai, which covered an area of only nine acres and could not have held more than from 1,500 to 2,500 inhabitants; and as they slowly moved up the country they were too weak to capture several towns whose area varied from five to fifteen acres, as we know from the excavations of their sites. The imperial Egyptian army at that time consisted only of 5,000 men; and in the Tell-el-Amarna letters, written from Palestine to the Pharaoh about 1375 B.C., at the close, that is, of the generation of Joshua and the elders, we find the Egyptian governor (local king) of Jerusalem asking for a garrison of fifty troops; yet, as we have seen, it remained uncaptured by the Israelites till the time of David. Israel never conquered the Shephelah, the sloping country to the west of the central hills, nor the coastal towns, which remained in the hands of the Canaanites

and, after 1200 B.C., of the Philistines. Judah was only able to capture Kirjath-sepher and Hebron with the aid of the tribe of Kenizzites or Kenites under Caleb and Othniel, and, though it was chiefly the suddenness of Joshua's attack that gave him the victory over the Jebusite league, he was helped then, and in his subsequent advance, by the Hivite alliance under the influence of the Gibeonites.

There is little doubt that, apart from the tendency of later ages to exaggerate the distinction of their ancestors, the multiplication, in the Received Text, of the numbers of the Israelites was due to the ambiguity of the Hebrew word *alif*, which was used both for 'thousand' and for 'tent' or 'family group.' What, in the records on which the editors of the Priestly Code relied, was originally represented as so many tents came to be confused with thousands, and, as time went on, the number increased. Professor Garstang estimates the total of the Israelite immigration at about 6,000 souls, including from 1,200 to 1,500 fighting men. This makes the biblical story consistent with itself and with the conditions of the country at the time.

The advances of the invaders from Abel-Shittim to the Jordan apparently coincided with an earthquake, the tradition of which, though not mentioned in the Book of Joshua, was recorded two centuries later in the Song of Deborah (Judges v. 4). An earthquake in the Jordan Valley was accompanied, in A.D. 1267, in 1906, and, as we can all remember, in 1927, by a fall of the overhanging west bank of the river at El Damieh (the Adam of Joshua iii. 16), sixteen miles up the channel above Shittim or Jericho. The fall dammed the river which flowed over the valley above the dam, so that the river-bed below was left empty of water. In 1267 the river ceased to flow down its bed for sixteen hours, and in 1927 for twenty-one and a half hours; there are people still living who have stated that in 1927 they crossed and recrossed the bed of the river several times. Joshua had occupied the east bank of the river as far north as

the Jabbok when he had defeated Sihon (Judges xi. 22), so that anything happening at Adam would be reported to him on the same day. On hearing that the river was dammed, he at once marched his people across the river-bed and encamped 'in Gilgal, on the east border of Jericho,' which remained their head-quarters throughout the following campaign.

The same prompt decision and suddenness in attack which enabled Joshua to defeat the Southern League in the Valley of Aijalon won for him also a surprising victory over the Northern League of Hazor and its allies. The battle evidently took place in the hill country, as the LXX definitely states (Joshua xi. 7), where the Canaanite chariots were comparatively useless, and Joshua, by a forced march on the fifth day, according to Josephus, from his base at Gilgal, was able to maim the enemy's horses, as he fell unexpectedly upon their encampment, and drive the allied forces in disorganized rout along three lines of flight: northward toward Sidon, eastward to Mizpeh, and to Misrephoth-maim in the west coast. If the Waters of Merom were, as has generally been assumed, Lake Huleh on the Upper Jordan, Joshua's forced march would be unbelievably lengthened, and would have passed the strongly fortified town of Hazor. Professor Garstang suggests a site for the battle farther west in the hill country of Upper Galilee, where all the conditions are satisfied. The LXX reads Maron both for Madon, one of the allied towns in Joshua xi. 1, and for Merom in verse 7. The name Maron has survived in the Jebel Marun, the mountain at the highest part of the plateau, with the village of Mârûn el Ras near its highest point, with plentiful springs all round, and at the northern foot of the ridge the village of Bint um el Jebeil, which is the meeting place of all the roads through Upper Galilee. Here must have been fought the battle of the Waters of Maron.

This apparently was Joshua's last victory, and, having secured the approach to the north for the later advance of some of the Israelite tribes, he fell back to his base at Gilgal,

from which afterwards he moved, with no recorded opposition, first to Shiloh, and at last, with the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, to Shechem. His destruction of Hazor applies only, as we shall see, to the outer city, and, two centuries after his victory, another Jabin of Hazor and a Sisera are strong enough to oppress Israel for twenty years (Judges iv. 2). Again Professor Garstang helps us to fix the site of the battle in which Deborah and Barak broke the oppressor's power. The northern tribes had mustered on Mount Tabor, the southern Israelites who had answered Deborah's call would enter the Plain of Esdraelon by Jenin and join the others somewhere north of Taanach. Sisera was drawn down to the River Kishon from the entrance to the Plain of Acco (Acre), where Harosheth must have been. He crossed the river by the ford to the south-east of Mount Carmel, and in dry weather his chariots and cavalry in the Plain of Esdraelon would have had a great advantage over the Israelites. But rain evidently came on—and, during the Great War, a quarter of an hour's rain on that clay soil endangered all cavalry operations. The impetuous onset of the Israelites caught the enemy floundering, and, when the routed Canaanites made for the ford to return to Harosheth, they found the river in flood and were swept away in trying to cross. Sisera, when the chariot line broke, fled on foot to the tent of Jael by Kedesh, the modern Tell Abu Kudeis about three miles both from Taanach and from Megiddo, and the battle was probably begun on the south side of the Kishon, three or four miles north-east of Kedesh.

III. Some Biblical Sites.—The Late Bronze Age in Palestine is supposed to have lasted from about 1600 to 1200 B.C., when the Iron Age began. If Joshua's invasion can be dated about 1407, the ruins of the cities that he is said to have destroyed should reveal traces of Late Bronze Age culture and none of the Iron Age. This proves to be the case at Jericho and Ai and in the outer city of Hazor.

Jericho was often rebuilt in the neighbourhood of the old

Canaanite town, but never again on the site cursed by Joshua. The excavations on that site, though not yet completed, enable us to understand what happened when the Israelites captured the town. About 1600 B.C. some catastrophe had overwhelmed it, after it had reached the zenith of its prosperity in the two previous centuries. Rebuilt on a smaller scale on the top of the mound, about a mile to the north-west of the modern village, its area was less than six acres and its circumference only 650 yards. It was surrounded by two parallel walls, the outer six feet thick and the inner from eleven to twelve feet, but they were badly built. The foundations were unevenly laid with two or three layers of field stones, so that there were gaps in the brick walls, made good with mud mortar, and the bricks were sun-dried, without a binding of straw. Houses were built upon the walls, as we are told of the house of Rahab. The earthquake which dammed the Jordan would naturally shake the walls, but no trace of earthquake action was discovered till the spring of 1931, when it was found the western wall had been affected by a tremor which passed east and west, and the eastern wall had been entirely destroyed. But there are signs that the wall had been partly undermined, and the combined influence of earthquake, undermining, and the pressure of the weight of houses, helped, doubtless, by the tramp of Israelite troops round the little town for seven days, and seven times on the seventh day, with the blowing of seven trumpets, caused the wall to fall outwards, as it is found to have fallen, so that the invaders were able to clamber over the ruins for their brutal massacre of all the inhabitants except the family of Rahab. All the remains show that the town was destroyed by fire.

The site of Ai was excavated in 1928 at El Tell, two miles to the east of Bethel (Joshua vii. 2), with a crevassed hill overlooking it from the west (Joshua viii. 12), which answers the description of Joshua's place of ambush. Remains have been found from the Early, Middle, and Late Bronze Ages, but

nothing that could have been later than 1400 B.C. The wall, though now below the surface of the ground, is still standing on the western side to a height of eight to ten feet, and in parts of the wall there were clear signs of dislocation by subsidence or earthquake.

Hazor was the chief Canaanite city in the north, holding the most strategic position in the land at the junction of the main road from Sidon to Bethshean with the road from Damascus to Megiddo. The roads that met there, south-west of Lake Huleh, were suitable for chariots, which added another military advantage to the commanding position and strong fortifications of the town. The name Hazor, originally an enclosure, means here a fortified camp, and the city, protected by steep watercourses and by 'stupendous ramparts of beaten earth,' was dominated by the *tell* which rose 165 feet above the road. This upper city covered an area of sixteen acres, enough to hold 4,000 people, and was surrounded by a camp-enclosure that in an emergency could accommodate 30,000 men with their horses and chariots. Professor Garstang's own investigation in 1928 showed that this outer town was destroyed by fire about 1400 B.C., and never inhabited again. That was probably the extent of Joshua's destruction of Hazor. During the eighty years of peace for Israel which followed on the re-establishment of Egyptian authority by Seti I and Ramses II, the northern tribes of Israel seem gradually to have settled in the territories long since allotted to them as an act of faith by Joshua, and when, during anarchy in Egypt, the King of Hazor, with the help of Sisera, was strong enough to oppress Israel for twenty years, Deborah and Barak were able at last to muster forces enough—40,000, Deborah claims (Judges v. 8, E)—to break the yoke of the oppressor. The upper city of Hazor sprang again to life in the second period of the Early Iron Age, and seems, from the remains that have been discovered, to have lasted till Hellenistic times.

FRANK RICHARDS.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE AND RELIGION

ANY reference to Florence Nightingale revives the memory enshrined in the legend of the 'Lady with a Lamp.' To many, perhaps to the majority, she is the heroine of that Crimean episode, and nothing more. This part of her history, however, was but an episode. Her life was a brave struggle for freedom, first for the right to follow her own vocation, and then for the protection of others from the ravages of ignorance, indifference, and disease. Not least amongst her adventures in many fields, pioneering for freedom, was her presentation and practice of religion. She was a herald of revolt, in an age marked by many tentative flutterings against the barriers of convention, both in thought and conduct. In early life she had drifted away from the Unitarian traditions of her family. Her conformity to the worship of the Anglican Church did not, however, count for much, nor did it claim much from her. Her religion was of herself, and her practice of religion was altogether apart from the conventional.

The sanctions and claims of personal religion were great realities. In her sixteenth year she became conscious of a call from God. To this she endeavoured to adjust her way of life. Neither the claims of society, nor the lure of literature, nor the career of marriage were allowed to stand in the way of her vocation. The service of man was for her the ideal manner of serving God. Her dedication to Him was renewed again and again. When the conception of her vocation became clearer, she wrote in her diary:

> Oh, God, Thou puttest into my heart this great desire to devote myself to the sick and sorrowful. I offer it to Thee. Do with it what is for Thy service.

Her work in the Scutari hospitals, severely and serenely practical as it was, and without any parade of religion or observance of religious ritual, conveyed to those to whom

she ministered this sense of religious dedication. One of her rough patients writes: 'Before she came there was cussin' and swearin', but after that it was as holy as a church.' Her religion found expression in work. The service of man, even menial and repulsive service, was regarded as the truest and highest service that could be offered to God. But there was a strain of mysticism in her experience. She dwelt in deep realities, and while immersed in grim tasks she was conscious of the melodies that abide. That word of the practical mystic—'I know a man in Christ'—the word that introduces strange spiritual adventures, was no dark saying for her.

The ritual of religion in general made no appeal to Florence Nightingale. Before the Crimean days she had ceased to take part in public worship. While engaged at the Harley Street nursing-home she hired a room some distance away. Here she received her friends on Sunday mornings, and at the same time kept up an impression that she went out to church. This fiction was necessary because of the evangelical views of the governing body and the strictly orthodox ways of the home. Her revolt against orthodoxy came to a head in a pitched battle with her committee. It ended with a compromise. She writes:

> My Committee refused to allow me to take in *Catholic* patients—whereupon I wished them good morning, unless I might take in Jews and their Rabbis to attend them. So now it is settled, and *in print*, that we are to take in all denominations whatever, and allow them to be visited by their respective priests and Muftis, provided I will receive (in all cases *whatever* that is *not* of the Church of England) the obnoxious animal at the door, take him upstairs myself, remain while he is conferring with his patient, make myself *responsible* that he does not speak to, or look at, any one else, and bring him downstairs again in a noose, and out into the street. And to this I have agreed! And this is in print. Amen. From committees, charity, and Schism—from the Church of England and all other deadly sins—from philanthropy and all the deceits of the Devil, Good Lord, deliver us.

She was attracted to the Roman Catholic Church because

it recognized the vocation of woman, but its ritual did not attract her. For the larger portion of her life she cut herself off deliberately from the services of the Church. There was an exception. On her return from the Crimea she evaded publicity, spent a few hours with the Bermondsey nuns who were in retreat, then went home. 'A little tinkle of the small church bell on the hill, and a thanksgiving prayer at the little chapel next day, were all the innocent greeting.' The precarious state of her health and her confirmed invalid habit may have prevented regular public worship, but these barriers could have been broken down if she had willed it. In one matter she did will it. Soon after her friendship with Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol, had ripened to intimacy, she asked him to administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to her in her own room. This observance was often repeated, some member of her family or some intimate friend joining with her in the service. Yet for her the Sacrament was not so much the declaration of a great public fact as an occasion for ministering to private satisfaction. In this service she shared in the fellowship of One who had triumphed by suffering, and this appealed to the mystic in her.

Towards religion as a system of thought her attitude was different. It is a characteristic of 'men of action' that deserves more consideration than has yet been given to it to concern themselves with religion as a system of thought with little, if any, reference to the theology of the schools. Florence Nightingale adventured in this field. She had a keen intellect, and could have attained proficiency in literary expression if she had cared to do this. But care for literary style as a necessary object was rejected early in her career, and when, later in life, she endeavoured to give expression to her thoughts on religion, the power to produce a statement sufficiently clear for publication had gone. Religion, however, occupied a prominent place in her conversations and her correspondence with her father and her friends,

especially with Jowett of Balliol. She formulated a creed. It is sufficiently brief for quotation :

> I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of Heaven and Earth. And in Jesus Christ, His best son, Our Master, who was born to show us the way through suffering to be His sons and His daughters, His handmen and His handmaidens, who lived in the same spirit with the Father, that we may also live in that Holy Spirit, whose meat was to do His Father's will and to finish His work, who suffered and died saying, ' That the world may love the Father.' And I believe in the Father Almighty's love and friendship, in the service of man being the service of God, the growing into a likeness with Him by love, the being one with Him in will at last, which is heaven. I believe in the plan of Almighty Perfection to make us all perfect. And thus I believe in the Life Everlasting.

She also prepared three bulky volumes entitled *Suggestions for Thought*. In the first place, this literary activity was aroused by a sense of the decay of religion among the working classes. She was aware, as Newman was, of the terrible power of the forces of destruction, of an unconscious paganism and hatred of the supernatural in the life of her day, and she sought to oppose these. Her volumes were privately printed. Mr. J. S. Mill, although not convinced by her arguments for the existence of God, thought highly of her attempt. On the other hand, Thomas Carlyle unkindly referred to some fragments of the larger work, published in *Fraser's Magazine*, as the bleating of sheep lost in the wilderness. Benjamin Jowett saw good in these volumes, but advised thorough revision and rearrangement before publication. This was never accomplished.

It would serve no useful purpose either to analyse or criticize Florence Nightingale's essays towards a new religion. In most attempts of this character, on a Christian basis, it is significant how much the permanent elements conform to the old positions. M. Julius Mohl was probably near the truth in saying that she had set out to give the artisans a religion and had offered them a philosophy. Yet her attempt to deal with the problems of religion is worth attention in these days when the theological bases of religion

are regarded with suspicion. Her attitude to mysticism and her keen sense of vocation did not dull the edge of her intellectual interest in the deepest things concerning God and 'what man really was and what was his destiny.' Her answers to age-long problems were sometimes too easy, but she felt the urge of the problems. The reign of law, the efficacy of prayer when linked to communal needs, the necessity of evil for evolution towards human perfection, and the persistence of life beyond this world, were positions to which she held most tenaciously. The universe was planned so that life should not perish.

We may agree heartily with the sentiment:

> For forms of faith let graceless zealots fight;
> He can't be wrong whose life is in the right.

But this does not carry us far. Theology may go out of fashion, even as philosophy has its phases of popularity and neglect. Yet there will always be philosophers and theologians while the thoughts of man continue to fringe towards the infinite. What begins in exploration and goes on to explanation tends to become definition. There is so large a constituency of those who do not think, or who are 'loose thinkers,' that to all appearances the dogmatist, especially if the dogmatism is in the name of freedom, is sure of a vocation for a long time to come. The early disciples of Jesus accepted a simple creed—simple in expression, but with tremendous implications: 'I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God.' To complain that this did not continue to satisfy the demand of faith is to plead for the stultification of the reason with which God has endowed us. If there were a common consent on the part of Christians to return to this formula, it could not be claimed that this was evidence of progress. In any Christian society there could be found all the heresies of the intervening centuries, if only skilful questions were put as to the meaning of this simple statement. That the orthodox creeds of Christendom are

milestones that have been passed is apparent, though in some cases it may be proved that they are milestones that have not been reached. They would serve their purpose if they were not employed as expositions of an orthodoxy that does not exist. Perhaps the day will come when the Christian Churches will be content with a creed that merely declares assent to the teaching of Jesus contained in the New Testament as interpreted by the growing religious consciousness that the years bring. Religion, as some contend, may some day get beyond the categories of spoken language and find harmonious expression in musical cadences. But the time for this is not yet. The education of mankind is not sufficiently advanced. There would be hope, however, for Christian society if the diversities of the spiritual faculty were recognized and rejoiced in. The creed of Florence Nightingale may point to such a solution, but it halts a long way short of the goal. This is the way of all creeds.

In her attitude to religious worship Florence Nightingale offers no help to this age. She represents an increasing multitude who cut themselves off from this fellowship. But religion is not the cult of the solitary. Such a life as hers has unique religious value. Her work was her religion. The necessity for other external forms she did not feel.

> For myself the mystical or spiritual religion as laid down by St. John's gospel, however imperfectly I have lived up to it, was and is enough.

But, for humanity in general, religion must find expression in communion that is tangible if it is to find expression at all. The Christian Churches are imperfect instruments, but so far as they are Christian they aim at perfection. They are imperfect because human nature is imperfect. Any organization of humanity involves the emergence of selfish interests. In an organization for spiritual purposes these are baneful. They mean a barrier—a wall where there should be a window.

There is need to reconsider how far stated times for worship, stereotyped forms of worship, ceremonies, the dedication of special days, and sacraments, are helpful to religion. Florence Nightingale's experience testifies that sweeping reforms will not of necessity remove all external forms that are regarded as hindrances to progress towards the Kingdom of God. She could do without communal worship in general, yet she clung to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Spirituality must become incarnate if it is to be helpful. Pure idealism may appeal to some well-instructed souls, but, for the many, spirituality must be made attractive in some other, more material, way. The religious faculty is a part of the endowment of humanity. It needs to be educated and trained for beneficent use.

It is very probable that many organized endeavours to serve man will continue for some time yet to flow past the organized Churches. Passionate personal propaganda seems to be the order of the day. Or, if there be association, this finds its incentive in something more material than spiritual worship. It can hardly be otherwise in an age when the enthusiasm of humanity is the only religion that so many profess. The Churches have other things to care about and to cherish. Theology, ethics that embrace all classes of men, and even the ritual of religion, as well as religion itself, belong to their care. If it could be conceived that Christianity would get a better chance to express itself without organization, it remains that the organizations exist and must be reckoned with. How much of the mechanism of religion would remain if the Churches could start afresh is a question concerning which circumstance has little light to give.

While the Churches are settling their nearer problems, and only adventuring in social passion as a pastime, the enthusiasm of humanity gains in the impression it makes on society generally. Thus it may be worth while to devote some thought to the study of a way of life that dwelt deeply

in the mysteries of God and yet found itself in service for man, for the most part without the aid of organized Christianity. Exploration may lead to an enhanced faith that Christianity can only function as fellowship, and that fellowship must have its organ for expression and expansion. Yet it is folly to think and to act as if the present organizations are perfect. The service of man is the service of God, and what ministers only to selfish enjoyment does not express the perfect will of God nor the redemptive purpose of Jesus. Whatever the future religious expression may be, it will be an impact upon life for security, righteousness, and health—the expression of faith as joyful adventure and the rapturous triumph of humanity.

J. C. MANTRIPP.

The Causes of Evolution. By J. B. S. Haldane, F.R.S. (Longmans & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Darwin held that evolution was largely due to natural selection. Now some who believe in evolution do not regard natural selection as a cause of it; though in general, Mr. Haldane thinks, the two beliefs still go together. Natural selection is a reality, and the facts of variation, though different from what Darwin believed them to be, are yet such as to yield a raw material on which natural selection can work. The opposition to Darwinism is largely due to a failure to appreciate the extraordinary subtlety of the principle of natural selection. There are, no doubt, innumerable characters in plants and animals that show no sign of possessing selective value, and these are exactly the characters which distinguish one species from another. This had led many able zoologists and botanists to give up Darwinism. His own investigations lead Mr. Haldane to conclude that natural selection is the main cause of evolutionary change in species as a whole. But the actual steps by which individuals come to differ from their parents are due to various other causes than selection, and in consequence, evolution can only follow certain paths. These are determined by factors which we can only very dimly conjecture. Only a thorough-going study of variation will clear up such points. Darwin was commonly right when he thought for himself, but often wrong when he took the prevailing views of his time—on heredity, for example—for granted. Mr. Haldane's survey of evolution as a whole is of great interest. We know more about it to-day than ten years ago, and the way to fuller knowledge lies largely in the accumulating of more facts concerning variation and selection. 'The truly scientific attitude, which no scientist can constantly preserve, is a passionate attachment to reality as such, whether it be bright or dark, mysterious or intelligible.'

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

IN the crowd of politicians who played their part in the early history of the United States, a sparkling and romantic figure is presented by Gouverneur Morris. 'There has never been an American statesman,' said Roosevelt, 'of keener intellect or more brilliant genius.' Morris was a remarkable production of America as it was then. He was an aristocrat, by nature and inclination, in a democratic country. 'Gouverneur Morris,' says Roosevelt, 'like his far greater friend and political associate, Alexander Hamilton, had about him that "touch of the purple" which is always so strongly attractive.' He professed to regard a monarchy as unsuitable to America, but he was frequently attacked as a monarchist in his early days, and would have been perfectly happy under a king,

Morris's brother, Staats Long Morris, became a general in the British Army, married the widow of the third Duke of Gordon, sat in Parliament as the representative of the Elgin Burghs, and in 1797 became Governor of Quebec. Wherever Gouverneur Morris went in his travels he was at once received into the most exclusive and distinguished circles. Yet, with all his difference from the typical politician of his time, he rendered some striking services to the American democracy. He made the final draft of the Constitution of the United States. He first outlined the present system of American coinage. He originated and promoted the plan for the Erie Canal. He was Minister to France during the Terror—when every foreign Minister but he had left Paris—and performed the duties of his office during that period with singular success.

Morris was the great-grandson of a Cromwellian soldier who settled outside of Haarlem, near New York, while New York was still New Amsterdam and beneath the sway of Holland.

His mother was one of a Huguenot family who had been settled in New York since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Morrises were restless, adventurous men of erratic temper and strong intellect, to which Gouverneur Morris added an alert vivacity and sense of humour traceable partly to the French blood of his mother. Morris, who was born on the thirty-first of January, 1752, was early put to school at the old Huguenot settlement of New Rochelle, where he learnt to speak and write the language of his mother's ancestors. He went afterwards to King College, now Columbia, in New York, where he proved expert in mathematics and developed a love of Shakespeare.

Morris early showed capacity for understanding questions of finance. In 1775 he became a member of the first Provincial Congress, which was the governmental body of the colony of New York, and in 1778, at the age of twenty-six, he became a member of the Continental Congress which controlled the colonies as a whole. In 1780 he published a series of anonymous essays in the *Pennsylvania Packet* on the state of the national finances, which were then at the lowest ebb. At the end of 1779 he took up his residence in Philadelphia, then the principal city of America. Being of a pleasure-loving temperament and very fond of society, he eagerly availed himself of the opportunities of gaiety and amusement afforded by the little American world of wit and fashion. Light-hearted, good-looking, well-dressed, a fine scholar, a polished gentleman, a capital story-teller, with an innate distinction of character and manner, he was a welcome guest at dinners and social assemblies of all kinds.

In May 1780, however, Morris met with a disaster which would have spoiled the lives of many men. As a young man of fashion he used to drive about town in a phaeton with a pair of small, spirited horses. One day the horses took fright and ran away. Morris was thrown out and broke his leg. The leg had to be amputated, and he was ever afterwards forced to use a wooden one. However, he took his

loss with philosophic cheerfulness. A friend called the next day and pointed out the good effects that such a trial might produce on his character by preventing him from indulging unduly in the pleasures and dissipations of life. 'My dear sir,' replied Morris, 'you argue the matter so handsomely and point out so clearly the advantage of being without legs that I am almost tempted to part with the other.'

In 1781, Robert Morris, whose services to the Treasury of the United States were second only to those of Alexander Hamilton, was placed at the head of the finances of the nation, which had hitherto been managed by a committee of Congress. Knowing Gouverneur Morris's grasp of finance, his first act was to appoint his young namesake—who was, however, no relation—as his assistant. Gouverneur Morris accepted the office and filled it for three and a half years. In 1787 a convention was created to frame a Constitution for the United States, and Morris was elected to it. The draft of the scheme for the Constitution was placed in his hand for final revision. In the convention, Morris played a very important part. He was a really acute thinker and a ready speaker, remarkable for his correct language and distinct enunciation. Roosevelt, however, in his book on Morris, points out one grave fault in his outlook as a politician. 'His keen, masterful mind,' says Roosevelt, 'his far-sightedness, and the force and subtlety of his reasoning were all marred by his incurable cynicism and deep-rooted distrust of mankind.' And Roosevelt continues, 'He puts the lowest interpretation upon every act, and frankly avows his disbelief in all generous and unselfish motives.' So much did Morris dwell on the influence of the baser passions that Madison protested against his 'for ever inculcating the utter political depravity of men.'

Morris advocated a strong national government for the enfranchised colonies. He had no regard for the rights of the separate States. He wanted a national government as distinguished from a league or federation. He believed that

a national law should be allowed to repeal any State law. He said of the small States, 'If they did not like the Union, no matter—they would have to come in, and that was all there was about it, for, if persuasion did not unite the country, then the sword would.' He thought that the suffrage should be limited to freeholders. He was opposed to a monarchy, which, he said, 'did not consist with the taste and temper of the people' in America, but he believed that an aristocracy was inevitable. He elaborated a system for an aristocratic Senate, and a popular or democratic House, which were to hold each other in check. The Senate was to be appointed by the national executive and the representation according to property as well as numbers. He feared the ignorant 'back members.' He regarded the growth of the West with apprehension, and wanted to secure for the eastern States the perpetual control of the Union.

Morris had been engaged, for some time before his work for the Constitution, in various successful commercial ventures with Robert Morris, and had become rich. Those ventures included an East India voyage on a large scale, shipments of tobacco to France, and a share in iron-works on the Delaware River. In pursuance of his personal interests, Gouverneur Morris went to Paris, arriving there on the third of February, 1789. He did not return to America for nine years. While in the French capital he kept a full diary and was a most voluminous correspondent. His letters and diary have great historical value for their picture of France before and during the Revolution. Taine, in his work on the French Revolution, places Morris at the head of the small group of men like Arthur Young, Malouet, and Mallet du Pan, who alone were able to record clear and dispassionate judgements of the events they witnessed. His shrewd keenness of observation, his truthfulness, and his insight into character are evident in all that he wrote. From the outset, Morris was hostile to the spirit of the French Revolution, and his aversion grew until it swallowed up his original dislike

of England, and made him regard France as the enemy, not the ally, of the United States.

When Morris arrived in Paris he sought out Jefferson, then the American Minister, and saw him frequently. He differed, however, from his views. 'I think,' said Morris, 'he does not form very just estimates of character, but rather assigns too many to the humble rank of fools.' He very quickly made himself completely at home in the most aristocratic society. He was repelled, however, by the closet republicanism of the philosophers and theorists which then pervaded the Court. He was disgusted by the vapouring republicanism of many of the young nobles. He alienated Lafayette by his lack of sympathy with Lafayette's views, and was considered too much of an aristocrat in the *salon* of the Comtesse de Tessé. He believed republicanism to be the best form of government for his native country, but he did not consider it suitable for France. He saw that liberty would never be established by the madmen who had obtained the upper hand in France. He despised and distrusted the mass of Frenchmen, because of their frivolity, viciousness, ferocity, and extreme licentiousness. As for the legislators, 'they discuss nothing in their Assembly,' he said; 'one large half of the time is spent in hallooing and bawling.'

Morris enjoyed the life of the Parisian *salons*, but estimated it at its true worth. He realized how artificial and unsound it was, how hollow, effeminate, vapid, and, in the long run, tedious. Chesterfield wrote to his son in 1747, 'I have often said, and do think, that a Frenchman, who, with a fund of virtue, learning, and good sense, has the manners and good breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature.' Morris found the manners, but he did not find the virtue and good sense. 'They know a wit by his snuff-box,' he said of the aristocracy, 'a man of taste by his bow, and a statesman by the cut of his coat.' Morris rapidly became the friend of the most noted leaders in France, who constantly consulted him. He saw a good deal of Madame de Staël, but despised

her and her humbug of a father. That father, Necker, was the most prominent man in France when Morris arrived there, but Morris saw through him at a glance—conceited, hard-working, well-meaning, incompetent, and utterly ignorant of the science of politics. Morris frequented the *salon* of Madame de Flahaut, the friend of Talleyrand. She was clever, accomplished, enthusiastic, intriguing, mercenary, and self-seeking, but she possessed a precision and justness of thought which was, said Morris, very uncommon in either sex. He became acquainted with the Duchess of Orleans, the unhappy and neglected wife of the vicious voluptuary, Philippe Egalité. He did not care for her at first, but afterwards became a close and loyal friend. She was anxious to interest him in her son, the future King Louis Philippe.

Morris quickly gauged Talleyrand—'a sly, cool, cunning, ambitious, and malicious man.' He liked Lafayette and his wife, but realized that Lafayette was vain and second-rate. 'There is no drawing the sound of a trumpet from a whistle,' he said of the Lafayettes. He regarded Mirabeau as possessing great superior talents, but as 'one of the most unprincipled scoundrels that ever lived, and so profligate that he would disgrace any administration.' He failed to see that in Mirabeau alone lay the last hope of salvation for the French monarchy and nation. After Mirabeau's death he describes him in scathing terms. 'Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary being,' he said; 'completely prostitute, he sacrificed everything to the whim of the moment; *cupidus alieni prodigus sui*; venal, shameless, and yet greatly virtuous when pushed by a prevailing impulse, but never truly virtuous, because never under the steady control of reason, nor the firm authority of principle.'

Morris regarded with less than justice the prince who afterwards became Louis XVIII. That prince had an eye for character not inferior in quickness to Napoleon's. He understood the temper of his time and preferred management

to force. When he became monarch, he refused to be ruled by the aristocracy, and chose his Ministers and advisers among men whom he himself had formed and created. He opposed vehemently the principle of a hereditary peerage, and was only overruled by the menace of Talleyrand's resignation. He had withal a cultivated taste, and was a good classical scholar, minutely acquainted, in particular, with Horace. He was the only one of the rulers of France, during the century after 1772—Louis XVI, Mirabeau, Robespierre, Tallien, Barras, Bonaparte, Charles X, Louis Philippe, Napoleon the Third—who contrived to die with power in his hands. And all this although in later life his health was so bad that the Duke of Wellington described him as 'a walking sore.'

In March 1790, Morris was asked to go to London as private agent of the United States to the British Government. There were certain outstanding differences between the countries, and the United States wanted to enter into a commercial treaty with Great Britain and to have a British Minister in America. Morris had no success in his mission. Feeling in England was still hostile to America, and Morris did not find the English congenial as friends or companions, and probably showed it. He had an interview with Pitt, who was, as Fox told Morris, not hostile to America, but simply indifferent. Nothing, however, came of the interview, and Morris concluded that nothing was to be done with Great Britain at that time. While in London, Morris went to Westminster Hall during the trial of Warren Hastings. His criticisms are interesting. 'The speakers this day,' he said, 'are Burke and Fox. The former has quickness and genius, but he is vague, loose, desultory, and confused. Mr. Fox has not the needful self-possession to make a great speaker. He is obliged to abstract himself so much in pursuit of the matter that he is extremely deficient in manner. He is a slovenly speaker, but he is acute and discerns well. He does not sufficiently convey to others the

distinctions which he feels; his mind appears like a clouded sun, and this I believe results from the life he leads.'

Morris left London and, after a trip through the Netherlands and up the Rhine, returned to Paris. He was recalled to London in January 1791, and made three or four similar trips in the course of the year. His own business affairs took up much of his time. He was engaged in many different operations, by which he made a great deal of money. As time went on, Morris saw that things were rapidly going to pieces in France. He despised their 'Constitution' and their National Assembly. He said that France was the country where everything was talked of and where hardly anything was done. He urged the French statesmen to make war against Great Britain. He believed it would turn the ardour against the aristocrats into a new channel. He wrote to Washington of the Sovereign 'humbled to the level of a beggar, without pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend.' He had a supreme contempt for the priests, and especially the Church dignitaries. Speaking of a party of fierce aristocrats whom he met, he said, 'They have the word "valet" written on their foreheads in large characters.'

Morris continued to be consulted by French statesmen and Ministers. The King and Queen were in constant touch with him, but he could not prevail on the rulers to adopt the bold and vigorous measures he deemed necessary. He drafted a royal speech which the King liked, but which his Ministers prevented him from using. The weakness of the unhappy King made it impossible to help him. He traversed his perilous path 'wavering chameleon-like,' as Carlyle says, 'changing colour and purpose with the colour of his environment—good for no kingly use.' Yet, through all the troubles, Morris believed that the future would be good. He wrote to Washington, 'From the chaos of opinion and the conflict of its jarring elements a new order will at length arise, which, though in some degree the child of chance, may not

be less productive of human happiness than the forethought provisions of human speculation.'

In the spring of 1792, Morris was appointed Minister of the United States to France. There was opposition to his appointment, one reason given being his hostility to the French Revolution. As this hostility was shared by Washington, Hamilton, and others, it did not prevent his being selected for the post. His task was one of the greatest difficulty and danger. He was in constant peril, and only the peculiar combination of qualities which he developed saved him from destruction. As the Revolution proceeded, the people became crazy with blood-lust and revelled in butchery. Firm, courteous, dignified, never flinching, Morris was carried through it all by his courage and caution. 'We have never had,' said Roosevelt, 'a Foreign Minister who deserved more honour than Morris.' He tolerated no insult to the American flag, and never flinched when he had to call the blood-stained rulers of France to account on behalf of his country. He was the only Foreign Minister who remained in France during the Terror. In the worst moments the shelter of Morris's house and flag were sought by innocent men and women fleeing from death and seeking refuge from the maddened savages in the street. He tried to save the poor hunted King and Queen, who in their mortal agony held out their hands to him for aid. The King's nerve, however, invariably failed him, and Morris had to look on while he and his wife went helplessly to destruction.

In 1794, Morris was recalled from his post, at the request of the French Government, after more than two years service as a Minister. He was relieved by Monroe in the month of August. He felt a good deal of chagrin at the loss of his office, and did not return to America. He remained in Europe, engaged in business affairs, for over four years more. He travelled at intervals through England, the Netherlands, Germany, Prussia, and Austria. He had now taken sides with the anti-revolutionists in the great conflict of arms and

opinions then raging in Europe. He was often at the British Court, and describes the Queen as 'a well-bred, sensible woman.' He saw a good deal of both Pitt and Grenville, and was consulted by them about affairs. Morris admired Pitt, whom he describes as 'certainly the best speaker in the House of Commons.' Morris did not like English society as well as French. The English, he says, are 'perhaps too pure, but they are certainly too cold for my taste. The Scotch are more agreeable to me.'

At the end of August 1795 he began a tour through England and Scotland. He notes a feature of Edinburgh observed by other writers. 'In the old part of the town,' he says, 'if it were not for the signs, &c., in English, one might take it for a French town.' He was much impressed at Edinburgh by the extreme height of the houses, which appeared to him, as he says, to be one of the most curious things which he had seen anywhere. Directly opposite the window of his bedroom was a house ten storeys high on its north front. What would Morris have said to the New York of to-day? In Perthshire he is struck by the progressiveness of Scotland. 'John Bull,' he says, 'seriously believes, and as seriously relates, the wretchedness of his Northern brethren, which I dare say existed at the Union, but the culture of a part of Scotland is equal, if not superior, to any in the island. Improvement daily makes great progress, and diffuses wealth and plenty. Good stone houses take the place of the former mud hovels; planting, manuring, and enclosing hourly change the face of the country.'

In June 1796, Morris went back to the Continent and made another tour. He visited Berlin, hobnobbing with such royalties as the Duchess Dowager of Brunswick (the sister of the King of Great Britain), the Duchess of Cumberland, with whom he corresponded to the end of his life, and the Duchess of Orleans, to whose son, afterwards King Louis Philippe, he gave money to go to America. At the end of 1798 he returned to his native country.

When settled in the United States again, Morris joined the Federalist party. This party had controlled the national government during the ten years that he had been absent from America, but it was coming to the end of its tether. Four-fifths of the talent and ability of the political world were in the Federalist ranks, and Washington lent it his powerful support. But the Democrats, led by Jefferson, had become a powerful host, and were looking forward to victory. In April 1800, Morris was chosen to fill an unexpired term of three years in the Senate of the United States. In 1801, after a contest of unexampled rancour and fury, Jefferson became President. Morris despised him as a tricky and incapable theorist, skilful in getting votes and nothing else, a man who believed in 'the wisdom of mobs and the moderation of Jacobins.' In March 1803 the term of Morris as a senator expired, and, as the State of New York had passed under the control of the Democrats, he was not re-elected. He rendered great service in starting the project of the Erie Canal, and was chairman of the Canal Commissioners from their appointment until within a few months of his death. In December 1809 he married Anne Cory Randolph, of the famous Virginian family, and had a son.

Morris, in his best days was one of those who prophesied the great future of the United States. 'The proudest empire in Europe,' he said, 'is but a bauble compared to what America will be, must be, in the course of two centuries, perhaps of one.' In the last years of his life he was disheartened and disappointed by the folly and incompetence of Jefferson and his party associates. He lost faith in the republican system and in the Union itself. He was violently jealous of the West and proposed that the new western lands should be governed as provinces and allowed no voice in the councils of the nation. When the war of 1812 broke out, he advocated the secession of the northern States, though he had been one of the great upholders of the national idea. Roosevelt says that in his hatred of the opposite party

he lost all loyalty to the nation. He sneered at the words Union and Constitution as being meaningless. He wished that a foreign Power might occupy and people the West. He championed the demands of the British, and even advocated the repudiation of the war debt. When the war was ended, however, Morris settled down to the altered conditions of the time with tranquillity. In November 1816 he died after a short illness at the family manor house of Morrisania, where he was born.

There is no one of the revolutionary statesmen who makes a more personal appeal than Morris. He was gallant, generous, fearless, frank, absolutely truthful and upright. As a companion he was witty and humorous, but quick to resent a liberty. Among his faults, however, were a certain lack of steadiness and self-control and a certain imperiousness of disposition. He was full of self-confidence. He often said in later life that, in his intercourse with other men, he had never experienced the sensation of fear, inferiority, or awkwardness. He had cultivated the graces, and he secured popularity and influence by his tact and polish and good breeding. Even so charitable a judge as Sir Walter Scott says of the Americans of his time, 'They are as yet rude in their ideas of social intercourse, and totally ignorant, speaking generally, of all the art of good breeding'; and he goes on, 'By rude questions and observations, an absolute disrespect to other people's feelings, and a ready indulgence of their own, they make one feverish in their company.' Morris was the antithesis of the kind of American here described. He would not have been the welcome guest he was at the Courts of Europe if he had not been so. He was a loyal American, but he remained abroad for nine years. One cannot think that he would have done this if he had had a passionate love of his nation, or had found European society uncongenial. He had one great merit: he hated slavery. 'I will never concur,' he once said, 'in upholding domestic slavery. It is a nefarious institution.'

J. A. Lovat-Fraser.

THE ART OF QUOTATION

READING the *Letters* of Cicero the other day, I was struck once again, as so often before, with the number of quotations, verbal echoes, and half-references with which they are crowded. Here come two or three words from Homer—Atticus knows the context, and will fill up the meaning—here a line from Plautus; there a bit of Ennius. In the *Dialogues* the same thing is to be noticed; in fact, I believe that hundreds of lines of ancient poetry, which would otherwise have been lost, have been thus preserved.

Now these are *real* quotations, used as we use quotations to-day, for purposes of parody, of adornment, of liveliness, perhaps even of ostentation. Sometimes they merely save time; they are a kind of sublimated shorthand, three words implying a dozen, the omitted nine being obvious. Sometimes, and especially in the more elaborate treatises, such as those on Divination or on the Nature of the Gods, Cicero is clearly conscious, just as we are to-day, of the train of associations started in the minds of his hearers by such allusions, and of their effect in heightening his style, whether by similarity or by contrast. He realizes the strength of more or less intentional suggestions, 'felt in each thread, and living along the line'; he knows how much can be done by the deft introduction of even a single word from some poet or philosopher, arousing innumerable memories, and thrilling across the surface of the brain like waves in a disturbed pool. Almost more powerfully than anything else, this allusiveness is what lends 'atmosphere' to words.

Or to take an example from a writer very different from Cicero. Think of these lines in Charles Wesley:

> Faithful soul, be bold, be strong:
> Wait the leisure of thy Lord;
> Though it seem to tarry long,
> True and faithful is His word.

On His word my soul I cast;
He cannot Himself deny;
Surely it shall speak at last,
It shall speak and shall not lie.

For the whole force of this verse Wesley relies on our recollection of the original: 'For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' If we do not see the allusion to the 'drooping soul' of Habakkuk, and the consolation vouchsafed him, the hymn falls flat: if we do see it, the hymn becomes an inspiration and a watchword.

Thus reflecting, I was led to consider what an interesting study—a difficult one, it is true—might be made of the origin and growth of purposed quotation and literary allusion. It would demand some research, but it would be well worth doing, to discover who began the practice, who developed it, and who made it a recognized artistic device; at what stage readers became sufficiently advanced to appreciate it; when the habit, by the common fate of humanity, began to cloy and rouse irritation rather than pleasure in the reader; what critic first dared to whisper a censure of this quotation as too hackneyed or of that as too recondite; what philosopher distinguished between quotation and plagiarism; what patriarchal Virgil contrived to steal from some antediluvian Homer while yet making his loot unquestionably his own property.

This is not at all the same thing as the naïve conveyance of lines, tags, and suitable phrases from a store that was, like the goods of the early Christians, common to all; the sort of thing we can trace in Homer or an old ballad-writer, who, when need demanded, took, without scruple and without blame, from all and sundry. Nor is it that unconscious borrowing which we see every hour. In a sense, *all* writing is quotation; the author is using phrases which others

have used before him, and it is in his ability to choose those which stir pleasing suggestions, *due to this previous use*, in the minds of his readers, that the charm of his style lies. If he selects words, or sets of words, which the usage of former writers had made unpleasing, he fails to please *us*; if he selects what the past has invested with a certain glamour, his choice delights. But in neither case is he intentionally *quoting*, nor, while he is so doing, am I here concerned with him. I am speaking now of the *deliberate* appropriation of another man's phrases to set off one's own; of the borrowing confessed by the writer to be such, and known as such by the reader. Who started this fashion? Who first hit on the remarkable idea that he might gain glory for himself by announcing openly that part of his work was not his own, but somebody else's? When one comes to think of it, this is by no means an obvious invention, and must have taken some shrewdness to work out. Most men, by nature, are inclined to claim merit for a performance on the ground that they have done it themselves; here is a man who *boasts* that another man did it, and demands praise for stealing. Nor is he like the Spartan boy, who stole and earned glory by escaping detection; this man *asks* to be detected, and deliberately leaves clues for the police. It is a very ingenious device, and must have seemed wonderful when it was new. We know, indeed, that people often misunderstood it, even when it was old. Critics, so-called, charged Virgil with plagiarizing from Homer. Virgil scorned to answer them directly—he gave them one of the few *tu quoques* on record that are relevant. '*You*,' he said, 'would find it as easy to rob Hercules of his club as to rob Homer of a single line.'

We have learnt better now, and our familiarity with the practice tends to blind us to the cleverness of its inventor, who must have been a man of high intellectual class. He was an original by virtue of his contempt for originality. He was a Columbus, not by discovering new worlds, but

by showing how the products of new worlds might be transplanted to the old and naturalized there. As Horace claimed immortality because he had been the first to set the Aeolian chant to Latin measures, so this man at least deserved immortality for showing how to set alien phrases in the midst of his own.

I fear, however, that he was not one man, after all. The device is too subtle to be attributed with any plausibility to a single mind. Like so many great inventions and discoveries—the wheel, the calculus, wireless telegraphy—this invention also must have engaged whole armies of experimenters, and grew by imperceptible degrees. In its earliest stages, perhaps, it was a matter of mere laziness or convenience. Some one else had said what you wanted to say: why trouble to search out words of your own? Before literary composition had been much practised, the discovery of the right words was a hard business, and, so far from crying 'Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixerunt,' a man might well be grateful to the predecessor who had done this work for him. It is not easy for us to-day, when thousands of toilers have created a vocabulary for our use, to realize the sweat of brow with which the pioneers laboured that we might enter into their labours, or the relief with which a man, daily perspiring in the same toil, would grasp at the chance of sparing himself a little of it. I spoke of Ennius just now. Precisely as Ennius slaved and fretted to mould the Latin language into a vehicle for the hexameter—with the result that, somewhat later, an Ovid could pour out scores of hexameters extempore—so these old writers slaved at prose, till prose has become to us a second nature. But the old writers may well be pardoned if they stole from others when they saw the chance. It is not impossible that in this way arose those constant repetitions which we find in the Hebrew Scriptures—whole verses recurring word for word in the Pentateuch, or that passage, for example, about the Mountain of the Lord which appears both in

Isaiah and in Micah, and which may have been taken by both from a still earlier seer. Almost the whole of Obadiah's denunciation of Edom can be read *verbatim* in Jeremiah; who was the real author we shall never know, but it is quite easy to understand why the borrower, whoever he was, did not think it worth while to try to improve on it. Similarly with the prayer in the ninth chapter of Daniel, almost every clause in which is taken from some earlier writing. It would be a great mistake to assume that therefore the prayer is deficient in sincerity or fervour. Exactly the contrary is the case: the prophet, to whom the old words had been familiar from childhood, finds them more natural expressions of his feelings than any words of his own laborious choosing could have been. Such phenomena occur in almost all ancient writings, whatever their general character: practically every saga, and every epic, shows passages taken from one author and transferred, with the slightest alteration or none at all, to the pages of another. The thing had been said once in a certain way; why trouble to dress it in a different fashion? How many lines of Homer are Homer's own? Rudyard Kipling supplies the answer. Or, if they are Homer's own, how many of them has he not stolen from himself? Line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, either had adorned an earlier epic, or had done duty already in an earlier part of Homer's own poems. And what Homer did, bards of every other nation, at a similar stage of culture, did also. Nor need we be surprised. We see the practice, in tolerable vigour, even to-day. So well-equipped a writer as John Morley, with all the innumerable synonyms of the English language at his disposal, held that when he had once expressed an idea, and wished to express it again, there was no reason why he should rewrite it: he simply *copied* it. These ancient authors applied the same principle to the writings, not only of themselves, but of others as well.

But things would not remain at this point. Men began

to criticize, to judge, to admire; and what had been but a time-saving device became a trick of style. We cannot date these changes; but it must, I should fancy, have been considerably later that the idea arose of using these alien words, perceived, as they must have been, to be eloquent, for the purpose of heightening your own style; as a speaker clinches his appeal with a verse of Shakespeare, or as in old days Pitt and Fox ended a peroration with lines from the Latin classics. It was such a motive, I conceive, that urged the author of Ecclesiastes to embellish his prose with verses boldly lifted from the Babylonian epic, the *Descent of Ishtar*: 'Let thy garments always be white, and let not thy head lack ointment': and it is this motive which has kept for us so many of the sententious sayings of Euripides. They diversify the prose, and sum up in a line the conclusions of a long argument.

It would be long before the rules of the art were discovered. The first and chief is that the quotation should be known to be a quotation: nay, it is desirable that the quotation should itself be known. In its fullest power it must be perceived by the reader to be a neat and dexterous use, for new purposes, of a passage already familiar. It would seem likely that the readers of Ecclesiastes were deprived of this advantage, and would thus miss the train of associations which Cicero's Plautine or Homeric echoes would arouse in the mind of Atticus. At the most, they would perceive that it was poetry in the midst of prose, and would therefore assume that Koheleth was at any rate *quoting*: but this, though something, is not all. They would be like the ordinary reader of Tennyson's 'This way and that dividing the swift mind,' who takes it as it stands, and fails to gain the thrill which comes over the classical scholar as he recalls the Virgilian line from which it is borrowed, with all the suggestions evoked by the memory. Such a man sees the Tennyson without the Virgil—that is, he sees but half the Tennyson. So, again, the English reader of Gray

often misses the classic flavour which makes the study of that poet so fascinating to the scholar. He reads 'For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn' without at once recurring in his mind to the Lucretian passage, the knowledge of which lends the words their doubled beauty. Such transferences and resettings, of course, are what make 'the appreciation of Milton the last reward of consummated scholarship.'

The transference may often be exceedingly effective. The old phrases may be set in surroundings so new, and yet so appropriate, as to startle and almost stagger the reader. Of this I know few better examples than the savage twist given by Job to the pious words of the Psalmist. 'When I consider the heavens, the work of Thy fingers,' says the good old poet, 'what is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?' 'Aye,' retorts Job, 'what is man that Thou shouldst make a fuss about him, set Thy heart upon him, and worry him every moment?' If man is so insignificant, God might at least let him alone in his smallness! This has all the elements of a good quotation: none who knew the Psalm could fail to appreciate the bitter parody.

At what point a quotation becomes stale, flat, and unprofitable is a question which of course cannot be answered. What is stale to one reader is fresh to another. It is also possible to place the stalest of tags in so novel a setting that it is, to all intents and purposes, new: the slightest touch may be sufficient. Or it may be so skilfully disguised, so delicately hinted, that the reader, pleased with his own perspicacity in detecting it, is pleased with the writer for giving him so neat a puzzle. No poem is more hackneyed than the 'Elegy.' Yet, when Macaulay says of the eloquence of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, that 'it is irretrievably lost to us, like that of many others who were accustomed to rise amid the breathless attention of *senates*, and to sit down amidst reiterated bursts of *applause*,' who does not

feel that, though the verse of Gray is so familiar, the reference is so subtle as more than to justify itself? Many allusions in Macaulay's rival, Carlyle, are of a similar kind, visible, but beneath the surface, as a submarine is visible to an aeronaut. I remember pointing out this to a friend of mine, an Englishman who had been brought up in Germany. I showed him a page in Carlyle swarming with such references. My friend spoke English perfectly, but, having been nourished rather on German literature than on ours, missed the force and suggestiveness of passages the *meaning* of which he grasped as easily as I did. He complained that there were no inverted commas to give him a hint and put him on his guard. But this, as I told him, would have spoilt the effect: it would have over-emphasized the allusiveness, and would, in its measure, have worked like so many annotations at the foot of a page of Shakespeare. These are often necessary; but they are at best a necessary evil. What is not felt instantaneously is not felt rightly.

This shows that the allusion must not be too obscure; and here again no rigid rule can be laid down: for what is obscure to one reader is clear to another. To one man, the mention of 'anfractuosities' in style instantly recalls Dr. Johnson; to another it is a gratuitous piece of pedantry. A reviewer of *Sartor Resartus* asked indignantly what the author meant by 'Baphometic fire-baptism': those few who understood the phrase felt that it deepened indefinitely the energy of the passage in which it occurred. But the incident is a lesson to the quoter: his allusiveness should not be so far-brought as to bewilder the majority of his public. When Carlyle—to refer to him again—compared a political imbroglio to the 'irreducible case of equations,' only mathematicians could follow him; and he lost effectiveness accordingly. On the other hand, an allusion must not be *explained*. Nothing is duller than a lengthy statement enlightening the ignorant. Better omit the allusion

altogether; better even substitute one which to the educated may seem trite and obvious.

Again, the quotation must not, as a rule, be lengthy or elaborate. Unless it is desirable to buttress your opinion by calling in a recognized authority, or unless you wish to refute an opinion of another while desiring to give it fair expression, an allusion is better than an extract. Macaulay disapproved of his essay on Barère, and refused to reprint it. One reason for his dislike of it may be found in the long passage with which it concludes—a passage that parodies, phrase by phrase and line by line, almost half a chapter of St. Paul, to the weariness of the reader, whose memory could supply the whole without the assistance of the writer, and who wonders when the travesty will stop. Two or three words would have been amply sufficient to call up the requisite suggestions, and would have done the work far more efficiently than the dozen lines actually employed. A reader likes to feel that *he* contributes something to the merits of an author's style, and resents it if the pleasant labour is taken out of his hands. He enjoys the gentle titillation of recognizing a slight allusion: if too much help is given him, he has a sense of being cheated by receiving more than he has paid for. The half, in such cases, is emphatically more than the whole.

The difference between this allusiveness and plagiarism, which is so often hard to mark, lies in the feelings of the author. If he *wishes* to be detected, if he rejoices when his theft is run to earth, he is no plagiarist. When he says, 'I *wanted* you to see that,' plagiarism is absent. Christopher North put this clearly when speaking of the *Lays of Ancient Rome*: 'The Young Poets steal from all and sundry, and deny their thefts; Macaulay robs in the face of day. Whom? Homer.' So too Gray, when telling us that 'the knell of parting day' is borrowed from Dante's '*squilla di lontano*,' not only sends us to his original that we may add to his line all the suggestions of the Dantesque passage, but gives

us a hint to note all the other borrowings of which the 'Elegy' is full. 'The more you find,' he says in effect, 'the more pleased I shall be.' True allusiveness, in fact, is like what Tennyson says words are: they half conceal, but they also half reveal, the soul within: and the revelation is intentional. The authors are moved, as by a Scripture, to acknowledge and confess their thefts; and, even if they do occasionally dissemble or cloak them, they take care the disguise is easily penetrable.

Like all ornaments, the ornament of quotation and allusion may be overdone. If adopted merely to parade your learning, it nauseates like furniture or paintings in the house of an ostentatious Midas; which are there, not to give artistic pleasure, but to show off the wealth of the owner. Even here, however, it is not possible to lay down any clear rule. There are some men so simple-hearted that their very ostentation is natural and unpretentious. Such a man is Burton, whose book only needs to be arranged in alphabetical order to be a dictionary of quotations, but, in spite of its tremendous display of Latinity, reveals somehow a character as naïve and transparent as a child's. He exhibits his wealth like a traveller who has brought home curiosities rather to please others than to boast of his adventures. He says to us, 'See what a wonderful thing I have found: don't *you* like it?' and his book, therefore, though but a small fraction of it is his own, proves in strange fashion to be one of the most original in the world. Much the same may be said of Fuller, whose multitudinous quotations from Scripture are so quaintly applied, and fall so easily into their new places, that we are almost cheated into thinking that Fuller wrote them first, and that the sacred writers stole from *him*. How different are Burton and Fuller from certain authors we might name, whose quotations are so many clumsy insertions, patches of old garments sewn on to the new, and but making the rents conspicuously worse! Take away the quotations from the *Anatomy of Melancholy*

or from the *Church History of Britain*, and you destroy the books; take them away from those other works, and—though you cannot make them good—you make them better.

And the passage quoted must be worth quoting. It must have something about it, either in the profundity of the thought or in the force of the expression, that sets it at once above the general level of the surroundings in which you place it. Nothing more justly annoys than a passage introduced with a fanfare of trumpets which turns out to be as flat as the context in which it is embedded. It is like getting a distinguished man down to a prize-giving or civic ceremony, and discovering that you would have done as well, or better, to rely on local talent. Famous authors often indulge in platitudes; to point your story with a platitude that has nothing but a great name to recommend it is a fatal error. The reader expects from it more than he gets. Had you stuck to your own resources, he would have expected nothing, and would have been satisfied. Mistakes of this kind are frequent in Dr. Smiles' once-famous works; he constantly quotes passages so undistinguished in matter and manner that, but for the inverted commas in which they are enclosed, one would take them to be Dr. Smiles' own. A similar mistake was made by a much greater man, Lord Acton. His erudition was so vast that, if he had occasion to say 'Man is mortal,' the names of a hundred writers who had said the same thing at once occurred to him, and he loaded his pages with references to their writings. Of course, if some one has found out a way of ascribing mortality to Man in a striking and epigrammatic fashion, you may quote *that*: but otherwise it is as well to stick to your own unostentatious way of proclaiming the obvious. Few people sin in this fashion more than preachers. I have heard many clergymen solemnly announce that they are about to quote from episcopal charges, and produce lengthy, safe, and carefully guarded and qualified truisms which had nothing to recommend them but their right

reverend authorship. Despite all my experience, I have always been a little dashed.

To sum up, then, a quotation should be marked, brief, to the point, neat, and such as to clinch what you have been saying. And remember always that it is but an ornament; no one is under an obligation to quote; and, if you cannot think of anything appropriate, do not worry. Relevant words of your own are better than irrelevant words of others.

As I glance through this little essay, I observe that I have myself been indulging somewhat freely in quotation: and I harbour a fear that I may have sadly transgressed my own rules. Have some of my borrowings been trite, others obscure, a few perhaps pretentious? This will not be the first time that a legislator has himself been guilty of illegality, or a grammarian provided examples, from his own writing, of bad grammar. But one of my rules I have certainly kept. The quotations stand out above their context, and are indubitably the best part of the performance.

E. E. KELLETT.

'*The Essential Shakespeare*,' Mr. Dover Wilson's book (Cambridge University Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a notable addition to the Shakespeare Library. It gives in a nutshell a portrait of the dramatist which has been growing clearer through more than thirty years of continuous study of the plays, of the period, and of the known facts of his life. Shakespeare's spiritual development can only be fully apprehended if we consider it in relation to the spiritual condition of the time in which he lived. Mr. Dover gives a vivid picture of the Elizabethan scene and the awakening of England to the grim realities of life when the accession of James I ushered in a period of cynicism and gloom, self-indulgence and crime. At thirty Shakespeare had gained the admiring patronage of a powerful circle of cultivated noblemen at Court. His manners were charming. The son of one of his fellow players describes him as 'a handsome, well-shaped man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant smooth wit.' He kept his balance between inexorable judgements and divine compassion, and his personal victory was a victory for the whole race. '*King Lear* is a piece of exploration more dearly won and far more significant than that of a Shackleton or an Einstein; for, while they have enlarged the bounds of human knowledge, *Lear* has revealed the human spirit as of greater sublimity than we could otherwise have dreamed.' Every lover of Shakespeare will find this book a treasure.

THE PROVISOR FEUD AT BURY

ON the death of Abbot John Brinckley 'of good name' in 1379, the prior and convent of the royal foundation of St. Edmund's Abbey at Bury sent the necessary documents to the chancellery of the young King, Richard II. Two of the brothers then hastened to visit the royal council, and brought back with them to the abbey the licence to elect a new abbot. The convent, after the burial of the deceased abbot in the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, met in solemn conclave in the chapter-house to elect a worthy successor. Compromissarii were appointed from among the brothers to represent the whole body in choosing the abbot, and John Tymworth was canonically elected with but one dissentient—Tymworth himself. So overcome was he by this unexpected elevation that he declared with tears that he refused his consent to the election. None the less, he was brought to the High Altar and a Te Deum was sung. He still persisted in his refusal, and remained for three days and three nights without food. At length, however, his reluctance was overcome. The call seemed to him divine, and further resistance, he now believed, would be deadly sin. This difficulty settled, nothing remained but to obtain confirmation of the election by the Pope. This was in most cases a matter of no great difficulty; but, if the Pope refused to confirm, endless trouble, delay, and expense were incurred. Confirmation usually involved the personal appearance of an elect before the Pope, and he was compelled to be ready with a sum of money, which varied with the importance of his office. The abbot of a rich and splendid abbey such as that of Bury would consider himself as fortunate if he paid in modern values no more than twenty thousand pounds for his promotion. The royal licence was necessary before the abbot-elect could cross the seas for his confirmation. The council on this occasion refused it,

on the ground of the risks of the journey. An attempt to defy the prohibition would have been met by the arrest of the abbot-elect at Dover. As he could not leave England, the abbot-elect decided to send two of the brothers of the abbey to represent him at the Curia, or Papal Court. They bore with them the decree of election, and royal letters signed by the Primate and the Duke of Lancaster in behalf of the King, asking for the happy consummation of the election by the Pope. The monks had the usual tedious journey, and did not arrive at Rome until two months after their departure. When they went to the Curia, they found, to their amazement and consternation, that Pope Urban VI had already 'provided' the abbey to an abbot of his own choice. For the moment they must have been utterly bewildered, and unable to decide what should be done to meet an action so unwarrantable and a contingency so unexpected.

The Popes of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries were in the habit of regarding themselves as entitled to nominate to all ecclesiastical offices not in private patronage by 'provision,' or claim to bestow benefices. It is certain that this sweeping claim, which, among other evils, flooded the English cathedrals with foreigners, had been steadily resisted by the Crown, and still more by Parliament. At the same time the goodwill of the Pope had been secured by allowing him to give some of the deaneries and canonries to his friends, whether aliens or not. In return for this concession, the Pope was expected to sanction episcopal appointments made by the Crown. The Popes had not been in the habit of interfering with the greater monastic appointments, and, not many years before Urban's arbitrary action, the Statute of Provisors had been passed, which distinctly forbade the conferment of benefices by provision. This system of provision employed by the Popes had earned the deep resentment of the people. The brothers soon discovered the secret history of Urban's illicit proceeding.

This, indeed, must have been a matter of common gossip at the Curia. Edmund de Bromfield, who had been nominated as Abbot of Bury by provision, and was in consequence a provisor, had spent his earlier days as a brother of the abbey, which was a Benedictine foundation. He must have been a man of considerable ability, for he was promoted to be proctor-general of his order at Rome. His principal duty in this capacity consisted in defending its interests at the Curia. Bromfield used the opportunity to forward his own advancement. Apparently for some time he had been in communication with some of the monks and townsmen at Bury who wished him to be the next abbot. Bromfield, on hearing of the vacancy at Bury, lost no time in approaching another proctor who had the ear of the Pope, and he promised him an annual pension if he himself obtained the abbacy of Bury through his agency. The proctor was lured by the bribe, and Urban listened to his solicitations. He had but recently been appointed to the Papacy, and probably regarded the Statute of Provisors as a counsel of perfection, which he need not follow. We may be sure that he received from the proctor a glowing account of Bromfield's qualifications, which in many ways must have been good. He supposed, not unreasonably, that in selecting a former brother of the abbey for the abbatial chair he was making a choice which would be welcomed by King, convent, and every one else. If he thought thus, he was gravely mistaken. The position was that it was not for him to make any choice at all. Having made a terrible blunder, Urban did not know how to retrieve it. He was therefore driven to adopt a shuffling course of conduct until circumstances compelled him to do justice to the abbot-elect.

When the two monks received the astounding news of Bromfield's appointment, they were afraid to see the Pope. Might he not, they thought, compel them to declare their adhesion to his choice? The Pope, however, on hearing of

their arrival, welcomed them affably, received their documents, which he handed to a cardinal, asked them to dinner, and helped them twice from his own dish. He also took the opportunity of inquiring whether they had brought the necessary fees. They answered that the money would be ready when the abbot-elect was confirmed. Urban declared that all would be well, and they were relieved to hear his pleasant words. But time passed and nothing was done; the brothers even heard whispers that the Pope wished to get at their money without changing his position. Tired of delay, they again interviewed the Pope, who referred them to the chamberlain. The chamberlain was friendly, and said that the Pope had declared in private conversation that he had appointed Bromfield too hastily and would endeavour to rectify the mistake. He advised them to see Urban again. Finding that they got nothing but words and expense at the Curia, the brothers resolved to return home with their work unaccomplished, and one of them started at once. Bromfield, the provisor, or Papal nominee, followed soon afterwards. He seems to have been a man resolute and unscrupulous, with an abounding sense of his ability to cope with all difficulties. He consoled himself for the perils of the journey with the thought that he would soon be the mitred Abbot of Bury, with a seat in Parliament, a great retinue, and unlimited wealth at his disposal. He was neither the first, nor has he been the last, to build such castles in the air. He little dreamed that his proceedings would eventually find him under lock and key in a castle from which there was no escape. On his arrival in England, the provisor, with his habitual audacity, went to see Simon of Sudbury, the Primate, and sought his assistance in obtaining possession of the abbey. Sudbury told him with some warmth that the appointment by provision was illegal, and advised him to take himself and his documents to the royal council and submit to its decision. Bromfield, thus snubbed by the Primate, soon made up his mind to a course

of action very different from that suggested. He determined to defy King, council, archbishop, and abbey, and rely on the provision and on his own resources. He would conceal himself from public observation until an opportunity arose of asserting his rights. Then he would enter the abbey and be enthroned as abbot in spite of the royal prohibition which had been sent to the abbey, to the town of Bury, and to Norwich. The royal council declared in their prohibition that the goods of the convent would be forfeited if it disobeyed the mandate. The provisor went into hiding at a house of Carmelite Friars at Ipswich, a place easily reached from Bury. During his period of privacy he buoyed himself up with the knowledge that he had seventeen supporters among the monks, and that many of the townsmen, among whom was his brother, would do their best for him. They certainly fulfilled his expectation, and he was in constant communication with the monks who favoured him.

Almost a year had elapsed since Abbot Brinckley death, and the prior and monks must have resigned themselves to a still longer period of waiting before the abbacy was canonically filled. In the meantime, the routine of services and meetings of the brothers in the chapter-house went on as usual under the superintendence of the prior. The calm was destined soon to be broken.

On the morning of Sunday, October 9, 1880, the monks were sitting in the chapter-house. There was yet a little time remaining before the High Mass would be sung, when they would have to go into the church. Suddenly, to the surprise of most of those present, one of the monks rose and took from under his habit documents which seemed unusually bulky. The monk who thus acted was one of the provisor's supporters, and the papers were copies of the papal bulls providing the abbey to Bromfield. The brothers waited, and he began to read. John of Cambridge, the prior, had watched the proceeding carefully, and when he

saw the portentous length of the bulls, and knew that the time of service had almost arrived, he protested, asked for the documents, and promised to read them in their entirety when Mass was over. The offer was not accepted, and the prior and brothers hastened to the church amidst the menaces of the provisor's party, who now showed themselves in their true colours and actually 'laid sacrilegious hands' on the prior himself. These rebellious monks, who were armed with long knives, then quitted the chapter-house, and, instead of going into the abbey church, proceeded to visit the parish churches of the town, which were close to the abbey. As it was the Feast of St. Dionysius, and 'a high day and a holiday,' these churches were crowded with townsmen and their families. The 'Provisorists' seem to have had no difficulty in persuading the priests to allow them to address their congregations at once. The facility of the latter in granting the request provokes the suspicion that these parochial clergy, who were on bad terms with the abbey, had already been informed of the plot and had lent themselves to it. Standing before the altar, the 'Provisorists' informed the congregations that the prior and other monks had threatened them with death in the chapter-house; they therefore invoked the aid of the townsmen against their cruel enemies. This false statement was eagerly listened to, and the more so as it gave the prospect of an immediate tilt at the abbey. Nothing was easier than to kindle into flame the hostility always felt by the town towards the monastery. The disaffected monks soon found themselves reinforced by a large and noisy crowd which forced its way into the abbey. They entered the church just as one of the officiants had completed the reading of the gospel for the day. In the presence of an excited mob, the service could not be continued. The 'Provisorists' then placed themselves near the High Altar, while one of them, standing before it, produced and read the papal bulls. It was a scene very different from the calm and repose

commonly associated in the modern mind with mediaeval monastic life.

The die was now cast and several of the 'Provisorists' rode off to Ipswich to bring the shepherd to his flock. The provisor was expecting their arrival, and it was arranged between them that he should make his entry into the abbey on the following Tuesday. On the previous day the monks adverse to the provisor 'urgently, more urgently, and very urgently' asked for a sight of the papal bulls from the other side. Their request was utterly refused.

On his arrival at Bury, the provisor was met by a large number of townsmen and greeted with immense enthusiasm. He and his party then entered the abbey without resistance and passed into the church. Then Bromfield from the steps of the altar displayed the papal bulls. The opposing monks begged him to hear their protest. He answered by springing angrily from his chair and prohibiting those assembled from hearing the protest by the threat of excommunication. At the same time his supporters shouted, 'Go away, excommunicates, in the name of the Devil.' The loyal monks slowly and sadly withdrew from the church.

The provisor passed into the choir and was installed, not, as was the customary use, by the prior, but by one of the monks of his party. He afterwards visited the chapter-house, deposed the obedientiaries, or monks in charge of different departments, and made new nominations. Moreover, he arbitrarily excommunicated two of the monks. All this was done, in defiance of monastic custom, in the presence, not only of laymen and women, but even of friars. The friars must have been most unwelcome visitors to the prior and most of the brothers, for they were always the determined enemies of the monastic bodies. When he left the chapter-house, Bromfield dined in the vestry with some of the townsmen of Bury. Present also at the feast was a woman of bad character, who was served from the provisor's own dish at each course. This incident is justly

described by the narrator as being 'to the denial, scorn, and contempt of his order.' The provisor crowned his activities by blocking the inner vestry so that no one but his own friends could go in or come out, 'holding it as a kind of tower.'

In the meantime, a public proclamation was made in the town that the provisor's adherents in the abbey would be put to death unless they obtained immediate rescue from the townsmen. The proclamation was the result of the false statement of two of the 'Provisorists' to some of the townsmen, and it was followed, at ten o'clock in the evening, by the pealing of the bells in the parish churches of the town. At this signal a large crowd rushed towards the abbey, forced its way through its precincts, and went into the church, looking for the monks who had not yet arrived for the service of lauds. The monks, who had heard in their dormitory the sound of the bells, followed by the cries of the mob as they entered the church, came down to see what was the matter, and approached the door of the church. The sight of the brothers infuriated the townsmen, who threatened them with death if they came inside the door. Seeing armed men standing round, the monks fled to the infirmary, where they celebrated the service, but when they attempted to return to the dormitory they found the door locked against them. They were therefore compelled to spend the chilly October night without beds in the chapel. On the next day a vigorous protest against the papal provision was read before Bromfield and his supporters, probably by the prior. It was treated with scorn, and the attempt of one of the monks excommunicated by the provisor to appeal against his sentence was met by an angry refusal to hear him, and by the menaces of those who were for the time masters of the abbey.

On the following day, October 18, which was, and is still, dedicated to the memory of Edward the Confessor, the provisor, arrayed in pontifical robes and wearing a mitre,

celebrated Mass in the church. His reign was destined to be brief—lasting, indeed, for only five days. While the Mass was yet being sung, the officers of the Crown were nearing the gateway of the abbey. The royal council had heard of his conduct, doubtless through the agency of the prior, and took swift and decided action. The tramp of horses was heard, and two sergeants-at-arms, with an escort of armed men, appeared in quest of the provisor. They bore a royal commission citing him to appear before the King or his council without delay. Bromfield, 'knowing that he had offended the royal majesty,' was greatly alarmed. Might it not be safer and better to remain? Were there not many in the town who would come to his aid if a refusal to obey were met by the dispatch of troops to Bury? With such thoughts whirling in his mind, the provisor told the sergeants-at-arms that he preferred to remain in his own church. The sergeants-at-arms, who were evidently men of resource, replied that it was the wish of the council to interview both the claimants to the abbacy and endeavour to make a just decision between them. The provisor was cajoled by this assurance, and assented to the proposal. In company with the abbot-elect, and attended by twelve monks of his party, the provisor, now under the care of the sergeants-at-arms, reached Newmarket. It was then that the secret of the diplomats was revealed. They were now far away from Bury, and there was no longer the risk of a collision with the townsmen. Accordingly, the abbot-elect returned to the abbey and the provisor saw that he had fallen into a snare. On the next day the party proceeded on their journey to London. The twelve monks did not desert their leader. They must have been more than tired when their journey was over, as some of them were on foot and others were very badly mounted.

Soon after their arrival in London, the provisor and his accomplices appeared before the Lord Chancellor and the council. The provisor was sternly asked how he had dared

to intrude himself into an abbey of which the King was patron without obtaining, or even soliciting, his consent to his entry. He was further asked how he had dared to obtain the abbey by provision, when he well knew that this practice was contrary to the royal rights, to the ancient customs of the realm, and to statute law. The provisor could find no answer: he remained speechless, and he and his companions were lodged in the Tower. The council, which seems to have usurped the functions of a court of justice, subsequently decided to send Bromfield to Corfe Castle, 'in which,' says the chronicler, 'he would not have seen many days.' The subterranean dungeons of Corfe Castle invariably shortened the lives of those who were confined in them. The prior, however, feeling sorry for a former brother of the abbey, whom 'ambition had tempted to rise only to hurl him down to bitter scorn a sacrifice,' begged the Chancellor to deal more gently with him. In consequence of this kind and undeserved intervention, the provisor was sent to Nottingham Castle, there to meditate upon his adventures. The monks who had abetted him and followed him to London were released from the Tower. They, too, owed this clemency to the compassion of the prior. These brothers were not sent back to Bury, but were dispersed among various houses of the Benedictine order in the country, while their former abbey was responsible for their maintenance. It was thought that if they had gone back to Bury, they would have plotted for the return of Bromfield, and been thorns in the side of the abbot-elect. The Chief Justice of England was afterwards deputed by the council to deal with those townsmen of Bury who had backed Bromfield and committed many outrages in the abbey. Some of them were imprisoned, others were compelled to endure constant postponements of judgement, a plan designed to put them to the irritating expense and trouble of several visits to London.

In the summer of 1381, the same year in which these

punishments were inflicted, the town of Bury became involved in the Peasants' Revolt, which was so strongly supported by the county of Suffolk. The townsmen had always detested the sway of the abbey, and, in the year 1827, had burnt, pillaged, and plundered it to an extent valued at more than three million pounds of present currency. They had also seized the abbot, disguised him by shaving his head and eyebrows, and carried him off a prisoner to France. It is not, then, surprising to find that the townsmen of Bury took a prominent part in the great upheaval of 1381, and urged the other Suffolk insurgents to aid them in their proposed destruction of the abbey and the massacre of the prior and the monks.

When he heard these terrible tidings, the prior, who, owing to the non-confirmation of the abbot-elect, remained the acting head of the abbey, and who had been foremost in his resistance to the provisor, fled for his life to Mildenhall. Finding himself unsafe there, he tried to escape by boat to the monastery of Ely. He was prevented from getting into the boat by some of the rebels, and had great difficulty in escaping from their tender mercies. When trying to reach the county of Cambridgeshire, he was basely betrayed by his guide, and discovered hiding in a wood near Mildenhall by inhabitants of Bury. He was immediately seized and carried to Newmarket, where he spent a terrible night. His enemies mocked him and jeered at him. They knelt before him, saying, 'Hail! Master!' They struck him and then exclaimed, 'Prophesy unto us—who is he that smote thee?' They even gnashed their teeth at him, just as 'on the night of the Holy Supper the perfidious Jews had treated the Christ.' In the morning the prior was taken back to Mildenhall, where a vast throng of people were assembled. Then the scoffs and insults of the previous evening were repeated, and from all sides the dreadful cry was heard 'Death to the traitor! Death to the traitor!'

The prior was taken to a spot about a furlong distant from

Mildenhall and compelled to dismount. A kind of court martial of Bury men was formed to pass sentence, and the crowd eagerly awaited their decision. When judgement of death had been delivered, there was a universal shout for execution by decapitation. An executioner was soon found. The prior was allowed time for preparation, and was shriven by a priest from Mildenhall to whom he confessed. The prior's head was then stricken off at a single stroke of the sword.

The head, placed on the point of a lance, was afterwards carried in triumph to Bury, where it was met by a large concourse of men and women almost frantic with joy. 'Behold,' some of them cried, 'the head of the traitor! Blessed be the day on which we have seen our hearts' desire fulfilled!'

With trumpets blaring before them, the exulting crowd passed into Bury, where the prior's head was set on the pillory. Impaled on a lance had already been placed there the head of an illustrious victim. It was the head of Sir John Cavendish, the Lord Chief Justice, who had been murdered on the previous evening. As Sir John Cavendish and the prior had been intimate during their lives, and often taken counsel together, the Bury people contrived insult upon them now that they were dead. They derived a fiendish amusement from placing the head of the prior now against the ear of the Chief Justice, as if he were asking advice, now against his mouth, to denote mutual friendship.

The prior was a man of taste and refinement. Like many of his order, he loved music, and was remarkable for the sweetness of his voice. As we have seen, he was kind-hearted, forgiving, and pitiful. Why, then, was he so hated by the men of Bury? In the first place, he represented the government of the abbey, which was by its very constitution oppressive. Another reason may be found in the fact that he had resisted and protested against the acceptance of Bromfield, the town favourite, as abbot. A third

reason is the townsmen's conviction that he was responsible for the recent legal proceedings against them. The brothers of the abbey believed that the Lord Chief Justice owed his piteous end to this last cause.

After the crowd were sated with their amusement, they went to the monastery, seized the keeper of the barony, and, after committing murderous assaults upon him, dragged him, more dead than alive, to the market-place, where he was beheaded. His head was then placed on the pillory with those of the Lord Chief Justice and the prior.

On the next day, which was Sunday, the townsmen came to the abbey with the demand that all charters and muniments connected with the town should be surrendered. The terrified monks lost no time in taking them to the Guildhall. The townsmen then demanded a charter containing new liberties, and the brother of the provisor reinforced the demand by pledging all his possessions as security that Bromfield, when restored to the abbacy, would faithfully carry out its provisions.

The brothers assented to the demand, and handed to the townsmen a cross of pure gold, and a cross made of the sacred wood choicely adorned with gold and gems, as pledges that they would keep their word. The King had already promised the Essex mob that the provisor should be released from prison and be restored as abbot to the monastery, but all these arrangements were set aside by the victory of the Government over the insurgents.

By the year 1384, the abbey had been without a head for four years. The Pope remained evasive and unsatisfactory and the prospect of his confirming Tymworth's election seemed as hopeless as the pursuit of a shadow which flies as it is followed. The royal council at last decided that it could not tarry the Pope's pleasure for ever, and that, whether he liked it or not, the abbot-elect must enter upon his duties without his approval. Thus it came to pass that, in the presence of King Richard and of the Queen, to whom

he had recently been married, and a brilliant assembly, John Tymworth was consecrated by the Bishop of Llandaff and installed by the new prior.

Then the unexpected happened. Weary of continual importunities, Urban suddenly yielded, and offered to confirm Tymworth if there were a fresh election and if he were again chosen. The Pope sent two bulls to the Bishop of London to this effect, together with a demand note from his treasurer for the usual fees.

The plan adopted went through without let or hindrance. The royal licence to elect was procured, Tymworth was again chosen as their abbot by the brothers, the papal confirmation was given in his palace by the Bishop of London on St. Alban's Day, and soon afterwards the same bishop conferred the benefit of benediction in his manor at Hadham. The abbot, on his return to Bury, was met by a procession of the monks and duly installed by the prior.

The provisor survived his imprisonment at Nottingham Castle by three years, and must have died a short time before the triumph of Tymworth.

H. P. PALMER.

War or Revolution. By Georges Valois. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.) The writer of this book belongs to a generation which supported the war of 1914 almost unanimously. His object in fighting was victory, not slaughter, but he has come to see that we are living to-day under institutions which are based on war and call it forth. Humanity can only escape that horror through revolution in its way of thinking. Napoleon himself said that war was going to be an anachronism, and looked forward to the day when victories would be achieved without guns and bayonets. M. Valois would have a Ministry of Peace, which should seek to disintegrate all war systems, at home and abroad. There are marvellous chances for peace in Europe, and it is for us to take them and create a new world in which labour will be the basis of all law. It is a forceful and well-timed argument, and one that deserves close attention.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND HIS POETRY

THERE have been few writers in the history of literature who tried their hands at so many different branches of literature, and in each branch attained to the same degree of excellence, as Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894), novelist, poet, essayist, short-story, play, and prayer writer. His was not the case of the amateur who, having failed to convince the public of his worth as a novelist or essayist, immediately takes upon himself the task of attempting every type of writing, hoping in this way to please a public, and perhaps succeed in all to a degree of mediocrity. No matter what Stevenson touched, he gave of his best, and all who are acquainted with his work know what that best was like.

As a poet, he has not yet received from the world the recognition that he undoubtedly deserves. His poems are simple, straightforward utterances of a man who was intensely interested in every phase of life, and often tragically affected by little things that less sensitive people would probably hardly have noticed. There are poems about the sea and the joy of sleeping out in the open, poems about his friends and relations, poems about kings and princesses living far away in the eternal sunshine of the South Sea Islands, in Samoa—perhaps in the whole world the spot where he loved best to live, and where in preference to his own country, Scotland, he wished to be buried.

There are a score at least of his poems that are as beautiful as many of Rupert Brooke's and with none of the egotism and sentimentalism apparent in Brooke's more 'popular' poetry. Rupert Brooke—who at his best is one of the finest of the war poets—was not averse to writing down to his public, was not above placing a few sentimental poems among his others, for those who did not like or could not appreciate his better work. Take, for example, perhaps

his best-known and certainly most frequently quoted poem, 'The Soldier.' He knew that the patriotic sentiment expressed there would 'go down' with the general public. He has done this again in another and a much longer poem, his 'Grantchester.'

This is not quite such a patriotic outburst as the above-mentioned, and contains some fine lines, but notice the way in which he finishes. Who can resist the homeliness of:

> Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
> And is there honey still for tea?

Hence this poem also is popular and widely quoted, being loved more for its sentiments than for any philosophy, or beauty of word and rhythm. But neither of these poems shows Rupert Brooke at his best, and cannot be compared with such poems, for example, as 'Peace,' or 'The Busy Heart'—containing those lines that are so wonderfully true and perfectly expressed:

> And babes that weep, and so forget their weeping;
> And the young heavens; forgetful after rain.

What a perfect simile that is! There are other very beautiful poems to be preferred to 'The Soldier' or 'Grantchester,' chief among them 'Failure,' 'Love,' and the poem beginning 'Breathless we flung us on the windy hill, laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.'

So it is with Stevenson and his poetry, and always will be with every poet, that not always his best poems are admired and quoted, but rather those whose subject matter and sentiments are pleasing. Rupert Brooke knew this only too well, as he has shown us when he says in a letter to his publishers, concerning one of his sonnets entitled 'Lust': 'My own feeling is that to remove it would be to overbalance the book still more in the direction of unimportant prettiness. There's plenty of that sort of wash in the other pages for the readers who like it. They needn't read the parts that are new and serious. About a lot of the book I

occasionally feel that, like Ophelia, I've turned "thought and affliction, passion, hell itself, to favour and to prettiness." So I'm keen about the places where I think that thought and passion are, however clumsily, "not" so transmuted.' Can we doubt that he had his eye on 'The Soldier,' and possibly 'Grantchester,' when he penned those lines?

Stevenson's poetry has been treated in the same way, and his 'Requiem' and 'Celestial Surgeon' are often given as representatives of his poetry, although he wrote such poems as 'We have loved of Yore,' 'To S. R. Crockett,' 'We Uncommiserate Pass into the Night,' the poem beginning 'In the highlands, in the country places,' and 'I will make you brooches and toys for your delight,' similar in rhythm to Meredith's 'Love in the Valley,' a poem that Stevenson particularly admired. Probably its haunting and beautiful rhythm was in his mind at the time of writing. This poem —one of a collection written when he had finally left England for the South Seas in 1887—was published posthumously under the title of *Songs of Travel and Other Poems*.

In a letter to W. E. Henley in October 1888, Stevenson, who had apparently just 'discovered' Meredith's poetry, wrote: 'Have you read Meredith's "Love in the Valley"? It got me, I wept; I remembered that poetry existed.' He then quotes the line that so moved him:

> When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror.

And again some ten years later, at the beginning of a letter to Mr. W. B. Yeats in admiration for his poem 'Lake Isle of Innisfree,' he writes: 'Long since when I was a boy I remember the emotions with which I repeated Swinburne's poems and ballads. Some ten years ago a similar spell was cast upon me by Meredith's "Love in the Valley," the stanzas beginning "When her mother tends her before the laughing mirror" haunted me and made me drunk like wine, and I remember waking with them all the echoes of the hills about Hyères.' We see here that the great

impression made by that poem was ever present. All who know Meredith's 'Love in the Valley' will recognize a similarity between that poem and Stevenson's:

> I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
> Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
> I will make a palace fit for you and me
> Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

Probably the chief reason why the poetry of Stevenson is so little read, as compared with his novels and essays, is that the same degree of intimacy present in his prose work is absent from his verse. In reading his prose, one has the feeling, in a startling degree, that the author himself is present in the room, leaning over one's shoulder. Those five volumes of letters that constitute Stevenson's unofficial 'Autobiography,'—and must surely remain for all time, after Sir Graham Balfour's *Life*, his best 'Biography'—are popular for the same reason. Like the *Letters of George Meredith*, the first volume of which the late Arnold Bennett called 'the magnificent unfolding of a great man's character,'[1] they please by their self-revelation. It is for this reason, therefore, and not for the quality of the writing contained in them, that people continue to read these letters with such avidity. (What would we not give to be able to read some of Shakespeare's correspondence?) He wrote as he spoke about the things that especially interested him, not coldly and correctly, choosing his words carefully with an eye to the person at the other end; but perfectly naturally and enthusiastically. A great many people's letters are stilted, formal, and unnatural, discussing the most ordinary matter-of-fact things, and revealing little if anything of their writers' characters.

The test of all good letters is not that they should be crammed as full as possible with all the latest news—any one who keeps notes can do that—but that they should be of interest to any one who reads them. Like good books

[1] *The Author's Craft*, p. 104.

and pictures, they should not date, and, apart, from small personal matters of interest only to the people to whom they were written, should mean as much to the people of to-day as they did to those of the time at which they were written. That this test 'holds good' with Stevenson's letters all who have read them will assuredly agree.

The following, one of the earliest of Stevenson's poems that we have, was written in 1869 when he was nineteen years of age, and was dedicated to 'Minnie,' with the present of a hand-glass. It is a trifle, of course, but interesting as showing the early efforts of a writer who was not, first and foremost, a poet. This is its first verse :

> A PICTURE-FRAME for you to fill,
> A paltry setting for your face,
> A thing that has no worth until
> You lend it something of your grace.

The poem 'To Mrs. Will. H. Low' was written while he was living at 12 Rue Vernier, Paris. The atmosphere of this poem is well matched with that of the city it describes; the lightness, the spaciousness, of Paris is all beautifully expressed here. The oppressive heat of a July day tempered at intervals by a gentle breeze, making the ashes 'shiver into song'—what a perfectly chosen simile! The ash with its cool, grey bark, the poplar, tall, graceful, and silver-leafed, and the willow dipping in the stream—these are the trees that can sing to us and 'shiver' in the breeze. One cannot imagine the ponderous elm, the dark and mysterious fir, or the gaunt, sparsely covered pine doing more than 'murmuring' as the wind catches them.

'To W. E. Henley'—

> The year runs through her phases; rain and sun,
> Springtime and summer pass; winter succeeds;
> But one pale season rules the house of death.
> Cold falls the imprisoned hour; fell disease
> By each lean pallet squats, and pain and sleep
> Toss gaping on the pillow,

expresses a side of life tragically familiar to its author :

the life of the sick-room. 'For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health,' he writes in a letter to George Meredith in 1893. Little could he have realized as he wrote these lines, so full of optimism, that he had only another fifteen months to live. He continues: 'I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed, and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness; and for so long, it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I am better now; have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific; and, still, few are the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—ill or well, is a trifle; so as it goes. I was made for a contest, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings, and the open air over my head.'

The following, 'To S. R. Crockett' (on receiving a dedication), is one of his most beautiful poems; it was written at Vailima. I quote the first verse.

> Blows the wind to-day, and the sun and the rain are flying,
> Blows the wind on the moors to-day and now,
> Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying,
> My heart remembers how!

Mention is made of this poem in a letter to Sidney Colvin, from Vailima in 1893. Stevenson wrote: 'Did you see a man who wrote the *Stickit Minister*[1] and dedicated it to me, in words that brought the tears to my eyes every time I looked at them? "Where about the graves of the martyrs the whaups are crying. 'His' heart remembers how!" Ah, by God, it does! Singular that I should fulfil the Scots

[1] Mr. Crockett. The words quoted from this writer's dedication were the germ of Stevenson's poem, which was addressed to Mr. Crockett in acknowledgement.

destiny throughout, and live a voluntary exile, and have my head filled with the blessed, beastly place all the time!'

These lines are the expression of their author's conviction that none of us is indispensable; he has treated of this subject again in his essay 'An Apology for Idlers,'[1] where he writes: 'The ranks of life are full; and, although a thousand fall, there are always some to go into the breach. When they told Joan of Arc she should be at home minding women's work, she answered there were plenty to spin and wash. And so, even with your own rare gifts! When nature is "so careless of the single life," why should we coddle ourselves into the fancy that our own is of exceptional importance?'

The following poem, dedicated 'To Sidney Colvin,' was written while Stevenson was at Apemama in the South Seas:

> I heard the pulse of the besieging sea
> Throb far away all night. I heard the wind
> Fly crying and convulse tumultuous palms.
> I rose and strolled. The isle was all bright sand
> And flailing fans and shadows of the palm;
> The heaven all moon and wind and the blind vault;
> The keenest planet slain, for Venus slept. . . . .

Notice here how important a part the four words 'I rose and strolled' play in the poem. How they connect the first three lines, which describe the elements of nature 'heard at a distance,' with the lines that follow, and describe nature 'seen, and felt, and participated in.' These four words create the pause while the scene of action changes, and, from being merely spectators, we become participants, seeing and feeling what before we had only heard and perceived from the shelter of a roof. Although the wind howls and the breakers thunder on the beach, there is a feeling of stillness apparent in the lines directly following 'I rose and strolled.' It is the quietness of a world in which all 'man-made' noises have ceased; a world given over to the less 'local,' and therefore more restful, sounds of nature.

[1] From the volume of essays *Virginibus Puerisque*.

It is for this reason that the noises of nature do not often disturb us, or hinder us from sleeping. The moan of the wind, the rhythmical rise and fall of waves on the shore, the refreshing and monotonous swish of heavy rain after a long summer drought, the almost imperceptible sound of heavily falling snow, or the hoot of a lone owl—all these are soothing; they do not jar the nerves as do man's more spasmodic and 'localized' noises. In this poem it is the atmosphere, the mystery of night, that is so perfectly expressed.

And here let us leave him. The world still reads his novels; boys, despite its author's fears—expressed in verse on the front page of the book—still love old Pew, Jim Hawkins, the brown old seaman of the *Admiral Benbow*, and the rest of that gay company who sailed away in the *Hispaniola*; and *Beau Austin* survives to represent his work as a playwright; but do not let us forget that a writer who can please us to the extent that Stevenson does, in his prose, may have something not wholly worthless to say, in his verse.

HUGH RICHARDS.

Education and the Spirit of Man. By Francis E. Pollard, M.A. (Allen & Unwin. 2*s.* 6*d.* and 1*s.* 6*d.*) The Swarthmore Lecture for 1932 regards the end and aim of education as an ethical one. A real recognition of this spiritual purpose is 'immensely urgent.' Quakerism, believing that there is something divine about man's possibilities, will reverence his innate powers and natural bent. Personality and freedom must both be respected. One of the best tests of any question is to ask whether it is fostering selfishness or unselfishness, narrowness or breadth, nationalist self-sufficiency and antagonism or a recognition of the common life of nations. We should not wish to be sent into an automatic and effortless world; it is really a place of education, where we have the privilege of being fellow educators with God for ourselves and others.

ROUGET DE L'ISLE AND 'ROLAND'

BEFORE me lie five short pieces of verse and three brief letters. They came in one lot from a dealer who listed them as all being in the hand of Alexandre Dumas *père*. The letters were addressed by Dumas to his friend Oudet, of Villers-Cotterets, to whom he refers in chapter lxix. of his *Mémoires*; they are duly signed, and beyond question authentic.

As concerns the verses, three pieces are in all probability by Dumas, who already had a local reputation for such compositions in 1821, as a letter of that year proves; one is doubtful; and one is certainly not by him, though there seems little reason to question it being in his handwriting. This last is merely entitled 'Roland,' and proves to be the copy of a poem, famous enough in its day, by Rouget de l'Isle, by whom it was more fully titled 'Roland à Roncevaux.'

The story of this piece of verse, and especially of its refrain, as it has gradually come to light, does not lack a considerable amount of interest for the curious. But first as regards the author, both of the words and the music to which they were sung.

All the world knows Rouget de l'Isle as the author of one of the most famous songs the world has ever known. Though otherwise forgotten to-day, the author of 'La Marseillaise' was no uninteresting figure who for an instant made his bow with an inspired melody, wondrous happy in the hour of its birth, and then vanished again into nihility.

Born in 1760, Joseph Rouget de l'Isle early chose a military career. With distinctly artistic tastes, for he was both poet and musician of no mean gift, it is strange that he should choose the engineering branch of the service, but so it was, and his record, if not brilliant, is certainly a worthy one.

By 1791 he had attained the rank of first lieutenant, and was in garrison at Strasbourg. During the month of September of this year he wrote his first patriotic song, the 'Hymn to Liberty,' which was set to music by the chapel-master of the cathedral. In April of the following year France declared war against Austria and Prussia. Strasbourg was already thronged with volunteers, as being one of the most important frontier garrison cities. At Mayor Dietrich's house all the conversation was of war—of a war which held the greater uncertainties for France owing to the disorganized condition of her army, due to the large number of aristocratic officers who had flung up their commissions and passed the frontiers, from a strong dissatisfaction with the actions of the popular party, and in particular with the semi-captivity of the King. Some one suggested the need of a rousing and stimulating warrior hymn. Rouget, a friend of the family, who was present, withdrew, and in something over half an hour returned, with the words and music of six of the seven stanzas of 'La Marseillaise'—that devoted to the children being improvised during the first singing. In this detail we follow the splendid description given in *La Comtesse de Charny* by Dumas. As this latter knew the author in his last years, we may assume that his information was obtained at first hand, and that it is picturesquely accurate. Further, Dumas' connexion with another fine song by Rouget de l'Isle, as will presently be seen, brings the famous romancer aptly on the scene. 'La Marseillaise' was first entitled 'The Song of the Army of the Rhine,' obtaining its enduring title later, and by accident, owing to the fact that it was brought to Paris by the contingent, so called, from Marseilles, the interest of their arrival at the capital apparently inducing a permanent and popular attraction to their marching lilt.

To return to our engineering officer. With the arrival of August 10, and the attack and massacre at the Tuileries, he found himself wholly out of sympathy with the excesses

of the mob and the politicians. He had taken the soldier's oath of loyalty to the Constitutional King, and this oath he refused to break. As a consequence, he was flung into prison during the Terror, and only the fall of Robespierre saved his life. It was at this time that he wrote another spirited song, 'Le Vengeur,' in which he recorded the heroic end of that battleship on the 'Glorious First of June.'

On leaving prison, he composed the 'Song of the Ninth of Thermidor,' in which he inveighs against the executioners of France and the blood they shed. This piece is a lesser brother of 'La Marseillaise,' showing also to some degree its spirited diction and music. Later Rouget went to Brittany with his friend Tallien, where he rendered good service at the unhappy—in all senses save that of the heroism of the victims—affair of Quiberon. This brought him his rank as major, but, there being a pronounced lack of sympathy between him and Carnot, then of great influence, he threw up his commission. Some years after, when one of the Republican generals desired his services and induced him to apply for reinstatement, his offer was refused, the reason given being that he who had once resigned from the flag could no more serve beneath it. Thus the military career of the author of the great hymn of Republican France was forcibly brought to a close by those who owed to him victories and inspiration past all reckoning.

Despite his chosen walk in life as man of action, Rouget was, as stated, thoroughly the artist in temperament, and consequently, probably, but an indifferent man of business. Certain it is that his existence for a number of years was somewhat difficult, if not precarious. We know that he was loyal to his idea of a Constitutional Monarchy, at a time when this was dangerous in the extreme; it is therefore wholly in keeping with his beliefs that he welcomed the return of Louis XVIII with an ode. But his position was that always difficult one of a man with moderate opinions firmly held; neither the old *émigrés*, nor the Republicans,

nor the Bonapartists, could feel that they had a claim upon his whole-hearted sympathies. The Duc d'Orléans, later King Louis Philippe, gave him a small pension, but it was not until some time later, and on the urgent plea of Béranger, his legitimate successor as a patriotic song-writer, that, near the close of his life, he obtained two small additions to this income. These placed him, for the first time, in a condition of some assured comfort, which, however, he did not long enjoy, dying at the age of seventy-six in 1836.

At about the period when 'La Marseillaise' seized upon the French spirit its composer also produced 'Roland à Roncevaux.' This fine and animating song, well suited for a marching lilt, appealed to the imagination of the soldiery, and became a great favourite with Napoleon's veterans. Sergeant Bourgogne speaks, in his *Mémoires*, of having heard it sung by one of them as his regiment advanced to the attack at Smolensk. It may well be that from one of these 'old grumblers' Dumas first heard it. Evidently it gripped his fancy, for he took much pains in making his copy, dividing the verses by little pen decorations of shields, arms, a donjon tower, &c. Rouget de l'Isle's original issue, words and music, is now probably very scarce, and usually, when it is referred to, only a few of its stanzas are quoted, even Muret only giving four out of the nine. It thus befalls that the only complete rendering I have ever met with is that in the handwriting of Alexandre Dumas. The following rough version will give some idea of its vigour.

Whither run these scattered peoples,
And what tumult shakes the earth
From each side which now re-echoes?
Frenchmen! 'tis the war god's mirth.
'Tis of war foreboding grim,
War and hazard it doth hymn!
To die for native land,
To die for native land,
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

. . . . . .

I am victor! I am victor!
Seeing here my wound so dread,
Friends! why doth its aspect grieve you?
Blood on field of honour shed
Garbs the brave within its girth,
Is the token of his worth.
I die for native land,
I die for native land;
Fate most happy 'tis, and worthy our demand!

The refrain appealed so much to its originator that he used it again, both words and music, for another of his songs, the 'Chant du Vengeur,' already referred to.

It however also made another admirer. Not much more than a year after its first appearance, among the Girondins who escaped from Paris with Barbaroux, Pétion, and their friends was a certain young Girey-Dupré. After their famous wanderings, some of the fugitives reached Bordeaux, and there four fell into the hands of their enemies, and were promptly dispatched to Paris and flung into prison. Two were forgotten, luckily for them, eventually escaping with their lives, but the other pair were condemned untried and guillotined (1793). Of these latter, one was Girey-Dupré. A young man of literary attainments, he comforted himself while in prison and on the way to the scaffold by singing the following stanza, which he composed for the purpose. As will be noticed, the refrain is identical with that of Rouget de l'Isle.

What brilliant triumph is our own,
Martyrs to holy liberty,
Whom immortality awaits;
Worthy such dignity high-flown,
We mount the scaffold fearlessly,
Whom immortality awaits.
To die for native land
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

Meanwhile, with the passing of the veterans of the Empire there was apparently a forgetfulness of 'Roland à Roncevaux.'

In 1848 Louis Philippe fell, and the Second Republic

was formed. On August 8 in the previous year, Dumas, with the collaboration of Auguste Maquet, placed upon the stage of his own Théâtre Historique a drama drawn from his romance *Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge*, and similarly titled. Dumas himself frequently speaks of it as *Les Girondins*, from the famous scene of the last banquet of these condemned patriots. For this play he composed two verses, 'Mourir pour la Patrie,' or, as they were sometimes called, 'Le Chœur des Girondins,' of which the first was sung in the Hall of the Tribunal, where the death-sentence was passed, and the second in the Hall of the Condemned, as the doors were flung open for the exit of the prisoners on their way to the scaffold. Again it will be noted that, either deliberately, or perhaps as the result of an unidentified memory, Dumas uses the same refrain.

The cannon voices its alarms,
And France her children round doth call.
The soldier cries: 'To arms! To Arms!
O Mother, thy defence o'er all.'
To die for native land,
To die for native land,
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

We, friends, from battles distant now,
Succumbing in obscurity,
May our demise at least yet vow
To France and to her liberty!
To die for native land,
To die for native land,
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

In that year, 1847, France was fast nearing the explosion which was to drive Louis Philippe from his throne. The first night of *Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge* was an immense success; it fitted admirably the mood of Paris at the moment. Dumas remarked to Varney, the leader of the orchestra and composer of the music for the Girondin's song, as they left the theatre: 'You will see that our next revolution will march to "Mourir pour la Patrie."' And thus it was.

Everywhere during the fervid days of 1848 men, women, children, students, in the streets and in the music-halls, sang its strains.

One more transmutation it was to undergo, after which, apparently, it faded into a mere historical memory—that famous refrain of 'Roland.' In 1850 or 1851 a rupture occurred between Dumas and Maquet over financial matters, which difference was unfortunately never healed. At some not very subsequent date *Le Chevalier de Maison Rouge* was re-staged at the Porte Saint-Martin theatre. At the same time the Girondin's song was issued in sheet form, with different music, this time also by Varney. Here the words are credited to Monsieur Auguste Maquet alone. On examination of this sheet it is found that the first only of Dumas' two verses is here to be found, while in place of the second one are two new stanzas. These bear the same refrain. They may well be by Monsieur Maquet. It is a pity they were apparently unknown to Monsieur Charles Glinel, who made such a valuable collection of Dumas' verse in manuscript, as quite probably he might have thrown some light upon the reason for the change. Without such it can only be assumed that the political outlook, having changed its interest, and doubtless become less Republican, was responsible for an alteration in the words sung upon the stage, though why the familiar music was also varied is less easy to surmise. The following is a rendering of Maquet's two stanzas.

The threshold at its rescue rings,
As nations now their weapons break,
And France her sons' shed blood which brings
Doth for a world a ransom make.
To die for native land,
To die for native land,
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

To us, 'tis mother, sweetheart, wife,
Who, as it pleases God, bestows
The crown to victor in the strife,
Or farewell kiss that martyr knows.

To die for native land,
To die for native land,
Fate most happy is, and worthy our demand!

It is surely a strange coincidence that both the First and Second Republic sprang into being to the music of Rouget de l'Isle, so far at least as the refrain was concerned, though the actual circumstances of production were so diverse. As for the Third Republic, it needed no other melody than the sombre reports of the German guns.

FRANK W. REED.

Establishment in England, being Essays on Church and State. By Sir Lewis Dibdin. (Macmillan & Co. *7s. 6d.*) The earliest of these articles appeared forty-nine years ago, and all have been published save those on 'The Present Outlook' and 'The Present Relations of Church and State in England.' The book therefore represents half a century's thought and practical experience from one who may justly be regarded as the chief authority on a subject of living interest. Sir Lewis recognizes that the bishops find themselves in a great difficulty as to Prayer-Book revision. Now, as in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, the parochial clergy were largely ignored and the bishops were suspected. There are large exceptions, 'yet if the Church of England be looked at in bulk, it must be admitted—for my part, sadly admitted—that the churches are very thinly attended, and the clergy, whether incumbents or bishops, do not count for much.' The main points in the Church's history which concern its relation with the State are considered in chap. ii.; the present relations between them in chap. iii. Whether it will be possible or desirable to maintain a nation-recognition of the Faith is 'a question of as great complexity as importance.' Sir Lewis holds that the House of Commons was not only legally, but also morally, entitled to take the line which they elected to take. This right, easy to trace through English history, still belongs to Christian people in England and 'the fact goes to the very bottom of the difference between Rome and England.' The difficult subject is lucidly and impartially worked out.

CAN RELIGION CUT LOOSE FROM HISTORY?

CHRISTIANITY has its roots struck in the soil of history. It looks back to a definite event in time when God became incarnate in one human person, and revealed Himself to men in a unique way through the life, death, and resurrection of that one. Must we regard that dependence of religion on history, as seen in Christianity, as essential to its life? Can it break loose from that bondage and still preserve its power of appeal and of growth?

This is not an idle question. Many attempts have been made to detach Christianity from its historical origins. There are those who feel that religion, as an experience of the soul, is weakened by its reliance on any series of mere facts, that it ought to be self-subsistent. The inner essence of religion is psychological; it is an awareness of, and a certain conscious attitude to, the ultimate spiritual Reality that we call God. Before Jesus appeared on the stage of human life men had come into touch with God, had made big discoveries in regard to His nature and purpose, had entered into the high experiences of forgiveness and divine fellowship. In non-Christian lands religion has been a vital interest of men, and in some cases has lifted them to wonderful heights of experience and character. It is evident that the historical facts associated with the figure of Jesus are not essential to religion, nor even to religion of a very lofty kind. Must they be regarded as necessary to the highest religious development?

This is by no means merely a question of the historicity of Jesus and the events of His life. The school represented by Robertson, that resolves the gospel-story into a myth, is very small, and the whole tendency of historical scholarship is against it. The great majority of critical students of the historical origins of our faith do admit that Jesus lived, and

that the picture of Him given by the Synoptic writers is, in its broad outlines, a true one. But two points need to be noted.

(1) Historical science is, at the best, only the science of probabilities. It has been said that we cannot be absolutely sure of the historicity even of Napoleon. Historical research and criticism have sheared away from the life of Jesus a good deal that used to be believed as assured fact. Scholars still differ greatly as to how much of the gospel-story can be received as established beyond doubt. Is such a shifting and uncertain foundation a safe one on which to build our Christian faith? There are those who—accepting as authentic, according to critical historical tests, a great deal that is reported of Jesus—yet prefer a psychological basis for their faith, and refuse dependence on history.

(2) Christianity rests, not on mere historical facts, which are nothing in themselves, but on a certain interpretation of those facts. We may believe that a man called Jesus lived in the first century A.D., and that He taught certain things about God and life; but, unless we believe also that His teaching was true and contains a real revelation, our belief has no religious value. We may credit the statement that Jesus died; but, unless we regard His death as being in some sense an expression of some quality in God, that death has no religious meaning for us. Mere events are mechanical and meaningless. It is when we see them as windows opening upon the world of spiritual reality that they acquire meaning and value. Sublime meanings and absolute values have come to be attached to the person of Jesus and the events of His earthly career. Is it possible to detach these meanings and values, and hold to them apart from the person and the events in which they are expressed?

These values seem to me to be three. The first is contained in the word 'Incarnation.' But surely the precious core of the doctrine of the Incarnation is the idea that God can and does dwell in human nature, that humanity is the

Son of God. Whether we hold the orthodox view of the Church that Jesus was God manifest in the flesh, or the later view which is content to speak of the divinity of Jesus without attempting to define the precise content of the term, the larger conception behind both views, and without which they have no significance, is that, in some real and deep sense, God and man are one. Jesus is the representative of the race, the first-born of many brethren. The One is the type of the Whole. Now it may be that the radiant purity of Jesus makes it easier for us to believe in the essential divinity of man, but the idea may be held independent of the particular example.

The second value is contained in the word 'Atonement.' God and man may be one, but somehow a breach has come between them. The divine in man has become sullied and defaced. The orthodox Christian view is that Jesus, mainly in His death, repaired the breach and restored to man his forfeited divinity. But the valuable idea behind any theory of the Atonement is that of the sacrificial, redemptive love of God, breaking down with resistless energy the barriers that had come between Him and His human child. The death of Jesus as a mere fact of history is nothing: its significance lies wholly in what it reveals of God. And surely it is possible to think of God as loving men utterly, and seeking their salvation at the cost of infinite sacrifice, even without the historic example of the Cross.

The third value is contained in the word 'Resurrection.' The stories of the resurrection of Jesus are amongst the most difficult to the historian; and there are many scholars who, admitting that the Christian Church was founded on the faith that Jesus still lived, yet cannot accept as genuine history the stories of His physical resurrection and appearances as given in the Gospels. In any case, the value of the Resurrection lies, not in the event, whatever it was that actually happened, but in the suggestion within it that God brings His purposes to fruition. The truly good in human

life cannot die, because the life that is in it is the life of God.

These three values in religion, which form the heart of Christianity, even though we regard them as finding supreme illustration in Jesus and the events in which He figured, do appear to be independent of that history.

I ask myself the question, 'Suppose you were compelled to surrender Jesus altogether; suppose that His figure vanished into the shadows of the past and no longer stood out in bright reality—what difference would it make to your faith?' That is a hypothetical question, and therefore difficult, if not impossible, to answer. There is no doubt that Jesus bulks large in my religious experience now: I pray to Him; I feel the inspiration of His life; I recognize Him as the medium through which the grace of God flows to me. But how far is that spiritual dependence on Jesus necessary, and how far is it the result of Christian training? When I press back to the ultimates, it seems to me that I should not lose my faith, or even be seriously impoverished, even if I had to give up Jesus as a figure of history, though it would involve certain readjustments. Jesus has a twofold value to me. First, on the human side, as a man of matchless nobility, who touched the highest level of goodness. But the picture of Jesus is there whatever view I may take of its authenticity. That is a present fact, and in that respect independent of history. Nothing can rob me of that picture. It is a forceful argument that the picture involves the original. The existence of the picture must be explained, and it seems easier to assume Jesus than to assume, in His absence, the imaginative creation of such a perfect character. Actually that argument weighs heavily with me, but it is not conclusive and it is ruled out now by the hypothesis that I have surrendered faith in the historical existence of Jesus. It may further be argued that the picture would cease to appeal to me as it does if I came to regard it as imaginary—that it is not the ideal figure alone that captivates men, but the ideal figure plus the belief that it

represents an historical reality. On that point I am uncertain. My own experience is that a character in fiction may be just as morally stimulating as an historical character. It is the ideal independent of its historical existence that stirs the soul. And the ideal figure of the Nazareth Carpenter, who conquered life, and went to the cross in loyalty to His conviction, remains the heritage of the ages, the timeless challenge to heroic action and loving obedience to God, whatever may happen to the historical Jesus.

Then, on the divine side, Jesus gives me a new conception of God. It is not that He reveals any new attribute of God or adds any quality to the conception of God already prevailing. Even the Fatherhood was not a new idea. But, if I may so put it, Jesus gave a new expression to the face of God. He humanized God. Anthropomorphic ideas of God had been current from earliest times, and they were often crude, low, and immoral. Jesus gave us the idea of God in the likeness of man with those elements eliminated; and He did it, not so much by what He said about God, as by making men feel that God was perfectly expressed in Him. We see the glory of God in the face of Jesus. But the ultimate fact in religion is God. It is not true to say that Christianity is Christocentric. All religion is essentially theocentric. According to the Gospels, especially the Fourth, Jesus made big claims for Himself; but to Him the final fact was God, and all His efforts were directed to bringing men into the Kingdom of God. And, whatever happens to the historic figure of Jesus, I still have God as the Gospels reveal Him—the God who wears the features of Jesus. In the realization of His forgiveness, in the indwelling of His Spirit, in communion with Him, and in service for His Kingdom, I can still find all that Christianity offers me.

So far, then, it does seem as if all that is essential in religion could be retained, even if the link with history were cut.

But our inquiry needs to take a wider sweep. All that we

have shown thus far is that certain ideas of God remain true apart from the historicity of certain events in which they are thought to have been embodied, and that certain realized experiences of God could maintain themselves if their historical supports were removed. But we need to ask, 'Could the world have reached its present religious level without Jesus? If it is possible now to feel independent of the ladder by which we have climbed to our present height, could we have climbed without its aid?' And further, 'Could religion continue to develop, ever purifying itself from error, rekindling its dying fires, and bathing the world in clearer, fairer light?'

These, again, are hypothetical questions. Let us clear the ground a little by looking at religious experience and seeing what it really is. Those who would detach religion from its dependence on history, and make it purely psychological, are apt to move in a vacuum. It is true that religion is an experience. And there is something final in an experience. It is there, an ultimate fact, a sort of thing-in-itself. But that does not and cannot mean that an experience is unrelated, isolated, absolute. It takes its place in the world of history. It is the present end of a process. It could not have been in that precise form but for certain factors. The Christian conception of God that it may be possible for us now to hold without any thought of its historical expressions has had to grow. And it has grown in actual human history. Men had an experience of God three thousand years ago, but its content was not the same —not so high or so rich—as that of a modern Christian saint. That is, behind the present and immediate experience of the modern Christian saint, which for him has an independent and absolute value, there lie ages of religious development that have made it possible.

Religion is an immediate experience of God, but immediate does not mean unmediated. We enter into personal, direct, immediate relations with each other. But our

experience of each other is mediated through many forms of word and act. Human relations are, in their essence, spiritual, infinite, timeless; but they are bound to the world of fact, event, history, by countless ties. So God comes direct to us, but He comes along channels that have been cut through the ages. We are not isolated and unrelated units; and, though we have our own personal and distinctive experience of God, it is ours through our connexion with humanity. As we cannot cut ourselves free from the human race to which we belong, so we cannot cut ourselves free from the history that has produced us. Our experience is our own, but the ways in which it reaches us are the common ways of life—ways that run back into the past and make us dependent upon it.

In this general sense, then, religion, like everything else human, takes its place in history and cannot be detached from it. The claim of Christianity is that certain historical events centring in Jesus, while they do not and cannot constitute the essentials of religion, have been necessary to its perfect development. And, so far as we can tell in a purely hypothetical matter, the world could not have reached its present religious position without the mighty impulse given it by Jesus. Christianity cannot boast that it has as yet lifted the life of Christian communities to a very high level. Paganism, superstition, vice, worldliness, selfishness still largely characterize the Christian world. But, both in ideal and in actual experience, Christendom is far ahead of the non-Christian communities. Comparative religion has changed our evaluation of, and our attitude to, other faiths. But Buddhism, Hinduism, Mohammedanism, Confucianism, no matter what priceless spiritual truths they may embody, have nothing to offer men comparable with the riches of the Christian gospel; and the level of their social life is far below that of Christian lands. There seems to be a lack of vitality in these great faiths; it is Jesus who is leading the religious culture of the world. And, if we may trust such missionaries

as Stanley Jones, it is not the presentation of the abstract truths of Christianity, but of the figure of Jesus, that affects the minds of non-Christian men. Take Jesus—His birth, teaching, life, death, resurrection—out of Christianity; let the Gospels remain only as an imaginative picture of the first century,—and it is to be feared that Christianity would gradually lose its appeal to the hearts of men, and religion would degenerate instead of pressing on to higher forms.

There is a subtle fascination in the idea of making religion a self-subsistent value independent of history. But it is fallacious. No doubt it is possible to over-emphasize the dependence of religion on history—or, perhaps, one ought rather to say, to under-emphasize the essentially experiential character of religion—thus making it institutional and external, a body without a soul. It is necessary to guard against an unspiritual interpretation of historical events—the failure to recognize that mere events, no matter what halo of sanctity be thrown around them, mean nothing to the soul of man. Religion can easily become materialistic, and there are forms of Christianity that attempt the impossible feat of getting spiritual values out of mere facts. But probably the dangers involved in attempting to cut religion loose from history are greater: it leads to subjectivism and nebulous mysticism. Christianity is the faith that God, in His endeavour to reveal Himself to His sinful, human children, and win them back to fellowship with Him, broke into human history by sending His Son to live and die within humanity. Though God is the ultimate, and our life in Him the essence of religion, it is a question whether we could have had, or could retain, the jewel without the casket.

E. B. Storr.

Notes and Discussions

THE LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

Mr. Buckle has now finished his great task as editor of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*. The third volume of the third series covers the crowning years of her reign, from January 1, 1896, to January 18, 1901, when the journal which Her Majesty had kept for nearly seventy years came to an end. The nine volumes of letters give a continuous presentation of her life from even before her accession in June 1837 down to her death in January 1901. 'Here, extracted from the Windsor archives, are materials of absolute authenticity and trustworthiness for the reign and the personality of the most beloved, and one of the most renowned, of the long line of English monarchs.' The second and third series of the letters which Mr. Buckle has edited are more informative about her character and capacity than the first series. After the Prince Consort's death a gradual emancipation from his influence was inevitable, and no other influence took its place. Towards the close of her reign she took counsel more and more with the Prince of Wales. She placed considerable reliance on her private secretaries, especially on Sir Henry Ponsonby, and reposed great confidence in Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, though she had serious differences with both, and on occasion after occasion carried her point. Her independence of thought and her individuality are unmistakable. These qualities shone out conspicuously during the Boer War; 'indeed, such were her force of character and devotion to duty that, in face of increasing physical weakness, she carried on her constitutional functions to within a few days of the end.'

The last stage of the Queen's long life was darkened by the storm in South Africa. Mr. Chamberlain wrote on January 1, 1896: 'Dr. Jameson's invasion of a country with which your Majesty is at peace appears to have had no justification. His action has been disavowed by Mr. Rhodes and the Chartered Company. Mr. Chamberlain hopes that the action taken by Mr. Hercules Robinson and himself will prevent bloodshed and avert further mischief.' He telegraphed next day that Dr. Jameson had refused to obey the commands of Sir Hercules and to return. An engagement had taken place with the troops of the Transvaal, and Jameson had surrendered with some of his men killed and wounded. The Queen's journal notes that President Kruger had telegraphed that the prisoners were to be treated with kindness. She adds, 'The papers are full of very strong articles against William, who sent a most unwarranted telegram to President Kruger, congratulating him, which is outrageous, and very unfriendly to me.' She wrote to the German Emperor: 'As your Grandmother to whom you have always shown so much affection and of whose

example you have always spoken of with so much respect, I feel I cannot refrain from expressing my deep regret at the telegram you sent President Kruger. It is considered very unfriendly towards this country, which I feel sure it is not intended to be, and has, I grieve to say, made a very painful impression here. . . . Our great wish has always been to keep on the best of terms with Germany, trying to act together, but I fear your Agents in the Colonies do the very reverse, which deeply grieves us. Let me hope that you will try and check this. . . .' The crisis caused Her Majesty deep anxiety, but she notes that Mr. Chamberlain was 'acting firmly and prudently,' and when President Kruger handed over the prisoners she sent him a message through Mr. Chamberlain that 'this act will redound to the credit of your Honour, and will conduce to the peace of South Africa, and to that harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races which is necessary for its future development and prosperity.' The journal notes that the German Emperor declared in a letter to her that he never intended to offend England, 'but the explanations are lame and illogical.'

A severe blow befell the Royal family in January 1896, in the death of Prince Henry of Battenberg. The Queen was deeply concerned for her daughter. 'What will become of my poor child? All she said in a trembling voice, apparently quite stunned, was, "the life is gone out of me."' She went to sit with the Princess, who was 'so gentle, so piteous in her misery.' The Prince 'was our help, the bright sunshine of our home. . . . It seems as though the years '61 and '62 had returned, also the time when we lost dear Leopold.'

On June 20, 1896, the Queen writes: 'Fifty-nine years since I came to the throne! What a long time to bear so heavy a burden! God has guided me in the midst of terrible trials, sorrows, and anxieties, and has wonderfully protected me. I have lived to see my dear country and vast Empire prosper and expand, and be wonderfully loyal! Received many kind telegrams.' On September 23 her reign had lasted longer than that of any other British sovereign. Dr. Randall Davidson sent his dutiful and loyal affection. 'There is a rich significance in the fact that at the hour, when all previous records of English history are eclipsed by the length of your Majesty's gracious rule, your Majesty should also wield a personal and domestic influence over the thrones of Europe absolutely without precedent in the history of Christendom. For this, too, are thanks given to God by all who realize what that influence is, and how it tends to peace and goodwill.' Her Majesty requested that no demonstration should be made till she had completed her sixty years of rule in June 1897, but 'people of all kinds and ranks, from every part of the kingdom, sent congratulatory telegrams, and they kept coming in all day. They were all most loyally expressed and some very prettily.' One invalid girl, nine years old, sent a charming letter from Dumfries and received a reply that the letter and photograph 'made me so happy.' The present Prince of Wales figures in the journal for that month as 'a most attractive little boy, and so forward and clever. He always

tries at luncheon time to pull me up out of my chair, saying, "Get up, Gangan," and then to one of the Indian servants, "Man pull it," which makes us laugh very much.'

On October 11, 1896, Archbishop Benson died that morning at Hawarden. Mrs. Benson was full of faith and courage. Mrs. Gladstone told the Queen, 'It was indeed a lesson to be with her.' She herself wrote: 'My children and I rest in the one thought that God, who has called our beloved home with this overwhelming suddenness, is a God of Love, and that His will must be full of life and love; and we know He will be with us, and with all those who suffer with us, in all strength and consolation.'

June 22, 1897, was 'a never-to-be-forgotten day. No one ever, I believe, has met with such an ovation as was given to me, passing through those six miles of streets, including Constitution Hill. The crowds were quite indescribable, and their enthusiasm truly marvellous and deeply touching. The cheering was quite deafening, and every face seemed to be filled with real joy. I was very much moved and gratified.' The Diamond Jubilee was a triumph.

On September 2, 1898, Sir Herbert Kitchener won a decisive victory at Omdurman over the Khalifa, and two days later the Egyptian and British flags were hoisted over the ruined Palace of Khartoum, and a religious service was held where Gordon was killed. Next year the Boer War began, and on October 19 Her Majesty had a moving farewell to her guard of Gordon Highlanders on their way to embark for South Africa. 'It was very touching, and I felt quite a lump in my throat as we drove away, and I thought of how those remarkably fine men might not all return.'

Mr. Buckle's Introductory Notes bring out the chief features of each year. 'The last year of the nineteenth century was also the last year of Queen Victoria's life. During this winter and spring of war Her Majesty, now in her eighty-first year, was more than ever the embodiment of the national spirit. She was indefatigable in encouraging by telegrams and letters her troops and generals in the field; in stimulating to fresh exertions Ministers and departments at home, and in criticizing shortcomings; in bidding God-speed to regiments on departure, in visiting wounded in hospital, and tendering widows the most womanly and sympathetic consolation; in providing comforts for her soldiers to eat and to wear, working for them herself among her ladies.'

Her health began to fail in the summer, but her anxieties as to the Boer War were relieved when Lord Roberts entered Pretoria and released 4,000 British prisoners. General Botha evacuated the capital without a fight.

The Queen's journal for August 26, 1900, recalls the delight she used to take on that day in earlier years, preparing presents for her husband which he would like. 'All, all is engraven on my mind, and in my heart!' She entered the New Year, 1901, sadly, feeling so weak and unwell. On January 2, Lord Roberts came to Osborne: 'I received him most warmly, shaking hands with him, and he knelt

down and kissed my hand.' She gave him the Garter and told him that she was going to confer an earldom on him, with the remainder to his daughter. She died on January 22, 1901, surrounded by her children and grandchildren, honoured, beloved, and lamented by the whole Empire which she had loved so deeply and served so nobly and so long.

The photogravures and tables of the Queen's descendants add to the value of this final volume of the letters, and it is not easy to express the debt which the country owes to Mr. Buckle and to his predecessors, Dr. Arthur Benson and the second Lord Esher, as editors and to Mr. Murray for the taste and skill with which the volumes have been got up. Nor can we forget what the whole enterprise owes to King Edward and King George, who have given new grounds for loyalty and imperial patriotism by their sanction of the publication of these letters.

SAINTS OF ISLAM

THE name 'Sufi' is derived, in the opinion of Tholuck, from the Arabic *suf* (wool), in allusion to their garments, which, as with early Quakers, were a distinguishing mark of these Eastern quietists. Others have referred it to the Arabic *safa* (pure), and some to the Greek *sophos* (wise), but the first derivation is probably correct.

A variety of opinions has prevailed likewise with regard to the origin of the Sufic doctrines. Some have been disposed to look for it in the Vedantic philosophy of India; others in Neo-Platonism; and Tholuck was at one time inclined to the opinion that it took its rise among the Zoroastrian Magi. All these sources have probably contributed to Sufism, but there is no doubt that the early Muslim mystics derived their mysticism from their keen sense of the terrors of the world to come, as portrayed in the Koran itself. This led to asceticism and separation from worldly matters, and that, in its turn, led to mysticism. It is true that Mohammed had said, 'There is no monkery in Islam,' and enjoined marriage on all his followers, but in less than thirty years after his death hermits had become numerous in the deserts of Arabia and Syria. Two of the first four Caliphs, Abu-bekr and Ali, were founders of monastic communities. These were the forerunners of later similar organizations, and from them up to the twelfth century came the most famous Sufi teachers. Among the most distinguished of these early Mohammedan pietists was a woman named Rabia. It is related of her that, having undertaken the journey to Mecca, when she came in sight of the Kaaba, its sacred shrine, she exclaimed: 'What is the Kaaba to me? For I indeed have approached so near unto God that I may claim the promise, "He that comes a hand's-breadth towards Me, toward him will I go an ell." What is the Kaaba, then, to me?' This anecdote well illustrates the tendency of Sufism, as, indeed, of mysticism in general, to value outward ceremony little in comparison with inward

experience. When one of Rabia's friends inquired by what method she had arrived at this knowledge of God, she replied: 'Thou hast known after a method and by certain means, but I immediately.'

Of another of the early mystics, Hasan Basri, the following saying is reported: 'It will happen that the blessed, through the unveiling of the Divine Majesty, will be lost in ecstasy for seven hundred thousand years; through their awe of Him they will perish, and, having beheld His loveliness, they will be absorbed into His unity.'

In such sayings as these we have the seeds and elements of the entire Sufic system. But it was not till the second century of the Hegira that this mysticism began to show its extraordinary developments. This age holds a marked place in the history of Mohammedanism. Scarcely had the Grecian philosophy been introduced to the followers of the Prophet than a great conflict of opinions arose. The old traditional ways of teaching and of believing were in some places modified, in others abolished. Men sought in the solitude of ascetic life a refuge from the zeal of party. This age witnessed the rise and progress of the Mu'tazilites, the establishment of numerous dervish orders, and finally the rise of Sufism. When all things were in dire confusion, and doubt of the truth of their religion was filling the minds of men with uneasiness, mysticism, as is usual at such periods, secured an immense number of adherents, and spread its branches far and wide. From the most diverse classes appeared those who, moved by conscientious impulse, gave up their accustomed habits, and devoted themselves to stirring up religious zeal in their fellow countrymen. In some cases persons of high rank, such as one of the sons of the Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid, and even brigands from the mountains, assumed the coarse garment of the dervish Sufis.

A saying of one of these converted brigands has been preserved by Jami in the *Bibaristan*: 'Fudhail Ayaz being asked, "Who was base?" replied: "He who worships God out of fear or from hope of reward." Again, when they inquired, "But, then, in what way dost thou worship God?" "In love," said he, "and friendship; for by the bond of love am I held in subjection to Him."'

That the foundations of Sufism were laid at this time is evident from the fact that, from the two hundredth year of the Hegira onwards, we find frequent mention made of it by authors whose writings still remain. There is extant in the *Taskirat ul Auliya* of Attar a saying of the learned Imam Shafi, the chief theologian of his age, in which the Sufis are mentioned with commendation. Shafi was accustomed to say: 'The science of the whole world cannot compare with mine; but not mine even can compare with that of the Sufis.' And Hanbal, another of the four great imams, bestows no less praise upon them, affirming that 'the Sufi's quiet trust in God excels the most anxious zeal of other men.'

The founder of Sufism as a distinct system was Abu Said ibn Abu'l Khair, born in Khorassan about A.D. 970. He was unpopular in his life-time, and regarded as an infidel. It is related that the women

used to mount on the roofs of the houses and cast dung upon him as he passed by. Tennyson has recorded one of his sayings, 'Love is the net of truth,' in his poem 'Akbar's Dream.' Regarding the philosopher Avicenna, his contemporary, he is reported to have said: 'All that he knows I *see*.' When asked, 'What is Sufism?' he replied: 'What thou hast in thy head, resign; what thou bearest in thy hand, throw away; and whatsoever cometh upon thee, turn not back.' He founded a monastery for dervishes, and commanded his followers to take food twice a day.

Sufism, however, did not long restrain itself within the limits of simple piety and devout mysticism. In the third century of the Hegira a leading Sufi named Bayazid Bistami began to teach open Pantheism. When asked, 'What is the throne of God?' 'I am the throne of God,' was his reply. 'What is the Tablet?' (on which the eternal decrees are written), 'I am the Tablet.' 'I,' he said, 'am Abraham, Moses, Jesus; I am Gabriel, Michael, Israfil; because whatever has attained unto the true essence is absorbed into God, and therefore is God.'

Contemporary with Bayazid, but more moderate in his opinions, was Junaid. He was asked, 'When can a servant of God be said to be truly His servant?' and replied: 'When he is satisfied that from God all things have their source, that they remain in Him, and will at last return to Him.' The end and aim of Sufism was thus described by him: 'To free the mind from the too frequent results of passion, to extirpate human nature, to repress sensual instinct, to assume spiritual qualities, to attain the heights of true knowledge, and to do whatsoever is good—behold the end of Sufism.'

Another Sufi, Abu'l Hussein Nuri, said: 'Sufism is neither a rule nor a doctrine, but something inborn. For, were it a rule, the good of it might be procured by diligent observance; if a doctrine, by study. But it is a something innate; according to the words of the Koran, "We are created with a divine nature." Evidently no one is able by diligent observance or study to possess himself of a divine nature.' He was also accustomed to say: 'If God veil Himself from thee, no guide and no direction can lead thee to Him.' The most extravagant of all the Sufis seems to have been Mansur Hallaj, who was put to death at Bagdad, A.D. 922, for repeatedly exclaiming, 'I am the Truth.' The disciples of Mansur were accustomed to write to their master in language like the following: 'Oh, of all essences the essence, summit of all delights, we testify that thou assumest diverse forms, but now thou hast taken the form of Mansur. Grant us thine aid; we seek assistance from thee!'

The inquiry naturally arises whether these pantheistic notions were of foreign origin, and were engrafted upon the simple mysticism of Abu Said, or whether they are developments from a basis of Mohammedan doctrine. Tholuck inclines decidedly to the latter opinion, and considers that all the particular dogmas of the Sufis—their views respecting the annihilation of the distinction between good and evil and the rejection of all ceremonial laws—depend, as

it were, on that one doctrine of the 'mystic union' between God and man. This is referred to in the Koran (chap. vii.), where God is represented as saying to all creatures in the stage of pre-existence: 'Am I not your Lord?' and they answer, 'Yes.' Since then every Sufi hears in his soul the mystic vibrations of that question: 'Am I not your Lord?'

The dogma of the mystic union does not seem to have been held in specific form during the first two centuries of the Hegira; but, whether known by name to Rabia and the mystics of her age or not, it was really familiar to them, and well understood. Many of the sayings ascribed to Mohammed himself have a strong mystic colouring—e.g. the saying, 'I have moments when neither prophet nor angel can comprehend me.'

C. FIELD.

NICHOLAS ROERICH (PAINTER-POET)

THE Russian Revolution has opened to the world the soul of a great people, by creating a demand for the wider distribution of its literature. Among recent works that have interested and informed educated readers is the small volume of poems that suggested this paper. Professor Roerich is already one of the most celebrated of modern Russian painters. Born in Petrograd in 1874, of Scandinavian descent, he 'typifies composite Russia, happily combining in his person the vigour of the Varengenians with the spontaneous expansiveness of the Slavs, the exact knowledge of the West with the mystic wisdom of the East.' His father was a barrister, who intended Nicholas to take up the same profession, but an early and striking success at an art exhibition, where he sprang upon his delighted compatriots his celebrated picture, 'The Messenger,' decided his destiny. He became 'one of the most characteristic figures in Russian art.' He 'vehemently resents being chained to any particular art tradition, much more to a school.' Though he does not slavishly follow other artists and their methods, it is impossible to believe that his knowledge of other artists' methods and work has left him as entirely uninfluenced as some of his admirers would have us believe. Indeed, his study of an unfinished picture by Michael Angelo—when Roerich was visiting London—seems to have exercised a determinative influence upon the colour-schemes which became such an outstanding characteristic of Roerich's work. His favourite method of composing his pictures, it seems, is to blend the real with the fanciful, but he is an idealist rather than a realist. His art seems to emanate from some fairy-land in his mind; yet he is a careful student of landscapes, cloud effects, and of the folk-lore of his native land, and these, when blended by his genius, have combined to give to the world, creations that leave many of their beholders with a sensation as of ecstasy. Becoming the director of the school for the encouragement of the fine arts in Russia, he 'played

a conspicuous part in the aesthetic renaissance that, from the beginning of the century, began to transform Slavonic art.' Exhibitions of his art have been frequent, and, should an exhibition of Slavonic art be staged at Burlington House, his works would be likely to fill a considerable space. Meanwhile, his pictures are scattered far and wide, both in public galleries and in private collections[1] in many parts of the world. Roerich, who has suffered heavily from the régime of the Bolsheviks, left Russia rather than accept a post under their influence. After some wanderings, he and his family went to India, which has been likened to his spiritual home. Not merely had he forwarded the building of the Buddhist temple in Petrograd, but Serge Whitman affirms that 'his soul is filled with the spirit of the ancient teaching.' Nevertheless, it may be surmised that, in this respect as in others, 'Roerich remains Roerich,' and would not acknowledge himself to be bound too narrowly to any particular religio-philosophic school. In old times in Russia—as similarly elsewhere—the popular mind interwove biblical stories with myths and fairy-tales, and this folk-lore has not only fascinated Roerich, but has probably provided the soil in which the eclecticism of his spirit has developed.

Not only has Roerich's brush been busy, but his pen has been active, for many years. He has written on many subjects, but his poetic afflatus apparently visited him rather late. His book of poems—substantially the same with *Flame in Chalice*, but under another name—first greeted the public in 1921, and has been translated into several languages. 'From a youthful illustrator of ancient Russia, Roerich has developed into a poet. But, in his self-evolution, he has succeeded in remaining true to his original elements.' The difficulty of translating work of Russian genius into English is not unusual. N. Jarintzov suggests that Gogol is 'almost untranslatable,' and the various translators of Roerich have left us in no doubt as to the difficulties that have beset them, and presumably the seer's libertinism of style has not helped matters. Some of the poems are almost meaningless in English, and, though some modern English poets are not conspicuously clear, and some apparently are intentionally obscure to simulate profundity, still one may surmise either that not all Roerich's work is of equal merit or else that the translators have sometimes failed to clothe his thought in suitable English form. The fact that a number of these poems have appeared in different versions enables a critic to test this matter of the 'impossibility' of translation for himself, and he may not improbably arrive at the conclusion that, given a translator versed in literary craftsmanship, equally expert in Russian and in English, and with poetic gifts, it would not be impossible to give the cultured public all that is material in Roerich in a version, not only adequate, but delightful. In the present writer's judgement, de Manziarly's translation of the revealing

[1] The librarian of the London Library possesses at least one picture, as does the Worthing Corporation.

poem entitled 'To Him' is superior to the Siegrist-Lichtmann version. The poem describes how, having found the Sage whose advice was desired, having long pondered the matter,

> Inquired of me what thing, of all, I held most dear.
> I answered, 'Beauty.'
> Then he: 'Whatsoever is dearest,
> That must thou abandon.'
> 'Whose,' asked I,
> 'Is that commandment?' 'God's,' he said.
> 'Then,' quoth I,
> 'God's judgement be upon me—never, never,
> Shall I abandon the Beautiful—
> The Beautiful, which is the path to *Him*.'

This emphasis upon beauty is one of three elements that are prominent in Roerich's philosophy of religion. He demands that art be given to the people, and would have not merely museums, theatres, universities, public libraries, and hospitals 'decorated and beautified,' but even prisons. One is in full accord with this suggestion, and would widen its scope to include also factories and works. The beauty which is the pathway to God is like a beacon-flare in the world to disperse the gloom of the asceticism which prevails in some dogmas and practices of the Church. The rejection of 'the Sage's' advice is a challenge to forsake a narrow orthodoxy. It is a proclamation that *abnegation of what is dearest and most prized is not necessarily the unalterable law of religion*.

Another great article in Roerich's creed is the law of *love*. One of his poems, entitled 'Love,' may be commended to the League of Nations as suitable to inscribe on the walls of the Temple of Peace. Indeed, it might almost enshrine a record of a meeting of delegates from the world over. One smiles as one listens to the 'uncouth babel.' Though one finds it impossible to understand what is being said, quite

> Possibly they were all repeating, each in his own language,
> The word we hold so dear—
> The word '*Love*.'

This love-concept deeply colours all Roerich's thought. It is a love that casts out fear. The third section of the series is entitled 'To the Boy.' It is not merely interesting, but important, in that it enables us to understand the poet's views on education. In Russia —as in other countries that are regarded as more enlightened—the upbringing of children has been largely based on fear. Indeed, Roerich believes that fear has to be learned from 'grown-ups.' For a time the lad knew no fear, nothing frightened him—'The whirlwind and the darkness, water and space,' left him unafraid—but, fear having entered his mind, everything forthwith became hostile. In a lovely aside the suggestion is made to the boy that there is no need to fear—an unseen Friend who is near in life's lonely and dangerous places will whisper a word of encouragement to enable him to go on courageously—'The Great One will avail.'

The third great element in Roerich's scheme of cultured life is activity. Himself an amazing worker, there is evidently no need to adopt Bolshevik philosophy to overcome a natural tendency (not confined to Russians) to indolence. To Roerich, man is one who aspires. The poet's early interest in the chase is probably accountable for the fact that the high quest is likened to a hunt. The last section of the series comprises a long single poem, entitled 'To the Hunter entering the Forest.' Portions of this theme have found differing forms, and probably both translator and expositor alike will be judged on the rendering of this poem. It relates how at sunrise the hunter awakes, all prepared and alert. Even his thoughts must not be unhelpful. He loves the forest, and by his hunting he brings benefits, not alone to himself, but to others. He gleans knowledge by his experiences, and learns the devices whereby Nature enables her children to deceive and defeat their foes. He is reminded that there are other things in the forest besides its living denizens: 'circles of stones,' bespeaking the activity of bygone workers. The huntsman is urged to know his own mind: 'Who doubts is already his enemy's prey.' He must not for ever be retracing his steps nor looking behind him, but must advance—yea, ever onward and upward from the ravine to the heights!

Then follows what to the present writer is the gem of the book—words of poetic pathos, of somewhat sombre gladness. It is not the flowers that grow in the ravine that the true man seeks; many things will allure as he goes along, but he must not be detained:

> . . . springs shall refresh thee,
> And before thee shall blossom the heather of happiness.
> But it blossoms *only on heights.*

Though the forest is very great, he will remember that it has bounds; big though the morass may be, it can be encircled! In other words, man's highest task is compassable if pursued with disciplined zeal. Moreover, if at first he does not come upon the quarry, he is not to lose heart:

> He who knows—searches!
> He who has attained knowledge—finds!
> He who has found is amazed at the ease of capture!
> He who has seized—sings songs of joy.
> *Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice!*
> O hunter who hast been called thrice.

CLEMENT ASHLIN WEST.

ST. PAUL'S MYSTICISM

DR. SCHWEITZER is one of the noblest men among us. His varied gifts as theologian, musician, and medical missionary have given him a unique place in the history of our times. It is more than twenty years since *The Quest of the Historical Jesus* laid stress on the eschatological side of the Gospels, and maintained that the true historical

Jesus was 'not teacher, not a casuist; but an imperious ruler. . . . We can find no designation which expresses what He is for us. He comes to us as One unknown, without a name, as of old, by the lakeside, He came to those men who knew Him not. He speaks to us the same word: "Follow thou Me!" and sets us to the tasks which He has to fulfil for our time. He commands. And to those who obey Him, whether they be wise or simple, He will reveal Himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in His fellowship, and, as an ineffable mystery, they shall learn in their own experience who He is.'

Schweitzer himself has been learning in that school, for he made the great renunciation which carried him to Lambarene because he had gradually come to understand that 'Jesus taught us we must not live to ourselves.'

His new volume, *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle*, has just appeared in an English translation, published by Messrs. A. & C. Black at one guinea. Mr. Montgomery, who had translated *The Quest*, died just after he had finished a rather illegible draft of this work. It has been carefully revised, and sets forth Schweitzer's view of how 'the evangel of Jesus survived in the Catholic Church.' The work was to have followed *Paul and his Interpreters: A Critical History*, which appeared in 1912, but illness and absence in Africa prevented Dr. Schweitzer from finishing it until his two years' furlough enabled him to take it up again at the end of 1927. When still a student, he says, 'I conceived the plan of explaining the evolution of thought in the first generation of Christianity, on the basis of the axiom, which to me seems incontrovertible, that the preaching of the Kingdom of God by Jesus was in itself eschatological, and that it was so understood by those who heard it.' Prolonged study has convinced him of the complete agreement of the teaching of Paul with that of Jesus. The hellenization of Christianity came later. The volume is thus an expansion of the ideas which he expressed in *The Quest*.

St. Paul's mysticism might have been expected to be concerned with the unity of man with God as the ultimate ground of being, but he never speaks of being one with God, or being in God. 'He does indeed assert the divine sonship of believers. But, strangely enough, he does not conceive of sonship to God as an immediate mystical relation to God, but as mediated and effected by means of the mystical union with Christ.' The speech on Mars' Hill stands in the way of this conclusion, for there Paul says expressly, 'In Him we live and move and have our being.' Deissman feels that this passage proves that Paul had a mysticism of being-in-God which had its roots in pre-Christian Jewish thought. Schweitzer tries to escape this difficulty by ascribing the speech to the writer of the Acts. But that position is unconvincing. He thinks that Paul, though a mystic, has not the usual mentality of a mystic. 'The exoteric and the esoteric go hand in hand. This too goes back ultimately to the fundamental fact that in him mysticism is combined with a

non-mystical conception of the world.' Paul was at one with all other preachers of the gospel at that time in the conviction that 'through the death and resurrection of Jesus the proximate coming of the Messianic Kingdom, with Jesus as its ruler, was assured. It was this elementary teaching which formed the burden of the discourse when he journeyed as a missionary from place to place. To it he constantly recurs in his Letters.' This leads Schweitzer to the strange conclusion by which he seeks to justify his view that Paul is a complete mystic: 'His paradoxical assertion that those who are in Christ are only in outward appearance natural men, and are to be considered as having in reality already died and really risen again, is irrefutable, once the twofold fact of the dying and rising again of Jesus has been given the place of importance in the eschatological experience which it really possesses for eschatological thought.' When regarded in this light, 'Paul becomes a thinker of elemental power who was alone in recognizing the special character of the period which interposed itself between the Resurrection and Return of Jesus, and the first to seek a solution of the problem raised by the delay of the Return. Since all his conceptions and thoughts are rooted in eschatology, those who labour to explain him on the basis of Hellenism are like a man who should bring water from a long distance in a leaky watering-can in order to water a garden lying beside a stream.' He argues that the Pauline mysticism is an admirably simple thing when set in the framework of eschatology, but becomes a hopeless tangle as soon as it is cut loose from this.

We cannot help feeling that Schweitzer exaggerates when he says that Paul cannot get clear of the enmity against him which takes its rise in Jerusalem. Even though by the greatness of his personality he may again and again defeat such adversaries, and though churches like that of Philippi show their love of him, he cannot make headway against this enmity, and is the more strengthened in his conviction that he is appointed to carry the knowledge of the gospel to regions where it had not been preached. 'This man, maltreated, sick, going in constant danger of his life, has thus, in addition, an excessive burden of mental and spiritual troubles to endure. But he understood the meaning of the suffering. It is because he alone dares to speak out the full truth about the significance of the Cross that he has to suffer the greatest persecution. In this it is made manifest that he alone is the true apostle of Jesus Christ, even though his right to bear this name is denied. To Paul the Spirit of Christ is the life-principle of His Messianic personality and of the state of existence characteristic of the Messianic Kingdom. Believers have a part in the Messiah's Spirit as the predestined sharers of His glory.' Paul's attitude toward the Law brought on him the hatred of the whole of Judaism, but the fall of Jerusalem made an end of the primitive Christian community there. 'The devisive tendencies which gathered strength in Judaism after the catastrophe set agoing the process of division between Judaism and Christianity. And the

growing numerical superiority of the converts from heathenism over those from Judaism worked in the same direction.'

Freedom from the Law, which has its foundation in the mystical being in Christ, was also formulated by Paul as righteousness by faith. There is an important chapter on 'Mysticism and the Sacraments.' To Paul the Lord's Supper was a thanksgiving meal which proclaimed the death of the Lord until He come. Partaking in the meal is an anticipation of the table-fellowship with Christ at the Messianic feast. Paul's achievement as a thinker must be set side by side with his achievement as a man. 'Having a personality at once simple and profound, he avoids an abstract and unnatural ideal of perfection, and makes it consist in the complete adjustment of spiritual with natural reality. His ethical ideal is to live with the eyes fixed upon eternity, while standing firmly upon the ground of reality. 'He proves the truth of his ethic by his way of living it.' 'As one who truly thought, served, worked, and ruled in the Spirit of Christ he has earned the right to say to the men of all periods, "Be imitators of me, as I am of Christ."'

Dr. Schweitzer traces the hellenization of Paul's mysticism. By giving up the conception of living and dying with Christ it abandoned a part of the inner life of the idea of union with Him. A loss of ethical and spiritual values followed. This impoverishment was increased by the fact that it took place in the crisis of the struggle with Gnosticism. To meet its attack, Christian doctrine aimed at the greatest possible simplicity and logical consistency, and has hardly recovered from the resulting impoverishment to this day.

Paul vindicated for all time the right of thought in Christianity. He claimed the right to think out his thoughts about Christ to their conclusion. His raising of the belief in Christ to a reasoned faith provided a solution of the problem set to the Christianity of the next generation by the non-fulfilment of the Messianic hope. 'Paul is the patron saint of thought in Christianity. And all those who think to serve the faith in Jesus by destroying freedom of thought would do well to keep out of his way.' His great achievement was to show that the experience of union with Christ was the thing essential to being a Christian. His mystical doctrine of redemption is for us a precious possession, which he urges his brethren to verify in experience. Where that experience is alive 'There is an unquenchable yearning for the Kingdom of God.' There is a depth and reality in Paul's thought which kindles in our breasts the ardour of the early days of the Christian faith, and excites us to follow the same. 'Paul leads us out on that path of true redemption, and hands us over, prisoners, to Christ.' It is an inspiring conclusion, though the eschatological view does not seem to be established.

JOHN TELFORD.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Church and Gnosis. By F. C. Burkitt, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s*.)

These Morse Lectures were delivered at Union Theological Seminary in 1931. They are a study of Christian thought and speculation in the second century, when the problem which beset the Christian thinkers was similar to ours: how to express, in terms appropriate to our modern world, the gospel that was proclaimed in a society so far away from us and so different in outlook. The Gnostics were Christians, heretics rather than pagans with a few Christian traits. Primitive Christian beliefs are discussed. The coming Parusia did not fill St. Paul's mind at any time. He was more occupied with God's plan of salvation. The delay in our Lord's appearance made him feel that the Church must be more significant than was at first realized. That view is most clearly set forth in the Epistle to the Ephesians. Philosophical gnosticism with its chief teachers; Egyptian gnostic works; Mandaism and Christianity; the Church and the Old Testament are also discussed. Gnosticism sought 'to reformulate Christianity in terms of the current astronomy and philosophy of the day, with the Last Judgement and the Messianic Kingdom left out. It failed. The Church decided still to wait, to let the old beliefs fade or survive, and meanwhile to organize itself for an extended career on this earth, and to put its trust less on constructive theories than on tradition, on the annals of what God had done in the past.' It is a survey with many lessons for our own times, when the house of the soul has to be made to fit the new conditions in which we live.

Deuteronomy: The Framework to the Code. By Adam C. Welch, D.D. (Oxford University Press. 12*s*. 6*d*.)

Dr. Welch published in 1924 a volume on the Code of Deuteronomy in which he held that the body of the law-book bore no sign of the careful revision which it was supposed to have received to adapt it to the main principle of the Josianic reform, the centralization of the cult at Jerusalem. All the regulations presupposed the existence of the local sanctuaries, and centralization was only demanded in a few verses added at the beginning of the code. He felt that the Deuteronomic Code might reproduce the law which had been in force in that kingdom, while the Law of Holiness in Leviticus was

the law of Judah. Further study has thrown light on the opening and closing chapters of Deuteronomy and the development of Old Testament religion during the period before the Exile. The writer of chap. v. quotes the Decalogue as well known and authoritative. This leads Dr. Welch to study the date and origin of the Decalogue, and to conclude that the men of the Return carried out the supersession of the Deuteronomic Code, instituted the triple division into laity, Levites, and priests, and wrote a history of the kingdom which ignored North Israel. Chapters follow on the separation of the Church and the world; the inwardness of the religion; the Fatherly discipline of God; the blessing by Moses in chap. xxxiii. Scholars regard it as the North Israelite parallel to that of Jacob in Gen. xlix. The situation after the conquest of Canaan was saved by the founding of the kingdom and the rise of the prophetic movement. The centre of the movement was in Benjamin, where Samuel and Saul appeared. No sooner was Solomon dead than the centrifugal tendency of the clans reasserted itself. That explains, Dr. Welch thinks, why there are two accounts of the origins of Israel, J and E, and two law-books, the Law of Holiness and the Deuteronomic Code. To both, the corner-stone was the all-sufficiency of Jehovah to maintain and guide the life of the nation. 'They further insisted that the social, as well as the religious, life of the nation must show the influence of the faith which Israel held in a God who was no nature-deity.' The Decalogue was their common creed, and they were guided by convictions burned deep into the thoughts of the whole nation by the lessons the men had learned in founding the kingdom. It is certainly a singularly instructive survey of the whole subject.

The Book of Hosea. Edited by Stanley L. Brown, M.A., D.D. (Methuen & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Hosea was the first prophet to attack the sexual element in the popular religion of Israel, and his denunciation of the mixed cultus led ultimately to this limitation of sacrifice to the one altar at Jerusalem. His prophecy contains one of the world's great love-stories, and the revelation of divine love given to a little nation rushing headlong to its doom in the eighth century before Christ. Dr. Brown feels that, in his doctrine of the love of God, Hosea comes nearer to the gospel than any other writer of the Old Testament. Much valuable matter as to Hosea and his doctrine of God, and the later influence of his book, is given in the Introduction. Some rearrangement is made of the verses in the first three chapters, but the criticism is, on the whole, conservative. The notes are full and throw light on many passages in a way that educated lay readers, as well as theological students, will find of real value. The prophecy as re-translated and re-arranged in the Appendix will be read with special pleasure.

The Catholic Faith. By Paul Elmer More. (Milford. 24*s*.)

This is an addition to Professor More's series on *The Greek Tradition*. It contains five essays: 'Buddhism and Christianity'; 'The Creeds'; 'The Eucharistic Sacrifice'; 'The Church'; 'Christian Mysticism.' Dr. More feels that the comparative study of religions ought to bring a valid confirmation of faith. The Buddhist books fill him with admiring reverence for the Founder of the Dharma. It seems to him at times as if that great soul were searching in all the ways of the Spirit for the dogma of the Incarnation, and that the fact of the historic Jesus, could it have been known to him, might have saved his religion, in later ages, from floundering helplessly, yet not ignobly, among the vanishing, shadowy myths that so curiously resemble and multiply, while just missing, the story of the Word made flesh. The Athanasian Creed is 'fanatic and contentious in spirit,' and Dr. More 'cannot but regard it as anything but an ineptitude to demand the repetition of such a formula from a congregation of worshippers.' Christian mysticism he holds to be connected with a craving for intensity of experience at the cost of clarity and sanity, whilst the gods demand the strength, and not the tumult, of the soul. Such lucid and suggestive treatment of great themes is refreshing and helpful.

English Pulpit Oratory, from Andrewes to Tillotson. By W. Fraser Mitchell, M.A., B.Litt. (S.P.C.K. 21*s*.)

This study is divided into three sections. The first is Theory, Rhetorical and Homiletical; and the second is Practice, which deals with the Anglo-Catholic Preachers, including Donne; other Anglicans to 1660, including Jeremy Taylor; Non-Anglicans to 1660; the Cambridge Platonists; and Restoration Preachers and the Reform of Style. The third part is given to Criticism. The volume has been made possible by the generous financial help of the Carnegie Trust, and has sprung out of the revived interest in the prose works of John Donne. The rhetorical background of each period is considered as the basis for its ideals and tastes; the special rhetorical bias of contemporary English education is kept in mind, and the avowed purpose of each preacher is a standard for what he attempted and an estimate of what he achieved. It is really an introduction to three centuries of British preaching, lighted up by apt quotations and helpful criticism. Donne's prose was ardently passionate and ardently intellectual; Taylor's style is a first-rate example of how a man of taste and discernment might improve upon, and render attractive, what from other hands had come unnoticed; Barrow's style demanded unrestricted liberty to develop his thought. Confined to a shorter discourse, he would have been like an eagle in a cage. The praise accorded to Tillotson was 'due largely to the attacks of the critics on other types of preaching, and the general agreement arrived at by those who discussed sermons and those who discussed style in a wider context.' Preachers will not find it easy to lay this book down.

Perfectionism. By Benjamin B. Warfield. Vols. I. and II. (Oxford University Press. 20*s.* and 22*s.*)

This is number seven in the series of ten volumes which gather up the writings of this outstanding Calvinist teacher. The first two chapters are given to 'Ritschl, the Rationalist and the Perfectionist'; three articles follow on 'Miserable-sinner Christianity,' in the hands of the rationalists; and the two closing chapters deal with the Fellowship Movement in Germany, and its chief exponent, Jellinghaus, who received his Higher Life doctrine from Pearsall Smith and his colleagues at the Oxford meetings in 1874. These studies are of special interest, and the volume has an impressive unity. The criticism is luminous, and the whole treatment suggestive. Vol. II. deals, in chap. i., with Oberlin Perfectionism, in four sections, one of which is on 'The Theology of Charles G. Finney.' The second chapter is on 'John Humphrey Noyes and his Bible Communists'; the third on 'The Mystical Perfectionism of Thomas Cromwell Upham'; two other chapters are given to 'The "Higher Life" Movement,' and 'The Victorious Life.' Oberlin Perfectionism is described as fundamentally Wesleyan. Mahan says it not merely retained the terms, but also the thing. Entire sanctification was to be attained by a special act of faith directed to that end.

An Interpretation of Religious Experience. By Percy Gardner, Litt.D., F.B.A. (Williams & Norgate. 6*s.*)

Dr. Percy Gardner is one of the leaders of what is called Modernism in the English Church, and is singularly well equipped in literature and history for a discussion of religious questions. It is on the philosophical and mystical sides that one feels him to be deficient, so that his treatment of deep problems often does not seem to go beyond the level of practical common sense. In the present work there is nothing distinguished in his mode of arriving at common Christian beliefs. It is in his treatment of them as historically conditioned and as relative that many readers will be disconcerted. Yet his showing how there are different levels of interpretation—the factual, the humanist, and the spiritual—is the most useful thing in the book, and a real means to religious progress. This is reinforced by a study of thought-transference, which is shown to be a genuine aid to scientific belief in prayer, and by a consideration of telepathy regarded as affording grounds for belief in a future life. Altogether this is a wise and helpful little book, which may afford guidance to many who are on the gloomier slopes of doubt, and will be instructive to those who are on the sunnier side.

Freedom of Will. By N. O. Lossky. Translated from the Russian by Natalie Duddington, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 6*s.*) The Professor of Russian Philosophy in the University of Prague dedicates this book 'to the Czecho-Slovak people, who have enabled me to continue my work in philosophy during the years of exile.' He states

the problem of free will, considers the general arguments against it, and passes in review the various forms of determinism and indeterminism, or freedom not based on any grounds. His own position is that the human self is a free agent, free to carry out its 'own activities, lighted by the guiding star of the divine individual idea, which is an individual norm, but not a law hampering freedom.' 'In the Kingdom of God, where there is absolute material freedom, every creative act of an agent is harmoniously correlated with the creative acts of all other agents, is completely determined and therefore unique, irreplaceable and perfectly individual in character.' Those who choose the path of the good acquire 'the gracious omnipotence of positive material freedom in God and His Kingdom.' It is a lucid exposition, and the translation is admirable.

The New Twilight of the Gods is the Inaugural Lecture that Dean Inge delivered at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, last October. It is published by Messrs. Longmans at one shilling, and no one should overlook it who wishes to understand the movement of present-day thinking. The second law of thermodynamics depicts the universe as a clock slowly running down. Spengler speaks of a new *Götterdämmerung*. When all ponderable matter has been changed into radiation, the Creator, 'whose existence is bound up with that of His world, will either literally die, or will pass into an unblest and never-ending Nirvana.' That unrelieved pessimism Dean Inge meets with singular force, and his argument deserves close attention. 'Unless God and the realm of eternal values are rescued from the domination of flux, the doom of the Scandinavian gods hangs over our pantheon. We cannot escape from materialism by merely abjuring the name.'

The Cambridge University Press now publish 1 and 2 Chronicles of *The Old Testament in Greek*. It is edited by Dr. Brooke, Norman McLean, and the late Henry St. John Thackeray, and gives the text of the Codex Vaticanus supplemented from other uncial manuscripts, with a critical apparatus containing the variants of the chief ancient authorities for the text of the Septuagint. Dr. Thackeray took the keenest interest in the Larger Edition of the Septuagint, and all the work of collation, revision, and collection of patristic evidence. He went with his two colleagues to many foreign libraries, and during the whole period of editorship, which began in 1895, he bore a large share in the great task. Editors and printers have put their utmost skill and research into this masterpiece of sacred learning.—Joseph Smith spent eight years in teaching at Overdale College, and, on his death in 1931, left a rough draft of his labours on the Synoptic problem. His friend and colleague, Mr. Robinson, has put it into shape, making good use of a German work by Johannes Weiss. The tables show the relationship between the first three Gospels, so that one can see at a glance where any parable or miracle occurs and can follow our Lord's ministry step by step. It will be of real service to Bible readers, and, the more they use it, the more will they appreciate the

labour and research given to its preparation. *Synoptic Tables* is published in Birmingham by the Berean Press at 2*s*.—*The Old Testament in the Church*. By Alexander Nairne, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 1*s*.) Dr. Nairne finds a good opening in George Moore's description of the Bible as 'itself a literature, which has led him into many various literatures.' A child should make its start in Bible-study with the Gospels, and then, from the exquisite stories of Genesis, follow the progressive revelation in the three volumes of the Old Testament. Hints are given as to such study, and Dr. Nairne would gladly see energy devoted to biblical and theological continuation classes on a three years' plan. The Bible was the heart of the Renaissance; 'a new Renaissance is burgeoning in Europe to-day.' This is a real message for the Churches.—*Anno Domini: The Story of the Master's Working Years*. By John Oxenham. (Longmans & Co. 6*s*.) This is the middle volume of Mr. Oxenham's Life of Christ. We have *The Hidden Years* and *The Splendour of the Dawn*, now the intervening years are filled, in the same beautiful imaginative vein. We keep close to the gospel record, but it is all brought into touch with the life of Palestine. The boy whom Jesus saves from a devil, and the girl to whom He gives power to walk, are devoted to their Healer, and we move in and out of the circle around Jesus, watching His wonders, sorrowing at His Cross, rejoicing at His resurrection. It is reverent, discerning, and illuminating all through.—*The Speaker's Bible. The Gospel according to St. John*. Vol. I. Edited by the Rev. E. Hastings, M.A. (Aberdeen: *The Speaker's Bible* Office. 9*s*. 6*d*.) The aim of *The Speaker's Bible* is to preserve the best in modern interpretation of the Bible. With this end in view a wide area is scoured. The various contributions are condensed, rearranged, or otherwise adapted, so that in most cases the sources whence the material is drawn are not stated. An exception is made in the case of excerpts from published sermons. These are listed under texts at the end of the volume, and are of commendable catholicity. To the present volume, which covers John i.–x., Dr. J. A. Robertson supplies a concise Introduction. The method followed is to select special texts in order, and to print expositions thereon under a suitable heading. Vol. II. covers the latter part of the Gospel, with a wealth of rich expository matter in its 228 pages. The Raising of Lazarus stands out in its wonderful significance as the great 'sign' of the Gospel.—*The Atonement in Experience*, by Leon Arpee (Allen & Unwin, 5*s*.), discusses the subject under three divisions: 'Man in Sin and Repentance'; 'God in the Act of Redemption'; 'The Ministry of Reconciliation.' Forgiveness is conditioned only by genuine repentance. Sin, being an inward state, demands an inward cure, and, being in its nature an alienation from God, it is forgiven only as the sinner is restored to God. The Incarnation is the vital root of the Atonement, which it makes an act of the deity Himself. The Cross is the culmination of the Old Testament sacrificial system, and the blood of Christ is the long-promised fountain of cleansing 'for sin and for uncleanness.'

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Angelus Silesius. By J. E. C. Flitch. (Allen and Unwin. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

JOHANN SCHEFFLER, better known as Angelus Silesius, is something of an enigma. To judge by the verses which he has left, he is unquestionably a mystic, whose mysticism is at times indistinguishable from pantheism. Many of his expressions certainly overpass the bounds of orthodoxy. 'I am God's child and son, but He is my son also'; 'Before I was anything, then was I the life of God'; 'There is naught but *I and Thou*; and, if we twain are not, then God is not, and the heaven falls in ruin'; 'I am as rich as God; there is no grain of dust that I have not in common with Him'; 'He that denies perfectness to me believes not that God is almighty,'—these are but a few out of scores of apophthegms, designed, it is true, to startle, yet undoubtedly giving his real opinions, or, at least, opinions which he liked to claim as his own. It would have taken no very sharp-eyed Inquisitor to detect heresy in them; and they certainly contrast strangely with the conciliar dictum: 'God, being infinite in understanding and will, one single, wholly simple and changeless spiritual substance, is to be held truly and essentially distinct from the world, most blessed in Himself and of Himself, and ineffably exalted over all things which beside Him exist and are conceivable.'

Yet Angelus, not only *was* a Catholic, but deliberately chose Catholicism, and the Church did not reject him. Why he left Protestantism; what made him detest his former creed so furiously that even fifty-five volumes did not exhaust his animosity; why, soon after his conversion, he published a set of distichs which are no more Catholic than Protestant; and why his new friends allowed him to do so,—all these are questions crying out for an answer.

Mr. Flitch, in this very able volume, attacks the problems, but confesses himself unable to find a solution. He tracks Angelus's ideas to their sources, and shows conclusively that he was far from original. But he cannot tell us why a man to whom such ideas were attractive can have sought his spiritual home in a Church whose formulae are precise, concrete, and definite, and to which the separate personality of God is a fundamental postulate. That Church condemned Molinos and Madame Guyon; why did it welcome the Silesian?

Perhaps it is this very mystery that explains, at least in part, the fascination which Angelus exerts on many in whom mysticism, in itself, rouses little interest. Even so practical a man as John Wesley occasionally felt the charm, and translated several of Scheffler's hymns, while, scattered throughout his writings, there are evidences that phrases of the *Cherubic Wanderer* had struck him and remained in his memory. Less religious minds than Wesley's have also been

attracted; and it is likely that for many generations men who like to study human psychology will turn their attention to this very remarkable man. For people of this kind, Mr. Flitch will prove an admirable guide. His Introduction gives the requisite biographical details, and his text and translation are all that can be desired. With this book, and Mr. Henry Bett's equally excellent little work (which Mr. Flitch does not seem to know), the reader will have full materials for forming a judgement of Angelus Silesius.

Constantine the Great and the Christian Church. By Norman H. Baynes. (Milford. 6*s.*)

This is the Raleigh Lecture by an acknowledged authority on Byzantine history. His description of Constantine the Great as 'one of the few inescapable figures in European history and one of the most intractable' is just, and prepares the way for a discussion of the very diverse verdicts that have been passed on his personality and aims. The lecturer refuses to regard him, with Burckhardt, as unreligious and overweeningly ambitious; or, with Seeck, as quite insensible to the idea advanced by Eusebius and Lactantius that he was a providential agent establishing the guilt of the persecuting emperors and retrieving their error; or, with Schwartz, that he was a clever diplomatist, with a masterful will, who aimed at convincing Christian and pagan alike of their dependence on him alone. Mr. Baynes bases his own view on Constantine's letters and edicts, which he assumes to be genuine and not contemporary forgeries, and concludes that he was not a philosophical monotheist whose faith was the product of contemporary syncretism, but that he had a clear conviction of 'a personal mission entrusted to him by the Christian God,' and worked for unity among the opposing dogmatists as against Athanasius, who wished for a policy of exclusion. He took the side of the Eusebian party because he stood for tolerance. In the new Rome his vision of unity was realized, and he has his 'place among seers and prophets' as the *religiosissimus Augustus*.

Of supreme value for the student of the period are the notes which are appended to the lecture, inasmuch as they incorporate the views of European scholars—chiefly, though not exclusively, German and Italian—who have recently dealt with the subject. In particular, his study of Eusebius's *Vita Constantini*, which, like all panegyrics, has aroused doubts and suspicions, stresses the view that the authenticity of the document cannot be invalidated by the additions and alterations which have suggested a revision of the original text, but, on the contrary, that Eusebius's criticism of his hero involved in these passages is an argument in favour of his intellectual probity as an historian. Another interesting point is the retention of the *Sol Invictus*—the Mithraic deity—on his coinage; a fact which indicates not an accommodation to pagan mythology, but, rather, the use of a symbol befitting Christ and the new cult into which he himself had passed by a path that led from his former faith.

A History of Later Greek Literature. By F. W. Wright. (Routledge. 18*s*.)

This volume meets a need which has long been felt by students of Greek literature. The history of the classical period has often been treated, but no continuous survey of the writers of the later period is available. The author, noting that Greek has a history of some thirty centuries, assigns to the credit of later Greek the fact that, from the age of Alexander, it gave us the sermon, the letter, the encyclopaedia, the essay, and various forms of literary criticism and art. For detail of obscurer writers and their works, the student had painfully to search where he could: here the whole field from Alexander to Justinian is set out before him.

It is a happy idea to arrange the three great periods under the heading of the centres of literary activity: Alexandria from 323 to the threshold of the Christian Era, Rome for the next three centuries, and Byzantium for the next two and a half. Nothing is omitted; even the nameless historian of the Oxyrhynchus papyrus discovered by Grenfell and Hunt, with its valuable extract of a long Greek history, is mentioned, while the brilliant age of the Ptolemys is described in detail—an age which includes the Septuagint and the Apocrypha, together with the poetry of Theocritus, Apollonius, and Callimachus; the prose-writers so various as Euclid, Aratus of Soli, and Archimedes; the philosophers Chrysippus and Panaetius; historians like Polybius; and the Syrian poets, Antipater and Meleager. With the world at peace, we have Philo, Josephus, the New Testament writers, Justin Martyr, together with Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch and Pausanias, and the Greek novelists Longus, Achilles Tatius, and others. This age ends with the Neoplatonists Porphyry and Plotinus, and with Clement of Alexandria and Origen; and after 313 the scene shifts to the East with the Cappadocian Fathers, Basil and the two Gregorys, with the historian Eusebius and Socrates, until the end of paganism, with those die-hard orators Libanius and Julian, and the revival of epic poetry, with Quintus Smyrnaeus, an imitator of genius, and Palladas, the friend of Hypatia. The writers of the Court of Justinian, nominally Christian, but in outlook and expression entirely pagan, are next treated, such as Procopius the historian, and that extraordinary minor poet, Paul the Silentiary, whose description of St. Sophia, Justinian's great church, is amazingly picturesque and rich in detail. The volume closes with the poet Musaeus, whose epic idyll of 'Hero and Leander' formed the basis of the longer poems by our own Christopher Marlowe and George Chapman.

This sketch gives only a scanty idea of the content of a scholarly and useful work. The literary judgements are invariably stimulating and just. We note that our age is doing more justice to the Greek style of New Testament writers than was the case earlier; e.g. of St. Paul the remark is made that, 'although he has no thought for art, there are pages which are as moving and impressive as the finest

flights of Demosthenes.' The accuracy of the book in detail, so far as we can judge, is remarkable, though something has gone wrong on p. 381 with the account of the Nicene formula.

John of Salisbury. By Clement C. J. Webb, M.A., D.Litt. (Methuen & Co. 6*s*.)

The 'great mediaeval Churchman' was born at Old Sarum, probably between 1115 and 1120. He was a pupil of Abailard, and afterwards at Chartres, which had become the head quarters of a humanistic movement. He became the special friend of Nicholas Breakspear, the only English Pope, and did his utmost to curb the impetuous Becket from arousing the indignation of the King. Pope Adrian IV never missed an opportunity of opening his heart to him and inviting him to his table. John entered Archbishop Theobald's household in 1154, and for the next twenty years, Canterbury was his home. The sketch of his early life is followed by a study of his *Policraticus*, with its castigation of the chase and of gambling, its censure of omens and dreams, of simony and hypocrisy. The way to all the good things which Becket coveted as Chancellor was, he tells him, in righteousness and the fear of God. The *Metalogion* throws much light on John's own history and the intellectual life of the period, and the *Letters* and his *Historia Pontificalis* throw light on the whole age in which he played a distinguished part. He became Bishop of Chartres in 1176, and died there in 1180. He rests in foreign soil, but history knows him as John of Salisbury, one of the foremost scholars and wisest leaders of his age.

Philip Sidney. By Emma M. Denkinger. (Allen & Unwin. 16*s*.)

With American thoroughness, Miss Denkinger builds a *decor* and puts her Philip in the middle of it. How would he look in the company of Gabriel de Montgomerie, she wonders. She then shows us this romantic figure of the Lord of Lorges—who accidentally killed Henry II—and says, 'Probably at the house of Walsingham, Philip met the unforgettable Gabriel de Montgomerie.' So also 'Sidney must have taken a fine assortment of exciting ideas to bed with him that night.' This new way of treating biography can be very entertaining. One is reminded, somehow, of being at a picture house. This great Elizabethan loses none of his glamour by this method of treatment. Miss Denkinger has gathered a huge mass of interesting detail and has displayed it very cleverly. The massacre of the Huguenots—while Philip was in Paris—is described very graphically; also the wedding of Princess Margot to Henry of Navarre at Notre-Dame, with its ensuing tournaments, ballets, and balls; Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, with the fireworks, hunting, 'ambrosial feasts,' bear-baiting, and morris-dancing. As Miss Denkinger's countrymen might say, 'What Elizabeth said—went!' and Philip Sidney had to bring himself to recognize it. He kicked against the pricks; he

tried to play truant, but was brought back and paid the penalty. This close-fisted Gloriana kept him short of money; she sent him on foreign missions, when he had to pay his own expenses. With it all, Sidney remembered his breeding. 'My chiefest honour is to be a Dudley, and truly I am glad to have cause to set forth the nobility of that blood whereof I am descended.' Of Philip Sidney's poetry, the 'Arcadia' and the 'Defence of Poesie' are but mentioned. Miss Denkinger concentrates upon 'Astrophel and Stella,' analysing the progress of the love-story of Philip and Penelope Devereux by means of extracts interspersed with what I cannot help calling 'film captions.' One example will suffice: 'Passionately he came to envy the very spaniel who might be with her constantly. Here at last was one dog he did not love, an ugly, graceless little brute!'

> Dear, why make you more of a dog than me?
> If he do love, alas, I burn in love;
> If he wait well, I never. . . .

Meantime Stella noticed her Astrophel's depression. But, actuated by either discretion or coquetry, she affected not to know the cause. Her lover was moved to protest:

> Stella oft sees the very face of woes
> Painted in my bewrinkled, stormy face,
> But cannot . . .

The final chapter contains a vivid description of the obsequies of Sir Philip. Miss Denkinger also gives an interesting account of her discoveries regarding the *impresa* in the Apollo portrait of Sir Philip Sidney in the National Portrait Gallery, for the identification of which she is largely responsible.

Mr. Du Quesne and other Essays. By John Beresford. (Milford. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Parson Woodforde's *Diary* enshrines his friend and neighbour, Mr. Du Quesne, and has led Mr. Beresford on a literary bridle-path where it is a pleasure to follow him. Du Quesne descended from the famous French admiral who made the fleet of Louis XIV supreme for many years in the Mediterranean. The Du Quesnes were Huguenots, and, after the Edict of Nantes, Gabriel Du Quesne found his way to England, where he served the Crown for twenty years. His son, Roger Thomas, went to Eton and became scholar and fellow of King's College. In 1758 his cousin, Charles Townshend, presented him to the living of Honingham in Norfolk, to which East Tuddenham was added a year later. His Tythe Book yields Mr. Beresford many pictures of village life, and another chapter sets him among his friends, with an incessant interchange of hospitality and visits to Norwich, nine miles away, for plays and concerts. He visited Archbishop Cornwallis at Lambeth, and his letters to Parson Woodforde are full of detail which makes the old times alive. He died in 1798, and his epitaph in the chancel at East Tuddenham says that, for forty years, 'he not only constantly served both his churches himself,

but he comforted the afflicted, he visited the sick, and he relieved the necessitous.' It is a page of eighteenth-century clerical life which it does one good to read. The little paper on Gray and his 'Elegy' is very attractive, and we are glad to find that the 'Judith Beresford,' which first appeared in the *London Quarterly*, is included. The girl whom Wesley described as 'a sweet, but short-lived flower' never loses her fragrance. George III's foresight in sending Rodney to the West Indies comes out in 'The Paths of Glory, 1782,' and two or three other papers add to the charm of a very attractive volume.

Newland of Claremont and Canning Town. (Epworth Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*) Canon R. J. Campbell says in his Foreword that Mr. and Mrs. Newland have never known any ministry except among the poor and lowly. The book is a stirring record of ten years at the London dock gates. Mr. Newland has known a poor man kiss the blankets lent to him in a cold winter night, and a poor mother run from the room where she had cut the bread for her children, lest she should be unable to keep herself from taking some of their scanty supply. The chapter on 'The East End Factory-girl' tells how some of these girls would spend as much as a pound on feathers. They had a club into which they put sixpence or a shilling a week. The book is full of stories which read like romance, and Mr. Newland's close and prolonged experience enables him to throw light on many problems. Her Majesty the Queen has shown her keen interest in Claremont, and has greatly cheered the warden and his wife by her visits. There is a brighter outlook in the regions where Mr. Newland has laboured with such wise devotion, and he looks to the democracy for the progress of the country. The next forty years will see a great development in the power of women, and a more scientific distribution of work will secure great results.

Peter Abailard. By J. G. Sikes, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*) Dr. Nairne refers in his Preface to the fresh interest felt to-day in the Middle Ages, and Abailard well deserves the close attention here given to his life and thought in relation to his contemporaries, and especially to St. Bernard. His relations to rival teachers and his amour with Héloïse do not make pleasant reading. He entered the Abbey of St. Denis, close to Paris, where he wrote his first theological essay on the Unity and the Trinity of God. His enemies brought charges of Sabellianism against him, and the book was ordered to be burnt. He found a retreat at last in the parish of Quincey, where he built himself a mud-and-wattle oratory which he dedicated to the Trinity. Students flocked to him from all parts, and his fame spread far and wide. Mr. Sikes shows that he was unaffected by the mysticism of St. Augustine. He delighted in discussion, and his victories gave him obvious pleasure. He held that all knowledge must begin with the study of words, and stressed the intellectual character of theology. Ethics were basic to his doctrinal views. He held that human reason was competent to

arrive at some knowledge of reality. 'Headstrong and fully convinced of the correctness of his views, he failed to realize that very often his theology was open to criticism because it was carelessly expressed.' This was very evident in his exposition of the dogma of the Trinity. He was unhappy in making many foes, but at Quincey he became more contented as his former pupils flocked around him. Mr. Sikes has laid all students of the man and the times under obligation by this illuminating volume on one of the most fascinating figures of the Middle Ages.

A History of Christian Thought. By Arthur Cushman McGiffert. (Scribner's Sons. 12*s.* 6*d.*) This is the first instalment of the course of lectures which Professor McGiffert has been delivering for many years. Its first book covers the period from 'Jesus to John of Damascus,' including St. Paul, John, and Ignatius, down to the conflict with Montanism, from which the Catholic Church emerged stronger and more self-conscious. The second begins with Clement of Alexandria and closes with John of Damascus and the Eastern Church of the Middle Ages. There was no creative thinking. The deference to the past was so great that little independent thinking was done in any lines, least of all in theology. This was of minor importance because the development of Christian thought in the east was virtually complete when John produced his summary of the orthodox faith. In the west the development went on, and has not yet come to an end. The work is one of great value, full of knowledge conveyed in a way that makes it a pleasure to turn the pages.

Life of Mendel. By Hugo Iltis. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. (Allen & Unwin. 12*s.* 6*d.*) Mendel was an Augustinian monk whose short monograph, within a few years after its rediscovery, gave a mighty impulse to the doctrine of heredity, and has become the central theme of biological research, as well as the foundation of manifold practical applications. Mendel was born in 1822 and was admitted as a novice to the Augustinian monastery at Altbrünn in 1843, and, after studying at the University of Vienna, became a teacher for fourteen years at Brünn Modern School. He began his experiments in the crossing of the edible pea in 1856, and spent seven years upon them. His election as prelate in 1868 left little time for his experiments on plant hybridization. The memoir describes him as gardener and beekeeper, and gives an account of the meteorological studies to which he remained faithful to the end of his life. He died in 1884, and his work was resuscitated by de Vries in 1900, and in 1910 a statue was erected in Brünn, near to the little garden where he had been so happy among his birds and flowers. His influence grows more widespread every year, and this well-written and well-translated *Life* will be read with eager interest.

The Correspondence of Richard Hurd and William Mason. Edited by Leonard Whibley. (Cambridge University Press. 10*s.* 6*d.*) This collection of letters is a fragment of the Life of his famous

predecessor, Dr. Hurd, which Bishop Pearce was preparing at the time of his death. Dr. Hurd built the spacious and beautiful library at Hartlebury and remodelled that side of the castle. He and Mason, the poet, were intimate friends, and the letters begin in 1747 and end in 1797, two days before Mason's death. They throw welcome sidelights on the literary life of the times, and have not a few references to Gray, whose Life Mason wrote. We are glad also to see some references to Mrs. Delany and to Pope's interest in Samuel Wesley's *Job*. Mason heard Bishop Warburton speak of Wesley's notes in his Life of Christ with approbation, and adds 'they are certainly both learned and oddly entertaining.' Pope, in one of his letters, urged Dean Swift to subscribe for *Job*, because old Sam Wesley was a staunch Tory. Hurd's notes on his own reading and his admiration for Bishop Warburton are interesting, and he pays tribute to Pitt's loyalty and his duty when he resigned office in 1761. Mr. Whibley's notes are of real value.

The Pioneering Days of Southern Maoriland. By M. A. Rugby Pratt. (Epworth Press. 6*s*.) This is a great story of missionary heroism and triumph. We see a world of savages where bodies of the slain are cooked and eaten by the victors, and about a hundred baskets filled with flesh taken away that the feast might be continued elsewhere. James Watkin entered this scene of horrors in 1840. He was a book-lover, a man of bright and ready wit, and a student of language who made an alphabet, a grammar, and a dictionary of the native speech. He had sound sense softened by gracious benevolence and instinctive Christian kindness. After four years of pioneer work, he left 227 Church members, won from savagery, with more than 26 native preachers and class-leaders. He had baptized 268 persons, including some children, and had prepared the way for a strong Christian community which Charles Creed consolidated and extended. It is a story of empire, for the heroic missionaries opened the way to British influence and civilization.

Sarah Bernhardt. Impressions by Reynaldo Hahn. Translated, with an Introduction, by Ethel Thompson. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot. 5*s*.) The writer was taken to see Sarah Bernhardt act when he was a child of six or seven, and his imagination was dominated by 'an absolute thunderbolt.' Years later he was introduced to her and was honoured with her confident affection to the close of her life. His impressions range from 1895 to 1904, and give intimate details of her life on the stage and among her friends. There is little about the early years when she said, laughing at herself, 'I was mad, as are all young women; I saw everything out of focus.' She took endless pains with her parts, put such vigour into them that she was almost dead after some scenes, and modified them sometimes, with great effect, on the inspiration of the moment. It is an insight into the life of a great artiste such as many will prize, and Miss Thompson's Introduction and M. Hahn's Preface add detail to the Impressions.

Behind Mud Walls in India. By Charlotte and W. H. Wiser. (Allen & Unwin. 6*s.*) Mr. and Mrs. Wiser went to Karimpur in 1925 to make a survey of the social, religious, and economic life of a fairly typical North India village. They were at first regarded with suspicion, but gradually won the friendship of the people by neighbourly activities which turned them aside from a strict survey, but made them familiar with the home life of the village. They here describe the leaders of village life, those who follow their dictates, and the young and old of the community. Mr. and Mrs. Wiser feel that our duty is to help them to overcome the prejudices and fear which bar the way to better things. The old system must not be cast off as useless, and the established leaders must be enlisted, as far as they are willing, in developing the new order. They must be saved from their fear of creditors, by having a fair means of credit. Co-operative buying must provide efficient farm-machinery; women must no longer be bound to their family courtyards, and must share in the privileges of the new village.

A History of Fire and Flame. By Oliver C. de C. Ellis. (Simpkin Marshall. 15*s.*) Dr. Ellis describes fire, water, and salt as the first necessities of life. Water and salt are found ready for use by all the animals, and the first essential sign of humanity was the making or preservation of fire. 'Its expiration meant bothering the neighbours, or, a last resource not always possible, an actual rekindling.' All manner of out-of-the-way facts are brought in to illustrate and open up the subject. The English epicure in firewood will prefer the perfume of the apple-tree, but, for bread-making, nothing is said to beat the hawthorn. Antiquity is searched for illustrations and examples, and modern science and discovery are laid under contribution, from Davy's experiments and the work of Boulton, Watt, and Stephenson. It is a cyclopaedia of its own, and one that is full of wonders.

Ten Years of Tyranny in Italy. By Pietro Nenni. Translated by Anne Steele. (Allen & Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Signor Nenni opens his record with a scene at Forli, where he and Mussolini were in prison as political agitators, in 1911. He sketches the rise of his old friend to power, and gives intimate glimpses of his life, but he regards him as a traitor to his country's liberties. To him, Italy is to-day one vast prison, guarded by Fascist militia at Mussolini's absolute disposal. One half of the people are urged to spy on the rest, and every career depends on this spirit. 'Corruption, extortion, and prevarication are the order of the day in official circles, and the country is terrorized to silence corruption.' There is another side to the situation, but Signor Nenni pays no attention to the reforming spirit which has given Fascism its call and its opportunity.

The Development of Religious Toleration in England. By W. K. Jordan, Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin. 21*s.*) The first chapter sets out

the forces which contributed most largely to the development of religious toleration in England. The State renounced its control over certain areas of human interests in order to prevent the disruption of the body politic. The Reformation aided the development, since it was achieved in most countries by the transfer of much power and wealth from the Church to the national ruler. Cranmer sought to lay down a comprehensive ecclesiastical structure into which the vast majority of Englishmen could be coaxed with a minimum of compulsion. Save for the return of Mary to the older policy, the substance of that victory was to be retained and gradually expanded until freedom of worship had been won. The dominant groups in the reign of Elizabeth produced no full-blown theory of toleration, probably because a large degree of toleration was enjoyed. In the second half of Elizabeth's reign the Roman Catholic problem occupied the special attention of the Government. The position of Whitgift and Hooker is clearly brought out, and the relation of Puritan and Separatist thought in relation to toleration is considered. Lay thought on the subject was important, but Roman Catholicism made no important contribution to the subject. The book is one of great interest and value.

Charles Gore: Father and Son. By John Gore. (Murray. 8*s.* 6*d.*) Bishop Gore's nephew has written a little book on his uncle's early days which is a pleasant introduction to the *Life* which we all want to read. The bishop's father built up his own fortunes by his capacity as secretary to Lord John Russell. He was the essence of tact, and visitors who were ruffled by his chief were dexterously smoothed down by the young and charming secretary. He became Commissioner of Woods and Forests, with a salary of £1,200, and made a very happy marriage with the second daughter of the fourth Earl of Bessborough. Their third son, Charles, was born in 1853, and his family had no previous suspicion of the success he won at Harrow and at Oxford, where he gained a first class in the classic tripos and won a fellowship at Trinity. His father and mother were strong Evangelicals, but their son thought out his own theology, and his whole undergraduate life led up to the position in which he was seen as editor of *Lux Mundi*. The strain that came upon him as Canon of Westminster was more serious than his kinsfolk understood, but he always found time for the entertainment of his nephews and nieces, and took care to be with his mother at Wimbledon as much as possible. It is a family picture which gives a real insight into Dr. Gore's character, and shows him, among the younger generation of the family, as 'at heart the youngest, the keenest, the most up-to-date, and most adventurous of the circle.'

The Westminster Assembly and its Work. By Benjamin B. Warfield. (Oxford University Press. 19*s.*) The sixth volume of Dr. Warfield's collected articles gives a detailed and interesting account of the proceedings of the Westminster Assembly, which formed an

important measure in the conflict between the Parliament and the King. It held 1,168 numbered sessions, and, for three years more, served as a committee for the examination of preachers. Dr. Warfield explains the action it took in preparing a basis for uniform establishments in the three kingdoms; the making of the Confession; its doctrine of Holy Scripture and inspiration; the printing of the Confession, which was first published in Scotland. It was privately printed, once in part and thrice in whole, before it was published, and was probably published in no less than three editions before its publication was authorized by the legislative body by whose direction it was drawn up. A brief paper on the first question of the Shorter Catechism emphasizes the felicity with which it brings to concise expression the whole Reformed conception of the significance of human life. 'Man exists, not merely that God may be glorified in him, but that he may delight in this glorious God.'

Spinoza the Maker of Lenses. A Play in Three Acts. By J. A. Gunn. (Allen & Unwin. 8*s.* 6*d.*) Professor Gunn has made Spinoza very much alive in this play. He supports himself by making lenses, parts with all his inheritance to his ungracious half-sister, and devotes himself to discovering truth. The charm of his personality and his manly independence are well brought out in this fine play, which is published in celebration of the tercentenary of his birth on November 24, 1632.

Schopenhauer: His Life and Philosophy, by Helen Zimmern (Allen & Unwin, 7*s.* 6*d.*), was published in 1876, and has now been completely revised throughout. Its merits have long been acknowledged, and it is not only an important study of his philosophy, but a book of great interest. It is pleasant to find that the last ten years of his life were an Indian summer in which friends crowded round him.

Problems of Peace, Sixth Series (Allen & Unwin, 8*s.* 6*d.*), gives the lectures delivered at the Geneva Institute of International Relations in August, 1931. Professor Redslob treats the League as a Confederation; Mr. Mowrer of the *Chicago Daily News* discusses Public Opinion and the World Community, and other lectures are by Dr. Laski, Dr. Sherwood Eddy, Professor Alfred Zimmern and other experts. The discussion of current international problems by these recognized authorities will be of great value to busy readers. It is a timely volume and one of great importance.

Duty and Ignorance of Fact, by H. A. Prichard (Milford, 1*s.* 6*d.*), is the Annual Philosophical Lecture of the Henriette Herz Trust. The question is, Does the obligation to do some action depend on certain characteristics of the situation, or of the man's thought about the situation. The answer, reached after much acute reasoning, turns not on the nature of the situation, but on that of our thought about it.

GENERAL

Ethics. By Nicolai Hartmann. Vols. I. and II. English Translation. (Allen & Unwin. 16*s.* each).

Dr. Nicolai Hartmann, Professor of Philosophy of Berlin University, published his famous work on ethics in Germany in 1926. It was regarded at the time, and is regarded to-day, as a work of originality and penetrating thoroughness on the content and value of the moral consciousness. The English translation, which appears in the 'Library of Philosophy,' is to come out in three volumes, two of which have just been translated. The translators have certainly got hold of the spirit, as well as the letter, of the narrative, and, unlike many German books that have been translated, this one is eminently readable. Professor Hartmann seeks some principle of unity in the manifold ethical norms that have presented themselves to men in differing periods of history and civilization, whether Platonic, Aristotelian, Stoical, Epicurean, Utilitarian, or Intuitionist, as well as many others. These various norms of moral life must be considered as elements within the manifold richness of some unified system of ethical purpose. This claim is indeed a massive claim to make, and in the first volume, of course, it is not completely justified, but those who know the German original know quite well that this claim of the unification of the ethical life of man in some ultimate principle of good has certainly been well reasoned out by Professor Hartmann. Two other features emerge as evidences of originality. In the first place, Vol. I. is an interpretation of the data of ethics from the point of view of metaphysical realism. Professor Hartmann says that ethics cannot stand alone. They are part of the unified experience of the race, and are necessary to account partly for that ultimate unity. We have heard a great deal of talk about the independence of ethics, but the advances of modern research in the realm of physics, psychology, ethics, and so on, have abundantly evidenced the important fact that no science can claim complete independence of the other sciences. In any case, the distinction between ethics and the other sciences is a distinction which arises out of human experience, which may be divided into sections for purposes of thought, but in reality these sections of experience cannot be truly appreciated outside that which co-ordinates and unifies them. The second point is that both the method and the metaphysics exhibit the data of ethics in a new light, indicating the inner structure and the objective self-existence of values, but most of all their real dependence upon ontological principles. In conclusion, let us say this volume has brilliant passages in it. We will just give two instances. 'Whether one can operate upon another for moral cataract, that must certainly remain doubtful.' 'The tragedy of man is that of one who, sitting at a well-laden table, is hungry, but who

will not reach out his hand, because he does not see what is before him.' We can heartily recommend the first volume of this amazingly rich work to all students of moral philosophy.

'Moral Values' is the title of Vol. II. Everything in the world lies in the perspective of ethics, and ethical phenomena form a world of goods and evils as much as ontological phenomena. There must be a unity of scale of values, and they must be gathered into an ideal system. A people, like an individual, can miss its inner determination, its world-task, and allow itself to be spiritually violated. Professor Hartmann includes the good, the noble, richness of experience, and purity in fundamental moral values; and justice, wisdom, courage, self-control, and the Aristotelian virtues in the first group of special moral values. Other groups include brotherly love and personal love. We know neither the higher nor the lower boundary of the realm of values, and all speculations concerning it, even his own, Professor Hartmann confesses remain conjectural. Professor Hartmann holds the chair once filled by Schleiermacher and Troeltsch in the University of Berlin, and made his first analysis of moral values when in the trenches, under the incessant fire of the Russian guns. This part of the work is translated with great clearness by Mr. Coit.

A Realistic Universe. By J. Elof Boodin. (New York: Macmillan Co.)

Dr. Boodin is the Professor of Philosophy at California University, and has had a long and distinguished career as a writer on philosophical subjects in America. He dedicates this book, in which he states his mature conclusions, to Josiah Royce; but he has been strongly under the influence of William James and Dewey. The book is a revised edition of a work first published in 1916, with a new Introduction, outlining the general contentions of his system, in forty (and not, as stated in the table of contents, in nine) pages. It is, as the title implies, a discussion of Reality, which, he holds, possesses five grand attributes (constituting the 'divine fivefold truth'): energy, consciousness, space, time, and form. What these mean is explained in the Introduction previously referred to, and in a brief concluding chapter (where, however, the five are discussed in a different order), and expounded at length in the 400 generous pages of the book. Dr. Boodin writes as a convinced pragmatist. That is, he holds that we 'must judge the nature of reality . . . by the consequences to the realization of human purposes, instead of by *a priori* assumptions.' The properties of matter will therefore be 'what they appear in specific energy systems.' 'Energy is what it does'; and therefore, unlike Bergson and Parmenides, for example, we must 'take the facts at their face value' (a constantly repeated phrase). The main thing is that 'the individual life should count for something'; and therefore even contradictory hypotheses must be held to for the time being, when 'such hypotheses are useful in dealing with the facts.' Thus, time and space must be thought of as

real (attributes of Reality), because, in order to realize our practical purposes, we 'must acknowledge space, as we acknowledge other egos.' The change in the world, of which we are immediately conscious, necessitates ever fresh judgements, and these constitute the reality of time. Both depend on our own interests; and the underlying reality would seem to be interest; 'the relation of interest is a real and unique relation *when it exists*' (italics the author's); while the theory of a subjective idealism 'is a dogma unsupported by evidence.' This is really the sophistic position, that man is the measure of all things; but it is quite consistent, in Dr. Boodin's system, with a belief in God. God is the great 'Socius' who guarantees the fulfilment of our purposes and hopes; and, if we are daunted by 'changes in the cosmic weather,' we can 'have recourse to the Guardian of Israel.' Similarly, immortality is practically assured, since it is implied by the agreement of activity with an objective and ultimate and eternal standard, which must be taken to exist; and the 'stubborn and perennial' craving for immortality cannot be neglected. It goes without saying, that Dr. Boodin is widely read in philosophy; but his references to older writers would often have been more convincing if he had discussed their systems rather than—as so often—isolated dicta from them. His style and his examples are sometimes hardly worthy of the exalted theme of which he is treating. But even those who cannot accept the pragmatist point of view, in the form in which he boldly and consistently expounds it, will rejoice in a treasure, amassed through a lifetime, of deep and earnest and challenging thought.

The Limits of Purpose, and other Essays. By J. L. Stocks, M.A. (Benn. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

In this volume the author has brought together a number of essays written avowedly for different occasions and not all of them having any particular bearing on the subject chosen as the title of the book. Of the thirteen essays, six are definitely intended to be a 'contribution to moral philosophy.' The first four were written, we are told in the Preface, in close connexion with one another, and form an enlargement of the thesis developed in the first essay, 'The Limits of Purpose.' The other two essays bearing on the problem of ethics are 'Plato and the Tripartite Soul' and 'The Golden Mean.' In these two latter, Professor Stocks has related his own theory to that of Plato and Aristotle respectively. The present review, in the small space at command, can only give the barest outline of the writer's main position, but the essays deserve to be read in their entirety, and are of importance and interest, not only to students of ethical theories, but to the more general public. The six essays already alluded to are written in defence of an intuitive theory of ethics as opposed both to popular utilitarianism and the idealist theory of self-realization. Professor Stocks is convinced that much of the modern exclusive emphasis on 'purpose,' as being

of ultimate significance in the appreciation of an 'act,' is due to a false abstraction, as well as to a failure to keep separate those questions which ought to be distinguished from one another. He claims that, while it is generally recognized that the concept of purpose is not applicable to the lowest forms of activity, yet there is a real failure to perceive that, in the highest human activity, purpose is again superseded. In fact, the very 'existence of art, of morality, of religion, of genuine thought and knowledge, depends on the ability of man to rise above the level of purpose.' In an interesting analysis of art and morality he points out that, as art enters into and modifies purpose, destroying the mere means and abolishing the indifferent and equally good—for it has no aim but its own justification—so morality enters into action as an additional principle of discrimination; it makes distinctions of value; it gives significance to details which without it would be insignificant. The moral value, he affirms, 'is not in the purpose which the act serves, but in the action itself.' He concludes that, 'in the concrete moral act, the purposive artistic-complex is absorbed and transformed, as purpose was absorbed and transformed by art; and with this last transformation the practical attitude is complete. The whole fact is now present to consciousness.' The moral judgement is, then, for him an immediate intuitive judgement which, like the aesthetic judgement, neither argues nor can be argued. A word will, perhaps, not be out of place in appreciation of the thirteenth essay, which, in this instance, is certainly not unlucky. Here Professor Stocks discusses the significance of 'courage' in relation to his own experience and his observation of others during the war as a soldier in the trenches. It forms an interesting epilogue to the collection of essays.

Mischiefs of the Marriage Law. By J. F. Worsley Boden, M.A., D.Litt. (Williams & Norgate. 21*s*.)

This essay in reform dwells on the 'undue influence of the ecclesiastical canon law upon the English law and practice of divorce,' and urges 'the need for a drastic limitation of their influence.' The author holds that the reforms which have been effected by statute and judicial decision cannot be described as more than half-measures, and that the demand for a new reform of the law represents the considered judgement of responsible persons and the genuine, although largely inarticulate, desire of a great multitude which sees and knows that something is wrong, but lacks both the technical knowledge to define it and the opportunity to set it right. His own scheme of reform is, he thinks, 'so liberal that no divorce can ultimately be prevented, but so carefully guarded that a desire for divorce on trivial grounds would commonly be deflected by consideration of time and trouble.' The grounds for divorce which Mr. Boden would recommend are adultery, wilful desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, habitual drunkenness, and imprisonment for life under a commuted

death-sentence. He would add incompatibility mutually admitted or as a contestable issue. This, he argues, would greatly reduce the number of suits on the ground of adultery, and probably those brought on the ground of desertion and cruelty. He would introduce tests and safeguards. The period of probation in the case of incompatibility would be one year, with a discretion to the court to extend it to two years. The present extreme facilities for marriage would be guarded by the production of a certificate of reasonable health and by six months' notice of intention to apply for publication of banns or for a licence. Mr. Boden's scheme fails to convince us of the wisdom of its practical safeguards, but it is a carefully reasoned attempt to meet difficult cases whilst protecting the marriage system of the country.

Studies in Law and Politics. By Harold Laski. (Allen & Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

These twelve essays have appeared in various journals during the past seven years, and, now brought together, form a valuable text-book for the citizen and the politician. 'The Problem of a Second Chamber' is a useful contribution to political science—the difficulties attendant upon the solution of this question are stated with a lucidity that is unfortunately rare in most of the discussions upon this vexed topic. Professor Laski makes a good case for single-chamber government. Is the uncontrolled discretion of the executive in choosing our judges desirable? Does it leave too great play to political influence? Why not adopt Professor Laski's suggestion that an advisory body should be consulted by the executive before making the appointments? The judges would select this body from amongst themselves, to serve for a term of three or five years. 'We should be certain,' says Professor Laski, 'of a thorough assessment of claims before an appointment was made, by men thoroughly competent to assess these claims. We should therefore make choice on purely political grounds a matter of grave difficulty.' 'The State in the New Social Order' gives a concise and common-sense resumé of what devolves upon us as citizens in this New World. 'Our business is to give to the common man that access to his inheritance of which he has hitherto been deprived. Of that inheritance he has become aware; and the future most largely depends upon the response we make to that awareness. Our complex civilization is being tested by men who do not judge it by the thought and effort that have gone to its making, but by the happiness it brings to ordinary men and women. It is only by endeavouring to meet their desires that we shall be able to await their judgement with confidence.' Professor Laski urges the necessity of reshaping the foundations of our legal systems that they may more fully satisfy the needs of a democratic society, and his 'Justice and the Law,' a lecture delivered before the Ethical Union, has done much to place him in the forefront of our political scientists. 'The Age of Reason' is a study

of eighteenth-century France. No historical period, perhaps, is so full of apparent contradictions; the fascination of its study to the student lies probably in the almost inexhaustible points of view which confront him. The period in which France discovered its own existence, and therewith its right to political power, as Professor Laski calls it, would naturally furnish a stage for a veritable medley of players, and an almost unintelligible babel of sound. 'Diderot,' as a critical study, is a perfect cameo. Diderot himself would approve of it. He yearned for recognition by a later generation, and Professor Laski gives it him unstintingly. If he was not a genius he was an extraordinary man—one of the few about whom one never seems to tire of reading. 'His rich and vigorous personality made him an outstanding leader in one of the half-dozen essential battles for freedom of which the modern historian must take account.' 'The Socialist Tradition in the French Revolution' is worth careful perusal. The conspiracy of Babœuf, which Professor Laski discusses in detail, discounts any marks we may have awarded to Lenin for originality. Babœuf and Lenin are linked up in a curiously interesting way.

Youth and Sex. A Psychological Study. By Meyrick Booth, B.Sc., Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin. 5*s.*) This volume opens with a sketch of 'The Modern Background' which makes us realize 'the world-shaking movement of present-day life.' The whole subject of sexual ethics has been thrown into the melting-pot. Dr. Booth then passes to 'The Psychology of Youth.' He agrees with Spranger that 'youth contains within itself the antidote to sex-danger' if the educator knows how to use it. There is, he holds, a profound natural instinct of purity and modesty in the unspoiled boy or girl. To help the adolescent to overcome sex difficulties, the building up of the whole soul must be the object, the strengthening of the idealistic and ethical elements. 'Special Problems' of education and psychology are considered. The desire to produce womanly girls seems to be lost sight of. Because a girl may not marry, it is thought wise to prepare her, not only instructionally, but also emotionally, for a celibate career. Dr. Booth's wise dealing with these problems makes this a book of distinct practical importance.

Philosophy of the Sciences. By F. R. Tennant, D.D. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s.*) Dr. Tennant has devoted his Tarner Lectures to certain relations in which typical sciences, or groups of sciences, stand to one another and to knowledge as a co-ordinated whole. His lectures discuss the relation of the Psychology of Knowledge to Philosophy of the Sciences; the Sciences as Human Interpretations of 'Historical' Data; the relations of History and Dogmatic Theology to each other, and to the sciences; the relations of the Natural and Pure Sciences to each other, and to Philosophy and Metaphysics; and the relation of Theology to other departments of knowledge. 'Theology explicates what the other departments and sciences

suggest, and they supply it with a basis, in facts and generalizations, for a faith such as is but a further stage, in that venture to believe where we cannot rigidly prove, which we have found to be inevitable in all that we are wont to call knowledge of actuality.' Theology is not an isolated science, but an outgrowth of our knowledge of the world and man. The relations between the sciences imply relations between the processes and actualities with which those departments of thought are concerned. The body, which is the subject-matter of physiology, mediates to the soul, which psychology describes; its knowledge of the world is the sphere of physics; and its primary categories are the concern of epistemology. The lectures make a strong appeal to students, who will find much to stir and direct their thought.

What Life Should Mean to You. By Alfred Adler. Edited by Alan Porter. (Allen & Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.*) Dr. Adler divides his inquiry into five sections, which discuss: the Meaning of Life; Feelings of Inferiority and Superiority; Early Memories; Dreams; Crime and its Prevention; Love and Marriage; and other subjects of daily interest. 'Why do children cry?' 'What is laziness?' 'What is the purpose of dreams?' are some of the questions asked and answered. We make our own lives, and, if something is to be done, no one need do it but ourselves. A child crystallizes its style of life very early. 'The expression of the face is different in the courageous individual, and, in the end, the whole cast of features.' The chapter on dreams, with its typical forms, is interesting, but not illuminating. Influences, in early life, in the family and school, are discussed. As to 'Crime and its Punishment,' Dr. Adler says a criminal is not interested in others, and can co-operate only to a certain degree. When that is exhausted he turns to crime. Criminals must be trained to be co-operative. 'All criminals are cowards.' They like to believe they are heroes, and we must shake the common estimate of the criminal's courage and cleverness. 'Love and Marriage' has many good suggestions which will repay attention. The whole book is alive and practical.

Calvin's First Psalter—The Strassburg Psalter. Edited by Sir Richard R. Terry, Mus.D., F.R.C.O. (Benn. 10*s.* 6*d.*) The publication of this volume has laid both historians, musical experts, and amateurs under deep obligation—especially the English, for this is the first time that the original Strassburg Psalter has been presented to the English-speaking public. Though Dr. Terry is not the discoverer of the original work—for that honour belongs to MM. Douen and Delétra—he has pursued the discovery by his own critical research, and on such practical lines as to make the psalter an intelligible and delightful study for all lovers of hymns and tunes. The work is divided into three parts. Part I. consists of a facsimile of the original work, with the old Gothic letterpress and mediaeval notation. In Part II. we have the original poems by Marot and the

first melodies, printed in modern notation and letterpress. Part III. consists of all the melodies (whose origin, by the way, is still unknown), harmonized by Dr. Terry himself, set to English verses—free translations of the French poems. Concerning Part III. we may safely say that these harmonic settings will give delight to all executants. Special mention should be made of Ps. viii. This melody—and we do not know how many others—came to the notice of John Wesley, and was his own swan-song. On his death-bed, and almost as his last utterance, he sang, 'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath' (his favourite hymn), to this melody from the Strassburg Psalter. Dr. Terry expresses surprise that this is the only tune from this psalter that has found a place in modern tune-books. The explanation, we think, is found in the author's Preface. The Preface gives a valuable sketch of the history of the Strassburg Psalter (1539) and its relation to the Genevan Psalter (1542), whose subsequent editions determined the nature of the worship-song in the Reformed Churches for more than 200 years. The story of the Psalters is familiar to all students of music, and Dr. Terry's sketch, in the main, agrees with previous writers. But his own researches, and personal judgements on certain matters, make his Preface illuminating, both to the critical student and the general reader. It appears that Marot was not aware of the use of his psalms made by Calvin and the Carmel monk Alexandra, until after his meeting with Calvin following the publication of the Strassburg Psalter, nor did he receive any thanks for the use of his material. Marot's association with Calvin was not happy, and the reasons are obvious. Dr. Terry evidently concludes that the French poet returned to his old faith, and was buried with the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. The Genevan Psalter consisted of the material of Calvin's Strassburg Psalter, with additional psalms written by himself or his friends, together with melodies arranged by Bourgeois. Soon afterwards that dramatic and drastic change took place which altered the whole atmosphere and attitude of the Reformed Churches, switching them off from the Lutheran ideals, and shocking worship-music for many generations. Doubtless at Geneva it was largely due to the contracted views of Calvin himself; but the Scotch and English must take their share in the tragedy—for such it undoubtedly was as regards hymns and music—of abandoning the Lutheran Chorale, and confining hymn-singing to 'Long, common, and short'—indeed, almost exclusively the 'ballad metre.' How different would have been the history of the Reformed Churches if variety of metre and freedom of inspiration had been appropriated and applied! And so (Preface, p. xii.), 'The Genevan Psalter—the last descendant of Calvin's Strassburg compilation—remained where Marot and Beza left it, whereas, to the Lutheran books, additions were continually made.' We might add, 'What hath God wrought between the Strassburg Psalter and our modern Songs of Praise?' We call attention to an error on p. ii. It should evidently read 1868–9. It is to be hoped that this scholarly and fascinating volume

will find a place in every public library, and in the homes of all who delight in hymn-tunes.

Lyra Mystica. Edited by Charles Carroll Albertson. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Dr. Albertson has held pastorates in various large cities of the United States, and has taken immense pains to compile this anthology and to trace the source of unidentified material. It has been, indeed, a labour of years, as any one can understand who reads his list of publishers and authors who have given him permission to include copyright poems. The volume is greatly enriched by an extended Introduction by Dean Inge, who brings out the philosophic and the mystical sides of mysticism, and shows how the anthology has gathered its riches. They come from many lands and are arranged in chronological order, beginning with an Egyptian poem of 3000 B.C., and the language of the original, with its date and author indicated in every case. A few helpful notes are given, with an index of authors and of first lines. It is a volume of rare attraction; every piece has its own vein of mystic thought, and no more impressive companion could be found for a leisure hour.

Collected Papers of Charles Sanders Peirce. Edited by Charles Hartshorne and Paul Weiss. Vol. II.: Elements of Logic. (Milford. 31*s.*) This volume comes from Harvard University, where Peirce carried on his great work as a laboratory scientist. He was the creator of pragmatism and one of the founders of modern logic. James, Royce, Schröder, and Dewey acknowledged their great indebtedness to him. He has been called the greatest American philosophic genius, and he made notable contributions to geodesy, astronomy, psychology, induction, probability, and scientific method. He liked to call himself a logician, and for over fifty years gave himself to develop that science. The fruits of his study are here presented, beginning with a general and historical survey, and passing on to speculative grammar and critical logic. Scientific methodology —particularly the logic of discovery—specially appealed to him, and he was constantly expanding, clarifying, and working over the theories he early developed. The papers in this volume have been selected from a large number, and throw much light on the workings of a master mind.

Mental Deficiency Practice. By F. C. Shrubsall and A. C. Williams. (University of London Press. 12*s.* 6*d.*) The authors are on the medical staff of the London County Council, and deal in the first part with the clinical aspects of mental deficiency, and in the second explain the administrative and legal procedure in dealing with individual cases. The work is based on lectures given at the University of London and at the Maudsley Hospital. Difficulties brought out in the lecture-room are explained, and the whole subject is lighted up by twenty years of personal experience. Clinical types, clinical examination, mental tests, diagnosis, prognosis, effects of treatment,

and all legal questions are discussed in a way that makes the volume indispensable for all who have to deal with mental cases. To an outside reader it is a work of deep interest.

The Fountain. By Charles Morgan. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Morgan's *Portrait in a Mirror* was welcomed as a masterpiece full of promise, and that forecast is richly justified by *The Fountain*. Lewis Alison is an English officer immured in a Dutch fortress at the early stage of the Great War. He is absorbed in his preparation for a history of the contemplative life, when Julie, the beautiful Countess Narwitz, casts her spell about him. She was born in England, where he had loved her as his girl pupil, and now they carry on a secret intrigue in the castle where she has been sent whilst her German husband is at the war. Narwitz returns shattered by his wounds, and the tragic story of his wife's infidelity loosens his last hold on life. He is the noblest character in the book, and his influence over his wife and Alison, in the last weeks of his terrible illness, deepens every day. The Dutch baron, who has married Julie's mother, is a fine figure, and so is Ramsdell, Alison's brother officer. The power and beauty of the descriptive passages, the conduct of Julie, and Narwitz's self-sacrificing heroism make this a novel of real distinction, and, when the lovers set sail for England, a new life seems to open before them, where they hope to leave the regrets and memories and shadows of the past behind them.

Through the Prayer Book. By Dyson Hague, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 8*s.* 6*d.*) This is a valuable exposition which shows the sources of the various parts of the Prayer Book, and how the collects have been revised and other changes made from time to time. It is a most interesting and instructive exposition, and its very low price ought to secure it the wide circulation which it richly deserves.

The Devil's Camera, by R. G. Burnett and E. D. Martell (Epworth Press, 1*s.* and 2*s.*), is a brave, timely, powerful attempt to save the world from the grip of films that poison the minds of boys and girls and make crime and impurity familiar to them. The writers are terribly familiar with these evils and with the degradation of women to which they lead, and they give appalling instances of the crime-building which is going on. They are well aware of the interest and the educational value of the cinema, but their appeal is to all lovers of purity to bestir themselves to face this crisis for the sake of the children and the progress of the race.—*The Unfolding of Life*, by W. T. A. Barber, M.A., D.D. (Epworth Press, 8*s.* 6*d.*), is a reprint of parts of the author's Fernley Lecture. Its twelve chapters deal with a child's religion and trace his development in church and school as only a headmaster, of sympathy and experience, could do. It is a pleasant book to read, and parents and teachers will find it a real help in the problems of home and school.—*Martyrdom in Our Times.* By A. Mitchell Innes. (Williams & Norgate. 8*s.* 6*d.*) These two

essays on prison and punishment are the fruit of seventeen years in the East, mostly in Egypt, and of experience as a prison visitor in England, which brought the author into close contact with youths between sixteen and twenty-five. That convinced him that what was needed was not punishment, but help. His view is decidedly hopeful, and, though some of his statements seem to us dangerous, there are valuable suggestions for reform, and the comparison between Eastern and Western systems of punishment is impressive. It is a book of real value.—*A Manual of Children's Libraries.* By W. C. Berwick Sayers. (Allen & Unwin. 10*s.* 6*d.*) This new volume of the Library Association Series is the outcome of wide experience, and covers every side of the subject in the most interesting and practical way. It deals with children's books in the past, what children read to-day, and the care of books and the art of binding them. The second part considers the formation of the library, its arrangement, and the best means of cataloguing it. Then Mr. Sayers describes the librarian's work—which includes lectures, study-hours, exhibitions—and pays special attention to school libraries. The illustrations are not merely valuable, but light up the text in the most practical way. The book appeals, not merely to librarians, but to all who are anxious to provide literature that will attract, and help in forming the taste and the character of boys and girls.—Messrs. Benn have issued another set of their ninepenny novels, which includes: *Everybody Pays*, by Stephen Graham; *Last Year's Wife*, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson; *The Stag at Bay*, by Rachel Ferguson; *Other Sheep*, by Alice Perrin; *Gentleman-in-Waiting*, by Sydney Horler; and *Love on the Adriatic*, by H. de Vere Stacpoole. They are little books full of life and movement, companions for a quieter hour that gain upon us steadily as we turn their pages.—*Wild-Flower Preservation.* By May Coley. With twenty-nine illustrations by Hilda M. Coley. (Philip Allan. 3*s.* 6*d.*) The first edition of this botanical guide appeared in 1918, and it has proved its value for collectors, who have found in it expert suggestions as to outfit, note-book, and the gathering, studying, pressing, and mounting of plants. There is also a glossary, and everything is put in the most attractive form and illustrated by the author's sister, who has earned a high reputation as a floral artist. Young naturalists will greatly prize the book.—*The Brownie Pack.* By Ethel Talbot. (Epworth Press. 1*s.*) Small folk will love these Good Turn Tales. They have movement and fancy; and a fine spirit of courtesy and kindliness runs through them. The illustrations will add to the pleasure with which a child turns over the pages.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Hibbert Journal (April) opens with an article by the editor, based on Robert Lowe's saying, 'Let us educate our masters.' Education becomes liberal by vitalizing the personality of the pupil by bringing him into contact, at every stage of his training, with vital things, the things that matter most in human life, and so sending him forth in 'high condition,' both of mind and body, to deal vigorously and skilfully with whatever vicissitudes await him in this unpredictable universe. Rudolf Otto continues his studies of 'The Sensus Numinis as the Historical Basis of Religion.' Dr. Vernon Bartlett furnishes a personal appreciation of Dr. Gore. He was 'a great Christian personality, one of the greatest of our generation,' and won the reverent love of many in the Free Churches. He was a great biblical Christian, 'truly evangelical in the personal quality of his faith and of his loyalty to conscience, even at the cost of differing on occasion from his school or party.' Dr. Nolloth writes on 'The Meaning of the Resurrection.' 'Before and after the Resurrection His body was identically the same. A change had, no doubt, passed over it, of which the Transfiguration gives us some idea. . . . But, however transformed and transfigured, it was the human body of Jesus of Nazareth.'

Expository Times (March).—Professor Dodd, in 'Present Tendencies in the Criticism of the Gospels,' holds that it should be welcomed by all for whom the historical study of Christianity means the study of a living religion in its varying manifestations. It seeks to approach the Central Figure of the Gospels through an understanding of the new life which emerged in the community created by His ministry, death, and resurrection. 'The Guidance of God' is a study of the Oxford Group Movement 'as the fruit of no merely human endeavour, but the work of God Himself.' Professor Foakes Jackson, in 'America's Contribution to Church History,' explains the interest and importance of the study of religious history in the United States.—(April.)—'The Place of Languages in Theological Education' is discussed by Professor McFadyen, who would have the man of meagre linguistic gifts remember that but for the scholar he would have no English Bible at all. Mr. Wood, of Selly Oak, writes a searching critique of Bertram Russell's *Theophobia*. In 'An Appreciation of the Barthian School,' J. H. Morrison thinks that it may lead the mind of the Church to respond more vigorously to the presentation of the gospel given by St. Paul, and 'thus help to bring back authority to the preacher's message and a revival of evangelical religion.'—(May.)—Professor Porteus continues his study of 'The

Barthian School'; Dr. Daiches offers new interpretations of some passages in the Psalms. Professor Fulton's address on 'The Life and Work of Dr. Albert Schweitzer' is a survey of special interest, and Professor Barton asks, 'Who founded the Church at Rome?' and answers that Andronicus and Junias probably did so.

Journal of Theological Studies (January).—M. Exposito writes a note on Colmanus and Dungalus. He quotes the hexameters of Colmanus on St. Brigid of Kildare and shows that Dungal retired from Paris where he had gained a considerable reputation to Bobbio. He presented twenty-nine volumes to its library, some of which were doubtless copied by himself. Charlemagne consulted him about a learned subject. Critical notes on ℵ𝔇, selected notes of Dr. Hort on Irenaeus, and other learned notes and reviews appear in this number.—(April.)—Dr. Stanley Cook pays tribute to Robert H. Kennett, who was for more than forty years a successful and stimulating teacher. He was captivated by the Hebrew prophets at an early age, and caught their zeal, their moral indignation, their often homely imagery, their immediacy, and their grasp of essentials. His fine linguistic ability was early seen. He felt that word-for-word renderings must be avoided and due regard paid to the Hebrew idiom. He was so completely at home in the Old Testament that he seemed to know how Isaiah, or even Antiochus Epiphanes, would view things. He was the kindliest of professors, an incomparable Hebraist, an enthusiastic teacher of the Bible, and the most lovable of associates. The six 'Notes and Studies' are scholarly work, and Professor Howard's Fernley 'offers the most helpful and sensible guide which has appeared this century to the study of the [Fourth] Gospel in the light of the vast literature which the subject has evoked.'

Church Quarterly (April).—Dr. Headlam continues his series of articles on 'Christian Theology.' He deals at some length with the Athanasian Creed, the article, formularies, and confessions of faith of the Reformation. Fuller treatment is given to the English Articles, and a fine passage brings out the value of the testimony of hymn-books to the unity of the Christian life. 'Every branch of Christendom, every type of opinion, every country, would contribute its offering' to the ideal hymn-book. 'Christianity, although separated and divided, can unite in its devotions.' 'The Broad Church Movement' and 'Lambeth, Sex, and Romanticism' are important articles. Mr. Davies holds that, in contrast to the great Pauline utterances on the warfare between flesh and spirit, the Lambeth Report gives 'a set of sidelong glances at some modern problems, concluding to a prudent and circumspect muffling of the drums.'

Congregational Quarterly (April).—The editorial pages have a pungent criticism of the Rev. G. W. Peck's *Reunion and Nonconformity*, and an interesting note on Russia. Mr. Franks writes on

'Congregationalism' and its emphasis on religious freedom and tolerance. A Congregational minister out of charge gives his experiences. We hoped that the 'Moderator' system would have met such cases. 'Goethe and Christianity' is a timely study.

Science Progress (April).—Dr. Hale Carpenter writes on 'Mimicry' from the point of an observer in the field, and pleads for a better realization of the place of geographical distribution. It is a fascinating study of a branch of field zoology in which knowledge has greatly increased. 'Charcoal-burning,' 'Notes on Popular Science,' and other features of this number are of special interest.

British Journal of Inebriety (April).—Dr. Norwood East's paper on 'Mental Defectiveness and Alcohol and Drug Addiction' is of great interest and importance.

AMERICAN

Journal of Religion (April).—Dr. Steinberg describes the 'Ezra Apocalypse,' which forms something like a sequel to the Book of Job. 'Taking up the thread of discourse at the point at which Job sinks into unsatisfied silence, it challenges God's administration of His world.' The article seeks to correct a literary misjudgement, to expound the background and content of what is essentially a classic, and to mitigate an intellectual neglect. No one knows who the author was, but he belonged to the Pharisaic party. Herr Bonhöffer, of Berlin University, writes 'Concerning the Christian Idea of God.' Another article on Johann Breitinger, 'Anstites of the Reformed Church in Zurich,' gives some insight into student life toward the end of the sixteenth century.

Colgate-Rochester Bulletin (March).—'Some Early Interpretations of Jesus' shows that, when the trappings of adoration and affection with which later ages have adorned Him are removed, He remains a personality whose influences and impact were such that He must inevitably have been thus adorned. 'The Origin of the Baptists' is an important historical survey.

Harford Seminary Bulletin (February—March).—Dean Stolz puts among the requirements for effective educational leadership in the Church: a personal religious experience which is conscience-stirring, thought-provoking, and emotionally stabilizing; an understanding of human nature in all its stages; and an intelligent familiarity with the materials of religious education, 'especially with the Bible as the chief source of religious principles and inspiration.' The *Bulletin* is full of good things.

Rice Institute Pamphlet (Houston: April).—The six lectures on the Goethe centenary deal with his relation to philosophy, literary criticism, the poet's correspondence and conversations, his views on science and on Shakespeare, and a study of him as sage and poet.

It is first-class work, and gives an attractive view of the man and his work. The centenary has produced nothing better worth attention than this.

CANADIAN

Agricultural and Industrial Progress.—Twelve hundred colonies of screened bees, each with its pure-bred Italian queen, were shipped in November from Alberta to China, in special refrigeration compartments on the *Empress of India*. These bees produce twice as much honey as the native Asiatic bee. In China, honey is not so much a food as a medicine sold by all apothecaries.

FOREIGN

Calcutta Review (March).—The convocation addresses of the chancellor and vice-chancellor of the University appear in this number. The vice-chancellor wants to see Hindu and Moslem students cultivate understandings and friendships at the University. That can only be attained by a feeling of equality and 'the breaking down of the barriers of snobbery and the tyranny of the caste.' 'The Value of Hybridization in the Improvement of Crops' claims that, with the application of pure and applied science, it will not be long before India takes her rightful place among the most prosperous nations of the world. Her potential resources are probably second to those of no other country, and there is labour to help in their exploitation.—(April.)—The convocation address at the Andhra University draws attention to the importance of adjusting future educational policies and curricula to the needs of business and demands of economic advance. Not more than eight per cent. of the entire population of India can read and write, and educational policy should seek to provide remedies for the wants of the country.

Analecta Bollandiana (Tomus L., Fasc. i. et ii.).—Paul Peeters makes a careful study of 'Les Débuts du Christianisme en Géorgie d'apres les sources hagiographiques.' The new volume of the *Acta Sanctorum* about to appear, and dedicated to Pope Pius XI, is described; and the Life of S. Theophylact of Nicomedia; the Fragments of the Life and Miracles of S. Bernard, by Geoffroy d'Auxerre, and other topics, are dealt with. The bulletin of hagiographical publications is very full.

Moslem World (April).—Dr. Zwemer writes on the Shiah saints, and asks how this saint-worship can be transferred to Christ. The growing Church in Persia is the answer. Its third international conference at Teheran in August last had 140 to 150 delegates at each session. Fifteen cities outside Teheran sent 66 Persian delegates and 29 missionaries. Four Bible classes were held daily, and every member attended one of them.