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

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

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

OCTOBER 1915

THE PRODIGAL SON

I WAS expressing recently the wish that I could give special time and repeated attention to certain points of view in which the spiritual life is seen in the Scriptures, and amongst others I instanced the teaching of St. Paul in the eighth chapter of Romans, the story of the conversation of Jesus with the woman at the well, and the parable of the Prodigal Son. Any one of these three themes deserves a book all to itself; each one is a jewel with many facets to be turned in the hand, *i.e.*, in the head and in the heart, that the light may fall on it at various angles and provoke corresponding splendours. Who knows when we have exhausted a single word of Jesus, or a single doctrine of His apostles? Who shall lay aside any of the Lord's teachings as if, for our practical purposes, exhausted and worn out and done with?

Jewel, from each facet,
Flash thy laugh at time.

St. Paul indeed seems to have had a prevision that he had gotten out of time into timelessness, when he talked of having an experience which was valid against things present or *things to come*, he felt secure against being out of date, or the subject of exhaustible impulses; and we may be sure that which is timeless never can be dull or exhausted. I wish St. Bernard, who wrote that extraordinary series of

Sermons on the Song of Solomon, could have tried his hand at using up or getting to the bottom of the eighth chapter of Romans. As for the fourth chapter of John, we have had a fresh revelation on the inwardness of that story in Tagore's poem on the Woman at the Well; we mustn't now read the one without the other: and yet Tagore tells me privately that when he wrote that piece he did not know the story of the Samaritan woman. He wrote the most powerful commentary extant without having seen the text.¹ Don't you see that that proves something more than the genius of Tagore? it proves the boundless illuminability of the Gospel, and from unexpected quarters.

But you will perhaps say, Yes, we know that there is more to be got out of the eighth of Romans; even a new translation like Moffatt's shows that; and if a translation from language to language shows it, we may equally be sure that every spiritual translation of life from unfaith to faith and from disobedience to consecration will make that chapter sparkle and shine fresh. And we are quite satisfied that Tagore has got nearer to the heart of the fourth of John than, let us say, Westcott. But what can you say that is at all new or interesting about such an everyday story as that of the Prodigal Son? On that subject, at least, we know all that can be said, and for that reason no one says anything about it, because it has all been said already. Let us see whether this is really the case: we will take the matter up under three heads of biblical knowledge, the text, the translation, and the interpretation. Under all these heads

¹ *Tagore and John is.* The passage referred to is as follows:—'I heard not thy steps as thou camest. Thine eyes were sad when they fell upon me: thy voice was tired as thou spakest low, "I am a thirsty traveller." I started up from my day-dreams and poured water from my jar on thy joined palms. The leaves rustled overhead: the cuckoo (l. turtle-dove) sang from the unseen dark, and perfume of *babla* flowers came from the bend of the road. I stood speechless with shame when my name thou didst ask. Indeed, what had I done for thee to keep my name in remembrance? But the memory that I could give water to thee and allay thy thirst will cling to my heart and enfold it in sweetness.'

there is really something new to say. We begin with the text.

1. The most striking textual feature is the variant which occurs in the speech of the returning prodigal to his father. Westcott and Hort point out that he said, 'Make me as one of thy hired servants.' This was no doubt what he said he would say. And some stupid scribes in some old MSS. have made him say it: either because the refrain of the passage was sounding in their heads, or because they deliberately decided to make an internal harmony between what he said he would say and what he actually did say. It is not a uncommon error in the Codex Vaticanus to harmonize passages in this way: there is another instance in this very chapter; the father says 'this my son was dead and is alive again,' and later on he says, 'this thy brother was dead and is alive'; in the Vatican MS. the word 'again' is omitted in the first statement so as to harmonise the two speeches of the father. In the A.V. the word is added in italics in the second statement. Harmony! Harmony! Well, but no one with either an adequate literary or spiritual sense would edit the repetition of the penitent's confession and make the prodigal ask for a servant's position after his father had fallen on his neck and kissed him. St. Augustine saw that clearly enough, and says of the incident: 'He did not say all that he had promised to say, he only got as far as "I am not worthy to be called thy son." He wants to get that by grace, which he admitted he was unworthy to get by merit. He does not add that he had said in his meditation: "Make me as one of thy hired servants." When he had no bread he desired to be even a hired servant: but after his father's kiss he nobly disdains to ask for that.' St. Augustine saw clearly the spiritual difference between the readings; it was the kiss that altered the text: unfortunately, N.T. editors don't always allow for such factors when they group their authori-

ties. We see how St. Augustine caught the true meaning of the prodigal's prayer. Not merit, but grace: and if grace, then all grace: that is the gospel. As I remember putting the matter once, slightly altering the sequence of the Gospel: he came up to the house with the intention of ringing the servants' bell; but before he could reach it, he had been spied from the window, the door was opened before he asked for it, and his hand never got to the bell at all. Or to put it a little differently, he was wandering about looking for a notice that some one wanted

A respectable young man as an improver:

And he never found it; if he had found it, he could not have qualified under it. (It is a habitual mistake of penitents, and sometimes of those who instruct them, to take the Labour Exchange for the Church, and to read the advertisements of the one in place of the invitations of the other.) He found something much better than restored respectability: he learnt the verse:

If you tarry till you're better
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous. . . .
Sinners Jesus came to call.

So much for new ways of looking at the text, which are really old ways.

2. *Now for the translation.*

The most important place is that in which the Elder Brother draws near to the house and hears music and dancing. Literally he hears symphony and chorus. I have several times pointed out the meaning of this word *symphony*: that it does not mean music, but a musical instrument: it is one of the band-instruments of the Babylonian Grenadier Guards of the Book of Daniel, who always strike up the National Anthem at the right minute. Actually, it is the bagpipes, in which some evil-disposed persons have seen the final vindication of the elder brother: the

only translator who had understood the passage is Wiclif : not even Moffatt has got it right : but Wiclif says ' he hears a symphony and a crowd ' : ¹ i.e., he heard the bagpipes and the crwth, the Scotch bagpipes and the Welsh harp, which were both at that time the music of the Midlands. The word symphony passed over into the Romance languages, and when a friend of mine asked a little Italian boy, who was playing an elementary bagpipe in the streets of New York, what the name of his instrument was, he replied, " He name be zampoon." The elder brother couldn't understand it : he never got beyond the gramophone himself, it was cheaper ; it seemed to him that his father, too, had turned prodigal and was wasting his substance with riotous living, spending in a night more than could be saved in a month. He had never thought to see over his own front-door the inscription that ' this building is licensed for music and dancing.' He had planned to come home to a cold dinner ; and here were the sparks flying up the kitchen chimney as if it had been Vesuvius : all his pet aphorisms about many a mickle making a muckle were gone up the chimney along with his Poor Richard's almanac, which they had used to light the fire. He had put his father on an allowance, and now he had broken the rule and overstepped the formula. What was to be done ? Only a bit of the dialogue is preserved : he comes indoors on entreaty, only to find his brother putting on his Sunday shoes and masquerading in his next Sunday's clean shirt, &c. And his father pacified him by saying, ' Dead sons and *dead brothers* don't turn up every day.' Was he pacified ? An unpublished Oxyrhynchus fragment (this is, of course, pure

¹ For the 'crowd' take Spenser, *Epithalamium*, 131, 'the pipe, the tabor and the trembling croud.' And Sidney, *An Apology for Poetry* : 'Yet is it sung by some blind crouder, with no rougher voice than rude style.' For the 'symphony' take Robert de Brunne's account of the coronation of King Arthur, where they had

Fithols, citalles, Sautreours,
Belles, chimes and *syn/an*.'

imagination) adds the following verse: 'And the elder brother said to his father, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and against this my brother; make me as one of thy hired musicians.'

So much for the bagpipes. God bless them! They were never used to better purpose. The angels had Scotch music that day. You see, there is something fresh to be said over the Prodigal Son.¹

3. I wonder how a story like this would look if it were done in Greek drama. We should have to provide a chorus to begin with: what shall we say,—a chorus of Galilean maidens? Or is it to be a chorus of angels and archangels? Jesus says you ought to have both, earth-choir and heaven-choir. Suppose we content ourselves with an earth-choir. Then we must have a stage on which not more than two persons are to talk at once; scene, an open place before a fair house in Capernaum; the story suits that very well: begin with the father and younger son, and the distribution of the property. Then we ought to have an aged nurse to narrate the fortunes of the family, and a messenger to relate what the young one is doing with the turquoise that the old gentleman had of Miriam when he was a bachelor; and some further news of his degradation. Then a scene in which the prodigal is sleeping surrounded by his porcine companions: to whom enters an angel, playing upon a zither, playing an ancient melody, Οἰκόνδε, Οἰκόνδε (Oikónde), which we translate as Home, Sweet Home, after which the sleeper starts, trembles, wakes, soliloquizes. And so on to the final scene. I wish I could write it out for you:

¹ My friend, and former pupil, Mr. J. M. Findlay, assists my interpretation by pointing out to me that, in the Western Text of the Gospel, the elder brother does not complain over the kid which he had desiderated in order that he might make merry (τὴν σὺνδουλὴν) with his friends. He says, 'that I might have a meal (ἀποτίμω) with my friends.' The limited meal for the limited number! Very restrained on this showing were even the joys of the elder brother! It was the father that introduced the thought of gaiety. 'It was proper to be glad and gay,' said he.

the last part of the dialogue between the father and the elder son is something like this :

F. Enter my son, and share our new found joy,
And add thy welcome to the household bliss.

S. Uttered the joy that crowns a wasted life,
And bliss is here that welcomes worthlessness.

F. Yet sure thy heart, like ours, desires his good,
And marks his penance with compassion.

S. These sudden conversions are hard to judge,
And we may lose more where we think to win.

F. Thou wouldst not, sure, that I should drive him hence;!

S. But thou canst welcome him in modest guise.

F. Our joy o'erflowed the brim of daily life.

S. Spent in the dust upon improvidence.

F. At resurrection e'en the dumb must sing,
And this my son was dead, and lives again.

S. My father, think not that I blame thy obsc,
Albeit unequal is thy charity.

F. How have I trodden an unequal path !

S. The scales thou holdst not true 'twixt son and son.

F. Say, have I sought of thine retained from thee ?

S. My share in homely joys and plain delights.

F. But those thou ever hast and all is thine.

S. Not all, when that thou giv'st thou dost resume.

F. When have I given and straightway taken back ?

S. When wasteful mirth betrays my saving hand.

F. But son, the waste is thine, though made by me ;
Here shines a brother's with a father's heart.

S. Oft have I sought from thee the revelry
That friend with friend may make, and minstrelsy,
To glad the round of faces at the board,
Where smiles the homely kid, and sparkling wine
Makes eyes to sparkle that are dear to me.

THE PRODIGAL SON

Such have I never had, yet all was mine !
But had I been a wanton prodigal,
Returning from the riot and the shame,
The feast, the banquet, and the song were mine !

F. Such place indeed was thine within the home,
To order all things with becoming grace,
When rule was lapsing from the weakened hand :
Thine, too, to fill the place of her that's gone,
And from a son, to play the mother too ;
For since my Milton made the far retreat
From scenes of time into the great unknown,
The glad unknown where all our hopes abide,
On thee my heart has leaned, and thou must share
With me, for her, a brother's welcome,
For which a father's heart doth ill suffice.
Yes ! all is thine ! This, too, is thine to share.
But hark, my son, the while our servants sing.

(The Chorus sing 'Home, sweet Home.')

Chorus.

The traveller in a distant clime,
On burning sands or frozen sleep,
Preserves a strange mysterious rhyme,
That cheers up and down his sleep.
Olden, Olden (Olden, olden).

The seaman o'er the rolling main
Looks back to catch the farewell light,
And joys when, homeward bound again,
The ancient ray beets his sight.
Homeward bound ! Homeward bound !

The sinner, when his day is spent,
The day of tales, elusive cheer,
Wakes to a scene of banishment,
And hears God whisper in his ear
Home, sweet home : Home, sweet home.

F. Dost mark their wise and just philosophy !

S. Their simple words have slid into my soul.

F. Full well I knew thou hadst a brother's heart,
And couldst not alien be to brother's joy.

S. Yet bear me, father, for I too have sinned,
Heaven and my brother hold the reckoning :
Heaven and my brother must forgiveness bring.
I in my penitence will crave a place,
A humble place among thy slaves that sing.

Chorus.

How oft unlooked-for blessings come to pass,
The while expected things elude our grasp :
And here God gives the unexpected crown
To mortal things : and thus our action ends.

Now in conclusion we may add a few words of advice by which to save ourselves and those who hear us. We started our study with a courageous attempt to prove that it was possible to say something fresh on a New Testament theme, which both on account of its innate simplicity and of its constant handling might seem to be altogether trite and exhausted. We soon accumulated valuable results : the last word had not been said about the Greek text, nor its correlative the English translation. It is, however, in the interpretation itself of the theme that the greatest illumination may be expected. A general principle may be laid down for the interpretation of Scripture, namely, that we should pay an especial attention to those passages with which every one is supposed to be familiar, and also to those which every one neglects. The preacher, for instance, may get much heart-searching by making memoranda of passages in the New Testament which he has never ventured to preach on. Our theology is, in fact, commonly built upon too small a biblical foundation, and, as St. Ephrem the Syrian once said, a person, who comes to a fountain and drinks, commonly leaves more than he absorbs. What he does not drink up is always more than that which supplies his thirst. But then it is equally true that the familiar parts of Scripture are just as rich as those which are more commonly neglected. The words of our Lord will supply illustrations under both headings. So that again we come back to the words of Jesus, both the hard sayings and the easy ones, and recognize that they are Spirit and they are Life.

JAMES RENDEL HARRIS.

ONE ASPECT OF THE MANY-SIDEDNESS OF THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON

I HAVE often been asked by those who did not know Theodore Watts-Dunton what was the secret of the singular power he appeared to exercise over others and the equally singular affection in which he was held by his friends.

My answer was that Watts-Dunton's hold upon his friends, partly personal as it was and partly intellectual, was chiefly due to his extraordinary loyalty. Of old, certain men and women were supposed to be possessed of the 'evil eye.' Upon whom they looked with intent—be it man, woman or beast—hurt was sooner or later sure to fall.

If there be anything in the superstition one might almost believe that its opposite was true of Watts-Dunton. He looked upon others merely to befriend, and if he did not put upon them the spell not of an evil, but of a good eye, he exercised a marvellous personal power, not, as is generally the case, upon weaker intellects and less marked personalities than his own, but upon his peers ; and even upon those who in the world's eye would be accounted greater than he. That any one man should so completely control, and even dominate—two such intellects as Swinburne and Rossetti seemed almost uncanny. I never saw Rossetti and Watts-Dunton together, for the former had been dead some years when I first met Watts-Dunton, but my early literary friendships were with members of the little circle of which Rossetti was the centre, and all agree in their testimony to the extraordinary personal power which Watts-Dunton exercised over the poet-painter. But Swinburne—and here I speak with knowledge—Watts-Dunton absolutely dominated. It was, 'What does Walter say about it?' 'Walter thinks,

and I agree with him, that I ought to do so and so,' or 'Let us submit the matter to Watts-Dunton's unfailing judgement.'

Here, for fear of a possible misunderstanding, let me say that if any reader assumes from what I have just written that Swinburne was something of a weakling, that reader is very much mistaken. It is true that the author of *Atalanta in Calydon* was a greater force in intellect and in imagination than in will power and character, but he was not in the habit of deferring to others as he deferred to Watts-Dunton, and when he chose to stand out upon some point, or in some opinion, he was very difficult to move. It was only in fact by Watts-Dunton that he was entirely manageable, yet there was never any effort, never even any intention on Watts-Dunton's part to impose his own will upon his friend. I have heard his influence upon Swinburne described as hypnotic. From that point of view I entirely dissent. Watts-Dunton held his friends by virtue of his genius for friendship—'Watts is a hero of friendship,' Mr. William Michael Rossetti once said of him—and by the passionate personal loyalty of which I have never known the equal. By nature the kindest of men, and shrinking from giving pain to any living creature, he could be fierce, even ferocious to those who assailed his friends. It was, indeed, always in defence of his friends, rarely if ever in defence of himself—though he was abnormally sensitive to adverse criticism—that he entered into a quarrel; and since dead friends could not defend themselves he constituted himself the champion of their memory or of their reputation, and even steeled himself on more than one occasion to a break with a living friend rather than endure a slight to one who was gone. 'To my sorrow,' he wrote in a letter, 'I was driven to quarrel with a man I loved and who loved me, William Minto, because he, with no ill intentions, printed certain injurious comments upon Rossetti which he found in Bell Scott's papers.'

It was my own misfortune—deservedly or undeservedly—to have a somewhat similar experience to that of Professor Minto; but in my case the estrangement, temporary only as it was, included Swinburne as well as Watts-Dunton. In telling the story, and for the first time here, I must not be supposed for one moment to imagine that any importance attaches or could attach to a misunderstanding between such men as Swinburne and Watts-Dunton and a scribbler of sorts like myself, but because a third great name, that of Robert Buchanan, comes into it.

It is concerned with Buchanan's attack upon Rossetti in the famous article 'The Fleshly School of Poetry' which appeared anonymously (worse, pseudonymously) in the *Contemporary Review*. Not long after Buchanan's death I was asked to review Mr. Henry Murray's *Robert Buchanan and other Essays*, in a weekly journal long ago defunct, which I did, and Swinburne and Watts-Dunton chanced to see the article. To say that they took exception to what I said about Buchanan would be no description of their attitude, for Swinburne not only took exception but took offence and of the direst—so much so as to make it necessary that for a season I should discontinue my visits to 'The Pines.'

And here let me interpolate that I entirely agree with Mr. James Douglas when he says in his volume, *Theodore Watts, Poet, Novelist and Critic*, 'It would be worse than idle to enter at this time of day upon the painful subject of the Buchanan affair. Indeed I have often thought it is a great pity that it is not allowed to die out.' But when in the next sentence Mr. Douglas goes on to say, 'The only reason why it is still kept alive seems to be that without discussing it, it is impossible fully to understand Rossetti's nervous illness about which so much has been said,' I am entirely out of agreement with him, as the quotation which I make from my article will show. Since Mr. Douglas has reopened the matter—he could hardly do otherwise in telling the story of Watts-Dunton's literary life—I have the less

hesitation in reprinting part of the article in which I have endeavoured to clear Buchanan of what I held and still hold to be a preposterous charge. I may add that I quite agree with Mr. Douglas when he says that we must remember 'the extremely close intimacy which existed between those two poet-friends (Rossetti and Watts-Dunton) in order to be able to forgive entirely the unexampled scourging of Buchanan in the following sonnet, if as some writers think, Buchanan was meant.'

Mr. Douglas then quotes the sonnet, 'The Octopus of the Golden Isles,' which I do not propose here to reprint. That Buchanan was meant is now well known, and in fact Mr. Douglas himself says in the same chapter that Watts-Dunton's definition of envy as the 'literary leprosy' has often been quoted in reference to the case of Buchanan. My article on Buchanan is too long to give in its entirety, and, even omitting the passages with no direct bearing upon the misunderstanding which it caused, is lengthier than I could wish. My apology is first that in justice to Watts-Dunton and to Swinburne I must present their case against me ungarbled. Moreover, as the foolish bogey-story—like an unquiet ghost which still walks the world unladen—that Buchanan was the cause of Rossetti taking to drugs, the cause even of Rossetti's death, is still repeated, and sometimes believed, I am not sorry of another and last attempt to give the bogey its *quietus*. Here are the extracts from my article :—

'Mr. Murray quotes evidently with appreciation Buchanan's tribute to his ancient enemy Rossetti. I do not share Mr. Murray's appreciation, for Buchanan's tribute has always seemed to me more creditable to his generosity than to his judgment. He speaks of Rossetti as "in many respects the least carnal and most religious of modern poets."'

Here he goes to as great an extreme as when he so

savagely attacked Rossetti as 'fleshly.' About this attack much nonsense has been written. We have been told that it was the cause of Rossetti's taking to chloral; and I have even heard Rossetti's death laid at Buchanan's door. To my thinking talk of that sort is sheer nonsense. If Rossetti took to chloral because Buchanan called his poetry 'fleshly,' Rossetti would sooner or later have taken to chloral, had Buchanan's article never been written. But when Buchanan in the fullness of his remorse calls Rossetti 'the most religious of modern poets,' he is talking equally foolishly.

Rossetti 'the most religious of modern poets'! Why, Rossetti's religion was his art. To him art was in and of herself pure, sacred, and inviolate. By him the usual order of things was reversed. It was religion which was the handmaid, art the mistress, and in fact it was only in so far as religion appealed to his artistic instincts that Rossetti can be said to have had any religion at all.

And when Buchanan sought to exalt Rossetti to a pinnacle of purity he was guilty of a like extravagance. That Rossetti's work is always healthy, not even his most enthusiastic admirers could contend. Super-sensuous and southern in the warmth of colouring nearly all his poems are. Some of them are heavy with the overpowering sweetness as of many hyacinths. The atmosphere is like that of a hothouse in which, amid all the odorous deliciousness, we gasp for a breath of the outer air again. There are passages in his work which remind us far more of the pagan temple than of the Christian cloister, passages describing sacred rites which pertain not to the worship of the Virgin, but to the worship of Venus.

No. Buchanan was a man who lived heart and soul in the mood of the moment. He had a big brain which was quick to take fire, and at such times, both in his controversies and in his criticism, he was apt to express himself with an exaggeration at which in his cooler

hours he would have been the first to hurl his titanic ridicule.

It may seem ungenerous to say so, but even his beautiful dedicatory poem to Rossetti strikes me as a lapse into false sentiment.

TO AN OLD ENEMY.

I would have snatched a bay-leaf from thy brow,
Wrongs the chaplet on an honoured head ;
In peace and tenderness I bring thee now
A lily-flower instead.

Pure as thy purpose, blameless as thy song,
Sweet as thy spirit may this offering be ;
Forget the bitter blame that did thee wrong,
And take this gift from me.

After Rossetti's death, ten months later, Buchanan added the following lines :—

Calmly, thy royal robe of Death around thee,
Thou sleepest, and weeping brethren round thee stand ;
Gently they placed, ere yet God's angel crowned thee,
My lily in thy hand.

I never saw thee living, oh, my brother,
But on thy breast my lily of love now lies,
And by that token we shall know each other,
When God's voice saith, ' Arise ! '

That this is very beautiful every one will admit, but is it true to picture those who most loved Rossetti as placing Buchanan's lily of song in his dead hand ? I think not. Nor can those who know anything of the last days of Rossetti reconcile the facts with Buchanan's imaginary picture of a sort of celestial assignation in which, by means of a lily, Rossetti and his ancient enemy and brother poet shall identify each other on the Last Day ?

I am well aware that I shall be accused of bad taste, even of brutality, in saying this ; but as Mr. Murray himself alludes to this ancient quarrel, I must protest that false sentiment is equally abhorrent—as Buchanan would have been the first to admit. Now that Buchanan has followed Rossetti where all enmities are at an end it is right that the

truth about the matter be spoken, and this unhappy assault and its not altogether happy sequel be alike forgotten.

Robert Buchanan's last resting-place is within sight of the sea. And rightly so. It is his own heart that Old Ocean seems most to wear away in his fretting and chafing, and the wearing away of their own heart is the most appreciable result of the warfare which such men as Buchanan wage against the world.

That he did not fulfil his early promise, that he frittered away great gifts to little purpose, is pitifully true; but if he flung into the face of the men whom he counted hypocrites and charlatans, words which scorched like vitriol, he had, for the wounded in life's battle, for the sinning, the suffering, and the defeated, words of helpful sympathy and an outstretched hand of practical help.

Mr. Murray has shown Buchanan to us as he was; no hero perhaps, certainly not a saint, but a man of great heart and great brain, quick to quarrel, but as quick to own himself in the wrong; a man intensely, passionately human, with more than one man's share of humanity's weaknesses and of humanity's strength, a sturdy soldier in the cause of freedom, a fierce foe, a generous friend, and a poet who, in regard to that rarest of all gifts, 'vision,' had scarcely an equal among his contemporaries.

I must conclude by a serious word with Mr. Murray. Disagree with him as one may and must, one cannot but admire his fearless honesty. None the less am I of opinion that in the following passage Mr. Murray's own pessimism has led him to do his dead friend's memory a grievous injustice.

'From the broken arc we may divine the perfect round, and it is my fixed belief that had the subtle and cruel malady which struck him down but spared him for a little longer time, he would logically have completed the evolution of so many years, and have definitely proclaimed himself as an agnostic, perhaps even as an atheist.'

Mr. Murray's personal knowledge of Buchanan was intimate, even brotherly ; mine, though dating many years back, was comparatively slight. But I have read Buchanan's books, and I know something of the spirit in which he lived and worked, and I am convinced that Mr. Murray is wrong. It is not always those, nearest to the details of a man's daily life, who come nearest to him in spirit, as Amy Levy knew well when she wrote those lines, 'To a Dead Poet,' which I shall be pardoned for bringing to my readers' remembrance :—

I knew not if to laugh or weep :
They sat and talked of you—
'Twas here he sat : 'twas this he said,
'Twas that he used to do.

'Here is the book wherein he read,
The room wherein he dwelt ;
And he ' (they said) ' was such a man,
Such things he thought and felt.'

I sat and sat, I did not stir ;
They talked and talked away.
I was as mute as any stone,
I had no word to say.

They talked and talked ; like to a stone
My heart grew in my breast—
I, who had never seen your face,
Perhaps I knew you best.

Buchanan was, as every poet is, a creature of mood, and in certain black moods he expressed himself in language that was open to an atheistic interpretation. There were times when he was confronted by the fact that, to human seeming, iniquity prospered, righteousness went to the wall, and injustice, vast and cruel, seemed to rule the world. To the Christian belief that the Cross of Christ is the only key to the terrible problem of human suffering, Buchanan was unable to subscribe, and at times he was tempted to think that the Power at the head of things must be evil, not good. It seems to me that at such times he would cry out in soul-travail, 'No ! no ! anything but that ! If there be a God

at all He must be good. Before I would do God the injustice of believing in an evil God I would a thousand times sooner believe in no God at all !' Then the mood passed ; the man's hope and belief in an unseen beneficent Power returned, but the sonnet in which he had given expression to that mood remained. And because the expression of that mood was permanent Mr. Murray forgets that it was no more than the expression of a mood, and tells us that he believes, had Buchanan lived longer he would have become an atheist.

Again I say that I believe Mr. Murray to be wrong. Buchanan, like his own Wandering Jew, trod many dark highways and byways of death, but he never remained—he never could have remained—in that Mortuary of the Soul, that Cul-de-Sac of Despair which we call Atheism.

This is not the place in which to say it, but perhaps my editor will allow me to add how keenly I felt, as I stood by the graveside of Robert Buchanan in that little God's acre by the sea, the inadequacy of our Burial Service, beautiful as it is, in the case of one who did not profess the Christian faith. To me it seemed little less than a mockery to him who has gone, as well as a torture to those who remain, that words should be said over his dead body which, living, he would have repudiated.

Over the body of one whose voice is silenced by death, we assert the truth of doctrines which living he had unhesitatingly rejected. It is as if we would, coward-like, claim in death what was denied us in life.

In the case of a man whose beliefs were those of Robert Buchanan how much more seemly it would be to lay him to rest with some such words as these :—

' To the God from whom he came we commend this our friend and brother in humanity, trusting that what in life he has done amiss may in death be forgotten and forgiven ; that what in life he has done well may in death be borne in remembrance. And so from out

our human love into the peace of the Divine love we commend him, leaving him with the God from whom, when we in our turn come to depart whither he has gone, we hope to receive like pardon, forgiveness and peace. In God's hands, to God's love and mercy, we leave him.'

Re-reading this article many years after it was written I see nothing in it to which friendship or even affection for either Rossetti or Buchanan could reasonably object.

This was not the view taken by Swinburne and Watts-Dunton. It so happened that I encountered the latter in the Strand a morning or two later, and more in sadness than in anger he reproached me with 'disloyalty to Gabriel' (meaning Rossetti), 'disloyalty to Algernon' (Swinburne), and 'disloyalty to myself' (Watts-Dunton).

I replied that touching Rossetti, as he did not happen to be the King, had never so much as heard of my small existence nor had I ever set eyes upon him—to accuse me of disloyalty to him to whom I owed no loyalty, struck me as a work of supererogation. And, as touching Swinburne and Watts-Dunton himself, honoured as I was by the high privilege of their friendship, I could not admit that that friendship committed me to a blind partisanship and the identification of myself with their literary likings or dislikings or their personal quarrels.

My rejection of the penitential rôle, to say nothing of my refusing to take the matter seriously, seemed to surprise and to trouble Watts-Dunton. While protesting the regard of every one at 'The Pines' for me personally, he gave me to understand that Swinburne in particular was so wounded by my championship, as he called it, of Buchanan, that he (Watts-Dunton) would have some trouble in making my peace in that quarter, and even hinted that an arrangement by which I was either to lunch or to dine at 'The Pines' within the next few days had better stand over.

Naturally I replied—I could hardly do otherwise, as I

did not see my way without insincerity to express regret for what I had written about Buchanan, though I did express regret that it had given offence to Swinburne and himself—that that must be as he chose, and so we parted, sadly on my side if not on his; and I neither saw nor heard from any one at ‘The Pines’ for some little time after. Then one morning came the following letter:

‘MY DEAR KERNAHAN,

‘Don’t think any more of that unpleasant little affair. Of course neither Swinburne nor I expect our friends, however loyal, to take part in the literary quarrels that may be forced upon us. But this man had the character *among men who knew him well* of being the most thorough sweep, and to us it did seem queer to see your honoured name associated with such a man. But after all even he may not have been as black as his acquaintances painted him. Your loyalty to us I do not doubt.

‘Yours affectionately,

‘THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.’

This was followed by a wire—I think from Swinburne—asking me to lunch, which I need hardly say I was delighted to accept, and so my relationship to the inmates of ‘The Pines’ returned to its old footing.

Since it was Swinburne much more than Watts-Dunton who so bitterly resented what I had written of Buchanan, I am glad to have upon my shelves a volume of *Selections from Swinburne*, published after his death and edited by Watts-Dunton. The book was sent to me by the Editor and was inscribed:

‘To Coulson Kernahan

*whom Swinburne dearly loved, and who as dearly loved him,
from Theodore Watts-Dunton.’*

My unhappy connexion with the ‘Buchanan affair’ had, it will be seen, passed entirely from Swinburne’s memory, and

indeed the name of Robert Buchanan, who was something of a disturbing element even in death as he had been in life—was never mentioned among us again. How entirely the, to me, distressing if brief rift in my friendship with Watts-Dunton—a friendship which I shall always count one of the dearest privileges of my life—was closed and forgotten, is clear from the following letter. It was written in reply to a telegram I sent, congratulating him on celebrating his eighty-first birthday—the last birthday on earth, alas! of one of the most generous and great-hearted of men.

‘The Pines,

‘Putney, S.W.

‘October 20, 1913.

‘MY DEAR KERNAHAN,

‘Your telegram congratulating me upon having reached my eighty-first birthday affected me deeply. Ever since the beginning of our long intimacy I have had from you nothing but generosity and affection, almost unexampled, I think, between two literary men. My one chagrin is that I can get only glimpses of you of the briefest kind. Your last visit here was indeed a red-letter day. Don’t forget when occasion offers to come and see us. Your welcome will be of the most heartfelt kind.—Most affectionately yours,
THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.’

COULSON KERNAHAN.

PRAYER

IT is a difficult and even formidable thing to write on prayer, and one fears to touch the Ark. Perhaps no one ought to undertake it unless he has spent more toil in the practice of prayer than on its principle. But perhaps also the effort to look into its principle may be graciously regarded by Him who ever liveth to make intercession as itself a prayer to know better how to pray. All progress in prayer is an answer to prayer—our own or another's. And all true prayer promotes its own progress and increases our power to pray.

The worst sin is prayerlessness. Overt sin, or crime, or the glaring inconsistencies which often surprise us in Christian people are the effect of this, or its punishment. We are left by God for lack of seeking Him. The history of the saints shows often that their lapses were the fruit and nemesis of slackness or neglect in prayer. Their life, at seasons, also tended to become inhuman by their spiritual solitude. They left men, and were left by men, because they did not in their contemplation find God; they found but the thought or the atmosphere of God. Only living prayer keeps loneliness humane. It is the great producer of sympathy. Trusting the God of Christ, and transacting with Him, we come into tune with men. Our egoism retires before the coming of God, and into the clearance there comes with our Father our brother. We realize man as he is in God and for God, his Lover. When God fills our heart He makes more room for man than the humanist heart can find. Prayer is an act indeed, *the* act of fellowship. We cannot truly pray even for ourselves without passing beyond ourselves and our individual experience. If we should begin with these the nature of prayer carries us

beyond them, both to God and to man. Even private prayer is common prayer—the more so, possibly, as it retires from being public prayer.

Not to want to pray is the sin behind sin. And it ends in not being able to pray. That is its punishment—spiritual dumbness, or at least aphasia, and starvation. We do not take our spiritual food, and so we falter, dwindle, and die. 'In the sweat of your brow ye shall eat your bread.' That has been said to be true both of physical and spiritual labour. It is true both of the life of bread and of the bread of life.

Prayer brings with it, as food does, a new sense of power and health. We are driven to it by hunger, and, having eaten, we are refreshed and strengthened for the battle which even our physical life involves. For heart and *flesh* cry out for the living God. God's gift is free; it is, therefore, a gift to our freedom, *i.e.* to our strength, to what makes men of us. Without this gift always renewed our very freedom can enslave us. The life of every organism is but the constant victory of a higher energy, constantly fed, over lower and more elementary forces. Prayer is the assimilation of God's moral strength.

We must work for this living. To feed the soul we must toil at prayer. And what a labour it is! 'He prayed in an agony.' We must pray even to tears if need be. Our co-operation with God is our receptivity. Yes, but it is an active, a laborious receptivity, an importunity that drains our strength away if it do not tap the sources of the Strength Eternal. We work, we slave, at receiving. To him that hath this laborious expectancy it shall be given. Prayer is the powerful appropriation of power. It is creative.

Prayer is not mere wishing. It is asking—with a will. Our will goes into it. It is energy. *Orare est laborare*. We turn to an active giver; therefore we go into action. For we could not pray without knowing and meeting Him in kind. If God has a controversy with Israel, Israel must wrestle with God. Moreover, He is the giver not only of the answer but first of the prayer itself. His gift provokes ours. He

beseeches us, which makes us beseech Him. And what we ask for chiefly is the power to ask more and to ask better. We pray for more prayer. The 'gift of prayer' is God's grace before it is our facility.

Thus prayer is, for us, paradoxically, both a gift and a conquest, a grace and a duty. But does that not mean, is it not a special case of the truth, that all duty is a gift, every call on us a blessing, and that the task we often find a burden is really a boon? When we look up from under it it is a load, but those who look down to it from God's side see it as a blessing. It is like great wings—they increase the weight but also the flight. If we have no duty to do God has shut Himself up from us. To be denied duty is to be denied God. No cross no Christ. 'When pain ends gain ends too.'

We are so egoistically engrossed about God's giving of the answer that we forget His gift of the prayer itself. But it is not a question simply of willing to pray, but of accepting and using as God's will the gift and the power to pray. In every act of prayer we have already begun to do God's will, for which above all things we pray. The prayer within all prayer is 'Thy will be done.' And has that petition not a special significance here? 'My prayer is Thy Will, Thou didst create it in me. It is Thine more than mine. Perfect Thine own will' is, therefore, the paraphrase, from this view point, of 'Hear my prayer.' 'The will to pray,' we say, 'is Thy will. Let it be done not only in my petition, but in Thy perfecting of it.' The petition is but half God's will. It is God's will inchoate. 'Thy will' (in my prayer) 'be done' (in Thy answer). It is Thine both to will and to do. Thy will be done in Heaven—in the answer, as it is done upon earth—in the asking.

Prayer has its great end when it lifts us to be more conscious and more sure, of the gift than the need, of the grace than the sin. As petition rises out of need or sin, in our first prayer it comes first; but it may fall into a subordinate place when at the end and height of our worship we are filled with the fullness of God. 'In that day ye shall ask me

nothing.' Inward sorrow is fulfilled in the prayer of petition ; inward joy in the prayer of thanksgiving. And this thought helps to deal with the question as to the hearing of prayer, and especially its answer. Or rather as to the place and kind of answer. We shall come one day to a heaven where we shall gratefully know that God's great refusals were sometimes the true answers to our truest prayer. Our soul is fulfilled if our petition is not.

When we begin to pray, we may catch and surprise ourselves in a position like this. We feel to be facing God from a position of independence. If He start from His end we do from ours. We are His *vis-à-vis* ; He is ours. He is an object so far as we are concerned, and we are the like to Him. Of course He is an object of *worship*. We do not start on equal terms, march up to Him, as it were, and put our case. We do more than approach Him erect with courteous self-respect shining through our poverty. We bow down to Him. We worship. But still it is a voluntary, an independent, submission and tribute, so to say. It is a reverence which we make and offer. We present something which is ours to give. If we ask Him to give we feel that we begin the giving, in our worship. We are outside each other ; and we call and He graciously comes.

But this is not the Christian idea, it is only a crude stage of it (if the New Testament is to guide us). We are there taught that only those things are perfected in God which He begins, that we seek only because He found, we beseech Him because He first besought us (2 Cor. v. 20). If our prayer reach or move Him it is because He first reached and moved us to pray. The prayer that reached heaven began there, when Christ went forth. It began when God turned to beseech us in Christ—in the Lamb slain before the foundation of the world. The Spirit went out with the power and function in it to return with our soul. Our prayer is the answer to God's. Herein is prayer, not that we prayed Him but that He first prayed us, in giving His Son to be a propitiation for us. The heart of the Atonement is prayer—his great self

offering in the Eternal Spirit. God stirs and inspires the prayer which finds and moves Him. His love provokes our sacred forwardness. He does not compel us, but we cannot help it after that look, that tone, that turn, of His. All say 'I am yours if you will,' and when we will it is prayer. Any final glory of human success or destiny rises from man being God's creation, and destined by Him for Him. So we pray because we were made for prayer, and God draws us out by breathing Himself in.

We feel this especially as prayer passes upwards into praise. When the mercy we besought comes home to us its movement is reversed, and it returns upon itself in thanksgiving. 'Great blessings which are won with prayer are worn with thankfulness.' Praise is the consecration of the egoism that may have moved our prayer. Prayer may spring from self-love, and be so far natural; for nature is all of the craving and taking kind. But praise is supernatural. It is more of pure grace. And it is a sign that the prayer was more than natural at heart. Spare some leisure from petition for thanksgiving. If the Spirit move conspicuously to praise it shows that He also moved latently the prayer, and that within nature is that which is above it. 'Prayer and thanks are like the double motion of the lungs; the air that is drawn in by prayer is breathed forth again by thanks.'

Prayer is turning our will on God either in the way of resignation or of impetration. We yield to His Will or He to ours. Hence religion is above all things prayer, according as it is a religion of will and conscience, as it is an ethical religion. To be religious is to pray. Bad prayer is false religion. Not to pray is to be irreligious. 'The battle for religion is the battle for prayer; the theory of religion is the philosophy of prayer.' In prayer we do not think out God; we draw Him out. Prayer is where our thought of God passes into action, and becomes more certain than thought. In all thought which is not dreaming or brooding there is an element of will; and in earnest (which is intelligent) prayer we give

this element the upper hand. We do not simply spread our thought out before God, but we turn it on Him, bring it to bear on Him, *offer* it to Him. This is our great and first sacrifice, and it becomes pressure on God. We can offer God nothing so great as our obedient acceptance of the mind and purpose of Christ. It is not easy. But then it is very mighty. And it is a power that grows by exercise. At first it groans, at last it glides. And it comes to this, that, as there are thoughts that seem to think themselves in us, so there are prayers that pray themselves in us. And, as those are the best thoughts, these are the best prayers. For it is the Christ at prayer who lives in us, and we are conduits of the Eternal Intercession.

Prayer is often represented as the great means of the Christian life. But it is no mere means, it is the great end of that life. It is of course not untrue to call it a means. It is so, especially at first. But at last it is truer to say that we live the Christian life in order to pray than that we pray in order to live the Christian life. It is at least as true. Our prayer prepares for our work and sacrifice, but all our work and sacrifice still more prepare for prayer. And we are, perhaps, oftener wrong in our work, or even our sacrifice, than we are in our prayer—and that for want of its guidance. But to reach this height, to make of prayer our great end, and to order life always in view of such a solemnity, in this sense to pray without ceasing and without pedantry—it is a slow matter. We cannot move fast to such a fine product of piety and feeling. It is a growth in Grace. And the whole history of the world shows that nothing grows so slowly as grace, nothing costs as much as free grace; a fact which drives us to all kinds of apologies to explain what seems the absence of God from His world, and especially from His world of souls. If God, to our grief, seems to us far absent from history how does He view the distance, the absence, of history from Him?

A chief object of all prayer is to bring us to God. But we may attain His presence and come closer to Him by the

way we ask Him for other things, things of the Kingdom, than by direct prayer for union with Him. The prayer for deliverance from personal trouble, or national calamity, may bring us nearer Him than mere devout aspiration to be lost in Him. Such distress is often meant by God as the initial means and exercise to His constant end of re-union with Him. His patience is such that He is willing to begin with us when we are no farther on than to use Him as a means of escape or relief. The holy Father can turn to His own account at last even the exploiting egoism of youth. And He gives us some answer, though the relief does not come, if He keep us praying, and ever more instant and purified in prayer. Prayer is never rejected so long as we do not cease to pray. Our importunity is a part of God's answer, both of His answer to us and ours to Him. He is sublimating our idea of prayer, and realizing the final purpose in all trouble of driving us farther in on Himself. A homely image has been used. The joiner, when he glues together two boards, keeps them tightly clamped till the cement sets, and the outward pressure is no more needed; then he unscrews. So with the calamities, depressions, and disappointments that crush us into close contact with God. Instant relief would not establish the habit of prayer, though it might make us believe in it with a promptitude too shallow to last or to make it the principle of our soul's life at any depth. A faith which is based chiefly on impetration might become more of a faith in prayer than a faith in God. If we got all we asked for we should soon come to treat Him as a convenience, or the request as a magic. The reason of much bewilderment about prayer is that we are less occupied about faith in God than about faith in prayer.

In God's eyes the great object of prayer is the opening or restoring of free communion with Himself in a Kingdom of Christ. In this sense every true prayer brings its answer with it; and that not 'reflexly' only, in our pacification of soul, but objectively in our obtaining a deeper and closer place in God and His purpose. If prayer is God's great gift it is one

inseparable from the giver ; who after all is His own great gift, since revelation is His Self-donation. He is actively with us, therefore, as we pray, and we exert His will in praying. And, on the other hand, prayer makes us to realize how far from God we were, *i.e.* it makes us realize our worst trouble and repair it. The outer need kindles the sense of the inner, and we find that the complete answer to prayer is the Answerer, and the hungry soul comes to itself in the fullness of Christ.

Prayer is the highest use to which speech can be put. It is the highest meaning that can be put into words. Indeed it breaks through language and escapes into action. We could never be told of what passed in Christ's mountain midnights. Words fail us in prayer oftener than anywhere else, and the Spirit must come in aid of our infirmity, set out our case to God, and give to us an unspoken freedom in prayer, the possession of our central soul, the reality of our inmost personality in organic contact with His. We are taken up from human speech to the region of the divine Word, which Word is a deed. We are integrated into the divine consciousness, and into the dual soliloquy of Father and Son, which is the divine give and take that upholds the world. We discover how poor a use of words it is to work them into argument and pursue their dialectic consequences. There is a deeper movement of speech than that, and a more inward mystery, wherein the Word does not spread out to wisdom, nor broods in dream, but gathers to power and condenses to action. The Word becomes Flesh, Soul, the active conquering Kingdom of God. Prayer, as it is spoken, follows the principle of the Incarnation with its twofold movement.¹ It is spirit not in expression only, but in deed and victory. It is speech become not only movement, but moral action and achievement ; it is word become work ; as the Word from Spirit became flesh, as Christ from prophet became priest. It is the principle of the Incarnation, only with the movement reversed. 'Ye are gods.' God became man in His Son's outgoing

¹ See last chapter of my *Person and Place of Christ* (Hodder & Stoughton).

that man might become divine ; and prayer is in the train of the Son's return to the Father, a function of the Ascension and Exaltation, in which (if we may not say man becomes God) we are made partakers of the divine nature. It is the true response, and tribute, and trophy to Christ's humiliation. Man rises to be a co-worker with God in the highest sense. For it is only by action, it is not by dream or rapture, that we enter communion with an active being—above all with the eternal Act of Christ that upholds the world. As such communion prayer is no mere *rapport*. It is the central act of the soul, organic with Christ's ; it is that which brings it into tune with the whole universe as God's Act, and answers the beating of its central heart. It is part of the creative, preservative, and consummatory energy of the world.

What is true religion ? It is not the religion which contains most truth in the theological sense of the word. It is not the religion most truly thought out, nor that which most closely fits with thought. It is religion which comes to itself most powerfully in prayer. It is the religion in which the soul becomes very sure of God and itself in prayer. Prayer contains the very heart and height of truth, but especially in the Christian sense of truth—reality and action. In prayer the inmost truth of our personal being meets the inmost reality of things, its energy finds a living Person acting as their unity and life, and we escape the illusions of sense, self, and the world. Prayer, indeed, is the great means for appropriating, out of the amalgam of illusion which means so much for our education, the pure gold of God as He wills, the Spirit as He works, and things as they are. It is the great school both of proficiency and of veracity of soul. (How few attain proficiency of soul !) It may often cast us down, for we are reduced by this contact to our true dimensions—but to our great peace.

Prayer, true prayer, does not allow us to deceive ourselves. It relaxes the tension of our self-inflation. It produces a clearness of spiritual vision. Searching with a

judgement that begins at the house of God, it ceases not to explore with His light our own soul. If the Lord is our health He may need to act on many men, or many moods, as a lowering medicine. At His coming our self-confidence is shaken. Our robust confidence, even in Grace, is destroyed. The pillars of our house tremble, as if they were ivy-covered in a searching wind. Our lusty faith is refined, by what may be a painful process, into a subtler and more penetrating kind ; and its outward effect is for the time impaired, though in the end it is increased. The effect of the prayer which admits God into the recesses of the Soul is to destroy that spiritual density, not to say stupidity, which made our religion cheery or vigorous because it knew no better, and which was the condition of getting many obvious things done, and producing palpable effect on the order of the day. There are fervent prayers which, by making people feel good, may do no more than foster the delusion that natural vigour or robust religion, when flushed enough, can do the work of the Kingdom of God. There is a certain self-confidence which is increased by the more elementary forms of religion, which upholds us in much of our contact with men, and which even secures us an influence with them. But the influence is one of impression rather than permeation, it overbears rather than converts, and it inflames rather than inspires. This is a force which true and close prayer is very apt to undermine, because it saps our self-deception and its Pharisaism. The confidence was due to a lack of spiritual insight which serious prayer plentifully repairs. So by prayer we acquire our true selves. If my prayer is not answered, I am. If my petition is not fulfilled, my person, my soul, is ; as the artist comes to himself and his happiness in the exercise of the talent he was made for, in spite of the delay and difficulty of turning his work to money. If the genius is happy who gets scope, the soul is blessed that truly comes to itself in prayer.

Blessed, yet not always happy. For by prayer we are set tasks sometimes which (at first, at least) may add to life's

burden. Our eyes being opened we see problems to which before we were blind, and we hear calls that no more let us alone. And I have said that we are shown ourselves at times in a way to dishearten us, and take effective dogmatism out of us. We lose effect on those people who take others at their own valuation, who do not try the spirits, and who have acquired no skill to discern the Lord in the apostle. True searching prayer is incompatible with spiritual dullness or self-complacency. And, therefore, such stupidity is not a mere defect, but a vice. It grew upon us because we did not court the searching light, nor haunt the vicinity of the great white Throne. We are chargeable with it because of our neglect of what cures it. Faith is a quickening spirit, and religious density betrays its absence. It is not at all the effect of ignorance. Many ignorant people escape it by the exercise of themselves unto godliness; and they not only show wonderful spiritual acumen, but they turn it upon themselves; with a result often of great but vigilant humility, such as is apt to die out of an aggressive religion more eager to bring in a Kingdom coming than to trust a Kingdom come. They are self-sufficient in a godly sort, and can even carry others, in a way which reveals the action of a power in them beyond all natural and unschooled force. We can feel in them the discipline of the Spirit. We can read much habitual prayer between their lines. They have risen far above religion. They are in the Spirit, and live in a long Lord's day. We know that they are not trying to serve Christ with the mere lustiness of natural religion, nor expecting to do the Spirit's work with the force of native temperament turned pious. There are, even amongst the religious, people of a shrewd density or nimble dullness, who judge heavenly things with an earthly mind. And, outside the religious, among those who are but interested in religion, there may be a certain gifted stupidity, a witty obtuseness; as among some writers who *sans gêne* turn what they judge to be the spirit of the age upon the realities of Eternity, and believe that it dissolves them in spray.

Whether we meet this type within the Church or without, we can mostly feel that it reveals the prayerless temper, whatever the zeal or vivacity may be. Not to pray is not to discern—not to discern the things that really matter, and the powers that really rule. The mind may see acutely, but the personality perceives nothing subtle; and then it comforts and deludes itself by saying it is simple and not sophisticated; and it falls a victim to the Pharisaism of the plain man. The finer (and final) forces, being unfelt, are denied or decried. The eternal motives are misread, the spell of the Eternal disowned. The simplicity in due course becomes merely bald. And all because the natural powers are unschooled, unchastened, and unempowered by prayer; and yet they are turned either, in one direction, to do Christian work, or, in the other, to discuss and renounce Christian truth. It is not always hard to tell among Christian men those whose thought is matured in prayer, whose theology there becomes a hymn, whose energy is disciplined there, and whose temper is there subdued to that illuminated humility in which a man truly finds his soul. 'The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His covenant.' The deeper we go into things the more do we enter a world where the mastery and the career is not to talent but to prayer.

In prayer we do not ask God to do things contrary to Nature. Rather here ascending Nature takes its true effect and arrives. For the God we invoke is the Lord and Destiny of the whole creation; and in our invocation of Him Nature ends on its keynote. He created the world at the first with a final and constant reference to the new creation, whose native speech is prayer. The whole creation thus comes home to God in our prayer; and when we ask from the God of the *whole* Creation we neither do nor expect an arbitrary thing. We petition a God in whom all things are fundamentally working together for good to such a congenial cry. So far from crossing Nature we give it tongue. We lift it to its divinest purpose, function, and glory. Nature excels itself in our prayer. The Creation takes its true

effect in personality, which at once resists it, crowns it, and understands it ; and personality takes true effect in God—in prayer. If there be a divine teleology in Nature at all prayer is the telos. The world was made to worship God, for God's glory. And this purpose is the world's providence, the principle of creation. It is an end present all along the line and course of natural evolution ; for we deal in prayer most closely with One to whom is no after nor before.

When we are straitened in prayer we are yet not victims of Nature, we are yet free in the grace of God—as His own freedom was straitened in Christ's incarnation to the finishing of His task. And it is hard, it is often impossible, for us to tell whether our hour of constriction or our hour of expansion contributes more to the divine purpose and its career. Both go to make real prayer. They are the the systole and diastole of the world's heart ; which is prayer as the supreme function of the personality which is the world's supreme product. It is personality with this function that God seeks above all to rear—it is neither particular moods of its experience, nor influential relations with the world. The praying personality has an eternal value for God as an end in itself. This is the divine fullness of life's time and course, the one achievement that survives with more power in death than in life. The intercession of Christ in heaven is the continuity and consummation of His supreme work on Earth. To share it is the meaning of praying in the Spirit. And it has more effect on history than civilization has. This is a hard saying, but a Christian can say no otherwise without in so far giving up his Christianity.

'There is a budding morrow in midnight.' And every juncture, every relation, and every pressure of life has in it a germ of possibility and promise for our growth in God and Grace ; which germ to rear is the work of constant and progressive prayer. (For as a soul has a history, prayer has its progress.) This germ we do not always see, nor can we tend it as if we did. It is often hidden up under the earthy relations, and may there be lost,—our soul is lost. But

also it may from there be saved—and we escape from the fowler's net. Its growth is often visible only to the Saviour whom we keep near by prayer, whose search we invoke, and for whose action we make room in prayer. Our certainty of Him is girt round with much uncertainty about His working, about the steps of His process. But in prayer we become more and more sure that He is sure, and knows all things, and hesitates or falters never, and commands all things to His end. All along Christ is being darkly formed within us as we pray; and our converse with God goes on rising to become that of the Father and the Son, whom we overhear, as it were, at converse in us. Yet this does not insulate us from our kind; for other people are no more alien to us but near in a Lord who is to them what He is to us. Private prayer may thus become more really common prayer than public prayer is.

And so with the universe itself as we rise in Christ to prayer. We are integrated into its universality. We are made members of its vast whole. We are not detained and cramped in a sectional world. We are not planted in the presence of an outside, alien universe, nor in the midst of a distraught, unreconciled universe, which speaks, like a crowd, in many fragments and many voices, and drags us from one relation with it to another, with a *Lo*, here is Christ, or there. But it is a universe wholly vocal to us, really a universe and vocal as a whole, one congenial and friendly, as it comes to us in its Christ and ours. It was waiting for such a manifestation of the Son of God as prayer is. This world is not now a desert haunted by demons; and it is more than a vestibule to another; it is its prelude in the drama of all things. We know it in another knowledge now than its own. We know it as science never can—as a whole and as reality. We know it as we are known of God—together, and not in pieces. Having nothing we possess all things. The faith that energizes in Christian prayer sets us at the centre of that whole of which nature is the overture part. The steps of thought and its processes of law fade

away. They do not cease to act, but they retire from notice. We grasp the mobile organization of things deep at its constant and trusty heart. We receive the earnest of our salvation—Christ in us.

There, where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart beats.

We are planted there. And all the mediation of process becomes immediate in its eternal ground. As we are going there we feel already there. 'They were willing to receive Him into the boat, and straightway the boat was at the land whither they were going.' We grasp that eternal life to which all things work, which gives all the waxing organization its being and meaning—for a real organism only grows because it already is. That is the mark of real life. And soul and person is the greatest organism of all. We apprehend our soul as it is apprehended of God and in God—with all its evolution, past or future, converted into a divine present. We are already all that we are to be. We possess our souls in the prayer which is real communion with God. We enter by faith upon that which to sight and history is but a far future reversion. When He comes He brings with Him all that He purposes to make us. We are already the 'brave creature' He means us to be. In such hour or visitation we realize our soul or person at no one stage of it, but in its fullness, and in the context of its whole and final place in history, the world, and eternity. A phase which has no meaning in itself yet carries, like the humble mother of a great genius, an eternal meaning in it. And we can seize that meaning in prayer; we can pierce to what we are at our true centre and true destiny, *i.e.*, what we are to God's Grace. Laws and injunctions, such as 'Love your neighbour,' even 'love your enemy,' then become life principles, and they are law pressures no more. The yoke is easy. Where all is forgiven to seventy times seven there is no friction and no grief any more. We taste love and joy. All the pressure of life then goes to form the crystals of faith. It is God making up His jewels.

When we are in God's presence by prayer we are right, our will is morally right, we are doing His will. However unsure we may be about other acts and efforts to serve Him we know we are right in this. If we ask truly but ask amiss, it is not a sin, and He will in due course set us right in that respect. We are sure that prayer is according to His will, and that we are just where we ought to be. And that is a great matter for the rightness of our thought, and of the aims and desires proposed by our thought. It means much both as to their form and their passion. If we realize that prayer is the acme of our right relation to God, if we are sure that we are never so right with Him in anything we do as in prayer, then prayer must have the greatest effect and value for our life, both in its purpose and its fashion, in its spirit and its tenor. What puts us right morally, right with a Holy God (as prayer does) must have a great shaping power on every part and every juncture of life. And, of course, especially upon the spirit and tenor of our prayer itself, upon the form and complexion of our petition.

The effect of our awful War will be very different on the prayerful and the prayerless. It will be a sifting judgment. It will turn to prayer those who did not pray, and increase the prayer of those who did. But some, whose belief in God grew up only in fair weather and not at the Cross, it will make more sceptical and worldly than ever, and it will present them with a world more confused and more destitute of a God than before; which can only lead to renewed outbreaks of the same kind as soon as the nations regain strength. The prayerless spirit saps a people's moral strength because it blunts their thought and conviction. It must be so if prayer is such a moral blessing and such a shaping power, if it pass, by its nature, from the vague volume and passion of devotion to formed petition and effort. Prayerlessness is an injustice and a damage to our own soul, and therefore to its history, both in what we do and what we think. The root of all deadly heresy is prayerlessness.

Prayer finds our clue in a world otherwise without form and void. And it draws a magic circle round us over which the evil spirits may not pass. 'Prayer,' says Vinet, 'is like the air of certain ocean isles, which is so pure that there vermin cannot live. We should surround ourselves with this atmosphere, as the diver shuts himself into his bell ere he descends into the deep.'

If there must be in the Church a communion of belief, there must be there also a communion of prayer. For the communion of prayer is the very first form the communion of belief takes. It is in this direction that Church unity lies. It lies behind prayer, in something to which prayer gives effect, in that which is the source and soul of prayer—in our relation with God in Christ, in our new creation. Prayer for Church unity will not bring that unity, but that which stirs, and founds, and wings prayer will. And prayer is its chief exercise. The true Church is just as wide as the community of Christian prayer, *i.e.* of due response to the gospel of our reconciliation and communion with God.

A prayer is also a promise. Every true prayer carries with it a vow. If it do not, it is not in earnest. It is not of a piece with life. Can we pray in earnest if we do not in the act commit ourselves to do our best to bring about the answer? Can we escape some kind of hypocrisy? This is especially so with intercession. What is the value of praying for the poor if all the rest of our time and interest is given only to becoming rich? Where is the honesty of praying for our country if in our most active hours we are chiefly occupied in making something out of it, if we are strange to all sacrifice for it? Prayer is one form of sacrifice, but if it is the only form it is vain oblation. If we pray for our child that he may have God's blessing we are really promising that nothing shall be lacking on our part to be a divine blessing to him. And if we have no kind of religious relation to him (as plenty of Christian parents have none), our prayer is quite unreal,

and its failure should not be a surprise. To pray for God's Kingdom is also to engage ourselves to service and sacrifice for it. To begin our prayer with a petition for the hallowing of God's name and to have no real and prime place for holiness in our life or faith is not sincere. The prayer of the vindictive for forgiveness is mockery, like the prayer for daily bread from a wheat cornerer. No such man could say the Lord's prayer but to his judgement. What would happen to the Church if the Lord's Prayer became a test for membership as thoroughly as the Creeds have been? The Lord's Prayer is also a vow to the Lord. None but a Christian can pray it, or should. Great worship of God is also a great engagement of ourselves, a great committal of our action. To begin the day with prayer is but a formality unless it go on in prayer, unless for the rest of it we pray in deed what we began in word. One has said that while prayer is the day's best beginning it must not be like the handsome title-page of a worthless book.

'Thy will be done.' Unless that were the spirit of all our prayer, how should we have courage to pray if we know ourselves at all, or if we have come to a time when we can have some retrospect on our prayers and their fate? Without this committal to the wisdom of God prayer would be a very dangerous weapon in proportion as it was effective. No true God could promise us an answer to our every prayer. No Father of mankind could. The rain that saved my crop might ruin my neighbour's. It would paralyse prayer to be sure that it would prevail as it is offered, certainly and at once. We should be terrified at the power put into our foolish hands. Nothing would do more to cure us of a belief in our own wisdom than the granting of some of our eager prayers. And nothing could humiliate us more than to have God say when the fulfilment of our desire brought leanness to our souls, 'Well, you would have it.' It is what He has said to many. But He said more, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.'

P. T. FORSYTH.

THE POEMS OF ROBERT BRIDGES

IT is more years than one cares to count since, as an Oxford undergraduate, the writer of this article first heard dim rumours of a secluded poet, Oxonian through and through, whose successive volumes, issued from a private press, were treasured by shrewd collectors not merely for the intrinsic value of the poetry they contained, but with an eye to the price which each might fetch in years to come as an *editio princeps* of more than Aldine interest. Far-sighted critics were already acclaiming in this new writer one of the *Di Majores* of English verse; everybody who was anybody talked of him as likely to help in remedying the adverse balance of poetical merit as between Oxford and the rival University; and it was already a mark of 'culture'—a word not then discredited—to know and quote your Bridges. Alas! 'tis thirty years since!

It was of course not long before we began to read these wonderful poems; for we were then young enough to wish to be, if not exactly in the fashion, in the van of literary taste. The first of Bridges' poems, as far as we can remember, that we took up, was *Prometheus the Firegiver*; and it is not surprising that we began it with a mind somewhat clouded with a doubt. For, first, the admirers of Bridges, though to be respected as pioneers, were a little to be dreaded as of the 'precious' school: they believed more in form than in substance, and liked to see a single word tortured into a dozen meanings. But further, the poem itself made one hesitate. Here was a 'Mask,' on the one hand challenging, from its very first speech, comparison with *Comus*, and on the other deliberately recalling, in subject and in detailed treatment, one of Aeschylus's best known masterpieces. The writer of such a poem plainly did not lack daring;

and even to undergraduates there are limits to permissible audacity. But it was not long before we were reconciled and reassured. There were, it is true, annoying eccentricities in metre and spelling, and plenty of the 'preciosity' which one had expected, but it was obvious that here had arisen, if not a new Milton, the most Miltonic of Milton's *diadochi*, a follower, but far from a mere mimic, of the greatest of English metrists and stylists.

Next, we fancy, came *Achilles in Scyros*, a more regular drama, which seemed to us statuesque, clear-cut, and restrained; but restrained with the restraint of strength; and after that, *Eros and Psyche*, in which (though again certain freaks and extravagances fretted us) we noted the Ivanhoe-like courage of a man who feared not to take a theme well-worn already, and to touch the mighty shield of William Morris himself. True, we felt uneasily that—to use the expressive vernacular of the undergraduate—in none of these poems had Bridges quite 'hit it,' or been quite 'on the spot'; we never became members of the sacred coterie of his adoring disciples; but we read, admired, and read again; and we could not help seeing that should a wave of true inspiration ever touch this poet, his technical equipment would make him one of the immortals. And this is our opinion still. It is true that we have advanced a good distance from the old Oxford standpoint. In those days, if we remember rightly, 'restraint' was a word to conjure with, and '*Surtout, point de nèle*' the favourite maxim. Hence the obvious restraint and lack of enthusiasm in Bridges, combined with his peculiar tone of suppressed knowledge, was sure of appreciation in an Oxford audience. Since then one has acquired a certain suspicion of this everlasting checking of Pegasus, and one has come to care less for verbal and metrical precision as compared with the appeal to the soul. Still, it is worth while to recall the old days when we were for a time in the atmosphere in which Robert Bridges has lived ever since, so that we may realize

with a certain degree of exactness the influences which have made him what he is. To some, indeed, it may seem trifling to trouble about the limited, if intense, life of the narrowest of Universities; but, for our present purpose, to dwell for a moment on that life and its peculiarities is interesting and important. Robert Bridges is essentially an Oxford poet; and this in a sense quite different from that in which we say that Dryden, or Tennyson, is a Cambridge poet. For Bridges was not only educated in Oxford; in all but the physical sense he was born there, and its spirit has penetrated him through and through, alike for good and for evil. He himself knows this well, and his ambition is that his 'uncared-for songs' may at least be cared for in Oxford. 'Twere something,' he says in one of his sonnets,

Twere something yet to live again among
The gentle youth beloved, and where I learned
My art, be there remember'd for my song.

Whatever happens to his fame in the world at large, he will always be remembered *there*. Doubtless, indeed, it is this Oxonian quality to which he owes the Laureateship. For the Prime Minister, after all temptations to belong to other Universities, remains an Oxford man, and his appointments show how strong his Oxonian sympathies still are. Perhaps he may often scarcely know that the men he chooses for posts were educated on the Isis; but some sub-conscious fellow-feeling obviously makes him like them first and choose them after. In any case, it was impossible for him not to know Robert Bridges, and still more impossible for him, with his Oxford culture, not to like him. Hence we were hardly surprised when, amid all the confusion of a disputed succession, Mr. Asquith's authoritative voice proclaimed this most esoteric and chastened of poets our new king. We still think there are others with more of the divine *oestrus*, more of that intangible something which we call imagination, more power of popular appeal; but we think we understand the Prime Minister's choice; and we are ready to

maintain against all comers that Robert Bridges is that rare being, a true poet. In this paper we shall try to mark what we think to be the range and scope of his peculiar talent.

And, first, we think he is a very remarkable case of a man who is a critic first and a poet afterwards. He is in poetry what Lessing is in the drama—one who has thought out his theory before he has put it into practice, and whose poems are deliberate expressions of the theory he holds. Just as Lessing wrote *Minna von Barnhelm* rather to show what a comedy ought to be than because he felt comically inclined, so Bridges's poems have often the air of having been written to exemplify his ideas of masks, of dramatic poetry, or of metre, rather than because an irresistible impulse had come over him compelling him to express himself or die. In this respect he resembles the Wordsworth of some of the *Lyrical Ballads*, who wrote several of these poems to challenge attention for his novel theory of poetry—and, as a result, wrote them without captivating the world. But Wordsworth had his other voice : there were moments when he was almost literally swept away by a flood of inspiration which he could no more sway than he could move the tides ; and then we had *Tintern Abbey*, *The Daffodils*, the ' Lucy ' poems, and a hundred others that will never die. Mr. Bridges has a far surer critical taste than Wordsworth ; he is never childish, never banal, never prosy. But he is rarely inspired ; indeed, he seems to dread inspiration as something incalculable. If he ever writes something in a moment of frenzy, we may be sure that he tones it down before he lets others see it. He has studied—no one more thoroughly—the mechanism of poetry ; and the result has been that he has often forced his inspiration, such as it is, into a Procrustean mould. For example, he has paid the very closest attention to the prosody of Milton's blank verse, alike as used in *Paradise Lost* and in its later form as given in *Paradise Regained* and in *Samson Agonistes*. Milton's

various devices are all, like the faults of Cassius, 'observed, set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote.' Whatever statistics can do for a poet, Mr. Bridges has done for Milton. But to know Milton's prosody statistically is not to write like him: when every single device of his is known and tabulated, there remains one thing—and that, in a word, is just everything. Even Milton himself supplies the proof. In *Paradise Lost* he repeatedly tries the most daring feats of metre with triumphant success—because he was on fire when he tried them. Who cares how a mathematician scans such a line as

Barst after them to the bottomless pit

OR AS

And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old !

Such lines are not scanned, they are felt. But in *Paradise Regained*, though often successful, Milton often tried the same feats when he was not on fire, and failed accordingly. Much more is this the case with Robert Bridges, in whose verse, both rhymed and blank, we find too frequently the cold-blooded mimicry of those audacious metrical flights: they leave us cold because the author of them was scarcely warm. Not rarely the effect on us is precisely as if we suspected the writer of having counted up his lines and said, 'Now is the time for an irregularity; let us introduce one.' Take for example these lines from the lyric entitled *London Snow*—which, by the way, have been chosen for special praise, and on metrical grounds, by no less a critic than Mr. D. S. MacColl:

When men were all asleep the snow came flying
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town;
Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing;
Loosely and incessantly floating down and down:
Silently sifting and veiling road, roof, and railing;
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

With the matter of this passage we are not at present concerned; but in its verse-form it is obviously wrought to suit

a theory. Not for nothing had Bridges reflected on English pronunciation, analysed his Milton, and dissected the *Sensitive Plant*. The result of such studies is almost always exaggeration. As a doctor tends to think the whole world a hospital, so a student of style or metre tends to think eccentricity the rule, and unconsciously parodies when he means to imitate. Nor is it any excuse that these irregularities are deliberate. 'I may break that rule now and then,' said Beethoven to one of his pupils, 'but that is no reason why you should break it once on every page.' The sophisticated scholar may admire; the truer taste of the intelligent but simple reader will dislike and reject.

It is this same chilly calculation which accounts for Mr. Bridges' far too numerous experiments in 'classical' prosody. It is true that these are largely due to a pious regard for the wishes of his deceased friend and collaborator in metrical studies, Mr. William Johnson Stone; but this does not excuse either their number or their publication. In a *few* such experiments there is no particular harm; the hobby is innocent enough; and when the writer scatters two or three hundred lines among his private friends, no one has any reason to complain. But Bridges has given us fifty or sixty closely-printed pages of them, and one is never sure, while gliding over the smooth surface of accentual blank verse, that some submarine-like Horatian ode, or set of Asclepiads, will not suddenly startle us from our security. Such trifling is unworthy of a true poet. At the best, despite all the Stanihursts and Gabriel Harveys, verse of this kind is a mere *tour de force*, of little more value than a *bout-rimé* or a *versus recurrens*, or any of the other dainty devices which we so often find in the decadence of a literature. The Roman Martial taught us, more than two thousand years ago, what to think of this kind of pastime:

Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor est ineptiarum.

But these experiments are far worse than those attacked by

Martial; for it is all but demonstrably certain that they run contrary to the genius of the English language. Even in Latin, there is good reason to believe, some amount of force was required to make the native dialect bend to the rules of Greek; and, wherever we light upon really *popular* poetry in Latin, we find an endeavour to throw off the foreign yoke, and a recurrence to more or less accentual verse. But in English the whole thing is practically an impossibility. Calverley and others long ago showed that Tennyson's *Alcaics* (to say nothing of the *Galliambs* of *Boadicea*) only apparently obeyed the Latin rules, and everywhere broke their spirit; and, though the experiments of Bridges exemplify a different principle from those of Tennyson, they approximate to Latin only at the cost of leaving English behind. A metre that does not more or less 'sing itself' is self-condemned, and might as well be prose: and a simple test, applied to the *Asclepiads* and hexameters of Bridges, will soon show that they scarcely conform more to English rhythmical systems than Tennyson's famous pentameter,

All men alike hate slops, particularly gnel.

Take the following lines, and submit them without previous warning to any ordinary educated Englishman, whether he is familiar with the classics or not: and we shall be very much surprised if he does not utterly fail, at least till the third or fourth reading, to discover what manner of metre they pretend to be of:

Gay and lovely is earth, man's decorate dwelling;
With fresh beauty ever varying hour to hour.
As now bathed in azure joy she awakeneth
With bright morn to the sun's life-giving affluence,
Or sunk into solemn darkness beneath the stars
In mysterious awe slumbereth out the night.

The impossibility of scanning such verses as these without sign-posts, Bridges himself tacitly confesses by adding here and there an accent or diacritic as a hint to the bewildered reader. For instance, this is the way in which he writes the last two lines of a 'Sapphic':

My spirit fleeth to the fairyland of
Her tyrannous love.

And here are two 'scazons' or halting iambics, in which the first five feet are iambic, and the sixth trochaic :

Should love the creature forgetting the Creator,
Nor unto Him ^v in suff'ring and sorrow turn me ;

in which it is certain that, to the ordinary reader, not the last foot only, but all the feet, would seem to halt.

This love of the experimental, of doing the difficult in verse, or of reviving the out-of-the-way, is the chief blot, and a serious one, in Bridges' poetry. It gains him the admiration of the curious, the seekers after the ingenious, and the academic ; but it will always, and rightly, militate against his popularity ; and, though Bridges doubtless disdains the popular, he should remember that Homer and Shakespeare appeal to the many. It is safe to say that no one but Bridges, in a Christmas poem meant 'to be read as widely as possible,' would have tried to reintroduce the style and metre of *Piers the Plowman*, 'caesura,' alliteration, and all. True, Morris had tried it in 'Love is Enough'—with the result of making that lovely poem unpopular—and in his translation of 'Beowulf'—which is the only utter failure that Morris ever achieved. But Bridges is not deterred. Here are the first few lines of his poem :

A frosty Christmas eve / when the stars were shining,
Fared I forth alone / where westward falls the hill ;
And from many a village / in the watered valley
Distant music reached me / peals of bells a-ringing :
The constellated sounds / ran sprinkling on earth's floor
As the dark vault above / with stars was spangled o'er.

It is interesting and suggestive that this poem, though superficially like *Piers the Plowman*, is soon perceived, by those who know Langland's work, to be in essence totally different from it : and this is sufficient to make us more than doubt as to the real character of the 'classic' metres. If it is impossible to recover the real lilt of a poem only five hundred years old, and in one's own language, what must be the difficulty of recovering the tone of a poem

written two thousand years ago, and in a language long dead ?

Bridges, then, is a critical poet : he watches his own means of expression, and judges effects of language and metre as he goes along. Nevertheless, so delicate is his taste, and so genuine is the imagination over which it exercises control, that his verse is always not merely verse but poetry. Doubtless he rejects innumerable lines and poems which, as certainly as if they had been written by another, he perceives to be uninspired. Hence, apart from the exceptions we have just noted, there is extraordinarily little in his published work which is not of high quality. In this he differs markedly from Matthew Arnold, another poet of this critical kind, whose lapses both of metre and of inspiration are constant and surprising, and who has left us scarcely twenty consecutive lines without a flaw. In Arnold, critic as he was, the process of composition killed the judging faculty ; in Bridges this faculty seldom if ever even sleeps. He has refused the title of poet to Dryden, largely on account of Dryden's failure in self-criticism. On the other hand, he has carefully noticed with what skill artists like Milton, in the less poetical passages and connecting links of their longer poems, make up for the lack of the divine passion by a special finish in the workmanship. This special finish he feels himself competent to give to his own poems ; and he has an almost Gray-like patience in waiting the leisure of the Muse, combined with a severity of taste which makes him his own sternest Aristarchus. It is this delicacy and finish, also, which so constantly turn into perfect gems of poetry little pieces whose initial idea is of the lightest and most gossamer texture. Here again Gray provides the parallel. What theme could be simpler than that of the 'Elegy' or that of the 'Bard ?' It is the perfection of the *workmanship* that has made them immortal.

But in addition to this highly-developed critical faculty, Robert Bridges has also the qualities of a trained musician ;

he is an amateur performer, we believe, of more than average ability, and a close student of musical theory. In this respect he resembles Milton; and the result has been, to some extent, the same with him as it was with his great predecessor. Poetry comes to him, not always, but usually, as an affair of sound, and this not, as with Swinburne, of verbal sound, but as with Bach or Beethoven, of sound pure and simple—but sound regulated and measured. Often, indeed, as for example in the well-known ‘Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding?’—included by ‘Q’ in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*—it seems pretty clear that the impulse to write came first from the *mere* sound, and that the sense was quite a secondary consideration. Bridges had here not something to say, but a tune to sing—or rather a new intricacy of harmony to elaborate—and he must have felt the poem first as a *Lied ohne Worte*, and supplied the words afterwards. So with many others of his poems; the second part of the chorus at the beginning of Act II. of *Demeter* is a case in point:

Enslanguor'd like a fasting lioness,
That prowls around
Robb'd of her whelps, in fury comfortless
Until her lost be found:
Implacable and terrible in her wild distress;
And thro' the affrighted country her roars resound.

Who does not see the poet here, as it were, trying his harmonies over on the piano to see how they ‘do,’ and whether they suit his inner conception of them? The short second line, the longer fourth, the elisions in the fifth, and the jerky rhythm of the sixth, have all been weighed and tested.

Alike as critic and as musician, Bridges is far from resembling the inspired rhapsode or raving improviser who, in the view of a Plato or a Shelley, stood for the true poet. As fully as Goethe or Tennyson, he sees what he wants: in the heat of his poetic conflict, like the Happy Warrior, he keeps the law in calmness made. If he has a message to deliver, he knows all about it. If he has learnt the art

of poetry, it has been by pains and labour. 'Me,' he says himself in one place,

Me whom thou sawest of late strive with the pains
Of one who spends his strength to rule his nerve,
Behold me, now that I have cast my chains,
Master of the art which for thy sake I serve ;

and he confesses that he is not one of that 'best class' that 'in play can do the thing they would, having an instinct throned in reason's place.' He is a conscious artist ; and we his readers are too often conscious of his art.

Hence, by a curious paradox which we shall develop more at length in a moment, he is at his best in lyrical poetry, in which, as a rule, spontaneity is everything. His longer poems are full, it is true, of beauties ; but they would seem to have been all written to order. It is not for nothing, for example, that *Eros and Psyche* is neatly divided into four seasons, each season into three months, and every month into exactly as many stanzas as there are days. March has its due thirty-one stanzas ; April thirty ; and February twenty-eight, with just a quarter of the twenty-ninth added for Leap Year. This is an allegory of the regulated and organized character of Mr. Bridges' poetical intelligence. Of a piece with it is the extraordinary conceit by which, when describing the music of the unseen strings and reeds that greeted Psyche in the magic palace, he actually gives us a stanza, the first letters of which form the name of Purcell ! Similarly, in *Demeter*, the effect of which as a whole is singularly bright, fresh, and translucent, we are interrupted, in the midst of our truly poetical enjoyment, to admire the dexterity with which choriambes are managed, or with which a simple lyric of Blake is turned into alcaics. It is not that these tricks are badly done : they are excellently performed. But the fact remains that they *are* performances. In this regard they are like the Hudibrastic rhymes of Browning's *Pacchiarotto* ; the cleverness of the juggler is so great that in watching his quickness we pay no attention to what he is

actually doing. No one, we are sure, ever knew on the first reading what *Pacchiarotto* meant : and similarly no one, on the first reading of *Demeter*, has time to spare from studying Mr. Bridges' quantities in order to see what the lyrics express.

Of all the longer poems, in our opinion, *Prometheus the Firegiver* is the most pleasing. In this the direct and absolute imitation of the Greek, and the deliberate repression of all modernity, are part and parcel of the conception, and harmonize wonderfully with the scheme of the poem. The besetting sin of modern settings of classical themes is modernity. Tennyson's *Ulysses* and *Tithonus* are, indeed, admirable poems, and they contain some excellent translations from the Greek ; but Greek they are not, Stephen Phillips' *Marpessa*, in the very qualities which most captivate us to-day, is still less Greek. Even *Atalanta in Calydon* is only Greek on the surface. Every attempt, in fact, to give a deeper, semi-symbolic meaning to a classical myth is by that very symbolism made unclassical. Bridges has avoided all symbolism, all allegory, in his *Prometheus* ; if there is any under-meaning it is, as it was to Milton in *Samson Agonistes*, in the inspiration of the poem rather than in its internal form ; and hence the poem is, along with Milton's drama, the most Greek-like work in all English literature. Thus 'restraint,' the curb, the checked enthusiasm, are here in place ; and hence it is that this poem seems to us the one by which, of all his greater works, Bridges can most fairly be judged. In it the constant evidences of true and exact scholarship, the touches, like those in Gray, which show everywhere that a quotation might have been made but has been hinted at and passed by, the imitations which are yet independent,—all this is the very reverse of pedantry, and is interwoven with the very texture of the poetry. Bridges seems to treat Aeschylus as Virgil treated Homer ; he borrows, but with the air of an equal, and pays his debts with royal interest.

Nevertheless, as we said above, it is in lyrical poetry

that he is at his best ; and that though in the lyric it might seem impossible for so deliberate a writer to excel. We associate the song with Burns, with Sappho, with Shelley ; it is either the absolutely sincere expression of a heartfelt emotion, or it is nothing. And it is true that in some of Bridges' songs we feel the absence of this spontaneity : even in some that first-rate judges have selected for special admiration. Mr. Arthur Symonds, for instance, many years ago pointed out the supreme excellence of Mr. Bridges in his songs, in which, he said, his art, though present, conceals itself so successfully that it is made one with nature. This is true and justly expressed ; but we cannot think that Mr. Symonds was quite happy in the illustration he chose—the following little poem, too impalpable to possess even a title :

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents :
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour :—
My song be like a flower !

I have loved airs that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere :—
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb !
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast ; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

Now, while this song is, indeed, exquisite, it is, perhaps, a little too elaborate to deserve unstinted praise. The very epithets which Mr. Symonds—as was to be expected from his peculiar critical temperament—singles out for his highest

admiration—the 'magic' tents, the 'unmemoried' odours—these seem to us just a little too precious, too unexpected. They have certainly been sought for; they have not come as words came to Goethe's singer, who sang but as the bird sings. But there are many, very many, of Mr. Bridges' lyrics which *do* seem spontaneous. Take for example the lovely one in the full seventeenth-century style—

I praise the tender flower
That on a mournful day
Bloomed in my garden bower
And made the winter gay.
Its loveliness contented
My heart tormented.

I praise the gentle maid
Whose happy voice and smile
To confidence betrayed
My doleful heart awhile;
And gave my spirit deploring
Fresh wings for soaring.

The maid for very fear
Of love I durst not tell;
The rose could never hear,
Though I bespoke her well;
So in my song I bind them
For all to find them.

It is true that even this song lacks the absolute simplicity and directness, to say nothing of the mysticism, that we find in a song of Shelley, of Yeats, or of 'A. E.'; its inspiration seems to have come not from Nature herself, but from Nature at second-hand. It sounds like a memory of Herrick revived by some melody of Byrd or Gibbons; and its chastity and severity of diction exactly suit its origin. But it is a genuine expression of a mood, nevertheless; and it is impossible to refuse to the maker of such verses the title of a true poet. If we give Bridges, in such poems as this, a fair chance, we cannot resist his charm; and his charm comes from what he himself tells us exists in him, a 'love of all beauteous things.' It is true that it is a cultivated and carefully-fostered love; but it is true and authentic, and, therefore, carries us with it. He *seeks* beauteous things, as

he informs us, and he seeks them with something of the curious fastidiousness of the virtuoso ; but his devotion to them is as pure as that of Chaucer for the daisy or that of Wordsworth for the celandine. Hence, though we are occasionally annoyed by some of the little tricks of the collector of bric-à-brac, we cannot help responding to his enthusiasm with an enthusiasm of our own. He is always in search of new 'effects' ; and there is something attractive in his genuine pride in them when they are found. Even in his more 'ordinary' measures we feel that he is on a quest similar to that of which he speaks in the preface to his *Poems in Classical Prosody* : 'Though the difficulty of adapting our English syllables to the Greek rules is very great, and even deterrent, yet the experiments that I have made reveal a vast unexplored field of delicate and expressive rhythms hitherto unknown in our poetry ; and this amply rewarded me for my undertaking.' The discoveries one is likely to make by the use of common English accentual prosody will be less surprising, but Bridges obviously takes an equal delight in them when they are made.

Bridges, then, is an artist, and a highly finished and cultivated artist. Of him, as Mr. Birrell says of Locker Lampson, it may almost be said that he is all taste. He is as religious as Browning himself ; he 'believes in soul and is very sure of God' ; but, while his faith is perfectly simple, it is inextricably blended with the sense of beauty, and scarcely to be distinguished from it even in thought. To him the Deity himself appears as an artist. 'This world is unto God a work of art,' he says in one of his sonnets ; and he might have meant himself in the lines in which he speaks of one in whom

For lack of knowledge and thro' little skill
His childish mimicry outwent his aim ;
His effort shaped the genius of his will ;
Till thro' distinction and revolt he came,
True to his simple terms of good and ill,
Seeking the face of Beauty without blame.

This love of Beauty, which is as marked in Bridges as in Keats himself, and which is in him unmingled with that paganism which characterizes Keats, this it is which is the real attraction in his poetry. It is an austere, classical kind of beauty, but it is true and genuine. It is often the kind of beauty which we find in a miniature or a mere *objet d'art*, but Bridges accepts it wherever he finds it. It appears, as usually with men of specially artistic natures, rather in his form than in his substance; he has no great message to deliver, except that cult of chiselled beauty which his poems, by their mere existence, cannot help teaching. The themes which in other poets have inspired to a divine frenzy, are either untouched by him, or touched with a cool and temperate sanity. He feels no call to justify the ways of God to man, as Milton felt it; he has never, with Wordsworth, experienced those hours of visitation in which thought expires; he is always thinking. He is never carried away into the seventh heaven with Shelley; never moved to blind but mighty revolt with Byron. War he has touched on, as in duty bound; but he has sung it perfunctorily like an unprofitable servant. Even Love, an emotion which he has certainly felt keenly, he has not celebrated till so long after that, in Wordsworth's phrase, he can recollect it in perfect tranquility. He has devoted to it sixty or seventy sonnets; but they are even more elaborate and coldly-wrought than most sonnets. All his classicism has not led him to imitate Horace and Anacreon in hymning the joys of wine.

But no one has excelled him in the ability to draw certain accurate and most vivid *vignettes* of Nature in some of her aspects; to describe a rainy or a misty day, to picture an autumn landscape, a withered tree, an Oxfordshire fen. Some of these pictures linger in the memory as few indeed of descriptive poems have the habit of lingering. Above all, no one has excelled him in a peculiar power of pathos, moving by its very reticence, and stirring by its very absence of

strain. He has none of Byron's 'maniac laughter' or 'piercing lamentation'; but his sadness, untainted as it is by cynicism or Hardy-like rebellion, strikes an answering chord in the heart of all who have known sadness. A score of examples might be given; space allows us to choose but one:

The wood is bare : a river-mist is steeping
 The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves ;
 Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
 Over their fallen leaves.

Yet it was here we walked when ferns were springing,
 And through the mossy bank shot bud and blade ;—
 Here found in summer, when the birds were singing,
 A green and pleasant shade.

Now on this path, at every turn and corner,
 The fancy of her figure on me falls ;
 Yet walks she with the slow step of a mourner,
 Nor hears my voice that calls.

About her steps the trunks are bare, the branches
 Drip heavy tears upon her downcast head ;
 And bleed from unseen wounds that no sun stanches,
 For the year's sun is dead.

And dead leaves wrap the fruits that summer planted,
 And birds that love the South, have taken wing ;
 The wanderer, loitering o'er the scene enchanted,
 Weeps, and despairs of spring.

E. E. KELLETT.

JAPAN AND THE WAR

The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.V.O. Edited by A. M. POOLEY. (Nash, 1915.)

The Modernising of the Orient. By CLAYTON SEDGWICK COOPER. (T. F. Unwin, 1915.)

The Full Recognition of Japan. By ROBERT P. PORTER. (Oxford University Press, 1911.)

Fifty Years of New Japan. Compiled by COUNT SHIGENOBU OKUMA. English Version edited by MARCUS B. HUISE. 2 Vols. (Smith, Elder, 1910.)

I

JAPAN is not separated from Britain by a narrow channel, as are France and Belgium. She is not even situated in Europe. Hence it has come to pass that her interest and her part in the Great War have been obscured by the struggle that has been going on in France and Flanders, the Gallipoli peninsula, Poland, and Russia. In this event it is necessary to direct the attention of the British to the important contribution that Nippon has been making to insure the success of the Allies from the very commencement of hostilities, and to emphasize the fact that the fiercer the conflict may grow, the greater aid Japan is likely to render to her Western Allies. I purpose to examine the motives that have led Japan to engage in naval and land operations against Germany; to give a condensed account of the part that she has taken in the War; and to infer from the data that is available what the Allies may expect from her in the future.

II

What are the motives that have led Japan to use her military and naval resources to help the Allies to prosecute the War? This question can best be answered in general terms in the words attributed to Baron Ishii, the newly appointed Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs:

'The interests of my country everywhere harmonize

with the interests of France, Great Britain, and Russia. We have at the present moment common enemies. The lot of Japan is completely bound up with the lot of her Allies.' ¹

To understand the deep significance of Baron Ishii's statement, it is necessary to turn the pages of Japan's history backwards and to examine her relations with foreign Powers. Such a study will show how Germany has antagonized Japan by her super-selfish spirit of over-riding the interests of others, and by her overbearing manner of trampling upon the susceptibilities of all with whom she has any dealings—agencies that are primarily responsible for this War, and that are alienating the sympathies of neutrals from her. A glimpse into the immediate past will show how the conflicting issues between Russia and Japan have been settled, and, as a consequence, an entente has been established between these two Powers which has incidentally united Nippon with Russia's Ally, France. Finally the historical retrospect will show the ripening of the friendship between the Japanese and the British.

For our purpose, it will not be necessary to study the incidents anterior to about the middle of the nineties of the last century. Until then Germany had not shown any pronounced disposition to play at cross-purposes with Japan. On the contrary, she had manifested the desire to help Japan to modernize herself. Nipponese students were freely admitted into institutions of all kinds in Germany to enable them to acquire a theoretical and practical training in administration, law, medicine, arts, industries, banking, commerce, military organization, &c. German experts were employed in Japan to assist in the process of modernizing the country, and to prepare promising young Japanese to manage them. The German Government had provided facilities in these connexions.

¹ From a statement made by Baron Ishii to a correspondent of Reuter's Agency in France, as reproduced in *The Times* (London) dated August 26, 1915, p. 5, 3rd column.

I may mention a specific instance to show how Germany assisted Nippon. Japan had sent four delegates under the leadership of Surgeon-General Baron Tadanori Ishiguro, to the Fourth International Conference of the Red Cross Society, held at Karlsruhe, Germany, in 1887. This was the first international conference of the League that was held after Japan had joined the Geneva Convention, and in which she was represented. While attending one of the sessions the Nipponese delegates found that a conspiracy was being hatched to deprive their country of the full benefits accruing from membership in the League. The issue that was raised was 'Whether or not the assistance and protection which the Red Cross League mutually rendered in time of war should be extended to countries outside the boundaries of Europe, even when those countries happened to be members of the League?'¹ If it had been decided thus to discriminate against Asiatic countries, Japan might as well not be a member of the League. The Japanese delegates decided to withdraw from the Conference and immediately return to Japan to urge their Government to sever all association with the Society should such a resolution be carried. They determined bravely to fight against the measure. Surgeon-General Ishiguro delivered a powerful address, urging that any discrimination between members of the Red Cross League on the basis of racial extraction or geographical location was unjustifiable. Professor Shultz, of the University of Heidelberg, enthusiastically supported these arguments, and finally the motion was dropped. Germans had lent support to and shown sympathy for Japan on other occasions during this session of the League. Such help was invaluable, because equality of treatment in the Red Cross movement was a step towards the goal that Japan had set for herself—namely, to get 'full recognition'—a happy phrase that I borrow from the author of *The Full Recognition of Japan*, in which book the many aspects of Japan's transition are

¹ *Fifty Years of New Japan*, Vol. II, pp. 315-316.

very ably stated by a sympathetic and well-informed writer. During my sojourn in Japan I heard several Nipponese express their gratitude for the considerate treatment they received while in Germany. Many others acknowledged unstintingly the debt their country owed to Germany. Not a few of the important institutions of Japan of our day, including the constitution, legal codes, and educational systems, are patterned on German models.

In the middle of the nineties, however, the Kaiser developed ambitions that caused him to humiliate Japan and to block her progress ; and from that time onwards the rift between Germany and Japan has widened until it has now become a complete cleavage. The German Emperor showed, at that time, an irrepressible desire to dominate the Far Eastern policies, and to acquire an Empire in Asia. The speeches that he delivered at this period, when Japan was at war with China, when interpreted in the light of subsequent events, establish indisputably the fact that such ambitions were moving him. To realise his dream, he decided that Japan should be snubbed and prevented from expanding and gaining a foothold on the mainland of Asia, even though China might be willing to concede territory to her. By keeping Japan from becoming a great Oriental Power, he hoped to acquire prestige in the East. The impression thus made was to be utilized by seizing Chinese territory at the first opportune moment.

It may be asked why Germany did not secure the co-operation of Japan to further her interests in the Far East, rather than to enforce this policy of slapping her and keeping her down. The reply to this query is found in the temperament of the Kaiser. Nothing pleases him more than to arrogate to himself the rôle of world-dictator. To meddle with the affairs of others is the very breath of his life.

Furthermore, Japan may not have been willing to help to advance German interests in the Far East. She was herself ambitious. She had already formed great political aspira-

tions. It would not have suited her purpose to help a European Power which, at that time, possessed no influence over Chinese affairs. That would have resulted in the creation of a new rival. Her task of rising in the Far East was difficult, without making a fresh complication. The pro-German party in Japan, in spite of its strength, would have failed, therefore, in inducing the country to assist the Kaiser to establish a sphere of influence, let alone an Empire, on the mainland of Asia.

All causes conspired to bring Germany and Japan into collision. The meddling, arrogant Kaiser was heading towards disaster in the Far East—and no one could prevent him from following his mad course. Germany sowed the seed of enmity in 1895. Japan had just concluded a treaty with China to end the China-Japanese War. The terms of the instrument signed at Shimonoséki, on behalf of the two interested nations, on April 14, 1895, were :

- ' 1. Recognition of the full and complete independence of Korea by China.
- ' 2. Cession of the Liaotung peninsula and the adjacent waters to Japan.
- ' 3. Cession of Formosa and the Pescadores to Japan.
- ' 4. Payment to Japan of an indemnity of 200,000,000 *taels*.
- ' 5. Opening up of Shashih, Chungking, Suchow, and Hangchow to trade.
- ' 6. Opening of the Yangtse-kiang to navigation.'¹

Germany chose to take exception to the second of these terms—a course that Russia and France also deemed it expedient to pursue.

On April 28, 1895, representatives of the Russian and French Governments called on Count Tadasu Hayashi, who, at the time, was acting for his chief, Count Mutsu, the Japanese Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was then absent from Tokyo. Each presented to him a note, written in

¹ *Fifty Years of New Japan*, Vol. I, pp. 111-112.

French, and couched in almost identical terms. The text of the Russian note was as follows :

✓ ' The Government of His Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, in examining the conditions of peace which Japan has imposed on China, finds that the possession of the peninsula of Liaotung, claimed by Japan, would be a constant menace to the capital of China, would at the same time render illusory the independence of Korea, and would henceforth be a perpetual obstacle to the permanent peace of the Far East. Consequently the Government of His Majesty the Emperor would give a new proof of their sincere friendship for the Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan by advising them to renounce the definitive possession of the peninsula of Liaotung.' ¹

The representative of the German Government went alone to the Japanese Foreign Office, some hours later. Of what transpired, we read in Count Hayashi's Memoirs :

✓ ' . . . In spite of a sufficient knowledge of English and French, the German Minister apparently thought it an indignity to draft a memorandum in either of these languages, and in consequence of my inability to understand German brought me a memorandum written in *romaji* (Japanese written in Roman letters, according to the Japanese phonetics), and caused his secretary, Herr Weipert, to read it out. Now the secretary was extremely well acquainted with the ordinary Japanese scrip, and was vexed at having to read out an unfamiliar transcript of the original text, which had been composed from Chinese ideographs. It was quite clear that neither the secretary nor the Minister understood a single word of what the former was reading, whilst I, though paying the deepest attention, was barely able to catch the meaning of the memorandum.

' The memorandum which had been left by the French and Russian Ministers was practically a brief sentence advising the retrocession of the territory acquired by the

¹ *Fifty Years of New Japan*, Vol. I., p. 112.

Treaty of Shimonoséki, and giving as a reason for the advice friendship for the neighbouring country.

'The German memorandum, on the other hand, said that there was no possibility of Japan being able to hope for a victory in fighting Russia, Germany, and France, and therefore it would be beneficial for Japan if the advice tendered by the three Powers should be accepted.

'Standing at the table opposite to the German Minister I said, "Your Excellency's colleagues, the Ministers of Russia and France, have been here and have given friendly advice for the purpose of maintaining peace, and in doing so they have used a friendly terminology. But your Excellency's memorandum is phrased as if it were the proposal to solve the question by force of arms. If you mean this, then the dignity of the State, as well as the feeling of the nation, must be considered, let alone the words in which the memorandum is couched. It seems as if the memorandum has been written in the Japanese language, with which you are unfamiliar, and consequently errors have been made in the use of words."

'The German Minister, in the most awkward manner, said that the views expressed by me were not so meant, and if such views occurred in it, it was due to errors in the wording of the memorandum and asked me to regard the German memorandum as being identical with those of the Russian and French Ministers.'¹

In other words, the German representative (Baron von Gutschmid) was most disagreeable to the Japanese Minister, whereas the Russian and French diplomats had shown every consideration for the Nipponese Government. Strange to say, Baron von Gutschmid was the first foreign diplomat in Japan to felicitate the Japanese Government on the conclusion of the Shimonoséki treaty, signed by Japan and China a few days before. ✓

It was not difficult for the Nipponese authorities to under

¹ *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.V.O.*, pp. 77-79.

stand the Russian opposition to Japan obtaining a tract of territory on the mainland of China : for Russia had great interests in the Far East, and was known to be anxious to add to them. They could also appreciate the motives that had led France, until then very friendly and helpful to Japan, to make common cause with the Czar's Government : for France and Russia were bound together by an alliance. Germany, however, neither had any territorial stake in China, nor had she any alliance with either Russia or France to compel her to intervene in the affair. That, in such a circumstance, Germany should be much more disagreeable than the other two Powers, was adding insult to injury.

The inference that the Japanese drew from the German action throws a flood of light upon the view that they take of German aggression. Count Okuma says that the remonstrance was made by Russia 'at the instigation, so it was thought at the time, of Germany.'¹ This is a cautiously worded statement such as one would expect from the Grand Old Man of Japan, as Count Okuma may well be called. If the present Premier of Japan some day chooses to supplement the invaluable work that he gave to the world under the title of *Fifty Years of New Japan* with an authentic account of the diplomatic cross-currents through which Nippon has passed during the last six decades, he may reveal the grounds on which this suspicion was formed. I may add the following statement from Count Hayashi's Memoir : ' . . . it must be assumed that Russia and France intervened solely on account of our territorial aggrandizement, but Germany had the intention of intervening whatever conditions of peace were made, long before the conclusion of the treaty of peace.'²

The Japanese saw clearly that of the three Powers that chose to block their progress, France was not at all their enemy. Had she not been allied with Russia, it was extremely

¹ *Fifty Years of New Japan*, Vol. I., p. 112.

² *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadao Hayashi, G.C.V.O.*, p. 76.

unlikely that she would have intervened.¹ Subsequent events showed Japan that even if Russia may have been more aggressive than Germany, it was possible for her to compound her differences with the Slavs, and thereby establish the basis for friendship. Germany was singled out as the one Power with whom they had to deal in order to ensure their future advancement. In saying this, I am anticipating events, and therefore I resume the thread of the narrative.

Japan felt that she could not disregard the 'advice' Germany, Russia, and France had tendered her, especially since neither Great Britain nor any other Power had shown any inclination to lend support to her. She therefore gracefully yielded and accepted from China a money indemnity of 80,000,000 *taels* in lieu of the Liaotung peninsula and its littoral.² The Japanese never forget a wrong that has been inflicted upon their nation. They wait for a suitable opportunity to wreak their revenge. On this occasion, they gritted their teeth and decided quietly to bide their time for reprisal.

As if Japan had not suffered enough injury in being deprived of the Liaotung peninsula, she had to submit to seeing that part of China pass into Russian hands in 1897-8, and to seeing Germany establish the nucleus of a Far Eastern Empire on the mainland of Asia the following year. The Kaiser resorted to the methods of a highwayman in order to secure this foothold in China. Without giving notice of his intention, he seized the port of Kiao-Chao in

¹ France, at one time, cherished the ambition to acquire Formosa and to see it pass to Japan may have influenced her to intervene. It is also said that France moved in the matter with a view to strengthening her hand to negotiate for the settlement of the boundaries of her colonies in the East.

² It is alleged that Japan felt sure that European Powers, who were bent on securing tracts of land and other concessions from China, would intervene and that she had induced the Celestial Empire to make terms far in excess of those she was willing to accept, thus ensuring that the war would prove profitable to her, in spite of any meddling on the part of others.

✓ November, 1897. The small and inefficient Chinese garrison was quickly overpowered. The excuse offered was that the action had been taken as a reprisal for the murder by the Chinese of two German missionaries at Shantung. China was too weak to engage in a war with Germany. Japan also was not in a position to protest, though she hated to see Germany established on the mainland of Asia, especially in view of the fact that, a short time before, the Kaiser had prevented her from acquiring a foothold in China. Russia had sided with Germany to prevent Japan from obtaining Liaotung, and was establishing herself at Port Arthur, on the Liaotung peninsula; consequently it was not seemly for her to offer any resistance.¹ France would not move unless Russia took the lead, and she, in conformity with her alliance, was compelled to strengthen the hand of the Czar's Government. Moreover, she was bent upon securing Kwang-Chow-Wau on the Lienchow peninsula. Great Britain was the only European Power that might have intervened; but she wanted Weihaiwei and extension of territory opposite to Hong Kong, and did not wish to become embroiled with Germany. No effective protest was, therefore, offered to Germany's *coup de main*.

✓ The Kaiser, finding that his bold move had succeeded, made the most of the opportunity. He pressed China to lease, for a period of ninety-nine years, the bay up to the high-water mark, the islands situated in it, and the points of land stretching north and south of the harbour of Kiao-Chao, a tract 198 square miles in area. He further stipulated that the Chinese Government should not take any step within a 81-mile zone from all points of the leased territory without first securing the sanction of the German Government; and demanded mining and railway concessions in the province

¹ It is alleged that an understanding was arrived at between Germany and Russia that in the event of the former supporting the latter in making Japan give up the Liaotung peninsula, Germany would not be molested by Russia in gaining a foothold in China. Such an arrangement proved prejudicial to Russia, for she had wanted Kiao-Chao for herself.

of Shantung. This was known as the 'sphere of influence.' The leased territory and the 'sphere of influence' had a total area of 2,750 square miles, and possessed, in 1911, a population of about 84,000 persons. The Chinese acquiesced, and made all these concessions.

In about ten years from the time when these events took place Japan settled her score with Russia. The treaty of peace between Japan and Russia, signed at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, U.S.A., on September 5, 1905, made over to Japan the Liaotung peninsula, which, a decade earlier, China had been willing to cede to Japan had not Russia, in concert with Germany and France, intervened, and which, a year later, Russia had taken for herself. That instrument also recognized the Japanese paramountcy of interest in Korea, which paved the way for Japan to annex that country a few years later. Russia ceded to Japan 'the southern part of Saghalien Island as far north as the 50th degree of north latitude, together with the Island depending thereon.'¹ The other terms of this treaty need not be referred to here.

The Russo-Japanese war, waged on land and sea, demonstrated to Russia that Nippon had reached such a stage of military and naval efficiency that it was not safe for any Power to trifle with her. It also showed that Russia had large reserves, that she could suffer defeat after defeat that would crush other nations and yet would rise almost unscathed to challenge the enemy's right to claim victory. The result was that the two countries learned to respect each other, and to find a *modus vivendi* to settle conflicting interests, instead of permitting lack of moderation to lead them into fights. During recent years Russia and Japan have arrived at an understanding that delimits their respective spheres of influence in the Far East and enables them to be friends, and to co-operate with each other.

These developments left Japan only one country to deal with. That land was Germany. The present War gave

¹ *Fifty Years of New Japan*, Vol. II., p. 591.

her the precise opportunity that she wanted to avenge her honour, and to humiliate the Kaiser, who, two decades before, had humbled her without any just cause. Before I refer briefly to the use that Japan has made of this opportune moment, I wish to allude to the growth of friendship between Japan and Britain. To do this it is necessary to return to the mid-nineties of the last century.

When Germany, Russia, and France ranged themselves against Nippon, Britain refused to be drawn in and to be a party to preventing Japan from acquiring the Liaotung peninsula and its littoral. Britain refused to join these Powers in coercing Japan. Her action pleased the Japanese and laid the foundation for firm friendship between her and Japan.

In the years that followed, Japan seriously addressed herself to gaining 'full recognition'—a policy which she had been pursuing for many years, without achieving much success. I have not the space to summarize here the course that she followed, and to note the various stages of her progress in this direction. Count Okuma's *Fifty Years of New Japan* and Mr. Porter's *The Full Recognition of Japan* will provide the details to those who are interested in them. It is sufficient for my purpose to say that Britain lent influential aid to Japan to enable her to realize her ambition, and in consequence the relations between the two countries became increasingly more cordial, and finally resulted in the signing of the Anglo-Japanese Agreement for Alliance, concluded January 30, 1902¹; enlarged and revised in 1905, and renewed in 1911. That alliance was due to the sagacity, industry, and persistence of Count Hayashi, more than to any other Japanese statesman. Those who are interested in its history will find ample material in Mr. Pooley's timely and lucid book, *The Secret Memoirs of Count Tadasu Hayashi, G.C.F.O.*

¹ During the course of these negotiations, it was considered likely that Germany might join the alliance: but that eventuality did not occur.

This brief historical retrospect shows how the events of the last twenty years drove Japan to hate Germany, and induced her to make common cause with Britain and Russia. The outbreak of hostilities between the Entente Powers and the Middle Empires, therefore, found Japan ready to co-operate with the European Allies to humble the Kaiser.

III

Inasmuch as Japan possessed a large and efficient army in addition to a powerful fleet, it fell to her lot to help Britain to capture the outpost that Germany had established in Asia. Nothing would have suited Japan's purpose better, nor given her more pleasure, than this did. On August 28 Japan declared war upon Germany. Exactly a month later, on September 28, the combined British and Japanese forces drove back the enemy and occupied the high ground commanding the main line of defence at Tsingtau. On November 7 the Germans surrendered, the attacking forces taking 2,800 prisoners.

During the initial period of the War it fell largely to Japan's lot to protect the British, Russian and French shipping in the Orient from the depredations of the enemy. The fleets of the other Allies could not, by themselves, perform the task. The warships that Britain had in Far-Eastern waters, even when supplemented by the Australasian navy, did not present a formidable array ; and in view of the work that the British fleet was called upon to do in European and American oceans and seas, it was not expedient to strengthen the Eastern squadron. The French navy was also needed in Europe. The Russian fleet was bottled up in the Baltic and the Black Sea. Japan had a large, powerful, and efficient navy lying idle in Eastern waters. She was, therefore, in an ideal position to undertake the task of policing the seas and oceans of the Orient.

Nippon took up the task readily, enthusiastically. She performed it with a singleness of purpose and inflexibility

of will that inspired terror in the heart of the enemy. Germany found it to her interest to refrain from making any serious attempt to interfere with commerce in the Far East, lest she might invite punishment at the hands of the capable and brave Japanese 'Jackies.' Nothing would have pleased the Kaiser quite so much as to play havoc with British shipping with the Far East, since such action would have been calculated to weaken British prestige in the Orient, an object dear to the Prussian heart : but the Japanese watch-dog made such an adventure too perilous for the Germans to attempt it.

The Far Eastern nation, commanding, as it did, great facilities for the manufacture of powerful guns, high-explosive shells, and other munitions of war, could render invaluable aid to the Allies, especially to Russia, which, being an agricultural country with a poorly developed industrial organization, urgently needed such assistance. Though authoritative statements are lacking, yet it is clear that Japan has been rendering services of this kind unstintingly.

For some time a controversy has been going on in Japan as to whether or not the Japanese troops shall be sent over to Europe to fight the Germans. Public opinion is in favour of despatching a strong contingent. The Japanese 'Tommies' would welcome the opportunity to show their prowess on the battlefields of Europe, as they have demonstrated it in Asia. It would be the irony of Fate if the hordes of the Kaiser, who is insanely prejudiced against 'coloured' people, should have to face the Japanese, in addition to fighting the Indians and the Senegalese. Japan has problems of her own which she must take into consideration in deciding this matter. One thing, however, is certain. Japan will not permit Germany to menace her Allies, nor once again to acquire influence in the Far East. She will exert herself to the utmost, and will consider no sacrifice too great, to accomplish that purpose.

ST. Nihal Singh.

THE GOSPELS IN THE MAKING¹

IT is instructive in considering the origin of the Gospel records to contrast it with the origin of the Mohammedan Korân. The Korân is represented as having been eternal and uncreated; as having been carried down by angels from the Highest Heaven to the Lowest on the night of Power; and from thence brought to Mohammed in the revelations that came to him. The Prophet all the while was strictly passive, indeed, unconscious; the Book was in no sense his, neither in thought, nor language, nor style; all was of God, and the Prophet was merely the recording pen.

No such unnatural origin is claimed for the Bible. When the Life of Jesus was to be portrayed, the task was committed not to one Evangelist, but to four. Each of the four brought his own mind and heart to the composition of his Gospel. Each writes in a style of his own, selects his own material according to his purpose and point of view, and makes his own contribution to the fourfold portrait of Him who went about doing good and spake as never man spake. These differences of point of view and literary style and choice of materials, so far from obscuring, rather emphasize the essential unity of the picture, for the Evangelists have all written under the influence of that Spirit who was promised to guide, and has infallibly guided them into all truth. Though thus inspired, the Gospels and the other New Testament books come under the laws of literary and historical criticism, and to withdraw them from the tests of historical science would be tantamount to giving up their

¹ Martine Lecture delivered in the University of Aberdeen, Sunday, February 14, 1914.

historical character altogether. There is nothing to be feared, but, on the contrary, much to be gained in confidence and assurance from a careful and reverent examination of the methods and processes employed by the Evangelists in the production of the Gospels. We are to try to go behind the Gospels as we possess them, and, if possible, to get alongside of the Evangelists as they draw up their narratives, so as to learn how they dealt with their material, whence they gathered it, and what reasons they had for casting it in the moulds with which we are familiar. It may be said, we ought to be well content with the Gospels, as they have been finally fixed for us by inspired Evangelists and accepted by the faith of the Church for more than eighteen hundred years. This may at once be granted, but there are always those who wish to penetrate farther into the heart of things than their fellows, and it is necessary that others should follow them and make sure that the inferences drawn from investigation and analysis are warranted and according to truth.

It is well known that of the Gospels, the Fourth stands by itself. It is in contrast to St. John that the other three are called Synoptic Gospels; they are so related to one another that they can all be easily brought into one synopsis or general view of the Life and Work of Jesus. The Fourth Gospel contains a large amount of supplementary matter, in a different order and with a different purpose. It was written last, and cannot be properly understood out of its own material. It requires a knowledge of the three earlier Gospels for the reader to grasp intelligently its references and allusions. That the writer of the Fourth Gospel, whom we may still with a large measure of confidence hold to be the Apostle John, knew the three Synoptic Gospels may be inferred from that fact alone. The inference is supported by the testimony of the Early Church. Eusebius, the ecclesiastical historian, says, 'the three Gospels already mentioned [the synoptics] having

come into the hands of all and into his [St. John's] too, they say that he accepted them and bore witness to their truthfulness, but that there was lacking in them an account of the deeds done by Christ at the beginning of His ministry. And this, indeed, is true. For it is evident that the three Evangelists recorded only the deeds done by the Saviour for one year after the imprisonment of John the Baptist, and indicated this in the beginning of their account' (H.E. iii. 84). He goes on to say that 'the genealogy of our Saviour according to the flesh John quite naturally omitted, because it had already been given by Matthew and Luke, and began with the doctrine of His Divinity, which had, as it were, been reserved for him as their superior by the Divine Spirit.' This remarkable statement that St. John was the superior of the other Evangelists by the Divine Spirit approaches closely to the testimony of Clement of Alexandria a century earlier: 'Last of all, John, perceiving that the outward facts had been made plain in the Gospels, at the instance of his friends and under the inspiration of the Spirit composed a Spiritual Gospel' (Euseb. H.E. vi. 14). St. John knew the contents of the other three Gospels, and we even have in a fragment of the old Phrygian bishop, Papias, written before the middle of the second century, the judgement passed by St. John upon the Gospel of St. Mark. "Mark," the Presbyter used to say—the Presbyter John being, in the judgement of an increasing number of scholars, identical with the Apostle John—"having become the interpreter of Peter, wrote down accurately, though not indeed in order, whatsoever he remembered of the things said or done by Christ." For he neither heard the Lord nor followed Him as a disciple, but afterwards, as I said, he followed Peter' (Euseb. iii. 39, 14, 15).¹ It is clear, therefore, that the contents of St. John's Gospel were, to some

¹ For a detailed discussion regarding the 'Presbyter John' see *The Gospels in the Earliest Church History*, pp. 187-203, by the present writer (William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh).

extent at least, determined by his knowledge of what the three earlier Evangelists had written.

Within recent years not a little progress has been made in determining sources lying behind our present Gospels and the manner in which they have come to be incorporated in the fourfold Gospel record. As regards the Fourth Gospel, however, the attempts which have been made to exhibit in it a composite character have not been successful. The most notable of these is that of Wendt (*The Gospel According to St. John*. Edinburgh. T. & T. Clark. 1902), who tries to show that there are in it two strata of tradition lying side by side, one consisting of older material entirely reliable, the other of insertions by a later editor and more free in its character. This particular attempt is conceived in a spirit of sobriety and reverence which has secured for it every attention, but it has failed to carry conviction. That there are disarrangements in the order of the discourses in the Fourth Gospel has been contended with no little ability and ingenuity by various scholars, but they receive no support from a consideration of the history of the New Testament text. There are interesting questions also as to the form and character of the Prologue in chapter i. 1-18; and notably as to the authenticity of the last chapter, which is of the nature of a supplement to the Gospel. But the Fourth Gospel still remains, as Strauss and Baur maintained, a unity like the seamless robe of which it speaks; and partition hypotheses have not acquired any great vogue.

It is only when we turn to the three earlier Gospels that we can achieve any success in the task of analysing sources. The problem of their relations to one another is one of the most complicated and interesting in the whole range of New Testament study. That they are closely inter-related is evident to any observant reader. The *similarities* naturally press themselves first upon our notice. As we peruse the Second and Third Gospels we are constantly reminded of narratives and discourses we have already met in the First;

we find them occurring partly in the same order and connexion, and in language very similar and frequently word for word the same. All three cover practically the same ground. St. Matthew, indeed, has two introductory chapters peculiar to himself, and St. Luke has likewise two opening chapters entirely his own. But from the ministry of the Forerunner with which St. Mark opens his Gospel they all follow in the main the same order, although St. Luke has a central portion peculiar to himself, amounting to a third of his entire Gospel (chapters ix. 50-xviii. 4). St. Luke and St. Matthew agree in the main within the limits of St. Mark. When St. Mark comes to an end, St. Matthew and St. Luke again narrate incidents entirely their own, as we see in their closing chapters. But *differences* present themselves in the midst of resemblances. St. Mark's Gospel is remarkable for the scanty amount of discourse matter contained in it. The two others have a great amount of such matter. St. Matthew has the Sermon on the Mount and the great series of Parables in the 18th chapter, while St. Luke has that great series of parables and discourses to which we have just referred. With St. Matthew the discourse matter takes more the form of long addresses; with St. Luke it is arranged in sections scattered up and down his Gospel. As Professor Sanday says: 'The real difficulty of the synoptic problem arises not from the resemblances only, nor yet from the differences only, but from the remarkable combination and alternation of resemblance and difference' (*Oxford Studies in the Synoptic Problem*, p. 4).

It was not till the time of Augustine that serious attention was given to the subject of the mutual relations of the three earlier Gospels. His view was that St. Matthew was the earliest, and that St. Mark was little more than the epitomiser and abbreviator of St. Matthew. Possibly the great name and influence of Augustine carried everything before them in criticism as they did in theology. At any rate this view remained practically unchallenged in the Western

Church, and even after the Revival of Letters and the era of fresh theological and critical inquiry following the Reformation down to modern times, it was the general belief that St. Mark was simply the abbreviator of St. Matthew. So long as this view held the field, and so long as discussion started from this assumption, it was bound, as we now see, to lead investigation into a *cul-de-sac*.

Modern scholarship, however, has not been content to remain under the spell of any name, however great. And now we may say with Dr. Maurice Jones in *The New Testament in the Twentieth Century* that 'the most notable achievement in the department of recent New Testament criticism is undoubtedly the fairly general agreement arrived at with regard to the mutual relations of the first three Gospels' (p. 189). When the new spirit of critical inquiry asserted itself about the opening of the nineteenth century the hypothesis of *oral tradition* was early called in to solve the problem. Bishop Westcott was one of the most strenuous supporters of this hypothesis. 'The work of an Evangelist,' he says, 'was not the simple result of divine inspiration or of human thought, but rather the complex issue of both when applied to such a selection of Christ's words and works as the varied phases of the Apostolic preaching had shown to be best suited to the wants of men. The primary Gospel was proved, so to speak, in life, before it was fixed in writing. Out of the countless multitude of Christ's acts, those were selected and arranged during the ministry of twenty years which were seen to have the fullest representative significance for the exhibition of His divine Life. The oral collection thus formed became in every sense coincident with the "Gospel," and our Gospels are the permanent compendium of its contents' (*Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, 8th ed., p. 170). In order to account for the fixing and stereotyping of this oral tradition, a body of catechists has to be assumed who, having themselves mastered their lesson from Apostolic teachers, make it their business to

impart it to eager listeners and that in identical terms, as we now find the record in many passages of the three Gospels. 'If Gospel lessons were learned by heart,' says Dr. Arthur Wright, 'and a professional class was set apart for preserving them, I see no limit to the possibilities of oral teaching, for a record once learned and daily repeated may retain for years many of even the most insignificant minutiae' (*Gospel according to St. Luke*, p. 10). In spite of the weight of Bishop Westcott's authority, and the strenuousness of Dr. Wright's advocacy, this view has not established itself as the explanation of the phenomena of the three earlier Gospels.

The oral hypothesis has accordingly given way to a theory of documents. That oral tradition had its influence in furnishing materials for the Gospel records at the earliest stage there can be no doubt. The preface to St. Luke's Gospel i. 1-4, lets us see the transition, when collections of material were being already made and employed for the instruction of inquirers and believers. Here we see the beginning of narratives more or less complete, based on the narrations given by the personal companions of the Lord, but already in the shape of written collections. We have seen that Augustine regarded St. Mark as an abbreviation of St. Matthew, and assigned it a subsidiary position in the Gospel scheme. Even the Tübingen school, with all its revolutionary tendencies, maintained that St. Mark must be placed last in the synoptic triad. Meanwhile the opposite view had been promulgated that St. Mark exhibited the oral tradition in its earliest form and was actually the first of the Gospels to be given to the world. Fuller investigation confirmed the view of the priority and independence of St. Mark. Examination of parallel passages and sections and comparisons of their contents not only brought out the originality of St. Mark, but revealed the independent use of that Gospel by St. Matthew and St. Luke. The peculiar freshness and realism of St. Mark's narrative, the circumstantiality as to customs and situations, and the autopsychy

discernible throughout, when fairly brought into the light, make us wonder how it ever could have been regarded as the work of an epitomiser. We see here what is meant when it is said by Papias that Mark was Peter's 'interpreter.' The early associations of the Second Evangelist with the premier Apostle in the house of his mother Mary at Jerusalem and his later companionship with him at Rome gave St. Mark peculiar qualifications for such a work. According to Papias, in the fragment already quoted, he wrote down accurately, though not in order, all that he remembered of the things said or done by Christ, as St. Peter rehearsed them in his addresses to those who came to him for instruction. And so St. Mark's Gospel has a freshness and graphic character all its own. Professor Burkitt, in his article 'Gospels' in *The Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics*, properly points out how much more wisely the Church of the first days judged concerning St. Mark's Gospel than her representatives at a later time. 'The fine instinct,' he says, 'which reserved a place for the Gospel of St. Mark among the books of the New Testament shows the Catholic Church to have been wiser than her own writers, wiser than the heretics, wiser finally than the biblical critics from Augustine to Ferdinand Christian Baur. It is only in the last half century that scholars have come to recognize the eminent historical value of the Gospel which once survived in a single tattered copy'—a reference to the fact that our oldest manuscripts (Codex Sinaiticus and Codex Vaticanus) are without St. Mark's conclusion, the last twelve verses of the Second Gospel, as we have it in King James's translation, not being found in those codices and not being in the graphic manner of St. Mark. To the Catholic Church, here spoken of as having rightly appreciated a New Testament book which critical opinion had come to disparage, surely we may add the multitude of devout Bible students of every age and name who have found in St. Mark's vivid pages 'the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Son of God.'

When once the priority of St. Mark is established, we find that it explains much which the theory of Augustine fails to make clear. If, instead of supposing that St. Mark extracted incidents and scenes from St. Matthew and St. Luke, and worked into his own shape and style what he took from them, we suppose these evangelists to have used St. Mark, or a document closely resembling St. Mark, and each in his own way to have revised and supplemented it, we have a simple, and natural, and, as now appears to most scholars, adequate explanation of the relations between them.

Adopting this hypothesis, we obtain a most satisfactory result. We can tell with some measure of exactitude what portions of St. Matthew and St. Luke have severally come from St. Mark, and what treatment St. Mark has received in the process of being transferred to the one or the other. Although it requires a Greek Testament to judge precisely regarding vocabulary and syntax and style, any one can determine with the help of a Harmony of the Gospels or even with a good reference Bible what passages St. Matthew and St. Luke have taken from St. Mark. When all three evangelists are represented the parallel passages are seen at a glance, and these are known as the Triple Tradition. As to the treatment, we find that St. Luke, as a rule, selects from St. Mark passages that suit the universalism which is such a feature of his Gospel. He edits, moreover, the sections he selects in the interest of a more correct style. He takes it upon him, too, in some passages, to amplify St. Mark's narrative, by adding comments or making explanations helpful to those for whom he writes. That it is really St. Mark's narrative which lies at the basis of those passages of the third Gospel is clear from the syntax and vocabulary of the second evangelist, which are not obscured, but shine through the reproduction of his narrative by St. Luke. It is practically the same with the appropriations and adaptations which St. Matthew independently makes from St. Mark. Where he adopts St. Mark's narrative, the matter thus taken

and edited exhibits traces of St. Matthew's special Judaic interest and peculiarities of syntax and style, yet is not so overlaid by them but that the Marcan foundation is clearly discernible. In this way, the greater part of St. Mark is found reproduced in St. Matthew and St. Luke; to be precise, out of 661 verses all but 50 are found in the two other synoptics. As regards the First and Third Gospels, although they have so much matter in common, they are independent of each other, St. Matthew not being one of St. Luke's sources, nor St. Luke of St. Matthew's.

While the variations from St. Mark found in the reproduced passages in St. Matthew and St. Luke respectively appear to many scholars to be adequately explained by the differing standpoints and idiosyncrasies of the two evangelists, other explanations have been given. For a time the hypothesis of a Primitive Mark was in favour to explain the differences, but the question whether St. Matthew and St. Luke used this earlier form of St. Mark, or the canonical St. Mark as we know it, is now answered by critics in favour of the latter. The hypothesis of a Primitive Mark is by many scholars regarded as superfluous.

An interesting contribution to the whole problem comes from Professor W. W. Holdsworth. In an admirable little volume, entitled *Gospel Origins*, he expresses himself not satisfied that what we have called the Marcan source is really the Second Gospel in the form in which we have it. He is of opinion that the explanation of the larger variations and of omissions and additions when the Marcan material is taken over by St. Matthew and St. Luke, is the existence of three different recensions of St. Mark's Gospel. The earlier form of the Gospel, what we might call Proto-Mark, is that which is reproduced in St. Luke, a later form which we might call Deutero-Mark is that of which St. Matthew has made use; and the final form, Trito-Mark, is that which we have in our canonical Mark. Professor Holdsworth supports his case by considerations of much weight and by

arguments of great plausibility. Without impugning the validity of the critical process which leads to this result, his scheme appears to us too elaborate and too manifestly devised to meet the requirements of the case. We must be content in the meantime with the general recognition of the fact which explains the reappearance of so much of St. Mark's Gospel in those of St. Matthew and St. Luke, that these evangelists embodied in their narratives that great amount of Marcan matter. The unexplained remainder is comparatively small, and the progress of critical inquiry may be expected in due course to reduce it further.

No doubt there are *a priori* objections likely to be taken to such procedure as is here attributed to the inspired evangelists. Objection might be taken to any alteration or modification whatever of St. Mark's narrative on the ground that it would be tampering with inspired Scripture. Such sensitiveness, however, as the history of the formation of the Canon of New Testament Scripture shows us, only began to have influence when the New Testament books came to be regarded as on a level of sacredness and authority with those of the Old. Again, there is the question of the dignity of the sacred writers who could condescend to appropriate whole sections of documents in this sweeping fashion. St. Matthew and St. Luke seem to lay themselves open to the charge of plagiarism, if the facts really are as here stated. Such an objection imports into the first century ideas of literary property and literary etiquette to which the men of that age were strangers. The *a priori* objections must fall. The main thing is that the facts appear to have been established. Further investigation in another direction tends to confirm the facts. Whilst St. Matthew and St. Luke make use of St. Mark in the composition of their Gospels, there is clearly another source which they employ in common, yielding for the most part matter which is not found in St. Mark at all. This source, however, has vanished, like the narratives of which St. Luke speaks in

his preface, and it has to be recovered from the pages of St. Matthew and St. Luke. Can it be determined with anything like approximate certainty? Recent research has achieved a considerable measure of success in this quest. The contents can be found, in this case also, by means of a Harmony and a good Reference Bible; and they may be said to comprise the parallel passages in St. Matthew and St. Luke alone—forming what has been called the Double Tradition. There are in all about sixty places, from the third chapter of St. Matthew to the twenty-fifth, and from the third chapter of St. Luke to the twenty-second, where the two Gospels coincide, and they consist mainly—some scholars would have it exclusively—of sayings and discourses of Jesus. This source has been reconstructed by a number of scholars, and Professor Moffatt (*Introduction to Literature of the New Testament*, pp. 197 ff.) gives an analysis with references in the case of sixteen attempts at restoration. So far as it can now be recovered from St. Matthew and St. Luke, it seems not to have contained any notice of the Passion and Death of Jesus. Sir William Ramsay has called it ‘the oldest written Gospel.’ From the absence of any such notice, he draws the momentous inference that this source, which scholars have agreed to call Q, consists of notes of discourses and incidents in the life of our Lord taken down by some disciple before the Passion took place. It would just be one of those ‘narratives of things fulfilled among us’ to which St. Luke refers in his Preface, and of which he made use in his Gospel. It certainly does give altogether a new sense of the immediateness of the events of our Lord’s life to the first evangelists that we have, as it were, snapshots taken in the Lord’s very presence handed down to us in these primitive sources. ‘On the one hand,’ says Sir William Ramsay, ‘it was a document contemporary with the facts, and it registered the impression made on eye-witnesses by the words and acts of Christ. On the other it was written before these words

and acts began to be properly understood by even the most intelligent witnesses. So, for example, St. John says that when He was risen from the dead His disciples remembered that He said this unto them, and they then comprehended the reference to His death which at the time they had not understood' (*Luke the Physician*, p. 89).

There are many questions raised by the reconstruction of this primitive source Q to which satisfactory answers have yet to be found. Its primitive character is, at any rate, undoubted, and it is in all probability earlier than St. Mark. It is interesting to find in both St. Mark and this primitive source, written at the latest little more than, if indeed so much as, thirty years after the Crucifixion, the miraculous element occupying the same place, and the conception of the Person of Christ as lofty, as in the other synoptics. As regards the Miracles, we can only refer those who desire to see the question dealt with effectively in brief space to Professor Holdsworth's discussion (*Gospel Origins*, pp. 187 ff.). As regards the Person of Christ, the allegation is made by a certain class of critics that St. Matthew and St. Luke tone down the statements of St. Mark and Q respecting the limitations of our Lord's humanity and heighten unduly other statements affirming His divinity. These writers want to make it appear that the earliest pictures given of Jesus did not set Him forth in that Divine character and power which are acknowledged later, that in fact His divinity was an afterthought born of reflection and discussion among the early Christians themselves and seen fully in St. John's much later Gospel. This 'oldest written Gospel,' this source-document now embedded in St. Matthew and St. Luke, has a direct bearing upon this. It is from Q that St. Matthew and St. Luke have incorporated that most profound and significant saying of Jesus: 'I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth' (Matt. xi. 25-27, Luke x. 21, 22). That this great saying stood in Q is certain, and we probably have it in its most authentic form in those words of

276 THE GOSPELS IN THE MAKING

St. Matthew's Gospel. This saying was treasured almost beyond any other utterance of Jesus in the early Church, judging by the frequency with which it is quoted in the Fathers from Justin Martyn onwards. Of its primitive character its place in Q is ample guarantee; and its doctrine of the Person of Christ is as high as anything in the Fourth Gospel.

The relation of Q to St. Matthew is a subject of peculiar interest. Papias bears witness in a fragment preserved by Eusebius (H.E. iii. 39, 16) that St. Matthew compiled his oracles in the Hebrew tongue, and every one interpreted them as he was able. Was this compilation the source Q, of which we have been speaking? If it were, it would bring the tax-gatherer of Capernaum into the composition of the First Gospel, with which tradition has from the first associated his name. This is the view held by scholars of note, who credit to St. Matthew this lost compilation referred to by Papias and now recovered approximately from the First and Third Gospels, but leave the composition of the whole Gospel bearing the name of Matthew to a Great Unknown. My own feeling is that if St. Matthew could be credited with the authorship of Q, he is capable of having produced the whole Gospel, which, as Professor Burton of Chicago has said, 'might almost be considered an enlarged edition of Q.' Despite its composite character, the First Gospel is homogeneous in vocabulary and style, and it has been pronounced by Renan 'the most important book that ever was written.' It was the favourite Gospel of the early Church, and has the widest and fullest attestation in early Christian literature. Although recent criticism has brought difficulties for Matthaen authorship, it is difficult to conceive how the earliest tradition could have fixed upon Matthew the publican as the author unless that had been the actual fact.

We have seen how after centuries of neglect St. Mark's Gospel has come to its own. Its relation to St. Peter,

whose interpreter St. Mark is said to have been, makes it of inestimable value among the Gospel records. As regards St. Luke's Gospel, its historical character has been vindicated, we might almost say beyond challenge, by the labours of Professor Sir William Ramsay.¹ When we reflect that St. Luke incorporates three-fourths of what St. Mark has written, and that he draws from the same fountain head as St. Matthew for other material, we learn how fundamental is his position as a witness to the truth of the Gospel history. St. Luke, the beloved physician of St. Paul and his companion and fellow-labourer, the author of the Acts and of the Third Gospel, is in a sense the guarantor of the historic truth of the whole synoptic tradition.

The analysis which helps us to reach such a vantage-ground for contemplating the historical Christ is thereby fully justified. 'We cannot stand as we now do,' said the late Principal Fairbairn, 'face to face with Him, in a sense, and to a degree, unknown in the Church since the Apostolic age, and be as we were before. For this immediacy of knowledge compels the comparison of our societies, conventions, and systems with His mind and ideal. As He is the source and authority of all the Churches, no Church can refuse to be judged and measured by Him. No development can be legitimate that is alien to His Spirit and purpose.' This analysis of sources need not lessen, but rather enhance, our regard for the Gospel record as we have it now in our hands. It is in this final form, as fixed by the Divine Spirit and accepted by the Church for eighteen hundred years, that the Gospel record claims our faith and allegiance, enshrining as it does the priceless treasure of the earthly life of the Incarnate Son of God, and setting forth His work and sacrifice and resurrection for the salvation of men.

THOMAS NICOL

¹ See the facts and arguments of his work, *Was Jesus born at Bethlehem?* supplemented and strengthened in his newly-published book: *The Bearing of Recent Discovery on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament.*

A CLUB OF EQUALITY: AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

[The following article is photographic: it is an accurate delineation of the material, *morale*, and mission of the club of Vincent-la-Montagne, taken from contemporary papers and manuscripts in the National Archives, Paris, Nantes, &c. Its value as a contribution to the literature of the Revolutionary drama is, that this particular Club of Equality is a type of the forty-four thousand similar clubs which then existed in France and of their insurgent agitation against the central governing Authority and its 'Representatives on Mission.']

IN the early days of the French Revolution a pamphlet was published bearing the title 'To the Jacobins.' From certain allusions to 'Monsieur Robespierre' we may conclude that this work was written before the month of September, 1792, when the doctrine of sacred equality signalled the golden dawn of the political millennium, and the title of 'gentleman' and 'lady' was merged in the more austere term of 'citizen' and 'citizeness.' It declares that 'When two thousand individuals assemble four times a week one naturally supposes that the object of their re-union is important. When they assemble in quality of patriots, which imposes on them the serious task of directing opinion, supervising the conduct of the chief functionaries of State, of hastening the progress of a revolution still in its cradle, the public has the right to hope that these deliberations will not be void of the gravity proper to these subjects.'

Apparently, however, this optimism was disappointed, for further on we learn that the sittings were mainly

occupied by 'the disgusting egotism of the declamations of a popular orator,' and the writer mentions a few superior themes upon which he considers deliberation would be profitable; themes such as—the convenience of having a King at the head of the constitution; the enormous civil list whereby the legislators of the day who determine the affairs of State receive next to nothing, while the ministers charged with the execution of these orders are paid magnificently; the importance of giving places to reflective men who would meditate on the interests of the Jacobins and France, on serious questions of territorial property, and on the dangerous aristocracy of immense revenues. 'Have you considered,' winds up the author, 'the example of the patriotic society of Great Britain with reference to the negro question, and the Rights of Women as well as the Rights of Man?' Then, in the rhetorical method which it condemns the pamphlet expresses its final admonition—

'Do not prostitute your efforts in nothings, do not let yourselves be divided by the charlatanism of declamators. Exact from the orators thoughts rather than words: exact from the patriots actions rather than boastings.'

The Popular Society or People's Club of Vincent-la-Montagne no doubt took these maxims to heart and did its best to live up to them, since we find its members had a very active finger in every governmental pie. The *Procès-verbaux*, or Minute-book of this once famous club diplomatically vanished shortly after its closing, but a fair résumé of its operations during one period of its career can be pieced together from the documents still extant concerning the stormy time of the Terror in the department of the Lower Loire. These documents are mainly declarations and denunciations forwarded to the National Convention in connexion with a famous trial, and are collectively known as the '*Pièces Remises à la Commission des Vingt-et-un.*' Curt statements for the most part, the 'atmosphere'

which produced them can be supplied from the letters of eye-witnesses and revelations at the trial itself.

To understand the details of this historic quarrel in which the members of the Vincent-la-Montagne Club were involved a word or two is necessary concerning the agents of the legislative and executive power scattered through the departments in the effort for centralization. Next to the Government or National Convention came the 'Representatives on Mission,' deputies chosen from its midst and who, given 'limitless powers' but not limitless intelligence, exercised the supreme authority in the departmental administration, while others, attached to the armies, travelled with the columns and not always in the rear. Below these august senators were the War Commissioners, whose functions, judging from the commission given to one Marc-Antoine Jullien, were of distinctly civil character. He was to travel up and down the Western Departments with the object of making inquiries upon the public spirit, of re-animating it in certain towns, of enlightening the people, upholding the patriotic clubs, and finally of keeping a watchful eye on the enemies of the interior and unmasking their conspiracies.

The People's Club at Nantes was one of strict equality, if it be judged by its operations and officials. Forget, the concierge or jail-keeper of the prison known as the Convent of Saintes-Claire, was more than once its president, and among its prominent orators was nineteen-year-old Robin (the son of a citizeness who, if not exactly a charwoman, performed functions of a similar character). Citizen Thomas, Health Officer, young Goupilleau, the Deputy's brother, the Constituted Authorities, men of law of various shades and shadiness were nightly found upon the crowded benches.

For a description of the *morale* of the Club we must draw our conclusions from their account of a rival society known as the Club of the Halle. 'A club peopled with selfish gangs of intriguants of every colour, hide-bound by

moribund opinions, and making one with the gangrened administrative body—not in its majority, but by dominating therein honest people who have not the courage to save themselves from their hypocrisy,' from which fluent and phosphorescent invectives a wholly opposite character on the part of the good people of Vincent-la-Montagne is naturally to be inferred.

We have said that this popular society concerned itself wherever possible with high matters of State and lower affairs of public utility, and we may cite as examples of this praiseworthy behaviour two addresses sent by it to the Convention. The first of these solicits the prompt establishment of primary schools and industrial workshops, and the second congratulates the National Assembly on the energy it manifested on the day of the 9th thermidor (July 27, 1794)—the occasion of Robespierre's downfall, and swears to remain inviolably attached to it and to die (I suppose only if necessary) for the defence of the National Representation.

Having successfully effected the closing of its rival club, the adherents of Vincent-la-Montagne found its membership increased by the addition of a numerous part of its following, either through that persuasion which a winning party, whatever the justice of its cause, can bring to bear upon the reasoning power of the defeated, or through genuine conversion, not infrequent in those days of mental mobility. Its premises thus became much too small for 'the doves (and hawks) which flocked to its windows,' and the club was henceforth installed in the former church of Saint-Croix, the religious cults being temporarily discredited.

Towards the end of frimaire, year 3 (December, 1798), the pro-consul of Nantes and a brother Missionary Representative, one Lequinio by name, took their way to the evening session of the club. The oratory furnace was in full blast, the presence of the Representatives unnoticed, and it is likely that they slipped into the seats at the back

of the dim-lit church. The orators for the evening were Champenois, a pewter-worker by trade, a municipal officer by profession and a patriot by hobby—a man of many grievances, among which that concerning the ‘grains’ or cereals intended for the provisioning of Nantes was at present predominant; Lebeaupin, a patriot given to rhetorical effects, and who illustrated his periods with much hand and gesture play; Charles de Chartres, who concealed his noble birth under the guise of an ultra-Jacobin, that is to say, a red cap, a tattered coat, a dirty shirt which, open at the throat, revealed a large expanse of unwashed neck; and finally citizen Garnier, a former chief of battalion, now, to his intense humiliation, occupying a lower grade.

Champenois was the first in the tribune and related the history of the illusive grains: ‘Champenois, municipal officer, said that the army of the West disposed of the grains destined for the provisioning of Nantes. The inhabitants of Deux-Sèvres and Vendée also claimed these grains. Champenois saw that these claims were unjust; he proposed to send three commissioners to the People’s Representative to request him to explain himself on this matter.’

It would seem, however, that the Representative had resented the pewter-worker’s request, since he had ‘received the deputation harshly and with contempt, . . . and replied that the matter was no concern of his, that his colleagues were able to make requisitions that were in opposition to his.’ ‘So,’ added Champenois, ‘the deputation thought it best to retire, lest its reputation and perhaps that of the People’s Representative should be compromised.’

The relation of such an example of moral abstention on the part of a deputation aggrieved was naturally greeted with resounding applause, and another anecdote followed concerning the adventures of the Mayor, who had gone to the Representative’s house to demand food, in that time of famine, for thirty thousand patriots, and to whom an irate answer was returned that the Mayor must be a fool

to think that he had got bread for thirty thousand patriots concealed in his private apartments.

Champenois gave place to Lebeaupin, whose self-imposed duty it was to report zealously on the welfare of the brave defenders of the fatherland: 'Five hundred patriots having arrived at Nantes at 8 o'clock in the evening (pursued, as well as the garrison of Mortagne, by the brigands) the Municipal Officer on duty for distributing the tickets for lodging after having performed this task went to give an account of the events to the Club; he declared his indignation against those who deceived the Convention with regard to the Vendée war, which was believed to be extinguished; and in order to recognise them the club sent commissioners to [the Representative] as member of the Club, to request communication with the Correspondence of the Convention, which he would no doubt inform of the damage done by the brigands who daily slaughtered the patriots. The insolence of the Secretary, the firmness of the Municipal Officer (our friend Champenois), one of the commissioners, gave rise to a violent scene which was recorded on the minutes of the Society.'

Charles de Chartres had matters of equal interest but less widespread influence to relate—still, however, to the detriment of the unfortunate Representative. From the *Pièces Remises* we learn that

'A citizen complained that every day [the Representative's] cook took in a supply of fowls before the hour of the market, at any price and in any quantity; that he himself had not been able to find one for his wife who was ill. [The Representative] had him brought to his house and threatened him with imprisonment, from which he escaped only by standing upon the rights of liberty and equality.'

Many 'vivats' followed the utterance of these two great words, apparently still powerful against the despotism of a People's Representative. Too wise to court an anti-climax, De Chartres disappeared while the applause still

resounded, and Lebeaupin leapt a second time to the vacant place in the tribune.

'Yesterday a soldier laid upon the table a sample of bad bread that had been distributed to the defenders of the fatherland, and demanded the punishment of the contractor. General Vimeux recognised the bad quality of the bread.'

A people's club was the place *par excellence* for the investigation of such an offence committed against one of themselves. An 'unseemly tirade' on this matter directed towards the People's Representative had evidently taken place the evening previous, and now to-night's reminder was followed by abuse of the contractors generally, coupled with abuse of those generals more hard-hearted than the kindly Vimeux, who rather than support a soldier's complaint would have sworn to the purity and integrity of the military ration were it three parts sawdust!

But the climax was reached when citizen Garnier 'took the speech.' He had already rehearsed his grievance the evening before, and now added his quota to the passionate tirade that had marked the sitting. Garnier had obtained a promise of a new post as captain, and had accordingly come to Nantes to show the Representative his papers. The latter had confiscated them 'without giving him any satisfaction,' and after narration of his woes to the sympathetic Vincent-la-Montagnards, a deputation had been sent to the Representative 'to *make* him explain himself.'

Garnier announced that the Representative was not at home, or at least had had it stated that he was not, and the society, outraged in the person of its deputation, began an indignant protest. But the Representative, sitting with Lequinio at the back of the Church, had been boiling over with indignation long ere this, and save for his companion's restraining hand would not have allowed matters to proceed so far. Now, however, his anger grew beyond control. To the complete stupefaction of the Society he suddenly

appeared, furious, in their midst, and sprang into the tribune with such impetuosity that he whirled aside the lighted candle; which fell spluttering to the floor. With raised voice and passionate gestures he hurled back upon the assembly the calumnies that had been poured upon him, and revealed the true history of citizen Garnier, protesting against him as a soldier who had abandoned his post without permission, who had dared to slander him at the tribune, and declared it a most obnoxious thing that such an unseemly tirade against the Representative of the People had been permitted in the Society. He sardonically 'observed that this soldier had not proved himself worthy of advancement in thus quitting his post! and ended by demanding the name of the Orator who had given vent to this calumny yesterday and sought to lower, in his person, the dignity of the National Representation.'

The Health Officer Thomas, rebuking the Representative for his violent demeanour, spoke in praise of Garnier's military conduct and purity of intention, but the other, growing more furious at this show of opposition, still demanded the names of the orators who, whether on Garnier's or the soldier's account, had slandered him the previous evening. Nor was it fitting, he added, that such conduct against the pro-consul should be inscribed upon the registers of the society, and he demanded that the minutes of the last meeting should be cancelled, threatening otherwise to destroy Nantes as a rebellious town, as had been done with Lyons. In his calmer moments he must very well have known this menace to be an idle one, but it bore immediate fruit, and the President and Secretaries of the Club obediently carried the register to his house, 'where' adds the denunciation, with more heat than strict veracity would seem to warrant, 'he no doubt arranged the minutes to suit himself.' This submission having been obtained, the two Representatives declared the club suspended till inquiries into its conduct could be made, which inquiry was evidently satisfactory,

for three days later the president received a curt permission to open the sittings at the usual hour, and the curtain rose upon the second act of its drama.

Mention has already been made of Marc Antoine Jullien, son of the deputy to the Convention from Drôme. At the age of nineteen—for its heroes, like the Revolution, were characterized by impetuous youth—this citizen had satisfactorily performed a mission in the Pyrenees, and on his return to Paris had delivered at the Jacobin club various addresses and rhodomontades which had even received the honour of a reading in Convention. Apart from his accredited duties Jullien seems to have held from his patron and friend Robespierre a mission of espionage over the Representatives in the Departments, several of whom came under his young censure.

There is no broom so efficient as a new one, and Jullien put into his mission a thoroughness that left nothing to be desired. At his hands People's Clubs, Municipal Authorities all gladly suffered an expurgatory scrutiny and division of the sheep and goats. He inaugurated fêtes, mapped out endless 'décadi' feasts in which a citizen and citizeness, renowned for patriotism, perfection, and poverty were to be united in civil marriage before the assembled and applauding township. A veritable French Tertullus, he harangued from every tribune, thundering the Republican and Revolutionary doctrines till his throat was swollen and his lungs exhausted. Everywhere he received attention, admiration, adulation; guns were fired in his honour; processions escorted him when he chose to walk abroad; numerous addresses conveyed to him the most flattering thanks for the way in which the Republic's zealous servant had deleted all but the most ardent patriots from the popular assemblies—small wonder that Jullien's head was *exalté* and he came to believe himself as powerful as he thought himself important.

Another circumstance had lately arisen very flattering to his self-esteem. One of Jullien's friends, the Representative

Tréhouart, was also 'on mission' in the West, and without warning had arrested the agent of his colleague at Nantes, a certain Lebatteaux, sent into Morbihan to kill 'federalism,' then a capital crime. The Representative was furious at this slight offered to his authority, and championed the cause of his agent with ardour, angrily forbidding the people of the Department of Morbihan to recognize the 'powers' of Tréhouart, who had offered him this slight. Jullien soon became acquainted with the details of the foolish quarrel between the two parliamentarians, and at once informed Robespierre and other high powers in Paris of the affair from Tréhouart's point of view. What a triumph was this! To dominate the provincial assemblies of all kinds, what a pleasure! but to find himself advising, upholding, and befriending a People's Representative, what a glory! His round in the West had brought him as far as the town of Vannes, when he fell in with several Nantais passing through who asked to be allowed to pay their respects to the young War Commissioner, and from whom he drew an account of the quarrel then at full height in the People's Club. Jullien promised to pay them a visit in a day or two and to rectify every existing evil, and though Nantes was at that moment suffering from a surfeit of Representatives, Jullien promised himself 'to give some mighty thrills to the public spirit, and actively to stimulate the People's Club.'

Now it so happened that Citizen Champenois, ever zealous in matters which concerned him and those which did not, had got into the habit of industriously patrolling Nantes with a view to making sure that no counter-revolutionary conspirators found their way within the precincts of that Republican town, and on one occasion he observed a peasant whose face was unknown to him, and who was obviously endeavouring to attract the notice of the passers-by. Instant inquiry produced information that the peasant had been in the city for three days vainly seeking for some one to introduce him to those in authority to whom he could

make a relation ; that he came from the village of Saint Columbine ; that one night a wounded soldier had crawled to his cottage and begged to be taken in and succoured and that he had taken him in ; that he was partly recovered but still confined to his bed, and finally that he was the famous brigand chief Charrette.

By this time the most noteworthy leaders of the Vendean insurrection were either dead or wounded, and the recent victory at Saumur and the rout of Savenay had relieved the Republic from all anxiety respecting the revolted districts. The capture of Charrette would round off the business, so to speak, and glory immortal pertain to the man who had effected it.

Seizing the peasant by the arm the pewterer hastened through the streets to the Representative's house to acquaint him with this incredibly fine piece of news. The pro-consul, tormented with insomnia and some chest or lung affection, was accustomed to retire to bed between two and three in the morning and rise in the neighbourhood of eleven, as those interested in such matters very well knew. Therefore when Champenois with a view to impressing his new friend said airily, 'Tell the Representative that I demand to see him at once, that I have news of the utmost importance to announce to him, and that I am Citizen Champenois, Municipal Officer,' the secretary, Bonneval, uttered the regular formula in reply : 'The Citizen Representative is in bed, and will see no one, not even the generals of the army, not even the Representatives themselves,' after which he slammed the street door upon the erstwhile triumphant but now crestfallen patriot.

Without pausing to consider how much of this behaviour was due to the master's orders and how much to the malicious temper of the man, the indignant pewterer hurried with his peasant to the People's Club, where his wounded vanity received the partial satisfaction of the passing of a resolution to the effect that Citizen Champenois by his vigilant

zeal had deserved well of the men of Nantes and that the matter be taken up at once and a forcible remonstrance made. The remonstrance, however, took the form of a honeyed letter recalling the fact that though the Vendée was said to be no more, yet the soil of liberty was still profaned with brigands. It then, in the name of the public safety, called upon the Representative, who it was careful to assert had the confidence of the sans-culottes and who had contributed so much to the success of the armies, to bring the dreadful war to a close.

Not understanding the drift of this epistle, the Representative returned no reply, and when a reasonable time had elapsed the Club decided upon sending another: 'The Club of Vincent-la-Montagne, justly alarmed at the delay of the termination of the War in the Vendée, has communicated to you its anxieties by writing, and you have made no reply. . . . Learning that the mission which has been confided to you by the National Convention has affected your health, at the same time when it is reported that the patriots have been slaughtered by brigands who gather new force, the club sends to you five or six of its members to assure itself of your condition and to confer with you as to the means of putting an end to its anxieties upon the fate of a war compromising public safety. How are they received at your house, these free men who believe themselves your friends and brothers? Your door is closed to them, and a secretary, unfaithful in his reports, tells them that were they patriots *enragés* . . . they could not speak to you, that not even the generals are received at the house of the People's Representative!'

After having dispatched this letter, whose tenour was 'You are not equal to your work, and if you don't take care we will have you recalled from your mission,' the members of the club retired to their respective homes to seek a well-merited repose.

But their slumbers would have been still sweeter if they

had known what assistance the morrow was destined to bring them. The diligence bearing Robespierre's young friend (who now had added the title 'of Paris' to his family name) had already set out from Vannes, and, urged on by its impatient passenger, was hastening towards Nantes at its swiftest speed. Jullien arrived in the afternoon, and in the evening, mindful of his mission, proceeded to the Popular Society. He was received with lively manifestations of joy and was soon made acquainted with all the details of the one absorbing topic. He met confidence with confidence, and mounting to the tribune, officially made known the crimes of Lebatteaux, the affront to Tréhouart, and his own effort with several members of the Government to have the pro-consul of Nantes recalled.

His speech, perhaps, was neither wise nor logical, inasmuch as he thereby stood convicted of the same offence as the one he was censuring—that of lowering the dignity of the National Representation. But, wise or not, it was well received, and put new life and courage into the club, a little nervous as to the result of its long continued duel. Jullien wound up a lengthy harangue by exhorting all the members present to oppose themselves without intermission to the tyranny of the 'new despot,' and after listening to the numberless small anecdotes the club had to relate concerning their 'tyrant' he retired at a late hour to his hotel.

Hardly had Jullien begun his oratory than two members of the audience left the hall of sitting and hastened to the Representative's house to acquaint him with the fact that one Jullien, showing 'powers' from the Committee of Public Safety, was slandering the pro-consul at the People's Club and declaring he was about to be recalled. They believed he was Jullien of Toulouse, who was proscribed by law.

Overjoyed at the possible capture of this fugitive, the Representative instantly gave orders that General Vimeux was to arrest him, and bring him to his house no matter how late or how early the hour, and as General Vimeux

could not be found for some time, being on leave, it was between two and three in the morning when the champion of the Vincent-la-Montagnards was aroused from his slumbers and driven through the silent streets of Nantes.

The Representative's bedroom was large and ill-lit, and seeing the length of the sabre which was lying near his head, Jullien took the precaution to keep himself at a respectful distance. There are conflicting accounts of the interview that took place between the two men. The first, generally accepted by the quidnuncs of the day, is found in the newspapers of the month of December, 1794. The Representative, like most of the Revolutionists in turn, had then reached the period of his disgrace, and was on his public trial. Jullien depicted in telling phrases the story of his unwavering courage in the face of the other's unbridled arbitrariness, nor did he fail to produce witnesses in support of what he said. It is true that these witnesses gained glory by this association with so much Roman virtue, and it was at that time a matter of small moment that their evidence was somewhat ambiguous. The second account, also Jullien's, was given later to a private friend when the storm was long over. This latter is the one which we will follow in the main.

Hardly had he obscured himself in his corner when the Representative declared that he was the one who had insulted his dignity at the People's Club and had endeavoured to bring him into disgrace at headquarters, after which exordium he threatened to have him removed that very night as a disturbance and a danger to the tranquillity of the town. As the word used was 'expedited' (a favourite word at that day) and Jullien was unaware of the mistaken identity, the young man wrongly took this to mean a 'noyade,' and already shivered at the prospect. But he managed at last to stammer out that nothing would be gained by such an action, as his father, Jullien of Drôme, was a deputy and his friends the powerful Prieur (of Marne),

the more powerful Barrère and the most powerful Robespierre. At this revelation the Representative allowed his sabre (worn as insignia of office by these missionary deputies on State and solemn occasions) to slip out of his hands on to the floor, and crying out 'Then you are *not* Jullien of Toulouse, out of law,' bid the General seat the young man near him, and invited him to dine with him the next day.

Whichever account may be correct, one thing is certain—after reflecting on the whole of his harangue, which as yet the Representative obviously did not know, Jullien decided that on the morrow he would be no more safe as Jullien of Paris than as Jullien of Toulouse. The remainder of the night he spent in collecting his effects, and at dawn went forth to the military outposts, where he chanced to fall in with an official he had previously known at Lorient. From him he borrowed a horse, and instantly fled to the further limit of the department, where he sat down and wrote a letter highly coloured by boyish and burning spite to his powerful friend in Paris.

But Jullien's sojourn in Nantes, short as it had been, was not without its influence on the Club. The Society met in another extraordinary session and resolved upon another deputation (which declined office) and another letter, which was forwarded to its destination by the safe but obscure agency of a town messenger boy.

'In default of being able to confer with you at a favourable time,' they wrote, 'we have been forced to our great regret to allow the escape of the person of this very great criminal [Charrette]. Representative, the *sans-culottes* must continually communicate with each other their views and their fears.' Then, taking fright at its temerity, the letter wound up abruptly, 'and we well believe that you rejoice only when you find yourself in their midst.'

The following day, at an early hour, this letter arrived at the Representative's house, and hardly had he finished reading it when his secretary entered to announce that,

in accordance with his orders the Municipal Officer Champenois was below, escorted by four gendarmes. The pewterer, voluble as usual, began an industrious reproach the moment he found himself in the room: 'Citizen Representative, it is with astonishment that I, a free man, find myself brought through Nantes by four unnecessary gendarmes. If there is anything reprehensible in my conduct I am courageous enough to answer for it. Guards are unnecessary for a proved patriot. My word of honour should have been guarantee sufficient.'

The Representative was not in the least affected by this Republican fervour, and at once began to speak of Champenois' new method of capturing Charrette—Charrette, who had escaped the finest armies of the Republic this last year and more! He pointed out that the peasant was probably playing the pewterer false—that Charrette and his friends, despairing of destroying the Republican Army wholesale had conceived the idea of destroying it piecemeal, and that to send two hundred and fifty soldiers—the number asked for—was to send them to sure butchery. Further words evidently passed between them, 'There are traitors everywhere, Champenois, agents of Pitt. The English have sworn our destruction,' &c. The pewterer was then reproached with having, together with his fellow-members of the Club, asked for his recall, with having filled the town with taunts, innuendoes, insults, aimed at the pro-consul's head, with the unsealing of his correspondence (Municipal officers being in charge of the letter post), and what was evidently a passionate harangue was concluded by a warning to the crestfallen pewterer to see to his conduct in the future, and to remember that better men than he had gone to the guillotine for smaller affronts to the National Representation.

Then, thrusting a scroll of paper into the other's hand, the Representative sprang from the bed to touch the brazen gong to summon his servant, and Champenois, mistaking

this movement for a personal attack, wasted not one moment in futile argument, but bounded through the doorway, protesting his civism, his patriotism, his republicanism, at every step and so onward to the street.

The paper the Representative had given him was the warrant by virtue of which the pewterer had that very morning been awakened from his slumbers and brought, protesting, before the pro-consul. He glanced at it first with interest, then with indignation. For the champion of the Vincent-la-Montagne Club found himself designated not as 'Citizen Champenois, Municipal Officer,' but *du nommé un tel*. Why! This was as bad as the *lettre de cachet* of the ancient régime, and we may be sure his thoughts flew to Mirabeau, Latude, Voltaire, and other philosophers who had suffered under these missives. On leaving his home the pewterer had contrived to send word of his arrest to the Mayor, and now on his way back to the town he found the Municipal Authorities met together in angry session, or at least some nine of them, the rest having kept away from motives of prudence. But nine was audience sufficient, especially as it was reinforced by the presence of seven sympathetic notables. Champenois flung his warrant on the table, and having in his brief walk unconsciously reconstructed the past incident entirely to his own credit by the subtle merging of all he had said and all he had meant to say, he obtained the general attention and delivered himself of the following speech.

'The Citizen Representative reproached me for being the friend of Pitt, and for having asked for his recall; said I had unsealed his letters and proposed to have me guillotined. I very courageously denied these charges, upon which he got into a great passion, and said I was a knave and a counter-revolutionist. But as I still preserved a calm and unruffled front he quieted down and declared that he would like so intrepid a citizen to be his friend. I, however, replied brusquely to this dangerous serpent and withdrew.'

The nine municipal officers and the seven notables

vigorously applauded the narration of such heroism, and resolved that the courage of Citizen Champenois should be inscribed upon the register, after which one of the notables, who by virtue of his status had more to lose than the patriotic but impoverished members of the municipality, remarked that while agreeing in the main to the foregoing resolution, it would, perhaps, be as well not to break out into open quarrel with the Representative, who was after all sent to Nantes by order of the National Convention. 'Let us rather express our regret that he should be badly surrounded, and urged to give an explanation of his conduct in thus attacking our friend Citizen Champenois.' He then proposed the following resolution, 'That the Citizen Representative be urged in the name of Equality to explain himself as to everything he has done since entering Nantes, and that he should declare—emphatically—that the Municipal body has not lost his confidence.'

Armed with this hardly diplomatic resolution, the four chosen officers of the deputation set off at a good round pace, but returned half an hour later with the tidings that the pro-consul was not at home, and that his insolent secretary, &c., &c.

Meanwhile Champenois hastened to his residence, there to find two or three members of the club, who informed him that they had been holding a permanent and agitated sitting since a very early hour. He then hurried clubwards, where he was made as welcome as an army returning with banners, and related with further additions the history he had given to the Municipality—that he had been blamed for all kinds of things, that the Representative had been deceived by false reports 'gone out of the hall of our sittings by means one cannot explain.' It was then resolved that the steps that prudence required should be taken for the personal safety of the several members of the Club, and that further, till the Judas in their midst was discovered, no discussion should take place among them and that they

would content themselves with perusal of the Public Papers and the decrees of the National Convention! The next day certain members met in secret session and agreed to send two of their number, Paul Métayer and Michel Samuel, to the Committee of Public Safety, where they were to present a letter giving full account of the Representative's heedlessness, his angers, his dissolution of the Society on the slightest pretext (this had happened but once, as we have seen), and his bad treatment of patriots in general and Champenois in particular.

At Angers these emissaries fell in with Jullien, who seconded their efforts with zest, and gave them a letter of introduction to his father the deputy from Drôme, which resulted in their immediate admission to headquarters, and a letter from the Committee to Prieur (of Marne), to the effect that 'The Society of Vincent-la-Montagne did wrong in acrimoniously calling the order . . . against Citizen Champenois a *lettre de cachet*,' and urging Prieur (the next pro-consul of Nantes) to keep a sharp surveillance over the spirit that must reign in the club.

Though the Representative heard of the meeting of the Municipality and the extraordinary session of the People's Club, he was not frightened into submission nor induced to show the white feather, and two or three days later, to his unspeakable astonishment and disgust, Champenois found himself dismissed from his functions 'for having,' as he phrased it, 'spoken as a free man.' The outcries of the abashed pewterer rang through the town like a tocsin call to arms!

The day afterwards the Representative appeared at the Club accompanied by his friend Lequinio, now again in Nantes. The two deputies were well received, for it would seem that the Society was a little alarmed at its late boldness, or perhaps undisturbed reading of the decrees of the Convention reminded them that the pro-consul had the governmental machine behind him. Forget, therefore,

in the name of himself and his fellow members, expressed the pleasure they must all feel at having their respected Representative with them once more. There was but one thing needful to complete their happiness, and that would be obtained if he would kindly mount the tribune and address a few words to them.

The Representative had satisfied his rancour with the dismissal of Champenois, and acceding to the request he smiled upon the assembly in quite a friendly manner, declaring that it gave him great pleasure to be with his brothers at the Club. The stupefied audience, which had expected something very different, sat dumb with surprise. But more was to come. 'Citizens,' said the Representative, 'in times like this we sometimes let our passions carry us away, and we sometimes let the passions of others do us a like disservice. We should, therefore, drive all intriguers from our midst, and by watchfulness and energy seek out and remove those bad citizens who only endeavour to divide the patriots. I am not blaming you more than myself. I, perhaps, have been unduly influenced.'

We cannot trace the effect of these astounding words, but an atmosphere having been created in his favour, young Goupilleau remarked that the Citizen Representative, in causing stock-jobbers, middlemen, monopolists, &c., to be arrested, had done much good service in Nantes, for which the patriots of the town offered him their thanks.

Some proposition was made to the effect that the unity and concord now established should for ever be maintained, and the fraternal kiss or accolade proposed. The president of the Club, mounting the tribune in full view of the whole assembly, cordially embraced the inexplicable Representative, after which the whole company, uttering vivats for the Convention, the Vincent-la-Montagnards and the People's Representatives, surged excitedly into the street, convinced that one more step had been taken to National Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity. ELSE CARRIER.

A CENTURY OF FAMILY LETTERS

Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792-1896.
 Edited by her daughter, HENRIETTA LITCHFIELD. 2 vols.
 (John Murray, 1915.)

THESE volumes will give deep and lasting pleasure to all who wish to study English family life during the last century. The reader is brought into intimate relations with the two houses of the Wedgwoods and Darwins, and has a most attractive specimen of that 'domestic affection' which John Ruskin regarded as one of the glories of his generation. The correspondence on which the early part of this record is founded was handed to Mrs. Litchfield, the daughter of Charles Darwin, in a state of chaos. The Wedgwoods were accustomed to send letters between London and Etruria in boxes of pottery. Postmarks are, therefore, lacking, and often only the day of the week or the month is given. During a long illness Mr. Litchfield arranged, dated, and annotated the whole series, and discussed with his wife what seemed worth preserving. The work was originally prepared for private circulation, and the notes were intended to make the letters interesting to the younger members of the Darwin family. They certainly add much to the pleasure with which others will read the earlier chapters of this work. Mrs. Litchfield herself is responsible for the rest of the notes, and the two volumes form a delightful addition to our knowledge of men and women whose names are held in growing honour by their countrymen.

Mrs. Darwin is the central figure. She was the youngest child of Josiah Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, Staffordshire, son of the famous potter who founded the town of Etruria, and of Elizabeth Allen, of Cresselly, Pembrokeshire. Captain Allen had been an officer in the 1st Foot Guards during the

Seven Years War, and eleven of his children lived to grow up. His melancholy disposition and arbitrary temper threw a shadow over the family life. Sir James Mackintosh, who married Catherine, the second daughter, says that they had heard from Emma Allen, and that the Squire had 'been pleased to be infinitely more cordial and gracious to his two poor prisoners than ever he was before, so that bating an absolute want of amusement and a perpetual constraint in conversation they may be pretty comfortable.' Mr. Allen used to thump his fist on the table and order his daughters to entertain him after dinner. Dr. Darwin, of Shrewsbury, thought that this drastic training had made them remarkably good talkers. They were 'handsome, spirited, clever, and deeply devoted to each other.' Elizabeth, who married Josiah Wedgwood, had a radiant cheerfulness and a singular sweetness in voice and manner. Like her youngest daughter, Mrs. Darwin, she had a delight in giving and an unfailing consideration for the unprosperous. Caroline Allen married Edward Drewe, a Devonshire parson, and was the mother of Lady Gifford and Lady Alderson, whose daughter became Marchioness of Salisbury. Jessie Allen married Sismondi, the historian. She was a delightful companion, full of vivacity and gaiety, 'handsome, with brilliant colouring, large grey eyes, and dark hair.' The youngest sister Fanny, whose vivacious letters add much to the charm of these volumes, never married. She was very pretty and clever—'a pet of Sir James Mackintosh, and a fierce Whig and devoted admirer of Napoleon.'

The first letter in the collection bearing date, 'Tenby, August 20, 1792,' is from Josiah Wedgwood to his father. He describes the family at Cresselly as 'altogether the most charming one I have ever been introduced to, and their society makes no small addition to the pleasure I have received from this excursion.' Before the year was out he married Elizabeth Allen, who was five years older than himself. Dr. Darwin thought him one of the wisest men

he had ever known, but he was somewhat silent and grave, so that his wife, though deeply devoted to him, was not quite at ease with him. Dr. Darwin's daughters were rather afraid of him, and were surprised that their brother Charles talked to him as if he were a common mortal. Darwin says in his autobiography, 'He was silent and reserved, so as to be a rather awful man; but he sometimes talked openly with me. He was the very type of an upright man, with the clearest judgement. I do not believe that any power on earth would have made him swerve an inch from what he considered the right course.' A letter to his invalid brother Thomas, the friend and benefactor of Coleridge, and practically the discoverer of photography, shows the warmth of his feelings. Thomas had gone to the West Indies in quest of health. Josiah would have liked to go with him had not he been required at home. 'I have not yet,' he writes, 'been able to think of you with dry eyes, but a little time will harden me. Nothing could be more disinterested than the love I bear you.' He wrote to his wife, then at Cresselly in 1800, about Rousseau and Godwin, 'whose writings tend to make a foundling hospital of the world,' and added some words that must have been very grateful: 'I have no pleasures that I can compare with those that I derive from you and them (the children). Your idea fills me, and I clasp you as the heroes of poetry clasp the shades of the departed.' He tells her: 'I have just sent up my income return, and I have given in £874 as the tenth of my last year's income. I cannot say, but it grudges me to pay such a sum to be squandered, as I believe it will, mischievously.' One of Mrs. Wedgwood's earliest letters refers to some counsel given to her sister: 'Continue, my dear Fanny, to watch over your own character, with a sincere desire of perfecting it as much as is in your power, and you will make the happiness of all belonging to you. You have very little to do, for God has given you an excellent temper, and a very good understanding.'

In 1804 Fanny Allen was staying at Dover Street, London, with Mr. Mackintosh. He had been made Recorder of Bombay, and was knighted before he sailed. Miss Allen reports that they had dined with Erskine, who became Lord Chancellor about two years later. 'The whole house of Kemble was there (with the exception of John Kemble). Erskine was not as lively as he was the day he dined here; he was quite absorbed in Mrs. Siddons, and to my mind much in love with her. She looked uncommonly handsome, but was much too dignified to be pleasant in conversation. I was very much gratified by seeing and hearing her talk on acting, which she did very unaffectedly. I must not forget to tell you she admired my gown exceedingly. She said she thought it one of the prettiest dresses she ever saw.' On another occasion Sydney Smith and 'Conversation Sharp' dined at Dover Street and made it one of the pleasantest and merriest of days. Sydney Smith was in his highest spirits and talked of the Allens as the very first of women. 'I cannot tell you how much I admire and like all your sisters; they have a warmth and friendliness of manner that is delightful, but I think that Mrs. Jos. Wedgwood surpasses them all.' Miss Allen says, 'I have met with no people in London that I like so much as I do them (the Smiths), or who have showed me more unremitting kindness.'

A letter from Mrs. Josiah Wedgwood, when they were living at Gunville in Dorset, shows the press-gang busy in the year of Trafalgar. The event made a great sensation. 'The night before last they knocked at the door and told the Hardings to get up, as the Press-gang were at Hinton and were coming to take them. Job got up and went downstairs, but they had broke open the door and seized him and carried him off, without giving him time to tie his garters or put on his coat. The older brother Jem was very ill from a chill, but the Lieutenant went up and satisfied himself as to the truth of it, and he had humanity enough to leave him

behind, though he said they should come for him very soon. They then went to George Collin's, but he would not open the door or answer when they called, but prepared to stand on the defensive, for which purpose he broke the child's crib to have the stick as a weapon of defence. The crew, hearing the crash, thought he had broke through to the next house and made his escape; and so they went off, and he escaped for this time, but I am afraid they will get him and Jem Harding. The poor wife of Job (unlike her namesake in the Bible) is gone off this morning to comfort her husband and to take him some necessaries, and I suppose the pay she received last night, which amounted to 16s., to which Tom added some articles from his wardrobe and I a guinea; and A. Harding's wife went with her out of friendship (a walk of forty miles to and from Poole). A good many others of the women went to *send* her. I saw a letter from him to-day to his wife, written in such a simple, honest style that it interested me very much in his favour. The other two men are frightened to death at the thought of their turn coming next; and they don't lie at home. But what a sad life it is to be feeling the torments of fear, and skulking like a felon, and that for such a length of time as they probably will. Our waggoner coming from Poole yesterday met poor Harding escorted by three men armed, and himself pinioned. I declare this circumstance almost made a Bethlen Gabor of me.' Gabor was of a noble Protestant family, and championed the civil rights of the Bohemians.

Madame de Staël was in London in 1818, and the family letters refer to various meetings with her. At one party she made several of her most eloquent harangues, which were 'her favourite and best mode of showing herself. In common conversing she appeared like any other clever woman, but in one of these harangues there is such a burst of feeling, such eloquent language, and such deep thought, and so much action, that it is the most extraordinary and interesting thing.' Her subjects were invective of Buona-

parte, praise of Bernadotte, the state of Europe, and above all the happiness of Englishmen. Sir James Mackintosh, who had returned from India, witnessed a scene at Holland House which he said he should never forget. At dinner Madame de Staël attacked the Marquis Wellesley 'for his speech on the Spanish Treaty, which he repelled with so much address that he was the admiration of the whole table. His sarcasm was so tempered with humour and politeness, keeping it strictly to answering her and never attacking her, tho' every one saw she was entirely in his power, that he could not fail to delight the whole company, while he did not in the least offend her once. Mack thought she looked as if she suspected the smile that was passing over the face of the company, and acknowledged her ignorance of that kind of warfare by turning to Mackintosh and saying, "Ah, il est bien facile de m'attraper." After dinner she stood up and harangued for half-an-hour against peace in the style of "The Regicide Peace." This was so entirely against the sentiments of every one present that Lord Holland did not give it so pleasant a reception as the Marquis did her attack upon him, but gravely declared his opinions were entirely contrary to hers upon that subject. When she went away he declared she was the most presumptuous woman he had ever met with.'

At a party given by Sir James Mackintosh in 1818 Lord Byron and Madame de Staël were present. She would not sit still, but pursued the poet, who was continually escaping from her. When Byron announced that he was going to Persia and India, Madame de Staël 'affected to believe he was not in earnest, that he could not seriously mean to leave England, and proposed to him the misery of "finding himself alone, abandoned and dying in a distant land."' Byron replied, 'One is sufficiently fatigued with one's friends during life, I should find it hard to be bored with them in death also.' The letter described Byron as 'an interesting looking person, pale, and strong lines. When

he speaks, contrary to other people's, his countenance takes a much severer expression ; he does not look ill-natured till he speaks.' Whilst her sisters were thus mixing with celebrities Mrs. Wedgwood was busy with the care of her eight children at Maer. Emma, the youngest of the family, was born in 1808. Her daughter says she was a pretty child with 'abundant rich brown hair, grey eyes and a fresh complexion, a firm chin, a high forehead and straight nose. She was of medium height, with well-formed shoulders and pretty hands and arms. She had a graceful and dignified carriage.' She was never tidy or orderly as to little things. Darwin said that after he married he made up his mind to give up all his natural taste for tidiness, and not allow himself to feel annoyed by her calm disregard for such trifles. He would say the only sure place to find a pin or a pair of scissors was his study. His wife had 'a large-minded, unfussy way of taking life which is more common amongst men than amongst women.' She knew French, Italian, and German, and played delightfully on the piano till the very end of her life. She had a crisp and fine touch, and played always with intelligence and sympathy.

Three letters in the collection have special interest for the centenary of Waterloo. Tom Wedgwood, Josiah's nephew, was a youth of seventeen, an ensign in the Scots Fusilier Guards. He wrote to his mother on the day after the historic battle. His regiment slept on the bare ground on the night of June 17, 'with nothing either above or beneath us, in one of the most rainy nights possible, and before morning the ground on which we were was ankle-deep in mud.' Next morning his regiment and the little infantry companies of the Coldstream Guards were placed at the Château of Hougoumont, 'a house surrounded with a small wall. . . with orders to defend it to the last. The French were driven back, but advanced again with a fresh force, and succeeded in gaining entrance into the wood. They then sent fire-balls upon the house,

and set a barn and all the out-houses on fire. After being exposed to a heavy fire of shot and grape and shells for two hours and a half, in which we had three officers wounded besides a number of men, the right wing of our regiment and my company went to the assistance of the Coldstreams in the wood, in which there was a very heavy fire of musquetry. The French were during the whole of this [time firing] at the house into which my company and another entered, nearly one hundred men having now been consumed in the flames. The French forced the gate three times, and three times were driven back with immense loss, for we were firing at one another at about five yards' distance. There was a large garden to the house, which was surrounded by a wall on two sides, the house on the third, and on the remaining side a hedge. We had another company brought into it, and a few Dutch who lined the garden wall, in which they made port-holes and annoyed the French very much. About five o'clock the French gained ground very much and made the English retire from the position on the heights, but were again driven back by a strong column consisting of cavalry, and the 2nd and 8rd Battalions of the 1st Guards, and the remaining part of ours, and after a hard struggle were obliged to give ground and retreat through the wood. They attacked the house again with renewed force and vigour, but could not force it. The house had a great deal of the walls down with their cannon, but they could not gain admittance. We afterwards received a fresh reinforcement of Guards into the house, and my company was sent out to skirmish. About eight o'clock the first Guards and a part of ours charged the French with the bayonet and drove them entirely from the house. About that time a body of about 8,000 Prussians came up, and the French immediately retreated at a great pace, all our cavalry following them, with our regiments, drove them back double quick and dispersed them entirely.'

Tom Wedgwood's regiment lost sixteen officers killed

and wounded. The Duke of Wellington told them that he never saw soldiers behave so well as the Guards. They had had nothing to eat except a very little biscuit, and the young ensign had tasted no food for forty-eight hours. A month later he was still suffering from the strain of the three weeks' campaigning. 'My face is quite contracted on one side; and when I smile my mouth gets quite to the left side of my face, and when I eat my upper jaw does not come exactly on my under one, and I cannot shut one of my eyes without the other, which I could do before; however, I do not feel it quite so much as before.' Mrs. Litchfield says he never quite recovered from the paralysis brought on by exposure and want of food.

Many passages in the family letters give glimpses of the celebrities of the time. Charlotte Wedgwood sits next to Lockhart at a dinner party given by the Aldersons in 1827. 'Mrs. Lockhart is particularly pleasing, she is so simple, natural, and modest. Mr. Lockhart is remarkably handsome, and I think, notwithstanding my prejudices, would be agreeable if he would come out more, but he seems reserved.' The previous day Miss Wedgwood went to hear Chalmers at the opening of the new Scotch Church in Regent Square. 'He has a very bad voice, but is certainly a very fine preacher. If he had but Mr. Irving's beautiful voice he would be perfect. Mr. Irving gave a prayer of an hour's length, which is I think more than twice too long. Moreover his praying is so theatrical as to be disagreeable,—a much worse fault in praying than in preaching. There was an immense crowd, and quite a riot at one time made by the people outside breaking in.' She had had two lessons in drawing from Copley Fielding and liked him 'very much.'

Five years later Miss Fanny Allen went twice to Edward Irving's early prayer-meeting. It was just at the time when the trustees had taken legal opinion as to the disorders that had sprung up in the Church. She says, 'I am come out of my

experiences more unbelieving than I was before—indeed I think I had a little belief. I expected I am sure something extraordinary, something at least that I could not account for, and there was nothing out of the common way, except indeed the extravagance of minds not quite sane. It was perfectly dark when we got to the church, which was very faintly lighted by two small globe lights on a table under the reading-desk, where Mr. Irving sat like a magician. There were the usual prayers and two psalms sung, and a chapter in the Bible from Kings, of Elijah destroying the prophets of Baal, which he likened in his (Irving's) prayer afterwards to the ministry of our Church generally, and said that the ministry of Christ's Church had fallen to them who had the gifts of the Spirit given to them.' Mr. Backster (Baxter) of Doncaster, who afterwards said that he had been deceived by a lying Spirit, then read the 1st of Acts and 'during the course of his reading he raved like a maniac.' Mrs. Rich, the daughter of Sir James Mackintosh, was greatly impressed, so that Miss Allen did not say as much as she thought about this exhibition. The eldest sister, Elizabeth Wedgwood, was present at her uncle, Sir James Mackintosh's house in March, 1831, when he proposed to introduce Wordsworth to Jeffrey, who had heaped contempt on him in the *Edinburgh Review*. Wordsworth was reluctant: 'We are fire and water, and if we meet we shall only hiss—besides he has been doing his best to destroy me.' 'But he has not succeeded,' rejoined Sir James, 'and he really is one of your greatest admirers.' Saying this 'he took Mr. Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr. Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done. The two enemies liked one another's company so much, that when the rest of the party broke up at half-past eleven, they remained

talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators, and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr. Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr. Empson and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience. I, alas! was obliged to carry my head to bed. Sir James enjoyed his two hours' talk very much.'

Some other entries might be called historic. Miss Fanny Allen visited the Nightingales at Embley in 1847. It was a pleasant time despite 'the greatest of my losses, Florence.' She was travelling on the Continent and had left Paris in the *diligence* for Chalons. 'This new mode of travelling amuses Flo, and she rather likes difficulties too. What a mate she would make for a man worthy of her! but I am not sure I yet know the mate fit for her.' Monckton Milnes was drawn towards her, but the candid visitor feels 'He is not worthy of her.' In 1854, the same lady records the pleasure found in reading the *Memoirs of Sydney Smith*, but adds: 'Yet what a trifling world it was, and what women were his fashionable ladies, in comparison with the noble Flo Nightingale and her companions! Have you heard that she astonishes all the surgeons by her skill and presence of mind? After amputating a limb, they pass on to another, leaving her to take up the artery and do all that is necessary.' When Miss Nightingale got back from the Crimea Miss Allen describes her visit to court. 'No one could be kinder than the Queen was. Flo was particularly impressed by Prince Albert's understanding. Every question he put was to the purpose, and he seemed to have understood the details better than all the officials, as if he had read everything. She had an immense mass of work to get through, and she is still far from restored.' Miss Allen describes a meeting at which Sidney Herbert gave three touching anecdotes of her influence over the minds of the soldiers, particularly the one of their kissing her shadow as it passed over their beds. 'What woman ever took so high a position as she does now! I was dreaming of her all last night.'

Charles Darwin gradually becomes more and more prominent in the letters. Harry Wedgwood speaks in 1827 of some one who had shocked him by saying that a whale had cold blood. When Caroline Darwin was staying at Maer she received a very pleasant letter from Charles, asking whether the gamekeeper was still lord paramount there. If she could find out without much trouble he wanted particularly to know how many head of game had been killed. The writer adds that Charles and his brother Erasmus 'are quite troublesome in being so fond of letters from home.' He sailed for his famous voyage in the *Beagle* in 1831. Dr. Darwin strongly opposed this adventure, but added, 'If you can find any man of common sense who advises you to go I will give my consent.' Charles Darwin wrote to decline the offer, but next morning his uncle Josiah Wedgwood offered to talk over Dr. Darwin, as he thought it would be just the opportunity Charles wanted. Whilst he was on his voyage his cousin Emma received four or five proposals of marriage, so that 'we got quite weary of it.' On October 5, 1836, Darwin got to Shrewsbury and wrote to report himself to his uncle Josiah, whom he styles 'my First Lord of the Admiralty.' In November Emma writes that they had immensely enjoyed their cousin's visit. 'Charles talked away most pleasantly all the time; we plied him with questions without any mercy. Harry and Frank made the most of him, and enjoyed him thoroughly.' He was kept in London all the summer of 1837, toiling at the proof sheets of his *Journal*. Next autumn he asked Emma to marry him. The engagement gave deep pleasure both at Maer and at Shrewsbury. Josiah Wedgwood wrote, 'I could have parted with Emma to no one for whom I would so soon and so entirely feel as a father,' and Dr. Darwin echoed and re-echoed his brother-in-law's words, 'You have drawn a prize.' The lover feared that his future wife would find her evenings dull after living all her life with 'such large and agreeable parties as Maer only can boast of.' He adds,

'You must bear in mind, as some young lady said, "all men are brutes," and that I take the line of being a solitary brute, so you must listen with much suspicion to all arguments in favour of retired places. I am so selfish, that I feel to have you to myself is having you so much more completely that I am not to be trusted.' The lady tells her aunt, Madame Sismondi, that she thinks it a pleasant thing that Charles drinks no wine. The real crook in her lot, she says, was that he disliked going to the play. 'On the other hand he stands concerts very well. He told me he should have spoken to me in August but was afraid, and I was pleased to find that he was not very sure of his answer this time. It was certainly a very unnecessary fear.'

Mrs. Wedgwood had long been a complete invalid, and her husband suffered from a shaking palsy, so that the marriage increased the heavy burden on Elizabeth Wedgwood, who was left alone to nurse and watch over her parents. The Darwins were married on January 29, 1850, and set up housekeeping at 12 Upper Gower Street. Miss Fanny Allen makes a pleasant report. 'Emma is as happy as possible, as she always has been—there never was a person born under a happier star than she, her feelings are the most healthful possible; joy and sorrow are felt by her in their due proportions, nothing robs her of the enjoyment that happy circumstances would naturally give. Her account of her life with Charles Darwin and in her new *ménage* is very pleasant.' Her husband was not strong, and got less inclined to dinners and parties. 'Drinking wine disagrees with him, and it is so tiresome not drinking that he can't resist one glass.' When they were at Maer in May he was unwell, but got relief through 'some of his father's good doctoring.' Elizabeth Wedgwood says, 'It is a great pleasure to see Emma so entirely happy in her lot, with the most affectionate husband possible, upon whom none of her pleasant qualities are thrown away, who delights in her music, and admires her dress.' Mrs. Darwin did not care

for her husband's experiments in natural history. He often told how during some lecture at the British Association he said to her: 'I am afraid this is very wearisome to you.' She answered, 'Not more than all the rest.' She did not care much for Tennyson save for bits of 'In Memoriam,' but described his *Queen Mary* as 'not nearly so tiresome as Shakespeare.' Some plays of Shakespeare, however, gave her great pleasure, and she often spoke of the charm of Imogen and Viola.

In September, 1842, the Darwins moved to Down, where his father had bought them a country house for about £2,200. Darwin was delighted with the varied hedges and many flowers of the chalk district, and the home was gradually enlarged and became a delightful family centre. Mrs. Litchfield gives a pleasant picture of the visits of her uncle Erasmus Darwin, the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. He never enjoyed good health, but he had a playfulness, a tenderness, and a lightness of touch which made him a striking personality. He was very tall and slight, with a face that lighted up when he spoke, and a sympathetic voice and laugh. As children his nephews and nieces found him a charming playfellow, and in later years they stepped out of his lonely London drawing-room 'with a glow reflected from his atmosphere—a sense that the world was better for his presence.'

Charles Darwin was devoted to his wife and children. His little daughter Annie, who died when she was ten, left a blank that was never filled. The pages which he wrote a week after her death are very touching: 'We have lost the joy of the household, and the solace of our old age. She must have known how we loved her. Oh, that she could now know how deeply, how tenderly, we do still and shall ever love her dear joyous face! Blessings on her!' Mrs. Litchfield says her father's evening readings of *Guy Mannering* and other books to his children were 'a happy part of the family life. Whatever my father did with us had a

glamour of delight over it unlike anything else.' His letters to his boys and girls are some of the gems of the second volume. One gives a humorous description of a meeting of the Columbarian Society which he attended when he was experimenting on the variation of pigeons. He tells his Rugby schoolboy: 'I am going to bring a lot more pigeons back with me on Saturday, for it is a noble and majestic pursuit, and beats moths and butterflies, whatever you may say to the contrary.' Among his kinsfolk Darwin was a charming companion. One letter speaks of him as 'uncommonly agreeable, fresh and sparkling as the purest water.' Mrs. Darwin hired small boys at Down to pull up weeds, and one new boy rooted out the wild ivy and left the abhorred dog's-mercury flourishing alone. Mrs. Litchfield says, 'My father could not help laughing at her dismay and the whole misadventure, but the tragedy went too deep, and he used to say it was the only time she was ever cross with him.'

Mrs. Darwin was always sincerely religious. She read the Bible with her children, and taught them a simple Unitarian creed, though they were baptized and confirmed in the Church of England. She went regularly to church and took the Sacrament. She was distressed because her husband did not share her faith. She wrote two letters to him on the subject, one of which he describes in his *Autobiography* as 'her beautiful letter to me, safely preserved, shortly after our marriage.' She asks, 'May not the habit in scientific pursuits of believing nothing till it is proved, influence your mind too much in other things which cannot be proved in the same way, and which, if true, are likely to be above our comprehension?' In a second letter she says, 'I am sure you know I love you well enough to believe that I mind your sufferings nearly as much as I should my own, and I find the only relief to my own mind is to take it as from God's hand, and to try to believe that all suffering and illness is meant to help us

to exalt our minds and to look forward with hope to a future state. When I see your patience, deep compassion for others, self-command, and above all gratitude for the smallest thing done to help you, I cannot help longing that these precious feelings should be offered to Heaven for the sake of your daily happiness. But I find it is difficult in my own case. I often think of the words, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." It is feeling and not reasoning that drives one to prayer.' Below are the words: 'God bless you. C. D. June, 1861.'

It was an abiding sadness to Mrs. Darwin that her own faith was less vivid in later years than it had been in her youth. She wrote to her daughter of one of the chapters in *The Descent of Man*: 'I think it will be very interesting, but that I shall dislike it very much as again putting God further off.' Both husband and wife had their discipline. Fanny Allen writes in 1865: 'What a life of suffering his is, and how manfully he bears it! Emma's, dear Emma's, cheerfulness is equally admirable. Oh that a pure sunshine would rise for them!'

So life moved on, bringing every year an increase of Darwin's honours, till his wife writes, 'I sometimes feel it very odd that any one belonging to me should be making such a noise in the world.' Darwin himself followed the work of his children with eager interest, and writes to one of them, 'O Lord, what a set of sons I have, all doing wonders.' He died on April 19, 1882, and fourteen years later, on October 2, 1896, his 'wise adviser and cheerful comforter throughout life,' who had earned, as he justly said, 'the love and admiration of every soul near her,' finished her beautiful life of love and service. A touching tribute is included in these volumes to her grandson, 2nd Lieutenant Erasmus Darwin, who was killed in action last April. He was strong and gentle, absolutely loyal to his conscience, sane and wide-minded. How ever long he had lived 'he never could have left a memory more lovable or more honourable.'

JOHN TELFORD.

Notes and Discussions

MODERNISM IN RELIGION

OF Modernism in one sense of the word we have heard enough—perhaps more than enough. The movement within the Church of Rome, represented by Loisy and Tyrrell, with the object of maintaining within the borders of that Church not a creed, but a 'method,' diametrically opposed to its fundamental principles, was destined to failure, though its indirect results have an importance of their own. But the term Modernism is employed, rightly or wrongly, in a much wider sense. It conveniently describes the attitude of a growing number of Christian teachers who are prepared to accept all fairly established conclusions of modern scientific and philosophical investigation, whilst maintaining, as they contend, all that is essential in Christian truth, all that is characteristic of the Christian spirit, and all that belongs distinctively to Christian conduct and life. That modifications in traditional views—sometimes in their subject-matter, sometimes in the way of holding them—become necessary is admitted; but the 'Modernist' is a man who believes that such measure of modification will prove a great gain to religion, that it is indeed necessary if the Christianity of the twentieth century is to do its full work in the world.

This position is sometimes heralded by a flourish of trumpets, as if it were a new Gospel; quite as frequently it is condemned as a fatal breach of trust, a betrayal of the interests of religion into the hands of its enemies. What is really needed, however, is not the cry of the mere partisan either of old faith or of new knowledge, but a clear comprehension of the points at issue. In relation to any school of thought, to despise is as foolish as to denounce; what is important is to understand. And in this instance to understand is not altogether easy. What is it in the modern habit of mind that has brought about changes in the way of regarding God, Nature, and Man which, almost unconsciously to himself, separate the thinker of the twentieth century from his predecessor of three or four generations ago? What are the tacit pre-suppositions, lying in the background of the educated mind of to-day, which are affecting the whole 'orientation' of thought towards religion, none the less seriously because they are not acknowledged and perhaps have not emerged into explicit consciousness at all?

One suggestive and fruitful method of approaching an elusive subject is the historical. The fashionable study of 'sources' and 'origins' is of great use, if more is not expected from it than it can

legitimately furnish. To understand how certain vital changes have come about is one long step towards understanding their true nature and worth. It will at least provide the best mode of approach for the study of a process which we fail fully to appreciate because we are ourselves still taking part in it. In the light of these perhaps too obvious considerations the minister of to-day will welcome such a volume as that just published by Messrs. Macmillan under the title *The Rise of Modern Religious Ideas*, by Professor A. C. M'Giffert, of Union Seminary, New York. Dr. M'Giffert is best known on this side of the Atlantic by his *History of Christianity in the Apostolic Age*, an early volume in the International Theological Library. His position is that of an 'advanced' critic. His attitude towards all creeds and dogmas is, we take it, at least one of detachment. It would probably be to him a relief rather than a trouble if the time-honoured creeds of the Christian Church disappeared altogether as standards of faith. But he is not destructive for destruction's sake. His tone is reverent towards forms of belief which he does not share. If, as Renan said, the best historian of doctrine is a man who knows the meaning of the creeds from the inside, but has worked himself free of them, then Dr. M'Giffert, like the great Breton scholar, would qualify for the post. Readers of this able and valuable historical sketch will do well therefore to note the 'personal equation' of the writer and to remember that the book appears in a series of works on modern theology, the very ground of which, says the editor, is that the systematic Christian theology of former days has 'hopelessly broken down in the collapse of the ancient conceptions of God, of Nature, of the Bible, and of man, which moulded and sustained it.' Parts of this very volume, however, are, in our judgement, sufficient to set aside the sweeping assumptions contained in the words just quoted.

One of the chief uses of Dr. M'Giffert's inquiry is that he has known how to limit its scope. He does not profess to furnish a history of modern religious thought. That is perhaps impossible at present; and if accomplished, would be too wide and vague to serve the immediate purpose. What is wanted and is largely here provided, is 'an account of the influences which have promoted and of the circumstances which have attended, the rise of some of the leading religious ideas of the present day, in so far as they differ from the ideas of other days, and hence may fairly be called modern.' It is not the object of the present Note to describe the way in which the author has accomplished his task, nor to enter into a detailed criticism of his work. Suffice it to say that the process of disintegration of doctrine as it took place during the period roughly marked as 1780-1860 is described, and the parts played in it by natural science, the critical philosophy, and other anti-dogmatic influences are indicated. A process of re-construction followed and is still running its course. The nineteenth century witnessed, according to Professor M'Giffert, an emancipation of religion from the narrowing influences of traditional theology, a renaissance of speculative

thought and a rehabilitation of spiritual faith. The changes brought about included the following cardinal elements. In stating them we are reproducing the writer's thoughts in our own way for our own purposes, rather than actually quoting his phraseology.

(1) Religious teachers have learned the wholesome lesson of their own profound ignorance on many important topics, and are wisely content to be silent where their predecessors were wont confidently to dogmatize. (2) The influence of the idea of evolution in the history of the universe and especially of man has been tremendous; 'no department either of theology or of the practical religious life has been exempt from its influence.' (3) The idea of the immanence of God in creation has been almost revolutionary in its effects. Where older theologians asserted the omnipresence of Deity, immanence is now used, and it implies a much more intimate relationship—'that the universe and God are in some sort truly one.' (4) Both the doctrines of evolution and of immanence have helped to bridge the formerly wide chasm between the natural and the supernatural, so that the two realms have become one, the natural-supernatural being instinct with the Divine. 'Everything that occurs is a miracle, for God is in it; and yet there are no miracles in the sense of isolated instances of Divine power.' (5) The character of God, as understood by the best representatives of religion to-day, has undergone deep and serious changes. Dr. M'Giffert holds that 'the age-long schism in the character of God which played such havoc with mediæval and evangelical piety is now done away and a completely ethical and consistent conception substituted for it.' (6) The 'social emphasis,' so marked in all expositions of modern theology, breaks (we are told) completely with traditional Christian thought. The whole doctrine of the Kingdom of God as a goal to be realized, not in a world beyond the grave, but here on earth by the reign of the Christian spirit in sympathy, love, and service, has altered the aims and hopes of the Church, because it has so completely altered the conception of its goal. (7) Lastly—as the author might better have said, firstly—come the changes that have been accomplished in the region of religious authority. The old claims of absoluteness and infallibility have already been surrendered, or must soon completely give way. Christian evidences are quite unnecessary. 'Prophecy and miracles are unimportant.' Coleridge, as the interpreter of Schleiermacher, is here to be our guide with the dictum that 'whatever finds me brings with it irresistible evidence of its having proceeded from the Holy Spirit.' So that—we may add—every 'Me' is to be the sole judge of what is meant by divine inspiration. Bible and Church as authorities are to disappear together with priest and Pope and other exploded superstitions.

Such are some of the themes illustrated by Dr. M'Giffert in his interesting and most suggestive inquiry. The main conclusion of the whole, as summed up in the last paragraph, is that 'permanence and finality are the last thing we can anticipate for present-day thought upon any subject.' But the author holds that we may

console ourselves with the assurance that we are progressing, and that the Church still possesses the power of adjusting itself to the ethical and intellectual tendencies of the age. The adaptability of the Christian religion to the developing mind of man is the best proof that it is alive and able still to do its beneficent work in the world.

The value of this survey lies not so much in any conclusions actually reached, as in the materials provided for theological reconstruction. Strictly speaking, it is not the business of the historian of opinion to draw any conclusions from his narrative, though few resist the temptation to do so. Dr. M'Giffert can hardly be counted as one of the few. Formally he points no moral to his story, except to warn his readers against expecting finality anywhere. But as a matter of fact, the almost unavoidable bias of the historian appears. Readers who are prepared to accept Professor M'Giffert's guidance will find that the *Rise of Modern Religious Ideas* which he outlines, implies the disappearance of almost the whole of historical Christianity. The Incarnation and Resurrection of Christ, the doctrines of Sin, Atonement and Salvation, of Church and Sacraments, of Heaven and Hell, have all vanished. For to express all in a word, the element of the supernatural is no longer to be found in 'modern' religion, whereas the whole redemptive provision made by Christianity implies a God who is beyond nature as well as in it, who is above history as well as manifested in its course, who is transcendent as well as immanent, and whose Son became flesh that He might seek and save a lost race.

Dr. M'Giffert's description of the age of the Enlightenment in the eighteenth century seems to show where his sympathies lie. The 'modernism' of the twentieth century as here described does but emphasize the characteristic features of that Illumination which more than a hundred years ago 'transformed the whole world of thought and culture.' We borrow a few phrases from page 11. Humility, self-distrust, dependence on supernatural powers, submission to external authority, the sombre sense of the sin of man and the evil of the world, the dualism between God and man, heaven and earth, spirit and flesh—these things, Dr. M'Giffert tells us, belonged alike to the Middle Ages and to the Protestant Reformation, but in the Enlightenment men learned better. They learned to 'face life with a new confidence in themselves, with a new recognition of human power and achievement, with a new appreciation of present values, and with a new conviction of the onward progress of the race in past and future.' What men were hoping for in the eighteenth century is assured to them in the twentieth, through the complete banishment of supernatural religion with all its implications. The establishment of belief in an immanent Deity and a steadily progressive evolution of humanity has changed the whole aspect of religion. 'Man is recognised as himself divine,' his nature is 'one with God's, not other than it,' while every child of man as such stands in no need of grace, sacramental or other; he needs 'simply

the determination, born of his recognition of his divine sonship, to live as a son of God should' (p. 206). As the author says elsewhere, 'To be natural is to be real; and to be real is to be divine and hence supernatural at once. All this falls in admirably with the tendency, so general since the Renaissance and particularly the Enlightenment, to magnify the significance of the present world quite apart from its relation to a future life and to recognise its inherent interest and worth.'

These extracts are not given as necessarily representing either the personal opinions of the writer or what he holds to be established 'modern religious ideas'—though probably they do both. They are given—and their number might be greatly multiplied—to show how important it is to understand exactly what is meant by the growth of 'modernism' in religion and the imperative need that exists for distinguishing the false from the true in the cryptic utterances of the *Zeitgeist*. 'If thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as my Mouth,' was one of God's messages to Jeremiah. But it needs prophetic inspiration of no ordinary kind so to sift and winnow the ideas disseminated by the spirit of the changing age as to retain only those which are in accordance with the Spirit of the Ages, which abide for ever. The work, though difficult, is being carried on, and it is the merit of Dr. M'Giffert's book that he helps us to see both how it should, and how it should not be done.

What is meant, for example, by the statement that the Immanence of God is one of the well-established modern religious ideas? The phrase may mean at least a score of things, from undiluted Pantheism on the one hand to the doctrine of the Psalmist, 'In Thy light shall we see light,' and of St. Paul at Athens, 'In Him we live and move and are' on the other. Dr. M'Giffert shows us how the idea grew and what it has meant to some modern thinkers, perhaps including himself. But he gives little help in the task which the Christian teacher needs most to work out—what does this fruitful conception of the relation between God and the world mean, and what does it not mean, to one who believes in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ? It is probably unnecessary to add for the benefit of most readers of this Review that the Fernley Lecture for this year, by Professor Platt, of Handsworth College, sheds valuable and much needed light upon this important but difficult subject. So with the doctrine of Evolution, its bearing on the fall of man, on the Christian doctrine of sin and forgiveness, on the goal of history in the present life and its relation to life in the world to come.

A more stimulating book than Dr. M'Giffert's for a thinker who is prepared to work out these problems for himself has not appeared for a long time. But it suggests a host of questions to which it affords no satisfactory answer. Cut and dried answers are no manner of use. In every age a preacher of the eternal gospel who would give a faithful message to the men of his own time in terms of the ideas of his own time, will be obliged to 'do his own bungling' and to consume his own smoke that he may give forth a clear flame.

In these days—in any days for that matter, but especially in these days of indescribably searching strain and stress—religion that is to win its way must be real, founded on deepest living experience and illumined by the fullest light of modern knowledge. It must at the same time be faithful to Him who is the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever, while it takes up into itself whatever is true and abiding in the spirit of the living age. The work is hard, as all good work is and must be. *Χαλεὰ τὰ καλὰ*. Life is 'not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipped in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom

to shape and use.' Little more than a year ago the nations of Europe thought that they had fully learned the lessons of evolution, that they understood the significance of evil and its place in the history of civilization, and many wise men were prepared to cast with confidence the horoscope of the future. To-day they are not so sure. A search-light blinds at first. When a divine message appears written in letters of fire, few eyes can bear it, much less decipher it. But in these days of earthquake and eclipse, as in the tranquil years of uneventful history, there are new lessons to be learned in the light of old truth, modern illustrations of eternal and unchanging principles, for those who are willing to go to school and learn.

W. T. DAVISON.

IN MEMORIAM: DR. J. R. ILLINGWORTH

THE news of the death of Dr. Illingworth must have caused a sense of personal loss to many who had never seen him. For years past they had been his scholars, learning from his calm and reverent wisdom to understand more perfectly the breadth and range of the Christian gospel, and helped by his radiant faith to hold more securely the truths by which men live.

Dr. Illingworth has been called 'the Oxford Origen,' and he had much in common with the great teacher of Alexandria. Like him he found in the doctrine of the Incarnation the answer to all the doubts and perplexities of this disordered world. He shared with him his love for the great thinkers of Greece, and claimed every department of knowledge as a manifestation of the eternal Word. But there is a striking contrast between the storm-tossed and persecuted life of Origen and that of Dr. Illingworth. From Christ Church, Oxford, he passed to Jesus College as Fellow and Tutor. Then in 1888 he became Rector of the quiet parish of Longworth, Farringdon, and there the remainder of his life was spent.

Dr. Illingworth's first published work appeared in 1882, *Sermons preached in a College Chapel*. In 1890 he contributed to *Luc Mundi* the two essays on 'The Problem of Pain: its bearing on faith in

God,' and 'The Incarnation in Relation to Development.' A volume of *University and Cathedral Sermons* followed in 1898. In 1894 he published his Bampton Lectures on *Personality, Human and Divine*. His later works are, *Divine Immanence*, 1898; *Reason and Revelation*, 1902; *Christian Character*, 1904; *The Doctrine of the Trinity*, 1907; *Divine Transcendence*, 1911; and *The Gospel Miracles*, published this year.

If we ask for one phrase which best sums up Dr. Illingworth's message to his age, we find it in the title of one of the chapters in *Reason and Revelation*: 'Christianity an Appeal to our Entire Personality.' A beautiful passage from *Lux Mundi* shows his view of the place of Christianity in universal history. There he speaks of the 'God who, from the day of man's first appearance in the dim twilight of the world, left not Himself without witness in sun and moon, and rain and storm-cloud, and the courses of the stars, and the promptings of conscience, and the love of kin: and who the while was lighting every man that cometh into the world, the primæval hunter, the shepherd chieftain, the poets of the Vedas and the Gathas, the Chaldean astronomer, the Egyptian priest, each, at least in a measure, to spell that message out aright; ever and anon, when a heart was ready, revealing Himself with greater clearness, to one or another chosen spirit, and by their means to other men; till at length, in the fullness of time, when Jews were yearning for one in whom righteousness should triumph visibly, and Greeks sighing over the divorce between truth and power, and wondering whether the wise man ever would indeed be king, and artists and ascetics wandering equally astray, in the vain attempt to solve the problem of the spirit and the flesh, "the Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us, full of grace and truth." The pre-Christian religions were the age-long prayer. The Incarnation was the answer.' Clement, or Origen, or Justin would have delighted in such words.

But if Christianity is thus the answer to all the unfulfilled longings of men of every age and type it must respond to every part of man's complex nature. Hence in *Personality, Human and Divine* we are shown how every part of our being, Reason and Desires, Conscience and Will, points to and is satisfied in One who is Himself the perfection of all that is shadowed forth in our own personality. Further still we see that the meeting between God and man towards which humanity has always been striving can only be consummated in and through One who is Himself both God and Man, the God-Man, Christ Jesus. When these Lectures first appeared Dr. Sanday said that they would be 'found to mark the beginning of a new phase in the religious thought of our time,—a phase in which philosophy will once more take its proper place in supplying a broad foundation for other branches of theological study, and at the same time quickening them with new life.' Some may demur at this, and count it but another instance of Dr. Sanday's characteristic generosity in judging the work of others. Yet one may give a personal opinion that this

book still remains the best introduction to the subject of Christian Theism, and that few books are so calculated to create a real interest in Theology—and to show its living connexion with other departments of thought. The fact that it has appeared in various cheap and popular editions encourages the hope that many have made this discovery for themselves.

Yet if the appeal of Christianity is so wide and so broadly based, the question why it is still rejected by so many becomes urgent. Dr. Illingworth was deeply conscious of this. He was not disposed to grant that the difficulties of belief in the present are greater than they were in many periods of the past. As he says rather pungently, 'Men imagine that "modern thought" is particularly inimical to Christianity, simply because, for the most part, they are only acquainted with modern thought. But there has always been such a "modern thought," even in the heart of the Middle Ages.' He says elsewhere, in words that will bear weighing,—'Whenever a new discovery is quoted as against the Christian position, careful analysis will always enable us to separate the element of fact in it, which is the real new discovery, from the imported element of theory, which is nothing of the kind; and to see that while the novel fact is, at the utmost, neutral in its significance, it is the imported theory which is at once anti-Christian and antique.' In various parts of his works we find the application of this principle to such subjects as Evolution, Natural Selection, and Biblical Criticism.

Still, old or new, the fact of persistent unbelief remains and must be reckoned with. Dr. Illingworth presses two considerations. In the first place he urges constantly that moral affinity is needful for the knowledge of a person. In the masterly chapter with that title in the Bampton Lectures he analyses the conditions on which any real knowledge of a person can be attained, and shows that amongst these moral sympathy is supreme. Applying this to the knowledge which man may have of God, he urges that to know God involves 'a progressive and lifelong effort of the will' accompanied, since God is perfect in holiness, by penitence and contrition. This demand for penitence is just the claim which many, of whose intellectual honesty and competence there can be no shadow of doubt, utterly refuse to admit. Dr. Illingworth does not forget that there are 'unbelievers whose conduct and emotions are in continual rebellion against the limitations of their creed, and who, for all their unbelief, therefore, are spiritually alive.' Nor is he unconscious of the danger of arrogance in the suggestion that one man believes because he is ethically a better man than his neighbour. He would deal with intense sympathy with one of the noblest teachers of our day who says wistfully,—'It seems strange to me as I write here, to reflect that at this moment many of my friends and most of my fellow creatures are, as far as one can judge, quite confident that they possess supernatural knowledge.' Yet the great truth that Christianity is a gospel to sinful men, and that till a man has begun to feel his sinfulness he cannot find his way to the heart of its mes-

sage, is one that can never be set aside. In the second place Dr. Illingworth presses repeatedly upon the attention of his readers the argument from experience. There is, to begin with, the presence in history of the Christian fact,—‘that hidden life which has pursued its tenor as surely in every successive century as when first “starving was their gain and martyrdom their price”; and still pursues it, as securely, as serenely, as successfully as ever, in countless secret corners of the earth, to-day.’ Many noble passages reiterate this truth. ‘There remains an immense and unexplained residuum, of the best and noblest of our race, men and women, who in every age and in every rank and station, and endowed with every degree and kind of intellectual capacity, have lived the lives of saints and heroes, or died the death of martyrs, and furthered by their action and passion, and, as they trusted, by their prayers, the material, moral, social, spiritual welfare of mankind, solely in reliance on their personal intercourse with God.’ Psychology has devoted much more attention to these facts since these words were written, but apart from the Christian interpretation of them they remain as inexplicable as ever. Beyond this general argument there constantly shines out the quiet certainty that comes from personal experience. The man who wrote that ‘prayer—real prayer—is a unique school of sincerity,’ and who tells us that ‘the heart, with its yearning for God and its sense of sin and separation from Him, feels that this tale of love and atonement, which answers so profoundly to its own inmost needs, cannot be a fiction, but must be a fact,’ was one who had found his own way into the secret place of the Most High, and knew the joy and peace of trust in the living Christ. We glorify God in him.

We have preferred to dwell rather on the leading positions of Dr. Illingworth’s teaching than on any more questionable points. The book on *Divine Transcendence*, whilst containing much that is valuable, seems to us to fall short when it urges that the transcendent presence of God is manifested most completely in episcopally-governed Churches. We have never been able to think of this as an integral part of the author’s teaching, but rather as some residuum of earlier views not yet outgrown. Similarly some of the speculation on the Trinitarian conception of God does not carry conviction. But we believe that both in method and in substance Dr. Illingworth has made a permanent contribution to Christian Apologetics.

No notice, however brief, should close without some reference to one great pervasive characteristic of all these books. They are rich in illustrations from universal literature. But they are saturated with Browning. “Paracelsus,” the work of the poet’s youth, where with prophetic insight he anticipates and answers most of the objections raised by Evolution against Christianity, is quoted again and again, and many times, when it is not explicitly quoted, phrases from it flash out from the page. The argument of “Christmas Eve and Easter Day,” of “Saul” and the “Epistle of Karshiah,” and of the “Death in the Desert,” that Christianity is ‘too supernatural not to be true,’ recurs constantly. One hears sometimes that the present

generation has found newer teachers to take the place of the great Victorian poet. Dr. Illingworth's work may suggest the wealth of undiscovered treasure that still remains to reward the seeker.

As we bid farewell to this brave and noble thinker we cannot do better than quote his own words, which describe most surely the purpose of his life :—' This is the goal of our intellectual life, the final cause of our mind—to think on these things '—science, philosophy, literature, art—' in such a way that they may lead us on to think of Him who is their source ; that so we may desire, and by desiring prepare for the day when " we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. " '

WILFRID J. MOULTON.

SOME OUTSTANDING PERSONALITIES OF MODERN INDIA

TWENTY-FIVE Biographies of Eminent Indians have been issued by Messrs. Natesan, of Madras, but they do not by any means exhaust the notable personalities that modern India has produced : though they show how many great men and women have arisen in Hindostan during recent years to lead their people in movements of all descriptions. Represented in the group of notabilities thus far treated of are politicians, educationists, social and religious reformers, poets, an artist, an economist, a financier, and two administrators. A country that can produce persons who have made their mark in so many and so diversified departments of life has a bright future in store for it. I wish to call the reader's attention to a few important points, and to leave him to acquire detailed information from these admirable biographies written anonymously by various authors, each intimately acquainted with the subject of his sketch.

It is difficult to divide the booklets into definite groups, because nearly all the men and women with whom they deal are versatile. Most of them are politicians, reformers, and educationists at one and the same time.

Fourteen persons, namely, Babu Surendranath Banerjee, W. C. Bonnerjee, A. M. Bose, The Hon. Sir Rash Behari Ghose, Lal Mohun Ghose, M. K. Gandhi, the Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, Lala Lajpat Rai, Dadabhai Naoroji, Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, Rao Bahadur R. N. Mudholkar, Pandit Madan Mohun Malaviya, Budruddin Tyabji, and Dinshaw Edulji Wacha, have taken such a leading part in the political regeneration of their country that they may be considered under one head. Without a single exception, they represent what has come to be called the ' Moderate,' or ' Indian National Congress ' school of politicians. The ideal of this group is to preserve and to strengthen Hindostan's connexion with Britain, but to induce the British, solely by means of constitutional agitation, gradually to change the character of the Indian administration so that, in course of time, India will become a self-governing unit of the

Empire, like the autonomous British Dominions Over-sea, instead of being autocratically ruled by Britons who are neither appointed by Indians, nor are responsible to them. This school of political thought has had to contend against opponents, the irresponsible among whom have, during recent years, degenerated into bloodthirsty anarchists. In spite of schisms, however, the influence of the Moderates has steadily increased. At a time like the present, when India is staunchly supporting the British in their efforts to destroy the German menace, it is no exaggeration to say that practically no other type of politics than this exists in India, the politicians of this school refraining from all agitation which, in spite of its being of a constitutional character, might in any way embarrass the Government of India.

Of the persons named in this group, W. C. Bonnerjee, A. M. Bose, Lal Mohun Ghose, the Hon. Mr. G. K. Gokhale, and Budruddin Tyabji have died. I will briefly refer to the last named two. Mr. Gokhale passed away a few months ago. Born in 1866, at Kolhapur, Southern India, in a Brahman family possessing little of this world's goods, he succeeded in securing university education, through the force of his personality. After obtaining his B.A. from the Bombay University, his mind turned to the poor boys who had little chance of securing higher education. In order to serve them, he joined the Fergusson College at Poona, which was staffed with men of like ideals, each of whom drew only a subsistence allowance of about £5 a month, so that, without large funds at their disposal, college education could be imparted to deserving young men in straitened circumstances. While engaged in this noble work, Mr. Gokhale made a deep study of political science. After he retired from this College he took up politics, and within a few years established a great reputation for his knowledge of administration, and the moderation and exactitude with which he made his statements. The singleness of purpose with which he pleaded the people's cause, and the deep devotion that he cherished for his fellow countrymen, made him their leader and idol. His parliamentary gifts enabled him to become the most powerful personality in the Supreme Legislative Council of India. A spirit of compromise that gave without smirching the conscience, and tactfulness that mastered the most difficult situations, fitted him admirably to be a mediator between a foreign administration of a frankly despotic though benevolent character, and a people who had no control over their government, and little voice in the management of their affairs. Mr. Budruddin Tyabji was one of the very few Musalmans of his time who took a leading part in political life. An accomplished lawyer, he was placed, in 1895, on the Bench of the Bombay High Court. He was a staunch opponent of the *purdah* system, and, unlike many reformers, did not content himself with preaching, but led the way by his personal example. The Tyabji women are renowned throughout India for their culture.

In this group of Indian politicians I might have included Sir Syed Ahmed Khan, Romesh Chunder Dutt, and Mahadev Govind Ranade; but I think of them in other capacities. Sir Syed Ahmed Khan was a

peculiar type of politician, if he could be called a politician at all. He believed that the leaders of his people (*g'uam*—the Musalmans of India, now numbering over 60,000,000 persons) should not make common cause with the prominent Hindus who, with the aid of some influential Parsees, Muslims, &c., had started the Indian National Congress. He said that the Indian Musalmans were behind the Hindus in education, and contended that the influential Musalmans should concentrate their efforts upon advancing modern education among their fellow-religionists, and inducing them to give up their superstitions. The Mohammedan Anglo-Oriental College at Aligarh, a richly endowed and efficient institution which, any day, may be converted into a Muslim University, stands a monument to Sir Syed Ahmed Khan's zeal and activity. I may add that his followers have seen fit to revise his policy. They no longer confine themselves to educational activity, and have taken up political propaganda. The policies and methods of the Muslim League—as their organization is called—do not differ very materially from those of the Indian National Congress. Some persons are trying to fuse the two, and thereby unite the leaders of the Hindus and the Muslims in a common effort for the political advancement of India.

I do not under-estimate the political work done by Romesh Chunder Dutt, but I think of him more as an administrator and litterateur than as a politician. He was a pioneer among the Indians who travel all the way from India to the United Kingdom and here win their place in the Indian Civil Service in open competition with young Britons. Romesh rose, step by step, in the administration of Bengal, until he occupied the position of a Divisional Commissioner, to which no other countryman of his had attained in any part of India. Petty-minded jealousy forced him to retire from the service much earlier than he would otherwise have left it. There is no necessity to deplore this circumstance, for he enriched literature, and later, in the employ of His Highness the Maharaja-Gaekwar of Baroda, first as Revenue Minister and later as Prime Minister, he helped His Highness to carry out administrative reforms that make his name imperishable. Anyone who is interested in measuring the worth of Indians of modern times may be recommended to read *The Life and Work of Romesh Chunder Dutt*, by J. N. Gupta (Dent & Sons), which, in the compass of about 500 pages, clearly and sympathetically reveals the many-sided character of this great Indian. The Maharaja-Gaekwar has contributed an introduction to this work.

Mahadev Govind Ranade is remembered more as an economist, historian, and reformer than as a politician. From the Bar he rose to the Bench, and in both spheres achieved distinction. The Indians of his time showed little inclination to master economics, which in the Occident has acquired the dignity of a science, and therefore he worked assiduously to attract the attention of his people in this direction, and, for a pioneer, succeeded wonderfully well. I feel that the best monument that he raised to perpetuate his memory is his widow, who has survived him. When she was married to him she

did not know a single letter of any alphabet. He supervised her education, and now she is among the most cultured of women, and devotes her time and considerable property to better the conditions of the women and low castes of her land.

Among those whom I have listed under the head of politicians who are still living, the oldest and most respected is Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji. Early in September he was ninety years old, and still retains a vigour of mind, a tenacious memory, and active interest in life that would do credit to men a third of his age. He was the first Indian to sit in Parliament in Great Britain as the representative of an English, and not of an Indian constituency.

Of the others, I can speak only briefly. Babu Surendranath Banerjee stands almost by himself as a political orator and writer, employing finished diction which, alas, is passing from England. The Hon. Sir Rash Behari Ghose has distinguished himself at the Bar, as well as in politics, and is very wisely devoting the large fortune that he has amassed on advancing education and home industries. Mr. M. K. Gandhi gave up the Bar to take up the cause of his countrymen settled in South Africa, and has devoted the best years of his life to pushing that propaganda. Lala Lajpat Rai has established a reputation as an 'accomplished lawyer,' to use the words of Lord Morley, a politician, an educationist, and a social reformer. Sir Pherozeshah Mehta, like Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, is a Parsee and a pioneer among Indian politicians. Rao Bahadur R. N. Mudholkar has distinguished himself at the Bar, presided over a recent session of the Indian National Congress, and has taken the lead in promoting Indian agriculture and industries. Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, a most orthodox Hindu, some years ago retired from the Bar after a successful career, and is now devoting his eloquence and energy to politics, and to promoting the Hindu University, which is soon to be granted its charter.

Of the other eminent Indians treated of in this series, five are dead, namely, Swami Dayanand Saraswati, Toru Dutt, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa, Ravi Varma, and Swami Vivekananda. With the exception of Miss Toru Dutt, who wrote exquisite English poetry, and Ravi Varma, who was an artist and who had mastered the Western technique, the other three were religious and social reformers. Among the living, two, namely, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Sir Rabindranath Tagore, are poets. Tagore's work is now well known. Mrs. Naidu writes charming verses in English, which deserve a wider circle of readers than they possess at present. The last personality in the series is the Ruler of Baroda. His record as an administrator, educationist, religious and social reformer, and thinker, is brilliant. I have been able only to direct attention to a few points. One must read these booklets in order to acquire an idea of how these men and women have sought to awaken India, and how they have appreciably succeeded in that endeavour.

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

'J'ACCUSE'

J'Accuse, of which Mr. Alexander Gray has just prepared a translation (Hodder & Stoughton, 5s. net), was published anonymously in Lausanne, and attracted much attention as the work of a German patriot who had not suffered himself to be blinded by the false statements of his own Government, but had mastered the facts of the case and set them forth with vigour and clearness. He describes himself as a German 'who is not bought, and is not for sale. . . . Born on German soil, trained in German culture, German in his ancestry, his speech, and his thought, he knows all the virtues of the German people, but he knows also their failings and weaknesses.' Their blind confidence prevents them from inquiring whether the good faith of the nation has been deceived, and has been basely abused by leaders and rulers. 'Her citizens who loved peace have been transformed into combatants full of hatred and vengeance; the representatives of high culture and intelligence have been changed into blind and benighted worshippers of success; men whose vision comprehended the universe have become narrow-hearted, clinging to the soil of their country; the lights of art and science have been replaced by "the spirits of the barrack-yard tricked out in academic freedom." The German people has been corrupted, and blinded, that it might be driven into a war which it has never foreseen, never intended, and never desired. In order that it might be liberated, it has been put in chains.' The historical antecedents of the crime are brought out by a candid study of the documents. The war is 'purely a war of conquest, born of imperialist ideas and serving imperialist ends. It is nothing else.' Germany's true colonies are those countries which she has never possessed and never can possess—England, Russia, France, Italy, America, Brazil, the Argentine. These have made Germany rich by purchasing her manufactures. They are gigantic sponges which absorb millions of her produce. German officers and junkers despise trade. 'They would not care a brass button if, as a consequence of their militant undertakings, all that the merchant has through long generations built up as a result of arduous daily labour should perish at a stroke.' Germany really aims at leadership, not at merely equal privileges with others. She already possesses this equal privilege in fullest measure. Her diplomacy has often blundered, but its defects were made good by the weight of the army standing in the background. 'For long the Triple Alliance was indeed only a sham, but it looked quite well from the outside, and it worked almost like a being of flesh and blood.' Germany and her Allies have gained rich spoil. 'Was Austria not able to bag Bosnia and Herzegovina, a fat morsel of more importance than twenty Moroccos? Was Italy not able to appropriate without a European conflict Tripoli and the Aegean islands—acquisitions which it can scarcely be expected to disgorge again? In addition to the open door in Morocco, which is of more value than any costly

rights of possession demanding the expenditure of blood, have we not got into the bargain a considerable piece of the French Congo? Did we not, acting with our ally Austria, achieve in her interests the great feat of gracefully turning the Montenegrins out of Scutari, which they had purchased with streams of blood, and of introducing there an international garrison? Was not the creation of the mannikin-kingdom of Albania, that "vile abortion of filth and fire," accomplished exclusively in the interests of our allies Austria and Italy? Were we not able to complete with England and Turkey an agreement that was favourable to us in connexion with Asia Minor and the Bagdad line?

The German outcry against a policy of encirclement is found to be without any justification. The writer asks what advantage could England hope to gain from a war against Germany. He affirms without hesitation that England never had aggressive intentions against Germany, never concluded an alliance with aggressive intentions against her, and has never done anything whatever to urge on others to attack her. Charges to the contrary are made, but without the shadow of a proof. For fifteen years England has made 'a continuous series of attempts to arrive at a political entente with Germany, and on the basis of this to effect a limitation of naval armaments on both sides—attempts which on every occasion have been wrecked on the lack of judgement or on the evil will of the German Government.' England has wooed Germany's favour in vain, 'since the beauty would sell her favour only at a price which the wooer could not pay unless he were prepared to sacrifice himself.' If Germany, as her champions assert, had no other objects than to gain 'security from attack, free development for her forces, unhampered attention to her culture,' how could she have achieved those ends 'more surely or more cheaply than by accepting the English proposals'?

No one sees more clearly the ability and sincerity of Sir Edward Grey than this German writer, who says he has deserved more than any other the title 'peacemaker of Europe.' His efforts were in vain, but his merit in having served the cause of peace with indefatigable zeal, with skill and energy, will remain inextinguishable in history. The German Chancellor's statement on December 2 that the inner responsibility for the war lay on the Government of Great Britain contains 'as many lies as words.' History will without doubt concur in Mr. Asquith's tribute to his colleague's noble endeavour 'to maintain and preserve the greatest interest of all countries—universal peace.'

Many pictures of 'the Consequences of the Deed' have been drawn, but none more terrible than that given in this book. Prosperous seats of the old civilization of Europe have been transformed into heaps of rubbish and ruin. The earth has drained the blood of millions; unending trains filled with wounded traverse Europe; 'millions of women and children weep out their eyes day and night for the dear ones whom they have lost, for the dear ones whom they receive back helpless and crippled.' Doctors have told him that the

impression made by a battlefield and a hospital behind the Front is enough to drive any one mad. The quotations from reports and letters abundantly confirm that grim statement.

From this scathing indictment we turn to Miss Petre's *Reflections of a Non-Combatant* (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.). She seeks to show that mankind is working simultaneously on two planes; the plane of national and international politics and the plane of human aspiration and endeavour. 'Machiavellism, of which the modern name is Bismarckianism, or more popularly, Bernhardism, may be quite right politically, and quite wrong judged from the general human standpoint.' Her purpose is not to frame an indictment of German politics and military methods, but of the temper that lies behind such politics and methods wherever found. It is 'an indictment of the national temper that is opposed to universal human progress and can only find a vent in Machiavellian diplomacy and barbarous warfare.'

Her first study, 'In time of war,' dwells on the spirit of fraternity and equality which has grown strong among us. Characters, ordinarily worthless and undisciplined, have suddenly developed latent forces of generosity and devotedness. The soldier type in all its best qualities has become prominent. Miss Petre points out that there is danger lest we should become German in resisting Pan-Germanism. 'It must be remembered that non-combatants, not having the same outlets for their energies as the fighters, are more liable to become rancorous and petty in their hate.' She thus sums up the situation: 'In the battlefield bravery, self-forgetfulness, tenderness to the wounded comrade, generosity, in many cases to the enemy—but also, callousness, brutality, and outbreaks of frenzied savagery. At home, a longing to serve, a cohesion of classes, a sinking of differences, a general devotedness—but also a tendency to take reprisals on our enemy by imitating what is worst in him, the danger of losing faith in the cause we are out to defend.'

It is no light trial to feel there is material in the world sufficient to produce a much better collective result than we achieve though we cannot bring these saving factors to bear on the entire mass. 'We are all of us, and nations even more than individuals, the toys as well as the makers of destiny.' In discussing the maxim—'War is war,' Miss Petre shows that Germany has accepted the principles of militarism in their full force. There is one law, that of the way to win. They have shown us 'with German thoroughness, with moral unscrupulousness' what unadulterated militarism can be. Miss Petre says 'the world is slowly, but surely, rising up against such a philosophy; and all its courage and ability will not eventually save the nation that continues to be ruled by it. But this is because the world is slowly, but surely, rejecting the test of brute force. We think we are civilizing warfare—we are actually working for its abolition; for civilization and warfare are irreconcilable opposites, though they may be bound to temporary co-existence.' We do not think Sir Edward Grey would agree with Miss Petre that 'diplomacy

is, in its true essence, a war of wits, which should be untouched by moral considerations,' though he would be pleased to note that 'diplomacy gets coloured with moral and humane considerations, before it can be set aside for international intercourse based on human brotherhood and co-operation.'

The chapter on 'Treaties and Conventions' contains much food for discussion. Miss Petre thinks the spirit which drove Germany to a war of aggression was even more condemned than her breach of international treaties in its conduct. The brutality with which Belgium was penalized for 'her most legitimate resistance to an outrage,' was far more grievous a crime than the violation of her neutrality. Germany disregarded her neutrality and then 'punished her for not being neutral when she resisted the aggression.' As to patriotism, that of Germany is mediaeval, whilst that of France and England is 'patriotism in process of transformation to a wider human ideal.' The best elements of the modern political world are tending towards Mazzini's ideal—'an international commonwealth in which the love of each man for his own country will be the most definite expression of his love for all the nations of the world.' The Germans have aimed at world-dominion, but have not obtained it because they sought to Germanize the world, not to humanize it. Another striking chapter on "Divine Neutrality" asks how we can reconcile the various prayers offered by ourselves and our enemies. Miss Petre thinks that war has no true place in the scheme of Christianity, still less in that of monotheism. 'We cannot uphold the universal Fatherhood of God without admitting as its corollary the universal brotherhood of mankind; yet how are we to combine the two in time of war?' She thinks there is 'only one answer, and that is to combine them in time of peace. War has become a monstrosity, while it yet remains a necessity.' We think Miss Petre overlooks the fact that the right to pray belongs to those whose cause is just. Ezekiel was right when he taught that God refuses to be inquired of by those who love and practise iniquity. This war is teaching us many lessons, though when we have learned them Society will still have its smouldering passions. War, hideous and brutal though it is, is better than slavery, dishonour, or injustice. 'We shall be on the right line of progress,' Miss Petre says, 'if we aim, not at the abolition of war, but at the transformation of the social and political and international conditions that render war inevitable.'

BUDDHISM AND WAR

For many years, both Eastern and Western Buddhists condemned the growth of armaments in Europe. Unfortunately, their campaign against this gigantic evil was based on several erroneous assumptions. It was suggested that Christianity fostered a warlike spirit because that is the common religion professed by all the Western nations. Pure Buddhism, they strangely argued, is the only great historic religion that stands for international brotherhood and universal

peace. Their advocacy of Pacifism was associated with a profound contempt for Christianity, which they always made the scapegoat of the sins committed by European kings, diplomatists, and governments. They were more anxious to see the dissolution of the Christian religion than the establishment of justice and peace in the world.

No Buddhist, of any nationality, pointed out that the real home of militarism was in Germany, and not in England. The distinguished German Buddhists (several of whom, during the last few years, have become monks in Ceylon, for what purpose we do not at present fully know) never informed their co-religionists in England, America, and the East of the all-powerful military system in their country. This reticence of the German Buddhists is very significant. Neither did any English Buddhist denounce *German Militarism* as a grave menace to civilization and to the British Empire. The following quotation, from the *Buddhist Review*, is a fair example of what they recklessly published before the present war: 'Let us take the nations of Europe who have had the advantages of the greatest of theistic concepts for nearly two thousand years—these so-called Great Powers, the nations who have won for themselves great empires, and how have these glorious empires been acquired? By war. Every square inch has been bought at the cost of the slaughter, subjugation, freedom, and happiness of multitudes of weaker peoples. Take the histories of these *great* nations; there is not a page but is soaked with the blood of millions; not a chapter but conjures up some sickening vision of ghastly brutality. Even now, in this advanced age of wireless telegraphy and similar wonders, we see on all sides a mad race for supremacy in butchery. The last penny is wrung from people in order that each nation may be armed to the teeth; and finally, we have the British Navy, the most ingenious, terrible, and costly organization for the destruction of human life the world has ever seen.' Every Buddhist writer also deliberately ignored the important fact that many Christian statesmen and publicists, and a large number of ministers of religion in England and the Empire advocated international friendship for many years. Surely, English Buddhists were disloyal to their founder and dishonourable controversialists, when they published in their official journal, which has great influence in the East, that 'Christianity seeks to sanctify militarism as a moral factor and as an influence for the uplifting of humanity.' They often forgot the impressive words of Asoka, the Constantine of Eastern Buddhism: 'Do not disparage other religions to advance your own. All faiths are worthy of reverence for one reason or another.'

When they urged that Europe could easily be delivered from the curse of war by the adoption of Buddhist ethics and philosophy, they purposely overlooked the tragic history of typical Buddhist nations, like Burma, Siam, and Ceylon. Buddhist kings were renowned warriors and their heroic exploits were applauded all over the land; the monks were often soldier-statesmen, thus violating their sacred vows; and large armies went forth to slaughter their

foes. The ancient veracious chronicles of those nations, like the Sinhalese *Mahavamsa*, record constant warfare, terrible atrocities, barbarous cruelties, devastation of towns and villages. Centuries before these nations came in contact with the West, they had a passion for war, a desire for revenge, an ambition to acquire territory and to rule weaker peoples with the sword. No Buddhist nation has ever been anti-military. The longest period of unbroken peace and continuous prosperity Buddhist peoples have enjoyed has been since they came under the beneficent rule of Britain.

No one denies that war is condemned in the Buddhist Scriptures. Gautama was born of a warrior clan, and spent all his life among turbulent tribes, yet he repeatedly said that war is but toil and trouble, its honours to the victors but empty bubbles. Quotations are unnecessary. His religious Order was founded on anti-military principles. The monks have taken a solemn oath for two thousand years not even to preach their faith to an armed soldier unless he is sick. The Laws of the Priesthood state 'that if any monk should go to view an army, unless he have a sufficient reason, or having a sufficient reason for going he should stay more than two or three nights, or if during that period he should go to the place of combat, to the muster of troops, to the encampment, or to see any sight connected with the army, he committed an offence' which demanded confession and forgiveness. In the *Mahavagga*, there is recorded an illuminating incident which shows that this Order was so attractive to men that even soldiers forsook their profession and became monks. The king of Magadha justly condemned his traitorous soldiers, for his country was in danger of ruin, and his criticism of the unseemly conduct of the monks was severe. When the king complained to Gautama he immediately decreed that 'no person in the king's service shall be made a priest.' Here it will be noted, how on this as on many other occasions, he scrupulously avoided coming into collision with the State authorities on a subject which was of fundamental importance to his doctrines. Gautama's recorded conversations with kings and statesmen reveal an exceedingly clever diplomatist. He had declared killing and hurting of men, animals, and insects to be a crime; he had gathered around him thousands of men whose vows made them potent enemies of all governments, yet he had not sufficient moral courage, as the Hebrew Prophets and innumerable other reformers have had, openly to denounce them for their military preparations and warlike ambitions. It was undoubtedly his purpose to undermine the military States in India when he deliberately and earnestly invited men of all castes to join his Order. For no king or government could even begin a war, much less win it, if the manhood of the State had become converts to Gautama's doctrines. Not only would all military systems collapse, but the human race itself would become extinct if all men took the vows of the Order. The plain fact is, as a recent Buddhist writer has candidly confessed, there is not in his religion, as there is in Christianity, any legislation for the world. There is no general sociology. 'In Buddhism, and especially in the personal teaching

of the founder, there is a striking absence of what we now call political or social reform. . . . The Buddha does not counsel "wise diplomacy" or "arbitration" to determine the rights and wrongs of national affairs. He seems to take his hearer straight to the realms of principles and leave him to solve his practical difficulty for himself, be he king or peasant.' Buddha, like other men, could utter platitudes about the origin of war, but he did not know how to calm the surging waves of strife among the nations of the earth. Modern thinkers will search the Buddhist Scriptures in vain for those moral, spiritual, and political principles which are certainly destined to unite all nations into one true brotherhood. On this urgent modern problem, Buddha has, indeed, no divine message for modern nations. Buddha did not believe in the coming age of universal peace among men. What he foretold was the absolute ruin of his doctrines, and an overwhelming disaster to the human race. A regenerated world, in which humanity shall dwell in peace and happiness, he believed was an impossible dream. All the laws of nature, he declared, are so working that a new heaven on this earth is utterly incredible. Before the present war, most Buddhists would doubtless have declared that all war is a crime, for as their manual states, 'no Buddhist becomes a soldier, sailor, or manufacturer of firearms or swords, and he refuses to engage in any occupation that involves the taking of life, whether human or animal.' Let it be said at once, now that civilization is plunged into chaos, such doctrinaire pronouncements have been abandoned. The present war has seriously divided the Buddhist world. German Buddhists have naturally associated themselves with the war-lords and theologians of their country. The American Buddhists, according to their official journal, *The Open Court*, are advocating the cause of Germany. They appear to see no wrong in the wreck and ruin of Belgium, the expulsion of its King and Government, and the unparalleled crimes committed in Europe by the German soldiers. The triumph of German arms, and the consequent downfall of our Empire would give them great joy. American Buddhists have done much in trying to consolidate Eastern Buddhism; their future operations in the Empire will need careful watching, especially in view of recent Eastern events. English Buddhists, on the other hand, evidently recognize that we are faced by the forces of an implacable enemy, and that it is an imperative duty to defeat that enemy with all our might and all our strength. An able writer said recently on the Buddhist ethic and the war: 'Many of us are saying, "If we do not fight, would not such and such a disaster, such and such suffering that is, forthwith follow?" Well, perhaps it would. Let us look back a century or two. There was a day when Spain's Armada came sailing up the Channel. Had the invaders landed, England would have been laid waste with fire and sword ten times worse than Belgium is to-day. More: the "Holy Inquisition" would have landed with the armies. Our fathers resisted, and to their resistance, in all probability, we owe the fact that we have freedom to write and to read this very

essay now! Are we to blame them? Are we to say that they should not have shed Spanish blood, nor have drowned sailors in the stormy seas?' Another writer also said: 'We believe the truth of Karma will be manifest in the fate of Germany, which is suffering now for its craving and lust, and for its crude culture of Nietzsche. It is only common logic to suppose that the rally of our Empire is the result of our tolerant rule—Cause and Effect.' English Buddhists see that the doctrine of non-resistance cannot be maintained under the awful conditions prevailing to-day. They point out that the rigid attitude of the 'Quakers,' who hold almost identical peace principles with the Buddhists, is inconsistent with modern economic laws, social and political duties. Soon after the outbreak of war, the *Maha-Bodhi* journal, which represents the Ceylon Buddhists, published the following striking statement: 'Great Britain has gone into war with characteristic righteous indignation at the trampling down of a small and helpless nation by the dreadful German foe. The Kaiser invokes the blessings of an imaginary god on his soldiers to strengthen them in their appalling deeds of pitiless murder and blood-lust. . . . To crush the boundless greed and blood-thirstiness of the German, Great Britain has come forward backed by justice and by her inexhaustible Empire.' Many Sinhalese Buddhists have joined the combatant and non-combatant forces, for they know that a victorious Germany would mean disaster to Ceylon, the home of 'pure Buddhism.' The Buddhist people in the East are firmly persuaded that Germany is the disturber of the world's peace. Missionary work, in Buddhist lands, may become more successful in the future than it has been in the past, for Buddhists realize to-day more than ever that the Empire stands for righteousness, justice, and peace.

HENRY LONG.

RELIGION IN THE OLDEST ENGLISH LITERATURE

THE oldest literature of the English is a mirror in which we see reflected the transition from Paganism to Christianity. The religion of our Pagan ancestors was stern, practical, intensely national or tribal. They worshipped the God of War and their life was spent in his service. Life was war and war was life. Life was inconceivable to them except as an opportunity for self-expression. *Beowulf* is the only great poem that in its primitive and germinal form is thoroughly Pagan. There can be little doubt that though probably welded into one during Christian times, its constituent elements can be traced back to a pre-Christian age. The Christian sentiments of the actors in *Beowulf* are probably the result of the final editor or editors working over the original Pagan material and adapting it for a semi-Christian audience. It is clear that mixed with this veneration for the God of war were innumerable superstitions. The phrase, 'Scinnum ond sceuccum' in *Beowulf*, i.e. 'devils and demons,' and such a passage as that in which we are told that Hrothgar and his

people had recourse to heathen shrines, and even to devil-worship, are sufficient evidence of this. Their pre-Christian religion was a species of dualism. Nature was dominated by good and evil spirits. The tragedy of life consisted of the struggle between these two. Grendel, Grendel's mother, the monsters that inhabited mountain fastnesses and the sloping hollows (fen-hlithu), the 'fyrgen stream' and the 'grundwongas' (depths of the sea), the dragon who flew in his demoniacal rage through the air ('lyft lacende'), the creatures of the sea whom Breca and Beowulf fought with in their great swimming contest, all these point to a conception of the world, cruder certainly, but still essentially the same as that of the Greeks who peopled the mountains, streams, and woodlands with good or evil spirits. But with the Anglo-Saxons as with the Greeks, Wyrd was over all. Fate, inexorable and eternal, presided over the destinies of men. 'Let Fate go as it will' occurs more than once in *Beowulf*. Man may propose but the gods dispose. Beowulf is impelled on his heroic missions of deliverance by the sense of destiny. Man is represented in one famous passage as almost the plaything of the gods, who permit him to prosper, to accumulate wealth, to come under the spell of a great love, and to joy in feasting and in revelries, only suddenly to descend upon him in the midst of his joy with tragic result. Joy is fleeting; life is fleeting. A pathetic sense of destiny broods over the whole poem.

The religion of the Anglo-Saxons was that held by the primitive Germanic races, and has much in common with the Aryan religion, of which it was a product—that is to say, it was, in its original form, Nature worship. Sun and moon, the wind and the sea, were full of the immanent God. The Breca episode is regarded by some as being an ancient myth based on the struggle of sun and wind and sea, of summer and winter. But whatever may be its origin, this religion was very far removed from passive acquiescence in evil. It was intense, vital, and peculiarly Northern. Beowulf and Wyrd are in a partnership. They work together for beneficent ends. There is a stoical indifference to events. Whether he die or live is immaterial so he fulfil the behests of Wyrd. This stoical resignation to whatever happens finds expression, too, in the most lyrical product extant of this ancient literature, *Deor's Lament*, in which after narrating several tragic happenings, the poet concludes each stanza with the words—

'That he o'ercame, this also I may.'

Some critics regard the account of Beowulf's cremation as of Pagan origin. I think this is very probable. It points to a species of fire worship. When we come to the literature produced in Christian times, we find the Christian religion at first merely superimposed on that of Paganism. My own view of *Beowulf* is that some Christian missionary or ecclesiastic who had a strong Pagan bias, a tendency to a naturalistic religion, having come into contact with the Beowulf legend and the other legends, was attracted by them as

subjects for epic treatment and that he set out to weave them into his great song, with just a smattering of Christianity. He was a latitudinarian Churchman, a sort of seventh-century theosophist. He saw elements of good in these ancient religions. He himself may have been only recently converted to Christianity, and his earlier faith may have still possessed great power over and fascination for him.

The Christian poetry of the Anglo-Saxons is divided into two schools, that of Caedmon and that of Cynewulf. The Caedmon school is represented by Genesis A, Exodus, Daniel and Judith. It is quite clear that the writers of these poems were still under the influence of the war gods of their ancestors. Almighty God is represented as a great chieftain. The writers of this school revel in war and bloodshed. There is no very great difference in tone between these poems and *Beowulf*. Phrases and words are taken from the old Pagan literature and made use of to describe the warfare of Abraham, that between Pharaoh and the Israelites, and the exploits of Judith. Most important of all is the absence of any deep sense of sin.

All this is greatly modified in the poetry of the school of Cynewulf. It is true that we still find the paraphernalia of war made use of, but it is laid at the foot of the Cross. It is used in the Pauline sense; it is a warfare against 'spiritual wickedness in high places and in low places.' There is a softness and gentleness and tenderness about it that is quite absent from the Caedmonian poetry. And there is a deep spirituality; a realisation of the underlying spiritual realities and a longing for emancipation, as in Phoenix, from the burden of the flesh.

But the outstanding feature of the later old English literature in regard to religion is its stern and uncompromising denunciation of sin. Whether we turn to the terse and simply phrased homilies of Ælfric—monuments of plain and almost blunt preaching—or to the fierce onslaughts of Archbishop Wulfstan against the vices of the days of the Danish invasions, or to the writings of King Alfred, we feel that sin had now become a terrible reality of the inner consciousness of our fathers.

There is yet one other outstanding feature of this later Christian literature which is strangely prophetic. One may say that the Christian religion in England was almost puritanical. There is no essential difference between the religion and ethical outlook of Ælfric and Wulfstan and that of the modern Englishman, who is suspected by his enemies of hypocrisy. We find in these writings a healthy moral tone, an almost cruel scorn for weakness, especially moral weakness.

E. J. B. KIRTLAN.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

God in Christ Jesus : a Study of St. Paul's Epistle to the Ephesians. By the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, M.A., D.D.
(C. H. Kelly. 5s. net.)

IN this volume Dr. Lidgett makes a valuable contribution to the study of the Epistle which 'conveys St. Paul's final message to the Christian Church as to Christ, His work, and life in Him.' To the exposition of its teaching he brings a mind prepared by systematic study of the central themes of evangelical theology and conversant with the problems peculiar to the intellectual and social life of our time. This combination of qualifications lends weight to his conclusion that the message of the Epistle to the Ephesians 'was never more vital than to-day.'

With true insight the central phrase of the Epistle is said to be 'in Christ Jesus' (ii. 13). 'The revelation and history of the past, the experience of the present, the prospects of the future, are gathered up and unified in this great expression. And if this be the central phrase, God in Christ Jesus may be said to be the central theme of the Epistle. Its survey extends to the entire meaning and purpose of the universe and of history.' But this Epistle is—to use one of its own phrases—'filled with the Spirit'; and the task which faces the exegete is to correlate with the central phrase 'in Christ Jesus,' St. Paul's description of 'the illimitable blessedness of those who are in Christ' as life 'in the Spirit.' Being in Christ Jesus and being in the Spirit are rightly said to be for the Apostle interchangeable expressions. But the latter phrase 'emphasizes certain outstanding aspects of the experience.' Especially instructive and fruitful in suggestion is the section in which Dr. Lidgett shows that 'Christ is the great subject in connexion with which the Spirit operates. . . . That which the Spirit makes effectual is from beginning to the redemptive work of Christ and the divine purpose in Christ.'

In commending briefly but heartily this illuminating and edifying work we desire to make special reference to the Epilogue, in which Dr. Lidgett asks, in presence of the catastrophe of the world-war : 'What becomes of the Sovereignty of God, set forth in the Epistle to the Ephesians as embracing His universal sway, His gracious purpose towards mankind, and its realization in Christ Jesus?' The answer to this probing question cannot here be summarized, but it shows with conspicuous wisdom that 'the momentous yet

dread events that are taking place, instead of forcing us to close the Epistle to the Ephesians with a sigh of despair in the belief that it is too good to be true, should send us afresh to the revelation it contains, as illustrating the most vital facts of life, offering the only way of salvation from its outstanding evil, and the eternal fulfilment of all that of which the highest and best contains the promise.'

Immanence and Christian Thought; Implications and Suggestions. By Frederic Platt, M.A., B.D. (C. H. Kelly. 4s.)

The idea of divine immanence has had as helpful and far-reaching an influence in religious thought as the theory of evolution. As a supplement to the earlier idea it has rendered the thought of intercourse between God and man more conceivable and probable in a remarkable degree. English readers have the great advantage of sitting at the feet of Dr. Illingworth, and now we are thankful for the still fuller and graceful exposition of the new Fernley Lecturer. The Lecture is the fruit of many years of reading and reflection, and has been a labour of love to its author. References and quotations abound, but they never hamper the writer's own thought. The reader wonders that the significance of the idea was not seen before.

The writer takes care to remind us that divine immanence and transcendence always go together. One is never without the other. The latter does not mean separation or isolation, but distinctness; things that are united are distinct. 'We have not to choose between transcendence and immanence; they are not mutually exclusive; they can never be truly separated. The transcendent God is the immanent God.' The two ideas are correlative, like natural and supernatural. It may be true that transcendence was in the forefront first. It was necessary first, as it is necessary still. The perennial danger of immanence is to merge into absorption in the form of idolatry or pantheism, as we see in mysticism and monism to-day. The two great ideas are not only supplementary to each other, they are mutual safeguards. It would be hard to say whether the excessive emphasis of the one or the other is the most harmful.

The breadth of the lecturer's treatment is seen from the divisions—natural, philosophical, ethical, evangelical, practical. The first four especially are the subject of very thorough discussion; the richness of the contents in each case demands nothing less. We have only to think of such questions as personality, the reality of sin, the Incarnation, the moral ideal in one or other of the divisions to see this. In thinking of the wonder of God's immanence or indwelling in man we often forget the analogy we have in our own constitution. In us spirit and matter are most intimately allied. Spirit dominates matter, spirit expresses, bodies forth matter. In the outer world also matter is presented to us in features and forms

that we can only explain by the action of spirit. Spirit is transcendent to and yet immanent in man's organism. We therefore speak of man as a microcosmos. Many would make personality a fatal bar to divine immanence. On one hand human personality is said to be impervious; and on the other how can divine personality pervade and dwell in us? But we must not limit God's personality by ours, making ours the universal pattern. Lotze says, 'Perfect personality is in God only; to all finite minds is allotted but a pale copy thereof.' Mr. Platt writes, 'We must begin with human personality if we are to understand the meaning of the divine.' In the Old Testament man is made in the image of God.

The idea of God's universal immanence seems to supersede the need of the old notion of secondary causes. The divine action in creation is personal, direct. The lecturer favours the suggestion. It certainly emphasizes the sacredness of the universe and of man especially. It is in the moral and spiritual realm that the idea is most fully illustrated, in the regenerating, sanctifying, perfecting work of the Spirit of God on human character. As by instinct the Church has always seen this. The striving after perfection, after likeness to Christ, whatever names it has taken and whatever forms it has worn, is the truest evidence of the divine in man. Calvinism has held that there is nothing divine in man before regeneration; but the weight of interpretation is the other way. Every human being is the subject of divine working. The bearing of immanence on this subject is one of the finest parts of the new Fernley Lecture, which we earnestly commend to students and preachers.

The Theology of Experience. By H. Maldwyn Hughes, B.A., D.D. (C. H. Kelly. 8s. 6d. net.)

The two things are rightly distinguished from each other; either may and often does exist apart. In one we are in the world of fact, in the other in that of theory or science. The vast majority of Christians are content with experience, which to them is its own sufficient evidence. Yet undoubtedly the perfect condition includes both, and this has been the case from the beginning. 'Paul's theology was shaped by his experience.' We may possess, but we cannot explain, experience without theology. The two are equally prominent in Paul's writings. The experience of pardon and holiness and assurance is everywhere traced to the historical fact and redemptive meaning of the Lord's death and resurrection. Whatever may be said of the modern attempt to separate the two and represent experience as all that is necessary, it is not Pauline. To the apostle the content of Christian experience is only intelligible through a divine incarnation and redemption. Dr. Schmiedel may say, 'My inmost religious convictions would suffer no harm, even if I now felt obliged to conclude that Jesus never lived.' Paul says nothing like this. The modern desire to be satisfied with personal experience alone arises from the other desire to get rid of the difficulties in proving historical

fact. This motive is as unworthy as success in the effort is impossible. It is true that experience is confirmed by the lives of others and by the fruit of holiness. But this is not enough for all. Intellect has its desires and rights, and these must be recognised by a faith that would command the assent of reason. These questions and many more are answered in Dr. Hughes's lucid, helpful work. The first three chapters are an admirable summary and analysis of the relations of experience and theology, and the other chapters discuss other important aspects of a deeply interesting subject.

The first twelve volumes of *The Library of Theology* published by C. H. Kelly are very rich in matter and are of vital interest. The small crown octavo volumes are neatly bound in cloth, well printed and very cheap (1s. net). The subjects have been well chosen. Evidential theology is represented by Dr. Ballard's *The True God*, a masterly defence of theism, and Mr. Orde Ward's *Keeper of the Keys*. There is a suggestive study of *The Elements of Greek Worship*, and one of the *Great Symbols* of the Old Testament by Dr. Townsend. Dr. Banks has a rare faculty for packing much matter into small compass, and his *Development of Christian Doctrine* stretches from the Apostolic Fathers to the times of St. Augustine. Dr. W. E. Beet deals with *The Transfiguration of Jesus*, R. Martin Pope with *Studies in the Language of St. Paul*, and Prof. Holdsworth with *The Life of Faith*. Dr. Workman's *Martyrs of the Early Church*, Dr. Sinclair's *Difficulties of our Day*, Prof. Knight's *Things New and Old*, and a *Young Man's Bookshelf*, by the Rev. George Jackson, are all included in this rich Library. The volumes are well written and full of insight. They deal with the certainties of religion in a way that will strengthen the faith of all who study them.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew. The Greek Text with Introduction, Notes, and Indices. By Alan Hugh M'Neile, D.D. (Macmillan & Co. 15s.)

The Christ of history is known to us from the Gospels, and 'if we penetrate to Q or any other early stratum of Gospel literature, a radiance not of this world still emanates from the person of Jesus; and it is begging the question to assert that the evangelists "put the radiance in." So far as we can see, the bare facts shone from the first with their own inherent light.' Dr. M'Neile's Introduction is brief, but eminently suggestive. He holds that the compilers of the first and third Gospels used the second almost in its present form, and also used different recensions of a written Greek source cited as Q, which consisted mainly of Sayings of Jesus, many, perhaps all, of them provided with a narrative framework. The compiler of our Gospel drew material from other sources. The narrative of the Virgin birth may have, Dr. M'Neile thinks, an imaginative element, but for the record of the fact itself, 'no adequate explanation has yet been offered other than its occurrence in history';

it can be traced to no earlier literary origin.' This subject is further dealt with in a valuable note. St. Paul's words in Galatians iv. 1-7, can be better understood if they presuppose the Virgin Birth, 'It is this congruity with the whole body of Christian belief, with the Incarnation, the Atonement, the Sacraments, which turns the scale for those who will not assert that miracles do not happen, much less that a miracle, avowedly unique, did not happen, but whom the literary evidence leaves in suspense.' As to the miraculous element in the Gospel, 'Even for those who cannot accept what is involved in the word "Incarnation" it is becoming increasingly rash to commit themselves to a denial of the Gospel miracles.' 'The total impression which the life and person of Jesus produced was one in which records of miracles were entirely in place. The total impression could not have been produced without them.' Dr. McNeile thinks that the author of the Gospel was not Matthew the Apostle. 'It clearly exhibits reflection, not recollection; it is a portrait of a person, rather than a chronicle of events.' The Logia on which it is based were the work of the Apostle, and the author of the Gospel in all good faith would describe his work as the Christian message as Matthew delivered it. That is a conclusion which will provoke discussion. The notes are full and discriminating and 'additional notes' deal with special points of interest. That on chap. v. 12 brings out the contrast between the current opinions as to reward and our Lord's teaching in which it 'becomes free, undeserved grace, and is pictured as great out of all proportion to the service rendered.'

The notes on *ἀλόγως*, on the Eucharist, and on the Resurrection may be referred to as samples of the scholarly and careful exposition which marks the whole of this fine commentary.

An Attempt to recover the Original Order of the Text of Revelation XX. 4-XXII. By the Rev. Canon Charles. (H. Milford. 1s. net.)

This paper was read before the British Academy last March. The Revelation is marked by structural unity and a steady development of thought, save in a few passages, up to the close of xx. 8. Its three last chapters 'are all but wanting in these characteristics and—so far from advancing steadily to the consummation that all the preceding chapters postulate—exhibit many incoherences and self-contradictory elements.' Canon Charles does not admit the theories of plurality of authorship, but ascribes the confusion to accidental transpositions of the text. He puts xxi. 9-xxii. 2 after xx. 1-8, then he inserts xx. 4-15, xxi. 1-8, and xxii. 8-21. We have not given all the details of this ingenious and suggestive re-arrangement.

Studies in the Second Epistle of St. Peter. By E. Iliff Robson, B.D. (Cambridge University Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Robson is sixth form master of Felstead School. He thinks that 2 Peter has no visible 'tendency,' no satisfactory *raison d'être* as a

forgery or a pseudo-epigraphical document. His own idea, worked out by a minute examination of style and language, is that 'certain documents of a fragmentary nature, fly-sheets, either written, or at least collected, for the use of Christian instructors,' were welded together by the editor. He disclaims originality, uses recognized formulae of citation, and is on friendly or affectionate terms with the mixed Jew and Gentile community to which he writes. 'In his salutation and doxology he is not ashamed to make use of those of Jude, his predecessor in the "editing" of one of these very documents.' The idea is skilfully worked out, and scholars will find it of great interest.

The Making of the Old Testament. By W. F. Lofthouse, M.A. (Kelly. 1s. net.)

Professor Lofthouse has made a valuable addition to the 'Manuals for Christian Thinkers' in this book. As a student opens for the first time his Hebrew Bible innumerable questions press in upon him. Why is the order of the books so different from that of his English Bible? What is the meaning of the many notes and signs in the text and margins? Whence came the division of the Pentateuch into sections? Later he will ask the reason for the differences between the Hebrew and the Greek and Latin versions. He desires to know how far the text as it lies before him is a faithful reproduction of the writings as they left the hands of their authors. And, above all, he seeks to learn how these manifold writings were wrought together into the Old Testament as we have it, with its unique authority and value. All these questions, with many others, are simply and lucidly dealt with by Mr. Lofthouse. There is an astonishing mass of information contained in his pages. It is a true student's work and should be in the hands of all who desire to know the verdict of sober and reverent scholarship upon the history of our sacred Books. We may quote a few words to show how such a study only enhances the worth of the Old Testament: 'To pass from the Old Testament to the Koran, the Gathas, the Vedas, is to pass from pearls to moonstones, from gold to silver or bronze. . . . No great religious literature save that of the Old Testament and the New Testament is unstained by impurity or triviality or degrading doctrine; no other literature has ever exhibited at once the majesty of justice and mercy, the loathsomeness and ruin of sin, the mystery of the heart of man, and the wonder of the divine holiness and grace. No literature has ever dared to do what the Old Testament does continuously, i.e. to criticize every institution of society, politics, and religion, by the one shining test of the will of God.'

The Christian Doctrine of Prayer. Edited by Dr. James Hastings, D.D. (T. and T. Clark. 6s. net).

Nothing could have been more appropriate than this volume on Prayer during a world-crisis like the present. It is the first of a short series

on the great Christian doctrines projected by the gifted and indefatigable editor, among whose other gifts is to be gratefully acknowledged that of discerning the signs of the times. The war has begotten a new practice of prayer and a new interest in the problem of prayer. Dr. Hastings follows a method which is familiar to his readers—that of illustrating an exposition of the theme by quotations from the best authorities. Thus, light from many minds—and those the most acute and clear-sighted—is thrown on every aspect of prayer. The reader is placed in possession of material which it would be impossible for him to acquire, except by arduous research. As the theme is opened up by the editor by a series of admirably lucid expositions, its interest increases, while the opinions of so many writers lend a variety and richness to the study which could not be attained in a treatise by one writer. All the elements of prayer—adoration, confession, petition, intercession, thanksgiving—are treated in turn, while the nature of prayer, together with scientific and philosophic objections, is amply considered. Further, there are chapters on encouragements, perplexities, answers, times and manner of prayer. To each chapter is prefixed a bibliography which seems to be adequate, though we miss a reference to Dr. W. B. Pope's *Prayers of St. Paul*, and we wish an index had been supplied to the volume. As a textbook for Christian preachers, teachers and workers, the book will prove of the utmost service, and meets a widely recognized need. It is remarkable that no scientific collection of the prayer of Christendom from the earliest times and drawn from the ancient liturgies, sacramentaries and works of devotion has never been attempted, though we have collections of Christian hymns like those of Daniel and Mone. Such a thesaurus would be a valuable companion to Dr. Hastings' suggestive and timely work.

Introduction to the Study of New Testament Greek. By Dr. J. H. Moulton. (Kelly. 8s. 6d. net.)

We give a hearty welcome to the fourth edition of this invaluable work. Of its merits we need hardly speak: but we may point out that the separate volume of exercises is now bound up with the grammar, so that the student has the complete apparatus in a single convenient volume. All teachers will recognize the necessity of exercises in translation as an aid to proficiency. We know of no manual so thorough and helpful for a beginner. The detached tables of verbs in the pocket at the end of the book ought to be particularly useful, as they can be carried about to be committed to memory in odd leisure moments without the burden of the volume itself. We are glad to know that a new hand lexicon of the N.T., by Prof. A. Souter, is shortly to be published by the Clarendon Press. For the beginner who requires something less elaborate than Thayer-Grimm this will supply a long-felt need. The number of those who desire to acquire a knowledge of the original language of the

N.T. is likely to increase as time goes on, and, therefore, we have no doubt that this manual by a master of the subject is destined to a further career of usefulness.

Jesus the Christ and Paul the Apostle in the Light of Modern Criticism. By W. Douglas Reid, M.A., B.D. (A. Brown & Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Reid points out some defects of modern criticism, especially its false presuppositions, such as the exclusion of the supernatural as inconceivable and impossible. He then studies the canonical and extra-canonical sources for our knowledge of Jesus and Paul in a clear and suggestive way. Chapters follow on Paul and his environment, Paul the Christian, Paul's conception of Jesus, and the relations between Jesus and Paul. The examination is very close and painstaking, and the result is that no ground is found for Wrede's contention that Paul was the true or even the second founder of Christianity. Mr. Reid concludes that 'in the desire to find the essence of Paulinism the Pauline accentuation has been emphasized and deepened until there has been real danger of losing touch with the original thought of the Master, but this has been the fault of his successors, not of the Apostle himself, whose constant motto was, "Not I, but Christ"; and the corrective of that tendency is to get back to Paul; he will lead us back to Christ, and Christ will lead us back to God.'

The Eternal Saviour-Judge. By J. L. Clarke, M.A., D.D. (Murray. 1s. net.)

This is a cheap and shortened edition of a book that first appeared in 1904. Dr. Clarke holds that there is no scriptural ground for teaching that Christ puts off the exercise of His office of Judge till His Second Coming. The judgement, he thinks, is at death, so that there is no intermediate state 'as regards judgements.' It is the result of judgement. Those who are unworthy are subject 'to the primitive element in the Eternal Saviour-Judgeship,' and learn obedience by things suffered. Dr. Clarke works out his theory in a very interesting way and bases it on Scripture teaching, especially on the doctrine of 'Eternal Judgement' in the Epistle to the Hebrews. He describes his theory as 'reconciliation.' The book will repay study even from those who do not endorse or advocate any of its particular opinions.

The Sacrament of Liberty and other Addresses on the Present Crisis. By R. MOFFAT GAUTREY. (Kelly, 6d. net.) These five addresses are a good example of the way in which Christian ministers, while lovers of peace, may denounce the pride and power which inevitably lead to war. In calling the Church to a quiet spirit, to intercession for Ministers of State, generals and admirals, to sympathy with mourners and admiration for the brave, to fight to the death against

those who glory in piracy and murder and call it war, the fervid preacher is rendering good service to his country and faith. No condemnation is strong enough for 'The Gospel according to Satan,' and 'The Science of Diabolism.'—*Called*. By E. MAY CRAWFORD. (Church Missionary Society. 2s. 6d.) The first three chapters set forth the glory of God's call, the call for missionary service and the way to distinguish God's call. Ten chapters are given to the call of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles and to the call of early, later, and living missionaries. The book is full of true stories of heroism, and it has a glow about it which will fire the hearts of many readers with zeal for the winning of the world to Christ.—*Christus Consolator*. By H. C. G. Moule, D.D. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.) These 'words for hearts in trouble' are very timely and very tender. The Bishop of Durham knows how to comfort mourners, and he shows how Christ can transfigure sorrow and loss by shedding over them the light of His presence, and the prospects of His coming glory. The little passages of prose and poetry prefixed to the chapters and the illustrations drawn from personal experience and travel add much to the charm of this word in season.—*The King's Uniform*. By Robert Harvie, B.A. (Allenson. 1s. net.) These addresses to boys and girls show clearly why we are at war with Germany, and will help to make good patriots and brave soldiers of Christ. They are simple but forcible and impressive.—*White Wings*. By T. McConnell, B.A. (Allenson. 1s. net.) Dr. G. H. Morrison's tribute to this 'fresh and vigorous and homely volume' of addresses to children will attract attention, and the way in which Belgium is drawn on for illustrations adds to the present interest of the wise and helpful messages for the young.—*Homely Thoughts in the Way to Peace*. By John Coutts (2d.). The way to peace is that of sacrifice, mercy, and purity, which are summed up in Christ and His Cross.—*Bible-Reading*. By James Chapman, D.D., and J. Arundel Chapman, M.A. (Kelly. 2d.) A very beautiful and persuasive pamphlet, which brings out the glories of the Bible as the world's greatest book and gives some useful hints as to the most helpful modes of reading it.—*The Character of Jesus* (Allenson, 6d. net).—One of the most beautiful pieces of evidential work that Horace Bushnell ever did is a great addition to 'Sanctuary Booklets.' It will richly repay every one who reads it attentively.—*Ten Minutes with the Bible* (Stock, 1s. 6d. net) gives brief passages for reading, with precepts and prayers in prose or verse. This is the fourth issue in the series, and its first part, 'In Time of War,' will help many.—*A Call to the Nation* (Stock, 6d. net) is an address delivered by the Rev. C. A. Wordroffe on the anniversary of the declaration of war. It is a timely appeal for repentance and prayer.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

The Heart of Jainism. By Mrs. Sinclair Stevenson, M.A., Sc.D. (Dublin). *Indian Theism, from the Vedic to the Muhammadan Period.* By Nicol Macnicol, M.A., D.Litt. (Oxford University Press, 1915. 7s. 6d. and 6s. net.)

THESE volumes form the first instalment of a series 'The Religious Quest of India,' edited by J. N. Farquhar, M.A., and H. D. Griswold, M.A., Ph.D. Dr. Griswold is Secretary of the Council of the American Presbyterian Missions in India, and has himself undertaken a volume for the series on 'The Religion of the Rigveda'; Mr. Farquhar, Literary Secretary to the National Council of Young Men's Christian Associations, India and Ceylon, is to write on 'The Religious Literature of India.' Further volumes are in preparation.

The general title is not very happily chosen. The aim of the series, however, as set forth in a brief editorial preface, is to present a carefully considered and scientific account of the various phases of Indian religious thought, and to relate these to the Christian doctrine and standpoint. The editors rightly point out that such a presentation and comparison, if it is to be of real service to India and the Christian West, can only be given by scholars who are in closest sympathy with the Indian people and by personal experience have learnt to know something of the founts of their religious convictions. Christianity is not the only religion that has suffered many things in the past from being studied in water-tight compartments. Such a series, therefore, may be of pre-eminent value not only for the present need, but in the promotion of that truer understanding of character and thought, without which the difficulties of future co-operation and mutual helpfulness will never find their harmonious solution.

In the volumes before us a high standard is set. Mrs. Stevenson is already favourably known to students of Eastern Religions by her 'Notes on Modern Jainism,' a brief study published at Oxford a few years ago, bearing the welcome marks of an intimate first-hand acquaintance with a religious faith of which too little was known in the West. The article on 'Jaina Festivals and Fasts' in the 5th volume of the *E.R.E.* is due to the same author. The present work is the most complete and satisfactory account of Jainism that has appeared in English, and should be read by all who would know the real mind and thought of India. Every page bears witness to sympathy and insight. It is pleasant also to read the author's acknowledgement of her indebtedness to Jaina friends.

The central and more considerable portion of the book sets forth in detail Jaina doctrine. This is preceded by chapters on the origin

and history of the sect, and followed by briefer, but full and sufficient accounts of the temples and religious worship, of the manner of life of the laity and the monks, and of Jaina mythology. The concluding chapter on 'The Empty Heart of Jainism' indicates the points in which the faith has failed to effect the moral regeneration of its adherents, and compares and contrasts its teaching with the larger promise and power of Christianity. There is a brief bibliography and an adequate index.

Reference can be made here to a few of the points only in which the author's discussions are noteworthy and suggestive. It is natural that greater emphasis should be laid on the differences between the Jaina and Buddhist faiths, than on their resemblances. The latter, lying on the surface, have been the cause of much confusion. The true relation between them has been made clear by the work amongst others of Dr. Jacobi, Professor of Sanskrit at the University of Bonn, Dr. Hoernle of Oxford, and the late Dr. Buhler. In the days of its greatest prosperity, from the fifth to the twelfth or thirteenth century, Jainism flourished exceedingly in India. It is now but a shadow of its former self, and has altogether ceased to exist in the districts of India in which it had its origin and won its early successes. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Stevenson accounts for its continued life in India, when its rival Buddhism yielded before the storm of Muhammadan invasion and persecution and vanished from the land, to the provision made by the founder for lay representation. Thus Jainism was closely knit to the affections and home-life of the people, and maintained its ground, when the Buddhist system, based wholly upon an ascetic and celibate order of monks, lost its hold upon India.

A few lines in the text or a brief note often draw attention to a detail or practice that is worthy of comment. Thus at the close of the year it is the custom for Jainas to ask pardon of one another for all wrongs which wittingly or unwittingly they may have committed during the year. It will be news also to many that suffragette violence in England did much injury to the interests of Indian women. Indian gentlemen naturally feared lest the women they loved should learn to follow such examples, and took measures accordingly.

The interest of most readers probably will lead them to turn with especial expectancy to that section of the chapter on 'The Nine Categories of Fundamental Truths' in which the author expounds the Jaina conception of sin (*pāpam*). There is nothing in which the East and the West are so far apart as in their ideas concerning the nature and guilt of wrong-doing. In India and the East generally it is the ritual offence that matters. A profound moral view of sin and its condemnation on moral grounds are strange and difficult to bring home to Eastern consciousness. Jainism, like many another religious faith, halted between two opinions; and her creed in her sacred books and in the vows of her adherents was better than her practice. So in Judaism, as in ancient Babylonia

and Egypt, there were the two streams of teaching, the ethical which found expression in the Psalms, and the ceremonial which developed in minute legal rule and precept, in the tithing of the mint and anise, and in the worse side of Pharisaic life and doctrine. Against this spirit, embodied in Hindu ritual and Brāhman supremacy, Jainism entered a protest, as other movements of religious reform in the East, notably Buddhism in India and Taoism in China, had done, but ultimately failed in the strife. If it is to live again, a new breath must enter it, and a better interpretation, not mechanical but spiritual, must be found for the Jaina creed, which Mrs. Stevenson aptly quotes—*akimsā parama dharma*, 'to abstain from taking life is the supreme law.'

The author has well shown how much of beauty and of worth is to be found in an Indian faith little known even by name in the West. It will repay every student of religious life and thought to study her very competent book.

Of Dr. Macnicol's work there is the less need to write at length since the subject has been so fully and adequately discussed within recent years that it offers little opportunity for novelty in presentation or conclusion. The author knows his authorities and exercises a selective and independent judgement upon them. The reader, however, who approaches the subject for the first time will need to bear in mind that Eastern thought is more subtle in its ramifications and various in its colouring, less amenable to Western definition and classification, than the author seems willing to allow. The style will not help him, and is not seldom wanting in ease and lucidity. The writer has a curious predilection for the impersonal construction of the verb—'one' does or thinks this or that: it occurs half-a-dozen times on the first half page and repeatedly mars the text thereafter. As a brief critical and historical survey, however, of a far-reaching and important theme Dr. Macnicol's work will meet the needs of many students. Appendices furnish an 'Historical Table,' discuss the relation of Indian Theism to Christianity, and provide a list of authorities consulted. Both books are admirably printed, for which the name of the Oxford Press is sufficient guarantee.

Poland and the Polish Question. By Ninian Hill. (George Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Partitions of Poland. By Lord Eversley (G. J. Shaw-Lefevre). (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

These attractive and interesting volumes are in every way excellent and timely. For this terrible war, which has not only cast a deep shadow over all Europe but has brought to many parts of Poland awful desolation, has nevertheless given to this much afflicted land an unexpected hope of restored national life and unity. That this hope may be realized, it is all-important that the facts

of the case be known, not only to statesmen but to all intelligent Englishmen.

These facts are correctly and clearly put in the above volumes. In Mr. Hill's book we have accounts of the Rise, Decline, and Fall of Poland; its Last Revolt, in 1863; the present condition of the Poles in Prussia, Russia, and Austria; its three Capitals in these countries, and its prospects for the future. The other volume gives a full and accurate account of the three 'Partitions of Poland,' in 1772, 1793, 1795; also the 'Repartition by the Congress of Vienna' in 1815. Each volume is well illustrated by maps, portraits, and pictures. Necessarily they somewhat overlap, but this has the advantage of giving different points of view. The two accounts are in full harmony, and each is a supplement to the other.

These books are specially needful now. For at the beginning of the present war the Russian commander-in-chief, the Grand Duke Nicolas, announced that 'Under the sceptre of the Russian Emperor, Poland shall be reborn, free in faith, in language, in self-government.' This proclamation, and its confirmation by the Tsar, are reprinted in full by Mr. Hill. It is to be hoped that the fulfilment of this promise will be inscribed in the Treaty of Peace. This is the more important because, even since 1866, the Austrian Poles have already enjoyed all that is promised by the Grand Duke, except the reunion of the divided parts of Poland. English and French statesmen must take good care that the Galician Poles do not lose anything by our hoped-for victory and their union with Russia.

The Holiness of Pascal. By H. J. Stewart, B.D. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. net.)

Mr. Stewart's Hulsean Lectures were intended to clear away some current misconceptions about the work and character of a great Christian and a great genius and to suggest some thoughts regarding his present value. The first lecture is biographical, the other three deal with Pascal in controversy, Pascal's doctrinal system, Pascal's personal religion. Pascal deserves the name of Saint. 'He was far from perfect; he was headstrong and impatient, he long clung to the things which he came to think were hateful; but his mind was aflame for truth, and his heart athirst for Christ and His poor.' He was not of the inner circle of Port-Royal—he was never a Solitary. Even when he turned to religion he still kept up his mathematics. He is that rare being—a man of the world who is also a saint. In controversy Pascal was 'scrupulously fair in his quotations from Jesuit writings, but unjust in his interpretation of Jesuit motives. He does not charge them with wilfully corrupting morals. That he distinctly says is not their design. But neither is their object to reform morals.' Mr. Stewart thinks that Pascal and his friends saw only the weak side of the Order, and missed its greatness, its high aims, its noble achievement. The

lecture on Pascal's doctrinal system is of special interest. His *Pensées* is perhaps the most unsystematic book ever printed, yet Pascal had his definite plan for his Apology, which was intended to prove that there is no verity in the world better established than the truth of Christianity, and that man rejects it at his proper peril. The story of his second conversion, found after his death on a piece of parchment which he wore next to his heart, shows that the prayer of John xvii. had kindled the fire of his love to Christ and borne him to his knees in bitter grief for the sins which had kept him in darkness. That vision interprets the passage in the *Pensées* which speaks of the heart's answer to God's call. As he wrote the *Provincial Letters*, Pascal's outlook on the world and God's workings became notably extended. 'He came into touch with a profounder and larger school of divinity, and he saw the travail of a human soul.' The last lecture, on his personal religion, shows that the deliberate suppression of the aesthetic sense, of the emotions, the marked individualism, and the insistence on the awfulness of Almighty God which were characteristic of Jansenist morality are sensibly modified in Pascal. 'No man's religion was more intensely individual, more profoundly personal; no one ever laid more stress upon the blessedness of direct intercourse with God, nor was more impatient of anything that blocked the immediate vision, nor breathed with greater difficulty the air of passive obedience to authority.' Pascal 'lived on heights inaccessible to most. But he did not come down from heaven to stand there; he climbed up painfully out of a dark valley. He shows us the steps as plainly as he showed them to his generation.' Extensive notes, and a reproduction of a portrait by Pascal's friend, Jean Domat, add much to the value and interest of a book that every lover of Pascal and his work will count among his treasures.

The Latin Church of the Middle Ages. By André Lagarde.
(T. & T. Clark. 12s.)

The International Theological Library enjoys a deservedly high reputation among students, and it is no small praise of any addition thereto to say that it is worthy of its place in that admirable series. *The Latin Church of the Middle Ages* is excelled in point of usefulness by few, if any, of the volumes which have preceded it. It is the fruit of wide reading and large research, coupled with much historical insight. Covering the period which lies between the close of the fifth and the opening of the seventeenth century—a period which witnessed remarkable developments in the life and organisation of the Church—it supplies what, within certain necessary limitations of space, must be regarded as an adequate account of the facts, movements and historical forces of the formative period of which it treats. M. Lagarde has, indeed, done wonders with the space at his disposal, and only those who have had actual experience of attempting to say much within the restrictions of a rigidly enforced

space-limit, such as a series inevitably imposes, will realize the measure of his success. His method of treatment has been to deal with the leading features of his period more or less independently of each other, in a series of chapters which are not in any sense parts of a single narrative. This method has at any rate the advantage of focusing the attention of the reader upon the point immediately under discussion, of exhibiting it in all its bearings, and of throwing into sharp relief the course of historical development that it actually followed. At the same time it leaves to the reader the task of correlating with contemporary facts, movements, or conditions the particular institution or movement thus singled out for treatment. For example, one chapter gives an account of the religious advance of the papacy; it is preceded, however, by another giving an account of its political advance; to gain anything like an adequate idea of the facts of the case information gleaned from these two independent chapters must be brought into relation with each other. This work of relating the student must do for himself; having done so much he will proceed to complete and round off his knowledge of the popedom at any given time by drawing upon other chapters in which are described the pontifical election, state, and exchequer, and others again which discuss the relations of papacy and empire, crusades, councils, and so forth. The serious student will find M. Lagarde's work of the highest value as affording materials for constructive effort on his own part. *The Latin Church in the Middle Ages* would, for this reason, be a most excellent textbook for an advanced class in Church History. As a work of reference it will moreover be found most useful. For the busy student, at work upon some special point, it very conveniently brings together a mass of valuable information upon special points separately treated chapter by chapter. It is excellently written, easy to read, and does not lack the quality of interestingness, if one may use such an expression. Its usefulness to the more advanced student would perhaps be increased if fuller references to the original sources were provided, while the bibliography might with advantage be supplemented somewhat, especially in respect of English works, with which the writer appears to have but slight acquaintance, unless, indeed, it be that he holds them in but small esteem.

History of Christian Missions. By C. H. Robinson, D.D.
(T. & T. Clark. 10s. 6d.)

This volume supplies a real need. It covers the whole mission-field of the world; it is not confined to bare detail, but supplies in every case in readable form a history of persons, places, and incidents in every country. The writing of such a work is the result of wide knowledge and research, as well as of great skill in selection and compression. Every missionary society will find its achievements impartially portrayed. The great names of missionary enterprise shine on the pages. Modern missions are young. Calvinism, which

was all but universal in the Reformation Churches, for a long time repressed ardour in foreign missions. Not till the eighteenth century did the work begin. The nineteenth century saw it spread with lightning speed. No period of Church history has a more glorious record. The growth still continues. Between 1900 and 1914 the number of European and American missionaries increased from sixteen thousand to twenty-four thousand. We are all missionaries now. The universal mission of Christianity is recognised as it never was before. Livingstones, Moffats, Gilmours, Mackays are as numerous as once they were scarce. It is not a little striking that Churches which are among the smallest and least known stand in the front line of missionary zeal and sacrifice. The volume is a mine of information on modern methods of work. Nothing seems omitted. There is an appendix on Christian Reunion in the Mission field, and a good index.

Twenty Years of My Life. By Douglas Sladen. With four coloured illustrations and twelve portraits by Yoshio Markino. (Constable & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The twenty years of Mr. Sladen's life which he chronicles in this entertaining book are those which he spent in Kensington, where he was in constant intercourse with many of the best-known writers of the time. The first chapters, which are of great interest, describe Mr. Sladen's early life, including seven years spent in Australia and the United States and long visits to Canada and Japan. The body of the book is taken up by brief sketches of the chief figures in London literary circles from 1891 to 1911. Mr. Sladen was for three years editor of *Who's Who*, and did much to lay down the lines on which it has since developed into one of our indispensable books of reference. Here we have those dry bones clothed with flesh and made alive by many a characteristic touch. Nothing is more delightful than the story of how Cardinal Newman talked to the undergraduate for a couple of hours about the Oxford of his day. Mr. Sladen owed this honour to the fact that he lived in the rooms which Newman had occupied at Trinity. The Cardinal wanted to know if the snapdragons still grew on the wall between Trinity and Balliol, and if a number of Gothic fragments still survived. Fortunately the undergraduate had a passion for Gothic architecture, and was able to tell the Cardinal about them all. Mr. Sladen has a genius for friendship, and his comments are both amiable and racy. He has been a great traveller and compiler of handbooks, and some of his little descriptions are very happy. In Venice he says, 'There are no horses, no motors. You seem to be living on the roof of the sea.' Japan really laid the foundation of Mr. Sladen's success as a writer. *The Japs at Home* has had a sale of a hundred and fifty thousand copies, and *A Japanese Marriage* of a hundred and twenty thousand. There is not a dull sentence in this record. It is packed with good stories and living pictures of men and women that we all

like to hear about, and the writer's old friend, Yoshio Markino, has enriched the volume by his beautiful illustrations of Mr. Sladen's house in Kensington and by portraits of some of the celebrities who figure in the book.

Dissenting Academies in England: Their rise and progress, and their place among the educational systems of the country. By Irene Parker, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 4s. net.)

Miss Parker, who is tutor and lecturer in the history of education at Cherwell Hall, Oxford, has set herself to investigate the part played by the Dissenting Academies in English education. The period covered by the years 1600-1800 is that in which the education of the middle classes in 'modern' subjects was first attempted. It was advocated by the Puritans in the first half of the seventeenth century and was attempted by the tutors of the Dissenting Academies. Miss Parker's first chapter deals with grammar school and university education before the Restoration. The Academy for which Sir Humphrey Gilbert drew up a scheme in 1571 aimed at giving a broader education to the nobility which should recognise physical needs and keep in view the practical demands of life. The Restoration put back educational reform nearly two centuries. Independence of thought and action were to be crushed in the school as well as in the church. It was the dissenters who kept alive the submerged ideals in their academies. The rise and progress of these institutions is described with many details that throw light on their work. Whilst the grammar schools slept and the universities were sterile, the academies were alive and active. They were primarily intended for the training of ministers, but were used by boys preparing for various professions. The education was thorough, the cost was much less, and the moral atmosphere was purer. A good account is given of Charles Morton's Academy at Newington Green, where Defoe and Samuel Wesley were pupils. The academies gradually became sectarian and lost their earlier breadth of view, so that at the close of the eighteenth century they were a declining force. Their influence on English thought and life had been that of a modified Puritanism, and their stand for broad principles, their sober earnestness, and high moral tone had a salutary effect. The education was good, the tutors were first-rate men who were devoted to their work. The lists of academies, and other matter gathered in the Appendices will be of great service. Miss Parker has done a much-needed piece of work and has done it with care and skill.

Old English Mansions, depicted by C. J. Richardson, J. D. Harding, Joseph Nash, H. Shaw, and others. Edited by Charles Holme. (The Studio. 5s. net.)

The drawings in this special spring number of the *Studio* have been carefully selected from those of Nash, Richardson, and

others who were at work in the first half of the last century and who made such a valuable contribution to the historic and topographic records of the nation. Many of the fine old houses have disappeared, so that the interest of this collection is enhanced. The volume is a companion to Nash's *Mansions of England in the Olden Time*, which was issued as the winter number of *The Studio*, 1905-6. The sixty-five plates range over some twenty-two counties, and not only represent many famous old houses but supply valuable drawings of details. The frontispiece is Nash's beautiful water-colour of Hampton Court Palace, and an essay by Mr. Alfred Yockney gives many interesting particulars about the artists and the mansions represented in the number. He says that nothing less than a monograph on each of the old houses would do justice to their historic and artistic glories. 'Generous in scale, well-built, decorated with high-spirited talent, and occupied from time to time by people who, if they do not always command our admiration, at least compel our interest, these houses have become a part of the national life.' It is a number which shows England's wealth of domestic architecture, and the way in which the drawings have been reproduced makes it a worthy memorial of these noble mansions, one of which, Haddon Hall, dates from Plantagenet times.

The Golden Legend: Lives of the Saints translated by William Caxton from the Latin of Jacobus de Voragine. Selected and edited by George V. O'Neill, S.J., M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 3s. net.)

The lives here given form about one-tenth of Caxton's work. Some omissions have been made, and some slight corrections and alterations, but these add to the value of a book intended for 'popular though not unscholarly reading.' Biographical accounts are given of Caxton and of Jacobus de Voragine, Archbishop of Genoa, whose stories supplied Caxton with much of his material. The Bible narratives are Caxton's own renderings, and much of the selection here given is from later hagiographers. Job, St. Thomas, and Martha are the Bible stories; St. Christopher is one of the most arresting. St. Augustine and St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Francis and St. Clare are some of the treasures in this well-edited volume. Notes are added which deal with special points. It is a volume that will be much sought after.

The Admirable Painter: A Study of Leonardo da Vinci. By A. J. Anderson. (Stanley Paul & Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

This study is an attempt to reconstruct the life of the great painter and sculptor, and to show him at work among his fellow artists and his patrons. Practically everything that is put into Leonardo's mouth comes out of his note-books, so that, as Mr. Anderson claims, the historical part of the book is self-contained. He has given names to some of the characters, but none of them is imaginary except the

Cosimo Malatesta of 'His Magnificence,' and no character is made to say more than he reasonably might have said. The result is a distinct success. We see the notary's son in the school of Verrocchio, where he meets young Lorenzo de' Medici; we follow him in 1482 to the Court of Milan, where he won the favour of Lodovico il Moro, and painted his Last Supper. Then he comes back to Florence, and catches the soul of Madonna Lisa in her wonderful face. It all lives over again in this study. Leonardo seems to let us into the secrets of his art. Mr. Anderson does not endorse Vasari's statement that the painter's genius was outstanding from his boyhood, nor does he consider that Leonardo was a great factor in the onward movement of the Renaissance. The movement towards illusion and charm would have swept onward in the same course if he had never existed. Mr. Berenson's description of his renown as sculptor, architect, musician, and improviser has to be discounted, but 'if great art be vivid and eloquent expression, if it be spontaneous creation, if it be self-expression, there can be no greater art than that of Leonardo the draftsman.' A photogravure frontispiece of *The Lady with the Cat*, sixteen illustrations in half tone, and thirty-two line illustrations add much to the value of a singularly instructive and entertaining volume.

Walter Savage Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* make an attractive addition to *The World's Classics*. (H. Milford. 1s. net.) Mr. Selincourt says in his Introduction that: 'Hardly a page is without its memorable words . . . cast from him with secure and easy mastery.' Hardly a country or a civilisation is unrepresented, and every portrait gains fresh significance under this master's hand.—*Belgium and Germany* (Nelson & Sons. 6d.).—M. Davignon, Minister for Foreign Affairs, claims that these texts and documents prove that in resisting Germany Belgium 'has only performed her duty.' Germany sought from the first to establish a system of terrorism, her army 'deliberately and effectively set at naught the rules of war.' Photographs of the wrecked cities are given, and the pitiful stories are told on first-hand authority.—The four new volumes added to the *Every Age Library* (Kelly, 10d. net) are Dumas's thrilling story, *The Conspirators*; Southey's masterpiece, *The Life of Nelson*; a valuable account of Chinese life—*The Peach Garden*; and a fresh and attractive study of *Charles Dickens and Music*. It is one of the most variously attractive Libraries as well as one of the cheapest. *The Lost Fairy Tales*, by H. L. Malone (Kelly, 8s. 6d. net), has eight full-page illustrations in colour, and 142 pen and ink sketches. It is a wonderful book for children, full of imaginative and descriptive power. *Robinson Crusoe* (Kelly, 8s. 6d. net) is an illustrated edition which it would be hard to rival. Mr. Gordon Robinson's coloured full-page illustrations and the host of sketches in the text make it a treasure which every boy and girl will rejoice over.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

Ordeal by Battle. By Frederick Scott Oliver. (Macmillan & Co. 6s. net.)

MR. OLIVER worked for some years with Lord Roberts in his memorable labours to secure some form of National Service, which he deemed essential to the security of our Empire. He had to draft the conclusions reached by the fine old General and his friends, and was asked to prepare a popular statement for publication. Events delayed its appearance, and the outbreak of the war so completely revolutionized the situation that the present work is for the most part new. Its four parts deal with the causes of the War, the Spirit of German Policy, the Spirit of British Policy, Democracy and National Service. In tracing the causes of the war, Mr. Oliver is inclined to think that Sir Edward Grey misjudged the forces opposed to him, but he admits that if the Foreign Minister had acted as decisively as M. Sazonof desired, we should have gone into the war a divided and not a united nation. That seems to be a complete vindication of Sir Edward's action. The miscalculations of Germany are emphasized. England, she thought, 'would stand aside; but England took part. Italy would help her allies; but Italy refused. Serbia was a thing of naught; but Serbia destroyed several army corps. Belgium would not count; and yet Belgium by her exertions counted, if for nothing more, for the loss of eight precious days, while by her sufferings she mobilized against the aggressor the condemnation of the whole world.' The Germans also reckoned that the army of France was terrible only on paper, but there again they miscalculated. As to Germany the war is 'a people's war if ever there was one.' The Kaiser is the mirror of his people. Personally he is a man of moods. His 'untrustworthiness arises not from duplicity, so much as from the quickness of his fancy, the shallowness of his judgement, and the shortness of his memory.' The schemes for the aggrandisement of the Fatherland which German writers have set forth with increasing boldness during the last ten years, form an immense and grandiose mosaic. Germany was to have the custody of the Sultan and the control of his Asiatic dominions. The destinies of Africa were to pass into the keeping of the virile Teutons, who would bring about vast transformations. China was also to be held and ruled by them. Mr. Oliver describes the modern spirit of Germany as 'materialism in its crudest form—the undistracted pursuit of wealth, and of power as a means to wealth. It is materialism, rampant and self-confident, fostered by the State, subsidized, regulated, and where thought advisable, controlled by the State—supported everywhere by the diplomatic resources of the State—backed in the last resort by the fleets and armies of the State. It is

the most highly-organized machine, the most deliberate and thorough-going system, for arriving at material ends which has ever yet been devised by man.' Mr. Oliver has much to say about the 'tragedy of errors' in which he thinks England was involved and of the position taken by Lord Roberts. Those questions may be allowed to rest for the present. Mr. Oliver says that Lord Roberts 'obeyed his instinct as he obeyed his conscience—humbly and devoutly.' It was not difficult to out-argue him, but 'as a rule, he returned on the morrow to his old opinions, unless his would-be converters had brought to his notice new facts as well as new arguments.' We are now fighting against the ruthless despotism of the Prussian system, and in defence of our own spiritual and material inheritance. Those who do not accept all Mr. Oliver's conclusions will learn much from his pages, and every one will share his keen regret at the death of Major Dawnay and Brigadier-General Gough, to whom his volume is dedicated, and of whom a moving account is given in the Preface.

The Soul of Germany. A Twelve Years' Study of the People from within, 1902-14. By Thomas F. A. Smith, Ph.D.
(Hutchinson & Co. 6s. net.)

When war broke out Dr. Smith had been for more than seven years English lecturer in the University of Erlangen, and had previously taught languages in the Berlitz School for Adults in Nuremberg. He only visited this country for sixty days during his twelve years of voluntary exile. He has mixed with every class in Germany, and has lost no opportunity of talking with workmen in field or factory. Above all his position in Bavaria has brought him into close touch with the intellectuals and with official circles. He has been welcomed into the homes of the rich, and has spent three weeks at a time in the cottages of peasants. His vacations—seven months in a year—have been spent in travelling from one end of Germany to another. Thirty-five students attended his classes in the summer term of 1914, and by December twenty of these had been wounded and six killed. Erlanger had two thousand wounded to care for; Nuremberg was one vast hospital. Yet all Dr. Smith's correspondents 'emphasized the fact, that Germans, undaunted by their sacrifices, were prepared to make any and every sacrifice to smash England.' Dr. Smith says for eleven years he 'never wavered in his conviction that Germans look upon England as their inveterate enemy, and hate her. That hate he met in *all* classes, mixed with the hope that "the day" would come when England would be broken and humiliated.' Every side of German life is discussed in this comprehensive survey. The German girl is well educated, and as a married woman her devotion to the material welfare of her household has gained the unstinted admiration of the manhood of the country. Yet she misses her higher vocation, to form the character and opinions of her children. Her sons regard her as a model housekeeper, but she fails to instil into their hearts any high respect for her sex. Officers

are most in demand as husbands, next come university and professional men, while the man of business makes a bad third. The home exercises little or no influence. The schoolmaster is too learned, self-important, and self-conscious to stoop to the level of his pupils or to exercise any humane influence upon them. Too much stress is laid on knowledge, whilst character is neglected. Both schoolmasters and university professors are bitterly Anglophobe. The student at the university 'finds himself in an atmosphere of intellectual materialism from which religious and moral forces have been banished. In this world he soon discovers that to be a hero he must belong to the fighting, swaggering, drinking, Don Juan class.' Dr. Smith's chapter on religion is depressing. 'Germany's Christian Church,' he says, 'is merely a civil-service department, commanding no one's reverence. The upper classes are intellectual materialists, and the lower ranks the victims of Germany's new religion—Social Democracy.' Obedience and thrift are marked characteristics of the German, but he lacks true sentiment and affection, and is inclined to 'reckless, brutal self-assertion.' For him militarism is 'a great heroic science; the consummation of human greatness, demanding and worthy of every sacrifice—even life itself.' Considerable attention is given to the teaching of Nietzsche and Treitschke, and the seamy side of Kultur is brought out by some painful statistics as to immorality and divorce. The Kaiser is not spared. Dr. Smith regards him 'as the incarnation of German national duplicity; the sum-total of Germanic brutal self-assertion, self-love, and indifference to others, together with the many other superficial qualities which help to make the intellectual veneer known to the world as German character.' No part of the book is more important than that which describes the growth of the German navy. From first to last it was intended to put Germany on an equality with England, and the Flottenverein, with above three million members, has done more than any other agency to poison opinion against us. Germany never wanted friendship with this country, and every effort we have made towards an *entente* has been met with undisguised contempt or rankling suspicion. For years Dr. Smith has believed war to be inevitable, and he pleads that we should in future take care to avoid the 'maudlin internationalism' which has allowed Germans to hold positions in governmental and other public departments. He is convinced that Britain must use her entire strength if she desires to gain a decisive victory, but the stake is a splendid one. We are 'fighting for popular government against autocracy, English ideals of justice, English homes, and the existence of the British Empire. . . If Germany is victorious her methods and principles will have overthrown all the humane ideals which Christianity has taken nearly twenty centuries to evolve. It is Britain's mission to prevent that catastrophe and at the same time vindicate among nations the principles which she first taught to individuals—the traditions of fair-play.'

The Long Retreat, and other Doggerel. By Arnold F. Graves.
(Murray. 1s. net.)

The idea of this doggerel is, as Mr. Murray says in a brief preface, to give a continuous account of the experiences of an individual soldier throughout a considerable period of the war, a daily record of his hopes and fears ; of his efforts ; of his difficulties and troubles, during a prolonged series of operations. The retreat from Mons is described from the narratives of various soldiers who took part in it, and the homely verse makes the lurid chronicle of endurance and courage the more vivid and striking. We see the men

With straining tendons, tightened lips,
And bated breath, prepare to fight
For love, for liberty, for right.

We watch their farewells, we see their welcome in France;

Our ensign all the country wore ;
Girls smiled on us from every door ;
From every window little misses
And crowing babies blew us kisses.

The dogged heroism of the retreat, the blowing-up of the bridge by the last sapper of the company, the charge of the Scots Greys who rode into action with the Black Watch hanging on to their stirrup-leathers, all live and throb in this simple but most effective doggerel.

Scarcely a day, an hour, a second,
But deeds were done that would be reckoned
Among the noblest ever wrought
Since man was made and loved and fought.

We hope Mr. Graves will give us more of this chronicle in verse and will enlarge his historic footnotes.

Aeroplanes and Dirigibles of War. By F. A. Talbot. (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Talbot's book on *Moving Pictures* won very high commendation, and this study of aeroplanes shows the same care in collecting material, and the same skill in presenting it. It is the most complete survey of the subject that we have seen, for it deals with aircraft of every kind, with bomb-throwing, anti-aircraft guns, mining the air, wireless in aviation, and every phase of the battle in the air which has assumed such proportions in the present war. It is no comfort to nervous folk to read that 'great efforts are being centred upon the evolution of more formidable missiles to be launched from the clouds. The airman is destined to inspire far greater awe than at present, to exercise a still more demoralizing influence, and to work infinitely more destruction.' Mr. Talbot says that the French airman is nimble and impetuous ; the German daring, but slow in

thought; the British airman is a master of strategy, quick in thought, and prepared to risk anything to achieve his end. The German if cornered fights with a terrible and fatalistic desperation. The duel in the clouds is waged mercilessly, with no dream of surrender. Some stirring accounts are given of air raids. A Zeppelin can rise vertically 3,500 feet in about three minutes, which is far in excess of the climbing power of an aeroplane. The airman's part in guiding artillery fire has been wonderfully shown in this war. When our aircraft made 'cloudland absolutely unhealthy' for the enemy, the German artillery fire deteriorated immediately. Our gunners, on the other hand, having the benefit of aerial guidance, were able to repay the enemy's onslaughts with interest. Mr. Talbot's book is well illustrated and gives a clear account of technical points on which we are all anxious to be instructed.

Men, Women, and the War. By Will Irwin. (Constable & Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Irwin's splendid record of the Battle of Ypres, which attracted such attention when it appeared in *The Daily Mail*, is part of this stirring volume. He describes how he was 'detained by the Germans' in Louvain till their army had streamed through to Brussels, and has four other chapters on The Wreckage of War, The Religion of Valour, The Soul of France, and The British Calm, which bring out various aspects of the war in a way that reveals us to ourselves and throws much light on the early phases of the conflict. Mr. Irwin was not long in Europe before he realized that the soul of the world had changed more than the face of the world. In six weeks he scarcely heard on sea or land a genuine, natural laugh. No family in France is without its vivid, tragic, personal concern in the struggle, or lacks its personal story, but there is a 'gameness' about the people which means a determination to see the fight through to a finish. The British calm has made a deep impression on our American observer. The boy who enters the army 'goes for that noblest motive in war—pure patriotism.' Our imperturbability 'turns every threat of Germany into a prop for the national backbone.' This is a book that gives much food for thought.

Deutschland über Alles; or, Germany Speaks. Compiled and analysed by John Jay Chapman. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. Chapman regards this war as the flaming forth of passions that have been covertly burning in Germany for several decades. He says, you could hardly know any German family intimately without feeling in their pulses the war-fever. 'Germany has gone mad through dwelling on her imaginary wrongs.' Lack of political training has left even educated men at the mercy of their rulers to an extent which it is hard for an American to understand. 'The learned and eloquent classes thus become the tools of a military

organisation. The result has been an era of panic and destructive insanity of which this war is a sign.' For forty years every class in Germany has been steadily 'over-trained, over-specialized, over-sensitized. Consequently they are to-day over-anxious, over-self-conscious, over-virtuous, over-determined to build their Tower of Babel, or to die in the attempt.' The small boy is 'subjected to a pressure of work which startles the rest of the world.' Mr. Chapman holds that the dreadful character of the struggle is largely due to the fact that it is regarded as a holy war. 'The Zeppelins would never cast bombs upon non-combatants except at the behest of God. The deification of Wilhelm II. is a thing quite seriously believed in by the German nation.' That is 'the worst sign that has yet appeared of Germany's mental decline.' A striking symposium is given of letters and addresses from 'the intellectuals' of Germany, which shows how honoured masters like Harnack and Eucken share the national blindness. Mr. Chapman holds that 'if America can remain neutral without a violation of her self-respect, it is far better for her to do so.' His book is one of great significance, and one that shows what a nation of madmen in arms we and our allies have to face.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. (Nelson & Sons. 1s. net per volume.)

Mr. Buchan's fifth volume describes the war of attrition in the West, the battle of the Serbian ridges, and the fighting at sea down to the blockade of Britain. The history is brought up to the beginning of January. A graphic chapter on 'The Campaign in the Air' points out that 'destruction, except in the special case of gas works, airship sheds, and magazines, must rank at present far behind reconnaissance in the tale of the work of aircraft.' Much has happened since this chapter was written, and we shall look forward to the account of Lieut. Warneford's heroic feat in a later volume. Another vivid chapter deals with 'Raids and Blockades,' and 'Economics and Law' shows that 'if a great war is a packet of surprises for the strategist it is not less so for the economist and the jurist.' The volume is one of sustained power and interest. The sixth volume deals with the campaign on the Niemen and the Narew, the struggle in the Carpathians, Neuve Chapelle, and the first attempt upon the Dardanelles. The Russian capture of Przemyśl is described at length. The fall of the town was 'not a Russian achievement so much as an Austrian disgrace. It fell by its own momentum like an over-ripe fruit.' The chapter on Neuve Chapelle shows that the great scheme did not go as smoothly as was hoped. Mistakes had been made which prevented us from carrying the ridge which dominated Lille. 'Our reach had exceeded our grasp, as so often happens in war.' The weather clouded suddenly and our artillery preparation was not everywhere adequate. Yet the success produced an intense exasperation in the German mind.

Their tactics had been turned against themselves. The opening of the campaign on the Dardanelles is traced with much instructive detail, and the battle of the landing is shown to be 'a mighty feat of arms.' Material is supplied for forming a judgement as to the wisdom of the policy of the attempt on the Dardanelles.

La Grande Serbie. Par E. Denis, Professeur à la Sorbonne.
(Paris : Librairie Delagrave. 8fr. 50.)

This is the first volume of a *Library of Politics and of History* which is being issued under the direction of Professor Denis. The subject has been well chosen, for Serbia has won the admiration of the whole world by its heroic stand against Austria, and we are not surprised that this book has already reached a fourth edition. It has two good maps, and begins with a chapter on the geography of the country and its influence on Serbian history. Then the history is sketched from the days of the Roman Empire to the Turkish dominion and through the years of independence, 1804-1867, to the present day. The Balkan wars and the present struggle with Austria have special chapters, and the book closes with a description of the Serb programme. Those who have visited Serbia since the war began have been struck by the serene energy with which its people have borne sufferings which seemed likely to crush human nature. They have been sustained by the conviction that the moment approaches when all the Slavs will be under one flag, delivered at last from Turkish rule or German or Magyar. The Pan-Serbian programme is not dictated by the ambitious fantasy of a knot of dreamers, but is based on history and ethnography. Dalmatia, where the Slav sentiment is most intense and unanimous, has 570,000 Slav inhabitants and less than 15,000 Italians. This chapter will appeal to all students of the Slav problem, and the book itself is singularly opportune and full of interest.

The Submerged Nationalities of the German Empire. By Ernest Barker. (Clarendon Press. 8d. net.)

The submerged nationalities are Prussian Poland, Schleswig-Holstein, and Alsace-Lorraine. Mr. Barker describes the way in which they were submerged and the present conditions in each region. Prussia's failure in Schleswig-Holstein is perhaps worse than her failure in Poland. The policy of compulsory nationalization has not succeeded in any of the three countries. This is a very careful and judicial study which leads to the conclusion that if once the three-class system goes by which the Prussian Parliament is elected a new Prussia will arise and a new Germany. Prussia is strong enough to determine the future of Germany for good and for evil. What is needed is 'a Prussia remade and regenerate, who will not vex any more the peoples within her borders because their tongue is not her tongue and their ways are not her ways.'

***Field Hospital and Flying Column.* By Violetta Thurston.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)**

Miss Thurston went to Belgium last August in charge of twenty-six Red Cross nurses and was in Brussels at the time of the German entry. She and two other sisters were given a permit by the German authorities to go to Charleroi, which was crammed with wounded. The confusion which they found at the Red Cross Hospital was indescribable. There were no trained nurses, and no one seemed to be in command. Blood-stained uniforms hastily cut off the soldiers were lying on the floor, men were moaning, calling for water, begging that their dressings might be done again. There was difficulty in getting any food save potatoes and lentils, yet before long the newcomers had the place in working order and no hospital ever had nicer patients. By-and-by the hospital was closed, and Miss Thurston and her nurses were sent out of the country. At Copenhagen she got permission to go to Russia with three of her nurses, and after a trying journey was sent to Warsaw, and finally to the front near Lodz with a Flying Column, of which Prince V. was the head. Miss Thurston narrowly escaped being killed by a bomb. Then she was wounded by a stray bit of shrapnel and laid aside by a sharp attack of pleurisy. She has used her time of convalescence to tell this story. It is a first hand record, full of spirit and alive from first to last. She is again with her 'beloved column,' and we hope that by-and-by that means another book as moving as this.

***The Story of Alsace-Lorraine.* By Leslie F. Church, B.A.,
F.R.H.S. (Kelly. 1s. net.)**

This is emphatically a book for the times. It traces the history of the country from early days to the close of the Franco-German war, explains the effects of that campaign and gives a clear account of the separation of the two provinces from France. Any one who reads this compact and most interesting little book will get a clear conception of the whole problem of Alsace-Lorraine.

Papers for War Time (Milford. 2d.) keep up their interest. *Peace with Empire*, by Edwyn Bevan, M.A., urges that the way of peace for England after the war will be 'to hold the door as open for the world's trade as it would be under any system of internationalism.' *The Reasonable Direction of Force*, by Louise E. Matthaei, pleads for the use of international tribunals and international police, but admits that they cannot adequately deal with international relations. 'Goodwill between nations is the indispensable preliminary to universal peace.'—*In the Church and the Hope of the Future*, Mr. J. H. Oldham says that there is but one thing that can reconcile us to the sacrifices which the war has brought. 'It is that the suffering should be the birth-pangs of a new and better world.' Without an inrush of new spiritual forces human society can no longer hope to hold together. The Church must 'express the Christian ideal of fellowship and brotherhood, and at the same

time strive persistently to mould national, industrial, and social life in accordance with the principles which are the fountain light of all its day.'—*What is at Stake in the War*, by R. W. Seton-Watson, D.Litt., is one of the most suggestive in the series. 'Our task is nothing less than the regeneration of Europe, the vindication of the twin principles of Nationality and Democracy, the emancipation of subject races from alien rule.' The subject is a momentous one, and this paper deserves close attention.

Christianity and the World-Crisis. (Kelly. 6d. net.) This pamphlet gives the three addresses delivered by the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, Dr. E. Griffith-Jones and Dr. D. S. Cairns in the Town Hall, Birmingham, during the recent meeting of the Wesleyan Conference. Each address is full of ripe thought as to the war and its issues for Christianity. Every one will be interested and helped by a study of these masterly addresses.—*The Men who died in Battle*, by J. Patterson-Smyth, Litt.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 1s. net), will be a comfort to many mourners in this time of war. He speaks of death and the life beyond, of the men who die in Christ and of those 'for whom we are afraid' in a way that helps us to look through the veil and see those whom we have lost serving on one side of it, whilst we serve on the other, yet all in the presence of Christ. The dead carry with them all the treasures of mind and soul which by God's grace they had won for themselves on earth. Dr. Smyth writes with deep feeling and keeps close to Scripture.—*The Souls of the Brave*. By E. W. Walters. (Kelly. 6d. net.) A beautiful little set of scenes which bring the sorrow and sacrifice of this war-time into intimate relation with Christ. The idea is gracefully and tenderly worked out, and the reproduction of James Clark's picture, *The Great Sacrifice*, is very effective.—*Women and Bribery*. By R. M. Leonard. (8d.) This pamphlet, published by the Bribery and Secret Commissions Prevention League, shows the temptations to which women are exposed by presents from tradesmen, and other things.—*Linguistic Areas in Europe: their Boundaries and Political Significance*. By Leon Dominian. This is a reprint from the bulletin of the American Geographical Society. The writer shows by the aid of coloured maps the areas within which various languages are spoken and reaches the conclusion that 'the growing coincidence of linguistic and political boundaries must be regarded as a normal development.'—Mr. R. C. Hawkin discusses the Belgian proposal to place Central Africa outside the sphere of military operations in a shilling pamphlet (Sweet & Maxwell). He gives his own letters on the subject and quotes some of the replies which they elicited. But the way in which Germany has acted makes us feel that our Government was right in refusing 'to respect the neutrality of the belligerent powers in the conventional basin of the Congo.'

GENERAL

Last Pages from a Journal and other Papers. By Mark Rutherford. Edited by his wife. (H. Milford. 4s. 6d. net.)

Mrs. WHITE has edited this precious little volume with taste and skill. It is arranged in three parts, the last being a selection from her husband's note-books. Five of the papers are now published for the first time, others have been collected from various places where they were lying buried. The result is a charming book full of insight and ripe wisdom. 'George Eliot as I knew her' is a warm appreciation of the woman and the writer. 'She is an original word which could not have been uttered before, and cannot be repeated or imitated.' The little account of Emerson's ancestor—'Peter Bulkley'—and his one book—*The Gospel Covenant*—is of special interest. Its creed may some day 'perhaps be admitted to be better worth study than the mythology even of Greece or India.' 'Unaccountable' is the story of a village tragedy told with keen discernment and sympathy. The details as to 'Shelley's birth-place' are just what lovers of the poet will prize, and a 'Note or two for readers of Wordsworth' gives a brief account of three scarce pamphlets and an unpublished letter from Wordsworth to Lord Lowther. Part III. will stir many thoughts. How much lies behind the saying, 'Every faculty and virtue I possess can be used as an instrument wherewith to worry myself.' Love is described as 'the finest conscience,' and we are warned 'never try to say anything remarkable. It is sure to be wrong.' The closing note, one of the last Mark Rutherford wrote, is a fine tribute to 'the greatest name in our literature.' 'In reading Shakespeare lately I have been softly overcome with a peculiar peace and repose. Controversy ceases, artificial difficulties lose their importance, anxiety disappears. I am as a child in the arms of a man who knows, but who smiles at my terrors.'

The English Countryside. By Ernest C. Pulbrook. (B. T. Batsford. 7s. 6d. net.)

This attractive large octavo volume will have a warm welcome from lovers of country scenes. Its nineteen chapters take us to the coast, the creeks and streams, the fords, bridges, and mills of England, and one hundred and twenty-six illustrations, well chosen and effectively produced, some of which we owe to Mr. Pulbrook's own camera, form a beautiful set of pictures covering every aspect of the countryside. Mr. Pulbrook says, 'There is true joyousness in the country—the joy of harvest, the joy of a fine evening or the

coming of spring, the joy of rain after drought. The country teaches patience and hope; it soothes the nerves; and its wide spaces bring content and teach the immensity of things as life in the fretting city can never hope to do.' England has 'as many facets as a well-cut diamond.' A life-time would not reveal all its wonders. The cliffs are the bulwarks of our island, and striking photographs are given of those at Flamborough and Hunstanton. 'Every coast is beautiful in its own fashion. In the tangled under-cliff we can find treasure of wild flowers and see how the rain undermines the rock until one day it falls with a crash, adding another to the many natural gardens of our land.' The chapter on 'Ancient Bridges' is very attractive with its fine illustrations, and that on 'The Passing of the Mill' makes one regret that such delightful things are becoming rarer. There is a good chapter on Wayside and Market Crosses, and that on cottage and farmhouse interiors has some delightful pictures. The book will be a source of deep and lasting pleasure to all who love the country.

Maria Again. By Mrs. John Lane. (John Lane. 8s. 6d. net.) Maria is older than when we met her last, but time has not robbed her of her power to amuse. She attempts to be her own chronicler, but the attitude of husband and servants soon compels her to abandon literature, and her old friend takes up the story again. Her visit to the opera is almost too grotesque, and her ventures in philanthropy lead her friend to promise five shillings to the prodigal's brother out of sheer disgust with Maria's new plaything—the Prodigal Son. Maria excels herself in her views on Shakespeare, and the lecture on him at Claridge's is delicious. He is Queen Elizabeth's son 'put out to nurse in a very nice family by the name of Bacon,' where as he grows up he wastes all his time in play-writing. 'He called himself Shakespeare on his play-bills,' the Queen writes, but 'in the home circle they always called him Bacon.' Hamlet on the cinematograph without the speeches charms Maria, who didn't yawn once and could never remember when she had been so thrilled for sixpence. Maria flourishes to the end, a fruitful source of laughter as ever, and there is so much life left in her that we hope Mrs. Lane will not fail to raise the curtain again by and by. We need some one to make us smile to-day, and Maria never fails to do it.

Salute to Adventures. By John Buchan. (Nelson. 6s.) Andrew Garvald goes out to Virginia as a factor, and has some wonderful adventures as defender of the colony from a horde of Indians led on by a Scottish fanatic who had been sent to the plantations as ringleader of the 'Sweet Singers.' Andrew had strangely met him in Scotland, and at the crisis of the colony's fate he is able to persuade Muckle John Gib to lead his host of Indians westward instead of against the little shielings of Virginia. How Andrew wins Elapheth, whom he had first seen in Scotland as a girl of sixteen and whom he saves from the Indians, adds a stirring love story to the adventures of this fine book.

Doctor Syn, by Russell Thorndyke (Nelson & Sons, 6s.), is a tale of smuggling on the Romney Marsh. The way in which the whole thing is organized by the Vicar and sexton, who are really a pair of pirates, almost takes away one's breath. Jerk, the pot-boy at the inn, is an extraordinary character, and the adventures of the book keep up the excitement from first to last. It is one of the most thrilling stories of smuggling life that we have ever read.

Three Gentlemen from New Caledonia, by R. D. Hemingway and Henry de Halsalle (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.), won the £800 prize offered by the publisher in conjunction with the proprietors of the *Daily Express*. It is a detective story which describes the ill deeds of three escaped convicts and two receivers of stolen goods. Nothing could be more sensational or more exciting. Every villain comes to a bad end, so that ample justice is done on the horrible crew of thieves and murderers.—*Jaffery*. By William J. Locke. (John Lane. 6s.) Jaffery is a splendid fellow, overflowing with life and spirit. He saves the reputation of a dead friend and falls in love with his widow, but at the critical moment when Doria is willing to marry him Jaffery sees his mistake and finds his true partner in Liosha, one of the strangest of heroines. The book is quite unconventional and is full of rude health and vigour. We were afraid that Liosha would lose her predestined mate, but the fates are kind at last and she comes out of her long testing a noble woman worthy even to be the wife of Jaffery.—*Rank and Riches*. By Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul & Co. 6s.) Armitage Brown, the millionaire of Lombard Street, buys a great mansion in Meadshire and makes a new venture as a country gentleman. His experience is not altogether happy, and the great war robs him of a million of money and turns Kemaale into a hospital for the wounded. The love affairs of the book, the prejudices of the countryside, and the local patriotism at the outbreak of war are vividly and effectively described. We become so much interested in the story that we hope Mr. Marshall will give us a sequel to it when the war is over.

Much Ado About Nothing. (Greening & Co., 6s.) This is one of the *Novels from Shakespeare* told by a popular novelist who has entered into the spirit of the play, and skilfully filled out the scenes. The plot hatched by Don John and his man succeeds only too well, and its cruel dénouement is powerfully described. Then the deceit is made known, and two happy marriages wind up the story. There are two effective illustrations in colour by Averil Burleigh.

A Summary of Methodist Law and Discipline, being a new edition of 'The Large Minutes.' By the Rev. John S. Simon, D.D. (The Methodist Publishing House. 6s. net.)

The publication of the fourth edition of this invaluable 'Summary' intensifies our gratitude to its able editor. It is much enlarged, but

it is also greatly improved. 'The Wesley Guild' has ten pages instead of two; 'Foreign Missionaries' forty pages instead of nine. Many of the additions, all who constantly use this standard work will be glad to notice, are the result of printing *verbatim* important resolutions which, in earlier editions, had to be sought out by following the direction, *see Minutes, etc.* Appendix VII. is new, and contains 'the case' presented to Counsel, and 'the opinion' given in regard to the meaning of the phrase, *The First Four Volumes of Wesley's Sermons*. As an expert in administration as well as in knowledge of Methodist law, the editor has, in several instances, so arranged the contents of the *Summary* as to facilitate reference. For example, attention is called to the Conference Regulation in regard to the Sanitary Condition of Ministers' Houses in the Agenda for the June, not, as before, the September Quarterly Meeting. Re-arrangement has its perils, and once it has led to repetition. The resolution concerning 'Travelling Expenses of Supplies' is more conveniently placed on p. 158, but it is also printed still on p. 158.

Lowland Scotch as spoken in the Lower Strathearn District of Perthshire. By Sir James Wilson, K.C.S.I., M.A. (Oxford University Press. 5s. net.)

Dr. Craigie points out in his Foreword that the scholarly study of Scottish dialects is no new thing. Dr. Jamieson's dictionary laid the foundations more than a century ago and others have built wisely upon them, but the tendency has been to consider Scottish speech as a whole, instead of as a collection of dialects, and greater attention has been given to the vocabulary than to the sounds of the language. Sir James Wilson has made a careful study of the dialect spoken in the valley of the Earn in the south-east of Perthshire, with which he was familiar as a boy. He has aimed to give the words, grammar, and idioms actually used by the best living speakers of the local dialect within that area. The portraits of four of his 'authorities' form a fitting frontispiece to the volume. Sir James has only undertaken his work in time. Books and newspapers are teaching the people, even in remote villages, to think and speak in something like standard English. 'As each generation passes away, some of the good old pithy words and phrases pass away with it.' Pronunciation and grammar are carefully dealt with, and extended lists are given of words connected in meaning. Those who turn to proverbs and sayings, characteristic and idiomatic expressions and verses current in Strathern, will find some racy things.

A hairay maan's a gairay maan,
A hairay weif's a wuch;

means—

'A hairy man's a wealthy man,
A hairy woman's a witch.'

Here is one riddle—

As roond's dhe muin, as black's a coal,
A laung tootoo, un a pumpin hoal.

Answer : Dhe stroop oa a kethel.

As round as the moon, as black as a coal,
A long bent pipe, and a pumping hole.

Answer : The spout of a kettle.

All students of dialect will be grateful for this exact and detailed account of Lowland Scotch spoken in the Earn valley.

Lyrics of Old London. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

Illustrated by Mary Ellis. (Allen & Unwin. 5s. net.)

Miss Stuart has caught the spirit of Old London in these fine lyrics. There are fourteen of them, and each has its own claim to attention. 'Such a King Harry,' the first lyric, has a very effective full-page illustration of Henry the Fifth's chantry and a little motto from Michael Drayton :

Oh, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry !

The dead king's deeds are told with much spirit, and the last verse attempts to follow the hero beyond the grave :

God rest his soul ! Heaven's high towers glow,
Beyond death's mountains dim ;
And at the blessed gate I trow
St. George will welcome him !

A deeper pathos surrounds 'The King goes forth : 1649.'

The King goes forth—a King of pain,
Through his cold city led :
And ere the morning breaks again
On the white earth shall creep a stain
Darkly red.

'The Psalter of Prior Rahere,' with a full-page view of the altar of St. Bartholomew and the prior's tomb, is excellent, and so is 'A Monk of Westminster,' which lights up the internal struggle of the recluse whose thoughts are on the busy world with its

'Visions of crimson wine,
And vivid eyes that shine !'

The lyrics carry us back to the life of Old London, and the six illustrations are admirably in keeping with the verse.

Through Dust to Light. By Robert V. Heckscher. (Boston : Sherman, French & Co. 1\$ net.)

This volume was published four years ago, and is described as 'Poems from an Apprenticeship.' They are ingeniously arranged

under the headings—Truth, Good, and Beauty. Under truth are grouped the poems which are of the nature of a revelation, under good 'those which enclose morality,' and under beauty we find three sections—emotion, fancy, and fantasy. There is much thought aptly and melodiously expressed. A fine faith breathes in the little poem, 'Safe and Sure,' of which we quote the second verse :

Sing! on the sinking ship
 What do I care ;
 Though all the planks may slip
 Into despair.
 What is the sea to me ?
 Swinging, each portal
 Leads to the Life that's free—
 I am immortal !

Pressing Problems. By J. Merrin, M.A. (S.P.C.K.) 8s. 6d. net.

Mr. Merrin has been brought into close touch with the social problem as incumbent of populous parishes in Islington, Leyton, and Stratford. He holds that the true motive of all social service is love to others for Christ's sake, and that the Church must undertake seriously and effectively the great and urgent task of social reform. He divides his subject into four parts—problems of poverty, of home-life, of child-life, of national folly. On all these subjects the book is an encyclopædia of facts and figures. It makes various suggestions as to the way in which the evils may be remedied and shows that the alliance of 'Church and State in one united, fixed, unalterable determination to deliver our people from the blight and curse of alcohol would speedily result in a regenerated Empire.'

The Christianising of China. By Edwin A. Pratt. (S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Pratt's object is to show what Christian missions are doing for the religious, educational, and social interests of China. He quotes Dr. Haigh's statement to the Wesleyan Conference that Buddhism in China is 'played out, and Confucianism is passing.' The real alternative for the New China would seem to be Christianity or Agnosticism. Mr. Pratt has chapters on evangelistic work, missions and education, the Student movement, physical culture, medical work, justice, literature and the press, and a striking chapter on women in China. A good map adds to the value of this most interesting little book.

The Pilgrim Road. By W. B. Fitzgerald. (Kelly. 1s. net.) Mr. Fitzgerald finds in the *Pilgrim's Progress* a mirror of experience from youth to age. He shows how Bunyan himself is 'the fact behind the allegory,' and describes the special difficulties and temptations of each stage in the Christian's way through this world. The chapters on 'Comradeship by the Way' and 'The World's Fair'

are very bright and suggestive. All lovers of Bunyan will prize this fresh and stimulating study.—*The Sesame Library. The Crown of Wild Olive. Sesame and Lilies.* By John Ruskin. (Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.) *The Sesame Library*, with its foolscap octavo volumes bound in blue canvas covers, is very attractive, and the two Ruskin volumes just added to it have a very wide appeal. *The Crown of Wild Olive* was published in 1868 and republished in 1878 with a fourth lecture on 'the Future of England.' Mr. Collingwood calls this 'the central work of the life of John Ruskin.' *Sesame and Lilies* is perhaps the most popular of all his books. The charm of the lectures is as great as their wisdom and their sympathy with all honest and fruitful work.—*Fighting the Fly Peril.* By C. J. Plowman and W. J. Dearden, M.R.C.S. (F. J. Unwin. 1s. net.) This is a popular and practical handbook, which shows how prolific the house-fly is and how it spreads infection. The most effective way of dealing with it is to treat horse manure with borax, which is efficient, non-poisonous, economical, not injurious to vegetable life, readily procurable, and easy of application. The book is intensely interesting and good illustrations add much to its value as a domestic manual.—*A Key to Health and Long Life.* By F. W. D. Mitchell, L.S.O. (C. W. Daniel. 8s. 6d. net.) Mr. Mitchell studied for five years as a doctor though he never took his final examinations. He has given much thought to the subject of digestion, and offers many valuable suggestions as to food, sleep, and kindred subjects. He quotes the leading authorities, and has much to say about diet in health, meals and meal hours, which is sensible and helpful.—*Why not Buddhism?* by Dr. Ballard (Kelly, 1d.), is a brief but careful and reliable summary of the relations between Buddhism and Christianity. The facts are clearly stated and the main principles of Buddhism carefully explained. The superiority of Christianity to Buddhism as a religion for humanity is effectively shown.

The Redcaps' Annual (Kelly, 8s.) is one of the most variously entertaining annuals that could be found for the nursery. Its stories and poems and its most amusing pictures will win it the warmest welcome everywhere.

Mobilize Methodism. By G. Wallace Carter (Kelly, 8d. net) describes a scheme for using town local preachers to supply village pulpits. The scheme was approved by the last Conference, and the way to work it is clearly described. It ought to be of great service.

The Report of the Minister of Public Instruction in Victoria states that 2,174 day schools are in operation, not fewer than 782 of these being maintained for an average of twenty pupils or less. Some of the small schools cost as much as £11 per child for instruction alone. Women head teachers of the sixth or lowest class receive salaries of £110 to £180, and men £120 to £200. Only one night school was held, with 124 boys and 88 girls. Future development will be along the line of continuation classes. Some illustrations are given of school work, and the way children come on horseback and cycle, or by boat.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

The *Edinburgh Review* (July).—Dr. Shadwell describes the war literature with which Germany is flooded. Where we produce tens of books and pamphlets the Germans produce hundreds. They are written by the 'intellectuals' who 'create the "isms" of the day that rule German intelligence and are the real authors and guides of public opinion. They represent intellectual authority, whose decrees are accepted not less submissively than those of the police in civil life. As somebody has said, they are the keepers of the German conscience.' We have been ignorant of facts as well as of the mentality of the enemy or we should not have been surprised at the gas attacks. 'This weapon is no sudden device adopted by a desperate enemy to make good his weakness in other respects. It has been in preparation since the beginning of the war, and has only waited for complete elaboration and a favourable opportunity. German writers boasted of these things at an early date, and the technical department still has other surprises up its sleeve.' The dominant note of the war literature is the transcendent superiority of everything German, and the measureless inferiority of all other nations. The intensity, universality, and potency of German self-esteem are only imperfectly realized in this country. There is one law for Germans and another for the rest of the world. 'What suits them is right, and what does not is wrong. There are for them no other rules of conduct than that simple formula, "Might is Right—so long as it is German might"; "Need sanctions any deed," so long as it is German need. Neither maxim holds good for the enemy. German need sanctions any deed in Belgium, but Belgian need does not even excuse resistance. When German artillery is in superior force it is not only right but glorious; when British artillery had the upper hand it was not war but murder.' William Archer, in a paper on Count Reventlow's *Germany's Foreign Policy*, says that 'the one fact which emerges sun-clear' from it is that Germany's foreign policy for the past twenty years has been entirely shaped by her passionate jealousy of Great Britain's sea-power, and her fierce resolve to break it. She could not bear to think that her mailed fist was less terrible, less omnipotent, at sea than on land. The book shows that 'nothing would have satisfied her save the power to reduce these islands, at any moment, to the condition of Belgium; and for one thing only we must thank her—namely, that she has forced us to recognize the full extent of her malignity before it was too late.'

Quarterly Review (July).—The Dean of St. Paul writes on 'Patriotism.' He says 'the illusions of imperialism have been made clearer than ever by the course of modern history. Attempts to destroy a nationality by overthrowing its government, proscribing its language, and maltreating its citizens, are never successful. . . Our own empire would be a ludicrous failure if it were any part of our ambition to anglicize other races.' The only English parts of the empire were waste lands which we have peopled with our own emigrants. We hauled down the French flag in Canada, with the result that Eastern Canada is now the only flourishing French colony, and the only part of the world where the French race increases rapidly. We have helped the Dutch to multiply with almost equal rapidity in South Africa. We have added several millions to the native population of Egypt, and over a hundred millions to the population of India.' The Dean thinks we may reasonably hope that in the distant future 'patriotism will be a sentiment like the loyalty which binds a man to his public school and university, an affection purged of all rancour and jealousy, a stimulant to all honourable conduct and noble effort, a part of the poetry of life. . . There are, after all, few emotions of which one has less reason to be ashamed than the little lump in the throat which the Englishman feels when he first catches sight of the white cliffs of Dover.' Mr. Leaf traces the history of the Dardanelles from the siege of Troy to our own times. Sir W. Osler in 'War, Wounds, and Disease,' reviews briefly the more serious camp diseases to which wounded and healthy are liable, and thinks that the country may be congratulated on the small part disease has so far played in the Great War. Dr. E. J. Dillon describes the 'Dramatis Personae of the Italian Crisis.' Giolitti was an uncrowned monarch who left the national defences in a state of utter unpreparedness. 'And by a curious perversity of spirit, which gives one the measure of his intellectual and moral fitness for leadership, he afterwards relied upon the inadequacy to which his own policy had reduced the army and the navy, but which his successors had fortunately remedied, as one of the arguments by which he endeavoured to convince the king of the unwisdom of breaking with Germany and Austria.' Prince Bülow had overweening confidence in his capacity to hold Italy to Germany and Austria, but he carried his brilliant performances so far as to humiliate Italy. 'Of all the elements of the problem he had ignored only one, but that one was the Italian nation. And the nation, rising up in anger, swept the ingeniously fashioned cage he had made for it to the winds of heaven.' Italy's decision was 'the ready response of a people to the call of highest duty, a heartening instance of the law of eclectic affinity among civilized nations.'

The Dublin Review (July).—Mr. Wilfrid Ward gives an attractive picture of 'Father Maturin,' who was one of the victims of the *Lusitania*. He combined in a high degree missionary zeal, the fire of spiritual genius, and penetrating psychological insight. In private

life he was a charming companion, full of sympathy, a frank simplicity running through his conversation. His Irish impulsiveness and want of balance gave way in the pulpit to mellow wisdom and wonderful penetration. 'It was as though a great spirit dwelt in the depths of his soul which only the presence of an audience of human beings looking to him for guidance could effectively evoke.' After the ship was torpedoed, he helped women and children into boats and threw a little child into the arms of a lady with the words 'Try to find its mother.' Mr. Belloc writes on 'The Effect of Waterloo.' It was 'a final or terminal thing' which put an end to the whole business of the revolutionary or Napoleonic wars. After Waterloo 'all the cause for which the defeated army stood was ruined.' As to Prussian help Mr. Belloc says the appearance of von Bülow's fourth 'army corps upon Napoleon's right in the late afternoon, which, from the British point of view was something so belated as to come only just in doubtful time at the best, was from the Prussian point of view the dramatic entry of the decisive factor in the victory.' The Bishop of Northampton deals with 'The Neutrality of the Pope.' He says that German atrocities have 'undoubtedly raised a new and very difficult problem, both for the Holy Father and for the Catholic world. If the Kaiser had fought a clean fight, attacks on the Pope's neutrality, if they had been made, might have been ignored.' The bishop points out the 'terrible spiritual peril to which our German brethren in religion would be exposed by any imprudence on the part of the Vatican at this critical moment,' and reaches the conclusion: if the Pope 'decides to speak, we shall support him with all our power. If he decides to remain silent, we shall understand and shall not rebel.'

The Round Table (June).—The first article on 'The Burden of Victory' points out that 'after ten months' war Germany has won a position which will give her the mastery of Europe if she can keep it at the peace. She has conquered Belgium. She occupies the most productive part of France.' It is the vigour of our action in the next few months that will decide whether the Germans or the Allies are right. The decision rests with us as to whether Germany will be able to sign an inconclusive peace or whether we will begin at once to put forth that maximum effort which will be decisive. 'The Foundations of Peace' are discussed in another article. We have to concentrate our resources on the defeat of Germany, and on the destruction of 'the prestige of that domineering and autocratic spirit which has been the root of the war.' . . . The Germanic powers are 'fighting to establish an ascendancy over Central and Western Europe by force of arms, as the stepping-stone to a similar ascendancy, based on fear, in the outside world.' If they win 'All the States of Europe, and those of the outer world also, instead of pursuing their own way free from apprehension and free from interference from outside will lie in the shadow of Germany, knowing that at any time she may insist on their subordinating their policy

to her will, under threat of crushing them with irresistible military power.' The Allies are fighting not only for their own national independence and for the liberation of many millions of Serbs, Croats, Slovaks, Poles and other races, who lie under the German and Magyar heel, but also for the overthrow of a principle which would render impossible that progress of free nations towards concord and unity which is the only sure foundation of lasting peace.'—(September). The opening notes on 'National Duty in War' refer to the great effort required if liberty is to be saved in Europe. Germany has produced no Napoleon, yet in forty years her General Staff has 'created a military system and a national organization unequalled by those of any of the Allies. By comparison we are all somewhat amateur. It will, therefore, be by our endurance, our courage, and our numbers rather than by any superiority in generalship that we must reckon to win the war.' Our effort has been prodigious, yet even now we are fighting with only half our national strength. The first and most obvious step is to introduce a new spirit into the conduct of public affairs. Every section of the people must carry out that fraction of service which falls to its lot with loyalty and determination to the end. As to military service, the function of the community is 'not to force the hand of the Government one way or the other, but to make it understand that it is willing to accept any method of enlistment for military service which it considers necessary to win the war.' 'The Industrial Situation' is discussed in an able article, and 'England's Financial Task' is explained. If the whole population practised small acts of abstinence our whole financial burden would be enormously lightened. 'American Public Opinion and the War' is a valuable study written by some one in New York who says that 'comparatively few in the United States realize to what an extent their future depends upon the defeat of German ambitions.' American public opinion is 'whole-heartedly and overwhelmingly on the side of the Allies.'

Church Quarterly (July).—Mgr. Battifol, Canon of Notre Dame, Paris, writes on 'France at War.' He says the French gaiety easily deceives a foreigner, who regards it as incurable frivolity. It is really a spontaneous expression of the sociability of the race, and is the play by which the individual defends himself against his own sensibility and the indiscretion of his neighbour. The Canon shows by some delightful letters that French soldiers are both gay and brave. There has been a remarkable return of the soldiers 'to the Catholic faith.' Thirty or forty out of a hundred made their Easter communion. An article on 'The War: Our Danger' speaks of the vast task before us which will demand an ungrudging sacrifice of men and wealth, a firm and resolute spirit, 'a confident determination without arrogance or hatred or contempt, a determination resolutely to stick to the task which is before us until we are able, with God's help, to carry it to a successful conclusion.'

Hibbert Journal (July).—The moral and spiritual side of the present war receives interesting notice in this number. Prince Troubetsky says in the first article, 'Beyond the hell which has been let loose on earth we have discerned the presence of a higher power, over which hell cannot prevail; and it is to that higher power that the future belongs.' Prof. Norman Smith seeks to point out how international relations may become ethicised. 'A spiritual Balance-Sheet of the War,' by Cloudealy Brereton, shows how European civilization is at stake, and desiderates 'a common religious basis that shall make the nations more spiritually one than they have been in the past.' Col. Keene writes on 'War and How to Meet it,' while an article on 'America and the German Spirit,' by J. H. Crooker, suggests that the United States have been too subservient to German influences in the past, and that in the future they must be 'less under the spell of specialism, materialism, and militarism.' Two articles deal with Scriptural and Christian aspects of the all-prevalent subject—Canon J. M. Wilson's on 'Christ's Sanction as Well as Condemnation of War,' and Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein's 'The Golden Rule and its Application to Present Conditions.' Though the war claims so large a proportion of the articles, they are sufficiently diversified and the whole number is well balanced.

Journal of Theological Studies (July).—Among 'Notes and Studies,' the longest article is on 'The Tabernacle Chapters,' by A. H. Finn. The questions raised concern the LXX. translation of Exodus 25-31 and 35-40, and the writer seeks to prove that the translators were the same throughout, and that chapters 30 and 31 are an integral portion of the original instructions, and 35-40 a narrative of how the instructions were obeyed. Rev. R. H. Malden expounds 'St. Ambrose as an Interpreter of Holy Scripture,' dwelling especially on his allegorism. Mr. C. H. Turner contributes two papers, one on the Apostolic Canons, the other on a prayer in the Church Order of Hippolytus. Other articles are 'David's Lament over Saul and Jonathan,' by A. Guillaume; 'Nestorius's Version of the Nicene Creed,' by Rev. F. J. Badcock, and 'Siloam,' by Dr. A. Wright. Among the reviews, Rev. B. H. Streeter discusses some recent works on the Eschatological Teaching of our Lord.

Holborn Review (July).—'Dr. John Wilson, M.P.,' by J. G. Bowran, pays a well-deserved tribute to a well-known Labour leader and representative of Durham miners. The Primitive Methodism with which he was throughout associated helped largely in the fashioning of the man. Rev. C. J. Wright, B.D., gives a thoughtful account of Modernism as pragmatic, not anti-rational, but anti-scholastic. Rev. E. Shillito contributes a short but excellent and well-pointed article on 'Two Ways for the Church.' Is the Church to think *round* the war or *through* the war? 'Moral Problems Raised by the Great War,' by Arthur Wood, presents other sides of the same subject. Other articles are 'Foreign Missions a Modern

Necessity,' a rather belated one on Lafcadio Hearn, and one on Hardy's 'Satires of Circumstance,' by G. W. Turner.

Expository Times (July and August).—'The Tragic Schism: Has it been Healed?' by Rev. J. A. Robertson, discusses the nature of Divine Forgiveness. Dr. Gaster, Chief Rabbi, inquires afresh into the meaning of the Hebrew phrase translated 'The Lord of Hosts.' He comes to the conclusion that the original significance has been lost, and that the Hebrew should be rendered as a proper name, 'The Lord Sabaoth.' Both in the Editor's Notes and in a separate article the character of Judas Iscariot is interestingly handled. Dr. Hastings well refers his readers to Dr. Tasker's able article in the 'Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels.' In the August number Dr. T. G. Pinches, the Assyriologist, writes on 'The Niffer Story of the Creation and the Flood.' Principal Garvie, under the title 'The Pioneer of Faith and of Salvation,' gives an instalment of a study on the personal experience of Jesus as presented in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Dr. J. A. Beet's paper on 'The Study of Theology' is a reply to Mr. Alban G. Widgery's article in a previous number reflecting on theology and the methods of theologians. Mrs. E. Anglin Johnson contributes a short paper on 'The Unrealized Christianity of Shelley.' She recognizes that the two fundamentals of our religion found in Shelley were realized 'only in thought and unconnected with the fact of Christ.' The interest of this periodical is well sustained by a number of minor contributions which find no mention in this brief summary.

Pro Lithuania (July) is the first number of a little monthly devoted to the race which has dwelt for centuries on both sides of the Niemen. The Lithuanians have played an important part in the history both of Russian and Polish Slavs. They shared the fate of Poland and their country was absorbed in Russia, and to a small extent in East Prussia, yet their language and national customs have been preserved intact. Many interesting facts about the country and the race are given in this review.

The International Review (July), published in Zurich, contains some German answers to Mr. Ramsay Macdonald's suggestions as to peace. Prof. Lugo Bretano, of Munich, regards England and Russia as the originators of the war, and asserts that there is 'nothing for the sake of which Germans have gone to war, except the warding off of other powers' attacks on the free development of the German people.' Such discussion is ill-timed and hopeless.

The Moslem World (July).—An extract is given from an essay by Henri Lammens, S.J.: 'Was Mohammed Sincere?' The Koran is really a diary of the prophet's life. 'The numerous inconsistencies found in his doctrine and conduct betray the diplomat, preoccupied by the present and desirous not to make difficulties for himself, and the former trader finding in everything an opportunity for barter and exchange.' Mohammed was not afraid to associate Allah with his business and with his breach of contracts. So that

he becomes 'a somewhat magnified and idealized picture of a Mekkan merchant.' 'Success became fatal to Mohammed's honesty; he became hopelessly wrecked by it.'

Cornhill (July to September).—Dr. Fitchett's two papers on Wellington are of special interest. When he landed at Dover in 1818, having finished his great task in France, 'he was the most influential and the most widely trusted figure in the human landscape of his day.' His Waterloo despatch is conventional and chilly, and Dr. Fitchett shows its errors as to simple facts. 'The Detective Case,' by Sir Edward Clarke, is a strange study of crime. There is an attractive sketch of 'Edith Sichel,' and the war sketches by Boyd Cable, 'Between the Lines,' are very powerful. The serials are a marked success.

Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester (July to September).—A list is given of upwards of 8,000 volumes received or definitely promised for the Louvain Library. An international committee is being formed to assist in the restoration of the library. The Tercentenary of Shakespeare's death next April is to be celebrated by a lecture from Mr. Poel on 'The Globe Playhouse,' and two by Prof. R. G. Moulton on 'Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist and Thinker.' Prof. Conway's lecture on 'The Youth of Vergil' and notes upon some of the Kuranic MSS. in the library are features of this number.

AMERICAN

The American Journal of Theology (July).—'Christianity and War,' by Dr. A. C. McGiffert, contains a historical sketch of the views of leading Christian thinkers throughout the centuries on the subject of war, and shows that while, in view of the Sermon on the Mount, the followers of Christ might have been expected to pronounce all war unchristian, very few have done so. Mr. Stanley A. Cook's learned article on 'The Significance of the Elephantine Papyri for the History of Hebrew Religion' deserves careful study. We cannot summarize it here, but it is clear that the outlook on Jewish religion is widened by the discovery of these documents. In the writer's phrase, we see history otherwise than 'through the spectacles of Judah and Jerusalem.' Prof. G. B. Smith's answer to the question, 'What shall the Systematic Theologian Expect from the New Testament Scholar?' does not contribute much that is fresh on the relations between two closely-related disciplines. Prof. von Dobschütz presents the prevailing view of scholars generally on the subject of the Canon, as he traces the steps by which 'the idea of canonicity has been discredited.' But he presents only one side of a large subject. Prof. Foster's discussion of the uses of *mysterium* and *sacramentum* in the Latin versions is suggestive to all students of the sacramental idea.

Harvard Theological Review.—The July number contains the Dudleian Lecture for 1915 by Professor W. Adams Brown. Its sub-

ject is 'The Permanent Significance of Miracle for Religion.' Having discussed the origin of the miracle-belief and analysed the elements which enter into it, the lecturer sums up his conclusions. He holds that 'miracle is a part of the larger question of theism, and in the last analysis stands or falls with it. If you could disprove the existence of a personal God, you would disprove miracle. So long as faith in such a God exists miracle will remain, for miracle is the way in which the personal God communicates His will to man.' The Creator is working toward an end as we are; 'He too, measuring the present by the past, notes progress in the accomplishment of His plan. . . . The forward steps in His onward march, the stages in that creative evolution which is the law of the divine life, are what religion knows as miracle.' Bishop McConnell, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, writes on 'The Function of the Educated and of the Uneducated Ministry.' He begins by saying that 'in one sense of the word there is, of course, no place in the ministry for the uneducated man.' But he distinguishes the ignorant man from the man who is technically untrained. 'For the man whose education has been in the school of life and who, in that life, has come to profound knowledge of life on the religious side there is large place, especially if he have the gift of communicating himself.' Dr. McConnell makes good his contention without any disparagement of theological seminaries; he has found that 'in nothing is a theological education more valuable than in the correction of the critical temper by the community-spirit in the school.' Dr. D. J. Fraser gives an interesting account of 'Recent Church Union Movements in Canada.' Presbyterians are not so ready as Congregationalists and Methodists to consummate the proposed organic union. Many think that the problem of overlapping should be 'tackled first by a generous and statesmanlike policy of co-operation. If we cannot work side by side in a friendly spirit, are we capable of having any useful parts in an organic union?'

Bibliotheca Sacra.—The opening article in the July number, by Prof. Denio, ably sustains the thesis that 'the teaching of the prophets respecting God's dealing with the nations was practically a philosophy of history.' Assyria furnishes a warning for every nation that puts its trust in brute force. Dr. Winthrop D. Sheldon writes on a kindred theme: 'The Moral Dynamics of World Power.' It is well to be reminded that still 'moral forces are in the ascendant as sources of national pre-eminence,' and the writer holds that 'as a storage battery of moral forces the United States has wielded an influence for the higher progress of the world, surpassed in extent, quality and value by no other nation, and equalled perhaps by none.' In a paper, entitled 'The Fourth Gospel a genuine narrative,' Dr. Hans C. Juell answers in the affirmative the question raised at the outset whether it is reasonable to suppose that John was present and able to witness all he has recorded in the Fourth Gospel or not. Mr. Harold M. Weiner supplements what he has already said in this Review in reply to Professor Lofthouse's article on 'Dahse v. Wellhausen.' Dr. O'Hara

presents arguments for 'The Incarnation' drawn from the realm of nature and of the world's work. He finds in the universe 'a trinity of matter, thought, truth—these three; and these three are one.' The writer speaks both of demonstrative proofs and of analogies. The latter is the better word for his purpose, as when he refers to 'analogies of the Incarnation' as found throughout all nature.

Methodist Review (New York) (July-August).—Dr. J. M. Buckley's debating power suffers no lapse through the advance of years. In an article, 'Study our Episcopacy,' he replies vigorously to Chancellor Day on the subject of the retiring of Bishops in the M.E. Church. Dr. James Mudge under the title, 'The Father of American Literature,' revives fading interest in Washington Irving. Prof. H. F. Ward in 'Songs of Labour' is chiefly concerned with two younger English poets, Massey and W. W. Gibson. The article may well be read side by side with that which succeeds it, on 'The Wages of Wickedness.' Prof. H. C. Sheldon, of Boston University, one of the foremost Methodist theologians of to-day, writes a short but timely and instructive paper on 'The Notion of a Changing God.' 'The Laureate of the English Seasons' celebrates the late Mr. Alfred Austin.

The Methodist Review (Nashville) (July).—Prof. J. W. Hudson, in discussing 'America's International Ideals,' expresses the hope that the Pan-American Union will be followed by a Pan-European Union, and then by a Pan-World Union. Prof. G. W. Dyer's article, 'A Man,' contains the sentence, 'We have been successful in producing everything except MEN.' As a specimen of the type of manhood needed to-day the writer selects General Robert E. Lee. Biography is not lacking in the number. Bishop Hendrix writes an appreciative account of Principal Rainy as a great Church leader; Professor M'Glothlin describes Augustine as sinner, saint, and theologian; Mr. Porter M'Ferrin eulogizes 'Daniel Webster, Orator and Statesman,' and Judge Tillman contributes a notice of M. F. Maury, 'a great Tennessean.' Other papers presenting large variety of interest are on Japan, 'Materials for Sermons' and 'The M'All Mission of the War.'

The Review and Expositor (Louisville) (July).—The article on 'The Insight and the Error of Eucken in Regard to Christianity,' by Prof. Carver, is well-timed and well-written. The same may be said of 'Recent Thought on the Atonement,' by Prof. H. R. Mackintosh, of Edinburgh. Other articles in an interesting number are 'Christianity and the City,' by W. E. Henry; 'The Home Base,' by J. F. Love; 'Psychology and Preaching,' by President Burnett, and one on the celebrated debate between Luther and Zwingli on 'This is my Body,' from the pen of Prof. Faulkner, of Drew Seminary.