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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JANUARY 1919

WAR AND PEACE

AT last the world breathes freely. The four years' nightmare under which we managed to exist lifted off on November 11, by the signing of the most significant in a quadruple of Armistices by which Bulgaria, Turkey, Austria-Hungary, and finally Germany herself laid down their arms. This involved unconditional surrender, and was only submitted to when the enemy saw utter ruin staring him in the face. Events had followed each other with such rapidity in the closing weeks that when hostilities ceased 'we were like them that dream.' It was hard to realize that horrors which had darkened human life throughout the world were now things of the past. The country and the army had suffered too much to be unrestrained in its jubilation. There was much welcome shouting, and all faces were lighted up with a joy that had long been lacking, but the predominant feeling was unfeigned thankfulness and praise to God for a victory which had entailed infinite sacrifice. The churches were crowded. The Houses of Parliament held their thanksgiving service at St. Margaret's; the King and Queen, who have gained so greatly in affection and esteem through their ceaseless sympathy and service, returned thanks at St. Paul's; throughout the land men and women poured out their gratitude to Him who had made war to cease and brought to naught the designs of what seemed invincible enemies.

No four years in history have furnished a more amazing study of Providence than those through which we have just passed. Faith has been sorely tested by the disasters and perils of the time, but it has emerged triumphant. The cause of righteousness and mercy has been vindicated. Boundless courage, endless and heart-breaking sacrifice, have been called for; human nature has been laid under a strain which seemed often to rise to breaking-point, yet it has revealed unsuspected capacity for heroic daring and endurance.

The war burst on us as suddenly in 1914 as it ended in 1918. The murder of the Austrian Archduke at Sarajevo on June 28 supplied the spark or the pretext. Sir Edward Grey had steered the ship of State with consummate patience and mastery through the anxious years of Balkan unrest and strife. The House of Commons listened with strained attention on August 3, 1914, to his account of the diplomatic history of those anxious days: 'We have consistently worked with a single mind, and with all the earnestness in our power, to preserve peace. Through the Balkan crises, by general admission, we worked for peace.' In the final crisis it had not been possible to maintain the peace of Europe, but he promised that papers should be published which would 'make it clear how strenuous and genuine and whole-hearted our own efforts for peace were.' At a later stage Prince Lichnowsky emphasized that statement in his historic revelations. Sir Edward Grey did not hesitate to affirm that if we were now to stand aside, saying that the Belgian Treaty obligations and the fate of France mattered nothing, 'we should sacrifice our respect and good name and reputation before the world.' The House of Commons received this declaration with almost unanimous approval, and next day we found ourselves at war.

Great Britain was utterly unprepared for a war on the vast scale involved by European armaments. Lord Roberts had warned us of our peril, but our trust in Germany had

been too firm to be thus shaken. We had fortunately kept our Navy in the highest state of efficiency. When the Cabinet met on August 3, 1914, Mr. Churchill reported that it was ready for war. After the review in July the ships left for their stations, taking in all that was needed for action. The grey battleships and cruisers slipped quietly past our coasts, prepared to guard the country against invasion. No words can express the debt that Great Britain owes to her navy. A few daring German cruisers stole out on occasion, and bombarded defenceless towns on the east coast, but their escape was a marvel, and no enemy set foot on our shores during the whole course of the war. Our Expeditionary Force was in France less than a fortnight after the outbreak of hostilities. The railways passed into Government control, and in the first three weeks dispatched seventy-three troop-trains every fourteen hours. Steamers left Southampton and other ports in rapid succession. One Atlantic liner carried 3,000 men on a single journey. Guns, horses, stores were sent from every port by steamers of all kinds. Destroyers served as scouts and messengers, airships and seaplanes kept vigilant watch from the skies. France had wondered whether we would stand by her in her deadly peril, and when the first transports steamed in to Boulogne the welcome to our men bore witness to the immense relief and gratitude of the French nation.

Events soon showed in what peril France stood. Belgium barred the path of the invaders for some days that were laden with destiny. King Albert and his people rejected with scorn all attempts to gain a passage for the German army. They stood to their guns ready to defy the mightiest foe that ever marshalled arms. Before Great Britain declared war German cannon were attacking Belgian forts. After three days the enemy entered Liége. His victorious march had been delayed for forty hours by ' a little unmilitary people ' whom he despised. No one who looked on that army marching through Brussels for three days and nights could fail to

marvel at its absolute perfection as a great fighting machine. Its equipment was thought out and organized to the smallest detail. Travelling kitchens and workshops supplied every need of men, who in physique and training represented the utmost that militarism could accomplish. As the tide flowed through Belgium it seemed as though nothing short of a miracle could arrest its progress.

That miracle was wrought. Disappointments and catastrophes were mingled with the deliverance, but they only revealed its real significance. The last forts of Namur the impregnable fell on August 25. Mr. Buchan says that a campaign was hinged on its invincibility, yet the enemy was allowed to get within range. Then its fate was sealed. No provision had been made for retreat. Belgium lost 14,000 men, and vast quantities of guns and stores were left undestroyed. Nor was this all. Its fall brought a million men to the verge of disaster.

All eyes were now fixed on our Expeditionary Force. Before Namur fell, high hopes were entertained of its power to resist invasion. No one as yet realized what forces were arranged against Sir John French's 75,000 men and 250 guns at Mons. The French line had given way on his right, and he was left in ignorance of that collapse. Namur had fallen, and set free the German force held up by its defence. Our army was hopelessly outnumbered, and after a glorious resistance it began its historic retreat on August 24. That story has been vividly told by the Rev. Owen S. Watkins, who shared its perils. The men were in high spirits, retreating, yet undefeated, and waiting only to get a position that would hold, in order to turn on the enemy. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's stubborn defence at Le Cateau on the 26th saved the army and broke 'the vigour of the German pursuit.' His men were too tired to march. When orders to fall back were received he replied, 'They can't use their feet. The only thing for them to do when they can't stand is to lie down and fight.' His artillery was outmatched

by at least four to one, yet it never wavered. For eight hours the infantry held its ground and made frequent counter-attacks, assisted by General Allenby's cavalry in more than one gallant charge. It was a day of perils. Once the German horse broke into the firing-line of the 1st Brigade, and was only expelled after desperate hand-to-hand fighting. Sir John French acknowledged that the saving of his left wing could not have been accomplished 'unless a commander of rare and unusual coolness, intrepidity, and determination had been present and personally conducted the operation.' These were black days of anxiety. No one can forget that Sunday when the *Times* made us feel that everything was lost. But Le Cateau proved a turning-point. Sir John French was able to give his men a rest on the following Saturday, August 29, and though the retreat had to be resumed the spirit of our men was never broken. They preserved discipline, they showed unfaltering buoyancy and courage, and were constantly asking when they should be allowed to halt and fight again.

That joyful opportunity came on September 6, and by the 10th the battle of the Marne was gained. Paris was saved as by miracle, and the Germans were in retreat to the Aisne.

This closed the first stage of the war. Germany had made a gigantic effort to get to Paris, but had been disastrously foiled by the British and the French. Meanwhile the Russians had swept over East Prussia, but had been driven back and overwhelmingly defeated at Tannenberg on August 31 by Von Hindenburg, who now became the idol of the German nation. His victory filled his countrymen with exultation. But if Russia suffered sorely at Tannenberg, she gained a striking victory over Austria at Lemberg. Poland was almost cleared of the enemy, and Von Hindenburg himself was held on the Niemen.

The ruthlessness with which Germany waged war was now making a deep impression on the civilized world. Belgium was laid waste. Louvain, Malines, Termonde,

and Aerschot were plundered and destroyed; horrors and outrages were perpetrated which caused general indignation and horror. The Hun revealed himself as a monster who had thrown off all the restraints of civilization and who would have to be crushed if human society was to exist.

In the presence of such unexpected and unexampled calls our military policy had to be revised. The little Expeditionary Force, the most wonderful and efficient that ever took the field, was utterly inadequate. But the country rallied to Lord Kitchener's call for men. Mr. Coningsby Dawson found as he motored over England during the autumn that 'from Cornwall to the North, men were training and marching. All the bridges and reservoirs were guarded. Every tiniest village had its recruiting posters for Kitchener's Army.' One Sunday he read a notice at a village post office: 'Boulogne has fallen.' The news was false, but England's peril had come home to her, and Mr. Dawson saw his own duty clear. 'I knew for certain that it was only a matter of time till I, too, should be out there among the carnage, "somewhere in France." I felt like a rabbit in the last of the standing corn, when a field is in the harvesting. There was no escape—I could hear the scythes of an inexorable duty cutting closer.' Our Overseas Dominions had already heard the call. In Canada more than a hundred thousand volunteers were enrolled in a few days for the salvation of the Empire. Australia was ready to furnish her last man and her last shilling. South Africa, despite the effort of a small band of rebels, showed the same spirit. Our doughty enemies of Boer days, Generals Botha and Smuts, were foremost among our champions. India gloried in the opportunity to help the Empire in its peril. She sent her bravest fighting men to swell our armies, and her native princes placed their wealth at our service in the noblest way. Mr. Buchan says in his spirited history of the war, which has been constantly in our hands, that the effect upon the people of Britain of

this amazing rally of the Empire was a sense of an immense new comradeship which brought tears to the eyes of the least emotional. . . . The British Empire had revealed itself at last as that wonderful thing for which its makers had striven and prayed—a union based not upon statute and officialdom, but upon the eternal simplicities of the human spirit. Small wonder that the news stimulated recruiting in England. Every young man with blood in his veins felt that in such a cause and in such a company it was just and pleasant to give his all.'

On October 9 Antwerp fell. We had made a brave effort to save the city, but Germany was too powerful. There were other sorrows. In August the *Goeben* and the *Breslau* slipped past our ships in the Mediterranean and got safely to Constantinople to work much disaster for the Allies. In two months the *Emden* captured seventeen merchantmen, and it was not till November 10 that she was destroyed by the Australian warship, the *Sydney*. Yet despite such disappointments German ships were swept off the oceans. Japan rendered valuable help in these trying days, and on November 7 she captured the German fortress of Tsingtau. The disaster at Coronel on November 1 was dramatically avenged by Admiral Sturdee at the Falkland Islands on December 8.

The First Battle of Ypres, which lasted from October 21 to November 17, was 'the longest, bloodiest, and most desperate combat in the history of British arms' up to that time. Germany had not less than a million men between Lille and the Sea. Our strength was one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand. A little force of 80,000 British kept the German army at bay whilst reinforcements were hurried up from the Aisne. The odds against us were eight to one, yet our men held their ground. It was a soldier's battle, marked by prodigies of valour and endurance. The German casualties are estimated at a quarter of a million. The loss of the Allies was over 100,000. Britain herself

lost 40,000. Whole battalions virtually disappeared, but the line was held; the Channel ports were saved, and our men knew by actual experience that they were more than a match for even the Prussian Guard. Lord Roberts died among them on November 14. He had seen his old Indian troops sharing the perils and the victory of that tremendous conflict, and closed his noble life within hearing of our guns.

On Christmas Eve, 1914, we had to endure our first air raid. London and the east coast suffered much. We moved about in darkness, and looked with apprehension on moonlight nights. But after some nerve-racking experiences our defence was perfected; Zeppelins and Gothas were brought down in flames, and London felt that its worst dangers were past. In February, 1915, the U-boat campaign began. The torpedoing of the *Lusitania* on May 7 showed the whole world that Germany would stoop to any outrage if she thought it a step to victory.

The capture of Neuve Chapelle in March, 1915, was a success for our arms, though blunders and failures somewhat discounted it. Mr. Buchan says: 'The best result was the increased ardour which the action inspired in our own ranks. But a plan which might have given us Lille only gave us Neuve Chapelle, and this at an expense of life which should have won the greater end.' Only a month later came the Second Battle of Ypres, when Germany introduced the horror of poison gas. A four-mile breach was made in the Allies' line, but the Canadians stood firm, and though we lost heavily we held the salient. 'The Germans had a wonderful machine—a machine made up of great cannon firing unlimited quantities of high explosive shells, an immense number of machine-guns, and the devilry of the poisoned gas.' Our men 'trod the very pavement of hell. They came out of it silent, weary, bereaved, but unshaken in the faith.' They knew themselves the better men in all that makes for human worth, and they knew that some day the German

machine would be broken, and that then the human factor, which in the last resort gives victory, would prove its quality.

The Second Battle of Ypres opened our eyes to the fact that we were engaged in a gunners' war, yet had few shells and were almost without heavy artillery. On June 9 Mr. Lloyd George was made head of the new Munitions Department, and soon transformed the situation. The victory was in a very real sense won in the munition works by men and women who were as resolute as the soldiers in the trenches. In *The Business of War* Mr. Marcosson describes the organization for the supply of our fighting men as in many respects the most amazing that he has seen. Mr. Coningsby Dawson gives striking instances in *Out to Win* of the business efficiency of our army. Two out of three times when he thought some arrangement was characteristically American, he learnt that it had been copied from the British. 'We advertise our mistakes and camouflage our virtues.' During the first few months of their entry into the war the picked business men of America were 'frankly and admiringly hats off to British muddle-headed methods.'

Three days after the Second Battle of Ypres began the Allied troops landed at Gallipoli, and that ill-fated expedition, which was marked by the loftiest heroism, worked its way towards the final catastrophe of the withdrawal on December 19. Mr. Masefield has described that second grand event of the war with rare power and discernment. We made fatal mistakes and had cruel losses, though the expedition came very near to a triumph. The evacuation itself was masterly and amazed both friends and enemies. In May Italy declared war on Austria. In October we sent an army to Salonika, and Bulgaria allied herself with the Central Powers. Miss Cavell's execution, on October 12, sent a thrill of horror through the Allied countries and the United States. It was a brutal deed, which revealed more clearly than ever the temper of our enemies. Serbia was mean-

while enduring her martyrdom at the hands of Austria and Bulgaria. General Townshend was holding out at Kut, where disaster awaited us.

It was a year of mingled hope and disappointment—a year that made us more than ever aware of the vastness of our task and the need of superhuman effort to remedy our defective organization.

In 1916 the prolonged and obstinate attack on Verdun was made by the Crown Prince's army, which was shattered by the French artillery. England adopted the Army Service Bill on January 29, and began to put her full manpower into the war. The battle of Jutland on May 31 was the outstanding naval event of the war. The superiority of our men and ships was manifest; the German fleet, terribly mauled, only escaped annihilation by favouring circumstances. It was unable to venture out again in force.

The loss of Lord Kitchener at sea on June 5 was a heavy blow to the Allies, who had found him a wise and strong man in the darkest hours. He had impressed the popular imagination as no one else among our military leaders. He had built up a vast army, and before he sailed on his fatal voyage the King was able to congratulate his subjects on having raised over five million volunteers. His presence at the War Office had inspired confidence throughout the Empire and among all our Allies. Captain Fryatt was shot on July 27 because he had defended himself by trying to ram a German submarine. This outrage led the Prime Minister to give notice that the Allies would take care in due time that all who were guilty of such crimes should be brought to justice.

The battle of the Somme began on July 1, 1916, and lasted till November 18. It surpassed that of Verdun in the numbers engaged, the difficulties encountered, and its strategical importance. The Tank made its first appearance on September 15, and rendered splendid service. The Somme battle relieved Verdun, gravely depleted the manpower of the enemy, and broke his confidence in final

victory. 'The place became a name of terror.' Sir Douglas Haig drove his way through lines which the Germans had deemed impregnable. He said in his dispatch that full half of their army, 'despite all the advantages of the defensive, supported by the strongest fortifications, suffered defeat.' Mr. Buchan says: 'They had counted on their military machine; we crippled and out-matched it. They had decried the fighting stuff of our new armies; we showed that it was more than a match for their Guards and Brandenburgers.' Our airmen were now able to maintain the offensive, and performed feats of daring which at one time would have been deemed incredible.

The price we paid was heavy. Raymond Asquith fell in leading the Grenadier Guards at Ginchy. His old friend, Mr. Buchan, pays fitting tribute to one of the noblest of young Englishmen, who did his duty to the full and did it joyfully, though it shattered his most cherished tastes and interests. The flower of our race fell in those terrible days of the Somme, but their death paved the way to final victory.

Roumania declared war on August 27 against the Central Powers, and won some striking initial success in Transylvania, but its armies were swept back by Mackensen and von Falkenhayn, so that they were virtually put out of action before the end of the year. On December 7 Mr. Lloyd George became Prime Minister, and put his whole strength into the tremendous task of winning the war.

In February, 1917, Germany entered on a ruthless submarine campaign by which she hoped to destroy Britain's naval power. It was a critical time. Admiral Sims stated last November that in April, 1917, we were losing the war, and that the method of dealing with the German submarines was inaugurated by Lord Jellicoe just before he ceased to be commander of the Grand Fleet. The submarine campaign led the United States to declare war against Germany on April 6. That memorable accession was the more precious,

as Russia was now in the throes of revolution. The Czar, who had proved himself pitifully weak in a situation that would have taxed the wisdom and courage of the strongest monarch, abdicated on March 15, and he and the Royal family were it is feared brutally murdered. Kerenski made a promising stand for a while, but he also was mastered by events, and Lenin and Trotsky brought the country to the depths of disgrace and anarchy. February saw our army again in possession of Kut-el-Amara, and a fortnight later it entered Bagdad. The rejoicing over these significant events was deepened later in the year when Jerusalem was entered by General Allenby without any assault of arms.

In the battle of Arras in April and May, 1917, the enemy lost Vimy Ridge, Bullecourt, and six or seven miles of the Siegfried line of fortifications on which he had fallen back. His casualties on the Western Front at this period were estimated at 350,000, and the resort to 'shock-troops' showed that he no longer trusted to his ordinary regiments. The device was intended to raise the moral of the army, but it only depressed it the more deeply. In June Sir Herbert Plumer gained a brilliant success at Messines. 'In a single day's fighting he had advanced two and a half miles on a front of nearly ten; he had wiped out the German salient, and carried also its chord; he had stormed positions on the heights which the enemy regarded as impregnable; his losses were extraordinarily small, and he had taken 7,200 prisoners, 67 guns, 94 trench mortars, and 294 machine-guns.' The third Battle of Ypres ended in November with the capture of Passchendele and the high ground to the west and north-west. The five days' constant fighting at Cambrai brought a victory with 10,500 prisoners, but its results were somewhat local. We had robbed our own forces to save Italy, whilst Germany had drawn large reserves from the Russian front.

The great German offensive of 1918 almost ended in

disaster for the Allies on March 21. Our line was broken, the Channel Ports were imperilled, and the situation was only retrieved with heavy loss. General Foch was appointed Generalissimo on April 14, and a change in our fortunes began. In the West Marshal Foch was nobly supported by Sir Douglas Haig, and after the Armistice acknowledged that it was 'above all the hammer-blows of the British armies that were the decisive factors in the great and final defeat of the enemy.' June and July saw the decisive Italian successes which drove back the Austrians from the Piave and repaired the losses sustained at Caporetto in the previous autumn. The Germans swept onward toward Paris, but on June 1 they were held. American troops were now pouring in. The Allies were at last able to resume the offensive, and point by point the Germans were driven backwards till the Hindenburg line was broken on September 27, and the enemy saw that their cause was hopeless. On November 11, when the British were in Mons again and the Americans had entered Sedan, the Armistice was concluded which brought to a close the terrible war. Bulgaria had surrendered on September 29, and King Ferdinand abdicated five days later. Damascus was entered by General Allenby's troops on September 30, and Serbian and French forces fought their way to the Danube in October and destroyed Germany's schemes of domination in the Balkans. Turkey was granted an Armistice on October 30. Austria surrendered on November 3. The Kaiser fled to Holland, whither the Crown Prince followed him. His formal abdication of the throne was signed on November 28. Mr. Lloyd George said, 'Empires and Kingdoms, and Kings and Crowns were falling like withered leaves before a gale.' Other sides of the great conflict, all memorable, may be studied in detail in the splendid *Times* history of the war, with its expert knowledge and its valuable illustrations, or in Mr. Buchan's most interesting volumes.

The Kaiser's downfall was one of the most dramatic

events of history. He inherited a mighty empire in 1888, and every year increased its wealth and influence; its people prospered, its commerce expanded, till it seemed on the way to world-wide wealth and power. But the Kaiser and his people were not satisfied to allow their country to remain at peace. They dreamed of wider dominion won by war, and confidently anticipated a speedy and overwhelming victory. They did not imagine that Great Britain with her Dominions and India would stand in the ranks of their opponents; much less did they dream that the United States would be forced by their own mad policy of infamy and outrage to come to the relief of those who were fighting against despotism and barbarism. Peace had long been preserved, though the Kaiser's indiscretions once and again startled the world and caused bitter indignation and resentment among his own people. Nevertheless he was flattered and almost worshipped, and took all as his due. 'I never forget,' he said—'not even when I am sitting on the edge of my bed in my nightshirt—I never forget that I am German Emperor and King of Prussia.' He confessed that from childhood he had been influenced by five men—Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Theodoric II, Frederick the Great, and Napoleon. 'Each of these men dreamed a dream of world empire. They failed. I have dreamed a dream of German world empire, and my mailed fist shall succeed.' He stood in the way of concessions from Austria which would have averted war, and lived to see his glorious empire laid in ruins and all the world wearing mourning because of his wanton ambition. His influence declined as the war advanced, till disaster irretrievable overtook his armies, and as the *Daily Telegraph* put it in a scathing biography, 'Wilhelm II, the curse of the human race, was blotted out of the history of the world.'

The Kaiser's downfall lends added interest to Mr. Grant Robinson's *Bismarck* (*Makers of the Nineteenth Century*. Constable and Co.). Here we see the character

and policy of the great empire-builder whom the young Kaiser dismissed with such lightness of heart when he had been only two years on the throne. No scruples had barred Bismarck's path. Denmark and Austria were crushed without compunction. Then came the turn of France. Bismarck and Moltke were the quintessence of Prussianism in character, personality, and power of work. 'And they had at their disposal a nation brimming with capacity, fired with the faith that can move mountains, and ready to work itself to the bone in disciplined toil.' Through the tragic months of France's humiliation there 'rings the gospel of the conqueror's sword. For pity, generosity, and sympathy you will look in vain. The appeal is always to force.' Bismarck quarrelled with every one from the Crown Prince downwards. With Moltke he came to an open breach at Versailles, but Moltke 'was the one man in Germany whom Bismarck could not frighten, hustle, cajole, or ruin.' Mr. Robertson says, 'When Bismarck lied, he lied as advised by one of the greatest of his countrymen —Luther. He lied *fortiter*—like a hero.' He was just as remorseless as the most truculent militarist, and behind his 'impressive record of achievement lies an unforgettable chronicle of envenomed pettiness and coarse brutality; and the pitiable part of it is that Bismarck was unaware of the depths to which he could sink,' and that Germany approved his doings. Bismarck's energy, however, was under restraint. He knew that 'Germany was not able, for all her strength, to defy the world.' He was especially anxious to avoid provoking Great Britain by a really serious challenge in the colonial and extra-European sphere. That, he foresaw, would lead to a Franco-British alliance and compel us to penetrate deeply into the Continental situation. The action of Wilhelm II in 1890 threatened Bismarck's policy both at home and abroad. The Kaiser wished to assure Austria of German support in any possible struggle with Russia. Bismarck declined to be any party to a

policy which would alienate Russia. No reconciliation was possible, and on March 20, 1890, the old pilot was dropped by the young master who aspired to be himself both captain and pilot. Twenty years after the old Chancellor was laid to rest at Friedrichsruhe Wilhelm had wrecked the ship.

The terrible struggle of the last four years has laid the world in fragments. A formidable task awaits those on whom rests the responsibility for building up the new world. Statesmen have their contribution to make, and it is one from which the stoutest heart might shrink. Mr. Lloyd George, who has laid the world under lasting obligation, and President Wilson, to whom all eyes turn as the most far-seeing and sagacious of our leaders, are both bent on securing the end of despotism and the triumph of enlightened government by the people and for the people. It is hoped that such a League of Nations may be formed as will effectually guard the world from any repetition of the horrors it has groaned under during the past four years. The practical difficulties are great, but the object commands the sympathetic co-operation of all nations. At home we are hoping for a new era. We have a mighty achievement to inspire us. 'This nation,' said the Premier at the Guildhall, 'has accomplished greater things in the last four years than it has ever achieved in the whole story of its glorious past, and I say without hesitation that the British Empire never stood higher in the councils of the world than it does to-day.' The Premier has sketched his vision of the future. The ill-housed, over-worked, underfed must have better homes, and wages that will properly maintain them and their families. Nothing must be left undone to secure the health and well-being of the people. War has taught us the preciousness of human life. It has given a new meaning to brotherhood, it has shown the glory of sacrifice and united service. We have learned what wonders organization can do to increase the efficiency and the results of labour. Multitudes who had stood

aside from hard tasks have become partners in vast undertakings through the pressure of the times, and they will never be content to stand aloof again. Women have found a new world of service opened before them. They have made our own and other lands their debtors, and have gained enhanced dignity and honour through their usefulness. On all these workers our hopes rest for the building up of the new Society. But most of all it is fixed on the young men who have passed through the furnace. They have gained an insight into realities which will make them impatient of pretence and sham. They have lived with death, and have learned to look at life and duty with new eyes. Influences have been moulding them into nobler and stronger manhood. They have felt the power of prayer; they have gained a clear consciousness of God. In many homes they will be called, as Mr. Wells suggests, 'Our sons who have shown us God.'

In *The Church at the Cross Roads*[1] Mr. Shakespeare urges that 'the Churches must seek unity and establish closer relations that religion itself may be saved.' The vision of corporate union hung for a moment before the eyes of the Free Church delegates when they met in Conference, but it was soon found that for this the time was not ripe. Federation seemed to be possible which should respect the autonomy of each Church and preserve whatever is of permanent value in its distinctive witness, order, and institutions. It would set itself to prevent 'the wasteful, ineffective and unChristian distribution of Free Church forces in the country districts.' That would involve the closing of a certain number of chapels to prevent overlapping. Mr. Shakespeare is not blind to the difficulties and sacrifices that must be faced, but he fixes his eyes on the gains that would result. During the next few years England hopes for a changed and regenerated country life, and a strong Free Church centre in each village would

[1] Williams and Norgate.

aid greatly in this work. Social service also would become more effective when it represented a united Christian Church. Nor must the new missionary opportunity be overlooked. 'An open door will be set before us in France, Belgium, perhaps in Russia, such as we have never known.' To exert any abiding influence there we must have a united Evangelicalism. The question is whether we may not hope to go farther than Mr. Shakespeare suggests. The subject of Methodist Union is already being carefully considered. If the Church of England is awake to the greatness of her vocation she will not be content to stand aloof from the Free Churches in the days of peace. A promising basis has been laid by the Committee on Faith and Order. War has drawn together chaplains and men in a way that augurs much for future understanding and co-operation. The Rev. Neville Talbot, in *Religion behind the Front and After the War* (Macmillan), is convinced that what Christians need is spiritual and moral power 'to work out in life a witness to the reality of the Gospel of the Kingdom, which shall be the counterpart in peace to the heroisms of war.' Our task is 'to harvest and employ the wealth of faith, courage, good-will, comradeship, and capacity to serve which the war has called out in all sorts and conditions of men.' There is a 'kingdom capacity' in man, and if those to whom the Empire owes so vast a debt would offer their 'great fund of human excellence' to God He 'would make the world over again. For what could He not do, for example with the spirit in which the flying boys go about their unheard-of work? What could He not do with the power, born of scientific knowledge, which is concentrated in war upon destruction? What if it were fixed by faith, liberated by forgiveness, empowered by love, and devoted to construction? There is the raw material for the making of a new world ready to hand. It requires a Master Builder. Can we not all see that He stands at the door and knocks? "Amen: come, Lord Jesus!"'

RELIGION PRIVATE AND PUBLIC

IT takes a very great deal to make men believe in the reality and cost of moral Redemption, to wean them from a supreme faith in their own reconstructions, and teach them to rest these on a supreme faith in God's new creation of the moral soul. It takes much of the real insight which religion tends to lose to believe soundly that redemption is a more real, urgent, fertile, and permanent thing than reconstruction. Not to see and hold that is to cherish the seed of war, which is man's self-confidence, and self-idolatry, and self-disintegration. The first interest of history is the moral; and the moral is the real. The redemption of the moral soul is the first reconstruction of the world for value and effect. The strife for it is the *nisus* of the world's last moral reality, labouring to the top in the convulsions of the new creation, and travailing with its latent glory. We need deliverance from the demonic element in society, progress, and culture, more than from its misfortune, weakness, poverty, crudity, or vulgarity. Devilry is more deadly than vulgarity. It is not deliverance from our weakness we need most, but from an evil power exploiting our weakness. What ails us most is not the lack of power but the non-moral, the anti-moral, power we obey. It is the Satans, human or other. The evil is not in wrong systems so much as in wrong souls. It is not in systems, whether of belief or of society, but in the souls that work them, or the demonic egoists that the weak souls serve.

We certainly need new systems, and much ability is working at them. But still more we need new hearts, in a way that few realize. We can make new systems, but God alone can make the soul anew, and His Church alone has His secret for it. Civics will not do it, nor social work

—nothing less than the kingdom of God. It is regeneration we need more than revision, more than reform, more than culture. We need to be re-written and not just re-edited. We need a new creation of the conscience from its cultured egoism, a new moral relation of dependence on God (private and public), a new sense of the Father royal in His holiness and righteousness, a new and personal faith in His moral Passion and historic kingship. The average Christianity does not realize the kingship of God, but only His patronage. But the kingdom of God can never be set up on earth except by men in whose hearts is set up the kingship of God, which takes the instinct and the religion of egoism very effectually in hand. Christendom, if it is not to be at heart as pagan as Junkerdom, must unlearn the habit of exploiting God for its progress, its efficiency, or its other instinctive passions and pieties. It must wait on God, and not make God wait on it. It must worship and serve Him as life's chief end. It must repent, it must change the direction of its mind and its theology, as the first condition of the ideal redemption. And repentance is not decent regret nor a manner of conventional modesty. The new life of reality is not complacency, nor is it aspiration; it is the passion and homage of the forgiven. When it is thorough it is worship by those to whom the kingdom comes as the creative forgiveness of God. And it has its national form in a new public righteousness as well as its personal form in affection.

'It is not the case that any considerable number are longing for religion, and unable to find a form of Christianity to satisfy their craving. Those who feel the longing almost invariably find a spiritual home in one of the organized religions. What there is to be found is a deep hunger for a better and happier world. And the misery of the war has made this both keener and more widespread. But there is little desire for God in it. There is little interest in, or care for, the unseen world.

'And the irritation that is felt against religion is very largely due to the fact that religion puts God and the unseen world in the foreground, and not the happiness of men in this life. What they are aiming at is something that will ensure the future happiness of the world, not something that will ensure present communion with God and the priority to everything of the kingdom of God.'

It is its demand for real and penitent contact with God that is the chief obstacle to the kingdom of God, especially in public affairs. For without national conversion and penitent reform we should not have a Christian nation, were the mass of its population converted next year. We should not have yet the reversal of our national egoism.

In a certain sense we need the conversion of the good —not into spiritual security, but into the kingship of God over every part of life. Everything Christ did was for the sake of the kingdom of God in history and eternity. Our salvation is our part and lot in that conversion of the race, both in its units and its kingdoms. It is our religious type that tells immediately on affairs; and we need a regeneration of our religious type by a new grasp of the belief which makes the type, a grasp which construes every item from the kingdom as the creative centre. It is not the spiritualizing of our personal religion alone that is chiefly required, nor the mysticizing of faith, nor 'the deepening of the spiritual life'; it is the moralizing of religion, and especially of public and corporate religion. It is the moralizing of the revelation which makes religion. We need a new interpretation of grace and of belief in terms of the kingdom of God, which dominated Christ in every word, action, and purpose, and indeed made Him what He was, but which did not dominate the Church in its theological evolution. Religion is just as real as the reality of its creative revelation makes it. And in order to acquire a new grasp of religious reality we need a new interpretation of the revelation which creates religion—not a new psychology

of our faith, but a new theology of the revelation that makes faith. We need a new interpretation, from the kingdom's point of view, of Bible, Gospel, Church, and Saviour. We need a new construction of evangelical religion, a new insight of what is meant by the grace of a holy God in an historic kingdom of Church and State. We do not duly meet the holiness of God by our idolatry of the saintly. I have spoken of the demonic element now broken out in human affairs. Is that just to be met by what is usually meant as the Holy Ghost? I take pleasure in quoting here a passage from an excellent article in the *Interpreter* for July, 1918, by Rev. W. F. Blount, B.D.

> Have we made enough of the element of vehemence, the almost 'daemonic' element, in Jesus, which so struck those who saw and heard Him? Mr. G. K. Chesterton found in the Jesus of the New Testament 'an extraordinary being, with lips of thunder and acts of lurid decision, flinging down tables, casting out devils, passing with the wild secrecy of the wind from mountain isolation to a sort of dreadful demagogy; a being who often acted like an angry god—and always like a god. . . . The diction used by Christ is quite curiously gigantesque; it is full of camels leaping through needles, and mountains hurled into the sea. Morally it is equally terrific; he called himself a sword of slaughter, and told men to buy swords if they sold their coats for them. That he used other even wilder words on the side of non-resistance greatly increases the mystery; but it also, if anything, rather increases the violence' (*Orthodoxy*, p. 269). This is written about the same Person as the One whom Mr. Wells calls 'drooping,' 'moribund,' 'a saint of non-resistance,' to whom he denies the possession of courage, whom he proposes to 'pity.' Mr. Chesterton's picture shows immeasurably the subtler understanding of Christ; but have we seen it, or helped others to see Christ's life, as a flaming, furious energy of redemptive love? The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of Jesus. He came at Pentecost as fire and wind, fire the cleansing, wind the bracing, both the great purifiers, but both also the great disturbers. He began His work by 'creating a scene,' and those who partook of Him were called the men who 'turned the world upside down.' But is that the Holy Spirit of our Whitsun hymns, of 'Our Blest Redeemer,' or of 'When God of old came down from heaven'? He seems somehow in those hymns to be altogether tamer, and more insinuating.
>
> 'The fires that rushed on Sinai down
> In sudden torrents dread,
> Now gently light, a glorious crown,
> On every sainted head.'
>
> It is a picturesque antithesis. But I confess to a very strong doubt whether the attribute of 'gentleness' is not the very last that the Christian company at Pentecost would have accepted as descriptive of their experience of the Spirit's descent.

For look at it in this way. When such a war is possible in Christendom, it certainly means the corruption of man's heart. But it means something else. For that evil was taken into account in the Christian revelation; and yet the revelation which was to deal with it has failed to do so. Why this ineffectiveness?

Does it not mean some great perversion imported into God's gospel itself from man's heart? Does it not mean some great error in the apprehension of God's revelation, i.e. in our faith itself, our religion? The patient has infected the doctor. Is there not some corruption in the very cure of corruption? Is there not some unconscious error of the gravest kind in Christianity? I do not mean the error in Rome, as some will promptly think, but something subtler and less canvassed—in the faith which saved from Rome.

We have a parallel complaint from the students of literature. They complain that the brilliant galaxy of genius in the Victorian age has not had a due effect on the nation, and has not been in living *rapport* with it. They say the amazing volume of mental, imaginative, and moral energy has reacted but little on public realities, that it has been the ornament of the nation rather than its organ, that it has been a culture rather than a power, that it conjoined brilliance and inefficiency, and has left us unequal to the total situation of the world, moral and spiritual, 'with so much wisdom and so little power of employing it.'

It is not my place to answer the literary question. But it might be asked whether much the same might not be said about our religion, with its inner wealth and its outward futility. Does it construe its creed or its society, or even its Saviour from this dynamic centre in the kingdom of God? Does it not far too widely share the Roman idea that the Church *is* the kingdom of God? Does it not therefore tend to seek the interest of the Church instead of the conversion of the world? Does it seek first the kingdom

of God and its righteousness? Does it find its soul by losing its soul's egoism there? Does it not seek a national connexion rather than a national conversion—or, if a conversion, then a conversion to itself, or to some frame of piety, instead of to the kingdom of God? Has it taught the nation that its work was a vital part of its worship, or its commerce a Board of Trade in the kingdom of God?

Have we been taught that the greatest work the soul can do, private or national, is to worship God, to hallow His Name, and to do so not on special occasions only, nor in secluded buildings, nor in the rapt, mystic feeling of individuals, nor in conditions aesthetic, but in the moral trend and conduct of great affairs? Have we been taught, as the apostles of a kingdom of God should teach us, to make worship great action and action great worship—as the two are united in the Cross, which is real revelation only as it sets up the kingdom of God for good and all, both in the soul and in society? That is the type of religion we need to generate. And to that end we must restate, perhaps even recast, much of our theology, especially our amateur and popular theology, which creates the religious type.

And, among other things, must we not enlarge and hallow our Gospel of a kind Fatherhood to Christ's true Gospel of the kingship of a Father whose love is divine only because it is holy? Our start must be the Father's Sovereignty.

Here there are two errors to be undone. First we have to replace the moral holiness into the love of God, lest our new kindness oust the eternal righteousness. And, second, we must lose the idea that God is there chiefly to wait on man's aggrandisement and progress; and we must regain the idea, which gives dignity both to Calvinism and Jesuitism, that man is there to wait on God's kingdom, power, and glory.

First, I say, we must grasp again the holiness of God's love as the divine thing in it and the mighty. There is pedantic talk, which to some seems impressive, of the need

'to re-think God.' When it comes to thinking God the devilry of culture is much ahead of us. What we need is power to recover in Christ not the thought of God, nor even His love, *per se* (which might be helpless at last), but His holy power to bring His love to pass among the nations. And that will never be done by amateurs of Jesus who joy in girding at theologies of an atoning Christ. The Atonement is the power and action of God for the salvation of His own holy name in heaven, and therewith for the establishment of His righteous kingdom on earth. It is the moralizing centre for love's redemption. Holiness is more than saintliness.

And, second, in consequence of the hallowing of God's name we must change our centre of gravity. We must practically own, and it must become the note and type of our religion, that men and nations are not there to give effect to their own genius, but to serve the kingdom of God. They are not there for self-realization, with God as a tutelar in aid, but they are there to realize the kingdom of God and its righteousness, and to sacrifice national life if need be, for that kingdom, as we sacrifice individual life for the nation. We are all there not to exploit God but to glorify Him, as the only final way to enjoy Him for ever.

We need to exalt at Bible sources the idea of Fatherhood, which the poets and romancers have done something to make common and slack. The New Testament keeps uppermost the perennial note of authority in the patriarchal idea. For Christ the Father is the centre of moral authority at least as much as of kind affection. In the Lord's Prayer that is so. It is all in the opening key of a Father in heaven and His hallowed Kingship. It all unfolds the opening petition on the lines of a Kingdom and not a family. The hallowing of love comes before the enjoyment of it, which eludes those that live for nothing else. Love is for Christ a worship before it is a sympathy. He did not Himself ask for love, but faith—sure that living faith in

Him must wear the complexion of loving kindness. The love He asked from Peter at the end was not personal affection sublimated, it was the moral love of the much forgiven, it was faith's love. That is the divine kind of love, that is the love of the Kingdom. Its foundation is the moral foundation of the forgiveness and the new heart. It does not mean merely love romantic or domestic. The kingliness of the love, the grace of it, the miracle of it (not the instinctive naturalness of it) was the first thing with Christ and the last—even as for Paul, on the forefront of Romans, the gospel was the revelation of the righteousness of God before all else (Rom. i. 17). When we say that the one form of love distinctively divine is forgiving love and the love of the forgiven, we are really saying in other words that justification by faith is the article of a standing or falling Church, in proportion as the Church is concerned with moral reality, moral redemption, and the kingdom of God. For the purposes of practical religion justification is forgiveness, and the revelation of it is the revelation of the last reality in an atoning forgiveness. And revelation, in this most pointed and positive sense of it, is the setting up of the kingdom of God; it is not a matter of mere manifestation, nor of mere impression. It is action, it is in the nature of a new creation, a new and final reality, which does not come and go but abides for ever.

Christ's God is the King of the regenerate conscience more than of natural affection transferred. There is indeed no sweeter word than loving kindness; but the loving kindness of Christ is not the kindness of a brother, but of the Holy One of God. The mightiest, and the divinest, and the most miraculous thing in God's love is its holiness, and the atoning way in which His love meets it. And the mightiest thing on earth is the kingdom of this holy God, and His righteousness, which is more than all peoples. The recent war was not only not for the dominance of a nation, nor was it even for the safety of civilization. It is the whole

kingdom of God in the history of all the civilizations that has been at stake, through the Teutonic repudiation of a moral control over a Nation and State powerful enough to discard it. And that is the same holy kingship of God as forgives the world and redeems. Compared with that Act all the cosmic majesties and terrors, all historic convulsions, are but the outskirts of His ways (Job xxvi. 14). It is the might and miracle of the Holy One's love of the unholy. It is love at moral issue always with sin. Such is the love at the root of the kingdom of God and its righteousness for the world.

To realize this thoroughly would alter the ruling type of religion, where love means too often an easy impunity and exemption. It would fortify and exalt that type. Our idea of Fatherhood has been too much drawn from the home and too little from the Cross; and therefore it has been softened too far. God has become the kind Providence of the genial life instead of the holy Lord of the righteous Kingdom. We go for our God too little to history and too much to the family. The kind father's little girl (and God never made anything sweeter than a little girl) becomes more of a revelation to him than his Holy Father's unspared Son; and it is held to be almost an outrage when he is told that his Church has claims on him which determine his home, and may not allow him to remove and live in a better set. The Christ of the heart becomes the Christ of the story (which is bent to it) instead of the Christ of the story becoming the Christ of the heart (which is reared to it). Hence religion becomes too mobile for affairs, too subjective, unreal, impotent—just as in orthodoxy it became too intellectual, too rational. It becomes in both cases demoralized; so that, while we want reconciliation, we want it detached from its moral foundation in atonement, and reduced to a mere making up. And it becomes too much individualized. It becomes a salvation by private bargain or mystic light, and not by a share in the salvation of a whole world and in the recovery of a moral universe. We are

asked to think of the Cross as the classic case of self-sacrifice, and not the crucial offering to a holy God. We think of religion in terms of private rather than public life, though it was upon a national issue that Christ died, and it was a nation's crime that slew Him for a world. Hence our Christianity has been more of a success on the private than on the public scale. It regulates personal conduct and sympathy, but not national. There is much private piety in Germany and no national righteousness. Hence also the moral effect of a great public and ecumenical calamity like the war is disappointing. We fail to respond to it as one of the saving historic judgements in the dramatic and tragic course of a kingdom of God founded upon a Cross. We dissociate it from the conscience of the world and of eternity. Therefore, also, we lose out of religion the great note of moral sovereignty, of righteousness, of nations in a solemn league and covenant. We can speak of many a great work in religion, but we do not speak of it with the great note. Or when we think of majesty we think of it in the aesthetic way of seemly reverence and not the moral way of searching worship.

But the great note comes from the great belief, as the real hold is our hold on the last moral foundations of things. Is that the power of our creed? Are we as much concerned about its moral reality as about its canonical continuity? How are we to connect the forms of our belief with the last realities of active things? It is a problem that the individual religionist treats with disdain as academic and intellectualist; but it is really the supreme question for a society or a nation. And we are fumbling at social or national religion with a small key that only fits the lock of our private safe. We are interested only in what lends itself to the uses of local pulpits and does not extend to the control of national destiny.

The great beliefs are not intellectualist. They come from the last depths of will, heart, and history. They are the self-

exposition of the immanent and royal Redeemer. They are the lineaments of gospel books which enthrone a latent King of history. A Church, like the kingdom it serves, cannot rest on sentiment alone but on certainty. And sentiment is easy and certainty is hard. And so our religion belongs to our weakness, not to our strength, and to our leisure and not our energetic hours, to our preference instead o four obedience. Care less for those things that interest or delight you and cost you nothing; and care more for those things that tax you, but set you on eternal rock.

Private or individual conduct must be largely guided by sentiment, but it is not so with the conduct of societies. It is the nature of our creed that creates the public type of religion; and it is the type of religion that affects society and public life, and does so in a way largely subconscious and even posthumous. By which latter word I mean that it is the creed and type of the religion of a past generation that reforms the ethics of the average mind to-day (though that is more true of political than of social affairs). It is the nature of Germany's creed and God that has made it the curse of the world. It has sacrificed moral regeneration to godless culture, and the new creation of a world to the grandiose expansion of a race. It needs a great creed to make a nation great.

To maintain the great note is more than to carry on a 'great work.' It is the poverty, the stridency, or the huskiness of our type of active religion that is the source of the Church's lack of public influence, and therefore of its atonic malaise at the present awful juncture. The gospel has the word for the hour as the Church has not. Our great theology does not come out in our general type of faith, which does not strike the note meet for a great nation or crisis. We talk the language of local congregations, and we do them good. And one would not for a moment discourage the pastor. But where is the apostle, where the prophet, where the word of the Church which is a fear to

politicians and a conscience to kings? We have made the Cross a raid shelter instead of a world's crisis, cure, and crown. Our note, with all its greatness, is not the note of a world crisis in the world conscience, as the Cross of our redemption is. It suggests a war shrine, pretty and pious. Or it is the note of a process of ordered thought, in which the redemption is but an episode or a tangle in a vast movement of the general reason. It is static not dynamic. It has the note of reflexion but not of tragedy, not of power. It is the work of able thinkers who have never been shaken over the mouth of the pit and scarcely saved. Our note is not deep enough because it is not moral enough. It is donnish and dispassionate. It does not reflect the saving wrath of God. It consoles more than kindles, and interests more than it awes.

Before we can effectually launch out into the deep of new seas and new worlds, the conscience of the race must be readjusted at the Cross to the *summum bonum* of the kingdom of God. We must revise belief and action by penetrating anew Christ's historic revelation, His historic foundation, of the kingdom of God, with its prime and public righteousness dominating all. The Jesus of history is not just a figure into whose outline we may press the most vivid, fine, and homely humanities of modern religion. He is One in whom we discern the gift of God which creates and commands all these pieties and amenities, and forms the crisis of the great moral powers whose action makes history. Those fundamental realities were gathered up, as earth's central fires gather to a volcanic head, into a nation selected by God to be trustee of His Kingdom, the collective prophet of the moral world, and the protagonist of the conscience of the Holy. It was not the cause of the proletariat, that broke Christ's heart, but a nation's treason to a holy God. It was the great refusal of His beloved Israel as the grand falsity of the moral world; where also His own victory was that world's last fidelity and last reality. From that recreant

nation these historic realities were gathered up into Christ. And from Christ they were concentrated into His death and resurrection. His resurrection *by the spirit of holiness* (Rom. i. 4) meant a new moral world in its wake, and not only a new religion. It was the beginning and source of the world's regeneration. That was the real outpouring of the Spirit, in which the world is not illuminated but born anew (1 Pet. i. 3). The exalted Christ takes for Paul the place the kingdom of God took for Jesus. He is the concentrated principle of the kingdom of the world's moral redemption. To return to Him and His moral charge and His moral crisis for it is the only permanent and thorough method for reconstructing either the institutions of society or the institutes of theology. The moral principle of reconstruction is regeneration, not into safety but into the Kingdom of God.

I fear that the state of the religious mind, so trivialized and dismoralized, is such that much of what I have said from the heart of God's righteousness in Christ will seem but a preacher's extravagance, or an academic discussion about a moral philosophy of history. Such was Israel's damnatory verdict on Christ, who said that the wickedness of Tyre, Sidon, and Sodom was a venial thing compared with the moral stupidity of the decent religion of Israel in Capernaum and Chorazin.

But let me say again that each single soul is saved only by its response to that same act of holy righteousness which founded the Kingdom, created a Church, exalted the nations, and recovered a world. It is historic faith I have been preaching, and preaching on something else than the conventicle scale or the patriotic. It is not philosophy. It is the soul of the religion of the world's conscience, and the power of the action of the conscience of God. It is powers I am handling, not themes—principalities and power ruling from the heart of all things. I am not lecturing, and not orating, but preaching in print—preaching neither to intellect nor sentiment, but from God's conscience to man's,

from man's destiny to his history. It is the word of the evangelical conscience, the conscience not just enlightened but redeemed and morally new made from the throne, that makes everything new. I am preaching the holy conscience of the love in God to the slack conscience of Christian love. I have been trying to penetrate the Cross that with it I might perhaps penetrate the moral soul. It is not easy to harmonize private religion and public, I know, but it must be done at last. And how finely Augustine has done it in words like these:

'Lord, when I look on my own life it seems Thou hast led me so carefully, so tenderly, that Thou canst have attended to no one else. But, when I see how wonderfully Thou hast led the world, and art leading it, I am amazed that Thou hast had time to attend to such as I.'

P. T. Forsyth.

THE WORLD, THE WAR, AND WOMAN

A STUDY IN THE PHILOSOPHY OF BENJAMIN KIDD

The Science of Power. By BENJAMIN KIDD. (Methuen & Co. 1918.)

MR. BENJAMIN KIDD was one of the few who think much and write little. He gained an immediate reputation by his first book, *Social Evolution*, published in 1894, and translated into nine languages. Eight years later, he issued his *Principles of Western Civilization*. After a further sixteen years, during which his name had become almost forgotten, he published, early in 1918, a comparatively small volume, *The Science of Power*. Unhappily this brilliant and independent thinker has since been taken from us, a loss we can ill afford, at a time when a breach has been made in the internationalism of scholarship which the present generation at least will not repair, during which we shall need the more the full resources of our own national learning to make good the deficiency.

It is as yet too early to estimate Mr. Kidd's permanent place in the heritage of philosophy. Like Herbert Spencer, he was the product of none of the recognized schools. His philosophical nonconformity, his vigour and unconventionality, his freedom from the influence of Teutonic speculativeness, created for him many affinities with the pragmatists, though his mental bent was sociological rather than philosophical. His last message, *The Science of Power*, is one of those books which will cause the thoughts out of many hearts to be revealed. To a world at the crossways it is an urgent challenge. It can be denied, but not dismissed. It is original, suggestive, and stimulating, but it has an even greater significance. It presents us with what William James called 'a forced option.' If Mr. Kidd is right,

Western civilization is fundamentally wrong. The inherent conservatism which attaches all of us in some degree to the social order in which we have grown up, hesitates to accept such a mental revolution. Yet it is not easy to read *The Science of Power* and write it down as the phantasy of an astigmatic mind. Whether we accept Mr. Kidd's argument or not, it is one of those thrusts which cut deeply into our established sentiments and prejudices.

I.—I will, first of all, attempt to give an impression of the argument of the book, which impression, needless to say, is perforce brief and somewhat partial. The blunt fact from which the author starts is that, despite the nominal Christianity of the West, its civilization, in character and content, has an essentially pagan basis; that is to say, its standard of right does not extend beyond its own interests, and its ultimate sanctions rest, in the last resort, on sheer brute force.

It is not difficult to show that Germany provided the transcendent example of such paganism, but unhappily the evil has been of far wider extent. The fundamental idea of the economic science of the West has been the conception of society as a state of war. The struggle between capital and labour has barely veiled the same basis that Prussian militarism openly avowed, namely, that necessity knows no law, and agreements no sanctity which expediency may not violate. Despite the high ideals manifest in much of the labour movement, the ultimate basis of its conflict has approximated with increasing nearness to that of international relationships, the appeal to the right of might.

Within and without, therefore, in internal and in foreign policy, the civilization of the West has adopted a basis diametrically opposite to that of its professed religion. Christian civilization depends upon two great principles, the equal value of every human life and the supremacy of sacrifice and service over force. For nearly two thousand

years it has patiently opposed this ideal to the brute instincts of the crude and naked individualism of paganism, which seeks its own interests by sheer strength. Slowly but surely it seemed that the Galilean conquered. When, in the nineteenth century, the invention of the railway, steamboat, and telegraph, made the world shrink into smaller space, and brought the remote near, a real internationalism seemed possible. Tennyson had a vision of the flags of the nations furled in the parliament of man. Yet at the exact moment when a concrete brotherhood of races, separated by hitherto impassable barriers of sea and land, seemed realizable, the West relapsed suddenly into a state of militarism where whole nations, not armies only, bore arms, and every people began to sharpen the sword against its neighbour.

The reason for this great pagan retrogression must be sought in two spheres. Paganism at this time received a new opportunity, and found a new justification. In 1859 Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, a book destined to recast the world's thought. He had no idea other than that of giving what he actually did give, a true science of animal physical evolution. Darwin's doctrine of efficiency in the individual animal body had no relation to the causes creative of collective efficiency in the social and moral world of the mind. Nor did Darwin himself apply his thesis to them. His disciples, however, knew no such hesitation. They seized upon Darwinism to afford the justification of a revival of paganism in civilization, because indeed 'the psychological moment,' the opportunity, came with unhappy coincidence. It was the time when Prussia, by defeating Denmark, Austria, and France, saw what she believed was the world at her feet. There followed subsequently the generation during which the imperialist opportunity fell like a ripe apple before the nations of the West. A wild scramble for territory in Africa and elsewhere followed, and the great Powers of the West added to their dominions an

area fifty times as large as the United Kingdom. Small wonder therefore that, on Germany primarily, and also upon the whole Western world, the sociological misapplication of Darwinism fell as seed on prepared soil. The opportunity and its alleged scientific justification coming together proved irresistible. Europe openly embraced the stark gospel of force. The life of nations was proclaimed as essentially a struggle for existence, in which the fittest survives. The law of the jungle became the law of the Chancellaries of Europe. Armies and armaments multiplied. A new science of power arose, preached by professors, practised by politicians, mobilized by militarists throughout Europe. The great pagan retrogression was complete: its wisdom justified by its children. Meanwhile the people, the sheep for its slaughter, remained like the sheep, ignorant of their destiny, until the death-bell of 1914 tolled the knell of millions, and the utter collapse of Western civilization, a Frankenstein destroyed by its own monster.

II.—The only gleam of hope for the Western world to-day lies in the fact that 'the idols are broke in the temple of Baal.' Everywhere we see the battle-scarred countries pathetically anxious to forget the things that are behind, blindly reaching to the half-seen possibilities that are before. But if there is to be a new order of civilization, we must first attempt to attain a true conception of the forces controlling a stable social and international order. What are they?

The sociological apologists of the pagan world-order base their argument upon the unalterable legacy of inborn heredity. For this reason it is urged that civilization cannot alter the fundamental instincts. The cynic calls in science to support him in declaring that the civilized man stripped is the savage naked. To many minds the dogma is fact. In reality it is strangely baseless. So far from civilization being only changeable by slowly operative influences extending over centuries, it is capable of cataclysmic change

in as short a period as a single generation. Within that time the psychology of the whole German race changed. An unwarlike people became the bullies of Europe. Japan reveals an Eastern race rising in fifty years from a state of feudalism to world power, a change which demanded several centuries in our own country. The phenomenon is well-nigh inexplicable if there really exist a wide, inborn interval of mental superiority between the long civilized and the backward races. It points to the fact that, after all, it is the social and not the inborn inheritance that dominates human progress; and in that social inheritance, the psychic element, the ideas and ideals which rest upon emotion, is most influential. That which Mr. Kidd names 'the Emotion of the Ideal,' is uppermost in social integration, for whilst individual integration demands an individual efficient in his own interests, social integration requires a law wholly different, spelt in one word—sacrifice.

We are bound to ask whether the stupendous sacrifices cheerfully made by all nations in this conflict owe their origin to inborn heredity, the lust of combat, or to the Emotion of the Ideal. To ask is to answer. We know what moved our men to pour their blood into the cup of sacrifice. But even the German mass formations went to the slaughter with the appeal which an assiduous drill from childhood days upward had stamped upon their minds; the sacred cause of a threatened fatherland. Thus has paganism prostituted the true forces which control civilization to its own purposes. It has done so because in itself it lacks sufficient motive and adequate appeal. We have more to wrest from the militarists than ravaged lands. We have to snatch back from their hands the forces by which nations live.

III.—It is apparent, then, that the master fact of social integration is entirely different from that of individual integration. It is the passion for the ideal, which is but to say the passion for perfection, the passion for God. If

there is to be a new and better world-order after the war, it must be based upon a new science of power. Its laws may be stated thus. Power, often used loosely as equivalent to force or energy, is more correctly to be understood as the capacity for utilizing force or energy by integration. As such it is a characteristic and constituent quality of life, as force or energy is characteristic of the material universe; for life in all its forms is a process of integration, that is to say it implies the organization of force and energy. The evolution and integration of life follow the line of maximum power. In the individual integration, this implies self-assertion, and its centre is consequently the present. But in the social integration it implies the subordination of the one to the many, and its centre lies ahead, in the future. The two may be further contrasted by noticing that in the individual integration the highest quality is reason. In the social integration the highest quality is that ultra-rational capacity of mind which has been described as 'The Emotion of the Ideal.' It may at first sight seem an injustice to reason so to designate it, but after all we must realize that the altruistic emotions, the spirit of self-immolation and sacrifice, are not produced by pure reasoning. Reason is invariably cautious, and the supremest acts of valour, moral and physical, can hardly be said to be prompted by reason. They are ultra-rational, and their reasons are of the heart and not the head. Finally we notice that in the individual integration, the heredity through which Power is transmitted is in the individual, and inborn. In the social integration Power is transmitted through the cultural inheritance, and by the Emotion of the Ideal. It is for this cause that quick transformations are much more possible in the social than in the individual integration.

Those who can grasp the significance of the foregoing argument will realize how novel and how pregnant is Mr. Kidd's science of power. If indeed there be such a vast difference between the conditions requisite for the individual and

for the social integrations, it is little wonder that any theory of communal life made under the influence of the sociological application of Darwinism, must be entirely disastrous, for the implication underlying the whole attempt is manifestly that the same conditions which apply to individual integration equally apply to the collective integration of civilization.

IV.—The particular application which Mr. Kidd makes of his theory is one which is immensely significant in view of the great prominence which war has given to the work of the woman citizen, and her admission, in this country at least, to the franchise. It is that the future centre of power in civilizatio ı lies not in the fighting male of the race, but in woman ; and that by the very necessities of her being.

The characteristic instincts and emotions of the male animal are combative. The farmer cannot place two bulls in the same field without the certainty of a fight, but herds of cows will graze together peacefully, and only exhibit combative symptoms if their young are molested. Right through the animal world and into the human world the same characteristic runs. Even the orator, speaking perhaps of peace, in his gestures, voice, and attitude, exhibits all the emotions of the fight. The nature of woman is constructed on a wholly different basis. The typical woman, whether she is a mother or not, has an outlook in which the race is more than the individual, and the future greater than the present. As against the 'short range' emotions intimately related to the heredity of the fight, which man possesses, woman has 'long-range' emotions, centred not in the destruction but the preservation of the life of the race.

Still further, in the Western world, in art, literature, and indeed in fact, woman has always been the inspirer of ideals. When man, in the social integration, realizes his need of the Emotion of the Ideal, it is not to another male of his kind, but to woman that he turns for support and instinctive understanding. The progress of civilization lies most

visibly in the growth of ideals. It might plausibly be argued that since the brutality revealed in modern warfare parallels that of the darkest ages, human nature is unchanged. It is only possible to rebut so hopeless a conviction by pointing out that the ideals revealed by the war are infinitely higher than those of the struggles of the past. As the inspirer of ideals, woman is the pioneer of the advance of civilization.

The argument grants that woman tends more to be emotional and man to be rational, but the relative value of the higher emotions to civilization in comparison with reason, blunts the edge of what was once thought to be a reproach. In short, Western civilization has suffered from the long predominance of the qualities of the fighting male, which, however useful in individual integration, militate against the conditions necessary for a stable social integration. The admission of woman to place and power in citizenship is destined to restore the balance. There is no need to press this admission to the length of concluding that man must give place to woman. A world governed by woman might display defects as serious as have been manifested in a world controlled by the fighting male. But the argument does imply that it is in the nature of woman that the most necessary qualities for social integration are found: the capacity for sacrifice, the mind that centres in the future, in the welfare of the race rather than in the self-assertion of the individual; and from her contribution to the new civilization man can learn what he most needs. The possibility of this is enforced in the concluding pages of Mr. Kidd's book, which show, from certain very interesting experiments with animals, that instincts, such as fear, supposed to be inborn, are rather to be understood as transmitted anew to each generation through social heredity, and are absent in animals which have not been exposed to that influence. Such facts are not unjustly cited to corroborate the thesis that a great transformation in civilization is possible under the influence of a collective ideal imposed

on the mind of the young under conditions of emotion, and that so to impose it is the primary task of the education of the future, and indeed the pathway to a new mind and a new earth.

V.—Having attempted to afford an impression of Mr. Kidd's argument, there remains the task of endeavouring briefly to appraise it. Like many men possessed with a conviction, Mr. Kidd inclined somewhat to over-confidence, and took too scant notice of objections and exceptions. In its main outline, his argument may be presented thus: (1) Western civilization during the war has revealed its bankruptcy. The reason lies in the fact that it has been pagan in outlook, attempting to base itself upon the laws which apply to individual integration; (2) Despite Darwinian sociology, the laws of individual and social integration are fundamentally dissimilar, and in social integration the cultural inheritance and the Emotion of the Ideal are more powerful than inborn heredity and reason; (3) Civilization is redeemable, however, because quick and far-reaching transformation can be attained by imposing through education a new cultural inheritance; (4) The psychic centre of power in the new order is to be found in the nature of woman.

It is hardly possible to rebut the first of these contentions. The welcome given by a war-weary world to the idea of a League of Nations is a sign that nations realize that an individual integration based on force must give place to an international integration based on mutual confidence. The second point seems equally well based. There is little doubt that the manner in which Darwinism has been directly applied to sociology is erroneous. The glib use of phrases concerning struggle and survival has obscured an elementary fact, namely, that as soon as we deal with the primary unit of social integration, the family, we pass at once to a sphere in which it is not the combative, but the self-sacrificing qualities of the parent, particularly the mother,

which make for the survival of the race. Even amongst animals it is her willingness to go hungry that the young may feed that preserves the brood. Nor is the male animal destitute of the same qualities. I have known a cock which had to be fed separately, so persistently did he call the hens to eat the food that was scattered to the flock. Such patent facts suggest that the conditions of any social integration cannot be interpreted by those of individual integration, and that human civilization least of all can be sustained on a basis of force and self-assertion.

One comes however with somewhat more hesitation to the third and fourth points of the argument. They are in no sense unsound, but they are hardly sufficient. It is impossible to explain so marvellous a transformation as that of Japan, unless the cultural inheritance be considered as of greater importance in this respect than the inborn inheritance. The place given to emotion, moreover, as contrasted with that assigned to reason, is in harmony with the trend of such modern philosophical movements as pragmatism. It must also surely follow that the indication of the tremendous service woman can render in the new order of civilization will be an inspiration to her on the threshold of the powers of citizenship. But when all this has been conceded, one is left with the sense that the mere Emotion of the Ideal is poorly equipped to struggle alone against the entrenched defensive works of instinctive self-assertion, and that feminine nature, though cast in another mould, is made of the same clay as that of man. The great omission is the failure to recognize the part which can alone be supplied by religion, especially by a true realization of the implications of Christianity, in the redemption of civilization, and the embodiment of the Emotion of the Ideal in a definite form in the kingdom of God. More than once in his argument Mr. Kidd recognizes that Christianity is opposed to force, to the Darwinian doctrine of heredity, that it is a religion of peace which gives the highest sanction

to sacrifice; but the monstrous contradiction that every year of the Christian era has been baptized in the blood shed in war, seems to have led him to despair of Christianity asserting its true principles for the salvation of society.

Whilst it is tragically true that the Christian nations have been as aggressive as their heathen neighbours, it is strange that Mr. Kidd did not apply his own hopeful doctrine of the possibility of sudden and far-reaching change, to reveal the opportunity for a Christ-like Christianity. It should certainly prove a far easier task for a new cultural inheritance to turn a religion back to harmony with its essential principles than to turn unregenerate human nature from a basis of force and self-assertion to a basis of sacrifice and love. Apart from a strong leaven of religion, the Emotion of the Ideal may, in the future, be enslaved to an unworthy end once more, just as surely as in the past the Prussian system of education made love of the fatherland the instrument for yoking the people to the war-chariot. There is an equal likelihood, recollecting the inveterate submission of the majority of women to the domination of the masculine mind, that the nature of woman will prove an insufficient power to form a psychic centre of civilization. Mr. Kidd sketches a future of dazzling possibilities, but as is often the case in similar circumstances with the prophets of financial prosperity, there seems to be insufficient capital in the venture to permit of the realization of its potentialities. It is not to the disembodied Emotion of the Ideal, nor to the abstract nature of womankind that we can look for a new world order, but to the dynamic of a living religious faith.

We are brought back to realize, not as the expression of a religious bias, but as the expression of simple fact, that a civilization based on the principles of the Son of Man is the only alternative to the old order which has failed. The reason is that the conditions of individual integration are concrete and present, those requisite for social integration are abstract and future. Human nature knows no dynamic

that will force the present to sacrifice itself to the future, except the spirit which sent Christ to Calvary. Yet it is an historical fact that that spirit still lives in the breasts of those whose ideal is Christ, and it is that spirit, which in its first manifestation redeemed the world, which alone can still redeem it. We must welcome *The Science of Power*, as a remarkable testimony to the possibility of a new world-order; but we must reserve the right to claim for the Master of Humanity, 'Apart from Me ye can do nothing.' Mr. Kidd has given us to see that the sudden transformation with which we are familiar in the individual and call conversion, is applicable with equal rapidity and effect in the life of a people, and therein has given us firmer faith in the possibility, which only awaits our effort to make it actual, that through human means the spirit of Christ can make a nation to be born in a day, and create a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.

E. S. WATERHOUSE.

A PIONEER OF REUNION

Chapters from my Life. By Sir Henry S. Lunn. (Cassell & Co. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

'EVERY man,' says James Russell Lowell, in his essay on Rousseau, 'is conscious that he leads two lives —the one trivial and ordinary, the other sacred and recluse; one which he carries to society and the dinner-table, the other in which his youth and his aspirations survive for him, and which is a confidence between himself and God. Both may be equally sincere, and there need be no contradiction between them any more than, in a healthy man, between soul and body.'

In my own mind I always associate these words with the writer of *Chapters from my Life.* For there are two Henry Lunns. One has leapt, gladiator-like, and with the joy of battle in his heart, into the arena of public life. Him I know only from hearsay, by what I see in the newspapers, and by what I now read in this autobiography. But with Henry Lunn, something of a saint and a mystic, it is, to my spiritual profit, my privilege to be on terms of intimacy. His beautiful little devotional compilation, *The Love of Jesus*, is one of my most precious possessions, and after Robertson's *Sermons*, is more often in my hand than any other book of the kind.

Sir Henry Lunn leads both the outer and active, and the inner and spiritual life of which Lowell speaks. Some men thus constituted, keep their dual sides, as it were, in separate compartments. The Christian in them has small part in the man of affairs; the man of affairs effectively conceals his Christianity. It is not so in Sir Henry Lunn's case. The material and the spiritual sides overlap. He seeks not only to carry with him into the business world the ideals

and standards of a Christian, but also seeks to employ in the religious world, the insight, the foresight, and the great gifts of organization which have made him successful as a man of affairs. He has what is called the administrative faculty. Convinced as he is that the kingdom of God on earth can most greatly be advanced by means of, and through the channel of Christ's Church—the administrative no less than the spiritual side of Sir Henry Lunn has been employed in what I may perhaps be permitted to describe as 'Constructive Churchmanship.' He is no iconoclast. He is scarcely even a reformer. His one and only aim is to reunite and to restore. Hence he has set himself the task—the best and the highest service, so it seemed to him that he could render to God—of endeavouring newly to bring together, as it were into one Church, and under one roof, as one family, all who love and serve our Lord Jesus Christ.

That he might be the means, under God, first of leading that child and daughter of the Church, as Sir Henry counts her, Wesleyan Methodism, back to her ancient and never-in-heart-forsaken home, the Church of England; and, secondly, that he may achieve the reunion of all the Christian Churches, have been the main objects and the dream of his life.

My own opinion is that what has most weakened and divided his efforts is that, to this day, he is not fully persuaded in his own mind whether he be English Churchman or Wesleyan Methodist. He would perhaps—and on the ground that no one who follows John Wesley, as Wesley wished to be followed, has ever left the Church—claim that he is both. A Churchman myself, I rejoice to think that child of mine (my wife is in direct descent from the Wesleys) has in her veins the blood of one of the greatest Churchmen, one of the noblest intellects, one of the saintliest souls this world has known. But whether my friend Henry Lunn be Wesleyan Methodist or English Churchman (and I admit

I cannot say, for I do not know nor, I believe, does he) I do at least know this—that no man has influenced and taught me so to love and to honour John Wesley as he; and that, whatever be Sir Henry Lunn's ecclesiastical position, no one can read *Chapters from my Life* without coming to love and to honour John Wesley newly and more greatly than before.

These, then, have been the two dreams (one dream, really, for the realization of the first follows as a result of the realization of the second) of Sir Henry Lunn's life—the reconciliation of Wesleyan Methodism and Anglicanism, and the Reunion of all the Christian Churches. It is a great aim, and I do not hesitate to say that he has greatly striven—how greatly, the reader may learn for himself from *Chapters from my Life*.

Sir Henry has, however, much of intense interest to tell us on other matters. The Welsh Church Disendowment controversy, for instance, bulks big in his book. On this question—an uncompromising Radical, distrusted by every Tory, we find him anything but the beloved of the Liberals, whom, for conscience' sake, and against all party interests, he is opposing. His position is that of a would-be intermediary who discovers himself in a political No Man's Land, where he is sniped at by either side, while pleading, first with the men in one set of trenches, and then with the men in the trenches opposite, that the one will be fair to the other. No one reading this chapter can fail to note Sir Henry's anxiety to say no word that could give pain, his willingness to make every concession on points not vital, and his manful refusal to give one inch of ground on questions which affect his loyalty to Christ, his loyalty to Wesleyan Methodism, and (I must say it) his loyalty to the Church of England.

He was, he tells us, in his sixth decade when he took part in the Welsh Church Disendowment controversy. He had just entered his third decade when he was the central figure in the Missionary controversy; but reading the facts

as he states them, I am sure Sir Henry would be the first to admit that he had not then learned to act with such moderation and wisdom as he showed later. I did not at the time follow the Missionary controversy, but reading the facts as stated in his autobiography, one feels that, though his intentions were high-minded, public-spirited, and sincere, there was something to be said for the other side. Men like Dr. Watkinson, the late Dr. Dallinger, and the Rev. C. H. Kelly would not lightly oppose an earnest religious reformer and pioneer, unless convinced that his action, no matter how well-meaning, had been unwise. Remembering that it is possible, within a few weeks, more prominently, more cheaply, and more easily to advertise oneself into notoriety, even into a sort of popularity, by rooting about in public life for some 'scandal,' some supposed 'job,' or alleged 'crying case for reform,' about which to clamour, than by long years of self-sacrificing and strenuous but unostentatious work for God,—remembering this and more, one cannot wonder that some of the older and wiser heads went guardedly in the matter of Dr. Lunn's missionary criticisms. That the simpler, the less luxurious the life of a missionary, the greater his spiritual power, and that our missionaries can better serve God by trying to instil the spirit of Christ than by merely 'talked' Christianity, we all agree. But the Henry Lunn of those days was a young man, and had only a year's missionary experience behind him. When the Sir Henry Lunn of to-day gently and reminiscently wonders whether he would not have done better, instead of rushing into print with his criticisms, quietly to have laid the matter before those responsible, I, for one, have not the smallest hesitation in answering: 'I am sure you would.' It is, however, only fair to recall that he was bitterly assailed as the writer of articles of which he knew nothing.

Sir Henry admits mistakes in the past. I am afraid he cannot be acquitted of making mistakes to-day. Writing of W. T. Stead, he says, 'I vividly remember a certain incident

connected with his article entitled "H.R.H.," when the Prince of Wales had been violently attacked over the "Baccarat case." In response to the views of some of the Prince's friends, especially Lady Warwick, Stead wrote this *apologia*.'

Now some of us—not forgetting that Queen Victoria's tenacious hold on power, and her mistaken refusal to allow her eldest son to assist in, and so to qualify for, the burden of sovereignty, left him often at 'loose ends,' and with much irresponsible time on his hands; but remembering also how greatly, when the time came, he rose to his great responsibilities, and put his irresponsible days behind him,—some of us, remembering this, regret that Sir Henry Lunn should care to recall what we have gladly forgotten. If Mr. Stead acted as Sir Henry states, one's only comment is: 'So much the less Stead he!' If evil there were to be rebuked, one had expected William Stead, no respecter of persons, manfully to have spoken out, as did John Knox in like case. To find Mr. Stead coming forward as 'whitewasher,' if whitewashing were necessary, which I take leave to doubt, and at the request, as Sir Henry tells us, of Lady Warwick, sets no one concerned in a creditable light. Frankly I regret the inclusion of the incident, and urge its omission in future editions.

There is yet another matter on which I differ from Sir Henry. On page 281 he tells a story of Sir Jesse Herbert. 'He was going out to Harrow, with two officers and two or three other people in the compartment. One of these officers, a captain, repeated to the other a current lie about the Prime Minister. "What do you mean by saying that?" said Herbert. "What the —— is that to do with you?" replied the officer. "It is everything to me," said Herbert. "Mr. Asquith is a personal friend of mine; I know him and honour him, and I know that what you said is a lie. When you get out of this carriage I shall follow you wherever you go, and hand you over to the police under the Defence of the Realm Act. I am not sure that you are not a German spy."

The officer in alarm said, "Well, what can I do?" "Do?" said Herbert. "You can say that on my authority you believe it to be a lie, that you are very sorry you said it, and apologize to every one in the compartment," which the officer promptly did.'

Now, scandal of every sort, no matter whether spoken of Liberal or Conservative, Royalist or Republican, Christian or Infidel, I abhor. But in this country at present there is no such thing as *lèse majesté*, as affecting a Prime Minister. Had Sir Jesse told the officer that, though not addressed to him, he could not help overhearing what was said of Mr. Asquith, and that he knew it to be a lie; had he asked the officer for his name and address that the matter might be brought to Mr. Asquith's knowledge, in case the latter wished to take action for libel,—my comment would be, 'Well and bravely done!'

But for Sir Jesse, knowing very well that he could not give the officer in charge under D.O.R.A., to threaten to do so, seems to me more like the bluff and swank of a German than the act of an English gentleman. Moreover, to say that he was not sure that the other was not a German spy, said as it was to a soldier who was ready to have laid down his life for his country, who *may* have so laid down his life before now—was an insult so unendurable that one could not have wondered had the soldier struck him. From such punishment Sir Jesse was protected, as he was no doubt aware, by the fact that the other was in uniform, while wearing which he would be prohibited from entering into a quarrel. It was Sir Jesse Herbert himself who told the story. Otherwise one would not easily believe that an English officer was too cowardly to stand by what he had said. Had I been the officer in question, and since Sir Jesse had threatened to call a policeman, I should have done so myself, and charged Sir Jesse with using language likely to cause a breach of the peace, by suggesting that I was a German spy. In doing so, I should be acting within my

rights and within the law—not, as the other's threatened charge was, in pure swank and bluff. We are not told what was said about Mr. Asquith, but to suggest that an officer wearing the King's uniform was a German spy, strikes one as a very serious slander on the part of a would-be slander-silencer. May I add that not only have I no prejudice against Sir Jesse Herbert, but that, to my knowledge, I never so much as saw his name before meeting it in *Chapters from my Life*. Sir Henry Lunn tells the story with approval and gusto. Perhaps the fact that I have had the honour to hold His Majesty's commission prejudices me in favour of the soldier, but I have seldom heard of an act, which I was called upon to admire, concerning which I felt so entirely the other way.

I have taken exception to two of Sir Henry Lunn's stories, but against these are to be set a score or more of new and delightful stories, sufficient in themselves to make the book's fortune. Among the celebrities of whom he writes, and of most of whom he has an illuminating anecdote to tell or of whom he paints a brilliant word-picture, are Queen Victoria, Archbishops Temple and Benson, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Kipling, General Booth, Dr. Clifford, Lord Rosebery, Dean Farrar, Lord Harcourt, Dr. Scott Lidgett, Lord Lytton, Mr. McKenna, Cardinal Manning, and many others. But *Chapters from my Life* is no mere volume of reminiscences from which to cull stories and anecdotes for the delectation of the dinner-table or to lighten the columns of newspapers. It is more even than the life-story of any one man. It is a review and a retelling of some of the most highly important religious work of the last thirty or forty years. The first four chapters, 'My Early Days,' 'The Call to the Ministry,' 'Life at a Methodist Theological College,' and 'Dublin University,' are necessarily personal and limited in outlook. Readers who wish to follow the beginnings of the life of a young Wesleyan

Methodist minister, or the beginnings of Sir Henry Lunn's life in particular, will find these first four chapters fresh and entertaining if comparatively unimportant. But with chapters 5 and 6 the rivulet of the narrator's thus far commonplace life suddenly turns a bend whence we come into sight of open sea. The highway to India lies before us, and it is Hugh Price Hughes who points the way. Thence onward we keep high company and read of great undertakings, which I must do no more than summarize under chapter headings :—'Missionary Life in India,' 'Mission work (in collaboration with Hugh Price Hughes) in West London,' 'W. T. Stead, Quintin Hogg, and the Polytechnic,' '*The Review of the Churches*,' 'The Grindelwald Reunion Conference,' 'Reunion Campaign in America,' 'My Visit to the Vatican,' 'The Death of Hugh Price Hughes and afterwards,' and 'Why I remain a Methodist' (perhaps the most memorable chapter in a book where so much is memorable).

Of these and other matters the author writes with modesty, manliness, and good temper which make his book a model of the sort. Of his sincerity there can never be a moment's doubt, as I was able to assure a great soldier some time before the war. 'Do you know anything of this Sir Henry Lunn, Kernahan ?' said Lord Roberts once. 'He appears to take a very mistaken view of Germany's intentions. Some one was telling me the other day that the man, knowing Germany as apparently he does, is insincerely closing his eyes to what he sees there, and that his activities threaten to be mischievous.'

'Yes, I know Lunn well,' I replied. 'I detest some of his views, but he is absolutely sincere, and I have great personal respect for him. His point of view about Germany is that, for a Christian man deliberately to say or to do anything to make bad blood between two great nations, each calling itself Christian, would be a crime against his own country as well as against God and Christ. In my own

small work for the cause which you captain, I have never said one word against Germany. "I am here," I have said to my audiences, "only to tell you certain facts and to warn you of *your* duties, *your* dangers, and *your* responsibilities—for we are all too apt, while asserting our rights, to forget that rights inevitably carry responsibilities. I am here to remind you that wars between two great nations spring up as suddenly as storms upon the high seas, and that a captain who, because the weather is fine, is caught all unprepared in a storm, and loses his ship and the lives of his passengers, is guilty of criminal negligence. It is for *peace not war* that Lord Roberts is working. If I for one instant thought otherwise, I would stand down from this platform, here and now, and say no other single word for his cause again."'

Lord Roberts put his hand upon my shoulder. 'That is exactly what I want said,' he commented. 'I want no abuse of Germany by my workers. On the contrary, I deprecate it strongly. As a soldier and a student of history, I am compelled myself to warn my fellow countrymen of Germany's methods, her preparations, and her intentions. But I have reason to know that my words and my warnings make no bad blood in Germany. They recognize over there that as a soldier it is my business to know these things and to speak out. Most of all, they know that, in England, it is not we soldiers, but the politicians who make war. I believe indeed that in Germany they are good enough rather to like and to respect me—though that may be because the soldier bulks big in German eyes—but they *do* dislike and *do* distrust certain of our politicians.

'In any case, in working on the lines you have just indicated, and in refraining from abuse of Germany, you are working exactly as I wish my supporters to work. I am relieved to hear what you tell me of Sir Henry Lunn. By all means let such as he do all they can to assist toward good relations between the two countries. The man who

would do otherwise, who seeks as you say to foment strife and to make bad blood is a fool and a knave.'

I put the incident and Lord Roberts' comments on record, not to revive an old controversy, but because by doing so I may be assisting to remove misconceptions which some of us who supported Lord Roberts still entertain about Sir Henry Lunn's visits to Germany; and because what is here told may serve to convince those who opposed Lord Roberts, that peace, not war, was at all times his aim, and that 'Give peace in our time, O Lord!' was his most heartfelt prayer.

No fair-minded man or woman can read *Chapters from my Life* without failing to be struck by an utter absence of rancour. Sir Henry Lunn has not always been treated fairly. When I add that his politics are not mine—so far that is, as I have any politics—I shall not be suspected of partisanship in saying that political prejudice has been allowed to turn the balance against him in matters which are not political. In his own case he has never let politics influence his judgement, as witness his action on the subject of Welsh Disendowment. Of Henry Lunn I say, in the words of Frederick Robertson (*Sermons*, vol. iii., 'Unity and Peace'): 'It is possible for him to be breathing the atmosphere of religious controversy—it is possible for him to be surrounded by bitterness and even to take up the pen of controversy himself,—and yet his soul shall not lose its own deep peace, nor the power of the infinite repose and rest of God.'

His book is more than autobiography. If as Emerson says the history of religions is written in the life-story of some one man, so, when the history of the Reunion of the Christian Churches comes to be told, that story will centre, so far as the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the present century are concerned, around the author of *Chapters from my Life*. He may claim to be the pioneer of reunion, and to have worked closely, continuously, and consistently towards that great end. Whether reunion

will come about, and naturally, in our time (of which I entertain small hope), or whether it come at last, only as the kingdom of heaven is taken—by violence, and as the result of some world catastrophe, none of us can say. But if and when, whether a year, a decade, a score of years, or a century hence,—a memorial to celebrate the Reunion of the Churches be erected, the name of Henry Lunn as a pioneer, and as one who 'by faith' saw the coming of that day, should be inscribed upon the foundation stone. To few pioneers is it given to behold the perfecting of their work. The most they can hope is, in their life-time to see laid some sort of enduring foundation for the Temple of Reunion, the Palace of Peace, or the Court of the Nations, whichever it may be, of which they dreamed, for which they prayed, toiled, and planned. And too often it is the fate of the pioneer to be forgotten. Yet his work remains. Speaking of just such a dreamer and worker as Sir Henry Lunn, of just such a book as *Chapters from my Life*, Robertson of Brighton once said to his only surviving son, Charles Boyd Robertson, my dear friend who told me the incident: 'We put the book away from us, and in a week, a month, a year, we have forgotten, it may be, the very name even of the author. But,' added Robertson, gravely and sternly, 'the Day of Judgement will NOT forget.'

COULSON KERNAHAN.

SOUTH AFRICAN TROUBLES

GENERAL SMUTS, at the luncheon recently given by the South African section of the London Chamber of Commerce, is reported to have begged us 'not to pay too much attention to the little troubles in South Africa.' He further said that 'the elements working for unity exceeded in volume and strength those few sporadic influences still working for disunity.' Those of us who live within the Union of South Africa will agree with the illustrious general that there are strong influences working for unity, but we must be permitted to disagree with him in his estimation of the forces tending to inflame strife and to excite disunity.

Common commercial interests, possibilities of agricultural developments, inter-marriages, the intermingling of Dutch and British workmen on the mines, desires for the better education of their children, the education of the children of Dutch and British parents in the same schools and colleges, societies in which Dutch and British meet and act together, self-preservation before the advance and development of native peoples, moral and religious problems which can only be approached by united action, the gradual penetration of the English language, and a more sensible attitude of an increasing number of British people towards the Dutch language, but above all the disclosure at the heart of the British people of ideals which have ever been cherished by the Boers, and which have so strongly appealed to men like Botha and Smuts at the present time, these are some of the elements working for unity and peace in South Africa. However, the horizon is not as unclouded as some would have us believe. In the *Times* recently there have appeared cables and reports from South Africa to which most probably the average man

would pay little or no attention. There are too many bigger things in Europe weighing upon his mind.

We were startled a while ago with the news that General Hertzog was agitating for a republic to include the whole Union, and had even dared to bring a proposal for the amending of the constitution to the Houses of Parliament in Capetown. General Botha and other ministers deprecated the increasing republican movement, and the Government threatened with force those who were responsible for it. But this has not stifled it any more than the Imperial Government's treatment of Ireland has suppressed republicanism there.

More recently still, labour troubles threatened to break out on the gold mines, and several leaders were arrested. Arising out of this agitation, strikes amongst the natives employed in these mines are not impossible. In a letter I have received from Johannesburg the writer says, 'We have only just escaped a serious native strike.'

It is not to be supposed for a moment that German intrigue has ceased. Quite a number of Germans and people of German descent are still at liberty in the country. Many are born citizens, others are naturalized, and unless there is sufficient reason to render them suspect they cannot be interned.

In the days of the Crimean War a settlement of the so-called 'German Legion,' recruited from Prussia, was made in the Eastern Province. Many of these families became prosperous, and numbers of their relatives have been enticed to make their homes in South Africa. These have migrated to various parts of the country, and I doubt if there is a town or a village where they are not to be found.

In the days of the old Boer Government a number of German people came to the Transvaal, and some parts of the northern country have been settled by them. There is at least one part where German farmers, German traders, and German missionaries exert a predominant influence.

It has been suggested at various times that Lutheran missionaries have played an important part in German intrigue. As one travels the country this is frequently heard, and the internment of one or two missionaries has probably given colour to such belief. It has to be remembered, however, that the average European is antagonistic to all missionaries at any time, and at such a time as this it is not difficult to imagine that antagonism inflamed to more than a suspicion of treason. I know of one case where some of the Roman Catholic people refused to attend the services conducted by their priest because he was of German origin.

My own conviction is that these men have been guilty of very little political intrigue. Those with whom I have been acquainted have been engrossed in their work and acting sincerely, as far as light and knowledge have been given to them, as missionaries of the Church of Jesus Christ. But there are many other German people in the country to whom most probably before the war political and commercial intrigue had become their chief business, and some of these remain at large to-day.

The labour agitations are mainly on the 'Reef,' that is, in the gold mines on either side of Johannesburg. The opposition is generally to the capitalists and their purposes and methods. There is not the same proportional strength in the Labour organizations as in Great Britain, and with their political views the great mass of the Boer population would have little sympathy. A Labour victory was gained in the Transvaal Provincial Council elections in 1914, but that was really a protest against General Smuts' drastic action in deporting the strike leaders without trial. Very few people believe that the Labour Party will secure another victory at the next election. While there are sound men amongst them, and while many have much sympathy with their legitimate aspirations, there is an uneasy feeling abroad that all is not right in this body. I do not mean to suggest that all is right with the other political bodies, and that the

Labour Party alone gives occasion to this suspicion. Moderate men in the country are not enamoured of any political party, but if I might be permitted an individual judgement I should say that the best interests of the Union appear to be entrusted at the present time to the South African Party under the leadership of General Botha.

The Labour Party is split into two sections—a martial and a pacificist, and these two are bitterly opposed to each other. Colonel Cresswell, the leader of the party in the House of Assembly, very early in the war defined his position, and proceeded on active service, but a section of the party adopted a strong pacificist attitude, and to that section the attempt to stir up trouble amongst the natives on the Reef is largely due.

The native unrest, however, has a deeper origin, and that will not be removed by improving their conditions of labour and increasing their wages. This native unrest arises from a distrust of the policy of the Europeans and especially of the Government. For years past the native peoples have been suspicious that the ultimate object of European domination was to deprive them of all their lands and to bring them into a position of absolute subservience. The scandal of the Swaziland concessions, when practically the whole country was discovered to have been bartered to white men by a dissolute king, and, with savage cunning, the same territory to different concession-hunters, was one occasion of the scales falling from native eyes. The recent Land Act of the present Government, rushed through Parliament with such indecent haste, and culminating in a post-mortem inquiry as to the feasibility of the Government scheme, has set the whole native population vibrating with indignation. The scheme is an immature attempt at segregation, but the vital part of it is that, in the suggested divisions of the country for European and Native areas, by far the larger section is apportioned for the Europeans—that was to be expected—and those sections allotted to native

peoples are generally the most unhealthy and the least productive. But what is inhuman in the suggested arrangement is that it involves the transporting of natives acclimatized to healthy districts to districts infested with malarial fever, and whose inhabitants are years behind the immigrants in civilization. I am glad to say that owing to the persistent efforts of men like the Rev. Amos Burnet, and to the outcry raised by many farmers, who are finding that the natives are willing to leave the farms upon which they have lived for generations, rather than be reduced to the position of serfs, the Act is at present in a state of suspension.

Once more, the claim of the Chartered Company to the absolute possession of the land in Southern Rhodesia—which claim has just been set aside in favour of the Crown by our highest tribunal—has given food for much thought to intelligent native politicians. This suspicion of our motives is really the origin of all native unrest, and that is played upon by different agitators to inflame native passion and provoke native opposition.

Turning to purely European troubles the most vicious is that between the South African Party and the Nationalist Party. Both are Boer parties, and it is a case of relatives quarrelling, with the usual amenities. The Unionist Party, which is the British Party, is for the duration of the war in a state of truce with the Government. The Nationalists, on the other hand, are at open war, and allow no opportunity to pass whereby they may embarrass the Government. If one asks the average Nationalist what is the objection to General Botha and General Smuts the immediate reply is that they are 'Anglicized.' They hold that Botha and Smuts have been hypnotized by British ideas. General Hertzog's war cries are, 'South Africa for the Afrikander' and 'South Africa first.' What is this but the Southern version of 'Sinn Fein'? The policy of 'ourselves alone' and 'all for ourselves' is the policy of the South African Nationalists.

The South African Party holds that the highest interests

of the future of the country will be best served by maintaining her position in the Empire. Those who adhere to this party are determined to preserve their independence and self-government, as the other parts of the Empire do, and are as patriotic Afrikanders as any others, but they believe that all the interests of our country will be best promoted by strengthening the bond with Great Britain. And this is the ground of the quarrel, for the Nationalists are frankly Republican. Their political agitations have culminated in the demand for a republic. They realize that now is the opportune moment, and their shrieking is the more loud in the hope that it may be heard at the table of the Peace Conference of the Nations. They have won ground during the last three years in the constituencies. They play upon the racial passions of the Boer people, and endeavour by every unscrupulous method to use the past history of the two nations to keep alive racial animosity. It is not their desire to blend the two races into one people, but rather by every means —not excepting the great influence of the Dutch Churches —to keep British and Dutch apart. We are not pessimistic as to the future of our country, but we are profoundly alarmed at the blood feud between these two sections of the Dutch people. There can be no peace while it partakes of its present character. The strife has no relaxation. It affects social life, dissevers friendships, and frustrates well-meaning attempts at friendly co-operation. There is an increasing bitterness which the Nationalists are making no sincere attempt to calm, and this bitterness may bear evil fruit in the near future.

Our country has reached that stage of development when excellent opportunities are opening up in many directions, but men and money are hardly likely to be attracted where the social and political conditions appear so unstable. We who live in South Africa are confident of the possibilities of the future for our country, but we are not deceived as to the danger of the present situation.

W. W. SHILLING.

THE BRONTËS AS SEEN THROUGH FRENCH EYES

Les Sœurs Brontë. By the Abbé Ernest Dimnet. Paris, 1910.

THE hundredth anniversary of Emily Brontë's birth reminded us how very much has been written of late years about the three sisters. 'Surely that lode is worked out,' many readers will say. But there are some records which human beings do not tire of. '*Mentem mortalia tangunt*,' wrote Virgil two thousand years ago. The poet had in view those tragic ups and downs in human lives wherein character is strained to the uttermost. What comes most to the hearts of men and women is not the great successes that others have won, nor yet the famous books they may have written, but the way in which they have fought the battle of life, making no compromise with dishonour and never losing courage even when their noonday sky is dark as midnight. During a single year before the Brontë Museum had been transferred to Bradford, no fewer than 10,000 persons visited it at Haworth. What was it that drew such numbers to that bleak village among the moors? With many, no doubt, it was the fame of the sisters as authors. But with most, was it not rather sympathy and admiration for their noble combat against adverse fate? The procession to the scene of their lives was indeed a genuine pilgrimage. Nor is there any reason why the Haworth of to-day should suggest to us, as it does to a well-known French critic, a sense of defeated lives, but rather that of splendid courage against a dark background.

Space allows us to touch only on a few points. The great distress of the Brontë household was, as all know, the downfall of their brother. Branwell had become a drunkard,

and disappointed all their hopes. Their long-cherished ambition to make themselves independent by starting a boarding-school in Haworth had to be abandoned. With the picture of their once-admired brother's degradation ever before their eyes, their home had become a horror to them. His debts, moreover, had to be paid up, and increased economies were necessary, and their father was becoming blind. With these grim realities pressing upon them, there are few whose spirits would not have been broken. But these sisters, insignificant as most people no doubt thought them, so retiring, so shy of strangers, were strong of soul: they had consciousness, moreover, of talents through which they might honestly and worthily earn their bread.

They had long had aspirations after authorship,—from childhood up indeed. While at home together they used, in the evenings, to discuss the plot of the story each had in hand: once or twice a week they would read aloud what they had written, criticizing and advising on each other's work. But now, with all other avenues shut in their faces, they set to work in deeper earnest. Their one great luxury of old had become the means of holding up the breaking house. But, apart from that, what a divine gift was this of creative imagination which at once carried them a thousand miles from their now desecrated home, and as with an archangel's flaming sword drove the cares of life away for a season!

Stimulated by the genius of the poet or the romancist, all of us have been glad to escape by this magic doorway out of the stern bondage of life. But how much stronger must the wings of imagination be, in the case of those gifted with genius! Happening to take up the life of the musician Chopin, I read that after he had finished one famous work of his, *The Triumphal Polonaise*, this sense reached a positive hallucination. After he had completed it, late in the evening, as he sat alone in his room playing it over, so powerfully was his imagination excited and so strongly did

this react upon his nerves, that all at once it seemed to him that the folding doors of the room opened, and through them there entered a procession of warlike figures in national Polish costume, and of ladies also in national dress, all filing past him as if dancing to his music. In a kind of panic Chopin started up from the piano, and rushed out to escape from the phantoms he had himself created. This of course was a marked and abnormal intensification of imaginative power to which the musician, from the sensuous side of his art, would be more liable than any other artist, but it shows how intensely the possessor of artistic genius can live in his work. It was thus that the Brontës escaped from the grim parsonage hemmed in between the gravestones and the moor, and from the neighbours who did not understand them.[1]

I cannot afford to trace the success with which their brief but strenuous period of authorship was rewarded. We are proud of their achievement, as we are of the deeds of our own brave soldiers in the Great War. But the course of these lonely, outwardly quiet and uneventful but inly passionate lives was speeding swiftly to its close. In the end of 1847 each of the sisters published her first novel—*Jane Eyre*, *Wuthering Heights*, and *Agnes Gray*. One year later, in September, 1848, Branwell died, three months later Emily, and in the May following Anne followed her. Thus in some eight months three crushing blows had fallen on Charlotte: she had been robbed of all who were dearest to her.

After her return to the silent house, now hardly to be

[1] I may quote here the experience of a friend, a journalist and a man of real literary faculty. One day he was engaged in writing a short story for a magazine. The opening scene took place in a snowstorm. When he had finished the passage, it happened that he rose from his seat and went to the window. So absorbed had he been in his work that, when he looked out and saw the sky fair and the sun shining, he was so surprised that, as he said, 'It gave me quite a shock to see that there was no snow falling.' Such absorption might of course become unhealthy, but it shows how the mind can take refuge from outer things in a world of its own.

called 'home,' she writes to her lifelong friend, Miss Nussey, 'The great trial is when the evening closes and the night begins. At that hour we used to assemble in the dining-room,—we used to talk. Now I sit by myself, necessarily I am silent.' Again, 'My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning and know that Solitude, Remembrance, and Longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through,—that at night I shall go to bed with them, that they will long keep me sleepless,—that next morning I shall wake to them again, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not, yet, nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavour. I have some strength to fight the battle of life.' Charlotte had begun her second novel, *Shirley*, in January, 1848. She had nearly finished the second volume when in September Branwell died. Now she took up again the pen she had laid down before all these blows fell, and wrote on steadily till in September, 1849, *Shirley* was completed. There are many brave things in the history of English literature, but I know nothing braver than this that was fought out in the empty, echoing house on the Haworth hill-top, when Charlotte completed this bright and healthy book. We see her writing, and then, when a pause in her work comes, perhaps expecting the door to open and a familiar figure to enter. Then she remembers that these faces have vanished, and that there is no home-critic now with whom to discuss the new chapter. But she persists in her labour. She made no empty boast when, at this darkest hour, she wrote, 'How I pity those whom sorrow stuns instead of rousing!' Mr. Henley has boasted of his 'unconquerable soul,' and preachers and writers countless have applauded his boast, for which indeed there were grounds. But far more truly than Henley, whom envy and wounded vanity could lead to besmirch the character of his dead friend, might Charlotte Brontë have ventured so bold a claim.

Shortly afterwards she writes, 'The two human beings

who understood me and whom I understood are gone! I have some that love me yet, and whom I love, but without expecting or having a right to expect, that they shall perfectly understand me. The loss of what we possess nearest and dearest to us in the world produces an effect upon the character: we search out what we have yet left that can support, and when found, we cling to it with a hold of new-strung tenacity. The faculty of imagination lifted me when I was sinking, three months ago; its active exercise has kept my head above water ever since: its results cheer me now, for I feel that they have enabled me to give pleasure to others.' These are words not to be forgotten.

A well-known French critic, the Abbé Ernest Dimnet, published in 1910 an excellent book, *Les Sœurs Brontë*. M. Dimnet writes with much sympathy and real grasp of his subject, and depicts the literary influences of the time, on the whole, in their true proportions. He says with justice in his preface that it is a mistake to regard the Brontës as simple natures. 'Their lives,' he says, 'were simple, with little of incident, ever and always harassed, but their natures were not simple.' In the facts of their biography, 'everything is at once simple and complicated,' if not indeed insoluble, when we try to reconstruct their lives.

In a fine closing chapter M. Dimnet sums up Charlotte Brontë's character and life in a sincere but somewhat merciless analysis. He says, 'The fame of Charlotte Brontë is to-day at its zenith. Still, for some reason or other, the poor girl has no triumphal air amid her triumph. Under the cold flagstones which cover their tombs Emily wears more than ever her expression of stoic haughtiness and disdainful indifference. Anne, the little saint, has reached her haven: she is smiling and gentle, but Charlotte has preserved some air of defeat, a sad resignation to rest which came too soon.'

'Emily,' he says, 'was incomparably the happiest of the three. She asked nothing of any one save herself.' (But can we imagine any one who lived so much within herself and so little socially to be 'happy' in the broad sense?) 'Anne was, while on earth, filled with thoughts of eternity, but Charlotte lived oppressed with desires which were never satisfied.' 'Both as a writer and a woman there is something incomplete and eternally thwarted in her life. It was either that she lacked good fortune or else, in the absence of this, she was wanting in energy or cheerfulness,' and he contrasts with her others such as her sister Emily or George Sand, who fought against their destiny and conquered it. 'Charlotte is ill-starred, weak, and is marked by a sincerity which shows at every moment how defenceless she is.' Success, marriage, friendship of cultivated people —everything came too late to her. 'She feels it and steels herself to resist, but she was not made so to steel herself; she would have needed faith and love. She would have required as a necessity a life-giving catholicism which she thought one day to find in a confessional at Brussels: nothing offered itself to her except the crushed Protestantism of Anne or the haughty Protestantism of Emily, and her nature, proud though weak, did not allow her the choice. Had she possessed the gift of tears she would have our entire sympathy: as it is, she has only the pity which we give to the runner beaten beforehand who grows embittered in the contest.' So, too, with her faults as a writer, 'With all her genius she is often weak just as with rare moral elevation she often appears narrow. Literary defects and moral narrowness are the result of the cold Yorkshire village, and not of a nature in which tenderness was supreme, and which would have needed nothing but sunshine.' Thus hers was 'a little frustrated life.'

Much of this is true. Painfully true, we must admit. Yet we ought to remember that Charlotte would not for one moment have tolerated from any one a single word

of pity, such as the Abbé would fain give her, if she would only cry out enough. Self-respect and self-reliance were dominant in her, and she would have felt any compassion from others an insult to conscience, which in her was sovereign over all. The weak we *may* pity, but never the strong. When we think of Charlotte Brontë tending those whom she loved best as they slowly faded away, all three of them carried forth within eight months through the garden to the churchyard beyond its wall, and then sitting down to continue the bright and brave book begun before her sorrow, is it just to call such a woman 'weak'? It took more courage than winning a Victoria Cross to continue her task in that empty house, crowded with memories and echoing with the voices of the dead. No doubt the environment of her life, attending to household needs in the parlour and kitchen, and cut off from social culture, seems very narrow and commonplace (*banal*) to M. Dimnet. But Charlotte Brontë would have heartily despised any one who called such work drudgery: to her eyes it not only bore the bright face of duty, but it was as natural and honourable as Brother Lawrence's service in the monastery kitchen appeared to him. 'Human feelings are queer things,' she writes in 1839. 'I am much happier blackleading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else.' (Perhaps some misplaced pity has been spent on Mrs. Carlyle's hardships at Craigenputtock, but she was a spoilt child of fortune compared with the Brontës.) In a playful mood Charlotte writes to Miss Martineau that 'with a magic glass one might see "Currer Bell" sometimes mending a stocking or making a pie in the kitchen of an old parsonage house in the obscurest of Yorkshire villages.' She adds, 'I think I would rather hire myself out again as a governess than write against the grain or against the mood.' I am convinced that such household work was more to her taste than writing articles by a given day and hour for London journals would have

been. She might indeed be conceived as carving out some career for herself in London, if she could have left behind her the old father, in danger of the drinking habit, the two unpractical sisters, and, more saddening than all, the brother who had betrayed the generous trust and pride of the household. But she was 'not made so' as to do this. She, the only practical person (as sound genius often is) in that unpractical household, felt herself bound in honour to keep the flagging house-fires burning in the breaking, falling house. In such an effort—and she knew the cost only too well—there was something heroic. And who shall dare to say that, in that brave heart of hers, she lacked 'faith'? It is in deeds that faith is best seen, and hers was as the light within a pharos on some storm-beaten reef, often hidden by mountainous waves but always burning on. Is this not enough?

There are chapters in *Shirley* which show how she realized the bright side of living—brave chapters to be written in those sad years. But there is something else which M. Dimnet in his able summing up entirely forgets; and that is the excessive, indeed abnormal shyness and dread of new faces, which, more than anything else, hampered all three sisters and placed them at a disadvantage all their lives through. This extreme shyness had a physical cause in some inherited peculiarity. Mr. Reid is right when he says, 'It is an entire mistake to suppose it accompanied by any morbid depression or lack of vigour or liveliness when the incubus of a stranger's presence was removed.' The curious instances quoted by Mrs. Gaskell make this quite clear. At the same time intercourse with others was in this way rendered difficult for Charlotte, unless she felt some common ground. The outcome was a sense of loneliness which could become absolutely crushing, as when in Brussels it prompted the strong impulse to visit a confessional simply and solely because nowhere else could she hear a human voice in sympathy. There is something sad in this.

M. Dimnet speaks of the 'proud Protestantism of Emily,' who had, in fact, lost faith in any form of Christian belief. He also holds that Charlotte's life would have been happier had she been a Roman Catholic. But Charlotte, with her clear-sightedness, her passion for freedom, her determination to sift and test every convention, her almost fierce independence of character, her incapacity to make any compromise where either the truth or sincerity of behaviour were concerned, how can we imagine her submitting to priestly authority and the repression of individual judgement? It is unthinkable; the Church of Rome was the last haven in which a spirit like hers could have found shelter. She would have stifled there. It was unfortunate that she came so little into contact with religious people of any intelligent or spiritual type. Churchman and Dissenter in the England of that day were separated by a deep gulf of mutual ignorance and mutual contempt, for the contempt was not all on one side. But for this she might have fared better. Yorkshire too had its saints among those early Wesleyans. In their religion terrors had their place, but joy also, quite as much as in the case of Eugénie de Guérin, in whose belief the worthy Abbé sees so much more of gladness and peace than in Miss Brontë's. As one who knows Methodism well has said: 'It has provided the poetry and passionate inner secret of a life. . . it has caused their hearts to sing'; 'Into the lives of toiling men and women a secret joy has entered, a passion which lifts them above the world.'[1] The marvel is that one whose faith was so tried as Charlotte's retained it still. In no book of genius is the very spirit of the Christian ethic more truly embodied than in Jane Eyre's struggle with overpowering temptation. The Abbé continues: 'How different a life Charlotte might have led, had she gone up to London! She might have had a *salon* of her own, and become the centre of an admiring circle;

[1] Miss Dorothea Price Hughes, in the *Contemporary Review* for November, 1916.

and outgrown her rusticity and narrowness and unskilfulness. Her art would have gained. But at what a cost! In place of the uncompromising sincerity that we love her for she would have become 'that monstrous product of modern artificial life, a woman of letters.' But her aim, first and foremost, was to be a woman of duty. Thus she remains always simple and natural. 'Charlotte Brontë was determined to owe nothing whatever to Currer Bell!' This criticism is admirably true.

One cannot help asking Where did Charlotte Brontë find her style? It was the expression of her own marked and strong personality, influenced as that was by her life being spent not among 'the cultured,' but side by side among the Yorkshire folk with their strong individuality and hatred of formal speech and behaviour, and of any authority which is merely official. One notable feature of her books is her absolute independence of previous writers, unless to some degree of George Sand. The only book which has left marked impression on her style is the Bible. All the sisters share this quality. They stand strangely outside the influences of their day. Carlyle was born in 1795, Charlotte in 1816, Tennyson in 1809, Browning in 1812. Tennyson's lyrical poems appeared in collected form in 1842, 'Pippa Passes' in 1841. We can trace in her books no reflection of any of these writers. Nor do the names of Keats, Shelley, or Coleridge occur in the list of books which at the age of eighteen she recommends to a friend. It is not easy to account for the intellectual aloofness of all three from their own time. Certain natures are averse to viewing the world, either of nature or of men, through the eyes of others. They can develop only on their own lines, and are, comparatively speaking, little influenced by books though greatly so by personal friendship. The whole household indeed lived in a strange isolation of spirit, not without suffering therefrom, unless it were Mr. Brontë himself. Though he had long cherished literary ambitions, strange

to say he neither knew nor even suspected anything of theirs. Moreover, he was not in touch with the finer and deeper thought then fermenting so actively in England. In a period of great thought-stirrings he was content to live in an intellectual back-water. There was no help for the shrewd, searching spirits of his children in those formal sermons which he preached. They had to face the stern riddle of the Sphinx alone, deprived of the light which from many sides was being flashed upon it. In this regard they were fifty years behind their time. The harsh, inhuman, lower Calvinism of the day, which appealed not to the nobler instincts and longings of men, but to the base motives of expediency and fear, was even then breaking up under such influences as the pure, noble theology of Charles Kingsley and the fine teaching of Maurice, while the influence of Carlyle was wrestling mightily against Utilitarianism in religion. But references in Charlotte's letters show that these teachers were never heard of in Haworth. Rifts were breaking in the heavy-clouded sky, but the parsonage windows were too narrow or too dulled for the wholesome sunlight to enter.

It has of late become the fashion to speak of Emily as more gifted than Charlotte. Undoubtedly Emily stands as a poetess quite above her sister. Yet no prose writer is fuller of the spirit of poetry than Charlotte: indeed, her prose is ever bursting into song expressing by the mouth of one or other character her own passionate emotion or experience. Doubtless that is not the way of Shakespeare, nor that of a Walter Scott, but as a novelist Charlotte stands infinitely above Emily. She draws real people: she has passion which is healthy and true: she has the geniality and breadth of sympathy which Emily has not: amid the terrible struggle of their lives she has saved the faith in goodness, the faith which Emily has lost: in short, Charlotte is by far the more human of the two.

JOHN MASSON.

A SUBMERGED PROFESSION

Memories and Thoughts. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan & Co. 1906.)

Reminiscences. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M.P. (Chatto & Windus. 1899.)

Fleet Street, Old and New. By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR. (Chapman & Hall. 1914.)

The Creed of a Layman. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan & Co. 1907.)

'OUR governor thinks the public don't mind a straw about these newspaper rows, and has told the docther to stop answering.' So said one of Thackeray's 'Fleet Streeters' in the newspaper novel that impelled as many nineteenth-century boys into journalism as Marryat's romances sent to sea, or James Grant and Charles Lever recruited for the army. The personages of *Pendennis*, all drawn from life, and till the close of the Victorian age to be met with every afternoon between Ludgate Hill and Charing Cross, knew no other pen-and-ink squabbles except those of rival writers, the captain who was a tremendous hand at a 'smasher' when he gave himself to it, or the doctor, ever spoiling for a fight with his pen because 'it was such easy writing and required no reading up.' Very different from these are the controversies which, raging round the 'Governors' themselves, have intermittently during the past twelve months covered the whole line of thoroughfares connecting Whitefriars with Whitehall, setting, in their progress, Cabinet ministers at loggerheads with each other, and causing the man in the street impatiently to ask whether the statesmanship that ruins him in taxes is the product of Downing Street or of the editorial bosses whose offices look out upon the Thames near St. Paul's. Meanwhile, within a few days of each other, two great masters of nineteenth-century

journalism—Lord Morley and Mr. Frederic Harrison, have announced that their great services, not less to their own craft than to the public, are not to be prolonged. The charges, the counter-charges, against the men who have honeycombed Fleet Street east of Temple Bar with trusts and syndicates, such as have in some shape or other always existed, but have now been advertised for the first time by gossip with its hundred tongues, are as much a journalistic commonplace as the outcry against national and party leaders looking for a policy to the inspiration of hireling scribes. The newspaper press was the creation of a few restless and resolute spirits who, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, shrewdly understood the wants as well as the spirit of the age, and discovered that for the first time in our history there had come into existence a public out of which a livelihood might be made by those who could supply its exact wants in the shape of printer's ink and paper. Daniel Defoe was among the first to recognize and make good the opportunity. The chief henchman of a great twentieth-century newspaper runner has been taken to task for calling journalism a branch of commerce; in that light, however, it was regarded by its founders and by their successors. A nineteenth-century editor, interrogated perhaps rather gratuitously by the judge in a libel case about the politics of his paper, replied, 'Sixpence.' Nearly two hundred years earlier the author of *Robinson Crusoe* had expressed much the same sentiment when questioned, as he thought, a little too closely about the political faith that was in him, and in his *Review*, the first journal to make the leading article a social and political power. 'To serve my countrymen,' said Defoe, 'I must have a public that will buy my paper; that I cannot get unless I first know what it pleases or profits them to be told in print.'

As an author Defoe was a man of genius, a consummate master of realistic literary art. As a journalist and adventurer (with him the two things meant practically the same)

he was not less essentially a trader than the pressman who has learned his business in the school of Hearst glories in being. Sentiments favourable to civil and political liberty concerning Church and State were advocated as well as professed by him; they seldom hardened into principles.

In relation to current affairs he remained throughout a stranger to scruples with a pen which plied for hire at any casual call, after the fashion of a Thames wherry or a hackney coach. Defoe was equally ready to become the tool, the spy, the mouthpiece of Orange William or the Stuart Pretender, and then the conspirator against both. To-day he stood for Tory Nottingham. To-morrow, after having taken Harley's shilling, he put on Godolphin's livery, and when he had worn that out under Queen Anne, he looked for a patron under the Georges. The sheets in which his writings alternated between mutual opponents like these seldom exceeded a single page of foolscap. For every purchaser of the *Review* on account of Defoe's writing, at least a score pored over its comments because they set forth the ideas of a Whig or Tory leader as the case might be.

In its infancy, therefore, the English newspaper owed its authority, its power for good or evil, to its identification with some statesmen in office or place-hunter out of it. Without such a protector the seventeenth-century newspaper man would have found his vocation gone. To have his nose slit, his ears cropped off; to stand in the pillory, to be whipped at the cart's tail from Cheapside to Tyburn near the present site of the Marble Arch: these were commonplaces in the early pressman's life. He would seldom have escaped them altogether, he would certainly have succumbed to their cumulative effects without a friend at court, who stood between him and the penalties of the law, or more often, as in Defoe's case, a lawless and savage House of Commons. There had been a change for the better in the next generation, when Swift made *The Guardian* the medium for attacking

Sir Robert Walpole, the Duke of Marlborough, and the war policy of the Whigs. The literary gifts of these writers and the more popular genius of the great essayists their contemporaries, raised the reputation as well as strengthened the position of the journal, but left the journalist as dependent as ever upon his parliamentary patron. The enemies of the Whig connexion cared for nothing else but the return of the Tories. The centre of political gravity had shifted from Westminster to Fleet Street. The real leaders of the Tory opposition were the men who wrote *The Craftsman*, controlled extensively contributed to, financed by Pulteney, and edited by men who looked to him only for their orders. As in the Revolution era, so under the earlier Hanoverian sovereigns, the newspaper's first duty to its subscribers was to provide early and as far as possible authentic intelligence about passing events, expressed in short, pointed, and pungent paragraphs. These, however well done, would not have secured the amount of public patronage necessary to make it pay, unless the entire sheet was more or less notoriously affected not so much to some party or cause as to some single player of wide repute in the political game. So far from being a reproach it was the most attractive merit that could be claimed by the daily or weekly press in its earliest stage to enjoy the confidence and to be enlightened extensively contributed to, financed by Pulteney, and by the inspiration of Somers, Godolphin, Shrewsbury, or Ormonde as the case might be. The accounts of its connexion with men whose names were on the lips of every one might be true or false. It never for a moment crossed the popular mind that the journal's peculiar relations to an individual statesman—or, after capitalists came in, financier —might interfere with any wholesome freedom of utterance, or with its responsibility to the public.

The journalistic tradition established between 1714 and 1760 not only continued through the Georgian era, but outlived it. *The Times*, founded by John Walter the first

in 1785, was known throughout the whole Walter dynasty as the organ of the City, the one daily sheet allowed a place in every bank parlour east of Temple Bar, and in the waiting-room of every public office to the west of it. On the European and American continents it was regarded as speaking with the voice not only of the nation but the Government. During most of the period now recalled, its editor was the greatest master of dignified and deliberate opportunism who ever held sway in Blackfriars. Even Delane's voice would have had only half its power but that it was supposed also to be the voice of Palmerston. That versatile and resourceful Minister found Printing House Square alone too narrow a field for his influence. At that time, moreover, Henry Reeve, translator of Tocqueville, registrar of the Council, and editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, considered the newspaper's foreign policy his own peculiar appanage. Palmerston, therefore, gradually got more and more into the way, on these matters, of flying his kites in the *Morning Post*, in whose conduct, for personal reasons, he took something like a paternal interest. Hence during the earlier years of the Victorian era the blend of Palmerstonian diplomacy and modish high Churchmanship which then formed its speciality. Before then *The Globe*, at that time of aristocratic Whig associations and sympathies, was, more than any print, in Palmerston's confidence. Meanwhile the newspaper narrative of the time had presented two instances of journals long since forgotten, owing not only any success they secured, but their very existence, to the most illustrious public man on his own particular side. *The Press*, during the Aberdeen coalition ministry, occupied as nearly as possible the same position as half a century earlier had been filled by the already mentioned *Craftsman* or *Examiner*. Sir William Pulteney's place in the earlier venture was taken in the later by Benjamin Disraeli, with T. E. Kebbel as adviser and chief of the staff. His experiences with this newspaper were those that

made the great man describe himself as 'A Gentleman of the Press'; his qualifications for that part may be judged from a single incident. The weekly meeting took place in the editorial rooms; the expected leader on the iniquity of coalitions generally and this coalition in particular had not come up to time. Disraeli disappeared into the next room, in a little less than three hours he had finished and returned with the article. A better 'leader,' was the unanimous verdict of Fleet Street, never appeared in print. Among the Liberals the *Morning* and *Evening Star* was intimately associated with the greatest master then living of Anglo-Saxon eloquence. Its chief editor during the 'sixties, Leicester Buckingham, Silk Buckingham's son, an ambitious, imperious man fond of power and ready to resent interference with his prerogative, saw in all things eye to eye with the great tribune, and did his utmost to encourage, as Justin McCarthy's recollections show, the frequent notes from St. Stephen's containing Bright's ideas both for single articles and a general line of policy.

Somewhat later than this the evergreen evening paper, *The Globe*, in the enthusiastic heyday of its conservative evolution, was on terms of intimacy with the Constitutional chiefs so close that the most casual reader of the journal opened it not for its news, which then, as now, was always excellent, but to deduce from its words what was thought and intended by the foremost champion of the Constitution during the Tory reaction of the latest 'sixties. As for the weekly press, about the same period as that now recalled, the views, the prejudices, the convictions, the hobbies of those interested in its success were stamped upon its letter-press quite as visibly as the lineaments of those sheets that have succeeded it adorn the pages that to-day provide thousands with their sole sabbatical reading. The great scholar and philanthropist who had recreated *The Athenaeum*, the first Sir Charles Dilke, in his own literary judgements and those of his critics maintained the highest standard of

absolutely independent integrity. Still the school of his own training was not that which had Bulwer Lytton for its chief product, and Dilke's want of sympathy with it was seen in the 'Asineum' episode of *Paul Clifford*, where the weekly review of art, literature, and science is composed by the inmates of a thieves' kitchen in Whitechapel. Meanwhile the *Saturday Review*, under Douglas Cook's editorship, reflected on every page if not in every article, the foibles, the hobbies, the tastes, and often the genuine and recondite learning of its proprietor, Mr. Beresford Hope. The connexion between Downing Street, Cambridge House, and Printing House Square has been already mentioned. Delane had been brought up in the social tradition of Palmerston. The two men saw naturally eye to eye, and the public valued the paper the more because it was so often the mouthpiece of its editor's chief ally and closest friend.

Even in the very different conditions of the twentieth century's second decade the public would continue quite as unmoved about newspaper rows as the Bungay of Thackeray's novel believed, but for some of their incidental issues and their consequences to a considerable class of workers for their daily bread. Those aspects of Fleet Street and Whitefriars interiors introduced into House of Commons debates during the summer of last year seemed in truth the commonest of commonplaces to those with any practical knowledge of Victorian newspaper life. The journalistic operations of which so much has been heard more recently of course are a very different matter. These in point of time have coincided with the great process of bank amalgamation, not perhaps yet at an end. The two things have nothing whatever in common. The bank incorporations may in some cases have been the perfectly legitimate effort to create or multiply local branches throughout the country. Generally, however, they have been the natural and meritorious effort of the banks to strengthen themselves against the pressure placed upon them

by the Government. As a consequence this pressure, still increasingly severe, has been, and will be, most loyally met. Nothing could have been more perilous to bank customers than that the institutions where they kept their money should have passed into the power of the State. Without union among themselves that is what must have happened. To revert to the newspapers, the abrupt dismissal of capable men from their employments, on a proprietorial change, though painfully discourteous, is not a novelty. The first editor of *The Standard* as a penny paper, Thomas Hamber, after a long season of successful service, was sent about his business by his proprietor, James Johnstone, practically at a moment's notice. Delane himself knew nothing of the Damoclean sword impending over his head till he received a little note which he at once showed to his friend Abraham Hayward, who repeated its exact phrasing to the present writer; it was from John Walter, saying that its recipient had ceased to be editor of *The Times*, that his successor would be Thomas Chenery, and that his own pension had been fixed at £——. Delane received his *congé* because his employer thought the time had come when it was 'not in the interest of any person concerned that he should continue to edit the paper'—in other words because he had got past work. The editorial upheavals which took Fleet Street by surprise last October were due to causes that can only be conjectured, and that do not, it may be said, particularly concern newspaper readers. They coincided with a change of owners, like that which during the last few years has not only wrought so many transformations in the journalistic polity, but, co-operating with other agencies, has seriously affected journalism as a liberal profession. There has passed away first the man whose capital created, enlarged, or improved the concern. Then there have dropped off one by one those of his name who took in it a family interest and pride. An offer unexpectedly advantageous for the property is received; it passes after the manner of *The Standard* into

new hands. Those of the old staff who survive are scattered or disappear. In any case the demand for leading articles has ceased. All branches of the periodical press improved (according to the boast of the new school) from its growth as a mere literary craft into a department of trade. Journalism as a pleasant and profitable vocation for educated men through the closing years of the last century meant the writing of leading articles; the successful composition of these implied certain qualities, the products of general and special training, aptitude, and practice in the writer, who if really fit for the work, with ordinary prudence and care might count upon regularity of employment and, therefore, of income. The journal in those days was an organ more or less independent of political parties and aims as the case might be. The cause for which it existed required that the general line of its more important leaders should be prescribed by the editor. The exact treatment of argument and of illustration was left to the individual writer. The literary result spread itself over every part of the printed sheet. There was a certain unity of thought without monotony. Leading articles, of course, editorials as they are now for the most part known, still exist in name. Everything else connected with them is changed. In some degree that has been inseparable from changes in the thought, the temper, and above all the education of the time. In an age whose intellects are fed less on letters than science the taste for the literary leader of the nineteenth century has declined.

Moreover, the whole conception and function of the newspaper itself has been revolutionized. From an organ it has become a platform. Successive phases of popular feeling about public causes or eminent individuals have in the first place to be reflected from the most telling points of view. The process is almost entirely mechanical, and can readily dispense with the old three-decker commentary, each of whose paragraphs was exactly of the same length. Consider, too, the infinitely increased complexity as well as

the multiplying technicalities of the subjects now daily to be dealt with. Where within the four walls of one establishment can be found the qualifications for doing justice to this endless variety of themes, but *cuique suâ arte credendum est.* It is the age of the expert. By the specialist, therefore, the leader writer inevitably finds himself supplanted. The feeling grows that the great spending departments of State should be presided over by officials professionally familiar with their subject matter. The newspaper boss only follows suit when he invites distinguished outsiders to the hospitality of his columns, in the old Blackfriars phrase. Thus the space formerly allowed to the good all-round leader writer is shared by him with men who can handle technical topics with the minuteness of a specification or know exactly when and how to start the hare that the public likes to see run.

The work and the personality of the nineteenth-century journalist are thus overlaid by the aims and interests, personal or national, of his employer. On the other hand, the newspaper, with diminishing place for him, gives employment, and with employment capital training of its kind, to intelligent and tolerably educated youths. It has thus provided many a perplexed parent with a partial answer to the question, 'What to do with our boys.' The parent finds himself seated next at dinner to one of the newspaper-runners of whom one now hears so much. 'Let,' says this gentleman, 'your youngster come and see me to-morrow forenoon, and it will be strange if I cannot put him in the way of earning an honest penny.' The condensation of literary bulk into diminutive corners occupies quite a department in the sub-editorial buildings. After a few preparatory lessons and general instructions the schoolboy of last year is set to work on the manufacture of printed pemmican. His new surroundings often may wake dormant capacities, and even create entirely new ambitions; at any rate, the lad has got something to do, and feels the stimu-

lating and educating power of a new interest in life. External changes—shape, size, quality, fabric—of the English newspaper have always, at short intervals, taken place. Isaac Disraeli's 'Three fathers of British journalism,' Defoe, Needham, and L'Estrange, all lived about the same time and all had something to say concerning the literary wares in which they dealt being transformed out of knowledge within their own experience. He, therefore, would be a bold and rash prophet who should predict that the final shape, character, contents, and cost of the Fleet Street manufactures had yet been reached. As yet, however, there are few if any signs of intellectual or material improvement upon the contemporary records of the planet's history, issued with cockcrow every morning and at uncertain intervals throughout the day. One thing alone is sure, whatever their virtues or faults, the papers that now exist and flourish do both because they satisfy a genuine and growing demand. Some years after the new journalism's establishment there appeared a most highly respectable, intelligently written, and well-informed sheet of the old-fashioned kind, *The Tribune*. It had indeed every merit except that of creating an appetite for itself. Consequently its life was short. Further, the brains put into the newspaper may vary as regards quality or quantity not less than the journalistic method and arrangement. Whatever the novelties, past, present, or future, may be, knowledge on the worker's part will remain power. The combination of gifts and opportunities which went to the exercise of a profession now more or less in abeyance may not perhaps now or hereafter find an outlet as pleasant and profitable as in the old days. They may, however, yet prove not less satisfactory as a chattel than pleasant as a possession.

T. H. S. Escott.

NATURE'S MARVELLOUS PROVISION FOR HER UNBORN CHILDREN

WHAT do we mean by the word NATURE? It is an English form of a Latin word denoting something pertaining to *Birth*. This meaning is illustrated by Gal. ii. 15: 'Jews by nature,' i.e. born Jews. By birth we receive a life which, if all goes well, will attain intelligence and moral sense, which last denotes the inborn authoritative consciousness of the essential distinction of right and wrong. And by birth we are placed in a definite environment which will in great measure shape our development, and will exert upon us a constant influence. With the life thus received, will come various faculties fitting us for this environment, and influences prompting various kinds of action. In other words Nature includes (1) various faculties and influences born within us, and (2) a multitude of objects around us at our birth and henceforward, prompting and limiting our action. These elements in Nature we speak of respectively as *subjective* and *objective*, the world within and the world around us; a distinction which runs through all human thought and action.

Contemplating the objective world around us, we notice in it at once three clearly marked groups: lifeless, living, and rational. An immense distinction separates the hard and changeless rock from the beautiful and complicated flower which, in springtime, blooms upon it, yet doomed soon to fade; and still further from the naturalist who examines the rock and the flower, and compares them with other objects similar or different. Each of these three groups is present around us in infinite abundance and variety. Upon our relation to them depends our well-being, and indeed the continuance of our life. By some of them we are filled with

wonder and delight; by some others, with fear. This world born within us we speak of as Human Nature; and our knowledge of the world around us we may speak of as Natural Science.

We at once ask, How came we to be what we are, and how came this immensely complicated environment to assume its present form? Within narrow limits, memory helps us. We review our past life, and listen to others older than ourselves. Literature opens to us a much wider view, and takes us back to a much earlier date. We read the story of human life in bygone days; and in the rocks beneath our feet, in characters more or less difficult to decipher, we read the history of our planet long ages before man appeared. Still earlier, we have proof that our earth, now crowded with various kinds of life, was once absolutely lifeless.

Careful scientific research affords decisive proof that the lifeless crust of the earth assumed its present form of continents and oceans, mountains, rivers, and broad plains, under the operation of natural forces. And further recent research goes far to prove that the infinite variety of vegetable and animal life is due to similar causes, especially to the 'survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence.'

But no theory of evolution can account for the ORIGIN OF LIFE in what indisputably was once a lifeless planet. For the growth and reproduction of plants and animals, their cellular structure as revealed by the microscope, the wonderful artistic beauty of diatoms and some other infinitesimal forms of vegetable life, the complex chemical compounds which distinguish living or once-living bodies from all else, and the various activities of animals, cannot be explained by any forces known to be operating in inorganic matter.

So A. Russel Wallace, Darwin's compeer in the suggestion of Evolution, on p. 475 of his work on *Darwinism*, says: 'The first vegetable cell was a new thing in the world,

possessing altogether new powers—that of extracting and fixing carbon from the carbon-dioxide of the atmosphere, that of indefinite reproduction, and, still more marvellous, the power of variation and of reproducing those variations till endless complications of structure and varieties of form have been the result. Here, then, we have indications of a new power at work, which we may term *vitality*, since it gives to certain forms of matter all those characters and properties which constitute Life.'

The same writer goes on to say that, 'The next stage is still more marvellous, still more completely beyond all possibility of explanation by matter, its laws and forces. It is the introduction of sensation or consciousness, constituting the fundamental distinction between the animal and vegetable kingdoms. . . . Here we have the certainty that something new has arisen, a being whose nascent consciousness has gone on increasing in power and definiteness till it has culminated in the higher animals.'

A much greater contrast and superiority, amid still closer resemblances, is found, as Wallace goes on to say, in 'the existence in man of his most characteristic and noblest faculties, those which raise him furthest above the brutes and open up possibilities of almost indefinite advancement.' The human race not only stands alone as in itself infinitely superior to all else on our planet, but gives to the lower and earlier stages their real value. Apart from a human eye to see, and an intelligent mind to interpret, the endless variety, adaptation, and beauty of the material world, this last would be of no more value than a great picture to a blind man. The real worth of the world around us is that it is the temporary home and school of our race, the stage on which has been acted the wonderful drama of human life, a life which, to those who follow the light thus given, bears in itself a sure promise of endless and infinite blessedness.

All this, lifeless, living, and rational, is included in our

conception of NATURE. It embraces these three successive stages, each of the two earlier being a needful preparation for its successor, and each of the three introducing an entirely new epoch in the history of our planet. It thus includes all that we know about ourselves and the faculties and dispositions received by birth or by subsequent influences; and about the environment, near and remote, in which we were born.

Vast as is this conception, it is the purpose of this paper to prove that Nature, thus understood, reveals to us something or Some One infinitely greater than itself, the uncreated Source of whatever is good in Nature; something or Some One infinitely more important to us than all else which Nature teaches. My method will be an attempt to show Nature's wonderful provision in a far distant past for her children not yet born, a provision continued to this day for her children already living.

In the rocks beneath our feet, even as these are preserved in our museums, we find, in a progressive series, remains of what once must have been living animals. Now a wide experience teaches that whatever breathes needs food, vegetable or animal. And we have abundant geological proof that with, or before, animal life Nature produced vegetable food, thus providing for the need of her offspring not yet born.

For animals, this food was ready for immediate consumption. Some of them fed on other animals. But, of these last, sufficient survived to be of immense use to man. We cannot conceive human life on earth without cattle, sheep, and goats, for meat and milk; horses, asses, and camels for various kinds of help; and these and other animals for leather and wool, for human clothing. Thus, by producing vegetables and animals, and by feeding and protecting these last, Nature was providing, long before man appeared, materials needed by still nobler offspring in a far distant future.

For mankind, choicer food was prepared; not ready, as with animals, to be at once eaten, but within reach of man's intelligent and sustained effort, especially in the cultivation of the soil. His need for food, clothing, and shelter has not only prompted such effort but has made it compulsory. This compulsion has in many cases been a heavy burden, and has not infrequently caused painful death by starvation. But it has been a most valuable discipline, as a corrective against widespread indolence, evoking strenuous effort which has ennobled our race.

Moreover, the production of needful food has made needful widespread co-operation: and this need has stimulated organized human society. It has also prompted laws for the protection of property and the punishment of crime; and has thus evoked a collective sense of right and wrong. In this way man's need for food, an essential and conspicuous element of animal life, ever present to human thought, has been an education, intellectual and moral, of infinite value. Thus during the geological ages, by producing vegetables and animals, Nature was making still further and more marvellous provision for the higher development of the human race.

Other illustrations of this provision are found in many familiar objects in daily use. Few things are more useful or more absolutely needful than pots and pottery. These we should not have had but for the previous existence of clay. Nature did not give us the pots ready-made; but put the clay, in a position easily accessible, a short distance under the surface of the earth. The value of clay is that it is easily moulded; and under the influence of great heat becomes as hard as stone. Consequently vessels of clay are among the earliest and most precious relics of a distant past. Some of them are works of art, thus recording a further stage in human development. Other uses are innumerable, e.g. cups, dishes, &c., for food, bricks and tiles for building. All these are due to the

peculiar properties of clay, which Nature has provided in great abundance.

Still more wonderful is glass, little known, in its higher qualities, till comparatively recent times; but of infinite importance to-day. Its distinguishing quality is transparency, of which, among solids, it has almost a monopoly. It is produced by a combination, under intense heat, of various opaque chemical substances, thus forming different kinds of glass.

We cannot think of modern life without glass windows, admitting a full measure of light, while keeping out the cold; also glass vessels of all kinds. Glasses for the eyes enable us to read with comfort and delight in spite of decaying sight, and to do various work otherwise impossible. Lenses which bring nearer to us objects at a distance, including some of the orbs far above our heads, are of no small value. And to these we owe the marvellous revelations of the microscope, giving us visions of Nature, close to us yet otherwise unsuspected, and wonderful beyond our thought.

Still more remarkable is Nature's provision of fuel. Man can live and work only within a somewhat narrow range of temperature. Consequently, in winter we need fire. We need it also in summer and winter to cook our food; and this necessity must have arisen very early in the history of our race. It is also needful for the manufacture of pottery, and glass, and of metallic vessels. For this immediate need, provision was made ready to hand in great forests in nearly all parts of the world. But this supply, sufficient in days gone by, is altogether insufficient for modern needs. Moreover, our timber was needed for innumerable other purposes, for building houses, for their furniture, and for many other useful articles. Whatever else we have, we need fuel and fire.

For this pressing yet far-off future need, a most marvellous provision on an immense scale has been made in great stores of coal hidden for long ages far below the feet of men,

and utterly unknown. The discovery of this hidden treasure has greatly enriched the places in which it has been found, by calling into existence various forms of industry. In some places, as Sheffield, the presence of coal was revealed by its nearness to the surface, making its extraction easy. This discovery, leading to the whole industry of coal-mining, was due to the subterranean upheavals which, innumerable ages ago, brought the seams of coal so near to the surface. This is further proof of the intelligence underlying the provision for the future needs of man.

As fuel, coal differs absolutely from every other mineral; and takes its place beside vegetable matter. We notice also that nothing else in our planet is a source of heat except that which itself has lived. Moreover, the microscope reveals in coal a cellular structure which at once places it among vegetables. This is confirmed by its very complicated chemical composition, revealed by analysis. And its position in the geological series attests its extreme antiquity. Indisputably our coal fields are remains of immense stores of fossilized vegetable matter, buried, untold ages ago, under a great succession of later formations.

Now a wide experience bears witness that, apart from the light and heat of the sun, there is no vegetable growth. We therefore infer with certainty that long ages ago the sun shone, in various parts of our planet, on abundant vegetation, at first of a low type; that this was overlaid by immense deposits of strata through which our coal pits were sunk; and that under this pressure, during incredible time, the overlaid vegetation was changed into the form in which coal is now found.

This being so, the coal beneath our feet, like our forest trees to-day, is due to mysterious energy proceeding from the sun, in this case countless ages ago. During all these millenniums, this product of bygone sunshine lay utterly useless far beneath the feet of busy multitudes on the surface; in recent times these treasures have been brought to light

for our comfort and enrichment to-day. Thus every lump of coal we burn was undergoing preparation for our use myriads of ages before history began.

We now ask, Can this wonderful provision for needs in a far-off future have been only a lucky accident, a product of unconscious forces? A wide observation tells us that all the best works of man are products not only of human toil, but of intelligent forethought and contrivance; and that the intelligent worker is far greater than his best work. Is it not ridiculous to suggest that possibly this wonderful universe, containing provision not only for the needs of man, but for the development of his intelligence and for his moral training, is due to causes infinitely inferior to himself, unable as he is to control forces around him which are irresistibly leading him to destruction?

The only possible answer is that which has been given in all ages and many races, especially in ancient Israel, and afterwards confirmed by One who is infinitely the greatest religious teacher of mankind, viz. that the universe was created and is now controlled by a Supreme Intelligence, who became the God of Abraham and Israel, and in a unique sense the Father of Jesus Christ. Otherwise we must suppose that blind and unconscious forces achieved results worthy of such Supreme Intelligence; and that the most powerful moral influence known to man, viz. belief in a beneficent Creator, is due to a great delusion.

The above argument may be extended in many directions, and without limit. Already we have seen that no theory of Evolution can account for the origin of life. Nor can it account for the origin of metals, noble and useful, absolutely needful for the progress of civilization, yet essentially different from the rocks in which they are found. Nor can the transition from the earliest form of matter, which we cannot think of as other than homogeneous, to the great variety of the permanent chemical elements, a variety

absolutely needful for human life on earth be accounted for. For this variety must have had an adequate cause.

Evidently at rare intervals a new force began to operate in our planet. So R. Wallace says, on p. 474 of his *Darwinism*, 'There are at least three stages in the development of the organic world when some new cause or power must necessarily have come into action.' But he justly denies that the entrance of 'new causes' involves 'any breach of continuity, or any sudden or abrupt change.' It nevertheless involves 'an adequate cause in the unseen universe of Spirit.' Darwin closes his great work on *The Origin of Species* by the significant words, 'There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.'

In all ages the heavenly bodies have exerted a controlling influence on human life, activity, and thought. We notice especially the great luminaries, sun and moon, and their apparent movements, suitably dividing our time into days and nights, months and years, with spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Also their regularity, mingled with variety in length of days and seasons of the year; and the helpfulness of these divisions and varieties to the various needs of man.

Ever before us, helping yet limiting our activities, are the rising and setting of the sun, and its burning heat, evoking in springtime foliage and flowers, and ripening in autumn our harvests; and the cold rays of the moon, with its mysterious phases. Still more remarkable have been at intervals the eclipses of sun and moon. All these things, so far beyond our reach, and silently shaping our lives, kindling our curiosity, and prompting thought and research, have in all ages aided the intellectual development of man.

To the above must be added the stars, in various permanent groups, their apparent revolution round the earth, rising and setting, also moving among them the planets, some of them the brightest of all stars.

The efforts of thoughtful men to solve the mysteries suggested by these silent witnesses far above our heads have been a noble record of human intellectual progress. Conspicuous in it is the discovery of the earth's revolution round the sun, contradicting the apparent movement of the sun around the earth; and this not in a circle but with the sun at one focus of an ellipse. Still more wonderful is the theory of gravitation, which explains, as all mathematicians know, this elliptic orbit, and reveals a force operating always all around us in the fall of unsupported objects great and small.

But this interesting and valuable theory of gravitation, explaining so much, and revealing the marvellous unity of the entire universe, does not answer the more pressing question of the ultimate origin of man, and of the universe of which he is so small yet so all-important an element. It cannot even explain the Force of Gravitation, a mysterious energy going forth from the sun, which at a vast distance beyond reach of our imagination restrains the planets in their orbits, and at the same time ripens our harvests, thus giving us food.

To this great question, as to that raised by the Origin of Life, natural science has so far not attempted a serious answer. This limitation of science, Darwin admits on p. 421 of his *Origin of Species*: 'Science as yet throws no light on the far higher problem of the essence or origin of life. Who can explain what is the essence of the attraction of gravity? No one now objects to following out the results consequent on this unknown element of attraction; notwithstanding that Leibnitz formerly accused Newton of introducing "occult qualities and miracles into philosophy."'

But in all ages this question has been answered: and the

noblest record of the answer is familiar alike to peer and peasant in the first chapter of the most widely circulated book in the world. To Gen. i.–ii. 4 may be added Ps. xix. 1–6, Job xxxviii. 31–35, and much else in the Old Testament and in other ancient literature. It is useless and ridiculous to object that the above famous chapter is not abreast of the science of the nineteenth century. Had it been so, it would have been much less intelligible and useful to all the earlier centuries. Its purpose is not scientific but religious; yet it reveals an intelligent observation of Nature as it was known in the writer's day.

The creation of the sun, moon, and stars is suitably put in the fourth day, thus suggesting their subordination and usefulness to man, the chief object of the creation of the universe. All else was left for human research. But, that both man and the entire universe sprang from and are controlled by One supreme Intelligence, is the basis of all religion, and needs to be everywhere taught. Thus in all ages the heavenly bodies have raised men's thoughts above his material environment; and have taught him his dependence on influences from beyond the planet in which he lives. As in ancient days the only means of measuring time, they have been a wonderful provision for the future needs of man. They have also guided the mariner across the trackless sea. Later research has revealed in them, e.g. in spectrum analysis, still further proof of the unity of the entire universe.

Other matters, apparently less important, deserve mention as representatives of a large class of familiar objects. The flowers under our feet, in their infinite variety of colour and form, and the great forest trees in their rich foliage, and much else around us, not only delight us but elicit a sense of beauty and thus stimulate the artistic faculty. And the earliest music must have been the songs of birds. Thus the world around us has been a well-furnished schoolhouse in which men and women have learnt lessons intel-

lectual, moral, and spiritual, of utmost value; and have often found relief from the toil and conflict of life.

Lastly, human family life and the distinction of sex, anticipated in the lower animals yet receiving in mankind an infinitely higher development, have been an immense element in the education of our race. The helplessness of infancy has evoked parental love, self-denial, and forethought, and the needs of growing children have prompted a thought and effort for their advancement which have ennobled their parents.

The conspicuous teaching of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount and elsewhere in the New Testament makes man's paternal care a visible symbol, imperfect yet valuable, of the love of our Father in heaven. The distinction of sex creates a most helpful division of labour; the strength of manhood being supplemented by woman's tender and patient care, to the infinite gain of each. In Eph. v. 22–23, Rev. xix. 7, xxi. 2, 9 (cp. Mt. xxii. 2), this relation finds a divine counterpart in the mutual relation of Christ and the Church. This sacred analogy contains, for all, invaluable lessons.

To sum up. In the origin of life, of the metals and the other chemical elements, and in the faculty of sensation which distinguishes the higher animals from all plants and trees, we have found indisputable events which no theory of Evolution can explain. The same may be said of the mysterious force which we call Gravitation, which going forth from the sun, controls the orbits of the planets. Touching the ultimate origin of all these, natural science is silent. They reveal a force or Power immensely greater than those observed in the material world. But they do not involve a moment's interruption of these natural forces. Yet they mark out the limits of natural science; and remind us that all human knowledge is surrounded at a short distance by insoluble mystery.

In this paper we have found, in the remarkable provision

in Nature for man's bodily needs, and in some measure for his intellectual and moral development, abundant proof that this Supreme Power is intelligent. For this confirmation of a religious belief held by nearly all the best men in all ages, we gratefully acknowledge a debt due to natural science. But it is not sufficient for our highest needs. For further help we must look elsewhere; and we find it, supplying all our need, in the teaching of One from whose birth we reckon all modern chronology, and whose name stands alone above every other, as the Saviour of the world. Thus the world around us, the successive strata far beneath our feet, and the silent yet shining stars far above our heads, pay homage to His teaching about the Great Unseen Creator of whatever is good in earth and heaven.

To the above argument, some may object that it only proves what all devout persons already believe. But many such will welcome additional evidence from an unexpected quarter; and some good people have at times serious doubts, especially in these days of theological transition. All reliable evidence touching the eternal realities is God's good gift to us; and must not be disregarded. There is no more effective aid to faith than a frequent survey of the foundation on which it rests. For that foundation is immovable. We therefore need not fear either natural science or modern biblical criticism.

It may be further objected that some natural forces, such as the furious storm and piercing frost, sometimes not only injure but destroy. But in cases of necessity the best human father, in his wisdom and love, may give to his child bitter medicine or consent to a painful operation. The hardships and sorrows of life have often ennobled the sufferer in a measure we cannot otherwise conceive. The mystery of suffering loses its terror as we contemplate the Cross of Christ and the infinite blessing resulting from His death to unnumbered myriads of His disciples. A sad experience warns us that robust health and unbroken pros-

perity have often been a serious moral danger. To those who love God, all things are working together for good: 'for neither death nor life can separate us from the love of God.'

In this paper we began, not with the Creator, from whom sprang all good, but with His handiwork. We thus advanced from that which is visible before all eyes, by sure and rising steps, to that which is farther away and infinitely greater. This is the correct method of all research. We must first concentrate attention on the evidence, and endeavour to interpret it; and then by careful induction seek for the truth which underlies it. If we do this, Nature all around us will be a mirror in which we shall see with increasing clearness the powerful Hand of infinite Wisdom and the loving Face of our Father in Heaven.

JOSEPH AGAR BEET.

THE WAR AND THE EAST

England and Palestine. By HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM. (Constable.) 1918.

India in Transition. By H.H. THE AGA KHAN. (Lee Warner.) 1918.

Abdul Hamid. By SIR EDWIN PEARS. (Constable.) 1917.

The War and the Bagdad Railway. By MORRIS JASTROW, JR. (Lippincott.) 1917.

IT is not without significance that the East figured as prominently in the final act of the war as it did in the prologue. For many years Germany had been steadily using all the resources at her command to dominate not only the Near East but also Middle Asia. To effect this purpose, Turkey—the sole surviving Muslim Power—had been enslaved, and as much progress had been made in building the Bagdad Railway as was possible, in view of the conflicting interests of the other European Powers and the pusillanimity of the Turks. When Bulgaria joined the enemy, and later when Rumania and Russia collapsed, it looked as if Germany would be able to realize her ambition. But while Field-Marshal Foch parried the heavy blows that were inflicted by the enemy in the West in the spring of 1918, the Armies operating in the various Eastern theatres of war compelled Bulgaria and Turkey to surrender, and thereby paved the way for Austrian and German submission.

The effort made by the various Eastern peoples to free the East from the German menace, and to assist Europeans and Americans to defeat enemy designs upon the freedom of the world, is one of which any Eastern may well be proud. Even well-informed Westerns have not, however, adequately realized its magnitude, partly because Orientals have been engaged in theatres of war remote from Europe

and America, and partly because Orientals have not yet mastered the art of advertising themselves.

Putting the most liberal construction upon her obligations to Britain under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Japan was first among the Eastern nations to enter the war (excepting, of course, India, a member of the British Empire). The Japanese Navy undertook to scour the Eastern seas to protect British and Allied commerce from German raiders. It also convoyed Australian troops to Europe—an act that made a deep impression upon Australasians, who, in pre-war days, had talked much about the Japanese menace.

Since Britain was wofully short of munitions of all kinds, Nippon readily came to her aid, and supplied her with large quantities of arms. Later, when Russia suffered great reverses and was retreating, Japan gave her large supplies of munitions of all sorts, ranging from guns of the largest calibre to small arms. She also placed at the disposal of the Russian High Command Japanese to teach Russians how to make effective use of these arms. Without this Nipponese aid Russia could not have recovered from the blows that Hindenburg had inflicted upon her quite early in the war. Although the Russian credit was very poor, Japan did not insist upon payment in cash for the goods she exported through Vladivostok, and Russia still owes her a large sum of money. Owing to distance and difficulties of transport, Japan's part in actual fighting has been limited to operations in the Far East. During the initial weeks of the struggle she undertook to evict the Germans from China. Last year, in co-operation with the other Allies, she began a campaign in Siberia which, if the war had lasted, might have made considerable demands upon her resources.

China did not come into the war until August 14, 1917. That, however, was not her fault, for she desired to join the Allies long before that. Her sympathies had

indeed, been with the Entente Powers from the very beginning of the struggle. Without contravening any international law or ordinance, Chinese sailors had been employed on numerous merchantmen that brought the essentials of life to Britain and her Allies. China also gave the Allies large quantities of foodstuffs and raw materials for munition-making. After China definitely broke with the enemy, her assistance, both in men and materials, increased enormously. Besides sending many of her best regiments to northern Manchuria to guard the Siberian Railway, and to maintain order, she gave thousands of her sons to work behind the lines in all the theatres of war, Eastern and Western. Many of the munition factories in France were, during the later stages of the war, almost entirely manned by the Chinese. In shops maintained for the repair of tanks the Chinese worked side by side with the British, and in the French forests they assisted the Canadians to fell timber. In coast towns and railway centres they helped to load and unload munitions of war and necessaries of life. They also assisted in making roads and bridges. Chinese skill, industry, and patience contributed in no small measure to the success of the Allied operations in France and Flanders, where their number, at the time hostilities ceased, far exceeded that of all other Easterners employed on active service or in war-work.

Siam came into the war shortly before China finally broke with the enemy. Her people had been deeply moved by the appeal made by Dr. Woodrow Wilson to the neutral nations to strengthen the hands of the Allies in the prosecution of the 'war for freedom and justice and self-government among all the nations of the world, a war to make the world safe for the people who live upon it.' That invitation had special meaning for them, because their independent existence depended, not upon the small Navy and Army that they could maintain, but upon the sanctity that the great Powers attached to international

pacts. No worse rebuke could possibly have been administered to Germany than the entrance into the war of this Eastern nation that had no private quarrel with her. The Siamese determination to be represented in the principal theatres of war led them to send their best aviators, whose mechanical efficiency and dash and daring soon won the admiration of their European comrades. Later Siam sent a contingent of fighters who had especially volunteered for foreign service, and were capable of meeting any Western foe. She has also rendered invaluable economic aid to the Allies by supplying them with large quantities of rice, teak and other woods, and hides.

Indians were the first among Britain's Imperial family to come to her aid in France at a time when the fate of civilization hung in the balance, and they have been represented in more theatres of war than any British Dominion or Colony. The victories in Palestine were won by forces consisting largely of Indians. Warfare in Mesopotamia, from first to last, was carried on by various generals mainly upon the strength of Indian men and materials. The most perfunctory reading of the report published by the Mesopotamia Commission[1] reveals the fact that the reverse suffered at Kut was due to the incompetence and apathy of the Government of India. As soon as the resources of India began to be concentrated upon the prosecution of the war, the Turks began to retreat, until they finally surrendered practically the whole country. From the very beginning of the war, distinguished Muslim leaders in India supported the British cause, and counselled their people to strengthen the British hands in every manner possible. The leaders of the Indian Muslim communities, as, indeed, of all Indian communities, felt that Britain was fighting to preserve the freedom of the world, to protect the helpless against oppression from an

[1] The minority minute by Commander J. Wedwood especially deserves attention.

unscrupulous Power. Indians were loyal, not merely to another people, but to an ideal—the freedom for national existence.

As the result of the victories won, the Powers associated together to crush militarism and 'to make the world safe for democracy' are in a position to settle the Eastern question in a manner that would remove the danger of future warfare, and that would guarantee to Easterns a rapid, ordered development. To accomplish that purpose it will be necessary to apply the doctrines of national rights to Oriental as well as to Occidental peoples. The British Prime Minister has, indeed, publicly stated his intention to give the Asiatic subjects of Turkey and the African subjects of Germany the right of self-determination. It, therefore, is not necessary to enunciate any new principle, but merely to extend the application of an accepted principle to peoples who are further advanced in every way than the Asiatic and African ex-subjects of the enemy Powers.

If the Allies and the United States are true to their war aims, they ought to make the whole Orient secure against aggression of all sorts. Commencing with the extreme East, Chinese integrity should receive a new, unequivocal guarantee from the comity of nations, and definite provision should be made for the return of every portion of her territory that is possible. Conditional upon the improvement of her system of administering justice, and general tranquillity, steps should be taken to abolish all extra-territorial rights.

His Majesty's Government, with the tacit approval of Parliament, has already definitely pledged itself to a policy 'of increasing the association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realization of responsible government in India, as an integral part of the British Empire.' Every effort should be made to give effect to that pledge so that, as soon as possible,

India may become a free member of the British Empire instead of continuing to be an abject 'dependant.'

The settlement of the Middle-Eastern question bristles with difficulties. Already a number of claims have been put forward. On the basis of culture, the French are asking for what they call *La Syrie Intégrale*—the country stretching from the northern boundary of Egypt up to the Taurus. The southern portion of that territory, or Palestine, is claimed by the Zionists and their supporters as a national home for the Jews. Mr. Herbert Sidebotham, of the British Palestine Society, would like to see that land converted into a British Dominion, peopled largely by Jews, and administered by Jewish officials on Crown Colony lines during the early stages of its development. He voices the feelings of many Britons when he expresses the desire to see the British Empire extend from the shores of the Persian Gulf right over to the Mediterranean, with Arabia as a British Protectorate. The creation of an Armenian State has been mooted from the very beginning of the war, and lately agitation has begun for the settlement of a State to be known as the Euxine Pontus, a Republic extending along the southern coast of the Black Sea from approximately the late frontier of Russian Caucasia to the west of Sinope, with a hinterland of from eighty to one hundred miles, peopled by inhabitants professing the Orthodox religion and speaking Greek.

It must be patent to even a casual student of Eastern affairs that due regard will have to be paid to the sentiments of the Muslim world in dealing with these questions. No less than 100,000,000 Muslims are included in the British Empire. France rules over a considerable Muslim population, which, throughout the war, has rendered invaluable help to the Republic. Italy has her Muslim province across the Mediterranean. No settlement can possibly be permanent that does not appear just in the eyes of all these Muslims.

H.H. The Aga Khan renders a useful service to humanity by sounding a timely warning against applying to Muslim lands the standards of discredited diplomacy. In his *India in Transition* he writes that 'in Courland, in Lithuania, in Flanders herself, German policy has wavered between merciless severity and efforts to win the hearts of such elements of the population as the Flemings and the Baltes to her *Kultur* and interests.' He thinks that 'British policy ought to have no such conflict of ideals,' and hence 'it is unthinkable that the British Empire can pursue a course of mere conquest in the Middle East.' Continuing, he adds that such a policy 'is foreign to her ideals and repugnant to her interests,' and that 'it would be more disastrous for England and India than almost anything else I can conceive, for it would mean the violation of the principles of humanity and justice, and would provoke continued unrest.'

His Highness also sounds the warning against applying to the Middle East 'the methods by which Egypt is governed.' He says that 'even amongst the Arabs of Mesopotamia and Syria, with every cause to welcome the overthrow of Turkish rule, the traditions of real self-determination are so strong that they will be grievously disappointed if relief from the heavy yoke is replaced by a just but still alien domination —if their countries, like Egypt, become mere conquered lands governed from above by the fiat of a foreign bureaucracy.' Upon the right solution of the Egyptian question depend, in no small measure, the future peace and prosperity of the Orient, for Egypt constitutes the bridgehead between the East and the West.

The Aga Khan would like to see the Muslim neighbours of India drawn into a federation that would give them full internal autonomy. Such a union, he thinks, is possible only if the administration of India is entirely reconstructed so that the Government of India ceases to be a highly centralized authority, and the various provinces become

autonomous. The suggestion is worthy of consideration, though I am afraid that the Aga Khan has not taken into consideration the desire of his co-religionists to have their sacred shrines in the hands of an independent Muslim Power.

The great struggle that has just ended in the ignominious defeat of the Central Empires did not merely concern the Westerns, nor was it prosecuted by them alone. A great wrong would, therefore, be perpetrated if Easterns are excluded from sharing the benefits arising out of it. The only way in which the West can reap the fullest reward for the sacrifices it has made to win the war will be to give the East the fullest opportunity for self-expression, because without such opportunity the East cannot give its best to the West. As Professor Jastrow truly observes in *The War and the Bagdad Railway*, 'If the East has any further contributions to make—in art or science, in commerce or thought, or perhaps in the domain of religion, in which she has given the world at least three-fourths of what religion there is, she can only do so through revivification —through the reunfolding of her own peculiar genius.'

ST. NIHAL SINGH.

Notes and Discussions

ON A CANON OF HISTORICITY

THE new forms of unbelief that emerge in every age call for a fresh statement of the grounds of the Christian Faith, adapted to the particular angle of the denial. Of late the denial of the physical resurrection and ascension of Christ and of the Virgin-birth, on the ground that the evidence warranting belief is not sufficient, raises the whole question as to what shall be held to constitute sufficiency in a matter of this sort. Minds vary, and the degree of evidence that is sufficient for one type is not necessarily enough for another; but in all the varieties of mind there is a general level of common sense that will admit the validity of any evidence having a certain degree of consistency and credibility. The strength of the conviction of a truth may admit of degrees when the line of its certainty and validity has been passed and the fact assured. Now the aim of a believer and confessor is to show that though he may have varying degrees of certitude arising from the varieties of the evidence that compels his faith, yet he has enough to warrant it, without any ground of question whatsoever, as far as he himself is concerned. His mind has attained to certainty, and has gone to rest on the question of the truth of the fact believed.

Here arises the previous question (as between the doubter and the believer), 'What shall be held to be sufficient evidence?' By what canons may we fix the limits of credible evidence as to facts of which we have no direct personal experience? In other words, can we define the canons of historicity? In that difficult task lies the solution of the problem of unbelief. Not by going over the old ground of the evidence presented for a particular fact, but by the clear definition and apprehension of the canons that must be observed in the ascertainment of any fact lies the road to the goal of a reasonable faith.

No one can for a moment suppose that any assent is demanded to that for which there is not ground in reason. For it is surely clear that He who made us reasonable beings cannot will that we should act contrary to the very nature that we possess, and especially that part of our nature which is highest and most like the very Author of our being. That were to contradict His very nature. Truth, reality, reason, we apprehend to be among the very highest things—for which other things may be sacrificed, but if we sacrifice the highest we have lost the very substance and worth of all existence: *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*, indeed.

It is assumed, without any very great effort to prove the fact, that modern modes of getting at fact are somehow more reasonable,

thorough, and less liable to error than those of the men of former days. That we have means of travel and of collecting data greater than they had is clear, but it is not at all clear that having gone up and down in the world, and having collected what data we may, we are any keener than our fathers in intellectual power, any less prone to scepticism than were some of them, or that in any way, as far as the last 8,000 years have gone, we have very appreciably altered in the make-up of our nature. Plato, Aristotle, and Euclid have something to say for themselves, and so have Lucian and Thucydides. The men who pondered wisdom in Israel, or laid down canons of law in the court of Hammurabi, leaving their traces on the sands of time, are not found to be measurably smaller men than are we, nor did they think very differently from ourselves on the things that matter. Travellers' tales, of course, came by the ships of Tarshish (that were unbroken by the east wind) in those days; but the goldsmiths of Jerusalem knew whether the gold of the land of Havilah was 'good' or its bdellium and onyx stones 'paste.'

Moreover we may well believe that in earlier days, when men lived nearer to the facts of our faith, and especially when we come up close to the time of their occurrence, multitudes of corroboratory evidences operated on their minds, to which they do not refer in any extant writings, while the strength and value of those that are referred to are very possibly not so fully appreciated by us as they deserve, owing to our lack of power to reconstruct imaginatively the total conditions of the time, and the true inwardness of that which is related. It is true of us, as of them, that we know in part. There are vanishings, and slippings from us, of which we are unconscious. Who can understand his errors?

But if it be granted that men are much the same now as 2,000 years ago, having the same differences arising from education, custom, habits, &c., that we observe to-day in various orders and classes of society, not all geniuses in a garret, nor all vicious in a court, nor all superstitious in a fishing-village, but much as we see them to-day, mingled, and as we see them, as a matter of plain fact, in the pages of the New Testament, ordinary humanity, 'born like wild asses' colts' and attaining to self-control, obedience, reason, faith, knowledge, by effort and many a slip, now on this side, now on that,—what follows? Surely, that we regard them as human beings like ourselves. Of some things they were as sure as we are and had as good ground for being sure: increase of time or of knowledge does not make for increase of certitude. They were things for which only good health and ordinary faculties were necessary. Seeing, smelling, touching, hearing, tasting—these, and ordinary reason, were enough. 'Dead men told no tales,' for them as for us. They had seen men die and knew the signs. Death was as certain for them as for Lord Bacon or Darwin. The thing was the same and the power to perceive it the same.

Now they said that it was impossible for the dead to rise. All experience went against it. But they related a new experience.

One had risen, and Him they had seen raise others. He had raised others, but though He did that, they had seen Him Himself killed. Of that killing they were sure, and their womenfolk were, for they laid Him out and prepared Him for burial. This filled them with despair. They had no clue to the mystery. By and by, on the third day, came news of an empty tomb, and they set out to discover if He were indeed risen. Their stories pulse with reality. They believe not for joy. Then comes the Lord. They see, handle, hear Him. They eat and drink with Him. One absent Apostle is a total sceptic. He also sees, is bid touch and handle: it is an instant baptism of his mind into the faith of a Christian—'my Lord and my God.'

It is certain that Christianity arose among men with this insanity, to use Pliny's word to Trajan, and that they had what he called unbending perversity and obstinacy—'*pertinaciam certe et inflexibilem obstinationem.*' It is equally certain that Thomas's faith represented the common fact as to the Church's Faith, and that the Church had a habit on a fixed day to sing a hymn to Christ as to a god. It was equally sure that Christians never stole, or committed adultery, or broke their word, or betrayed a trust. No torments moved them. They died for their faith. Heathen Pliny, who unjustly punished obstinacy and perversity, with no regard for the truth or otherwise of what they were obstinate about, bears a like testimony to the facts that the New Testament does. He witnesses to the faith that Christians held, though he does not hold it himself. Christ is divine. Others tell us how the belief sprang into being in the first Easter octave. The first day engendered it, the eighth sealed it. If the Resurrection were actual the belief is justified. For Christ was put to death, as far as the High-priest's judgement was concerned, because He declared His divinity on oath.

Now comes the question of the capacity of the men to bear testimony that is believable to facts of which the resurrection of Christ is a sample. What canons of believability may be set? There are two things to be considered, first the men and then the fact they bear testimony to. Then comes the record of all and its trustworthiness. Consequences of belief, the canons having been settled, must be ignored. There is no jumping half-way down Niagara. Nor must there be any implied universal scepticism bound up in any canon. Hume's intellectual arrogance sufficed for him and the days of his great compeer, Gibbon: but all that has had its day. We know testimony may be false and that miracles are usually improbable, but we do not know any particular testimony is false till we have proved it to be so, nor that a particular miracle is improbable until we have examined the evidence. Hume pretends to know on the balance of a clever couple of alternatives, that do not at all include the total facts of the case. The universe is not so simple an affair, and many things may be, and may well be, that do not admit of determination by any light procedure.

Now take the men who first bore testimony. What does the

historical student require of them? First, that they have ordinary gifts of mind and body, are normal men. Second, that they should themselves have been present when the facts are said to have occurred. Third, that they saw, heard, handled the fact in that simple direct manner that gives the very strongest assurance of reality, since there is the corroboration by the various senses of the evidence for the reality of the fact. And so on with canons as to the nature of the fact and the trustworthiness of the record. But this note is sufficiently extended already.

JAMES LEWIS.

MENDELISM AND TELEOLOGY

SCIENCE has always been reluctant to admit *purpose* into its consideration, as a cause of the origin and development of organic life. Its concepts, such as law, force, element, atom, all point to a rigidly closed system, operating mechanically; and purpose, in any shape or form, is regarded as an interference with law. On the other hand, the remarkable adaptations of living creatures and their organs to their environment have furnished theologians with abundant evidence of design. The absurd lengths to which this argument has been carried do not in the least detract from its value when properly stated. Relief to the scientific mind, however, came with the Darwinian theory, which, apparently proving that every organism varied indefinitely in all directions, and that the pressure of environment determined which variations should survive, viewed the progress of life as the automatic resultant of these two interacting factors. Chance variations selected by a blind environment! Here is a refreshingly non-teleological scheme. It was regarded as essential that variations should be small, so as to secure strict continuity. If long jumps were of any importance—discontinuous variations—interference from without might have to be considered. The existence of such long jumps was unquestioned, but Darwin argued that they were of no value for evolution, because they must inevitably be swamped by intercrossing.

Mechanistic science has gratefully accepted the relief afforded on this side, but does not seem to have noticed the importance of the fact that the Darwinian theory is one of epigenesis, the continuous increase and transformation of life. Creation is an ever-new becoming. 'The essence of the creature is its innate creativeness.' In its horror at the idea of a spiritual, or even physical continuity of development from the amoeba to man, religious thought has also paid little attention to this compensating idea, largely because it saw in the first chapter of Genesis a view of Creation as static, given once for all. On this point Darwinian science was nearer the truth than orthodoxy.

Many admirable refutations have been given of the claim of Darwinian science to have destroyed teleology. I do not wish to repeat these, but to comment on the curious manner in which

scientific thought has recently been veering and changing in regard to these two matters of continuous variation and evolution as a creative growth.

Owing to increased knowledge of the history of the cells of organisms, issuing especially in Weismann's theory of the germ-plasm, the work of Mendel suddenly (in 1900) assumed a position of great importance, since by his experiments the chief laws of variation were discovered. It was found that the body of any organism was of only secondary importance in inheritance, since hereditary characters are transmitted by the germ-cells alone. These hereditary characters behave in inheritance as independent units, and the cell-factors which produce them pass from generation to generation, in the germ, as if endowed with immortal life. However many factors may be mixed and disguised in sexual processes, they never really blend or modify one another. Suppressed in one generation, they reappear in the next. It immediately results from this that no character can be finally swamped by crossing, and so Darwin's argument against large discontinuous variations loses all weight. Moreover, we reach the conclusion that *all* heritable variations, large and small, are equally discontinuous and equally permanent. In view of this condition of things, two strongly divergent theories of variation emerge, one restating the Darwinian theory in somewhat changed form, the other emphasizing the permanence and discontinuity of variations.

The *fact* of variation must be accounted for by both schools. Since Darwin there is an immense volume of evidence on this point. The great majority of the variations are small, but large ones are constantly occurring, and these are important because they readily form the starting-point of experimental work, upon which the new science of genetics is largely founded. When such varieties occur in nature they run the risk of perishing accidentally, and thus cannot start a new line; but the experimenter is on the watch for them, and when one appears he makes the most of it. The Shirley poppy, with its many shades and combinations of colour, began a few years ago in a single flower, which was noticed and preserved. A single red-eyed individual was noticed amongst the usually black-eyed individuals of a species of Amphipod found near Plymouth, and was used to produce several new and interesting strains; but, so far as I know, the red variety has not again occurred naturally.

A certain amount of variation is due to environment, but this is not inherited unless the germ-cells are modified as well as the body-cells. Inherited variation is due to variation of the germ-cells, and probably to particular elements in the nuclei of those cells. A colour-variation, such as the appearance of a black pansy or a cream-coloured currant-moth, is due to some modification of these thread-like 'chromosomes.' But this variation, having once appeared, is permanent. Is it really new, or was it all the time latent in the parent form, and now by some means released?

The Mutationists believe that *all* variations are to be explained

as the release or recombination of factors present from the first. There is no such thing as a *new* factor, or the change of a factor into something different. For instance, our luscious eating-apples contain no qualities which were not always locked up in the bitter crab. This evolution, instead of proceeding from the simple to the complex, has really gone the opposite way. The splendid forms and qualities of cultivated fruits and flowers are not due to any gain of hereditary factors, but rather to loss, and American biologists have developed the theory of 'multiple modifying factors,' by which such a process might be explained. We have therefore to trace back all the variations of all organisms to the germ-cells of the primitive organic type, whatever it was. In this was locked up, in actual physical being, every hereditary factor that has since appeared in every species and variety of the whole living creation. Not only so, but *with* these factors an equally numerous and complex set of 'modifying factors' was locked up, through the successive release of which alone could they take effect. Bateson says, 'We have to reverse our habitual modes of thought. At first it may seem rank absurdity to suppose that the primordial form or forms of protoplasm could have contained complexity enough to produce the divers types of life. But is it easier to imagine that these powers could have been conveyed by extrinsic additions? Of what nature could these additions be?'[1]

From this point of view the scope claimed by Darwin for Natural Selection is greatly reduced, and on this matter controversy still continues. The truth seems to be that Natural Selection in regard to the whole organism must have the full value which Darwin assigned to it, but with regard to many parts and details it is not to be pressed. These may vary in many ways over which Natural Selection has but very little control. To this extent the attempt to read a teleological meaning into every part of the process may be quite misleading. For the biologist, the dominance of the whole over any of its parts is a far more important consideration, though this again may be only a special case of Natural Selection. Strictly speaking, a biologist has nothing to do with teleology, though he is constantly using terms which imply it. It is the work of philosophy and theology to appraise the findings of science from this point of view, and it must be said at once that the Mutationist position as a whole presents all the difficulties connected with a 'block-universe' and creation by a single fiat. Believers in the instantaneous creation of plants and animals on three successive days, thenceforth to abide unchanged, never imagined anything so intellectually staggering. Well may Bateson say that the origin of variations is absolutely beyond 'surmise or even plausible speculation.' We may take it that it is certainly beyond the reach of purely biological research, and always will be. Its business is not with final causes, but with efficient causes and concurrent conditions. But the theologian, taking the system as it

[1] Presidential Address to the British Association, Melbourne, 1914.

leaves the hand of the biologist, has the right to say that if the primordial organism has such a character as the Mutationist assigns to it, here is evidence of design of the most intricate character and amazing scope. In this case we have design within design, one design masked by another, the increasing simplification of germinal constitution producing an increasing variety and complexity of external form, an almost inconceivable state of things, biologically, though perhaps not beyond all possible teleological explanation.

I think most of us would *rather* follow the Darwinian argument, and believe in a real advance from the simpler to the more complex by the addition of new factors, which, for theology, are new-created factors. We have good warrant for believing that the case for the Mutationists must be surrendered, for the reason pointed out by Prof. Jennings (*Nature*, November 15, 1917), that the modifying factors upon which the Mutationist argument depends are granted themselves to be alterations in the hereditary constitution. Now if you have such alterations acting indirectly, why not dispense with modifying factors, and allow direct modification of positive factors? It is not denied that there may be many cases of loss or division of factors, but that the main explanation of variation lies here.

If now, returning to the Darwinian theory, we ask what difference the Mendelian discoveries have made, it amounts to this: variations that can be inherited are to be regarded as discontinuous and definite, however small. These variations have an inner permanence. Organisms do not fluctuate in nature as they are made to do in a biological laboratory. The variations are also definite in this respect, that when favoured by Natural Selection the way is open for further variation in the same direction, though we must guard against the idea that large variations are merely due to the heaping up small ones. Palaeontological evidence very clearly points to advance by small variations, not all ways, but along definite routes. Darwin himself, when speaking of organisms varying indefinitely, never meant that they could vary otherwise than in accordance with their own constitution. The later knowledge has disclosed the inner mechanism of variation, and given us the means of controlling it when it arises. That is, it presents evidence of the most precise order, in a region where previously there had been only the wildest disorder. Here then is fresh ground for the teleological argument to occupy.

Biology is not shut up, as physics and chemistry appear to be, to any conception of a fixed amount of available energy or substance. The Elan Vital may, as Bergson thinks of it, continually transform the old into something new, without the agency of personality or purpose; but theology will see here the evidence of continuous divine operation. So if we must concede discontinuity of variations to the Mutationists, it is only biological discontinuity. Behind that there may be an unbroken continuity of creative activity and purpose. On the other hand, as it has just been suggested, the evidence

of the definiteness and progressive order of *new* variations and resultant organisms, which amplifies and reinforces the older Darwinian positions, gives to theology a still finer teleological argument. When science, from time to time, restates her position, on assured results, theology is always the gainer.

T. STEPHENSON.

THE WAR AND CHILDREN

WHEN women came forward to do war-work and to fill the places left vacant in the industrial world by men who had gone to fight, forces were set in motion that gravely affected child-life. Many of these women were mothers, with little ones ranging from babes in arms to children of school-going age, or slightly past that age. What was to become of their little ones while they were toiling in munition factories or driving staff cars or War department transport wagons, or acting as railway porters, or doing some other work that had been performed, in the past, by their husbands while they themselves stayed at home and looked after the children? Especially what was to become of the children of night workers? The mothers were away from home all night, and were naturally compelled to sleep most of the day. For at least twenty hours out of the twenty-four they, therefore, found it impossible to look after their little ones. Then there were workers like the tram and 'bus conductresses, whose hours of duty were shifting.

The expedients to which working mothers had resorted for the care of their children in days of peace were utterly inadequate, even before the war began. There existed but few crèches, and they, as a rule, were small and crowded to the limit of their accommodation. Many women who went out charing or to engage in factory work were prejudiced against day nurseries, or felt unable to pay the fees charged by them, moderate as they were. Through one cause or another, therefore, children were left to the tender mercies of their brothers and sisters, often themselves altogether too immature to bear such responsibility, or with relatives, or the landlady, or neighbours, who were willing to 'keep an eye on them,' usually for a small consideration. Children brought up in such circumstances could hardly be expected to grow up to be healthy, strong, and conscientious men and women. Persons interested in national well-being therefore felt extremely anxious, and sought by every means at their command to attract attention to this fundamental and pressing problem, but alas! found the public extremely apathetic.

Under the stress of war the situation grew steadily more critical. The number of working mothers increased progressively, as the patriotic impulse, reinforced by economic necessity, drove women into the industrial world. The separation allowances or pensions received by the mothers were not sufficient to 'keep the home fires burning,' and though they were increased more than once, prices

kept rising so rapidly that it became imperative for the women to augment their allowances by undertaking work of some kind. Thus their children were added to the already large number of little ones who had to be cared for by outside agency during their mothers' working hours.

Social workers, profoundly impressed with the necessity of doing everything that lay in their power to alleviate these conditions and to mitigate the evils attendant upon them, enlarged the existing crèches and established new ones, and, in many instances, were so fortunate as to secure grants from Borough Councils, the Local Government Board, and the Munitions Board, to supplement private donations. Too much praise cannot be given to the men and women who, at great personal sacrifice, are conducting these institutions. But it is idle to pretend that all these worthy efforts put together have more than touched the fringe of the problem. Only the other day I was informed that a day nursery with accommodation for 58 children had a waiting list of 172 mothers, and that the list would have been far longer had not the matron very wisely stopped taking more names. Other crèches have the same story to tell.

Besides, most of the nurseries are open only during the day, for they cannot find the money to pay the extra staff needed for night work. Indeed, to my knowledge, lack of funds recently compelled one crèche to stop work at night. Though it is true that fewer mothers work at night than in the daytime, yet it does not follow that night nurseries are not urgently needed. On the contrary, every social worker acquainted with conditions prevailing at present realizes the imperative need for maintaining institutions for the care of children, open during all hours of the day and night. There are a great many mothers whose working hours outside the home are shifting and erratic. It must, moreover, be remembered that women who have worked under great pressure all day or all night, are not in a fit physical or mental condition to attend to children. They are extremely tired, fretful, and worried with the accumulation of home-work they are compelled to do in order to keep the house passably habitable, and it is too much to expect them to give the patient, kind, thoughtful attention to their little ones that is their due if they are to be properly brought up. In its own interests, the nation must provide the means to relieve hard-worked mothers, as far as possible, of the care of their children. It is no use telling them to stay at home and mind the children, for they go into the industrial world through necessity, not through choice.

Even supposing there are enough nurseries to accommodate all the children of working mothers, there still remains the problem of the child who is sick, or who comes from a family where some one is suffering from a communicable disease. It is obvious that such a child cannot be received into the crèche. The children's hospitals are overcrowded all the time. What is the unfortunate mother to do? She is working, and will have to lose time and pay to take the child to a physician, or to an infant welfare centre for examination

and advice, even taking it for granted that such a centre exists within a reasonable distance from her home. Besides, who is to carry out the instructions while she is away at work? This problem is, perhaps, the most appalling to those who are interested in child welfare work, for the reason that among the working classes babies are constantly ailing, because of the insanitary environment in which they are reared, insufficient and impure food, and ignorance upon the part of their mothers. There never is a day when those in charge of nurseries are not compelled, with aching hearts, to refuse admission to babies who would be a source of danger to the other children; and yet who are utterly unable to suggest a place where they may be taken for treatment with any certainty of being admitted. Every day they come across cases of children who need change of air, and yet they know of no place in the country to which a child, with or without its mother, could be sent for a few days or weeks.

Working mothers who have children just too old for the nurseries —that is to say, over five—find themselves confronted with a different sort of problem. In such a case the only course open to them is to have the little ones cared for by a friendly neighbour or to send them to a kindergarten. But supposing a mother has to leave home at six or seven o'clock in the morning, who is to awaken, feed, and dress her child, take it to school, and bring it back home; and what is to become of it between the time it comes home from school and the time she returns from work at six or seven o'clock?

Similar difficulties exist in the case of children who are old enough to go to school and return by themselves. In their case, absence of parental care in out-of-school hours opens the door to all sorts of moral dangers. They often spend their leisure in ill-ventilated cinemas, where they see pictures of adventure and crime that fire their imagination.

Juvenile crime increased considerably during the war. And no wonder! Fathers were away fighting, and, in some cases, had made the supreme sacrifice for the cause of freedom. Mothers were away from home all day or all night, or were unable to keep growing children under control. Conditions in the labour market were such that boys and girls just beyond the school-going age earned wages that even adults could not command before the war. The war greatly multiplied the temptations of the street, to which adolescents, unused to handling money, were particularly susceptible.

The problems affecting child-life are so numerous, so varied, so complex, and so large, that only a whole-hearted effort on the part of the State can adequately cope with them. Private philanthropy, by itself, cannot tackle them. It is not merely a case of money, though that is not a small consideration, but it is often a case of exercising authority to rescue children from unhealthy surroundings that the State alone should possess, and that should not be delegated to any association, no matter how efficiently it may be organized

or how conscientiously its workers may perform their philanthropic duties.

The Department of Health that is being mooted should have a children's bureau, such as the United States of America has at Washington, D.C., of which I gave an account in the *London Quarterly Review* for July, 1917. Such a bureau would co-ordinate and help to expand the existing scattered efforts. It would investigate the causes of the evils affecting child-life, and its experts would suggest means to eradicate them. It would be the central authority to which all individuals and associations would apply for advice and assistance.

If we can have bureaus to develop our animal, vegetable, and mineral resources, surely we can spare the money and the men and women to maintain a department whose sole business it shall be to safeguard the interests of our children, the nation's living assets, the men and women of to-morrow, the backbone of the empire of the future. So long as working mothers are unable to arrange to have their babies properly cared for while they are toiling to support them; so long as ailing babies are turned away from hospitals because there is no accommodation for them; so long as shivering, whimpering little ones are permitted to stand outside public-houses while their mothers are drinking and gossiping inside; so long as children are neglected while pigs, and sheep, and cattle, and fowls and fish are cared for,—so long will there be a blot on the nation's escutcheon. We may have won the war, we may challenge the admiration and envy of the world because of our highly organized industries, but what shall it profit a nation if it gain the whole world and lose its own soul? There is a Judge before whom we must ultimately stand—a Judge who will know the difference between the wheat and the chaff—a Judge who will sweep aside our victories and our industries as riches 'which moth and rust doth corrupt,' and who will sternly remind us that 'inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me.'

CATHLEYNE SINGH.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

Folk-Lore in the Old Testament: Studies in Comparative Religion, Legend, and Law. By Sir James George Frazer. 3 Vols. (Macmillan & Co. 37*s.* 6*d.* net.)

THESE volumes, though we are far from accepting all their views, are a veritable gold mine for students of legends and customs that throw light on the Old Testament. Sir James Frazer has made such research his peculiar domain, and has enthralled us by opening out his stores. He frankly admits that the whole subject is under revision, and that conclusions must be drawn with proper diffidence and reserve, but there is no doubt as to the never-failing interest with which we look through such windows into the minds and hearts of men in past ages and many lands. Folk-lore 'may be said to embrace the whole body of a people's traditionary beliefs and customs, so far as these appear to be due to the collective action of the multitude, and cannot be traced to the individual influence of great men. Despite the high moral and religious development of the ancient Hebrews, there is no reason to suppose that they formed an exception to this general law. They, too, had probably passed through a stage of barbarism and even savagery.' The volumes are devoted to 'the illustration and explanation of a few such relics of ruder times, as they are presented like fossils in the Old Testament.' Sir James has read the whole of the Old Testament in Hebrew, and has been deeply impressed by the wonderful felicity with which our Translators and Revisers have done their work. 'In its union of scrupulous accuracy with dignity and beauty of language the English Revised Version of the Old Testament is, as a translation, doubtless unsurpassed and probably unequalled in literature.' The order of the Bible record is followed in the studies, which begin with the Creation of Man and move on from the Early Ages of the World, the Patriarchal Age, the Times of the Judges and the Kings to the various enactments of the law which forbade a kid to be seethed in its mother's milk, boring a servant's ear, cuttings for the dead, the bitter water, the ox that gored, the golden bells. Some subjects, such as the Creation and the Flood, cover many pages; others can be dealt with in a couple of pages; but we never know how far we may travel in following up a trail, or what out-of-the-way lore may throw light on familiar Bible stories. 'The diverted blessing' is a study of Jacob's deception of Isaac which suggests that in virtue of an ancient custom the younger son had a prior claim to the inheritance. Primogeniture generally displaced ultimogeniture, but was

occasionally observed for the purpose of substituting a younger for an elder son as heir to his father. No one can think that it explains the deceit of Jacob, though it casts a strange sidelight upon it. The discussions of 'The Mark of Cain,' and of the odd notion that certain creatures, serpents in particular, cast their skin and gain the boon of immortality, which man missed, have extraordinary interest. We move amid weird beliefs and customs as in a fairy world, and realize anew the debt of mankind for the light and immortality brought to light by the gospel.

Dictionary of the Apostolic Church. Edited by James Hastings, D.D., with the assistance of John A. Selbie, D.D. and John C. Lambert, D.D. Vol. II. Macedonia to Zion, with Indexes. (T. & T. Clark. 25*s.* net.)

Few men have done more to promote true and lasting catholicity than Dr. Hastings, who has gathered the scholars of Europe and America under one roof through his extraordinary series of Dictionaries. Men who put their best work into such volumes gain a new estimate of each other's powers, and find many a wall of partition broken down. It is not easy to pay adequate tribute to the skill by which the learning of all Churches has been sought out and enlisted in the preparation of these masterpieces. The new volume has a noble list of contributors, which includes Archbishop Bernard, Dr. Batiffol (Canon of Notre Dame in Paris), Bishop Maclean, Prebendary Dimont, and professors and ministers from both sides of the Atlantic. Prof. Stalker's article on St. Paul deals with his life, writings, beliefs, and personality in the most complete and suggestive style. There are also extended articles on each of St. Paul's epistles from other hands. Prof. Case has a valuable pair of articles on Peter and the Epistles of Peter. He carefully states the evidence for and against St. Peter's presence in Rome. 'Quotations,' by Prof. A. R. Gordon, of McGill University, deals with the more obvious reminiscences in the New Testament of the Old Testament, the Septuagint, and Apocryphal books. It is wonderfully packed with matter of great interest. Dr. Moffatt's exhaustive article on 'Righteousness' covers twenty-two pages, and his 'War' more than twenty-six. It is certainly a tract for the times. It deals with the teaching and practice of Jesus in relation to war; militant Messianism and the primitive Church; martial metaphors and illustrations; attitude of the Early Church towards war; Christians in the Army, and the problem of war. Methodist scholars have contributed important articles, such as those by Dr. Moss on Priest, Dr. Tasker on Mysticism, Dr. Platt on Propitiation, Reconciliation, and Sacrifice, Prof. Lofthouse on Repentance, Prof. Lightley on the Stoics. Other Methodist writers are A. W. Cooke, W. J. Moulton, R. Martin Pope, H. C. J. Sidnell, Sherwin Smith, and Prof. Faulkner. Prof. Shaw's 'Resurrection of Christ,' covering more than thirty-eight pages, is itself a treatise of the most vital importance. The

Dictionary is a whole library in itself, and a library that only experts of the first rank could have produced.

The World to Come and Final Destiny. By J. H. Leckie, D.D. (T. & T. Clark. 10*s.* net.)

These Kerr Lectures were delivered in the United Free Church College, Glasgow, during the session 1917–8, and Dr. Leckie was influenced throughout the discussion 'by an acute sense of the perplexities that beset the faith in immortality in these days of death and sacrifice.' He divides his subject into two parts: Apocalyptic Forms and the Problem of Final Destiny. A concluding chapter is given to 'Review and Construction.' Dr. Leckie assumes that those whom he addresses are agreed that human personality survives death, and that some kind of eschatology is involved in the principles of our Faith. Eschatology is thus seen to be of vital importance. 'The doctrine of the last things has for its theme those beliefs which give definite content to the thought of immortality—that thought without which there is no meaning or power in any of the great affirmations of our faith.' Jewish apocalyptic literature reached its fullest development between 200 B.C. and 120 A.D. It embodies a type of piety narrower, less spiritual, less generous in its attitude to humanity, less believing in its attitude to God than that of the Old Testament, but it represents an advance of religious thought, especially in the doctrine of immortality. Dr. Leckie gives a lucid account of the deeper elements in the teaching of these apocalyptic books, and shows how they have affected theology both for good and evil. The comparison of Jewish and New Testament doctrine as to the Kingdom, the Second Advent, Resurrection, Judgement, the Intermediate State, and Gehenna is very suggestive. The problem of Final Destiny is discussed under four heads:—New Testament Doctrine; Everlasting Evil (dualistic solution); Conditional Immortality (mediating solution); and Universal Restoration (optimistic solution). The history of eschatology shows that the apocalyptic element in our religion is part of its essential genius. Certain elements of belief we find have kept asserting their vitality, and have always been affirmed again after every period of neglect. We may attribute permanent value to the belief that underlies the ancient threefold doctrine of immediate destiny; the foreboding of judgement and perdition; and the hope of the final triumph of Christ in a universal Kingdom of Peace. 'The theology of the future will have to recognize them as essentially true, in their substance as distinguished from their varying forms.' The Christian hope of life everlasting has two elements, one resting on the mystical side of faith, the other derived from the ancient belief in the Kingdom of God. 'Immortal blessedness is the beatific vision of God, direct, immediate, perfect; but it is also a continuous growth in the understanding of things both human and divine—it is "to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge."' This is a book that demands close and devout study.

In a Day of Social Rebuilding. By Henry Sloane Coffin. (Oxford University Press. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This is the forty-fourth series of Lyman Beecher lectures on preaching delivered in Yale University. It is dedicated 'To the memory of an endearing teacher and enlightening friend now with God . . . who taught his students to read widely, to face questions with an open mind, to despise cant and be ashamed of laziness, to seek them that are without rather than to please them that are within, to be careful for nothing but loyalty to Christ.' The first lecture, on 'The Day and the Church,' opens with Frederick W. Robertson's prophecy of 'a world shivered into atoms.' Dr. Coffin sees some advantages in the fact that so clean a sweep has been made of things that were doomed to perish. Fallacies that hindered the Church's efforts to shape a Christian world have been reduced to absurdity. 'The great gain of having a world in fragments on our hands is the inevitable longing for Someone wiser and abler than ourselves to piece it together and get it going.' The day of separatist piety has gone; the Church has come to her own as 'the functioning Body of Christ.' That is the solid basis on which these lectures rest. They describe the Ministry of Reconciliation, of Evangelism, of Worship, of Teaching, of Organization, and of Friendship. The eighth lecture—'Ministers for the Day'—shows that so far as a minister 'acts apart from his congregation he ceases to be a representative and a leader of his group, and becomes merely an individual, however effective and forceful. It may be questioned whether it is wise for a pastor to take a conspicuous part in politics or in social movements.' For our times ministers need vision, moral intuition, sympathy, daring, and above all, faith. 'We must train our faith to stretch its wings and use an inspired imagination.' This is a book of insight and force, which will nerve all who read it for new and wiser effort as ministers of Christ who believe 'in the possibility and in the necessity of a world based on and pervaded by love.'

Studies in Christianity. By A. Clutton-Brock. (Constable & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Mr. Clutton-Brock is convinced that there is 'a body of belief, not concerned with supernatural history, which is Christian; that it began with the teaching of Christ, as Platonism began with the teaching of Plato, that it has been enlarged and enriched with the experience of nineteen centuries, and yet has remained itself.' His object in this book is to state what Christianity is to us now. Through all generations men are moved by the words of Christ and discover new truths in them. That is happening now. 'Even while we are told that Christianity is dead, we see it rising from the grave, as men have always seen it when they were not content to accept it on hearsay.' The truth that lies in past efforts to express the meaning of Christianity forms the Christian tradition. 'It is what persists from generation to generation, while that which is false becomes

obsolete.' The first chapter of the book deals with 'Christianity and Absolute Values.' We value life, but that is a survival value; God and goodness are absolute values. Religion sets these absolute values above other values, and it is the conscious expression of them. It teaches that they must be expressed in conduct or they are not real. 'Christ incessantly affirms absolute values.' Truth for Him is not merely intellectual or scientific; it is known through the interaction of conduct and thought. 'The essence of Christ's teaching, that which makes it religious, is that we are to listen for the Voice of God, not in signs and wonders, but in our own hearts.' The whole discussion is illuminating. The Christian doctrine of love is treated in the same suggestive way. 'The less we love, the nearer we are to that state of madness in which man is utterly and solely himself.' 'It is only by loving that we cease to be merely ourselves, and that we become fully aware of the reality of that which is not ourselves.' 'Logic without love will make the universe incredible to us in our action, if not in our thought.' No one can say whether Christianity speaks the truth who has not proved it in action. 'They only can affirm their utter certainty, as St. Paul does when he says, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life . . . shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."' Christianity is the most personal of all religions. 'For the Christian, Christ is not, first of all, a teacher, but Himself. . . He is one who has fallen in love with Christ. . . He knows the man he would be like; and that man is Christ.' The chapter on 'The Grace of God' ends with this fine saying: 'God is not happy until the whole universe partakes of His grace. His heart also is restless until we all rest in Him; and a man is most like God when his heart cannot rest because other men do not know what he knows or love what he loves.' The concluding study is on 'The Future of Christianity.' 'Many even of those who desire to be Christians think of Christianity as something strange and romantic. Christ remains for them a foreigner clothed in an eastern dress, and performing miracles such as do not happen nowadays.' But Christ 'speaks of our common experience, and not of unseen worlds and secrets known only to Him.' We can only understand Him through our common experience. If Christianity is to exist, 'it must exist in the common, and political, will that there be no oppressed or oppressors.' Christianity must be tried in our politics, and if we exercise a Christian will there, the old Christian words will verify themselves in our experience. 'And then we shall cease to dispute about the meaning of Christ's words, because we shall know, out of our own experience, that they are true, and true in the same sense for all.' There is much to stir thought in this arresting study.

The Cambridge Bible. Deuteronomy. By Sir G. A. Smith. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s*. 6*d*. net.)

In *Deuteronomy* we have the noblest expression in the Old Testament of God's love to Israel, e.g. chs. iv. 37, vii. 7, 8, 13, x. 15: and

from ch. vi. 5 Christ quotes His great commandment to love God with all our heart: cp. ch. xi. 1, 13, 22, &c. In ch. xxx. 6 we have a wonderful anticipation of the gospel, 'Jehovah thy God will circumcise thy heart, to love Jehovah thy God with all thy heart, that thou mayest live.' Another conspicuous and kindred element is joy in God, e.g. ch. xii. 12, 18. All this and much else similar give special value to Deuteronomy, and claim for it a place in Christian thought which it has not yet received. Special attention is called to the above teaching on pp. xxvi.–xxviii. of this new volume. It contains all the help needful for intelligent study of this important sacred document.

Thoughts on Evangelism. By A. B. G. Lillingston. (Longmans & Co. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

As Canon Missioner of Durham the writer has been brought into close touch with the evangelistic work of the diocese. He has a constraining desire that more should be made of it, and that steps should at once be taken to do it better. The war has produced a revolution in the life of Society. 'Men are learning, in a tragic way, that they must have God, and are vaguely beginning to stretch out their hands in a longing to feel His touch and taste His grace and power.' The clergy must take the lead in meeting the need, and the man who asserts the paramount importance of spiritual things will evoke a wonderful response. There are many 'helps' for men in earnest about such work, and these the Canon deals with in a way that is suggestive and stimulating. A proper sense of sin and a conviction of judgement to come should mark every effective ministry. Nor must it fail to emphasize the fact that God is full of compassion and tenderness. There is much to learn from this wise counsellor.

In the Rift of the Rock. By Edgar L. Vincent. (New York: Abingdon Press. $1 net.) Pleasant papers on the rock of Horeb; the Kenites' nest in a rock, and other Bible rocks. Stories from life are skilfully interwoven with the exposition.—*The Mystery Religions and the New Testament.* By Henry C. Sheldon. (Abingdon Press. 50 cents net.) Paul cannot in any notable degree have been a borrower from the Mystery religions. 'Any one who can discover in their bizarre and variegated mythology an equivalent for the Pauline doctrine of redemption must be gifted with peculiar eyesight.' Dr. Sheldon discusses the whole subject, and reaches the conclusion that 'the radical assumption as to the influence of the Mystery religions on the form and content of primitive Christianity must recede from the field.'—*The Evangelism of Jesus*, by Ernest Clyde Wareing (Abingdon Press. 60 cents net), is the authorized text for Epworth League classes. It deals with our Lord's Evangelism for the devout soul (Nathanael); an inquiring soul (Nicodemus); the sinful soul (the woman of Samaria); the importunate soul (Bartimaeus); the distressed soul (the penitent robber); and the violent

soul (Saul of Tarsus). It is a capital text-book.—*The Religion of the Beatitudes.* By Minos Devine, M.A. (Macmillan & Co. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.) This is a devotional and literary study of the Beatitudes which lights up their teaching from history, biography, and literature. It is a real pleasure to read it, and preachers will find much choice material here for their own sermons and addresses. Mr. Devine says: 'Christian virtue has the humanness of a Great-heart, merciful in judgement, tender to all frailties, but without fear, and a valiant combatant against all the powers of evil.' 'Jesus reasserted the value of the individual, and blessed those virtues which are always in danger of being forgotten in the rush of life—yet without which life is not worth living—humility, purity, forgiveness, patience, sympathy.' A book that thus brings out the significance of the Beatitudes has a vital message for to-day.—*Preparing the Way,* by Frank Streatfeild, B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 5*s.* net), is one of the most complete and informing studies of the Jewish Interval and its influence on the earliest developments of Christianity that we have seen. It gathers its material from works that are costly and often out of print, and arranges it in a very skilful way. The chapters on 'Worship and Education' and on 'Apocalyptic Thought and Literature' are of great interest, as is also that on the 'Lingua Franca.' Students will find much material in the chapter on 'The Use of Apocryphal Books' by the first Christian writers, and in the valuable appendices. It is a little book that has cost its author much labour, and will reveal its value to every careful reader.—*Intercession.* (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* net.) Four sides of this subject are here discussed by four writers, who have learned something about prayer which they are anxious to share with others. 'The only way to learn to pray is by praying, and experience shows that the more we pray, the more we want to pray.' Intercessory prayer means a share in our Lord's sufferings for others. Mr. Wood thinks that all real prayer is 'infused.' It arises in the hidden sanctuary of the soul which is in close communion with God, and flows over into the mind and heart. The last paper is on vicarious prayer, in which we take upon ourselves the burden of others. The little book deserves close attention by all who feel that the Christian's prayer is a means by which Christ 'reaches those souls whom He would bless.'—*The Three Kingdoms.* By F. S. Goddard, M.A., B.D. (Macmillan & Co. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.) The basis of this book is the writer's Confirmation class in his Liverpool parish. From 'Life and its Problems,' 'The Problem and its Solution,' he develops 'a young people's guide to the Christian Faith.' Baptism and the Lord's Supper; prayer, Bible-reading, worship, all are treated in the most evangelical and practical spirit in this wise and helpful little book. The importance of such training is well brought out by the Bishop of Liverpool in his preface.—*Studies in the Book of Revelation.* (S.P.C.K. 4*s.* net.) Canon Masterman here describes the development and characteristics of Apocalyptic literature; the historical background of the Book of Revelation, and the princi-

ples of interpretation. Then he explains the leading features of the book in a lucid and reasonable way. The most difficult passage (xx. 8) is discreetly handled. The expectation of a literal reign of Christ on earth was abandoned by the main body of Churchmen through the influence of St. Augustine. The book will be of great service to students of the Revelation.—*The Holy Spirit and the Individual* (S.P.C.K. 2*s*. net), by Canon Robinson, ought to be in the hands of every Christian. It shows how the Gift of the Spirit meets every need of human life, and indicates clearly what we may expect and how we may obtain the gift. It is beautifully put, with a freshness and intensity of conviction which are very impressive.—*The Uncanonical Jewish Books*. By W. J. Ferrar, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3*s*. net.) Brief Introductions to the books of the Apocrypha and other Jewish writings, from 200 B.C. to 100 A.D. The work of specialists has been skilfully laid under contribution, and in three or four pages a succinct account is given of the history and contents of each book. It is admirably done, and furnishes a key to the literature of the world into which Jesus Christ was born.—The S.P.C.K. has added to its *Translations of Early Documents* (3*s*. 6*d*. net), *The Third and Fourth Books of Maccabees*, edited with full Introduction by L. W. Emmet, B.D., Vicar of West Hendred; and *Joseph and Asenath*, edited by E. W. Brooks, a romance by a Christian writer which was in existence before 569. The beautiful daughter of the high-priest despises Joseph, but when she sees him she loves him and becomes a convert to his faith. Both volumes are of great interest, and throw light on many phases of Jewish life.—*The Suffering of the Best*. By John Adams, B.D. (T. & T. Clark. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.) The world is being remade by the suffering and sacrifice of our noblest, and Mr. Adams finds in the great 'Servant passages' of Isaiah a wonderful parallel to our own position. It is a book rich in thought, in spiritual insight, and in power.—*The Gospel for To-day in three Words*, by Dr. Ballard (Epworth Press. 9*d*. net), is a forcible exposition of 1 Thess. i. 3. The three addresses were given in St. Paul's Church, Sheffield, and are timely and helpful in a remarkable degree. The world needs a real and a spiritual gospel in which faith and love are blended, and there is valid ground for hope in its triumph if the Church gives heart and mind to understand its message and to work for it.—*Grief-Bearing* is a sermon by Percy C. Ainsworth which has a lovely message for sorrowing hearts.—The Religious Tract Society sends us two *Tracts for the Day*. (6*d*. net.) Principal Selbie describes *The Difference Christ has made* in regard to God, Man, and Life. Prof. Clow gives *The Christian View of Death and Destiny*. They are two rich tracts, reassuring and convincing in the highest sense.—*Baptism, Confirmation, and the Eucharist*. By John Gamble, B.D. (Murray. 3*s*. 6*d*. net.) A careful and scriptural statement, free from any sacerdotalism, and based on actual experience of the needs of others and the blessing to be gained through the two Sacraments. It will appeal to Nonconformists as well as to Churchmen.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

The Paget Brothers, 1790–1840. Edited by Lord Hylton. With Illustrations. (Murray. 15*s*. net.)

Sir Augustus Paget published two volumes of his father's political and diplomatic correspondence in 1896, but many letters of a domestic character were omitted. These have now been collected and edited by Lord Hylton. The Earl of Uxbridge had six sons and five daughters, and these letters were written to Sir Arthur Paget, the third son, who married Lady Augusta Fane, daughter of the third Earl of Westmorland, and died in 1840 after a distinguished career as a diplomatist. The first letter, from Lord Edward FitzGerald, in December, 1790, says that Lord Paget, the eldest brother, was 'constantly in Leicestershire; indeed, that county for that matter is become London, for the whole Town seems to be hunting there.' He became the distinguished cavalry officer who served with Wellington in the Peninsula, and lost his right leg at Waterloo, where he commanded the cavalry. The surgeon who amputated it 'spoke with rapture' of his firmness under the operation, 'and said his pulse did not alter.' A deputation from his estates at Burton presented him with an address and a handsome silver case. The same letter notes that he had been putting on his leg for the first time. 'It is certainly very clever, but I fear it will be long before he is reconciled to it.' Another brother, General Sir Edward Paget, was taken prisoner by the French whilst riding round his outposts, in November, 1812, and was only released at the peace of 1814. In September, 1805, Lord Graves writes: 'Old Nelson is now off that harbour (Cadiz) with two-and-thirty British Men of War, which I should think is enough to defeat all the Navy of Europe united.' On November 10 the Countess of Uxbridge tells Arthur: 'Never shall I forget yesterday as long as memory lasts. Oh! my beloved son, think what a day it was to us, the account of your illness, of the fall of that great man, Lord Nelson, and his brilliant Victory, and the total defeat of the Austrians (if we may credit the French account the total annihilation of them) all came together: it was too much, and we were sunk to the lowest ebb.' Captain Paget, one of the two sailor brothers, cannot resist offering his 'congratulations on the *most* brilliant occasion on which the British Fleet ever had an opportunity of showing its superiority. Poor dear glorious Nelson is the only drawback.' Four years later Charles met thirteen China ships, of 1,200 tons burden, bringing the season's tea: 'I never saw before anything like the way in which these *whisking* Indiamen *carry* sail. It is absolutely astonishing, and makes one sometimes really alarmed for their safety.' The Pagets were in great favour at Court, and with the Prince of Wales, whom Lord Paget

reconciled to his brother, the Duke of York. When Marquis of Anglesey, in 1835, he says that he had wanted to expose to Brougham 'the follies he had been committing, and the injury he has done to himself and also to the good cause by his imprudence and indiscretion. I have written two or three times to him in this sense. He is a man that must not be lost. He has amazing powers, and only wants wholesome control. He and Durham must still act together, but it will require a great deal of *hand and heel* to manage them. They have both dreadful *mouths*.' There is no page in this volume which is not a window into the past.

Dr. Elsie Inglis. By Lady Frances Balfour. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*. net.)

Dr. Elsie Inglis laid down her life for Serbia, and it is proposed to establish a General Hospital there, with a Training School for Serbian Nurses, in her memory. Her father won high distinction in the Indian Civil Service, and on his grandmother's side was a direct descendant of Robert the Bruce. He served with John Lawrence through the Mutiny, and helped him in the great settling of the Punjab which followed. He became Chief Commissioner of Oude, and retired in 1876 when Elsie was eleven. When she made up her mind to be a doctor she studied in Dr. Jex-Blake's School at Edinburgh, and then in Glasgow, where she had to fight her way as a woman student, and enjoyed the struggle. In 1892 she became house-surgeon at the New Hospital for Women in London, where she worked very happily with Dr. Mary Scharlieb and Dr. Garrett Anderson. Then she took a three months' course in midwifery at the Rotunda, Dublin, and finally began practice in Edinburgh as partner to Dr. Jessie MacGregor. She had not had full opportunity for clinical work as a student, and she allowed herself to be drawn away too much by her zeal for the enfranchisement of women, but she lost no chance of adding to her knowledge. When war broke out she trained the Edinburgh V.A.D., of which she was Commandant, and was ready to fit up an auxiliary hospital. She offered the services of herself and her women colleagues, but was advised to 'go home and sit still.' That was the last thing she could do with the cry of the wounded in her ears. The Scottish Women's Hospitals were founded, and joyfully welcomed by France, Belgium, Serbia, Corsica, and Russia. At the close of 1914 Dr. Inglis was working under the French Red Cross. In May, 1915, she took charge of the work in Serbia amid the typhus epidemic. After the fever came the Austro-German invasion. She and others decided to remain at their work among the sick and wounded, and were taken prisoners. In February, 1916, they were sent to Zurich. She returned home, but soon went out to help the Serbian division on the Roumanian front. She and her colleagues had to deal with masses of wounded on the retreat to Russia. She worked wonders among her beloved Serbs during a year crowded with toil and anxiety. Her health broke down, and she died soon after reaching Newcastle.

Wesley as Sociologist, Theologian, Churchman. By John Alfred Faulkner. (Methodist Book Concern. 75 cents net.)

The original sources are here examined by an expert well known to Methodist students on both sides of the Atlantic, and the result is a volume of real interest and value. Wesley was not a social reformer who brought forward any new views of society or of political economy. He took the world as he found it. 'His work was not to change laws or institutions, but to change men.' Prof. Faulkner discusses Wesley's views on riches, war, toleration, and the smaller social or personal virtues, and shows that he was neither a reformer nor an agitator, but a broad-minded man who took a keen interest in everything that touched humanity. He was not a systematic theologian, but 'as to the terms of membership in his societies he was liberal; as to the definition of the Church he was liberal; as to his all-embracing catholicity of spirit in looking for the salvation of all earnest people, heathen and Christian, who lived according to their light, he was liberal; as to a wide mental outlook and communion with earnest enlightened spirits of all races, times, and creeds, he was liberal.' As to his churchmanship Dr. Faulkner holds that 'Wesley's distinction between apostles or evangelists and pastors or bishops as to the administration of the Sacraments in New Testament times was completely astray. There was no such distinction. And his carrying back the ordained Christian ministry to the Aaronic or Old Testament priesthood was the most barefaced fiction (of course not intentionally on his part), resting on no historical or theological grounds whatever, and was, in fact, inconsistent with all his own higher and better ideas and teaching.' The appendix on the setting apart of Coke as General Superintendent for America is important. There is room for difference of opinion on some points, but every student of the subject will be grateful for this incisive and well-informed discussion.

Rome: A History of the City from the Earliest Times. By E. O'Neill, M.A.

Switzerland. By C. F. Cameron, B.A. (T. C. & E. C. Jack. 5*s.* each net.)

These volumes belong to *The Nations' Histories*, a series which seeks to give a clear and interesting sketch of the history of the various nations from the earliest times. Miss O'Neill has a great subject, and she handles it in workmanlike style. She begins with the founding of Rome, and traces its history through the days of the republic, the empire, and the Popes, till the city becomes 'the capital of Italy' in 1871. The story is told in a popular way, but it is exact and reliable. There is a good bibliography, and an appendix which gives much information as to climate, government and administration, public health, and other matters. There are many good illustrations, and the Notes as to Architectural Remains are

a useful feature in a book which every one who wishes to have a compact history of the city will find of the greatest service. *Switzerland* makes its special appeal as 'an unsurpassed area of health and pleasure.' Mr. Cameron traces its history from the cave- and lake-dwellers down to our own times. William Tell has his place of honour; there is a chapter on the Reformation, with discriminating estimates of Zwingli and Calvin, and a full account of the Constitution, the army, cantons, and people of modern Switzerland. The notes on places, buildings, battlefields, and the statistical appendix add to the value of the book.

The Epistles of Erasmus, from his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-fifth Year, arranged in order of time. By Francis Morgan Nichols. Vol. 3. (Longmans & Co. 18*s.* net.)

Mr. Nichols died in December, 1915, in his ninetieth year. He was the grandson of a famous antiquary, John Gough Nichols, and was led to translate the letters of Erasmus by the fact that his friend and patron, Lord Mountjoy, had been one of his own predecessors in the manor of Lawford Hall, near Manningtree. The letters were in chaotic disorder, and he was gradually led to translate the most interesting of them, and to supply a commentary confirming the chronological arrangement and supplying further biographical matter. The three handsome volumes will be a worthy memorial of Mr. Nichols. His friend, Mr. P. S. Allen, Fellow of Merton College, who is editing the Letters in Latin, gives a charming picture of the translator, who was 'an amateur in the best sense of the word. He found his work irresistibly attractive, and he gave himself to it without reserve.' His first volume appeared in 1901, the second in 1904. This volume was practically ready for the press when he died, though he was conscious of imperfections in it, and could never make up his mind to issue it. But imperfections are far to seek. The letters themselves are full of good feeling. Erasmus has to defend himself against James Lefèvre, and is puzzled to know how it came into his head 'to write such nonsense against me.' Erasmus never did anything in his life less willingly. He says: 'And yet I have as sincere a regard for Lefèvre as for any person in the world.' The letters are written from Louvain, to which he has 'removed entirely.' He is on the happiest terms with the theologians there, who have some scheme for electing him into their number, as he tells Cuthbert Tunstall in a beautiful letter. He speaks of learned books that have been published. 'What a fund of riches, if one could be young again; but if I cannot enjoy it myself, I still congratulate the age in which I live.' His letters often throw light on his times and anticipate ours. He tells Tunstall that three soldiers, who had practised such more than Turkish atrocities in the sacking of Aspre, have met their punishment, having been all hanged on one tree. A wretched man, who shook hands with them when on their way to execution, and so showed that he

was in league with them, was taken into custody. It would be well, if all that Black Band were burnt to ashes, and so made to answer to their name.' Letters from More and other friends are included. More tells him how the sweating sickness is raging in London in August, 1517. 'No one dies but on the first day . . . I can assure you, that there is less danger upon a field of battle than in this town.'

Memoirs of the Duke de Saint-Simon. An Abridged Translation with Notes. By Francis Arkwright. Vols. V. and VI. (Stanley Paul & Co. 12*s.* 6*d.* net per volume.)

These volumes bring Mr. Arkwright's translation to a close. It is three years since volumes III and IV appeared, and we have eagerly expected the last portion of the *Memoirs*. The Duke deals with events which came under his own observation, and writes impartially, so far as that was possible for one who chronicled events in which he had played an active part. He claims that he has been constantly on his guard against his predilections or aversions and has striven to hold the scales evenly. As to the charm of the volumes there can be no two opinions. They cover the last twenty-five years of Louis the Fourteenth's reign, and eight years of his successor's down to the death of the Regent, the Duke of Orleans, in 1723. The writer's intimacy with some of the chief figures of the Court gives special value to his narrative, and the interest deepens as the circle of his acquaintance widens and he takes a more active part in public affairs. His attached friend, M. de Beauvilliers, came under the influence of religion early in life and kept up a correspondence with Fénelon when he was banished to Cambrai. 'Following the Archbishop's lead, he fell a victim to the enchantments of Madame Guyon, whom he persisted in regarding as a saint and a skilled theologian; even when she ventured on distinct prophecies of future events, which failed to come true, the scales did not fall from his eyes.' He repaired his fortunes by a marriage with Colbert's third daughter, who brought him an immense dowry. It was a very happy union. The lady was 'ugly to an unusual degree,' but had exquisite taste in furniture, dress, and everything else. Her manners were distinguished, she was lively, witty, and devout. The picture of herself and her sisters and daughters is one of the most charming in the *Memoirs*. Saint Simon makes the last days of Louis XIV. live again. We see the intrigues that went on round the old monarch, and watch him facing reverses and misfortunes with courage and firmness. Saint Simon is puzzled by 'the complete and unbroken tranquillity of mind' which Louis enjoyed on his death-bed. It was asserted that the King had become a lay-brother of the Jesuits, and that he was thus assured of salvation, 'without repentance, without penance, without making restitution, no matter what sort of life' had been led. 'It is the fruit of an abominable doctrine, which, for the sake of temporal advantages, deludes the

sinner up to the verge of the grave, and conducts him thither in perfect peace along a path strewn with flowers.' This excellent translation deserves a place in every public library.

Thomas Coram, Churchman, Empire-Builder, and Philanthropist. By the Rev. H. J. B. Compston, M.A. (S.P.C.K. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

Captain Coram's chief claim to remembrance is his work for the Foundling Hospital, but he was for some years a shipwright in Boston, Massachusetts, and was zealous in promoting true religion and sound learning among the colonists. When he returned to England in 1708 he did his best to extend colonial trade, and for sixteen years made many voyages across the Atlantic. A graphic account is given of the stranding and plundering of his ship at Cuxhaven in 1719. After this disaster he carried on shipping business in London, and was one of the trustees of the Colony of Georgia, founded in 1732 under General Oglethorpe. Sir Robert Walpole's brother urges him in 1735 to lose no time in talking to 'one Coram, the honestest, the most disinterested, and the most knowing person about the Plantations, I ever talked with.' Mr. Compston shows how he came to take special interest in foundling children and won friends for his great charity. He died on March 29, 1751, at the age of eighty-three, and was buried at the Foundling. Some good illustrations add to the interest of this bright little record.

The Lusiac History of Palladius. By W. K. Lowther Clarke, B.D. (S.P.C.K. 5*s.* net.) The Secretary of the S.P.C.K. began to study monasticism in 1908, and this translation of Palladius has been a labour of love. The writer lived among the monks in the desert of Nitria, and in 400 A.D. was made Bishop of Heliopolis in Bithynia. He was a devoted friend of Chrysostom, and went to Rome in 405 to plead his cause. Mr. Clarke's Introduction is full of detailed information as to the man and his work, and the history itself sets the life of monks and hermits before us in the most vivid and interesting way.—Another volume in the same series is *St. Dionysius of Alexandria: Letters and Treatises.* By Charles Lett Feltoe, D.D. (8*s.* 6*d.* net.) Athanasius, one of his successors in the See of Alexandria, called him 'Teacher of the Church Universal,' and Basil of Cesarea refers to him as 'canonical.' Dr. Feltoe gives many facts about him in his valuable Introduction. He was a pupil of Origen, who reverted to the more sober methods of interpreting Scripture, but availed himself of much that was valuable in his master's theories. The translations of his Letters and Treatises will be read with great interest as a picture of a student, a writer, and a thinker of commanding importance in the third century.—*The Oregon Missions.* By James W. Bashford. (Abingdon Press. 1$ 25 net.) Bishop Bashford here describes the deeds which determined the boundary line between Great Britain and the United

States from the Rockies to the Pacific. He does justice to the far-seeing and heroic work of the Hudson's Bay Company, the British Government, and Dr. McLaughlin in the early discovery and control of this Oregon Country. The heroism of Roman Catholic missionaries in the region is recognized, and Jason Lee, who founded the Methodist Mission, the first in Oregon, is set high on the bead-roll of prophets and martyrs. 286,000 miles of this Oregon country were secured in 1846 to the United States, in which the last traces of slave-owning by white men had been abolished. It is a valuable piece of national as well as of missionary history.—The S.P.C.K. has published four *Helps for Students of History*. (6*d*. net.) They show the best methods of historical work; the materials of history; auxiliary studies such as heraldry, genealogy, &c.; and special subjects and studies. *The Episcopal Registers of England and Wales*, by R. C. Fowler, gives valuable information as to the records of various dioceses. Prof. Hearnshaw shows what treasures may be drawn from *Municipal Records*. Mr. R. L. Poole, Keeper of the Archives of Oxford University, describes *Mediaeval Reckonings of Time*. *The Public Record Office*, by Charles Johnson, will be of great service to students. The series is much needed, and the first four pamphlets will be warmly welcomed and greatly prized.—*A History of Everyday Things in England*. Written and Illustrated by Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. (Batsford. 8*s*. 6*d*. net.) This is the first part of a history written primarily for boys and girls of public school age. It covers the period from the Norman Conquest down to 1499, and has eighty-six illustrations in line and half-tone, beside five colour-plates showing the development of costume. Mr. Quennell is an architect, and much attention is given to the development of the house and its furniture, to the dress, games, household scenes, and knightly customs of the time. It draws its material from the chronicles and literature of the time, and sets the life of castle and monastery, of peasants and soldiers before us in a way that gives new interest to a boy's study of history. It is a book that parents and teachers will prize as highly as their children, and the drawings are exceedingly effective and well produced.—*Little Master*, by A. Kathleen Shorter (Church Missionary Society. 1*s*. 9*d*. net), is the story of a Buddhist boy in Ceylon who becomes a Christian. His father's wrath and the boy's courage are described in a way that will arouse the sympathy of English boys and girls.—*The Father of the Red Triangle*, by J. E. Hodder Williams (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*s*. net), is a new edition of the Life of Sir George Williams. It is a book that has gained fresh significance in the light of the wonderful development of Y.M.C.A. work during the war, and no one can read it without gratitude to the founder of the Association. Mr. Hodder Williams tells the story with spirit and with a keen eye to the little details that make it live.

BOOKS ON THE WAR

Out to Win. The Story of America in France. By Coningsby Dawson. (John Lane. 4*s.* net.)

This book is a plea for a firmer Anglo-American friendship, addressed to the civilian population of both countries. Nothing could be finer or more timely. Mr. Dawson shows what America has done. Nothing so well expresses the cold anger of the American fighting-man as the words which he chants to his bugle-march: 'We've got four years to do this job.' All America's spread-eagleism is gone. All her aggressive industrial ruthlessness has vanished. Her enthusiasm for France, England, and Belgium surprised Mr. Dawson. The cry of the American soldier is, 'Let me get into the trenches.' 'War as a job' shows how America is beginning to appreciate its allies. Her picked business men cannot speak too warmly of British methods and the generous helpfulness of our Government and military authorities in the matter of advice, co-operation, and supplies. The account of the repatriated French folk who are sent back by way of Evian is heartrending; and the woes of the children in the war zone is almost more tragic. American girls and Red Cross workers are doing wonders with this human wreckage. Mr. Dawson's heart is in this business. He has a powerful pen, and he uses it to cement the new friendship and brotherhood. He will make a deep and abiding impression on every one who reads this masterpiece.

The Business of War. By Isaac F. Marcosson. (John Lane. 5*s.* net.)

No department of the British Army is more completely organized than 'Supply and Transport' but 'its heroes are unsung.' Yet the Army Service Corps provides the means by which the Army lives and fights. Mr. Marcosson has watched it at first hand, has talked with its workers, and followed the food and equipment right up to the firing line. He first introduces us to Lieut.-General Sir John Cowans, Quartermaster-General, who not only provides food for men and beasts, but purveys the whole mechanical transport, the wood, coal, disinfectants, and medical comforts for the Army. Army Contracts are in the hands of a civilian, Mr. Andrew Weir. The purchases during the war have been prodigious. Mr. Marcosson explains the whole organization, and shows how efficiently and economically it works. He describes the rations and the way they are suited to the different nationalities. The miracle of transport grows more marvellous as we read these pages, and 'The Salvage of Battle' is pointing out the way to a 'mighty conservation of

all resources which will make Great Britain a new world-industrial Power.' Brilliant sketches of Sir Douglas Haig and Sir Eric Geddes add much to the interest of a book that ought to be read by all who wish to understand what it meant to carry on the great war.

Nelson's History of the War. By John Buchan. Vol. XX. The Summer Campaign of 1917. (1*s.* 6*d.* net.)

The outlook for the Allies at the close of June, 1917, had not the hope of the previous midsummer. Wherever the enemy was attacked on the West he was beaten soundly, but the final victory seemed to be slipping from the grasp of the Allies owing to the defection of Russia. The submarine campaign threatened our sea-power. The third battle of Ypres was strategically a failure because it did not bring us within measurable distance of clearing the Belgian coast and turning the northern flank of the whole German defence in the West. It was no fault of generalship, but the sea of mud foiled our offensive. Mr. Buchan lights up the course of the struggle in his vivid chapter. He describes also Germany's political offensive in a chapter of no small significance. The summer at Verdun ended in a triumph for France, but 'The Russian Downfall' robbed the Allies of victory. The account of Kerensky and Kornilov, of Lenin and Trotski, is of special interest. Mr. Buchan puts as much spirit into the twentieth volume as he did into the first.

The Love of an Unknown Soldier. Found in a Dug-Out. (John Lane. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

This MS. was submitted to Mr. Lane by a young officer of the R.F.A. who had just read the 'MS. in a Red Box.' He had found the bundle of papers in a dug-out of an abandoned gun position, where it was wedged in between a post and the wall of one of the books. It is a moving story. The young English officer, sent to the United States on the British Mission, is there introduced to an American girl who was going to France to care for children in the devastated areas. They met again in Paris, where he was spending his leave, and had many pleasant outings together. The officer was in love with the girl, but could not bring himself to tell her, as he was going back to danger and probably to death. He finds solace in writing these letters. They not only reveal his heart—his longing for love and sympathy, but they give pictures of the perils and hardships of the trenches and of the dogged heroism of officers and men which are indescribably pathetic and uplifting. 'Thank God, however shoddy we may have been in the past, we've learnt to play the game out here in France. We're gamblers. Death plays against us with loaded dice. The stake for which we play is life with honour; if we lose, we still have our honour.' It is a very human and very thrilling story.

Religion behind the Front and after the War. By Neville S. Talbot, M.C. (Macmillan & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) Mr. Talbot has already given us his *Thoughts on Religion at the Front*, the present volume carries the discussion a stage further. He sees that the giving and receiving of thoughts and impressions is not so important as the gaining of spiritual and moral power. The war has shown that 'a sound heart beats in our common humanity.' The champions of religion have 'to harvest and employ the wealth of faith, courage, goodwill, comradeship, and capacity to serve which the war has called out in all sorts and conditions of men.' He thinks that we are living on a capital of inherited sound-heartedness, which will run out if it is not replenished by a real and enthusiastic faith. There has been a great rally to Christ. The Cross lifts the veil which hides God from us and shows how He is concerned with or affected by human actions. Religion must not be separated from our life-work. If God has no will for that, then religion will be in a backwater. We must allow no gulf between religion and life, nor need we do so. The raw material for making a new world is ready to hand, but it requires a Master Builder, and He stands at the door and knocks.—*Religion and War.* By W. H. P. Faunce. (Abingdon Press. $1 net.) The President of Brown University delivered these virile and thought-stirring Mendenhall Lectures at De Pauw University. He describes the attitude of the Old Testament to war and that of the New. Then he discusses 'The Pacifism of the Rationalists'; the Moral Leadership of the Church; Light on the Cloud; and the Rebuilding of the World. Christianity 'fears the denaturalized millennium of the rationalist almost as it fears the blood and iron of the imperialist.' To the Christian, failure to resist evil is worse than war. That is a compromise with unrighteousness for the sake of quiet days. He holds that all images of God 'must give way to the God for whom a torn world is crying, the God of Jesus, who is Spirit and Truth.' The world is thirsting for a God 'with all that characterizes the highest life we know.' 'The new thought of God will include a new idea of man.' 'Religion offers vastly more than justice. It offers us the irresistible dynamic of love.'—*Some Spiritual Issues of the War.* By H. J. Wotherspoon, M.A., D.D. (Robert Scott. 2*s.* net.) Our pre-war civilization was based on the material. The world was growing more comfortable, more enjoyable. 'Germany in particular had carried out this organization of life for possession and enjoyment more widely and more thoroughly than others. We admired and envied.' Dr. Wotherspoon shows how the war brought a new revelation of truth and duty. It proved that human life really bases itself on the spiritual. There is much in this little book that is wise and timely.—*The Christian Year in War-Time.* By Edward Shillito. (Longman & Co. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.) These papers appeared on Saturday evenings in *The Westminster Gazette*, and are rich in thought, beautifully phrased, and full of comfort for the dark days in which they were written. Mr. Shillito holds that 'the only

appeal which can move the heart of a nation is the appeal of justice to faith.' The appeals often fail because of lack of faith in the common man, but he has ' within him a hidden life which only needs to be won and he will gladly spend and be spent.' The papers will repay a careful reading.—*What is War?* By Hetty B. Cowen. (Cursitor Co. 9*d.*) The writer is no Pacifist. She shows that Christ's whole life-work was one long *moral* resistance to evil; and men now heroically suffering and dying that present and future generations may be spared useless suffering are really obeying His counsel, ' Suffer evil,' as she translates it. There are two other essays: ' What is Freedom? ' and ' Why Right is Might.' All are full of sense and insight.—*Britain to America. A War Poem.* By Henry Burton, D.D. (Kelly. 1*s.* net.) This poem is dedicated to the alumni of Beloit College and to those who studied there with Dr. Burton in 1862. The changes that have passed over both Britain and America since then are skilfully touched on; then Wilhelm the Hohenzollern appears on the scene, and war begins. Dr. Burton shows how America came in to the war, and pictures the days of peace coming for the world after all this conflict. It is a fine piece of work, well sustained, and full of vigour from first to last.—*Germany's Impending Doom.* This is a second open letter, by Sir Isidore Spielmann, to Maximilian Harden, whose zeal in telling his countrymen the truth has led to the frequent suppression of *Die Zukunft.* It dwells on the tragedy of Russia and Rumania, on Prince Lichnowsky's disclosures, and has some pungent paragraphs on ' The Piety of the Hun ' and the ' Frightfulness Offensive.' It is powerful indictment, and the four cartoons by Hugh Thomson are very effective.—The Scheme of Organization, prepared by a Sub-Committee of the League of Nations Society, has just been issued (8*d.*), with a foreword by Sir W. H. Dickinson. The suggestion is to have a Supreme Court of Justice composed of fifteen judges, and a Council of Conciliation consisting of one member appointed by each State that belongs to the League. It is a well-thought-out scheme, and will be studied with interest.—*Baghdad.* (C.M.S. 6*d.* net.) It would not be easy to pack more interesting facts into a few pages than is done here. The history of the great city, its position and influence, the vision of what it may become under Christian rule, and the missionary work now being done in it, are all described in a booklet that ought to have a very wide circulation.—*The Freedom of Jerusalem.* By Basil Mathews. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6*d.* net.) A graphic account of the entry of General Allenby. The background of history is sketched, and there are some capital illustrations.

GENERAL

Seaways of the Empire. By A. J. Sargent, M.A. (A. & C. Black. *7s. 6d.* net.)

This book has grown out of lectures delivered at the London School of Economics. It seeks to work out the economic geography of Trade Routes with an eye to the economic employment of British shipping in the normal conditions of peace. Certain facts or principles are discussed which apply to all routes, such as the carrying capacity of ships and the amount of cargo available in both directions. Various routes are then considered—South Africa, Australasia, India and the Far East, Suez and Panama, North and South America, the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, the North Sea and the Baltic. A large mass of most valuable information is thus gathered together, and a really scientific view is taken of the problems involved. The relation of oil to coal as a motive power is discussed, and the conclusion is reached that so long as the evidence as to the occurrence and quantity of oil is so vague we may perhaps be justified in regarding coal as the main basis of industrial and commercial organization. What this involves may be gathered from the fact that in 1912 nearly seven thousand steam-ships, with an aggregate of about sixteen million net tons, entered the two main ports of the Canary Islands. More than half of this tonnage was under the British flag. The importance of such a study as this comes home to us now that the days of reconstruction are upon us.

Pearl: A Poem of Consolation. Rendered into modern English Verse, with an Introduction and Theological Critique, by E. J. B. Kirtlan, D.D. (Kelly. *2s. 6d.* net.)

This translation from the Cottonian manuscripts in the British Museum retains the rhymes of the original, and helps a reader to enter into the spirit of a poem which has a healing message for our times. The father sees the little girl who had not seen two birthdays on earth transfigured into a queen of heaven. Across the stream she teaches him faith and resignation, and pours on his eyes the glory of the heavenly vision. It is a waking dream filled with a natural and simple piety. Grace is magnified, the Bible is loved, and death is a door of hope. Dr. Kirtlan has given us a beautiful rendering of this fourteenth-century poem, and Mr. Lawrence's lovely frontispiece has caught the glamour of the dream. The little book is got up with great taste, and it will carry peace to many a sorrowing home.

The Rough Road. By William J. Locke. (John Lane, 6*s*. 6*d*. net.) Doggie Trevor first appears as a pampered exquisite who has been screened from every blast of wind by a foolish mother. The war shakes his life to the foundations, but it makes him fight for his soul till he emerges from the conflict a brave and noble man. His engagement to his cousin Peggy is broken off, and he falls in love with a French girl who is really worthy of him. Peggy finds her true lover, who has also been transformed by the war, but 'Doggie' is the marvel of the story, and his life as a private in the trenches is the making of him. It is a story of the best sort; a revelation of the gains that may be set against the horrors and miseries of war.—*Our Admirable Betty.* By Jeffery Farnol. (Sampson Low, Marston & Co. 6*s*. 6*d*. net.) Major D'Arcy and Sergeant Zeb. find themselves after years of battle, in which each has saved the other's life, safely anchored at Westerham in a property which has been left to the major. His next-door neighbour is Lady Betty, who steals his fine cherries and loses her heart to the brave soldier. It is a stormy wooing, with misunderstandings which threaten disaster again and again. Lady Betty has a troop of determined lovers, and a twin brother who complicates things not a little. The story is no whit less exciting than *The Broad Highway*, and the two soldiers and their ladies are a delightful set. There is some good sword play and much lively adventure in a rich and lively story.—*The Burning-Glass.* By Marjorie Bowen. (Collins. 6*s*. net.) This is the story of Julie de Lespinasse, but it has little to say of her famous salon, which dwarfed that of her old patron Madame du Deffand. It is the tragedy of her loves which form the burning-glass that destroys her strength and life. Her gallant Spanish lover cannot win consent from his family to marry her because of the bar sinister on her birth, and he dies of consumption on his way back to Paris. But before that she has become enamoured of M. de Guibert, the most popular soldier in Paris. Her life lies in ruins. It is unrelieved tragedy. Miss Bowen makes us go through all its bitterness with an art which is matchless and merciless.—*Abington Abbey.* By Archibald Marshall. (Stanley Paul & Co. 7*s*. net.) Mr. Grafton and his three daughters make a very charming family circle, but the father is jealous of love affairs that might weaken the affection of the girls to himself. That does not work out altogether well for the happiness of the girls, but it makes an interesting problem. Molly Walter's engagement is delightful, but the Vicar is a very unattractive person and deserves even more snubs than he gets.—*Children of the dear Cotswolds.* By L. Allen Harker. (Murray. 7*s*. net.) Mrs. Harker has given us some delightful stories, but these children have a charm of their own. Nor is it only the children. Mrs. Birkin's bonnet is a triumph of unselfishness; and the garden philosopher who is led captive by 'Master Billy' is a racy character. The extraordinary deception of Mrs. Cushion, the spinster who passed herself off as a married woman with two sons, and many other stories, reveal human nature

in a pleasing light with its longing for love and home. It is a book that one is glad to have read.—*The Jolly Book for Boys and Girls*, edited by Edwin Chisholm (Nelson & Sons. 5*s*. net), is a collection of stories, pictures, amusements, jokes, and things worth knowing that will win many a smile from young readers. There is a lively serial, some laughter-making verse, and optical illusions which will excite much interest. The pictures are as attractive as the letterpress.—*The Chummy Book*, with the same editor and publisher (5*s*. net), is the sixth yearly volume, and it is as full of amusing things as the *Jolly Book*. 'Hop o' my Thumb' makes a spirited tale, and such pictures as 'His Only Pair' are quaint indeed. 'The Fairy Scales' has a fine lesson for a tiresome little 'Pet.' It is packed with good things.—*Winfred* (Kelly. 5*s*. net) is one of those weird stories Mr. Malone delights to tell. The baron is boasting that he has discovered the Elixir of Life when a terrible spell is laid upon him. Winfred breaks it after many a strange adventure, in which he finds strong friends and helpers. It is a story with a strange beauty of its own, and Mr. Malone dexterously weaves the spell around his readers. —*The Golden Road; Meadowsweet Farm; The Gipsy Caravan; A Pair of Pickles; The Battle with Bruin; True to His Vow*—published by C. H. Kelly (1*s*. net), are full of life and fun. The last is a capital scout story. Boys and girls will rejoice over them all.—*Silver Pennies*. By S. P. Bevan. (Kelly. 1*s*. 6*d*. net.) These addresses to girls and boys are brief, but every one has freshness and point. They arrest attention in the first sentence, and they never let it go. Mr. Bevan had a rare gift, and his books will live on, making many a boy and girl wiser and better.—*Stories for Every Holiday*, by Carolyn S. Bailey (New York: Abingdon Press. $1.25 net), is a school for patriotism. Each American festival is made a theme for a story which set boys and girls thinking about their own country, and doing their part to brighten life for all about them.

The Riddle of Nearer Asia, by Basil Mathews, M.A. (Wesleyan Missionary Society. 2*s*.), is a survey of the problems of the Eastern lands which are now coming under the influence of the West; and a study of the means by which life and leadership may be reinforced. The drama of the past is unfolded, and the needs of the present and the hopes of the future are vividly brought out by one who has recently travelled in these lands and knows how to make us feel their spell. It is a missionary study of unusual interest and importance.—*A Mosaic of Missionary Methods*. Fitted together by Stanley Sowton. (Wesleyan Missionary Society.) This little book is crowded with suggestions for missionary workers. It is prepared for those who believe that missions are 'the supreme reason for which the Church of Jesus Christ exists,' and is marked throughout by sound sense and practical enthusiasm.—*For such a Time as This*. This popular report of the British and Foreign Bible Society is full of striking facts as to the power and popularity of the Scriptures. The war has given fresh meaning to the Book, and made men and

women read it with new eyes.—*The Expository Times.* Vol. XXIX. (T. & T. Clark. 9*s.* net.) Dr. Hastings never provided more varied and helpful matter for his readers than we find in this volume. Its notes and articles on Scripture texts are always suggestive. Sir W. Ramsay writes one of his notable studies on 'The Family and Religion of Sergius Paulus,' a few sermons are given *in extenso*, and there is little in the world of books that escapes notice. The Rev. George Jackson has papers on *Religio Medici* and on *Fruits of Solitude*; Dr. Stephenson, Dr. Ryder Smith, and the Rev. F. Warburton Lewis also make interesting contributions to an illuminating volume. —*Surnames of the United Kingdom.* Vol. II, Part 21. By Henry Harrison. (Morland Press. 2*s.* net.) This is part of a concise etymological dictionary of great interest. The origin of our surnames is traced to Anglo-Saxon times. Camden tells us in the twelfth century that it 'seemed a disgrace for a gentleman to have but one single name, as the meaner sort and bastards had.' The confusion due to a limited range of names is illustrated by the fact that in 1918 a supper was given at Southport to fishermen and boatmen from the district of Marshside, when it was found that a few names like Wright, Ball, Sutton, and Rimmer had to suffice for almost the whole population. Thirty-one Wrights were present. Twelve bore the Christian name John, five William, four Thomas, four Robert, two Henry, and two Richard, and had to be distinguished by such nicknames as Toffy, Clogger, Shrimp, Pantry.—The S.P.C.K.'s almanacks, pocket-books, parochial alms-book, for 1919, are arranged to meet every need at prices ranging from 1½*d.* to 2*s.* 9*d.* net. The Sheet Almanack (2*d.* net) has a beautiful illustration of Salisbury Cathedral. The Churchman's Pocket-book (2*s.* 9*d.* net) is compact and handy, and packed with information which many will be glad to have at their fingers' end.—*Bulletin of the John Rylands Library, Manchester.* Feb.-July, 1918. (Manchester: The University Press. 2*s.*) The war did not decrease the number of readers in 1917. Fewer men but more women made use of the library. Research work is steadily increasing, especially in history and literature, not only by students of Victoria University but also of the other universities. The lectures given at the library are printed in the Bulletin. Dr. Powicke's 'Richard Baxter and his Love Story' is very attractive. The library is doing splendid service, and the list of additions made to it shows how its treasures are growing.—*New Zealand Official Year-Book*, 1917. (Wellington: Marcus F. Marks.) This is the twenty-sixth year of issue, and includes the latest available statistics for 1916, or the financial year 1916–17. It is an encyclopædia of all that relates to the Dominion, and it is a marvel of care and condensation.—The Methodist diaries and pocket-books provide for all the needs of ministers and laymen. They are bound in strong cloth or in pluviusin, which is more durable than leather. The prices range from 1*s.* 8*d.* to 8*s.* net. Nothing could be more compact or complete.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Edinburgh Review (October).—Mr. Stead revises his 'Programme for Peace' published in April, 1916, as an aid to the crystallization of ideas in quarters where they are still fluid. The disinterested and intelligent influence of the United States has come into play—'another and mightier factor than the influence of any single European government.' 'The United States has already made it clear that there are to be "no more Alsace-Lorraines in Europe."' Mr. Gosse's 'Agony of the Victorian Age' is a delightful criticism of Mr. Lytton Strachey's *Eminent Victorians*, with its 'attitude of hovering superiority.' 'Every scribbler and dauber likes to believe himself on a level with the best, and the positive criterion of value which sincere admiration gave is lost to us. Hence the success of Mr. Lytton Strachey.' Yet that decline of ardour does not explain everything. 'The Victorian age recedes, and it loses size and lustre as we get further and further away from it.'

Hibbert Journal (October).—Prof. Dawes Hicks contributes a timely appreciation of Dr. James Drummond, a saintly and constructive, not aggressive and destructive, Unitarian divine. He was a man who trusted in the power of goodness and was not disappointed. Mr. C. D. Broad, in answering the question 'In what sense is survival desirable?' thinks 'we shall do well not to expect too much of the universe.' As he holds that 'any evidence for survival must come from psychical research,' it is intelligible that he should be content to forgo the prospect of such existence after death as that kind of evidence at present affords. The editor, Dr. Jacks, under the title 'Arms and Men,' urges once again the immense difficulties implied in the proposed passage from fierce war to a peaceful League of Nations. Principal Mellone's paper on 'Prayer and Experience' is well worth reading, even after all that has of late been written on the subject. On the Reunion of Churches question, Dr. W. W. Seton thinks that 'it will need any amount of wisdom, tact, inspiration, and patience' if the project of a World Conference on Faith and Order is to produce any real fruit. Dr. Sanday and Rev. A. Fawkes contribute short papers on the recent appointment of the Bishop of Hereford and the position of Liberal Churchmen in relation to it. 'Modernists' need to remember, says Dr. Sanday, the need of 'a certain piety towards the past and to aim at keeping up a real continuity of teaching'—objects about which some of them do not seem particularly anxious. Prof. Boyce Gibson's paper, 'From Science to Religion,' is interesting in itself, and in its revelation of

the way in which the writer discovered that 'religion might be more profoundly reasonable than science itself.' Other suggestive papers are: 'The Primitive Medicine-Man,' by Dr. R. R. March; 'Miracles and the Mediaeval Man,' by G. G. Coulton; and 'German Militarism in the Twelfth Century,' by C. C. T. Webb.

Journal of Theological Studies (July) opens with a paper in French, by Rev. A. Wilmart, O.S.B., on the 'De Lazaro' of Potamius. An interesting note follows on the chronological divisions of Acts by Rev. C. J. Cadoux, and a discussion of 'The Sources of Victor of Antioch's Commentary on Mark' by Rev. H. Smith. Amongst the Reviews, Dr. A. Nairne writes on 'Immortality' (Ed. B. H. Streeter), and 'The Will to Freedom' (J. N. Figgis).

Holborn Review (October).—This number opens with appreciations of Dr. J. Clifford—who in November last kept his eighty-second birthday—by A. Goodacre and H. J. Cowell. The question of the relation between the Church and the Kingdom of Christ is discussed by F. Pickett, who sets forth his reasons for holding that both are necessary for carrying out our Lord's purposes. Literary articles are on 'The Poetry of the Brontë Sisters,' by J. C. Wright; 'Thomas Hood,' by Hugh Bradley; and an interesting paper of a more general character on 'Some Elements of Poetry,' by John Forster. The symposium on the Holy Communion is continued by Dr. Warschauer, H. Yooll, and J. P. Langham. Dr. Warschauer also writes on 'The Science of Civilization'—virtually a review of Mr. Benjamin Kidd's 'Science of Power.'

Expository Times (October and November).—The Editor's 'Notes of Recent Exposition,' and notices of books remain, month by month, the most interesting feature of this periodical. In these numbers, Dr. Hastings, whether dealing with Dr. Rendel Harris or Sir A. Quiller-Couch, Dr. Abbott or R. L. Stevenson, is as fresh and vigorous as ever. An anonymous writer begins a series of papers on 'What I believe in and why.' The first instalment in the October number, on 'I believe in the Saint,' ends with one good reason for so believing—'I have seen a saint, Christina Rossetti.' Prof. Moffatt's paper on 'Discerning the Body' handles a difficult subject with learning and insight. In the November number Dr. A. Plummer writes on, 'There was War in Heaven,' Dr. Garvie on 'Christ Crucified for the Thought and Life of To-day,' and Dr. T. H. Weir on, 'The Greek and the Aramaic in the Gospels.' It is pleasant to find Dr. Monro Gibson still teaching the many who for many years have been glad to listen to him, in a devout study on 'The Gethsemane of the Fourth Gospel.'

Church Quarterly (October).—Prof. Headlam discusses 'Church Reconstruction.' He is convinced that the wisest course is to approach the Prime Minister with a view to the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the administration of the

revenues of the Church of England, to consider new schemes proposed, and to recommend action. Dr. Goudge writes on 'The Faith of a Modern Churchman.' He does not wish 'Modern Churchmen' to be excluded from the Church of England, but to be brought into contact with Catholic theology, which he holds 'to be truer and deeper than theirs, more consistent with reason and Scripture.' Mr. C. H. Turner writes on 'The Church Order of Hippolytus.'

Round Table (Dec.).—'Windows of Freedom' deals with the future position of America in the world. The Allies in Europe ought not to be made responsible for the whole of the regions now severed from the German and Turkish Empires. America must assume her full share of the burden, especially in the Near East and even in German East Africa. 'The End of the War' surveys the downfall of Prussianism. 'Freedom has been saved from the most dangerous attack its historic enemy has ever made upon it.' If victory is perfected and consolidated by the downfall of Bolshevism as well as Prussianism, the vision of a new free Europe will be realized. 'The Financial and Economic Future' and 'Industrial Reconstruction and the Government' are also treated in this important number.

Constructive Quarterly (June). — Mrs. Drew writes of her father and Lord Acton in a most interesting paper. 'They united a profound reverence for the past with an intense faith in the future. In spite of everything, they believed in evolution and progress.' Sir Robert Falconer gives an attractive picture of his old master, Prof. A. B. Davidson. 'God,' he once said, 'is the sensitive moral spirit of the universe.' He 'communicated to us an exhilaration that still revives at the recall of that inspiring session. It was a time when one had the sense of adding to one's mental and spiritual stature.' (September.)—M. Goyau, Fellow of the University of France, writes on 'The Church of France during the War.' Prof. Buckham's 'The Enlarging Place of Christ in Modern Thought' shows that we have a new conception of Christ, and it is the business of preacher, theologian, and every Christian to carry forward this enlarged view, and put Christ 'at the centre of human life and thought, so that He can transfuse it all with His life-giving spirit.'

Calcutta Review (July).—'A Forgotten Military Expedition in Bengal' describes the work of Ensign John Fergusson in putting down refractory zemindars in 1767–8. Mr. Dunn gives an interesting account of 'Bengali Writers of English Verse,' and Mr. Birt of 'Chandernagore,' where Dupleix was for ten years the life and soul of the little French settlement. He came in 1731, and within four years had lifted the whole community to a new state of enterprise and prosperity. He was transferred to Pondichery in 1741.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review.—The article of most general interest in the October number is on 'The Papacy and the Modern State,' by the Rev. Alfred Fawkes, M.A. The judgement passed upon Benedict XV is that 'in normal times he would have made an excellent Pope; but the times are not normal.' A distinction is made between the Pope and the Papacy. The excuses urged for the man may aggravate the case against the Roman See. 'To those who regard the Papacy as the corner-stone of religion, its "neutrality" in this great conflict between good and evil must, if they allow themselves to think, be an embarrassment.' For his non-intervention the motives alleged by Roman Catholic apologists are 'those of human prudence.' These special pleadings 'in the case of the Vicegerent of Deity are not even colourable.' Mr. Fawkes holds that, in the first instance, Benedict XV believed in a speedy and decisive German victory, and he ventures to prophesy that 'the alliance between Berlin and Rome is *ad hoc*, and would not stand the strain—to which it is improbable that it will be exposed—of a German victory.' Between the Papacy and the modern State there is such a divergence of principle as 'places the future of the Papacy beyond question: it "must decrease."'

American Journal of Theology (July).—Prof. Harvey, in a judicious article, follows up the Luther celebration by an account of 'Martin Luther in the Estimate of Modern Historians.' Denifle-Weiss and Grisar are the writers with whom he is chiefly concerned, but the estimate of Luther has been modified during the last half-century by the general development of historical criticism. Prof. Harvey considers that 'we have to-day a more accurate knowledge of Luther, of his defects as well as of his beneficent achievements, than ever before.' While in some respects he occupies a less important place in human progress than had previously been assigned to him, yet 'the essential uprightness and sincerity' of the reformer have been established more firmly than before. Three articles are fragmentary—parts of a continuous series—viz. 'The Aramaic Papyri of Elephantiné,' by Prof. Sprengling; 'Problem of an Empirical Theology,' by A. Clinton Watson; and 'Church and State in Mediaeval Germany,' by J. Westfall Thompson. A long and interesting 'Critical Note' is contributed by Prof. Merrill, of Chicago, on 'Clement of Rome.' Dr. Merrill contends that the reputed Bishop of Rome never existed, and the Epistle known as '1 Clement' he assigns to about 140 A.D. The traditional authorship he ascribes to 'a mere second-century conjecture.' (October).—Two leading articles are devoted to the subject of the curriculum in the theological schools of the future; one by Prof. H. B. Robins, of Rochester, on their connexion with 'a teaching ministry'; the other by Prof. F. A. Starratt, of Colgate, on the demands made on the seminary by 'the rural church.' Dr. Robins emphasizes the revision and reduc-

tion of existing 'disciplines' and the addition of newer disciplines, including child-psychology and sociology. Dr. Starratt advocates direct preparation of country ministers for the actual work that awaits them. We notice that he takes it for granted that in America the sermon is more and more 'losing its unique character and becoming a public address on a religious topic.' The third instalment appears of Dr. A. C. Watson's papers on the 'Primary Problem for an Empirical Theology,' and the fourth consecutive article on 'Church and State in Mediaeval Germany,' by J. Westfall Thompson. In the former we note the following sentences: 'The world's God cannot live if the world dies. And the world lives, and lives divinely if we strive more and more humanly. And we do so strive if we believe in ourselves.' The position taken up is significant, though it would not be fair to criticize it apart from its connexion with the writer's whole argument. An interesting paper on 'The Religion of Russia,' by G. W. Richards, sketches a picture of 180 millions of Russians breaking the fetters of ecclesiastical tyranny and contributing to humanity a new ideal of religion, 'blending the mysticism of the Orient and the aggressiveness of the Occident' in a civilization 'pulsating with the Slavic spirit.'

Princeton Theological Review (October).—Prof. F. W. Loetscher deals at length with 'Luther and the Problem of Authority in Religion,' in an able paper, presenting the attitude of Luther to Scripture in a light which will be new to many readers. 'The Fullness of Christ,' by E. C. Caldwell, is largely expository of the Epistle to the Colossians. Dr. B. Warfield follows up his criticisms of what he calls Perfectionism by a minute inquiry into 'The Higher Life Movement,' associated with the names of W. E. Boardman and Mr. and Mrs. Pearsall Smith. Prof. C. W. Hodge does not find Dr. Denney sufficiently orthodox in his doctrine of the Atonement, distrusting his attempts to 'please the modern mind.' Bushnell and M'Leod Campbell find no favour with Dr. Hodge, who wishes to vindicate the dogmatic authority of what he considers to be 'the Scriptural ideas of substitution and imputation.'

Methodist Review (New York) (September-October).—The first article is by Bishop R. J. Cooke on 'German Ideas of the State.' Prof. Lynn Hough draws attention to the work of Dr. Olin Curtis in a paper on 'Making Theology Live.' By this he understands making it 'vivid, dramatic, human, cosmopolitan, and dynamic,' and such, he contends, was the work of Prof. Curtis at Drew Seminary for eighteen years. Under the title 'Gods and Half-Gods,' Prof. C. G. Shaw, of New York University, protests against the current modern doctrine of a finite Deity. Dr. F. B. Stockdale points a moral against Germany in 'The Biter Bitten.'