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THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW

JULY 1931

PRESIDENT ELIOT OF HARVARD

Charles W. Eliot, President of Harvard University, 1869–1909. By HENRY JAMES. Two volumes. Illustrated. (Constable & Co. 1931.)

PRESIDENT ELIOT stands out as one of the commanding figures on the American scene of our time. The fact that he was twice invited to become Ambassador to this country and once to Japan sets a national seal upon his character and achievement, and this Life, by the son of his old colleague, Professor William James, shows how he won that position by a rare combination of gifts. In the field of higher education he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries for forty years. He described his ancestry as 'a line of Boston Eliots who for several generations had been serviceable and influential people, and, on the maternal side, a line of Lymans who in three generations . . . had been useful and successful in life.' Andrew Eliot went to America about 1669 from East Coker, in Somerset. He was a shoemaker, and in 1690 was elected the first town clerk of Beverly, Massachusetts. The founder of the family fortune was Samuel Eliot, son of a Boston bookseller, who was born in 1739 and whose uncle, the Rev. Andrew Eliot, was elected President of Harvard in 1774, but declined to leave his parish for the college. Samuel's father died when he was thirty-two, leaving his widow with a boy of six years and three girls with 'almost nothing.' Samuel made his fortune in business. He visited England both before and after the Revolution, and seems to have been attractive and sociable. He had a mansion and beautiful garden in Boston. He paid the debts of every one confined in the Debtors' Prison and gave $20,000 to establish a Greek professorship at Harvard. He gave annual dinners to the Governor, judges and barristers, and left a

fortune of $1,200,000—probably the largest in Boston of his time. The portraits of husband and wife by Gilbert Stuart given in the Life are works of art. Henry Lee, who knew their sons and daughters, said 'a more friendly, loyal, conscientious set of men and women, anxious to fulfil their duties to God and to their neighbour, never lived in their generation.'

Samuel Atkins Eliot was born in 1798, entered Harvard in 1817, and took the divinity course. His father wished him to be a minister, but he died in the year of his son's graduation, and the young man spent two years in Europe, where he gained 'much knowledge of music, skill in singing, and a great interest in gardens, parks, and playgrounds.' In 1826 he married Mary Lyman, whose father's house at Waltham was considered to be the finest near Boston. The cost of the house which the young people built in Beacon Street, with its furnishings, china, and silver, most of them brought from England, may still be seen in the carefully preserved accounts. Their third child, Charles William, the future President, was born on March 20, 1834, and, to the grief of his parents, had a birthmark which discoloured most of the right side of his face. One of his colleagues at Harvard years later tried to remove it, but without success. As a schoolboy he described himself as 'reserved, industrious, independent, and ambitious. . . . As I look back upon this little former self, that seen through thirty years seems quite another person than I, the child commands the man's respect, and I hold it to be one of my surest grounds of hope in this world and the next that I have grown out of so estimable a boy.'

In their summer home at Nahant, a dozen miles from Boston, the boy learned to ride and to sail a boat. At home the family attended the Unitarian chapel, where Mr. Eliot sang in the choir. In the evening they had hymns and anthems, and Charles spent happy hours reading Dickens and the Waverley Novels, which he never ceased to regard as the best of romances.

When he was fifteen and a half he entered Harvard. His eyes were troublesome, and for several months his text-books had to be read to him, but he ranked among the first four scholars of his class and was specially drawn towards chemistry. In his fourth year he led his class, and on Commencement Day delivered an oration on 'The Last Hours of Copernicus.' In holiday times he tramped the country with a friend or two and a geologist's hammer. They walked fifteen to twenty-five miles a day over Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, parts of Quebec, and the States.

His father hoped he would enter business, but the youth was attracted to the profession of a teacher of science. He felt that the ruling motive of a Christian's life should be 'to do all to the glory of God' by being useful and happy. He was appointed Tutor in Mathematics at Harvard in 1854, and held that post till 1858, when he became Assistant Professor in Mathematics and Chemistry. With some difficulty he got gas introduced instead of candles and whale-oil lamps, interested himself in the library, and proved a valuable helper to President Walker in business matters. Then came a painful reverse of fortune. A cotton-mill in which his father was a silent partner failed in 1857, and the family was reduced from wealth to poverty. Charles had his teacher's salary and a legacy from his grandfather Lyman which had grown to $40,000. He transferred $12,000 to his mother and used $18,000 to build a double house at Cambridge. One of them was for his father and mother and his three unmarried sisters; the other was for himself. He married Ellen Peabody, the daughter of the minister of King's Chapel, Boston, on October 27, 1858. Mr. Peabody was dead, and his daughter had been accustomed to small means, but she was imaginative, playful, expansive, and had an unusual faculty for happiness. She brought a flood of sunshine into Eliot's life.

His father died on January 29, 1862. When the Civil War was in its third year, Eliot was offered a commission as Lieutenant-Colonel of cavalry. He had been an officer in the

drill club of Harvard since the war broke out, and was fond of horses and riding, but he was very near-sighted and had never been able to get spectacles that would give him anything like natural vision. He realized that he could not see well enough to direct the rapid movements of cavalry. His mother and his wife's mother were widows; he had two small children. These things made it necessary to decline the commission.

In 1863 Eliot expected to be appointed Rumford Professor, but Wolcott Gibbs was elected. This was a virtual dismissal, and was probably the great disappointment of his life. At the moment a bank in which he had invested the remnant of his grandfather's legacy declared a dividend of 100 per cent., and this, with a small sum that he borrowed, enabled Eliot to spend two years in Europe with his wife, his two boys, and their nurse. He studied life in all aspects, especially in schools, colleges, and universities. London did not then appeal to him. He thought the English the most ignorant and uncivilized people he had ever seen, 'if you except the poor whites and slaves at the South.' He settled for the winter at Marburg, working in the laboratory of Kolbe, the famous chemist. He then moved on to Rome, where news of Lincoln's assassination gave him a horrible shock. He says Lincoln 'grew to his work, which was holy, and it hallowed him.' Rome did not cheer his spirits. He found it 'a melancholy place at the best, a place full of dust and death and memories of greatness fallen through wickedness, and full of the present miseries of poverty, superstition, and petty tyranny.' He was bitter in his feeling towards Jefferson Davis, and thought that he and his civil advisers ought to be hanged after the war.

Meanwhile he was offered a position as manager of textile mills in Lowell at a salary of $5,000 and a good house. But he did not feel able to give up his profession, and declined the tempting offer. He accepted the position of Professor of Chemistry in the new Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This proved a congenial post. He turned from research to

teaching, and the text-book of *Inorganic Chemistry* which he and his colleague Storer got out caused a revolution in teaching by making chemistry a laboratory subject in the United States. His wife's health failed, and he took her to Europe, but it was in vain. She died of consumption after their return. She lived to be told that he had been elected President of Harvard by the Corporation subject to the concurrence of the Overseers, and whispered, 'That is a big hole for my boy's boots to fill.' The next day she died.

His election as President had not been without opposition. He was an avowed advocate of 'practical education' who had just written an article in which he stated that 'the vulgar argument that the study of the classics is necessary to make a gentleman is beneath contempt.' He favoured the elective system which gave a student the choice of congenial subjects rather than a rigid curriculum. He was young and masterful, and was thought to be influenced by the German methods which he had studied. A final vote of the Overseers confirmed the election on May 19, 1869, by sixteen to eight. He was thirty-five, and, as a friend wrote, was single-hearted, capable of learning and of acknowledging when he was in error, and correcting it without reserve.

Eliot delivered his Inaugural as President on October 19, 1869. It lasted an hour and three-quarters. John Fiske 'never before heard a speech so grand and impressive.' Eliot maintained that the University recognized no real antagonism between literature and science. 'We would have all, and at their best.' He spoke of methods of instruction, and Emerson, who was seated in front of the audience, smiled and assented when Eliot said that when the young man knew his own peculiar taste and capacity he knew his way to happy and enthusiastic work and, God willing, to usefulness and success. Emerson had written: 'Nature, when she sends a new mind into the world, fills it beforehand with a desire for that which she wishes it to know and do.' The Inaugural passed in review the various governing boards and

described the President as 'emphatically a constitutional executive. It is his character and judgement which are of importance, not his opinions. He is the executive officer of deliberative bodies, in which decisions are reached, after discussion, by a majority vote. Those decisions bind him. He cannot force his own opinions upon anybody. A university is the last place in the world for a dictator. Learning is always republican. It has idols, but not masters.' It was a noble utterance, and for forty years he worked it out. A new era in American university education thus opened. The union of ideas and personality made Eliot himself the new era.

The office of Dean was created to relieve the President of disciplinary and other duties which had consumed three-quarters of his time. Each faculty also had its Dean. The confusion of term-times and vacations was ended by the fixing of a university calendar. The six weeks' winter holiday was reduced to a Christmas fortnight; the summer vacation was extended to the end of September, so that teachers and students might have three months for travel or consecutive work. Eliot presided over the meetings of all faculties. Appointments were made which raised the tone of the various professional schools, and their standards were made higher. Mr. James shows how this worked in the schools of law, of divinity, medicine, and dentistry. Dr. O. W. Holmes, who had opposed reform in the medical school, soon came over to Eliot's side, and says, 'He showed an extraordinary knowledge of all that relates to every department of the University, and presides with an aplomb, a quiet, imperturbable, serious good-humour, that it is impossible not to admire.' One evening a member asked how it was that the faculty 'had gone on for eighty years managing its own affairs and doing it well, . . . and now *within three or four months*, it is proposed to change all our modes of carrying on the school—it seems very extraordinary, and I should like to know how it happens.' 'I can answer Dr. ——'s question very easily,' said the bland, grave young man. 'There is a new President.'

Dr. Holmes adds : ' The tranquil assurance of this answer had an effect such as I hardly ever knew produced by the most eloquent sentences I ever heard uttered.' Eliot was dismayed at the way in which young doctors had often to learn their art by practising it, and secured a three years' course at Harvard ' so arranged as to carry the student progressively and systematically from one subject to another in a just and natural order.' Students had to pass an examination at the end of each year before they could take the next year's course, and must pass in all subjects before they could get their degrees. The teachers received regular salaries instead of fees. Dr. Bigelow strongly opposed the new regulation to require a pass in all nine subjects instead of in five, but Mr. C. F. Adams, ex-Minister to England, who presided at the last contest on the subject in the Board of Overseers, described a young graduate of the school who had lately settled at Quincy and lost three patients in rapid succession. He had ignorantly prescribed overdoses of morphia. That young man had gained his degree by passing in a majority of subjects. Mr. Adams thought it was high time to reform the school, and his speech carried the day. Eliot did not perhaps realize how such a man as Professor Gibbs regarded changes in his chemical department, and fancied that he was being treated unfairly by the man whom he had once displaced. The changes, however, were in the interest of administrative order and economy. By 1878 the University had gained a fresh outlook, and Eliot had never again to bear the brunt of such a struggle as he had had in reforming the Medical School.

James Russell Lowell expressed the general feeling : ' We have a real captain at last.' Eliot knew all about every officer and many students. He kept his hand on everything, and carried on all his own correspondence without a secretary. He made good use of colleagues whom he trusted, and told some one who asked what quality was most essential to a college professor : ' The capacity to inflict pain.' ' One feels the sadness as well as the sternness of that bitter reply. If he had

not, being essentially a tender man, dreaded appeals to his sympathies on certain sorts of occasions, he would have been less careful to fortify himself behind the barriers of a manner that was already sufficiently formal.' The students in those days regarded him as unsympathetic, and it was hard to raise a cheer for him if he came into a gathering.

He visited England in the spring of 1874 and spent an Oxford Sunday with Jowett, had a talk with Darwin, saw a good deal of Bryce, Dicey, Brodrick, and enough of Leslie Stephen to like him very much. He visited four universities and schools from Eton down to Board schools. As an old oarsman he took care to see the boat-race, and had a day at Kew with Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Sargent. Edinburgh he thought fine, and Scottish humour made him laugh till he cried.

On October 30, 1877, he married Grace Hopkinson, who was twelve years younger than himself, a simple, straightforward, courageous, and devoted lady with whom he fell in love, he says, as completely as he did with Ellen Peabody when he was twenty-four. 'Her fun and her discreet mockings—he himself being freely used as their object—gave him a quite intense enjoyment.' He built a seaside home on Desert Island and there spent the greater part of every summer, save one, till he died.

Eliot had been brought up as a Unitarian, and the Harvard traditions were Unitarian, but he made the Divinity School non-sectarian and tried to induce Phillips Brooks to become Preacher and Plummer Professor of Christian Morals. He was not willing to leave his work in Boston, but henceforth preachers of different denominations filled the College pulpit, and in 1886 a Board of Preachers was formed consisting of two Unitarians, one Episcopalian (Phillips Brooks), one Baptist, and two Congregationalists.

The end of Eliot's twentieth year of Presidency found the University budding, sprouting, growing. The foundations of the first American university on a large scale had been firmly laid. The College had been completely regenerated. The

total number of teachers had risen from 70 to 242. Athletics troubled him. He thought baseball was only fit for professional players, and for football he had no enthusiasm. The students felt that he did not understand their sports, and did not regard him as an intelligent critic. His view was that a young man should be able to walk twenty-five miles a day, ride a horse, swim a mile, sail and row a boat.

Mr. James points out how Eliot himself had grown during the twenty years. 'By 1890 it was evident that he was full of worldly sagacity and that his judgement of men was nice and usually sound.' He had mellowed and widened, and his gift of listening to others had become a form of tact. His patience in face of opposition was exemplary. He had his limitations, but he recognized that men whose pursuits were strange to him must have room made for them. The twenty-fifth anniversary of his appointment brought a great consensus of praise. Eliot protested that the transformation that had taken place was not his achievement alone, but Mr. Choate said truly that 'his brain conceived, his hand had guided, his prudence had controlled, his courage had sustained, the great advance.'

His eldest son, who had made his reputation as a landscape architect, died in 1897, leaving four little daughters, all healthy and charming. They and their mother became a part of Eliot's life.

He was now a national figure whose social views commanded wide acceptance. His skill in writing inscriptions was recognized, and some interesting specimens of it are given in an appendix. He was an impressive speaker, 'really a king of men in his generation.' His own freedom from pride in little things made a sophomore, who watched the President carry home an enormous water-melon under his arm, ashamed of his own vanity. 'Nothing that Harvard College ever did for me was worth half so much as that five minutes of President Eliot's life. For he knocked out of me all the nonsense there was in me—and there was a great

deal.' Eliot's example was beginning to justify reasonable conduct in their own daily life to others.

His life was broadening out, as his letters show. He was an impressive speaker who felt that what an orator said was more important than how he said it. To him Shakespeare seemed 'a better fount of oratory than all the Greek and Latin literature put together.' He regarded Lincoln and John Bright as the most remarkable orators of his time. Certain lapses of Eliot's are mentioned, as when he was presented with the Golden Eagle and forgot in his reply to thank the German Ambassador for the decoration. At a reception which followed he did not even put it on, though he wore both a French and a Japanese decoration.

Eliot's vigour at seventy-three reminds us of John Wesley. He could catch a moment of sleep when he wished, and never lay awake in bed for more than ten minutes. 'No evening of debate could be so exciting or so trying as to keep him from going to sleep as soundly as a tired child the minute his head touched the pillow.' He asked his stenographer, who had a violent headache, to tell him what it was like, 'because he had never had one in his life.'

Hardly a month passed in his latter years when Eliot had not something to write or to say on problems of education, Civil Service reform, public health, capital and labour, and international peace. He was always listened to, and made 'ancient, homely truths' come home with new power. His stature never diminished.

He resigned his Presidency in 1909, after forty years in the service of a profession that he felt had no equal in the world. For a year he was busy selecting and issuing his *Five-foot Book Shelf*, of which 350,000 sets, amounting to 17,500,000 volumes, have been sold. The list of the fifty books makes an appendix of special interest.

He made a journey round the world for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace and felt that 'the Pax Britannica has practically put an end to the racial and

religious warfare which from time to time desolated the Asiatic countries over which British influence now extends.' President Wilson offered him the appointment of Ambassador to Great Britain in 1913, as President Taft had offered it to him in 1902, but Eliot felt that he could do better work in familiar fields. He cultivated an intimate friendship with Viscount Bryce, whom he greatly admired and trusted. His opinions on democracy are interesting. 'The Presidential election here is a wonderful piece of education for the whole people.' He had taken part in fifteen Presidential elections, and his respect and admiration for the performance had steadily increased. Despite some defects, he felt that Roosevelt would 'remain for generations a popular hero and an exemplar for aspiring youth.'

His ninetieth birthday in 1924 was celebrated with great enthusiasm at Harvard, and his speech is a delightful review of a life to which joy in work had brought rich satisfaction. He referred to what Harvard men had done in the Great War, and called upon all to serve their country in peace as well as in war. Mrs. Eliot had died in 1918, but his family, and especially his grandchildren, brought him daily joy. 'Life would be intolerable to me,' he said, 'if I lost faith in the God that Jesus describes in the first three Gospels.' 'I notice,' he added, 'in a good many young men that their religion seems to consist chiefly in a burning desire to be of service to those they love and to their own community; but I cannot help thinking that "to walk humbly with thy God" is a very important part of religion.' 'The teachings of Jesus Christ help me very much as I wait for the leap in the dark.'

He died on August 22, 1926. He was lying propped up with pillows, and astonished the nurse by exclaiming, 'I see Father!' After a pause he said, 'I see Mother.' A moment later his head sank on his breast, and a life that enriched the lives of generations of students and made a profound impression on the national life of America had reached a lovely close.

JOHN TELFORD.

INTERNATIONALISM IN ANCIENT GREECE

AT a time when men are looking to Internationalism as a possible safeguard against further internecine strife, and as an omen of the ultimate salvation of humanity, it may not be out of place to examine and reconsider the early origins of the idea in antiquity. 'Nothing moves in the world,' as Sir Henry Maine said, 'which is not Greek in its origin,' and the notion of the brotherhood of man, of the homogeneity of the human race, of the universe as man's home, involving as its corollary the repudiation of war and slavery, has had a long history, and took its rise in Ancient Greece.

In the earliest Greek poem that we know, Homer's Iliad, there occurs a dramatic and significant incident, coming as a welcome interlude in the dread warfare of horse-taming Trojans and bronze-clad Achaeans, and prophetic of the thought and feeling of a later age. The incident referred to is the meeting of Glaucus of Lycia with Diomedes of Argos, in the sixth book. As the two met in battle, Diomedes, admiring the brave aspect of his foe, asked him: 'Who art thou, noble sir, of mortal men?' On hearing that he was Glaucus, grandson of the famed Bellerophon, Diomedes 'planted his spear in the bounteous earth, and with soft words spake to the shepherd of the host: "Surely, then, thou art to me a guest-friend of old time through my father, for goodly Ceneus of yore entertained noble Bellerophon in his halls and kept him twenty days. . . . Therefore, now am I to thee a dear guest-friend in mid-most Argos, and thou in Lycia, whene'er I fare to thy land. So let us shun each other's spears, even amid the throng."'[1] Thus, even in an age when men lived by fighting, when piracy and cattle-stealing were counted honourable occupations, when

[1] Iliad, vi. 218–26, tr. Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

bloodshed was scarcely condemned, it was realized that there were certain obligations, certain ties of association and friendship, which made mutual strife inconceivable and impossible. Towards the close of the same Iliad, when Hector's corpse was lying outside the walls of Troy, a prey to dogs and birds, his old father, Priam, accompanied by one attendant, stole out of the city by night, to ransom his son's body from the foe. By divine guidance he came to Achilles' hut, and, clasping his knees in supplication, begged him, for his own father's sake, to consent to the ransom. Achilles, touched by the old man's appeal and by thoughts of his own father, not only yielded him the body of his son, but granted eleven days of truce for the mourning and for the burial of Hector.[1] Such was the forbearance which a warrior could show at times to a suppliant enemy.

Even in the Heroic Age the sentiment of Aidos, self-respect or reverence, was able to protect some human beings—strangers, guests, and suppliants—from the ferocity which they would otherwise have encountered. This 'reverence' was extended even to slaves, whose unfortunate lot was fully realized, and often mitigated by the kindness of a humane master. Thus, in the Odyssey, Eurycleia, the old nurse, and Eumaeus, the faithful swineherd, were treated rather as friends of the family than as hirelings. In Aidos, we have the germ of the later Philanthropia, humanity, which was to lead the Greeks to enunciate for the first time the view that all men were sons of one Father, that all partook of the divine spirit and should be treated with justice and mercy, with the implication that war and strife between them is unnatural.

In the six centuries that intervened between Homer and the Stoics, historians have chronicled at least three great movements in the development of thought. The first was

[1] Iliad. xxiv. 822 *seq.*

that which culminated in the system of Ionian science in the sixth and fifth centuries B.C. The aim of this movement was to penetrate the secret of the ever-changing physical world, and to explain its many transformations in terms of some one basic substance which was the only existing reality. When, in time, it became apparent that the hypothesis of a *single* primary substance failed to account for the phenomena, the movement evolved into various forms of Pluralism, according to which not one, but many, or even an infinity of basic substances were supposed to underlie the mysterious world process. Simultaneously it became necessary, in the opinion of some thinkers, to explain the cause of movement, and several allegorical or semi-mystical or even purely physical forces were postulated to account for this.

Now the scientific and metaphysical aspects of this movement do not, of course, concern us here, but the attempt to explain the universe in the light of reason produced ethical results which have a bearing on our subject. One Ionian, whose work pre-eminently showed a moral and even a religious tone, was Heracleitus of Ephesus, known as 'the Dark' because of his obscure sayings. On the physical side of his theory, he declared that the basic substance of the universe was ever-living fire, and that this fire was ever in process of change, passing in a fixed rotation into air and water and earth, and again into fire, and he identified the soul with fire. Among the fragments that deal with the relation of human beings to the universe, we find the following: 'Thought is common to all'; 'Those who speak with understanding must hold fast to what is common to all, as a city holds fast to its law, and even more strongly. For all human laws are fed by one divine law. It prevails as much as it will, and suffices for all things with something to spare.' He believed, apparently, that there is a common law or unity, a common wisdom ('unwilling and willing to be called by the name of Zeus') which pervades the

whole universe; this wisdom the wise man follows, but 'the many live as if they had a wisdom of their own.' There are in Heracleitus unmistakable signs of an aristocratic temper, but this doctrine of a universal wisdom was bound in the end to break down barriers of race and country, religion and custom, as, indeed, was the whole movement of the Ionian scientists, who fixed their gaze on nature as a whole, not on any particular climate, or race, or city.

A wider outlook may be found also in the literature of the time. Had the Ionian scientists never lived, one would surely have looked in vain for the vast prospect that one enjoys in some of the plays of Aeschylus—when Prometheus, for instance, dwells on the painful evolution of the human race from a state of primitive savagery to the ordered life of cities, or when Io in the tale of her wanderings gives a vivid, if bewildering, description of the countries of the then known world. Further, not merely increased knowledge but deeper sympathy with alien peoples may be inferred from the treatment of the triumph of Hellas in the tragedy called *The Persians*. That drama, as is well known, is no mere appeal to patriotism; it is a study of the enemy in the hour of his defeat, and the picture is drawn, not in a spirit of hostility, but with insight and sympathy, to point the lesson that all men alike must suffer for presumption and sin.

The historian Herodotus, in the same period, travelled widely, and conceived a great interest in foreign peoples. The aim of his book was 'that the great and wonderful deeds done by Greeks and barbarians should not lack renown.'[1] That he esteemed the customs and history of the barbarians to be of the greatest importance, is proved by the fact that the first four books of the narrative are devoted to a minute account of Persians, Lydians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Scythians. He noted their virtues

[1] Herodotus, i. 1.

and vices, their peculiar habits and modes of life. He recognized that different races necessarily vary in their views and customs, and that it is useless to look for uniformity. 'If one were to offer men to choose out of all the customs in the world such as seemed to them the best, they would examine the whole number, and end by preferring their own, so convinced are they that their own usages far surpass those of others.'[1] The outcome of his researches was that there is good to be found in all peoples. The Persians, for instance, 'teach their youths three things only, to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to tell the truth.'[2] In this he regarded them as being superior to the Greeks, and also in their religion. 'The Persians have no images of the gods, no temples nor altars, and consider the use of them a sign of folly. This comes, I think, from their not believing the gods to have the same nature as men, as the Greeks imagine. Their wont, however, is to ascend the summits of the loftiest mountains, and there to offer sacrifice to Zeus, which is the name they give to the whole circuit of the firmament.'[3] He admitted, however, that the Greeks are cleverer than other nations, and have a greater love of freedom. In his understanding of racial character he displayed a truly cosmopolitan type of mind.

The second great revolution in the history of Greek thought was the Aufklärung or Illumination, in the fifth and fourth centuries B.C., the age of the Sophists. The sophistic movement began, of course, as a reaction from the scientific speculations of the Ionians, and of philosophers such as the Eleatics and Pluralists who succeeded them. The activities of these various schools had led to contradictory conclusions, and made men feel hopeless about discovering a satisfactory explanation of the material world. Further, the mental vigour of the Greek race had been quickened and stimulated by the recent national triumph

[1] Herodotus, iii. 38 (tr. Rawlinson). [2] Ibid., i. 136.
[3] Ibid., i. 131–2 (tr. Rawlinson).

over Persia, and by the achievements of the Periclean Age. The time, therefore, was ripe for a fresh orientation of interest, and the Sophists accordingly concentrated on the study of man and the needs of practical life. They have been compared to journalists, to extension lecturers, and even to Pelmanists. The subjects in which they instructed the young Athenians ranged from grammar, literature, rhetoric, logic, to history, morals, music, and mathematics. The most versatile of all was Hippias of Elis, who professed to teach all subjects, and who once appeared at the Olympic Games in garments made entirely by himself. All of them claimed to be able to prepare their pupils for the life of politics, and in their discussions of ethics and politics many of them drew certain distinctions and made use of certain terms and concepts which had a bearing on international relations.

The Ionians, in their search for a single basic substance from which the ever-changing world of matter was formed, usually spoke of it as Physis (nature), and though the term was applied chiefly to external nature, it could be extended to include human nature as well. At the same time, the study of geography and anthropology had familiarized men with the endless variety of customs and institutions found among the different races of mankind, and led to the belief that these were not in accord with, or at least not essential to, the nature of humanity as a whole. Parallel to the opposition between the one substrate out of which the world was formed and the phenomena of the changing universe, there arose the antithesis of Nature versus Law among men, and many of the Sophists felt that is was incumbent upon them to uphold one against the other.[1] Those who championed Nature counted themselves human beings first and citizens afterwards, that is, they became incidentally supporters of cosmopolitanism or humanity as against nationalism.

[1] See Barker's *Greek Political Theory*, pp. 56–7.

The first thinker to articulate this antithesis of Nature and Law was, according to tradition, Archelaus of Athens, who said that 'the noble and the base exist by convention and not by nature.'[1] Hippias, the polymathic Sophist, entered the lists on behalf of Nature, and, in Plato's *Protagoras*, he is represented as addressing an audience in these words: 'My friends, who are here present, I regard you all as of one kin and family and country by nature, though not by law; for like is akin to like by nature; but law, which lords it over men, does violence frequently to nature.'[2] Similarly the Sophist Antiphon, a fragment of whose book on *Truth* was discovered at Oxyrrhincus in 1906, after insisting that obedience to law means generally opposition to nature, says: 'We revere and venerate the great, but the lowly-born we do not revere or venerate; for in this our conduct to each other is barbarized, since we are all by nature alike fully adapted to be either barbarians or Hellenes. We may see this from the needs which all men naturally have; in these no one is marked off as barbarian or Hellene. We all breathe the air with mouth and nostrils.'[3]

Thus, by a negative and very different type of reasoning, the champions of this doctrine arrived at the same conclusion as St. Paul: 'There is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free.'[4] The practical effect, however, in the two cases must have been very different, for the majority of the Sophists who disseminated this teaching made the abolition of racial distinctions a reason for disregarding or renouncing all states and governments. If this had had as its corollary the treating of all men as brothers, some positive advance would have been made. Both Hippias and Antiphon, however, as well as the politician Callicles and the Sophist

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[1] *Diogenes Laertius*, ii. 4.
[2] Plato, *Protagoras*, 337 C–D (tr. Wright).
[3] *Oxyrrhincus Papyri*, xi., Grenfell and Hunt, 1925.
[4] Colossians iii. 11.

Thrasymachus (in Plato's *Gorgias* and *Republic*[1]) talk as if self-interest is the only guide of life. The chief gain that resulted from the doctrine at this stage seems to have been that thought was directed towards such institutions as slavery and the subjection of women, so that a humane writer like Euripides was able to arouse public interest in these questions.

Euripides was undoubtedly one of the most interesting thinkers connected with the sophistic movement. The circumstances of the age, together with current theories and discussions, had made him keenly alive to the problems presented by such institutions as war, slavery, the position of women, traditional religion. A constructive idea or policy seldom emerged from his meditations, but he had the merit of making his readers and hearers poignantly aware of the inequalities and imperfections in human institutions. Among the prejudices he exposed were pride of birth and the contempt felt by the Hellene for the barbarian. In the *Ion*, for instance, the old paedagogus, anxious to aid his mistress, Creusa, says:

> One thing alone brings shame to slaves—the name,
> But in all else a slave, so he be good,
> Is nothing worse than any free-born man.[2]

Note, too, the irony with which Euripides puts into the mouth of Jason the commonplace Athenian view of peoples outside the pale. In his altercation with Medea, that erring husband says:

> But—let me tell thee—thou hast gained far more
> Than e'er thou gavest, by thus saving me.
> For, first, in place of thine own barbarous home
> Thou art come to live in Greece, hast learnt true justice
> And use of laws, where right, not might, prevails.
> All Hellas, too, has learnt how wise thou art.
> Thou hast won a name, but if thou wert dwelling still
> At the ends of the earth, none would have heard of thee.[3]

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[1] Plato, *Gorgias*, 483 B–C; *Republic*, 336 A–354 C.

[2] Euripides, *Ion*, 854–6 (tr. Appleton).

[3] Euripides, *Medea*, 534–41 (tr. Lucas).

That Euripides has put such a sentiment into the mouth of a character like Jason speaks for itself. His own feelings are probably to be found in a well-known fragment: 'As the eagle ranges over the whole heaven, so is the whole earth the brave man's fatherland' (Fr. Incert. 1047).

> A wise man do I judge my friend, e'en though
> He dwells far off and never met my eyes.
> (Fr. 902).

Yet the cosmopolitanism of Euripides was quite compatible with a patriotic devotion to his own city of Athens, which in the *Medea* he praised as the abode of culture. In his plays patriotic characters are always appreciated, provided their sentiment tends not to self-glory but the service of the state.

To the same age of illumination belonged Socrates and his pupil Plato. They were equally critical of Ionian science and its results, equally insistent on the importance of human life and conduct as the Sophists had been, yet their attitude to the questions we are considering, the status of races and international relations, was, on the whole, remarkably conservative and in keeping with tradition. In the sophistic controversy of Nature versus Law, Socrates upheld the law of his state, even to yielding up his life. In regard to his attitude towards other states, we know from the *Phaedo* that he considered cities like Athens, Megara, Thebes, even Sparta and Crete, to be well-governed and suitable domiciles for himself or his family; in Thessaly, however, which was full of disorder, intemperance, and riotous living, his sons could not be reared or trained in a fitting way.[1] Evidently, to his thinking, there was no city like Athens, for he rarely left it. Nevertheless, his whole teaching implied that a man's conscience was higher than the law of his country, and that, when the two were in conflict, conscience must

[1] Plato, *Phaedo*, 588–54 A.

be followed first. It was this aspect of Socrates' message, evidently, that developed later into the cosmopolitanism of the Cynics.

Plato was aristocratic and intellectualist in tendency, and in his *Republic* he outlined an ideal state in which the military and working classes are ruled by an aristocracy of intellect. In his *Laws* the lowest class, of manual workers and traders, is replaced by slaves, who are, however, to be foreigners, not Greeks. Similarly, he makes provision for possible warfare between Greeks and barbarians, who are 'enemies by nature.' Civil war between Greeks is universally condemned; if such war is ever necessary, it should be carried on only to the limit of punishing offenders, never for purposes of aggrandizement, and never with the 'frightfulness' meted out to a foreign enemy.[1] In the *Laws* it is further suggested that a state can learn much by the study of other cities and their laws, and citizens are, therefore, to be sent abroad periodically to gain information which will enable the rulers to confirm whatever is strong and rectify whatever is weak in their own states.[2]

Plato, therefore, is willing to be a pacifist to some extent, and to regulate the practice of war when it cannot be avoided. Moreover, we can never forget that Plato, by directing men's gaze to an ideal city and ideal politics, stimulated subsequent political thought to an extent which we can hardly realize. He was thus indirectly responsible for the extension of philanthropia beyond the frontiers of Hellenism. In the *Republic*, in fact, is to be found the prototype of the Stoic city of Zeus and St. Augustine's *Civitas Dei*. When Glaucon has remarked that the true philosopher will take no part in politics, the answer of Socrates is: 'Yes, by the dog, he will, but only in his own city, not in his native land, except by some divine chance.' 'I understand,' replied Glaucon, 'you mean he will do so

[1] Plato, *Republic*, 470 A *seq.* [2] Plato, *Laws*, 951 A *seq.*

in the city which we have just now organized in our talk, the city of our speculations—for I do not believe that it is to be found anywhere on earth.' 'Perhaps,' said Socrates, 'a pattern of it is laid up in heaven for him who wishes to behold it, and, beholding it, to found a city in himself. And it is of no moment whether it exists anywhere, either now or hereafter, for the wise man will obey the laws of this city, and of no other.'[1]

The theory that is only implicit in Plato becomes explicit in the teaching of the Cynics, who were also heirs to the Socratic inheritance. The Cynics arose in the fourth century B.C. and claimed as their first teacher Antisthenes, a friend of Socrates. They followed Socrates in reducing living to its simplest form, rivalling in crudeness the beasts of the field. The Socratic insistence on virtue was developed by them into the view that everything except virtue was unnecessary, and that the wise man was absolutely self-sufficient. They spent their time, therefore, as itinerant beggars. They gave up land, family, home, city. All races and countries were alike to them. Crates, the teacher of Zeno, is reported to have remarked that 'no single city defended him with its towers, no single house sheltered him, but he had a city and home in every land.'[2] The Cynics were not all anarchical or destructive in their cosmopolitanism. Two of them, Diogenes and Zeno (later a Stoic) are supposed to have left works dealing with their views. Both, according to tradition, wrote a *Republic*, an improved version of Plato's state, and described a world-state with one government and one scheme of life for all men, admitting of no discrimination between different races or classes of people. It must be admitted, however, that in general the Cynics stressed the self-sufficiency of the individual rather than his privileges or duties as a member of the human brotherhood; if the Cynic owed nothing to his country, he

[1] Plato, *Republic*, 592 B. [2] Bergk, *Poetae Lyrici Graeci*, 22.

contributed but little to the world-state to which he sometimes rather fantastically referred.

We pass on to the third great movement in the development of political thought—the Pan-Hellenism of the fourth century B.C. and after, which synchronized with the weakening of the isolated city-states and the evolution of federalism and finally of monarchy under Philip and Alexander. The first tentative effort towards some form of union among Hellenes may be seen in the old Amphictyonic League. Later, in 448 B.C., according to Plutarch, Pericles had invited all Greek towns to send representatives to a general assembly at Athens to discuss the restoration of the temples destroyed in the Persian Wars, and also to deliberate on means of securing the seas from pirates and establishing a general peace.[1] Sparta, however, refused to co-operate and pursued her policy of isolation. Temporary unions of Greeks arose for specific reasons from time to time, such as the Confederacy of Delos, the short-lived Empire of Sparta, the union of Siceliots under Syracuse, the Theban hegemony, but a confederation on a larger scale was made possible only by the advent of Philip and his scheme for the conquest of the barbarian and the founding of a great Macedonian Empire.

During the century of transition from the dominance of the city-state to the birth of a Pan-Hellenic kingdom, two writers, besides Plato, who command our attention were active. Of these, Isocrates, the Sophist and publicist, was the protagonist of Pan-Hellenism. In 380 B.C. he published a pamphlet, *Panegyricus*, an appeal issued to all the Greeks assembled for the Olympic Games, and calling upon the different states to forget their quarrels and unite in a common expedition against Persia. The same idea was reiterated in open letters addressed to Dionysius of Syracuse and in 346 to Philip of Macedon. In these works of Isocrates

[1] Plutarch, *Pericles*, 7.

the meaning of the word 'Hellenism' began to undergo a transformation. Hitherto it had signified racial characteristics, but henceforward, it was applied rather to the peculiar culture and civilization of the Greeks. This was the real beginning of the abolition of the barrier between Greece and her neighbours. In the *Panegyricus*, Isocrates said: 'Our city has so far surpassed the rest of mankind in the power of thought and speech that her disciples have become the teachers of the rest; she has made the name of Hellene seem to belong no longer to the race, but to the mind, so that the name is given to those who share in our culture more than to those who share the common blood.'[1] In formulating this definition of Pan-Hellenism he showed remarkable foresight. Equally important was his insistence on the need for some leader of eminence who, if only for a time, would unify the different states with their divergent interests. In his essay on the life of Evagoras of Cyprus, and in his letter to Nicocles, he showed his appreciation of what a cultured monarch could accomplish in a semi-barbaric dominion. When in 338 B.C. the Greeks, in congress at Corinth, made Philip their general-in-chief against Persia, Isocrates saw his dream fulfilled, but he was not destined to know of the almost incredible expansion which his ideal was to receive at the hands of Philip's son, Alexander, or that the barbarian himself would eventually be included within the Hellenic pale.

The other great writer on politics, Aristotle, who had been entrusted with the education of the youthful Alexander, remained, so far as we know, curiously indifferent to his pupil's political dreams. In his *Politics* he regarded the distinction between barbarian and Greek as one that is inherent in the nature of things, marking out the former as slaves and the latter as freemen.[2] His own political ideal was based on the scheme of the city-state, and, like Plato's,

[1] Isocrates, *Panegyricus*, 50. [2] Aristotle, *Politics*, A, 8–6.

was aristocratic in tendency. His writings did not tend to foster internationalism or a world outlook, except in so far as his logic and ethics influenced the Stoics when they came to frame their comprehensive philosophy.

The world outlook is unmistakable, however, in the New Comedy of the later fourth and of the third century B.C. Menander and his contemporaries wrote at a time when Athens had definitely surrendered her independence to her Macedonian overlord, and civic life had declined. Hence Comedy sought an outlet not in political or literary satire, as of yore, but in the portrayal of human character in all its bewildering phases and in a great variety of situations. Menander's plays were known for their breadth of human sympathy, and Terence's famous line: *Homo sum humani nihil a me alienum puto*, was probably an echo of a Greek original.[1] In these plays the slave always gets due recognition; he is as much a human being as his master. One fragment says that a slave who preserves inward liberty is no slave, but a freeman, while another tells us that, not birth nor race, but goodness of character distinguishes the base-born from the nobleman. 'He who by nature is disposed towards virtue, Ethiopian though he be, is nobly born.'[2] The cosmopolitanism of Menander is even more pervasive than that of Euripides.

In the fourth century B.C. Alexander's conquests had thrown the East open to Greek influence, and his policy of racial fusion and colonization on the Greek model had broken down prejudices and created, not a Pan-Hellenic state, but an international spirit based on common intellectual interests and a common culture. In regard to the advice which Aristotle gave Alexander, namely, that he should deal with Greeks as a leader and with barbarians as a master, treating the former as friends or kin and the latter as animals or plants, Eratosthenes of Alexandria,

[1] See Terence, *Hautontimoroumenos*.

[2] Menander, 857; 533.

in the third century, objected, on the score that he should have divided men, not into Greeks and barbarians, but into good and bad.[1] So Plutarch, in his *Essay on Alexander*, commented: 'Alexander did not follow the advice. He conceived that he was divinely sent to be the harmonizer and conciliator of Greeks and barbarians alike. He sought to blend, as it were, in the mixing-bowl of good fellowship, all civilizations and customs. He bade all men regard the world as their fatherland, not distinguishing Greek and barbarian by dress and outward appearance, but making virtue and vice the criteria of distinctions among men.'[2]

The political changes wrought by Alexander coincided with the beginning of a remarkable philosophical system with which they harmonized completely. This was the Stoicism of Zeno, who had been a pupil of Crates the Cynic, and who was indebted to the Cynics in large measure for his own doctrines. The Stoic philosophy, however, was much more elaborate and comprehensive than that of the Cynics, with a distinctly positive teaching. The Stoics combined the renunciation of local laws and customs with a devotion to the Universal Law that controls the world, a doctrine that was probably adopted from the views of Heracleitus. The world, in the Stoic view, is one Being possessing life and reason, of which all living and thinking creatures are parts. The individual wise man is a part of the universal conscience, and there is a divine spark in every human being. Those who held such views could not afford to cherish prejudices of race or class. As Cleanthes said in his famous hymn:

> We are thy children, we alone, of all
> On earth's broad ways that wander to and fro,
> Bearing thine image, wheresoe'er we go.[3]

All men participate in the Logos (reason); every one is a child of God and a member of the universal commonwealth,

[1] Strabo, i. 66. [2] Plutarch, *De Alex. fort. aut. virt.*, i. 6.
[3] *Hymn of Cleanthes* (tr. Adam).

the 'city of Zeus,' of which individual states are but imperfect copies. The wise man may serve his own city; it is, in fact, a natural human instinct so to do, but his first duty is to the state universal.

The fully developed system of the Stoics, according to which Man is a microcosm working in complete harmony with the macrocosm, the world, was the work of the Middle Stoa, and more particularly of Panaetius and Posidonius, of the second and first century B.C. These made the doctrine more practical, and allowed goodness of a secondary kind to men who did not attain to the perfect wisdom of the sage. The Later Stoa arose in the first century of our era, when the evolution of the Roman republic into a world-empire had brought the world-state, which was the Stoic ideal, within the bounds of possibility. Many of the Romans of the governing class professed Stoicism, and some of its humaner tenets found expression. Three names are conspicuous among the later Stoics—Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius. Seneca, in his letters, condemned war as folly, and enunciated most clearly his belief in the equality of all men irrespective of rank or race. 'Nature,' he said, 'bids me be of use to men, no matter whether they are slave or free, freed-men or free-born. Wherever there is a human being, there is room for benevolence.'[1] Circumstances forced him, however, to compromise with the political forces of his time.

The Phrygian Epictetus introduced into Stoicism a deeply religious note, insisting that all men are children of one father. 'He, then, who has learned that the greatest and supreme and most comprehensive community is that which is composed of men and God, and that from God have descended the seeds, not only to my father and grandfather, but to all beings which are generated upon the earth and produced . . . why should not such a man call himself a citizen of the world, why not a son of God?'[2]

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[1] Seneca, *De Vita Beata*, 24, 3.

[2] Epictetus, *Encheiridian*, i. 9 (tr. Long).

Marcus Aurelius, the Stoic emperor, wrote *Meditations* which have vied in popularity with many Christian works on religion. In self-abnegation and devotion to an ideal he rivalled the Christians whom he so sadly misunderstood. His views were not mere theories; during his nineteen years of rule (A.D. 161–180) he tried to improve the relations between man and man, to ameliorate the lot of slaves and orphans, besides bearing all the military burdens entailed by his office. No emperor surpassed him in humanity of outlook.

We have followed the evolution of the cosmopolitan idea up to the beginnings of Christianity. To study its development under St. Augustine and the early Fathers would take us too far afield. We have seen that the Greek intellect attempted to create a concept of universal humanity, to formulate a code of conduct equally applicable to all men, to limit the practice of organized warfare, to bring into being a spirit of internationalism. With the advent of Christianity as a world religion, the sentiments first conceived by pagan thinkers gathered strength, and have never ceased from that time to exert a steady, if variable, influence upon the course of history. For considerably over two millenniums the ideal of international peace and goodwill has been floating before the mental vision of mankind. So far the attempts to bring it nearer to reality have been spasmodic and partial; the reason, possibly, is that the ideal has been negative rather than positive, destructive rather than constructive. The nations must learn that to be international a people need not sacrifice its own customs, character, or individuality. It is not a question of being merged in a greater entity, but of becoming a valued member of a complex and organic whole. No era has stood in greater need of this ideal than the present. May it not lack fulfilment!

MARIE V. WILLIAMS.

'STIR A FLOWER WITHOUT TROUBLING OF A STAR'[1]

'THESE [plants], our mute companions, silently growing beside our door, have now told us the tale of their life-tremulousness and their death-spasms. . . . May it not be said that their story has a pathos of its own beyond any that we have conceived?'—SIR JAGADIS C. BOSE, F.R.S., at the Royal Institution.

I

IF you have montbretias in the garden, you will have noticed, unless very unobservant, that absolute stillness among the montbretia bed there seldom is. The word 'blade' has two meanings, one, the origin of which (Anglo-Saxon period) is *blaed*, a leaf; the other (Middle English period) standing for the flat part of a sword. Either word holds good of the montbretia, the leaf of which most of us would call a blade, edged as it is on each side.

In a clump of montbretias, one or more of the blades stands at such an angle as, if I may so word my meaning, to 'angle' for any wind there is, with the result, as already said, that absolute stillness among the montbretias one seldom sees. One blade may so place itself as to catch the wind, windmill-wise, and, like the sail of a windmill—though the montbretia blade 'cuts no ice,' or perhaps I should say grinds no corn, in so doing—continues to rotate until the wind drops. Another blade in the same bed I must not describe as rotating, but only as restless. Of some children we hear the complaint that they cannot keep still, cannot refrain from jerking a limb, or fidgeting in their chair; and, like a restless child, the montbretia blade is continuously, seemingly ceaselessly, fidgeting or jerking this way or that, and when the

[1] *The Nervous Mechanism of Plants*, by Sir Jagadis Bose; *The Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose*, by Professor Patrick Geddes.

stirring of air is of the slightest. Even when there is no perceptible stirring in the air, when the first-mentioned montbretia blade has ceased to rotate, and that next mentioned has ceased restlessly to fidget, while other blades in the same bed no longer toss a head, or sway backward and forward—even when this happens, one blade there generally is which so cunningly edges itself to any imperceptible movement there may be in the air, as continuously to flutter. Yet another blade (a 'die-hard' surely), though, as it were, without enough breath left in its lungs to do so much as to flutter feebly, rather than give in, contrives to sustain some semblance of life, if by no more than the slightest but continuous flittering or shivering.

II

Now I propose to ask a question to which, had I asked it half a century ago, the answer would probably have been another question, 'Are your wits wandering?' To some one who had neither heard nor read of a book of which I shall shortly write, I put the same question recently. The answer was, 'Don't talk nonsense! That's impossible,' the speaker meaning, of course, not that for me to talk nonsense is impossible, but that what I had suggested as happening was impossible. I might have answered that the present century has already seen the seemingly impossible made possible. Who would have believed, thirty years ago, that, here in England, a conversation could be carried on with some one in Australia, every word being heard, for all practical purposes, so soon as spoken, and the voice of each speaker as audible to the other as if the two were in the same room?

'A miracle!' was the exclamation of a friend of mine when, here in England, he and I thus heard some one speaking in Australia. 'Yes,' I replied. 'Of old, miracles were wrought by saints. To-day, miracles are wrought by science.' In each case the miracle is wrought by faith. The man of science has

faith in the intellectual powers with which he is endowed and entrusted, and he has faith that, given the will to toil on and on, laborious year after laborious year, undeterred and undisturbed by failure—by those powers, even the impossible may be made possible, and a seeming miracle be wrought. He has faith that if he use his powers to high purpose, and with resolute purpose, great at last may be his reward. It is by such faith as this that the man of science arrives at his great discoveries. Without faith in himself, most of all without faith that, beyond the mysteries by which he is confronted, beyond the densest mists which envelop the problem he seeks to solve, shines the light of Eternal Law, by the discovery of which the mystery will be mystery no longer, the problem will stand self-revealed—without such faith as this the man of science might lose heart, or lack incentive, year after year, to persevere. The present century has already witnessed epoch-making discoveries, but here I confine myself to the researches and discoveries concerning plant life by one of the most eminent and remarkable men of science of our time, Sir Jagadis Chunder Bose, F.R.S., Director of the Bose Research Institute, Calcutta.

Bose's name came first to my notice in association with his lectures at the Royal Institution in 1896 and 1901, and the reading of a paper before the Royal Society in 1903. I had not forgotten Bose's researches, but did not happen to hear more of them until he lectured at the India Office, in December 1919, and was quoted as saying: 'There is nothing in the animal which has not been forestalled in the plant. When a plant is placed in unhappy conditions, as in a bath of hot water, the time comes when it struggles and dies, and its struggles are the same as in the animal.' In the same month, the Scientific Correspondent of a London weekly wrote: 'In the pursuit of these investigations, he [Bose] has found inorganic matter anything but inert. A universal reaction seemed to bring together metal, plant, and animal under a common law. All exhibited essentially the same phenomena

of fatigue and depression, together with possibilities of recovery and exaltation, and also of that permanent irresponsiveness which is associated with death.'

That not only animals and plants but also metals are subject to fatigue, depression, and exaltation, seemed to me amazing, but this is demonstrated in the pages of *The Nervous Mechanism of Plants*, by Sir Jagadis Bose (1926) as well as in *The Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose* (1920) by Professor Patrick Geddes, to either or both of which works I must refer the reader. An idle flower-fancy, flower-conceit, or flower-caprice is not the place in which to express any opinion on subjects so highly technical. Instead, I print some passages culled here and there, or a summary of passages from one or the other of the two books named.

Sir Jagadis Bose has succeeded in demonstrating that 'all the characteristics of the responses exhibited by animal tissues were also found in those of the plant.' He asks, 'Does the plant feel the depressing effect of darkness? Fig. 15' (an illustration showing a series of ascending and descending curves) 'records the effect of a passing cloud ; the slight variation of light was detected by the plant much earlier than by the observer. Any sudden change of light is found to exert a marked depressing effect.'

Plants can be intoxicated. Professor Patrick Geddes writes : 'The ludicrously unsteady gait of the response of the plant under alcohol could be effectively exploited in a temperance lecture.' Plants can be wounded. 'In cutting off the leaf of Mimosa,' writes Sir Jagadis, 'the sensibility of the plant is paralysed for several hours. The paralysing effect of the wound was determined by means of testing shocks, the response being at the same time taken down by the automatic recorder. The parent plant gradually recovered and showed signs of returning sensitiveness. The detached leaf also recovered its sensibility in a few hours, and exhibited its normal responses. But this vehemence lasted only for a day, after which a curious change crept in : the vigour of its

responses began rapidly to decline. The leaf, hitherto erect, fell over. Death had at last asserted its mastery.'

'Another remarkable comparison,' writes Professor Geddes, 'is here also made—that between the automatic pulsation of the Telegraph Plant and that of animal heart-muscle. The comparison is worked out in considerable detail, and the result is wholly confirmatory, in variously modified as well as in normal conditions, such as temperature, drugs, or poison. So exact is the correspondence that a poison which stops the heart in its phase of contraction also stops Desmodium (the Telegraph Plant) in its contracted phase, while the poison which stops the heart in relaxation does the same for the plant. And while for the heart it has been known that one poison may be used as the antidote for the other, so it turns out with the poisoning of Desmodium. . . . When a plant dies, the death contraction in the plant is in every respect similar to the same phenomenon in the animal.'

My last quotation is from a review (in one of London's great daily newspapers) of Professor Geddes' book, *The Life and Work of Sir Jagadis C. Bose*. The review is lengthy, so I confine myself to one brief passage: 'Professor Patrick Geddes gives a fascinating account of the great Indian scientist's researches into what it almost seems possible to consider the emotions of plant life. Plants, according to this new summary of Bose's discoveries—originally described by their author in 2,500 pages of printed matter—have memories and nervous sensations, pulses and death-spasms, likes and dislikes, with a sensitiveness to heat, light, and electricity which throws humanity utterly into the shade. "May it not be said," observes the Indian savant, "that the story of the plants has a pathos of its own beyond any that we have conceived?"'

III

By a poet's intuition or vision the discoveries of science have sometimes been anticipated. A distinguished critic,

Mr. J. Cuming Walters, writes of 'the recantation of the frenzied judgements of youth in "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," published in 1886.' But Tennyson's judgement, or vision, did not betray him when, comparatively youthful though he was, he penned in 'Locksley Hall' such a forecast as the following:

For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue.

Readers of Bose's books will recall Wordsworth's lines,

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes;

but that is no more than an expression by Wordsworth of the faith that was in him, and is in no way remarkable. Very remarkable, however, was Emerson's forecast when, ten years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species*, twenty years before the publication of *The Descent of Man*, the American poet wrote:

And, striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form.

Here, however, I am writing, not of a poet's dreamings, nor of the theories and speculations of an experimentist in the physiology of plants, but of actual knowledge, ascertained facts, discovered by a man of genius who is pre-eminent in his own department of science. When, writing of these discoveries, the Scientific Correspondent of a great daily newspaper says, 'It almost seems possible to consider the emotions of plant life,' and that plants 'have memories and nervous sensations, pulses and death-spasms, likes and dislikes,' I am reminded of my too-long-delayed question. Though in question form, it is no more than a fancy, and perhaps an

unimaginative reader may recall another line from 'Locksley Hall' and bid me repeat that line to myself, as applying to myself,

> Fool, again the dream, the fancy, but I know my words are wild.

None the less I go on to ask, Is it possible that the montbretia is so far sentient as, in some dim way, to be aware that death is often preceded by sleep? If so, is that one reason why the montbretia, in recoiling from any resemblance to death, strives by movements, no matter how slight, to avoid even the semblance of death—sleep?

I am not suggesting that the montbretia never sleeps, but just as Jean Paul Richter tells us that Frederick II caused lights to be placed at night in the new houses at Potsdam, that every one might think them occupied, so I find myself wondering whether the montbretia hopes, by some movement among its leaves, to delude itself and others into believing that one member at least of the montbretia family is awake and alert? Or shall I liken the plant to a beleaguered city which, while the defending garrison is asleep, sets a sentinel to keep watch and ward, that the city be not surprised and taken by an enemy?

Sweeping generalizations are always dangerous, and lest some reader should catch both the montbretia and myself napping, by stating that he or she has observed montbretias when no movement of any sort was perceptible, I will not assert that there is never a time when every blade in a montbretia bed is absolutely still. We are all—montbretias, as Bose shows, have much in common with animals and so with human beings—mortal and fallible. Just as a sentinel has, before now, been known to fall asleep on duty; just as the reader or myself might drowse and doze when our intention was to keep awake, so the montbretia may at times be caught napping. If so, I have not chanced so to catch the plant, possibly because I was less observant at one time than I am now, and because, until I came to my present home, no

montbretias chanced to be in the garden; or possibly because I live by, and within sight of, the sea, for, by the sea, some breath of air, however slight, is generally fanning. But, as a lover and observer of all winged creatures, birds, bees, and butterflies by day; moths, bats, owls, and the like that fly before and after dark, I am often in the garden at night, especially when the moon is at the full, and here I am reminded of a quatrain by Landor:

> Stand close around, ye Stygian set
> With Dirce in one boat conveyed,
> Or Charon, seeing, may forget
> That he is old and she a shade.

Has not the reader, when stealing forth at night, as I sometimes steal, into a moonlight-flooded garden, felt as one who has been ferried by old Charon across the river, and is himself already 'old' and 'a shade,' wandering in a world of shades, so spectral, so like the ghost of its daylight and living self, is then the garden? But sometimes when I go into the garden at night, I slip an electric flashlight into a pocket, less to find my way than for more fanciful reasons. I may do so to note how this or that flower changes colour under artificial light. I may do so to mark how like a remembered face seen in unremembered surroundings—and thus strangely familiar, yet even more strangely and uncannily unfamiliar—my familiar garden may seem, when seen in an unfamiliar and unnatural light. Or I may do so to watch the kestrel-like hovering of white ghost moths—only the male is white-winged, and only the male thus hovers—over the flower beds. On such occasions, when I flashed the light upon the montbretias, to discover whether the beleaguered city was wholly sleeping, I do not recall a time when I have failed, somewhere, to detect at least a shiver which, had I not looked long and closely, would have been imperceptible. One night, the whole city might have awakened and sprung to arms, such defiant waving and brandishing of sword-blades was there among the

montbretias. Yet another night, under greater sense of security, only a single sentry was flagging the signal 'All's well!' but no night was there when I chanced thus to flash a light, and found no single sign of stirring in the montbretia bed.

That is why, with Sir Jagadis Bose's marvellous discoveries in mind, I have let my fancy run away with me, and have asked whether the montbretias may not, consciously or unconsciously, so shrink from death as to endeavour to avoid even that semblance of death, sleep. To that question I offer no answer, but should what is here written send even one new reader to study either Sir Jagadis Bose's or Professor Patrick Geddes' book—better still both—for himself, my idle fancy will not have been penned to no purpose. No one can read these books without being newly and profoundly impressed by the relativity—I am not referring to Professor Albert Einstein's much discussed theory, but to the relativity which links, as Bose makes clear, animals, vegetables, and, strange as it may seem, even certain metals together, for, as Francis Thompson has written,

> When to the new eyes of thee
> All things by immortal power,
> Near or far,
> Hiddenly
> To each other linked are,
> That thou canst not stir a flower
> Without troubling of a star.

And if any reader shrink, as I have imagined the montbretias shrinking, from death, let me remind that reader of two lines by George Meredith:

> Into the breast which gives the rose
> Shall I with shuddering fall?

COULSON KERNAHAN.

THE STORY OF CREATION READ AGAIN

MUCH of the surplus mental energy of educated people has been expended of late in the reading of the modern cosmologies of men of science. Those who have been reading on these lines must have come to a fresh understanding, if not of the task which Moses had in hand, at least of the real questions on which the human mind seeks satisfaction. Happy is he who rediscovers with surprise the conception of 'creation,' for this is the indispensable prelude for the appreciation of the gospel itself. It is of profound significance that every New Testament writer announces the divine message as the manifestation of the creative power, and the subject matter of Christianity is conceived as the New Creation.

Man's supreme interest is in creation because in his essential nature he is something of a creator; he thinks and achieves. What religion has done for man in the past has been to point him to a transcendent Source as the 'explanation' of the world and himself, and it purports to put him in touch with that Source. Modern man, no less than his forefathers, is fascinated by origins; atomic theories, and theories of the break-up of the atom, no less than evolution theories, witness to this undying interest. If religion offered no answer to this question of the human spirit it would fail in its first requirement. But the Christian religion does not fail in this. It takes its stand upon the doctrine of creation, and is announced as the message and power of the New Creation. And the paradox of our time is that it is because of this very doctrine it is rejected! That very thing—the creative element—for which the modern mind is crying out even more intensely than men of former times, is that for possessing which it rejects the Christian message. There is no more illuminative paradox than this: that which moderns have sacrificed to their supposed rational nature their

aesthetic nature cannot get on without, viz. the concept of creation.

Man finds the requirements of his bodily life through nature, but not directly, as with the animal world. He manipulates natural forces so that they meet his needs. From the first he made tools, and later he made tools to make machines. He gathered wild seed and sowed it, and selected from it that which best suited him. He turned streams and rivers to irrigate the soil, and therein found a source of power to grind his corn. The intractable beasts of the field he overcame; others he brought into his service. He set sails to the wind, and came by long experience to handle the forces of heat and steam and electricity. And man was able to do this because there is a rational sequence in things. He called it cause and effect. He has been able to direct 'causes' to obtain the 'effects' he desires. But this ever-increasing co-operation with nature was only made possible because of man's co-operation with his fellow man. From the first, men lived and worked together; and this was made possible by speech. The uttered word was speech; the unuttered word was thought. Hence the idea of the creative 'Word' as the Cause of the intelligible world. This thought, pursued to its limit, yields the conception of man in his essential nature as the embodied Word.

This is where we meet self-styled rationalism on its own ground and with its own weapons. Rationalism professes to go by the ascertained results of science, and rejects revelation and Christianity on the grounds of reason. What, then, is that reason which we use in common life, and whence comes it? Is it something that belongs to man alone? If so, then man himself is inexplicable, and his existence is an irrational indigestible fact. If, on the other hand, the reason of man is derived from nature—as the rationalist often prefers to say—then man is in a very real sense an index of nature, and the unity, coherence, and order within the human mind are a witness to the unity, coherence, and order of nature.

The hectoring of religious beliefs in the name of natural science is now seen to be a callow schoolboy performance. The magnitude of the universe, the inconceivable vastness of the forces at work, the multiplicity of worlds, the intricate processes by which the living forms have come into being, as now conceived by the human mind, cannot cow the mind that conceived them. The mind is not of their nature; it is greater than they. Man may be a blurred image indeed, but what he reflects is not nature, but the mind within and above nature.

If, to a fresh young mind asking with simple directness the fundamental questions about life and the world and beginnings, answers could be given which would never after have to be contradicted or withdrawn—answers whose truth was general and symbolic, admitting of unlimited expansion and infilling with detailed contents—we should have therein a groundwork for a true education, not in knowledge merely, but in character and truth. Such an answer, we are now able to see, is contained in the old Creation story. To what is it in man's nature that the Creation story responds? We distinguish to-day between the religious and the scientific attitude, but these are one in origin, and though pursued separately are yet complimentary. Man asks his questions, but he also requires confidence to proceed. Alternately he challenges and submits.

Whenever these two elements are divorced, man comes to grief. The business of science is to find out how things move or live or work. But we are not satisfied with knowing the 'how' of things, we have always wanted to know 'why,' and scientists have only just begun to realize that the 'Why' of things goes beyond the province of science. A few of them are saying, 'You mustn't ask why.' But these are acting just as narrowly as those people who once, in the name of religion, forbade Galileo and Bruno and Darwin to ask 'How.'

Why do I exist? What is the world for? Men are asking,

'Is existence an accident?' Or, 'Is the "order of nature" an affair of iron law oblivious to human life? Has man a significant place in the scheme of things, or are our thoughts only an ineffectual dream? Have man's strivings and hopes and ideals any purchase upon reality, or are they illusions? Are any of the things which we set store by of any value to the universe? Finally, are the qualities of human nature, the uprightness and truth, that man at his best lives for—aye, and dies for—actually grounded in the nature of things?' In answer to such questions, some Book of Beginnings, some story of Genesis, the human mind simply must have, not to quench inquiry, but to give confidence in order to live. Let us see what the old answer contains for us.

'In the beginning God'; not an endless regression; not an eternal recurrence; not an illusion as in the Eastern doctrine of Maya. A process and a progress is implied by a 'Beginning.' Revelation on God's part will appear as intuition from the human side. 'God' is the simplest and directest of human intuitions. 'God' is the Object in the presence of whom man knows himself when he dares to contemplate the mystery of existence. The awe and hush of soul; the sense of the ineffable, the infinite and eternal—the all-embracing, all-sustaining One—belong to man's proper nature. It is the paradox of human nature that the essentially human qualities are those which man does not yet completely possess. The sense of the Beyond that is yet within is our intuition of God. Thus the idea of God is not incomprehensible to us, and yet it goes beyond our comprehension. That existence begins with God signifies that there was initial unity, mind, and purpose; and this is a discovery of profound value. Comparative religion affords some evidence that this truth was once known intuitively, then lost, and then approached again by inference. It is highly dubious whether the belief that the world is the product of many gods, co-operating or quarrelling, is truly primitive. Zoroaster related man's moral struggle to a cosmic struggle based upon

two irreconciliable principles. Early Greek philosophers perceived an original unity, but not proceeding from mind. Thales of Miletos had said, 'Everything is made out of water.' (He has been called the first man of science. His fundamental observation was the unity of substance underlying the three states of matter, solid, liquid, and gaseous. These three, he taught, are one, and that One is nature.) Others thought of the original unity as fire, others spoke of a mysterious ether. But the Greeks themselves soon came to relinquish the attempt to derive mind from that which is not mind. After an attempt to associate crude 'love' and 'hate' with the elements, the perception of *logos*, or mind, at work in nature compelled their acknowledgement. In modern times the same cycle of thought has repeated itself, with remarkable parallels. In place of polytheism we have the pluralism of those philosophers who reject the concept of a universe. 'Modern Zoroastrians' or dualists of varied schools still endeavour to maintain a fundamental partition at the root of all things. Monists, who accept the logic of unity, still 'confound the persons,' even though they do not 'divide the substance,' of the universe, and find no place for personality or values.

The attempt to derive all things from matter has once more been given up. The 'energy conception' of matter affords no clue to mind. There was a time when the earth as yet had no separate existence from the sun, even as still later the moon had no separate existence from the earth. The nebulae of the night sky are taken to be universes in the making. But science has acknowledged that the 'nebular hypothesis,' which for a hundred years served as a model for 'the beginning,' was only tentative. Whether a nebula consists of 'fiery gases' in process of cooling or of meteorites assembling and generating heat by their collisions, or some other imagined condition, science has really nothing better to offer our minds than the ancient chaos picture. 'If we want a concrete picture of creation,' says Sir James Jeans,

'we may think of the finger of God agitating the ether.' But of what does the nebula consist? Atoms moving in the void, thought Newton; atoms moving in a universal ether, thought Clerk-Maxwell.

But in the twentieth century the hard eternal atom has come to be regarded as a scientific myth; in its place we have the conception of the atom as an infinitesimal solar system—a central electron consisting of a charge of negative electricity, with planets of positive electricity moving around the centre. The distinction between matter and energy breaks down; the atom is 'broken' into electrons. It was said, when the electronic theory replaced the old atomic theory of matter, that the atoms were so marvellously constructed as to bear upon them the mark of mind. It was later understood that the marks of mind may be only the moulds of our own mind by which the outer world is apprehended. This has led to a still more advanced utterance by a foremost physicist—J. S. Haldane—'A material world, as such, does not exist.' It has at length come to be clearly perceived that a purely material and mechanistic universe, such as for three hundred years science has put forward, is an abstraction—that is to say, it is arrived at only by the artificiality of ignoring the mind that conceives it. As a result, there have appeared such philosophies as that of Bergson and of General Smuts—who, while yielding that there is a psychic element in all existence, yet regard mind as emerging in its higher forms at a late stage of the universe. God comes out in the end; He was not there in the beginning. Thus Smuts asks, 'Where was the Spirit of God when the warm Silurian seas covered the face of the earth?' To which J. S. Haldane well replies that Smuts has forgotten what Kant perceived, viz. that time is part of mind: 'So that, in the remoteness of Newtonian time, mind or spirit is still present, and we have not passed outside of its wholeness.' Standing forth clearly, then, as the guiding truth, anticipating the return of our groping thought, is the utterance, 'In the

beginning, God.' This excludes the view that matter is eternal. The creation of matter 'out of nothing' is one thing; the creation of order out of chaos is another. Given matter and force, thought the nineteenth-century naturalists, an automatic process might produce the universe. But the doctrine of the eternity of matter seems no longer to have any champion, and the dogma of the impossibility of its creation is already abandoned by some front-rank scientists, as witness the following extract from Professor R. A. Millikin: 'The observed cosmic rays are signals, broadcast through the heavens, of the birth of the elements.'

'The earth was waste and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep, and the Spirit of God was brooding upon the face of the waters.' The chaos picture has woven into it the half-consciously remembered symbolism of the most primitive myths; and it sets in vivid contrast the creative agency of the Spirit, and the formless stuff. Myth may well have been the alphabet of revelation, as it was, indeed, the alphabet of thought. In the Babylonian creation myth the sea is the abode of the chaos-monster, the Dragon. Man's first ideas, whether spoken or written, were expressed in pictures. He could not think at all unless he pictured. But in this chaos-picture the crude details are shorn away; Tiamat and the antics of the so-called gods have disappeared. All that makes the world familiar and habitable are thought away; and yet out of this is to come the habitable earth and the home of man. The sleeping might of the ocean; its incalculable moods; the irrational storm and untamable floods; and night indistinguishable and in which there is nothing to be distinguished—these are envisaged and the unimaginable is imagined. Upon this chaos the Spirit moves or broods. The picture is of a bird with outstretched wings, the 'Dove on the Deep.' There is here a combination of two primitive symbols. Universally the word for 'spirit' is wind, for wind or air is man's first direct evidence of a non-visible source of motion and supporter of life. But very

widely spread was a myth of a world-egg from which was hatched and shaped the ordered world. Two higher characteristics seem to be conveyed through these old symbols. First, the calm and gentleness of the dove, in contrast with the stormy chaos; and, second, the power of mind over matter. This symbolism does indicate a sharply drawn distinction between spirit and matter, but it is not true to say that this is dualistic, in view of the beginning of all things in God. There are not two eternal principles, spirit and matter, but matter is a secondary creation of the Eternal Spirit, and is regarded as a medium or matrix, a necessary condition to the achievement of the Creative purpose which is regarded as the bringing into being of other free creative spirits.

The creation of the light represents the first manifestation of the divine activity in preparing a habitable world. When the physicist to-day describes the energy that fills the universe, that unites the heavens and the earth, he does so in terms of light. As to what light is, he is still undecided. Again, light is a mediator between the mental and the physical world. The light which awakens man from sleep also shows him the world. Rightly did Tyndall say that light is the most spiritual of the material forces. The physical light witnesses to the 'true light,' and perfectly symbolizes mind. Thus the creation of the light stands for the most fundamental form of physical energy, and also the indication of an intelligible plan. The concept of revelation, implicit in the story, finds its perfect expression in the symbol of the light. Is not human consciousness itself the response to certain rays for which the lower creation is inert? The Word embodied in the light is the root of the Logos doctrine which comes to flower in the New Testament. 'And God separated the light from the darkness.' He did not abolish the darkness, for the ever-recurring contrast is necessary to our proper understanding; thus each morning is as it were a sacrament of creation in which the listening soul may hear again the fiat, 'Let there be light.'

There is permanent value in the notion of separate fiats or creative words. The acts of creation are introduced by 'And God said'; they are followed by 'and it was so,' or similar words, and then stamped by the divine approval, 'and God saw that it was good.' This is the 'Yea' and 'Amen,' the affirmation that existence is good because it is based upon God. And so Isaiah and Paul and the Apocalypse call God the 'Yea and Amen.' It is clear throughout that physical description is secondary to spiritual interpretation.

'And it was evening and morning, one day.' The genetic order is preserved by the Hebrew reckoning, first the darkness and then the light. In discussing the 'days,' let us note points of possible agreement with modern cosmology. Let it be noted there is indicated an orderly succession, and a scale of being. Instead, then, of 'evolution' giving the flat contradiction to 'creation,' it would have been a more true observation, as well as more fitting controversy, if sixty years ago it had been pointed out that Genesis gives the earliest expression to the evolution idea, by indicating the successive stages, each requiring the preceding, a ladder of existence—*échelle des êtres*—leading up to man. Can the 'days' of Genesis be equated to the periods of geology? Perhaps the attempt to do this has been abandoned too soon. The modern reader is apt to forget that it is only during the last century that the strata of the earth's crust were clearly recognized as containing a 'record' of events, a history of the globe. William Smith's identification of strata by the fossils they contain is not a hundred years old. The correlation of the strata of Britain with those of Europe and the rest of the world is a task of such magnitude that it is still far from completion. The accepted divisions of geological time have proved in some cases to have been arbitrary. What has become increasingly clear is that there have been long periods of quiet in which life forms have overspread the earth, terminated by upheavals and a general reshaping of the continents. Only quite recently has any general theory been

attempted to bring these changes under definite law and causation. The change from one geological period to another is due to no chaotic accident, but occurs in vast cycles of time, determined, it is believed, by the accumulation of internal heat, which emanates from radio-active minerals within the earth. It is a singular fact that these mighty transformations are believed to have been brought about by six major world-revolutions in geological time. The general idea of modern cosmology, therefore, could hardly be better imparted, for the purpose of general knowledge, than by describing these as six ' days ' of creation. But this is by no means all that modern cosmology has to give by way of reparation to the Creation story. The nineteenth-century conception, so devastating to a religious attitude, that the world is the result of the play of cosmic forces heedless of life and inimical to man has to be revised. The theory dear to popular rationalism, that bade man await the distant but approaching fate of his species, which was conceived as a consequence of the ever-cooling globe, and was described as the freezing out of all life, is seen now to be a premature dogmatism. There may be, indeed, a reaction toward the Pauline and Stoic conception of the periodic overwhelming of the earth's inhabitants by the internal fires. On the other hand, it is possible that the veritable condition of higher and yet higher forms of life is provided by these same cosmic forces, and that to live dangerously, to live heroically, ' mid flaming worlds arrayed,' may prove to be the pathway to life unquenchable, and the final victory of purpose in a universe that is unmeaning apart from spirits. Not a theologian, but a leading scientist, shall here be quoted. After an account of the periodic cycles of the earth's history, and a description of the long ages of quiet development, broken by the cyclic upheavals caused by the fiery lava floods which are yet held in check, Professor John Joly says, ' Not the least beautiful part of the whole mechanism is the part played by our one and only satellite. The perpetual supply from the

source (i.e. the radio-active substances within the earth) must certainly end in disaster to the world above if it was not for lunar interference. And this interference comes into operation exactly at the critical moment. . . . Just when the substratum melts, astronomic interference comes in. The ocean floor is caused to thin out under the fiery tides raised in the underworld; the ocean rapidly absorbs heat and all danger is averted. The shifting of the earth's crust over the substratum brings the same redemption to the whole earth' (*The Surface History of the Earth*, John Joly, p. 127).

We may summarize our reflections. In the Creation story we have the richest material for the science of thought and the inquiry how man thinks at all. We are driven by the same story to a comparison with ancient cosmogonies and mythologies, out of which it emerges undamaged by the comparison. Again, it is impossible, even for children, to read this story without at each step setting beside it such views of the world as the accumulations of knowledge and the discoveries of science have brought us. Nor should this be checked. The unfolding plan and the successive stages are grandly impressive. But where the acute mind perceives what appears to be a discrepancy—as where the heavenly bodies appear to be created separately from the light—full weight should be allowed to the difficulty. We may be too captious in our corrections and too cocksure in our science. If we will but adhere to the dictum that the Scriptures should be read in the spirit in which they were written, we shall neither be found tinkering with our science in the interests of a predisposed theory of Scripture, nor risk losing the everlastingly valuable assurance that the ordered universe is the work of mind or spirit, and that man has an abiding place in the scheme of things. As to the meaning of the 'days' of creation, whether or not they correspond in number or otherwise to the geological phases by which the earth has become a fitting temporary abode for man, they do express most eloquently the idea which is called 'teleology'

—a working toward a definite end or goal—a conception which, until recently, science has thought it a duty to forbid. And perhaps scientists are right in making this veto; they are minding their own business. It is for God to tell us why He made the world. The final goal of the creative process is described as the reproduction in human personality of the divine image. Man's life thus has meaning and value. He is integral to the scheme of things. But, for the religious mind, the Creation story affords the most precious symbolism of the creative activity upon the individual. The Creation drama repeats itself for him. Over him the Spirit broods. Out of the water of chaos, by the fiat of the Spirit, cosmos arises again. God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, brings the dawn of true manhood. From the opening heavens to the heart of man a Voice speaks: 'Thou art My son.' Such is the birth of the sons of God.

J. PARTON MILUM.

CREATIVE WORSHIP

IN the Swarthmore Lecture for 1931 (Allen & Unwin, 1*s.* 6*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.*), Professor Brinton compares the mechanistic and organic trends in religious worship. He selects for analysis the Puritan and Quaker types. The trend of thought in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was unsympathetic to the essential doctrines of the Society of Friends. The Puritan sects and kindred religious bodies grew in America to many millions of adherents while the Quakers could scarcely muster a hundred thousand. Dr. Brinton's favourite mystic is Jacob Boehme, who showed that we could go inward on the negative way to the heart of God and then, passing through this divine centre, return on the positive way back to nature. 'He found all things fraught with new meaning because he brought back some portion of the creative life which inspires nature from within.' 'Quakerism in its first great missionary enthusiasm bid fair to capture the new world, but it came out of time. The age of mechanism was just dawning. There was too much to do.... Little wonder that mystics were crowded off the scene.' Dr. Brinton thinks that the Society of Friends may make an important contribution to the faith and practice of the future if the meeting for worship is acutely sensitive to the new and unpredictable, if it becomes the means through which individuals and groups derive strength from the Infinite Strength of God. The lecture is certainly impressive and suggestive.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WIT AND METHODISM

THE eighteenth century nowhere passes before us in more brilliant panorama than in the letters of Horace Walpole. It is life we see, not a picture of life—men and women of the day, intellectual and social fashions, fascinating glimpses of the terrible condition of the poor, the seething cauldron of London. Methodism and the Methodists are there as seen by one of the most outstanding members of the fashionable Society of that time, a man with a gift for keen observation and an ability to write gracefully and wittily of what he has seen. His many references to 'the new light,' when pieced together, present us with a picture of early Methodism not generally known; they also make an interesting chapter in the history of Walpole's mind and character. He himself is being tested by the new faith, but he does not know it, and all unconsciously he reveals himself as unable to penetrate below the surface of life and touch reality.

A slight knowledge of the man is necessary as a background to the extracts that follow. Horace Walpole was essentially a man of his age, the age of reason. Physically he was fragile, and of a nervous temperament. He walked through life 'on tiptoe, as if afraid of a wet floor,' loving his friends, hating his enemies, and laughing at both. The son of the first Prime Minister, Robert Walpole, and educated at Eton and Cambridge, he became a man-about-town, 'the glass of fashion and the mould of form,' snobbish, cynical, brilliant but cold, a dabbler in literature, a collector of bric-à-brac. His friendship with the poet Gray was broken by a serious quarrel, but later resumed. That was like the man.

He started several fashions: one for the mystery story—with his crude, fantastic Middle Ages novel of magic and nightmare, *The Castle of Otranto*—and one for Gothic architecture and antiques. He has left us a most fascinating

though voluminous correspondence that cannot be neglected by any one wishing to obtain a true insight into the eighteenth century. The letters cover a period of sixty-five years, from 1732 to 1797.

Methodism early became the butt of his elegant pen, and, however we deprecate its substance, we cannot but admire the grace of his writing and the sparkle of his wit.

In September 1748 he writes to a friend, George Montagu :

> ' Colonel Gumley [brother of the Countess of Bath], who you know is grown Methodist, came to tell [Lord Bury] that, as he was on duty, a tree in Hyde Park, near the powder magazine, had been set on fire ; the Duke replied he *hoped it was not by the new light.* This nonsensical *new light* is extremely in fashion, and I shall not be surprised if we see a revival of all the folly and cant of the last age.'

By 1749, as he writes to Horace Mann[1] :

> ' Methodism is more fashionable than anything but brag . . . the women play devilish deep at both. . . . If gracious Anne was alive she would make an admirable defendress of the new faith, and build fifty more churches for female proselytes,'

and he expects that Whitefield will be the next winter's rage of the town, instead of the actor Garrick.[2]

He now becomes interested in Methodism. It is a growing

[1] On March 28. Horace Mann, a distant connexion of the Walpoles, was Secretary of the English Legation at Florence, and later the English Envoy there. Walpole first met him at Bologna, when doing the Grand Tour, and for forty-five years, till Walpole's death, the friendship continued, the two men never meeting again. Mann was ' the best and most obliging person in the world.' ' To us the obliging " Miny," as Walpole nicknamed him, appears timid, pompous, and self-seeking ; but Sir Robert never had any reason to doubt the sincerity of his professed devotion to the Walpole dynasty, and the English Government found him a useful servant, vigilant in reporting every movement of the Old Pretender's faded and forlorn Court at Rome ' (*Life of Walpole*, by Dorothy M. Stuart, ' English Men of Letters ' Series).

[2] September 8, 1748, to G. Montagu.

movement that will not be neglected: its manifestations form a new sensation; it is therefore a seasonable topic for correspondence, and will provide a target for the shafts of his ready wit. On May 8, 1749, he writes to Mann at Florence:

'If you ever think of returning to England . . . you must prepare yourself with Methodism. I really believe that by that time it will be necessary; this sect increases as fast as almost ever any religious nonsense did. Lady Fanny Shirley[1] has chosen this way of bestowing the dregs of her beauty upon Jesus Christ, and Mr. Lyttleton [a noted clergyman] is very near making the same sacrifice of all those various characters he has worn. The Methodists love your big sinners, as proper subjects to work upon—and indeed they have a plentiful harvest. I think what you call flagrancy was never more in fashion. Drinking is at its highest winemark . . . and gaming joined with it.'

Mann wants to know more about this new sect, for in a letter dated July 24, 1749, Walpole writes:

'You ask me about the principles of the Methodists. I have tried to learn them and have read one of their books. The *visible* part seems to be nothing but stricter practice than that of our Church, clothed in the old exploded cant of mystical devotion. For example, you take a metaphor; we will say "our passions are weeds"; you immediately drop every description of the passions and adopt everything peculiar to weeds; in five minutes a true Methodist will talk with the greatest compunction of *hoeing*—this catches women of fashion and shopkeepers.'

As postscript to the same letter Walpole notes an interesting fact:

'I forgot to tell you a piece of Methodism, which is that they write up religious sentences everywhere, and have

[1] Lady Frances Shirley, a famous beauty—'Fanny, blooming fair.' She died unmarried on July 15, 1778, aged seventy-two, and was buried in Lady Huntingdon's chapel at Bath' (Cunningham).

extremely purified the style of writing on public walls; they now scribble the name of the Prince of Peace, instead of the Princess.'[1]

The Methodists are accepted, tolerated, looked on with (almost) good-natured amusement. Even in August 1760 he considers it a joke to write to Mann:

'I tell you who will neither turn Jew nor Protestant, nay, nor Methodist, which is much more in fashion than either—Monsieur Fuentes [the Spanish Ambassador]';

but, by February 1769, to be a Methodist is the last infamy, for, writing of Wilkes, who had been in his time most kinds of scoundrel,[2] he says: 'Thank God, he has not turned Methodist.'

He comes across a fantastic idea concerning the Methodists[3]:

'I met a rough officer at my neighbour's house t'other day, who said he knew a person was turning Methodist, for in the middle of a conversation he rose, and opened the window to let out a moth. I told him I did not know that the Methodists had any principle so good, and that I, who

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[1] 'The Princess'—probably Anne, daughter of George II. Though the practice of writing on walls is not new, even to the eighteenth century, I wonder were the Methodists the first to write up 'religious sentences.' It is certainly new to Horace Walpole, or he would not have noted it. Did the Puritans begin the practice? Is it an extension of the Jewish practice of writing the 'vision' upon tables of stone 'that he may run that readeth it' (v. Habakkuk ii. 2)?

[2] John Wilkes (1727–97), though he had his good qualities, and though, among other things, he secured the freedom of the Press, yet himself boasted of his indecencies. To an offer of snuff, he replied: 'No, thank you, I have no *small* vices.' He lived a profligate life, his conversation was indecent, in younger life he took a prominent part in the obscene orgies of the 'Medmenham Monks' (a burlesque of a religious society); he was extravagant, once being in debt to the extent of £20,000. Four times he was expelled from the Commons; once he was in prison for libellous attacks on Parliament (*v. Encyc. Brit.*). We could excuse him for this last, but his general character is on a par with his personal appearance, 'ugly with a startling squint.' And this is the man who, in Walpole's fervent opinion, is better than any Methodist!

[3] June 20, 1760, to Sir David Dalrymple.

am certainly not on the point of becoming one, always did so too.'

About 1760 a change in Walpole's attitude to the Methodists is clearly evident. His humour is no longer pleasant and airy, but bitter and cynical. He begins to regard Methodism as a dangerous innovation; its doctrines, with their practical consequences, were too revolutionary; it is the religion of fanatics. Then, again, it is the faith of the lower classes; it has no social standing, its adherents in Society but confirming Walpole's view of the fanaticism of the Methodists. He sneers openly at the eccentricities of the Countess of Huntingdon—'The Queen of the Methodists,'[1] 'The Saint Theresa of the Methodists,'[2] as he severally calls her—attributing to Methodism the unusual and native characteristics of its professors. And certainly Lady Huntingdon was singular. Her family connexions were against her. She was the aunt of Lord Ferrers, who lived a devil-may-care life, kept a mistress, married, cut off his wife, treating her cruelly, threatening to kill her. He did kill his steward most brutally for aiding his late wife, and for this murder he was condemned to death. Cruel, heartless, obdurate, yet philosophic enough, he died in his wedding clothes.[3] 'Judge how violent bigotry must be in such mad blood,' adds Walpole.

The violence of the bigotry is an open question, but certainly Lady Huntingdon had ideas of her own. She founded a sect of Methodists known as Lady Huntingdon's Connexion (rigid Calvinists), and also a training college for ministers at Trevecca in South Wales. 'She received Whitefield at Chelsea on his return from America in the year 1748, and shortly afterwards appointed him her chaplain' (Mrs. Toynbee).

Whitefield attended Lord Ferrers to the scaffold, 'though,'

[1] March 4, 1749, to Mann.
[2] May 6, 1760, to G. Montagu.
[3] See a letter of May 6, 1760, to G. Montagu, telling the whole story.

writes Walpole, 'the Methodists have nothing to brag of in his conversion, though Whitefield prayed for him and preached about him. Even Tyburn has been above their reach.' The exuberantly expressed joy, over a brand plucked from the burning, Walpole could not understand; to him it seemed that the worse the criminal converted the more 'honour' the Methodists got,[1] hence his talk of brag.

From 1760, the references to Methodism show a growing detestation, culminating in violent hatred. With spiteful glee he tells a story not to the credit of Whitefield[2]:

> 'The Apostle Whitefield is come to some shame; he went to Lady Huntingdon's lately, and asked for £40 for some distressed saint or other. She said she had not so much money in the house, but would give it him the first time she had. He was very pressing, but in vain. At last he said, "There's your watch and trinkets, you don't want such vanities, I will have that." She would have put him off, but, he persisting, she said, "Well, if you must, you must." About a fortnight afterwards, going to his house, and being carried into his wife's chamber, among the paraphernalia of the latter, the Countess found her own offering. This has made a terrible schism. She tells the story herself—I had it not from Saint Frances [i.e. Lady Fanny Shirley; *see* note above], but I hope it is true.'

That 'I hope it is true' reveals in a flash the mean, despicable soul of Horace Walpole.

He sneers at the credulity of the Methodists, who, in their eagerness to gain believers by means of incontrovertible spiritual phenomena, seize with avidity on any ghost-story. He condemns the Methodists—as well he might—for having 'adopted' the Cock Lane ghost. This ghost caused a sensation in London in the eighteenth century, and great men waxed wrathful about the reality or not of its manifestations.

[1] May 7, 1760, to Mann. [2] July 5, 1761, to Earl of Strafford.

The *Encyclopaedia Britannica* gives the bare facts of the famous hoax:

> 'At a house in Cock Lane, Smithfield, tenanted by one Parsons, knockings and other noises were said to occur at night, varied by the appearances of a luminous figure alleged to be the ghost of a Mrs. Kent who had died in the house some two years before. A thorough investigation revealed that Parsons's daughter, a child of eleven, was the source of the disturbance. The object of the Parsons family seems to have been to accuse the husband of the deceased woman of murdering her, with a view to blackmail. Parsons was prosecuted and condemned to the pillory.'

Walpole writes when the scare is at its height, before ever it was investigated. If his account is true—and there is no reason to dispute his truth in matters of fact—certainly the zeal of the Methodists is to be unequivocally condemned. The letter is dated February 2, 1762, and is addressed to Montagu:

> 'I could send you volumes on the ghost, and I believe, if I was to stay a little, I might send you its *life*. A drunken parish clerk [i.e. Wm. Parsons, clerk of St. Sepulchre's] set it on foot out of revenge, the Methodists have adopted it, and the whole town of London thinks of nothing else. Elizabeth Canning and the Rabbit-woman were modest imposters in comparison of this which goes on without saving the least appearances. The Archbishop, who would not suffer *The Minor* to be acted in ridicule of the Methodists, permits this farce to be played every night, and I shall not be surprised if they perform in the great hall at Lambeth. I went to hear it, for it is not an *apparition*, but an *audition*. We set out from the opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House—the Duke of York, Lady North, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney coach—and drove to the spot; it rained torrents,

yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in. At last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people with no light but one tallow candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering there by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes—I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts?—we had nothing. They told us, as they would at a puppet-show, that it would not come that night till seven in the morning—that is, when there are only prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and ale-houses in the neighbourhood make fortunes. The most diverting part is to hear people wondering *when it will be found out*—as if there was anything to find out—as if the actors make their noises where they can be discovered. . . . The Methodists have attempted ghosts three times in Warwickshire.'

'O Religion! Religion! what crimes are committed in thy name.'

October 1766 finds Walpole in Bath, driven there by the gout, where he attends a Methodist service to hear John Wesley preach. He writes[1] of it in his customary flippant manner; he had gained a reputation for wit, and the reputation had become his prison house; he could not at all escape from it.

'My health advances faster than my amusement. However, I have been at one opera, Mr. Wesley's. They have

[1] October 10, 1766, to John Chute.

boys and girls, with charming voices, that sing hymns, in parts, to Scotch ballad tunes, but indeed so long that one would think they were already in eternity, and knew how much time they had before them. The chapel is very neat, with two Gothic windows (yet I am not converted[1]); but I was glad to see that luxury is creeping in upon them before persecution; they have very neat mahogany stands for branches, and brackets of the same in taste.

'At the upper end is a broad haut-pas of four steps advancing in the middle; at each end of the broadest part are two eagles (as desks) with red cushions, for the parson and clerk. Behind them rise three more steps, in the midst of which is a third eagle for a pulpit. Scarlet-armed-chairs to all three. On either hand a balcony for elect ladies. The rest of the congregation sit on forms. Behind the pit, in a dark niche, is a plain table within rails. . . . Wesley is a lean, elderly man, fresh coloured, his hair smoothly combed, but with a soupçon of curl at the ends. Wondrous clean, but as evidently an actor as Garrick. He spoke his sermon, but so fast, and with so little accent, that I am sure he has often uttered it, for it was like a lesson. There were parts[2] and eloquence in it; but towards the end he exalted his voice and acted very ugly enthusiasm; decried learning—told stories like Latimer, of the fool of his college, who said, "I *thanks* God for everything." Except a few from curiosity and *some honourable women*, the congregation was very mean.[3] There was a Scotch Countess of Buchan, who is carrying a pure, rosy, vulgar face to heaven. . . .'

By 1768, to Walpole, Methodists are but rascals and

[1] The point of this lies in the fact that Walpole was an ardent admirer of Gothic architecture, and had built for himself a pseudo-Gothic palace at Strawberry Hill.

[2] As in the phrase, 'a lad of parts.'

[3] Walpole refers to quality, not quantity. Notice also his dislike of enthusiasm—'ugly' enthusiasm.

fanatics.[1] He 'hates these knaves,'[2] 'the exponents of a tawdry religion.'[3]

He writes, on April 10, 1768, to his schoolboy friend, the Rev. Wm. Cole, that 'learned, gout-ridden, slightly eccentric, and oddly obsequious parson' (*Walpole*, E. M. L., p. 158), who has the misfortune to have a Methodist as neighbour:

> 'I hope the Methodist your neighbour does not, like his patriarch Whitefield, encourage the people to forge, murder, &c., in order to have the benefit of being converted at the gallows. That arch-rogue lately preached a funeral sermon on one Gibson, hanged for forgery, and told his audience that he could assure them Gibson was in heaven, and that another fellow executed at the same time had the happiness of touching Gibson's coat as he was turned off. As little as you and I agree about a hundred years ago, I don't desire a reign of fanatics. Oxford has begun with these rascals, and I hope Cambridge will wake—I don't mean that I would have them persecuted, which is what they wish, but I would have the clergy fight them and ridicule them.'

He himself in his letters to his friends prosecutes a guerilla warfare with fervency. His dislike of Methodism grows with what it feeds on. Methodism is 'nonsense,' easily imbibed by the credulous, drawing its 'proselytes' from the unthinking mob.[4] Methodists are 'madmen and knaves' whose folly has now not even the advantage of being new.[5]

His plasterer turns 'raving Methodist,' and sends 'a fanatic letter without sense or grammar, but desiring to open me a new plan of the Gospels.'[6] These fervent attentions by an uneducated working man annoy him, and move him

[1] April 10, 1768, to the Rev. Wm. Cole.
[2] January 29, 1774, to the Countess of Ossory.
[3] December 19, 1767, to the Rev. Wm. Cole.
[4] November 26, 1789, to Countess of Upper Ossory.
[5] July 24, 1776, to the Rev. Wm. Cole.
[6] July 6, 1777, to the Rev. Wm. Mason. Cf. also a letter of April 25, 1746, to Mann, where to be an ardent Methodist is to be 'mad in Methodism.'

to the conclusion that 'those gentry the Methodists will grow very troublesome or worse.'

On June 28, 1791, Walpole writes with relief to a friend:

> 'The patriarchess of the Methodists, Lady Huntingdon, is dead. Now she and Wesley and Whitefield are gone, the sect will probably decline: a second crop of apostles seldom acquire the influence of the founders.'

But it is Horace Walpole who has declined.

Had Walpole no *credo* but a negative one? His positive belief concerning the Church and religion in general is not easy to find or define, but probably the best concise statement is contained in a letter of July 12, 1778, to the Rev. Wm. Cole:

> 'Church and Presbytery are human nonsense invented by knaves to govern fools. Church and Kirk are terms for monopolies. *Exalted notions of Church matters* are contradictions in terms to the lowliness and humility of the gospel. There is nothing sublime but the Divinity. Nothing is sacred but as His work. A tree or a brute stone is more respectable as such than a mortal called an archbishop or an edifice called a church, which are the puny and perishable productions of men. Calvin and Wesley had just the same views as the Popes; power and wealth their objects. I abhor both [men].

He confesses his inability to understand any religious emotion; his incompetency as a judge of John Wesley is shown by his ascribing to him the objects of power and wealth. In Horace Walpole there was no soul for the depths at which Wesley and his followers touched life. He dreaded enthusiasm, particularly in religion; like his age, he believed in restraint, decorum, propriety. Anything beyond the limit of 'common sense'—the sense or taste of the majority, or, for all practical purposes, London Society—came of evil. Completely out of tune with the experience that lay behind the emotion and enthusiasm, he could not hope to appreciate that enthusiasm sympathetically. The Methodist experience was beyond him; having eyes he saw not, having ears he heard not.

HARRY BELSHAW.

THE RELIGIOUS VALUE OF NEOPLATONISM

NEOPLATONISM gained its fullest development at the hands of Plotinus (A.D. *c.* 205–270), whose collected essays, edited after the death of Porphyry, form the six books known as the *Enneads*. For Plotinus, philosophy was a religion, a personal experience of the Deity, and Plotinus himself claims, as Porphyry tells us, to have attained on rare occasions to perfect union with the One.[1] Plotinus is 'the mystic *par excellence*' to whom, more than to any other philosopher, we owe the first clear doctrine of spiritual existence. Religious mysticism as the goal of the intellectual life is the most striking new feature of Neoplatonism. Man must conquer his sense feelings by struggling against them. He must draw near to God by a series of steps or stages, and, by employing aids of a religious nature, attain to union, his journey's end.

In some of its aspects Neoplatonism has never ceased, at least indirectly, to leaven, and to lend much of its form to the deepest recollective aspirations of religious souls in Europe and Western Asia for some fourteen centuries.[2] The Neoplatonic Schools revived the feeling of religious reverence. They inculcated humility, prayerfulness, and purity of thought. In marked contrast to Stoicism, a system of independent morals, they accustomed men to associate their moral ideas with the Deity rather than with themselves. The Neoplatonic system was, like Plato's philosophy, religious in the sense of being other-worldly. Its main object was to help the soul to escape from the region of difference and unlikeness where it is wandering, back to its 'true country,' union with God. 'For God is not external to any one. He is the root of the soul, the centre of the mind, the way home to

[1] *Enn.* VI. 9. 9, 11.

[2] Von Hügel, *Mystical Element in Religion*, i. 23, 24.

Him is within every person.' This is the heart of the mysticism of Plotinus.

Neoplatonism was never a religion in the sense of claiming to be the bearer of a unique revelation. It had neither sacraments, nor a Church, nor a priesthood. Though having no sacred books of its own, it held the words of Plato, 'the Master,' in great reverence, and later Neoplatonists treated the writings of Plato as inspired Scripture. What Neoplatonism sought to give was a channel of communication between the human and the divine.[1] To see God is the goal of the religious life, and the vision of the One is the highest and deepest kind of prayer, which is the mystical act above all others. The character of the Neoplatonic union with the One is determined by the fact that it comes as the culminating point of a process of the most intense thought (ἔκστασις).[2] Ecstatic union is further described as intellectual contact with sudden light.[3] The ecstatic vision of God is the supreme purpose of life, and as such is the great, the supreme goal of souls—the goal which arouses all their efforts.[4]

Prayer to the Neoplatonists was the very life of religion, but it was the prayer of contemplation and meditation, without proffering any requests. Plotinus implies that it is 'the lower spirits that are amenable to petitions, this kind of prayer being in fact a branch of sympathetic magic.' The only worthy prayers are the unspoken yearnings of the soul for a closer walk with God.[5] 'The desire which all creatures feel to rise towards the source of their being is in itself prayer.'[6] The Neoplatonists regarded prayer as entirely impersonal. They could not understand how petitionary prayer could be answered. The words of Christ: 'Ask and ye shall receive,' would have been a real problem to them, as also the Christian belief that 'Prayer alters things.' To

[1] E. R. Dodds, *Select Passages illustrating Neoplatonism*, p. 15.
[2] Cf. *Enn.* VI. 9. 7, VI. 9. 9, and VI. 1. 6.
[3] Ibid. V. 3. 17. [4] Ibid. I. 6. 7.
[5] See Inge, *Philosophy of Plotinus*, Vol. II., pp. 200, 201.
[6] *Enn.* V. 1. 6.

them prayer could work no miracles, but only set in motion obscure natural forces. Their belief was wholly in the regularity of natural law, and they found it difficult to admit that the higher principle could in any way be influenced from beneath. Prayer to the Neoplatonists was rather the response of cosmic energies than a personal intercourse with God Himself.

'Prayer attains its effect by a community of feeling betwixt certain parts of the universe, which lie as it were along the same stretched cord, so that if the cord be twisted at its lower extremity its tremour is felt above. Often, moreover, one cord has a kind of perception that another has been plucked, because the two are in accord and tuned to the same pitch. And if the sympathy extends so far that the vibration sent out from one lyre is received by another, then in all the universe there is but one general harmony, though it be formed of contraries: in all things, and even in contraries, there will be likeness and kinship.'[1]

The emphasis placed by Neoplatonism upon the reality of religious experience was of great value. Religious experience was made a criterion of truth. 'This is life eternal, that they may know Thee, the only true God.' Such knowledge is to Plotinus the soul's chief purpose. Like Jesus, he believed that the highest statements about the possibilities of the life of the Spirit were referable to, and verifiable by, experience. Plotinus would have his philosophy conceived as the most practical thing in the world for earnest men. He would enable the soul to enjoy the foretaste of the blessedness of return 'to the Father and the dear, dear Homeland.' He points out a double method of leading fallen souls back to their source: by revealing to them the shame of their present desires, and so bringing home to them their sorry plight, and then by reminding them of their race and primal high dignity, for 'our soul did not descend in its entirety; something of it always remains in the spiritual world.'[2]

[1] *Enn.* IV. 4. 41. [2] Ibid. IV. 8. 8.

We have in Plotinus for the first time one who combines philosophy with a genuine experience of union with God, as his own biography sufficiently testifies. He is thus in line with mystics and religious teachers in all succeeding ages. To St. Paul, the most practical of all mystics, ecstasy was regarded as exceptional favour (2 Cor. xii.). Christianity, of course, though not demanding ecstatic union, does require of believers an experience of close relationship with God in Christ.

How deeply Neoplatonism must have sunk into the spirit of St. Augustine is realized when, in describing the highest moment of his own religious experience, he adopts almost verbally the language in which Plotinus tries to depict the mystic ecstasy of the individual soul as it enters into communion with the Soul of the World.[1]

The first expressions of sublime religious experience are to be found for the most part in the earlier writings of Plotinus, for his thought through all the first period of his teaching dwells mainly on the soul's ascent from grade to grade in the spiritual world. Later, Plotinus found himself confronted by certain members of the Gnostic Schools, and he was compelled to deal with difficulties of such paramount importance as, Why does the One descend? and the Problem of Evil. It was in grappling with such difficulties as the Gnostics raised, with all the subtleties involved therein, that Plotinus may be said to have rendered immense service to the Christian Fathers who had to set forth clearly the Christian position. It was because Neoplatonic thought proved inadequate that Neoplatonism was rejected as a religion, though possessing, as it does, religious values of very real significance.

Christianity owes a good deal to Neoplatonism for the language employed in describing the desire of the pilgrim soul for the true Country, the 'Patria' of the Platonist. It is the Platonic conception that a man never lives absolutely in the present. He is always thinking about, and living for,

[1] *Confessions*, VII. 16. 23.

something beyond the moment, however much he tries not to do so. This is the result of the reason that is in him. So with Plotinus: 'The Supreme has no desire towards us, that it should centre about us; but towards it we have the desire, so that we centre about the Supreme. We have at all times our Centre there, though we do not at all times look thither.' 'That the Good is yonder, appears by the Love which is the soul's natural companion. . . . Because she is of God's race, yet other than God, she cannot but love God.'[1] This desire for the Patria has found expression in such Christian hymns as Bernard de Cluny's '*Hora Novissima*,' of the twelfth century, and 'Jerusalem, my happy home' (based on St. Augustine).

The Neoplatonists derived their thought of the Super-essential One, the Good, the highest member of the spiritual triad of Plotinus, from Plato. The Good 'is beyond all existence and all knowledge.' 'The Good, far from being identical with real existence, actually transcends it in dignity and power.' Plotinus, true to the main Greek tradition, and keeping clear of Stoic pantheism, conceives the One as above being, and transcending knowledge, so as to be characterized only by negation.[2] The way to know the One is to deny of it all limited determinate predicates, and then to proceed to determine them. Though Plotinus, as the mystics, uses language which is negative, he means what is positive. It is truer to affirm of the One than to deny; for, though excelling all assignable perfections, it includes them in the richness of its super-being, and is not less than they, but more. Only by *being* it, in the vision of communion, can we experience the One as it is. This conception of the One as above being, and above knowledge, deeply influenced subsequent Christian speculation, and the 'Way of Negation' (*via remotionis*) has its origin in Neoplatonism.

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[1] *Enn.* VI. 9. 8, 9. Other refs., VI. 9. 10, 11.

[2] Ibid. VI. 9. 3; V. 3. 13; V. 3. 14.

Plotinus became the representative of the post-Platonic age, and translated Greek philosophy into terms taken up later by Christianity. Fifty years before Nicaea he furnished philosophical conceptions which Christian theologians were able to adapt to their own uses. Starting as a philosophy from convictions and requirements which were deeply ethical, spiritual, and theistic, Neoplatonism tended, however, in a subtle way towards determinism when brought into relation with Christianity. Plotinus had sought to found a religion on a system of intellectual abstraction, which in the long run showed itself difficult to reconcile with true religious feeling. Yet Neoplatonic philosophy must be regarded as a friend in disguise, and contributes an invaluable element to theological thought, if it keeps before mankind the sense of the deep disparity 'between the natural and the spiritual, between the real and the ideal, between man and God.'[1]

WALLACE J. HEATON.

Holy Man. By J. Harvey Hall. (Allen & Unwin. 7*s.* 6*d.*) This is a first novel, of which the scene is laid in an Aberdeen village. The hero discovers his power as a healer and fancies that he must give up the girl he loves and devote himself wholly to this work. He drives Janet Logan to despair, and his fancied power breaks down hopelessly. Then John Muir's eyes are opened, and there is a happy ending to what threatened to be a tragedy. Miss Harvey is a native of Aberdeenshire, and her sketches of the country and its superstitions show that she is on familiar ground. It is not merely a lively story, but one that deserves attention from those who fail to see where faith-healing breaks down hopelessly.

[1] E. Caird, *Evolution of Theology*, Vol. II., p. 372.

THE FRAGMENTARY

'THERE are very few books,' said Dr. Johnson, 'that one wishes longer.' And, though one of the longest was one of those few, most books, I fear, we wish considerably shorter. There is scarcely a work in the world which, on strict laconic principles, might not be drastically retrenched. Probably even Bacon's *Essays*, if rigidly scrutinized, would be found here and there diffuse: and if, as has been asserted, the *Oration on the Crown* has not a superfluous word, none but a fanatic would deny that it might with advantage lose several paragraphs.

But I am not about to speak of mere prolixity. What I wish to notice is the number of cases in which a book, though completed according to the necessities of its plan, and that, too, in such a way that we cannot maintain it is unduly spun out, would yet be better, in a very important sense, if it had never been thus completed. It is astonishing how rarely a book, even a great book, is finished in a manner worthy of its beginning. Sometimes the very genius of the author has been against him: he has opened with such magnificence that no genius can satisfy the expectations he has roused. Particularly is this the case with plays. As every ghost-story is disappointing at the close, so very few, even of the greatest, dramas deserve what Prospero calls 'praise in departing.' Struck with a compelling idea, the author presents us with an enthralling situation, the unravelment of which is beyond his power. He has put a question, to himself and to us, which cannot be adequately answered. Either the theme proves less fruitful than, in the glow of first conception, he had imagined; or he wearies, and cannot rise to the height of his great argument. The fall of the curtain is welcomed, not because the finish satisfies, but because it *is* a finish. Apparent exceptions prove the rule. The *Oedipus*

Tyrannus, on which Aristotle lavished such just praise, satisfies us as the conclusion of an episode, because we know that *in the story* there is more to follow: we accept the conclusion, because we have the continuation in our minds. Even in Shakespeare the rule holds almost without the proving exception: and not merely in those plays which, as they are his, we may call second-rate. The last two acts of *Macbeth* itself, stupendous as the play is, assuredly 'attain not unto the first three.' *As You Like It* and *Much Ado* trail off into a huddle of marriages, and *All's Well* neglects the implied admonition of its own title. *The Merchant of Venice* concludes with Act IV., and Act V. is not a conclusion, but a sequel. *Measure for Measure*, which opens, and for a time runs on, so grandly that we half expect one of the great philosophical enigmas to be faced and solved, is suddenly dropped, as if, like Mercutio, it had to be killed lest it should kill its creator. With lesser playwrights the case is exaggerated. 'The twenty-five volumes of Mrs. Inchbald's *British Theatre*,' says Professor Gilbert Murray, 'show, with all their stagecraft, poor skill in finishing; and most contemporary plays have weak last acts. Few, indeed, are those who can construct a story with a definite unity of effect and a proper catastrophe.'

Similarly with great works of another class. The last book of the *Aeneid* is a sad bathos after the soaring hopes aroused by the fourth and sixth. Was it for this that the gods constrained Aeneas to desert Dido, and bade him descend to Avernus? No wonder Virgil wished the poem to be burned. With his unerring taste and clear modest vision, he must have been conscious that the poem had somehow 'gone agley.' Even *Paradise Lost*, though amazingly rounded into architectonic perfection, is in a sense *too* well finished. It is indeed wrought, like the creations of Wisdom, by weight and measure; it has its beginning, middle, and end: nor can we help marvelling that this finish should have been given to it by a man without the gift of physical sight: but

it is a little disappointing otherwise. Macaulay, who knew it from end to end, said truly that, if the last eight books had been lost, Milton's fame would have stood still higher than it does. Despite many incomparable passages in those books, one at times wishes that, as with the youthful *Hymn on the Passion*, Milton had left it as a glorious torso. The 'great idea' would then have been set before us, but it would have suffered no diminution through enlargement. Again, to me at least, the last few books of the *Odyssey* are dull compared with the earlier part—and that even if we remove the present conclusion, which, according to Aristarchus and most modern scholars, has no business there. I would rather have been left uncertain as to the fate of the suitors and the faithless handmaidens than learn that *this* was their fate. The greatest work in the world is perhaps the Book of Job. It is the sublimest of all interrogations: would it not be still better without at least part of the attempted answer? To descend lower: all good critics have noticed the skill of Gray—learnt probably from his Greek models—in the balance and harmonious construction of his poems. It is this, even more than his verbal and metrical felicity, which has given him his place in literature. Yet many have been found to hesitate over the conclusion of the *Elegy*, and to be glad that the *Ode on Vicissitude* and the *Alliance of Education and Government*, fine as both are, remain unfinished.

Indeed, when we come to consider, the books whose end is fully worthy of their opening promise might almost be counted on the fingers. *Othello*, *Lear*, the *Paradiso*, perhaps *Hamlet*—are there many others among poems of the highest rank? I had thought of adding the *Iliad* to the list, but even there it would seem that we owe the wonderful conclusion to some poet who was discontented with the ending as he found it. The original *Iliad*, then, did not end perfectly, but was lucky enough to admit of being perfectly ended by a second Homer. If once more we descend lower we find the same thing. Of Thackeray's works even the flawless *Esmond* has a slightly

flawed conclusion. *Richard Feverel* not only does not pass the test; it is a definite failure, and a failure the more fretting because perverse and gratuitous. As for Dickens, he might seem to have given up in despair the attempt to end, and to have contented himself with simply stopping. In a word, almost all great books are like the famous funeral sermon of Massillon, in which the first sentence was so impressive and magnificent as to ruin the rest. With bad books the case is different. The beginning and middle being worthless, it is quite true that the end does not disappoint: and yet the books would usually be less bad without it.

Some writers, if not fully realizing this disconcerting fact, seem dimly to guess at it, and have begun to publish works with a finis, but without an ending. Of these the most notable is perhaps Bernard Shaw, few indeed of whose plays come to a full stop. Scores of novels of to-day might be mentioned which, like Shaw's plays, leave us asking the question, 'Well, what happened then?' The probability is that the author knows no more than we; but in any case he has been wise. For to provide a full, smooth, and rounded ending, foreseen or not, he feels to be beyond his powers. Much greater men have certainly failed. When poets, despising the inward monitor—the subconscious sense which warns them that if they have not said all, they have said enough—try to turn the part into the whole, the result is often, if not actually disastrous, at least harmful. They should ponder the wise words of one of the oldest of their confraternity: ῥήτιον, οὔτι ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἥμισυ παντός.

The last act of *Prometheus Unbound*, for example, though wonderful, is an afterthought not worthy of its predecessors; and Shelley would have done well to leave the first three alone. The best part of the *Idylls of the King* is *Morte d'Arthur*, which in its fragmentary isolation is far finer than it became when more or less loosely attached to a sort of epic: and even *Maud* is, in the sum total, less valuable than the dozen lines out of which it sprang.

There is, in truth, something great in mere fragmentariness, as there is something great in the ruinous. Raising, by its rough outlines, the suggestion that it *is* a fragment, a portion of a whole, it compels the mind to conceive that whole, but it sets no limits to the mind's activity, and the very vagueness of the possibilities of which it admits increases their range and intensifies the enchantment. Even a poor fragment is potentially fine: one is at full liberty to fancy that it might have put on splendour. Our imagination, untrammelled by the actual, can build as it will, and picture wonders that would never have been attained. Or, if it cannot picture them, it can at least form dim notions of them, as it can play more easily with clouds and skies than with solidity and defined masses. To take a commonplace example from the realm of literature, we can crowd the blank pages of *Edwin Drood* with all sorts of ideas that would have been forbidden to us had the 'mystery' been solved: we have the chartered freedom of dreams, and can roam at pleasure over limitless spaces, like Ariel when manumitted by Prospero. I, for my part, prefer this broken but suggestive story to the completed but fancy-fettering *David Copperfield*: and that I am not alone in feeling thus is proved by the endless series of conjectures as to the projected *dénouement* of the tale. And so with a score of other works, of every kind. The *Giaour* is to me the best of Byron's romances: the vacant regions can be filled with more daring denizens than Lara or Mazeppa. I like to shut my eyes and read Macaulay's *History of Queen Anne*, and I often, while walking, compose a delightful chapter of *Weir of Hermiston*—one none the less delightful because it is my own; while I sometimes regret that Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has prevented me from doing the same with *St. Ives*, and that Besant has finished *Blind Love*; skilfully no doubt, but in one way, whereas I have a dozen ways. No one, fortunately, has tried to finish *Denis Duval*; and I am therefore able to finish it as I please, and to-morrow as to-morrow pleases. No words in Latin

poetry stir me more than the '*cetera desunt*' which editors have added to certain lyrics or elegies. The finest figure of speech is the aposiopesis—because it is not speech at all, but the cessation of speech. What we read we know, and think little of: what is not there has the magnificence ascribed by Tacitus to the unknown.

Examples, if not as gross as earth, yet as light as air, exhort us. Who would wish to *see* the conclusion of *Kubla Khan*? One main part of the beauty of that most ethereal of poems lies in the fact that it stops in the middle. We ought all to be grateful to the stranger from Porlock who interrupted Coleridge as he was writing it down; for the rest, whether as good as what we have or not, would certainly fall short of that ideal ending which we have constructed for it in our minds. With *Christabel* the case is similar. Coleridge said he had the whole conclusion ready to be written. A wise instinct, or a providential indolence, saved him from writing it and us from reading it; nay, it would have been better still if the poem, short as it now is, had been shortened still more, for the second canto is not worthy of the first. Sometimes Providence has acted in a different manner, but with equally beneficent results. It has, for instance, destroyed whole decades of Livy, and what Quintilian thought the best work of Ovid; as well as that tragedy of Varius which was supposed to outrival Aeschylus himself. We owe it thanks. The impostor who pretended to have discovered Livy's lost books little knew what he was doing. Were they to be really unearthed in some Herculaneum, it would but mean a huge disillusionment, like that which so often comes over the hero-worshipper when he sees too much of his hero. Macaulay said he would give a quarter's salary to recover those vanished decades. That was because they *were* vanished; had he seen them, he would have wished them lost again, for the stock of Livy would have gone down irretrievably. And, so long as Ovid's *Medea* and Varius' *Thyestes* remain unknown, we may think them as great as we

like: were we to see them, we should be forced to think them as little as they are. We can observe this truth exemplified every day when some over-zealous editor disinters an unknown poem of Shelley or a forgotten verse of Keats. Every such editor does a disservice to his hero. I am not sure that of all Greek writers I do not love Sappho most: but I wish to see no more of her poems; the few we know have built up an ideal Sappho which it were sacrilege to touch. As well restore the Venus of Milo as try to mend the Sappho of our dreams. No: the greatest poems, the greatest essays, are those we read without seeing them or hear without catching the sound of them: precisely as the greatest men are often those who, by the love of the gods, died with promise unfulfilled, and left us to dream of what might have been, which is always so much more wonderful than what actually was. Had Lucan or Persius lived, we might have thought less of the *Pharsalia* or the *Satires*, which come to us now rather as prophecies than as actualities. 'Unhappy White!' cried Byron, 'the spoiler came while youth was in its spring.' Rather he should have called the lad 'happy'; for it is early death, and nothing else, that has given Kirke White his fame—'vitam mortalem mors immortalis ademit.' Chatterton, marvellous boy as he was, is yet more marvellous because he never became a man; and Oliver Madox Brown, Rupert Brooke, Charles Sorley, James Elroy Flecker, owe much of their renown to eloquent, just, and mighty Death. Few are the Admirable Crichtons who would have remained admirable if they had reached middle age. Gladstone and Tennyson were great though octogenarians; but both alike believed that Arthur Hallam, had he lived, would have been greater than they. They were mistaken. '*Felix opportunitate mortis*,' he died before the prose of fact had compelled them to revise their fancies. What he might have been was far greater than what he ever could have become.

To me the wisest of despots seems to have been Deioces, the Median king who shut himself up behind sevenfold walls,

received no petitioners in person, and allowed no one to look upon his face. Thus concealed, he was hedged by divinity: so long as he hid his features, his subjects might think him a god; but had he appeared openly among them they would have perceived that he was man like themselves. This story, true or false as history, is true as allegory. A rumour left vague is all-powerful: the cold light of detail kills it. Uncertainty is ever more portentous than knowledge, and the untold ever more beautiful than the told. Those who wish to terrify should not describe the terrible, and those who wish to charm should merely hint the spell.

Poets are supposed to know this truth. Lessing praises Homer for never painting the beauty of Helen, and Marlowe only tells us that it launched a thousand ships. Coleridge leaves us to guess what was the horror that girded the Lady Geraldine. But, knowing thus the force of mere suggestion, they should act more boldly on their knowledge, and call the imagination of their readers more often into partnership. After all, *we* are not destitute of the shaping power, and we resent being shown what we can see for ourselves. Many a play has been ruined by being acted, and many a lyric by its too explanatory last stanza.

Thus when, by what is foolishly called the malignity of fate, but is really the kindness of fortune—by death or by chance—poets have been compelled to leave a fragment instead of a whole, the effect has almost always been, like Milton's 'vast abrupt,' more amazing than any declivity. The sudden squall that cut Shelley's *Triumph of Life* short on an unanswered question has always seemed to me to have done the poem a splendid service: it was a blast of Aeolian fame. He who should regret it is like the egregious Mason, who tagged off the unfinished poems of Gray. No book, even the *Faerie Queene*, is so full of sensuous beauty and dreamy languor as that *Legend of Constancie* of which only the stanzas on mutability remain. No poem is more lovely —not even *Hyperion* itself—than the unwritten cantos of

Hyperion; and they have lent some of their beauty to the cantos we have. There is a vague, mirage-like glamour about that poem, as of an untravelled world whose margin for ever fades; and we read the written words with its transforming influence upon us, fancying *them* greater even than they are. Keats might himself have been thinking thus when he wrote that 'heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter.' And as Keats's own fragmentary life was more glorious, in that unfulfilled renown which permits us to regret, to imagine, and to wonder, than it could ever have been had it reached to seventy years, so is *Hyperion* greater, like the *Requiem* of Mozart, than if it had been finished to the last line of the last book. No touch of art could have done so much for it as ceasing to touch it. 'Sulle eterne pagine cadde la stanca man'; but the pages would hardly have been eternal if the hand had not wearied.

Nor does it matter that this greatness may be illusory. We may know that the giant we see in the moony vapour of a misty morning is probably but a dwarf after all; but we care not. It is likely enough that our fancies are lending to the poet's dream a light that never was or would be on sea or land: it may well be that, like the 'deceitful brook' of the Hebrew poet, the vision would cheat our hopes. We are content to be thus cheated. The mystic glory may swim away, but it has given us our moments of delight. And, delusive or not, it is less delusive than 'reality.' Certain it is that nothing is less satisfying than satisfaction. The visionary Jerusalem, seen by the exiles in Babylon, was better than the city on heaps as beheld by the returned wanderers: and the Land of Promise flows with milk and honey—so long as it is but a land of promise. When Jordan is crossed, the hard actual forces itself upon the invaders. Completeness is too often the parent of disenchantment, and, leaving nothing to the imagination, is of necessity worse than incompleteness, as the peace for which the warriors strive is better than the peace their toils at length achieve. The

problem pleases more than the solution, and, in spite of the words of the dying Gaunt, music at the close pleases less than the discord unresolved.

This does not mean that an author in search of immortality should deliberately leave his work incomplete, or, knowing the poverty of his own imagination, should trust to the imagination of his readers to take the trouble off his shoulders. Nor does it mean that he should, without due consideration, hastily begin his task, not counting the cost, and leave it, like Beckford's Folly, to the mockery of the world, a monument of nothing but ineptitude. The gospel parable is right after all—the man who began to build and was not able to finish earns deserved ridicule. The comment a man should endeavour to arouse is ' What a splendid design,' rather than ' What a pitiful fiasco.' Still, to men of poor natural equipment, though of soaring ambition, the advantages of incompleteness may be recommended without much danger. They may learn *something* from the glorious fragments left behind by the truly great. An incomplete failure is better than a complete one. Half a chaos is better than the whole. An aspirant for fame should produce fragments like *Hyperion*—if he can—rather than finished performances like the *Omnipresence of the Deity*. Nay, I would go further. There are many works of which, as of Judas Iscariot, it is pretty safe to say that they would have been better if they had never been begun at all.

E. E. KELLETT.

A JANSENIST SAINT

BY discerning English people the French are noted for their sagacity and for their buoyancy of spirit, which enables them quickly to recover from the depths of misfortune and despair. But it is not so often realized that the Gallic nature is also capable of intense spiritual fervour. The visitor to Paris may, if he wishes, see this for himself. If he will enter some of the interesting churches of the city he will find in them a larger proportion of worshippers than in London, and in some of the services, especially the early morning Communion, there is a warmth of devotion which reminds one of an English revival meeting. The student of French literature can find the same characteristics; for that literature not only contains the works of Rabelais, with their satirical spirit of disrespect, and Flaubert's pessimistic bitterness, but the sacred eloquence of Bossuet, the spiritual penetration of Pascal, and the letters of St. Francis de Sales, full of human kindness. And among the examples of French saintliness none stand out more prominently than the solitaries of Port-Royal, the great Jansenist institution of the seventeenth century. Although few of these men entered the priesthood, it may be doubted whether any in modern times have shown more religious zeal or more single-minded devotion to the ideal they placed before them. From among these pious laymen let us take Antoine le Maître as he appears in the pages of Sainte Beuve.[1]

Antoine le Maître, eldest son of Isaac le Maître, councillor and financial adviser to the king, and grandson of Antoine Arnauld, the great director of Port-Royal, was born in 1608. His mother was a person of great capacity who seemed equal

[1] The biographical details which follow are taken from *Port-Royal*, by C. A. Sainte Beuve (Tomes I.–IV.) I have altered some of the expressions so as to make them more suitable for English readers, but I have tried faithfully to convey the author's meaning.

to any undertaking. She was both a fine business woman and at home among the arts. Antoine became famous when quite a young man. From the age of twenty-one he began to practise as an advocate in Paris and won universal applause. When he was twenty-eight his abilities obtained him the position of privy councillor and an annuity. He owed this to M. Séguier, who, on his reception as Chancellor, singled him out from all others by ordering him to make the three presentation orations. It is said that these speeches charmed the hearers the more because they were all different, although all dealt with the same theme. A little later the Chancellor offered him the post of advocate-general in the high court of Metz, but he declined it. Le Maître was the most celebrated advocate of his time, the accounts of him surpassing those of his grandfather Arnauld. On the days when he pleaded, the preachers of Paris knew they would have no congregations, so they suspended their services and went to listen. And the principal court was not large enough to contain the crowd of hearers.

M. le Maître, eager, vigorous, and diligent, seemed launched on the full tide of success. He was covered with applause and flattery, and, thanks to the marked favour of the Chancellor, it seemed as though he would reach the highest places in his profession. To turn from such a career would be—to use one of his own magnificent expressions—'as difficult as for a king to renounce his kingdom.' An admirer said to him one day, after hearing him speak, that such a glory was preferable to that of Cardinal Richelieu, because it seemed to all to be the just reward of merit, whereas that of the cardinal often brought hatred and envy. If it was ever true to say of vanity that 'its humour is to feed on the air it breathes in public,' none certainly inhaled this air more deeply than M. le Maître during his splendid public career. But at twenty-nine years of age there came a sudden change. 'The wind of God passed over him and all the cedars of Lebanon fell.'

It came about in this way. Mme d'Andilly, wife of the famous statesman and friend of Port-Royal, was attacked by a disease which proved fatal. Though she had been a virtuous woman during her life in the world, she had not given sufficient attention to religion. M. le Maître listened to the words of Saint-Cyran, her confessor, at the bedside of the sick woman, and, like those on the Day of Pentecost, he was 'pricked to the heart.' For a long time he meditated on them and applied them to himself with the eagerness of his naturally ardent nature. He easily divined that beneath the encouraging words of the man of God there lurked a fear for madame's salvation, though he tried to hide it lest he should cast her already troubled soul into entire despair. Le Maître, who had already studied the writings of the Church Fathers, pictured himself as in the place of the dying person, and he was seized with a great dread of the judgements of God. This was especially the case when the last moments came and he heard M. de Saint-Cyran repeat the prayer for the dying. He imagined the confusion in which he would find himself when those fateful words were pronounced over him. When Mme d'Andilly had breathed her last, le Maître could contain himself no longer. He went out into the grounds of the mansion and walked to and fro in the moonlight. In that moment, August 24, 1637, he determined to crucify all his earthly hopes, to leave the Bar, and throw himself at the feet of God under the direction of M. de Saint-Cyran.

When M. de Saint-Cyran heard of this resolution he was filled with joy, but at the same time he realized the seriousness of the affair and the persecution it would mean for himself. 'I can see,' he wrote, 'where God is leading me in making me responsible for your action, but never fear; I must follow even to prison and to death.' He thought only of the welfare of the new convert. He advised him not to be in a hurry, but to wait until the vacation, so that his action in leaving his profession might make less stir.

M. le Maître bowed to this advice and continued to plead for a month longer, though not with the same freedom as heretofore. There was in the court at that time a large, dusty crucifix. The orator had previously scarcely noticed it, but during his last speeches his eyes seldom left it, and he acknowledged that when he looked at it he felt a greater desire to weep than to plead.

His failing ardour and lack of oratorical liveliness were noticed; and, on one occasion when coming out from a trial, his rival, M. Talon, twitted him, telling him that he was getting sleepy in his speeches. M. le Maître was touched to the quick, and eight days after, when he spoke for the last time, he had more fire and vigour than ever before, eagerly stretching forward with tensed body and extended arm, and keeping his eyes fixed on M. Talon. It was as though he were showing on leaving the place that he was making a sacrifice to God of that eloquence which had charmed the whole of France. Like the great captains who fell on the battle-field, he was buried in the hour of his triumph.

From that day the Bar saw him no more. By arrangement with M. de Saint-Cryan and with his mother, who praised God with tears of joy (how few mothers would have had such feelings!), he went into retreat. At first he had thought of entering the Chartreuse, but health and other circumstances were against it, so Mme le Maître, who lived at Port-Royal de Paris, decided to build a lodge near the monastery to shelter her sons (for a brother of M. le Maître had followed his example). The lodge was quickly built, the damp walls being lined with planks to make it habitable, and they were able to enter it in January 1638.

Meanwhile the sessions at the Palais de Justice had recommenced. Where was M. le Maître? Various rumours went round. Then it was that, on the advice of M. de Saint-Cyran, he wrote the Chancellor explaining his action. This letter is so characteristic that we give it here in full.

MY LORD,—As God touched my heart several months ago and made me resolve to change my way of life I thought that I should be failing in the respect due to you and be guilty of ingratitude if, after having received from you such extraordinary marks of favour, I carried out this important resolution without giving you an account of my change of outlook. I am leaving, my Lord, not only my profession which you have made so advantageous for me, but also all I could hope or desire in this world, and I retire into solitude to repent and serve God for the remainder of my days after having employed ten years in serving man.

I do not, my Lord, consider myself bound to justify this action, because it is good in itself and necessary for such a sinner as I am; but I think it well, in view of all the rumours which will circulate about me, to reveal to you my inmost intentions by declaring that I absolutely renounce all ecclesiastical as well as civil offices; that I do not merely desire to chance my ambition, but to be without any; that I am still further from taking priest's orders than of resuming the life I have left; and that I should consider myself unworthy of the mercy of God if, after so much disloyalty to Him, I should imitate a rebel subject who, instead of conciliating his prince by a contrite submission, is presumptuous enough to wish to exalt himself by his help to the chief offices of the realm.

I am well aware, my Lord, that in the age in which we live it will be a very favourable judgement which will simply call me scrupulous, but I hope that this which appears foolishness with men will not be so with God, and that it will be a consolation to me on my death-bed to know I have followed the highest rules of the Church and the practice of so many centuries. If this purpose came into my mind because it has less illumination or more timidity than others I would prefer the ignorance and diffidence which has been the state of mind of the greatest Christians to a more daring knowledge which would be too dangerous for me. But however that may be, my Lord, I ask no other favour of God than that of living and dying in His service and to have no further intercourse, by speech or writing, with a world which thinks it has lost me.

And so I have given you, my Lord, a full and complete account of my sentiments. In view of the many and great obligations I am under to yourself, and the way you have honoured me by your great personal kindness, I am constrained to assure you that I am claiming no other fortune than that of the world which endures for ever, and I do not desire that your great affection for me may lead you to secure for me any of those dignities whose glory passes so quickly. But however much of a recluse, I shall always treasure the remembrance of your kindness and shall not be any less, in the solitude than in the world, your very humble and obedient servant,

ANTOINE LE MAÎTRE.

Considering these copiously flowing sentences and the

generous mind they reveal, we can understand why le Maître's oratory had such an attraction for the people of his day.

The separation was complete. Two years afterwards, when his father died, Antoine felt he could not go to the funeral, because he had made a vow of unbroken solitude. Neither would he be present when his mother took the veil a little while afterwards.

M. le Maître was a man of outstanding personality. He had a forceful, eager nature, and warm, spontaneous affections, and withal he had an aptitude for close study. He was very sincere in his judgements and had a flaming imagination. After his forensic eloquence had ceased to be heard he became very facile with his pen. And during the whole of the twenty years of his post-conversion life these varied gifts were used for nothing but the accomplishment of his many-sided repentance. There was something of St. Anthony in him and even more of St. Jerome. Like this struggler in the wilds, he sought nothing but self-mastery. If he did not literally roll in the hot sand he at least disciplined himself by digging the earth or cutting the corn or making hay in the mid-day heat, counting his beads as he sweat in the sunshine. He denied himself fire during the winter months, and at the close of his daily manual labour he plunged into the midst of hard studies such as Hebrew, which he set himself to master so as to understand the most obscure passages of Scripture. He explored all the works of the Fathers, translating them and popularizing them in little tracts and also writing erudite Lives of them: he gathered materials for the works of his uncle Arnauld, and then turned to defend the particular truth which was being attacked at the moment. With all this he had, even until the very end, extraordinary times of spiritual agitation, the remains of the old man, which with an ever-renewed force he ceaselessly endeavoured to uproot, sometimes going to the other extreme. For example, when the community

was dispersed in 1638, after the imprisonment of M. de Saint-Cyran, M. le Maître met some saintly women at Ferté-Milon, who desired to return to the solitude of Port-Royal. M. de Saint-Cyran heard of this, and knowing Antoine's eager nature, thought it best to forbid him to converse with even the saintliest members of the other sex, giving as his reason that, 'if it was in general recommended to speak sparingly and cautiously with women; to the solitaries the command must be "never."' Thereupon M. le Maître, obeying instantly, but extreme in his obedience, resolved, not only to abstain from speech with women, but to speak to no living person; a rule which M. de Saint-Cyran felt bound at once to annul as even more imprudent than his first action. So it was in everything. His ardent nature, even after his conversion, even under the shadow of the cloister, was continually in a kind of storm. It was a great trial when M. de Sacy, his younger brother, became priest and confessor, and himself, though so famous, had to come as a penitent under his direction. M. le Maître had already passed from the hands of M. de Saint-Cyran to M. Singlin, and afterwards to M. Mangeielan, and he had accepted the changes without murmuring. But M. de Sacy, his younger brother, with a nature so different from his own, as phlegmatic and cold and precise, so it seemed, as he was hot and exuberant! No: much as he respected his brother, he could not bring himself to accept him as his father-confessor. M. Singlin insisted, and, by the grace of God, Antoine's repugnance suddenly gave place to eagerness. He showed himself all submission, and, compiling from the works of St. Chrysostom a little treatise which he entitled 'The Portrait of a Christian Friendship,' he sent it to M. de Sacy with half a dozen characteristic lines of verse, most cordially assuring him that from henceforth he would submit whole-heartedly to him.

And this great penitent, who carried out the hardy asceticism of earlier ages, who after his conversion pitilessly

racked himself, who would have been one of the leaders of the monastic militia of an Athanasius, this super-devotee of the flaming heart who desired nothing so much as a cave to weep in, had, with all this, imaginative promptings of rare delicacy and sweetness. He loved to hear of the spiritual adventures of each solitary, and made it part of his devotions to listen to them as to a sacred romance. On the holy days and solemn festivals of Port-Royal des Champs he would declaim and exhort them during the night in such a way as to astonish and delight them all. One day he defended the nuns of Port-Royal before a village magistrate, who afterwards declared that he had never heard anything so fine. His eloquent lips had preserved their gift of golden words. But it was, above all, in the schools of Port-Royal, in the presence of the children, that he let himself go, and poured them out unstintingly with all the powers of his open, guileless nature. Du Fosse, in his *Mémories*, has given some details which are worth recalling. 'I remember,' he says, 'that, although I was only a little boy, he often took me to his room and gave me some very sound advice both as to my studies and my religion. He read to me and made me read several extracts from the poets and orators, pointing out their beauties both in meaning and expression. He also taught me the proper prounciation both of prose and verse, for he pronounced admirably himself, having a charming voice and all the other gifts of a great orator. He gave me several rules of good translation and showed me how mine could be improved.' What le Maître did for du Fosse he did also for the young Racine, who had come to school at Port-Royal. He soon discovered the gifts of the new pupil and wanted to make him a barrister, a relic of his predilections which makes one smile.

When the persecution of Port-Royal began, M. Loubardement was sent as commissioner to examine the inmates. This he did in a brutal manner which recalls the English Judge Jeffreys. But he met his match in M. le Maître, who

was still a master in his ancient calling. Le Maître gave him a Roland for his Oliver, rallying him and balking him at every word. Loubardement did not go directly from Paris to Port-Royal, for he wanted to take the community by surprise. He stayed the night three-quarters of a mile away, and very early the next morning—at least, very early for himself—he arrived, expecting to find the inhabitants in bed. Instead, he found them at their prayers. M. le Maître, hearing a banging at the door of his room, came to open it. 'He was clad,' said the report, 'in mourning, wearing a long, black garment buttoned in front from top to bottom.' Among other questions, the commissioner asked him whether he had visions. 'Then there was seen an illustration of the saying of St. Jerome that those who serve God and those who serve the world each consider the other fools.' It was a case of the eternal legal duel. M. le Maître coldly replied that he indeed had visions. When he opened one of the windows of his room (and he indicated it with a gesture), he saw the village of Vaumunier, and when he opened the other window he saw the village of Saint-Lambert: these were all the visions he had. This retort, written down word for word, was read in Paris, and made people laugh at the expense of the commissioner.

Such incidents may help the reader to get a mental picture of this chief of the solitaries. The same epoch saw other conversions 'blossoming like buds on a flowering tree.' Singlin, Lancelot, and de Serincourt were among the remarkable firstfruits of Port-Royal. But M. le Maître was indeed, as some one has said, 'the great penitent.' By his tireless energy, and by a quality of unexpectedness which he always retained under his life of discipline, he stood out among them all. If the solitaries had come out of their retreat and made an irruption into the life of their time, as the members of the Thebaid descended upon Alexandra, le Maître would have been at their head.

It may be asked why, with such high examples of saint-hood, Port-Royal failed to survive, and why its tenets have had so little direct influence on later religious life. The explanation given by Sainte Beuve is that it was too scholastic in outlook. Jansenism, he declares, was born with a shot at its feet, and that shot was St. Augustine. It wished to remain in communion with Rome, in spite of Rome's expressed opinion, and it could only support its position by supplementing St. Paul with St. Augustine. And the massive theology of the African bishop encumbered and impeded it so that it never really moved out beyond its first circle.

And here Sainte Beuve makes a comparison between Jansenism and Methodism, which is interesting as giving an opinion of the English movement unusually favourable for a French writer of that time. Methodism, he said, has been expansive. The Methodist preacher was a civilizer, moving the crowds, not only in England, but in the wide spaces of the New World; but this was because he went forth with his Bible in his hand and needed nothing else to inspire him. Again, the Jesuit missionary went out with nothing but his breviary. He left the business of establishing dogma and of academic theological discussion to the Conclave at Rome. So he won his striking successes. Jansenism might also have survived if it had been expansive. When suppressed in France its devotees might have emigrated and started a new life beyond the seas. But there were too many bonds detaining them. Besides St. Paul, they had to carry the whole weight of St. Augustine. Their baggage was too heavy for them, especially with the addition of the forty volumes folio of Antoine Arnauld.[1]

Sainte Beuve's explanation reveals the point of view of the man of letters, perhaps subconsciously reacting against the rather stodgy theology he had to read in preparing his

[1] *Port-Royal* (Huitiéme edition), Tome premier, pp. 204-5 (*note*).

Port-Royal. But his reasons are not wholly convincing. The works of St. Augustine might be called 'heavy,' yet they have still a widespread influence; and, again, the charge of heaviness does not hold in regard to the *Lettres Provinciales*, which are in many ways the most notable of the Port-Royal publications.

Some other explanation, then, must be sought for the failure of Jansenism. May we not say that the chief hindrance to its expansion was its extreme doctrine of Election? According to the *Augustinus*, the text-book of the system, God was separate from the universe, and man so corrupt that only a miracle, an irruption of divine grace, could rouse him to spiritual life. Man was wholly passive in the work of his salvation. Such a theory was a kind of theological fatalism, and froze at their source the springs of evangelistic zeal.

HENRY HOGARTH.

CALVIN AND CALVINISM

THIS is the fifth of the ten spacious volumes (Oxford University Press, 15*s*.) which gather up Dr. Warfield's learned contributions to Bible dictionaries and the *Princeton Theological Review*. Dr. Warfield holds that from Luther to our own day God has given His Church no greater man than Calvin. Servetus, he says, was 'condemned and executed by a tribunal of which Calvin was not a member, with which he possessed little influence, and which rejected his petition against the unnecessary cruelty of the penalty inflicted.' He describes his teaching on the knowledge of God, on God, on the Trinity and Creation, in four essays, followed by a paper on Calvinism, its fundamental principle, its relation to other systems, and especially to Lutheranism. The literary history of his *Institutes* is traced by a disciple who thinks that 'its calm, clear, positive exposition of the evangelical faith on the irrefragable authority of the Holy Scriptures gave stability to wavering minds, and confidence to sinking hearts, and placed upon the lips of all a brilliant apology, in the face of the calumnies of the enemies of the Reformation.'

SIR ROBERT STOUT

THE recent death of Sir Robert Stout removes a man whose remarkable career spans sixty-six years of the most active and most fruitful period of New Zealand's development. Indeed, to record fully his achievements from the time he first set foot on the southern islands would be to tell most of the vital history of that country. At some future time the story of his life will be adequately told. It is my purpose now only to sketch briefly the significant events of his career and to emphasize some of his outstanding personal qualities. I can do this because during the last eleven years of his life he was kind enough to give me a great deal of information about himself in the course of a delightful friendship and correspondence which grew out of a common literary interest rooted in both of us far back in boyhood.

Robert Stout was born at Lerwick in the Shetland Islands, September 28, 1844, the son of a well-to-do merchant. He sprang from those sturdy Norsemen who overran the northern islands of Scotland and amalgamated with the native stock. His inherited physical vigour was sufficient to carry him through enormous labours, which he continued without interruption until his death only a few months before the completion of his eighty-sixth year. In 1849–50 he received instruction from a Miss Liston in what he believed to be the first kindergarten school in Great Britain. After the usual elementary routine he entered the Paul's School in 1855, and started Latin, French, and mathematics. The hours in summer were from 7 to 8 a.m., 9 to noon, 1 to 4, and a private class from 7 to 8.30 p.m. In winter the work began at 8.30 a.m. At the end of his second year at Paul's, Robert passed the fourth-year examinations, and in 1858, as he took pleasure in recalling, he received his certificate of proficiency from John Kerr, LL.D., the famous Scottish Inspector of Schools. Also in 1858 he became a pupil-teacher at Paul's on a salary of

£10 a year, which was increased at the rate of £2 10*s.* annually for five years. During the period of his pupil-teachership he studied land and marine surveying to such purpose that one of his surveys, made when he was only sixteen and a half, was accepted by the highest court in Scotland. He also at the same time studied navigation, and taught many sailors who were sitting for mateships and masterships. Meanwhile he was not idle in other ways. At the age of twelve he began work in his father's office, which he continued, when free from school duties, until he left Lerwick.

Such was the background of Robert Stout when, early in September 1863, just as he was completing his nineteenth year, he left the Shetland Islands for London to embark for the South Seas. Sailings to such distant ports were not frequent in those days, and the young man was compelled to wait for many weeks. Eventually he secured passage on the *Lady Milton*, and, after a voyage of 128 days, reached New Zealand, April 3, 1864. About the middle of April he became second master of Shaw's Grammar School in Dunedin, and was soon adapting himself to primitive conditions. 'Mathematics were in my special charge,' he once said. 'I remember the weather was wet. As the footpaths were just being formed, Dunedin was like a quagmire. There was no metal or shingle. Many of the people were living in tents. What houses there were were small and wooden.' From 1865 to 1867 he served first as mathematical master, then as second master, of North Dunedin Primary School. The need of adequate preparation for a worthy career soon impressed him. In December 1867 he resigned his teaching position and became a student of law. For two years, 1871–3, he pursued the study of philosophy and economics in the recently created University of Otago, and was one of two students to receive a first class in both. On July 4, 1871, he became a barrister, and later head of the firm Stout, Mondy & Sim. It should be noted in passing that two members of this firm became Justices and a third declined a

Justiceship. His formal preparation being now completed, he was ready to enter upon his public career. His early triumphs were all associated with South Island. His first visit to Wellington was in 1874, and it was not until 1879 that he first visited Auckland.

In 1872 he became a member of the Otago Provincial Council, and, in 1878, Provincial Solicitor. In 1875, the year of the abolition of the Provinces, he was elected to the House of Representatives of the Central Parliament. In 1878 he became Attorney-General and Minister for Lands and Immigration in Sir George Grey's Ministry. During 1878 he was Judge of the Land Claims Court. From 1872 to 1878 he was a law lecturer at Otago University. He resigned his seat in Parliament in 1879 for business reasons. Re-entering Parliament in 1884, he was Prime Minister, Attorney-General, and Minister of Education until 1887. In 1886 he was created a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. After a six years' absence he again secured a seat in Parliament as member for Inangahua. During the session of 1893 he succeeded in bringing forward two of the causes which he had long advocated, control of the liquor traffic and woman suffrage. He ensured the passage of the first measure of local option to reach the New Zealand Statute Book, and helped to carry the Bill for the enfranchisement of women.

Sir Robert's return to Parliament in 1893 was influenced chiefly, perhaps, by his desire to be of service to his friend and companion in ideals, John Ballance, who became Premier in 1891. Upon the death of Ballance, Richard Seddon succeeded to the Premiership and began a career of political dominance made possible by the growing prosperity of New Zealand. The thorn in Seddon's flesh at this time was Sir Robert Stout, whose ability as a debater made the Premier exceedingly uncomfortable. Many have borne witness to the fact that one of the pleasures of life was to see Sir Robert in a good debate. He was able to lay about him with evident

enjoyment, without once losing his temper or his head. The course of events helped to solve Seddon's problem. Sir James Prendergast retired from the position of Chief Justice in 1899, and the Premier had the pleasure of eliminating his most powerful opponent and critic by elevating him to the Chief Justiceship. In 1921, Sir Robert, as member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council of Great Britain, attended the sessions of the council in London. In February 1926 he retired from the Supreme Court, and in August was made Legislative Councillor; that is, a member of the Upper Chamber or Senate of the New Zealand Parliament, an office which he retained until his death. In addition to these duties he was frequently called upon, during the absence from New Zealand of the Governor-General, to act as Administrator of the Government.

This enumeration of Sir Robert's official activities does not by any means represent the full range of his efforts in behalf of New Zealand and its people. For almost forty-five years he was a Fellow of the Senate of the University of New Zealand, in addition to fulfilling the duties of Chancellor during the last quarter-century of that period. In these relationships he performed a service for education in New Zealand which no sketch can do more than suggest. He founded Victoria University College at Wellington in the latter 1890's, and lived to take part in the celebrations of 1924. He laboured in behalf of prison reform. He was a zealous champion of religious freedom, and strongly opposed the establishment in New Zealand of a State religion. 'History tells us that when there has been a State religion there has ever been tyranny and persecution, which have waned in accordance with the stage civilization has reached,' he declared in 1914. 'In theory it is indefensible for a free State to give privilege or concessions to one section of its citizens, even if that section is numerically the greater, and in practice there will be grave difficulties if any change is made, and persecution of one kind inevitably follows. It would be a grave charge also

to make against enlightened Christianity that it cannot exist unless it persecutes, or utilizes the power of the State to work injustice.' His own religion was simple, and at the heart of it was a belief in self-sacrifice. 'What is meant,' he asks, 'by the spirit of religion? It is not the mere repetition of a creed; it is leading the moral and the civilized life, and so acting that, if all others were to do likewise, vice, crime, and misery would be unknown to our land.' Hence his unwearied efforts in behalf of his fellow men. He went about spending himself for the uplift and enlightenment of society. It is estimated that his legal opinions, speeches, addresses, articles, and reviews would, if published in book form, fill about twenty octavo volumes. Much of this material grew, of course, out of his official duties, but there remains a vast amount done simply out of his desire to aid in the development of a pioneer people.

He was always trying to keep abreast of the latest movements in human thought and human institutions, and his enterprise was reflected in his public and private work. I have before me a copy of his *Notes on the Progress of New Zealand*, 1864–84, published in 1886 during the period of his Premiership. It is a surprisingly clear and adequate document, from which legislators and administrators even today may derive benefit. The statistical diagrams and tables are unusually complete, and should be examined by students and faculties of our modern schools of business administration as an exhibit of what can be accomplished without formal institutional instruction.

I am inclined to think that, when Sir Robert's private correspondence is published, we shall get at the source of a good deal of modern history. He himself published in the *New Nation*, Wellington, December 27, 1924, a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, which is worthy of a place here as a sample of what I mean. 'This is to suggest to you, not at first hand, that you should try to induce New Zealand capitalists to buy out the German firm here,' wrote Stevenson from

Vailima, Samoa, May 19, 1894. 'I have had very broad hints of late; and have, indeed, been asked to interfere in confidence. The firm would be glad to sell out; £500,000 was mentioned as a price, but my authority was plainly inclined to accept less, and much less, and plainly threw out the figure as a bluff. The interests of New Zealand, on the other hand, appear very directly concerned, politically and probably financially, in negotiating the purchase. With that purchase, it is likely all objection to the New Zealand protectorate would cease, and, along with that, all the troubles—or most of them—of my adopted country.' Unfortunately, the negotiations came to nothing. 'Alas!' wrote Sir Robert, 'our kin in Great Britain did not understand the Pacific question, and Germany had apparently to be appeased.'

His public activities were the outward signs of a rich and vital nature. He worked not because he enjoyed a round of treadmill duties, but because he loved creative activity. If any man could say with Browning's Saul,

> How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
> All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!

that man was Sir Robert Stout. And because he lived and worked in such a spirit he had the desire, and he took the time, to cultivate close personal relationships. His human affections were strong. My own contact with him resulted, as I have said, from our common interest in an American author with whose works we both became familiar in early boyhood.

In 1919, when I began the preparation of a biography of Donald G. Mitchell, better known, perhaps, to most readers as Ik Marvel, the author of those two American classics, *Reveries of a Bachelor* and *Dream Life*, I found, among Mr. Mitchell's correspondence, several letters from Sir Robert Stout. This discovery led to our correspondence and acquaintance. I learned that in 1858 young Robert Stout,

dux of his class at Paul's School, was awarded a prize copy of *Dream Life* for scholarship. The book took powerful hold of the fourteen-year-old lad. More than forty-five years later he related the circumstances in the columns of the Christchurch *Press*. In 1902, when he went to Napier on circuit duties, he took along a number of books for reading in spare hours, among them his favourite volumes by Mitchell. 'When I opened *Dream Life* in my Napier lodgings the time and the occasion when I first saw it came back to me with more than the vividness of an event of yesterday. I recalled even the kind of day it was, the light north-easterly breeze, the warm sunshine, the freshness and tone in the air that a northerly breeze in summer often brings in far northern latitudes.' Then he tells how he took his prize home and into the room where his mother lay ill, and how he saw 'the pleasure displayed in her face at her son's having received distinction.' He never ceased to treasure the thought of that prize volume, and read all of Mr. Mitchell's books as they appeared. Many copies of them he bought and distributed among his friends, especially among his young friends, in New Zealand. It was no common satisfaction to us both that he lived to write a long review of my *Life of Donald G. Mitchell* for the Christchurch *Press* in 1922, sixty-four years after that prize-giving in the Lerwick school.

Once we had got into communication, it seemed that Sir Robert was never too busy to remember me in some way. He often wrote even under the pressure of exacting labours. 'May I add,' he remarked, in closing a letter dated September 17, 1920, 'that I am now hard pressed with work, as, in addition to my work as Chief Justice, I am, in absence of the Governor-General, doing his duty as Administrator.' He sent me calendars, newspapers, magazines, photographs, copies of his official documents and addresses, and similar remembrances. He never ceased urging me to visit New Zealand. In 1920, when I was unwrapping the first of the striking photographs which he sent me, one of my daughters,

then eleven years old, was standing by my chair. When I held up the picture of the white-bearded, kindly-faced old statesman, she drew a long breath and exclaimed, 'Papa, is that God?' That story delighted the gallant old gentleman.

Early in 1921 he was looking forward to a journey around the world. 'I propose to go to England next month by the *Athenic*,' he informed me under date of February 21, 'and if all goes well I hope to be able to visit the United States in the fall of the year, perhaps September or October, on my way back to New Zealand. If I am able to do so I may visit Wooster and your college. I have been interested in the United States since my earliest years. I would like also to see the young lady who was so good as to speak so kindly of my picture.' Just as he had everything in readiness for leaving, his plans were almost frustrated. Four days before the sailing of the *Athenic* he was very seriously injured in a motor accident. A man of less strength, courage, and purpose would have given up all thought of a long journey under such circumstances. Sir Robert, on the contrary, had himself carried aboard ship, where for a fortnight he was confined to his bed. The old Viking was up and around, however, before the steamer reached England, and he succeeded in carrying through all his engagements there. He attended the sittings of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. He visited Oxford, Cambridge, and Edinburgh. At Oxford the D.C.L. was conferred upon him; at Edinburgh, the LL.D. For a month he was in Scotland, where he went to the Shetland Islands for the second visit in fifty-eight years. Much of the time he was in pain. Synovitis developed in his injured knee soon after he reached London, and for five days he kept his bed in Aberdeen. On the 4th of April, 1922, he wrote to explain his failure to visit me. 'I had to set out in the beginning of November for New Zealand. I thought it was too late to visit Canada and the States. I hope yet, though my age is great, to visit the States, and if I retire from

office next year I hope to be able to go to both the States and Canada.'

That visit was never to be. It was not until February 1926 that he found it possible to lay down his duties as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and in August thereafter he had to take up his work as Legislative Councillor. He was never really out of the harness, nor did his intellectual activity ever diminish. 'I am always reading American books,' he wrote me on December 22, 1928, 'and I hope to read a new book every week.' The September 1929 issue of the *Australasian Journal of Psychology and Philosophy* contains his admirable review of Richard Burdon Haldane's *Autobiography*. My last direct word from him was dated October 8, 1929, when he sent me a copy of his speech in the Legislative Council, September 5, 1929. It is a strong plea for the adoption of his motion 'That, in the opinion of the council, considering the waste of food and means and the physical and moral injury to the people caused by the consumption of alcoholic liquors, steps should be taken by the Government to discourage such consumption, and to pass such a law as will prevent the Public Trustee being a brewer or a vender of such liquors.' To the very end he fought for the reforms in which he so devoutly believed.

I like, above all, to think of him as an example of great and fruitful living. He was in himself a refutation of the theory that life is not worth living. To the last he was active, alert, inquiring, an optimist in the sense of his own definition of optimism. 'Optimists,' he once remarked, 'are people who think that good is always coming, and pessimists those who think that there is nothing but danger and trouble ahead.' The very presence of such a man was heartening.

I cannot do better in closing than to adapt the words of his friend J. Macmillan Brown, his successor in the Chancellorship of the University of New Zealand. 'If there is one phase of his life that rises most into prominence all through,' says Mr. Brown, 'it is his citizenship, his devotion to the

interests of the community.' He was, above all else, a great citizen, full of the ideals that should make a nation great, and eager to have them realized as soon as possible. He abounded in sympathy. He hated hypocrisy, and disloyalty to what is just and good, yet he was tolerant of men's foibles and pitiful toward the weaknesses of human nature. He was ever the Greatheart in the schoolroom, in the court, in the Parliament, and on the bench; but, most of all, he was the Greatheart of citizenship. To the country of his adoption he dedicated a long life of unstinted service. To New Zealand he has left an example worth more than silver or gold.

WALDO H. DUNN.

JOACHIM OF FLORA

THIS is the first English Life of Joachim (Methuen & Co., 6*s*.), one of the most fascinating figures of the Middle Ages, who ranks with Merlin and the Sibyl as an almost legendary personage. The Rev. Henry Bett has given us a living picture of the abbot and his contemporaries. He was a native of Calabria, born at Celico, near Cosenza, about 1130. He visited the East, and the death of some of his companions by the plague in Constantinople seems to have led to the religious crisis in his life. The authorities objected to his evangelistic activities because he was a layman, so he became a monk, was ordained, and in 1178 became abbot of his monastery. The laxity of discipline troubled him, and his criticisms aroused resentment in his own Order. He was already busy with his prophetical books, and founded the Abbey of St. John of Flora as head quarters of a severe reform of the Cistercian Order. He died on March 30, 1202, and was long honoured as a saint in Calabria. Expositions of prophecy were attributed to him which are manifestly spurious. His genuine works hinge on the thought of three dispensations: the age of law, ruled by the attributes of the Father—power, dread, faithfulness; the age of grace, ruled by the Son's attributes—humility, truth, wisdom; the age of love, ruled by the attributes of the Spirit—love, liberty, joy. The three ages represent a spiritual progress. His doctrine came to be known as the Eternal Gospel. Mr. Bett's chapter on 'the University of Paris and the Friars' is a vivid account of the angry quarrel which began between them in 1229 and raged for many years. The whole university was excommunicated, and, after issuing nearly fifty Bulls against it, the Pope secured the admission of the friars as professors, but the university insisted on their having the lowest place in all academic assemblies.

PETRA, THE WORLD'S WONDER CITY

DR. A. R. WALLACE, in his *Wonderful Century*, 1800-1900, traces the progress made in facilities for travel, the knowledge of light, telegraphy, photography, and the wonders of the spectrum analysis. But much has been accomplished since then. There has been the conquest of the ocean by submarine, and the acquaintance with the odd, luminous fishes of the ocean-depths; and the conquest of the air by aeroplane, and by telescope, with knowledge of Herschel's galaxies of stars, Jeans's nebulae of light, and Shapley's 18,000 universes. Since the war there has also been an unparalleled activity in archaeological excavation.

The *Geographical Journal* of November 1930 contained an interesting lecture on the recent excavations in Petra by Mr. George Horsfield. This expedition, financed by the Hon. Henry Mond, M.P., under the auspices of the Palestine Exploration Fund, began its excavations in 1929. It has thrown light on a much-neglected corner of the Holy Land, and revealed a geographical curiosity—Petra, the rock-hewn city.

The chief entrance into Petra is from the east, by the Siq, or Sik, a narrow defile of the Wadi Musa. In ancient times it was the only approach. The Romans paved it like the Appian Way. The path follows the tortuous windings of a clear, sparkling stream, presenting constantly varying vistas of striking rock-scenery, rent by clefts and fissures, dislocated by earthquake, and weather-worn by time. The walls of rock converge until only wide enough in places for two horsemen to ride abreast, and to permit a strip of the loveliest blue sky to be seen above. But the great charm of the cañon is the wonderful colour of its rocks, which gave its name to the country, 'Edom' (red). A deep, dull crimson is the prevailing hue, but the rocks are profusely variegated with ribbon-like veins of purple, blue, yellow, black, and

white. The cliffs vary in height from about 60 to 150 feet. The ravine is festooned above with wild ivy and other plants, while beautiful oleanders blossom around. Indisputably it is the glory of Edom and of Petra. Dean Stanley declares it the most magnificent gorge he has ever beheld (*Sinai and Palestine*, p. 89). Sir Charles Wilson adds his praise, describing it as 'one of the most beautiful and picturesque ravines in the world' (*Picturesque Palestine*, vol. iii., p. 215). Presently the gorge widens, and, lying in its natural fortress, is the wonder-city of rock-cut Petra. To see, as Mr. Horsfield did, a large caravan of Wahabi horsemen, with three hundred camels, pass through the ravine, *en route* for the Egyptian markets; or the still larger caravan of a thousand camels, *en route* for Lydda, must indeed have carried back the mind to the merchant-princes of the days of Solomon, or even of the earlier Ishmaelites.

About the close of the Eocene period, a fracture occurred in the strata of the Jordan Valley, and the weaker side sank, producing an abrupt dip (see the author's *In Lands of Holy Writ*, p. 207). This rift extends from the Lebanon to the Gulf of Aqaba (Akaba), the north-eastern arm of the Red Sea, through the Jordan Valley, the Dead Sea, and the Wadi-el-Araba. At its southern end, the eastern side of the rift, near Petra, attains the height of 5,000 feet, in Jebel Shera, the Mount Seir of the Bible. To the west of Petra, Mount Hor reaches 4,280 feet, crowned by the white-domed sepulchre of Aaron, hence its modern name of Jebel Harun. Here Aaron died and was buried (Num. xx. 25–8). The road of the Emperor Trajan ran farther east, and parallel to the great rift; and the two were united by the defile, Wadi Musa. In this defile, about half-way between the Dead Sea and the Red Sea, is Petra. The Septuagint identifies it with Sela (Heb. 'rock'), Petra being its Greek quivalent (*Encyclopaedia Britannica*, 9th edition, vol. xviii., p. 706). The Arabs still call Petra, Wadi Musa (Vale of Moses); and believe the stream here issued forth when Moses struck the rock.

For ages Petra has lain concealed and lost to history, and no wonder when we consider its position, and the depredatory and savage character of the surrounding tribes. If the traveller, for reasons of economy, refuses to engage Arab escorts, these would-be escorts may become his robbers, and he may arrive at his destination despoiled of all his possessions, like the two travellers who left Jerusalem and arrived at Jericho clad in *The Times* newspaper.

When Dr. R. W. Dale visited Petra, he was surprised to read the following recommendation, on examining the credentials of his guide: 'Ibrahim has the reputation of being the greatest villain in these parts, and I think he deserves it; but he will not let the other villains touch you.' There are still desperadoes around Petra; but there are gangsters in Chicago, and motor-bandits in our own metropolis.

When Jacob returned from Padan Aram to Canaan, and he and his brother Esau were reconciled, Jacob was left in possession of Canaan; while Esau began to drive out the original inhabitants, the Horites, from Mount Seir, who were troglodytes, or cave-dwellers. Their progenitor was Seir (rugged), whose name was perpetuated in Mount Seir. Thus Esau became the father of the Edomites (Gen. xxxvi. 8, 9). His territory extended from the south of the Dead Sea to the Gulf of Aqaba, over an area slightly larger than Cornwall. The Israelites passed by Edom, being refused a passage through, on their way from Egypt to Canaan (Deut. ii. 1–8; Judges xi. 17, 18). The rugged heights and frowning rocks protected Edom's pastures and fruit-growing glens. The caves of the Horites were enlarged, and their fronts ornamented for houses, tombs, and temples, and thus far-famed Petra had her humble beginning. Bozrah, now Buseireh, was the ancient capital of Edom, whilst Elath and Ezion-Geber, on the Red Sea, were the ports.

Uz was probably Tafila, in the land of the Horites, north of Petra. The raid of the Sabaeans on Job's cattle

(Job i. 14, 15) is exactly what might have taken place in Edom in any age.

Edom figures largely in Scripture history. Moses records eight kings of the race of Esau, before any king reigned in Israel (Gen. xxxvi. 31). These reigned as emirs, contemporaneously with dukes, or sheiks, of local tribes. The kings were not hereditary, but elected by the dukes, as the German emperors were by electors at the Königstuhl, or King's Seat, on the Rhine.

King Saul checked the raids of Edom upon Israel (1 Sam. xiv. 47). Joab, David's general, conquered Edom, and David refers to this (Ps. lx. 8)—'Upon Edom will I cast my shoe' ('have dominion'). Hadad, the Edomite, fled to Shishak, King of Egypt, as a refugee, returning later to plot against Solomon (1 Kings xi. 14–22). Edom united with Moab and Ammon against Jehoshaphat, King of Judah (2 Chron. xx.), and Ps. xlvii., xlviii., and lxxxiii. refer to the defeat of these confederates. Edom revolted from Judah in the days of King Jehoram, and was re-conquered by King Amaziah in the Valley of Salt, near the Dead Sea. He took Sela (Petra) and named it Joktheel. This is the first biblical notice of the remarkable city (2 Kings xiv. 7).

King Uzziah built Elath as a rival port to Ezion-Geber (2 Kings xiv. 22). It became the Roman Oetana, and is now Aqaba. In the reign of Ahaz we find Edom invading Judah and carrying off captives (2 Chron. xxviii. 16, 17).

So, throughout biblical history, the feud between the descendants of Esau and Jacob continued, like the feud between England and Ireland, until the Christ of Israel was arraigned before Herod of Edom, and 'answered him nothing' (Luke xxiii. 9.), and Antipas and Pilate became friends.

Isaiah draws the terrible picture of God as Conqueror, returning from the conquest of Israel's adversary, Edom, with garments stained with blood—'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?' (Isa. lxiii. 1).

And in another prophecy Isaiah transposes the Hebrew radical letters, and calls Edom 'Dumah' (silence). Thus he pictures the silence of desolation, crying to the seer on the watch-tower, 'Watchman, what of the night?' (Isa. xxi. 12).

Jeremiah scornfully asks, Where are Edom's wise men? 'Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, Is wisdom no more in Teman? Is counsel perished from the prudent?' (Jer. xlix. 7). Teman was in the south of Edom, and Eliphaz the Temanite was one of the counsellors of Job. The Edomites were a crafty race; they gave to history the Herods, one of whom, Antipas, Christ called, 'That fox.'

Ezekiel calls for judgement upon Edom for her vengeance against Israel (Ezek. xxv. 12–14). God says, 'I will make thee a desolation and an astonishment . . . I will lay thy cities waste . . . I will make thee perpetual desolations' (Ezek. xxxv. 8, 9). Burckhardt, the Swiss traveller, found in Edom about forty cities in ruins.

The prophets Joel (iii. 19) and Amos (i. 11) refer to the spitefulness of Edom against Judah. Obadiah (3, 4) dwells on Edom's boasted safety. The expedition finds that the walls were not built to withstand sieges, but only to keep off marauders. Edom felt safe 'in the clefts of the rock.' Yet, as Dr. Olin says, 'She is blighted with cheerless desolation and hopeless sterility.'

The Arabs are Midianites, descendants of Ishmael, son of Abraham; the Nabataeans (Nabatheans) are that tribe of Arabs which is descended from Nebaioth, the eldest son of Ishmael. After Jerusalem fell, in 587 B.C., the Edomites seized the country around Hebron, in the south of Judah; then the Nabataeans entered Edom, and founded the kingdom of Arabia Petraea. They built cities and became commercial, making Petra their capital (Thomson's *The Land and the Book*, vol. iii., p. 588). Diodorus, the Roman historian, says Petra was used as a storehouse for frankincense, myrrh, and silver in the trade-routes from Egypt to Damascus, Gaza, Palmyra, and the Persian Gulf. The

Pennsylvanian Expedition corroborates this, finding, at Nippur, Edomite correspondence with a commercial house at Babylon in the reign of Xerxes, 486 B.C. Petra was, then, a link between the old world of the East and the new world of the West.

Idumea is the Greek form of the Hebrew Edom, and was applied to Edom and the south of Judah, extending to the Philistine lands. In the days of Judas Maccabaeus the Idumeans embraced Judaism, and Idumea was linked to Judah. Josephus calls the country around Hebron, Upper Idumea. The new kingdom of Arabia Petraea attained its greatest expansion under the four kings named Aretas. They captured Damascus and annexed Syria. St. Paul mentions King Aretas in relating his escape from Damascus (2 Cor. xi. 32, 33). In 69 B.C., Pompey conquered Syria; and Arabia Petraea began to decline. Julius Caesar appointed the Idumean prince, Antipater, procurator of Judea; and to his son and successor, Herod the Great, Rome permitted the courtesy-title of King of Judea. A daughter of King Aretas married Antipas, a son of Herod the Great. When Antipas forsook her, Aretas declared war and defeated Antipas. The Jews regarded the victory as a judgement upon him for the beheadal of John the Baptist (Josephus, *Ant.* xviii. c. 5, 2.)

But Edom's doom was rapidly approaching. Palmyra attracted the Arabian trade from Petra, and the latter rapidly declined (*Ency. Brit.*, 14th edit., vol. xvii., p. 658). For a little time the Crusaders possessed Petra, until they were compelled to surrender it to the Saracens, about A.D. 1200 (Yakut). Then Edom vanished from history. The Edomites figure in the inscriptions of Rameses II, of Egypt, and Rameses III; and in the Assyrian chronicles of Sennacherib. King Nabonidus of Babylon warred against Edom, captured Teima (Teman) in the north, and lived there, leaving his son Belshazzar to govern Babylon.

An Arab, in 1807, described the ruins of Petra to Seetgen, the German traveller. In 1812, Burckhardt, travelling as a

Mohammedan pilgrim to holy shrines, explored Petra, and ascended Mount Hor, sacrificing a goat at Aaron's tomb. In 1870, Professor Palmer, for the Palestine Exploration Fund, undertook the first important exploration of Edom. Professor Hull and Captain Kitchener, in 1883, surveyed the Wadi-el-Araba; and the adjacent Neqb was surveyed by Captain Newcombe and Messrs. Woolley and Lawrence, just before the war. The German Expedition of Messrs. Brünnow and Dalman to Petra issued plans of over a thousand rock-cut buildings. In 1923, Mr. A. Forder published his *Petra, Peraea and Phoenicia*, describing the ravines and beauty of the bizarre city. The aeroplane survey of the land by Sir Alex. Kennedy was issued in 1924. And now the Mond Expedition of Mr. George Horsfield completes our knowledge.

On arriving at Petra, the space available was found strewn with ruins of temples, buildings, and tombs; flights of stairs being cut in the walls of rock. Houses were hewn out of the rocks, and their façades built up with masonry. Where once were rows of houses, there are now yawning holes, with remains of stairs, cisterns, stucco, and paintings. Remnants of walls and tower were found, and proof of an elaborate water-supply. Black Athenian pottery of the fourth century B.C. was discovered, with Rhodian wine-jars of 300 B.C., statuettes in terra-cotta, and stone pencils, probably for cuneiform writing. On a rock outside the north wall is a huge megalithic circle, belonging to the early, pre-Mosaic Edomites. A copper-smelting station was found at Sabra, south-west of Petra. (Egypt exploited Edom's copper-mines.) But most of the remains are of Graeco-Roman type, with a little native Nabataean added. Sir Charles Wilson found at El-Bared, to the north of Petra, a ceiling painted with festoons of vines and convolvuli, with cupids playing among the branches, reminding him of Pompeii (*Picturesque Palestine*, vol. iii., p. 215).

The amphitheatre is cut out of the rock. It possessed thirty-three tiers of seats, and accommodated 8,000 persons.

Mr. Horsfield closely examined the Temple of El-Khasneh, called the Treasury of Pharaoh, and agreed with Sir Charles Wilson that it was the crowning gem of rock-cut temples. The cliffs from which it is hewn are of reddish-brown, the façade of the Temple is deep rose; there were six pillars (one is now missing); and the pediment is cut to contain the large cylindrical column which is surmounted by an urn. It was a Temple of Isis, built in Graeco-Roman style, probably by Hadrian, who visited Petra in A.D. 131. The columns, capitals, and pediment are of excellent workmanship. In front of the cylindrical column is carved the figure of Isis.

The famous Black Stone of the Kaaba, at Mecca, to kiss which is the culminating rite of the pilgrim, is well known. These Black Stones symbolized the Sun-god, Dushara, worshipped by the Nabataeans. Mohammed reformed this cult. On the great High Place of Petra was found the Dushara Sanctuary, with the pedestal on which the Black Stone rested. The shrine was once adorned with gold and votive offerings, where the blood of victims was poured out. The natural situation of Petra, her remarkable rock-cut dwellings, and her terrible desolation, all confirm the records of Holy Writ.

T. W. FAWTHROP.

IN THE HEART OF SOUTH LONDON

THE Bishop of Southwark's account (Longmans & Co., 8*s.* 6*d.*) of the conditions of life in his diocese is a loud call to all who can help in caring for the boys and girls and the fathers and mothers who live in overcrowded tenements, where health and moral purity are sometimes almost impossible. Dr. Garbett helps one to realize what the struggle is, and, though clubs, hostels, public baths, and gardens are oases in the desert, there is sore and urgent need for relief. Housing is still the most difficult problem, though the last quarter of a century has seen remarkable progress in improving social conditions. Many instances are given of the mischief wrought by women moneylenders, who are greatly disliked and feared. Gambling has grown to an enormous extent since the war, but there is less drunkenness. The bishop's survey is based on the knowledge gained by himself and workers in Southwark, and is so impressive that it cannot fail to enlist fuller help and sympathy from all who have hearts of pity.

Notes and Discussions

AMERICAN INFLUENCE IN BULGARIA

It is impossible to be many days in Bulgaria without hearing of the American College or meeting some one who, in English, speaks with extraordinary gratitude and affection of the years spent at Samakov or Plovdiv or Robert's College at Constantinople. Bulgaria is a small country, and, although it existed as a kingdom in A.D. 800, it is also a young country, for it has had to arise anew from the fires of many past wars, servitudes, and sufferings. America early went to her help by sending missionaries to the Orthodox Christians, who were persecuted and killed by the Turks, and she is to-day having a considerable influence upon the resurrected nation which is making such magnificent efforts to turn itself into a modern and efficient State.

In 1860, an Englishwoman, Miss Marston, gave sufficient money to an American missionary, Cyrus Hamlin, to found a small school at Plovdiv (Philippopolis), and thus laid the foundation of future American work. Cyrus Hamlin was a man wise before his time, for, going into Turkey in the middle of the last century, he had sufficient insight to recognize that the primary need of the people was for instruction in cleanliness, better agricultural knowledge, and the making of better homes. He wanted to start an agricultural trade school, but his supporters in America insisted, instead, on a school in which ordinary book-learning, allied to Protestantism, should play the greater part. So Hamlin was compelled to start Robert's College at Constantinople and to renounce a valuable idea which lay dormant for seventy years.

After Robert's College, which has done excellent work, was well on its feet, Hamlin came to Plovdiv and began his new work. This school was stopped for a time, as it did not turn out as many Protestant pastors as the American Missionary Society required. Then, fortunately for Bulgaria, a broader point of view was adopted, another American college was started, and continued until 1902 as an ordinary school, in which there was a great effort to convert the students from Orthodox Christianity to Protestantism, and, for those who chose, there was an extra year of purely theological work. Since 1902 there has been no direct effort to proselytize.

During the earlier years a large number of the students came from peasant families and returned to their homes taking with them new ideas of cleanliness, social service, desire for education and efficiency, but the college did not especially demonstrate to its students methods for bettering their homes or the agricultural life on which those homes

depended. The students became merely more adaptable business men, more intelligent clerks, who were filled with an ambition to leave their villages and go to the cities. The college created a wholesome discontent with village life without showing the people the way to make the villages worth while.

The college increased in size and efficiency and was moved to Samakov, a village near the lovely Rila Mountains, and has recently moved again into modern buildings at Simeonovo, near Sofia. There it is being run as a very efficient residential high school; only pupils of considerable ability are accepted, and they are given first-class instruction as well as a chance to learn English. Few of the students now come from the peasant class, and the college is entirely out of touch with the agricultural life which occupies eight-five per cent. of the population. The American College is doing the same work as the gymnasia (the Bulgarian high schools), but does correlate learning with life and conduct; as a man who had been in the college forty years ago said, 'That college teach me how to live as well as read a book.' Unfortunately the college is not now doing the work which is primarily needed in Bulgaria, but is wasting many of its opportunities to help the Bulgarians to save Bulgaria.

Bulgaria, like Holland, Denmark, and other European countries, is turning out too many professional people, many of them merely seeking comfortable Government appointments, but far too few men who know how to make their agricultural country happy, contented, and successful. The Government recognizes that it has been going along the wrong road, and is soon shutting some of the gymnasia, which are to be turned into technical schools; further, no new medical students are to be allowed to enter Sofia University for ten years. Yet the American College, with all its efficiency and prestige, continues to produce scholars instead of practical people, each filled with a real missionary spirit of enthusiasm for cleanliness, the improvement of village life, and of agriculture—the three things for which Bulgaria has an urgent and fundamental need. The word American stands for so much—success, ease, superiority—that the American College, with its 450 students, could, if its courses were altered, send out graduates who would be invaluable to their country. The tendency to seek city life is bad enough in an industrial country, but in an agricultural land, like Bulgaria, it is a tragedy.

America has also produced the Bulgarian Protestants, and, although they are not very numerous, they have an excellent influence, for the Protestant pastor, unlike the Orthodox priest, teaches his people their duty in this world as well as the next, and so has, indirectly, helped the creation of a party in the Orthodox Church which is taking an increasing interest in social problems.

There are a number of young Bulgarians who are prohibitionists, vegetarians, and non-smokers. These ideas are due to two influences, the one coming from America with the missionaries, and the other from Russia in the writings of Tolstoy. There is too much drunkenness in the villages, especially in the winter, when the men have so

little to do. The cure for that is not merely prohibition talk, but practical efforts to make village life more interesting and to teach the men carpentry, plumbing, &c., so that they may improve their homes, which are so often inadequately furnished and badly arranged.

Although Cyrus Hamlin's original scheme came to nothing, his idea lived on and has been born again in two forms—the first, the Bulgarian Folk School of Pordim, founded in 1929 by an American and his Swiss wife, Dr. and Mrs. Haskell. Its principal aims are 'Better homes, better farms.' The second scheme is the 'Near East Foundation,' descended from the Near East Relief Association of 1919, whose aim is to carry modern agriculture, hygiene, health, and education into the rural districts of the Near East.

American influence has been valuable in Bulgaria during the last seventy years, but, with these two organizations, America is no longer skimming over the surface, no longer seeing Bulgarian problems from the outside, but is getting down to the root of the matter. Hence it can aid Bulgaria in becoming a successful country and incidentally help towards world peace, for in the Balkans there are two dangers: a discontented peasantry may easily become Bolshevik, or so increasingly bitter towards its neighbours, Yugo-Slavia and Greece, that it would support any movements which made for war. If war comes again to the Balkans it will be difficult, perhaps impossible, to keep it in that district.

The Folk School at Pordim is an ideal combination of theory and practice, suited to the real needs of this peasant country, and may prove to be an example which will be followed all over the East, that land where poverty, misery, sickness, and death walk boldly and unashamed, a land where men do not even try to hide their excesses or women their slavery. The pride of Pordim is not to be its size and the magnificence of its buildings, but the degree to which its teachings can transform the lives of simple people.

The idea of the school came indirectly from America. Mr. House and Dr. Haskell were doing missionary work at Salonika, and at the suggestion of Miss House, who was working at the Hampton Farm College for Negroes in Virginia, they started a much needed agricultural farm near Salonika. Later, after years of work in the Bulgarian American College, Dr. and Mrs. Haskell felt it was not serving the real needs of this struggling country, and decided to found a rural school. They wrote to the papers explaining their ideas, and, as a result, thirty-five districts offered them free land, thus showing the anxiety of the people to change and improve present conditions. The mayor of Pordim offered, by letter and in person, 150 acres of land for a farm and 7 acres for buildings, and his offer was accepted.

Peace in the world to-day depends primarily upon satisfactory economic conditions, not only of great States like America and England, but also of such small ones as Bulgaria and Mexico.

America has stretched out a hand to Bulgaria, and the Bulgarians turn to her and say, 'Mnogo Blagodaria.'

O. A. MERRITT-HAWKES.

REALITY AS A SYSTEM

THE concept of ' system ' is being used so freely at the present time in philosophical discussions that it is advisable to make some reference to it. The term is being used in physics, biology, psychology, and philosophy generally ; and though it is helpful and useful, I do not think it is the clue to all the mysteries. The universe can be regarded as a vast system compounded of innumerable contributory systems ; and the ultimate problem, from this point of view, is whether Reality itself is sufficiently explained as such by the mutual inter-relation of its parts, no other explanation being needed or possible. If we take first the conception of the universe as a system, we have to account for the extraordinary complexity of its component systems in their specific characters, and for the evolution in order of time of systems progressively higher in grade, until we reach self-conscious persons. Evidently an organism is far more complex, as a system, than a molecule of water. Henderson, in *The Order of Nature*, discusses this subject very fully ; and builds upon the investigations of Willard Gibbs into the theoretical possibilities of any independent system. The conditions are laid down under which the greatest possible number of diverse systems can co-exist ; and it is demonstrated that there is endless scope for the building up and persistence of highly complex systems, under relatively stable conditions. Thus there is no difficulty, theoretically, in allowing for the permanence and harmonious functioning of highly complex systems ; only you have got to account for your actual systems.

When we come to the history of such systems as we actually have in the universe, we find that the complex systems called organisms could never have arisen at all but for the unique properties of the material elements out of which they have been chiefly built. These uniquely constituted elements are presupposed in every history of organic life ; and this specific fitness cannot possibly be accidental. It is teleological, and cannot be mechanically determined. We have a teleological series of systems ; and here Henderson stops, and says we shall never get any further. If so, we have not got far enough ; for the crux is to account for the particular character of the component elementary systems, and the reason for the appearance and lines of advance of the complex systems built up out of them. The only final explanation is the purposive, creative activity of God.

There is a considerable difference between inorganic and organic systems. Mechanistic formulae apply to the former, but fall far short of doing justice to the latter. This is becoming more and more accepted by biologists and psychologists. Machines that are self-regulating to an almost incredible nicety, are self-repairing and self-reproducing, and, moreover, evolving into still more complex machines, are only misnamed machines. In organisms we have an advance to sentience and mentality, and, finally, to full self-consciousness, in which both memory and purposiveness are in control. Here the higher factors dominate the lower, and cannot be their product.

In order to explain the special features of organic life, various forms of vitalism have been advocated. The main factor here is taken to be an *élan vital*, a life-energy, which is blind, and yet is the cause of the emergence of life from the non-living, and its evolutionary progress. Thus, between the set of systems which is inorganic and the set which is organic we have sandwiched in an immaterial factor. This factor or principle being blind, it is impossible to understand how it should carry forward the teleological fitness of the environment to its due fruition, and work straight ahead to the production of self-conscious beings. It *seems* to know all about what is to be achieved, and to prepare the way for it from the very first.

I think that theism can give an intelligible account of systems, on the lines of transcendence and immanence. No finite system, whether organic or inorganic, is independent. To say that it is constituted a system purely by the interaction of its parts is to ignore the fact that there is nothing whatever in the parts to bring them into any system at all. There seems no reason why an electron should belong to any one atomic system rather than another, or to any higher system at all. But we have an explanation if the electrons and the systems of atoms of which they are components are created and maintained by God, with all their particular properties, with a definite end in view. The complete mechanization of the immaterial world implies the highest degree of divine transcendence. At this level, the world is a machine, and only a machine; but it is not really running itself; and there is active purpose behind it. In organisms we have systems in which there is more of divine immanence, and a corresponding finite transcendence over the inorganic, a true autonomy. In self-conscious persons finite transcendence is at its maximum. We may speak of a gradation of systems marked by an increase of divine immanence, which, looked at from the finite side, is an increase of creaturely transcendence. From this point of view, no system is *merely* a system. In all the systems, and in their interactions and their unity and progress, there is a divine purpose and activity at work. The systems which work most automatically are those in which the divine transcendence is most absolute; while plastic autonomous individuality belongs to systems in which finite transcendence is most advanced. At the same time the divine transcendence, even in the freest finite systems, is always maintained. There is freedom within certain law-abiding conditions. Or it may be put in this way—that finite transcendence can never override the conditions imposed by God; but it has plenty of liberty within those conditions; whence the possibilities both of good and evil. Where there is complete transcendence, as in purely material systems, the divine purpose suffers no let or hindrance; though, even here, we must remember that to create any sort of physical world is to confine the possibilities of finite being to a certain definite set of conditions. Where a measure of transcendence is granted to finite individuals, there is always the possibility of the finite forgetting its debt to the Giver; and there is no way of overcoming this tendency, and anulling its evil results, but the way of grace.

The vital principle in organisms is not a blind principle or tendency or force, but a mode of the divine activity, continuous with that by which inorganic systems are maintained, but of a higher grade. It is only apparently blind. The creative purpose is revealed in the gift of variations towards greater dominance of the environment. At the same time, the autonomy of the organism comes into play, and the progress is not equally attained in all organisms. The lower choice is often made, and results in degeneration; or the chance of progress is not seized, and the creature remains at a standstill.

In every system there is some specific character, and a unitary principle, which it is a matter of great difficulty to define; but it has to be accepted, even though it eludes definition. This unitary principle is denied outright by those who regard the idea of 'system' as all-sufficient. Turner, in *Personality and Reality*, speaks of the finite self as 'essentially a complex system.' He quotes Stout, who says that the term soul is 'virtually only another name for the total system of psychical dispositions and psychical processes.'[1] The self is 'a definite yet plastic whole held together by no mysterious transcendent bond, but simply in and through the inherent nature of its own parts,' and 'the fundamental nature of this system—the bond or agency which holds its elements together and so makes it into a system—springs from the intrinsic nature of those very elements themselves.'

But even for an organism this does not seem adequate. An organism is not merely constituted by its parts, but also determines those parts by its own forward outlook. Structure does not determine function, but function structure. A lizard-system, for instance, became a bird-system by wanting to fly, and trying to fly. There was an idea of a goal, not consciously in the creature, but in the creative thought active in the creature; and that was not a system, nor a part of a system, but a dominant purpose controlling and guiding the system.

Much more this must be true of personality. Personal experience, compounded of thoughts, feelings, volitions and the rest, is not constituted by its parts, but by a unitary purposive activity. Strictly speaking, there are no parts in personal experience. Thought, feeling, desire, effort, all interpenetrate; and at any given moment the whole self is active in some phase in which one or more elements are prominent. The goal is the important thing, and the value assigned to action towards that goal. This means a unitary principle dominating all experience and welding it indissolubly into one. We can never get rid of the centrality of the subject. In fact, I think Turner constantly uses language that implies a unitary activity not resulting from the elements of experience, but directing them towards a goal, especially as he sees in *love* the supreme motive of creative activity. Surely love is not a resultant of interacting parts of experience.

The need for accepting a unitary principle explanatory of systems is seen in several recent theories, such as those discussed by McDougall

[1] Turner, *Personality and Reality*, pp. 59, 60.

in *Modern Materialism*. Terms like 'synthetic function,' 'organization,' 'configuration,' 'confluence,' are used, 'to denote the peculiarities of synthetic wholes in both the physical and the mental realms.' Such a theory is that worked out by General Smuts in his work entitled *Holism and Evolution*. For this writer, 'wholes' are systems, whose parts in relation to one another are all there is; they are constituted as such by their own structure and resultant activities. The history of the universe is a history of emergent wholes. '"Wholes" are basic to the character of the universe, and Holism, as the operative factor in the evolution of wholes, is the ultimate principle of the universe.'[1] 'There is something organic and holistic in Nature which shapes her ends and directs her course.'[2] Of all wholes, personality is the highest, completest and most real.

Nevertheless, we are not allowed to see in this holistic principle the activity of a creative Mind. 'Holism itself, working through wholes and in the variations which creatively arise from them,'[3] suffices for all explanation. 'Its deepest tendencies are helpful to what is best in us, and our highest aspirations are but its inspirations.'[4] The conception of a whole-making principle 'inspiring' to love and sacrifice is to me most confusing. The inspiration of persons must come from a Person, if it is to mean anything intelligible. I think this theory leaves us with all actual wholes really unexplained. How can a mere whole-making tendency have a goal? What the theory gives us is a set of systems, with nothing at the outset but simple components, out of which endless systems might have been developed, quite different from those which we actually have.

McDougall's criticism is that General Smuts has taken a concept descriptive of a general trend in nature and given it the status of a creative Agent. The 'concept' Holism has been virtually deified. 'Holism begins as a descriptive word, becomes a concept, then a concept that is "at work" in all natural processes, and finally a teleological governing agent to which all order and evolution are due.'[5] I think this criticism would apply in principle to all attempts to explain Reality as a system and nothing more.

The most comprehensive study of the whole question of which I know is by Hobhouse, in his *Development and Purpose*. For him, Reality is a system founded on mutual necessity, whose elements condition one another. However, he regards *one* of the elements as superior to all the others: it is the Systematic Principle, which is self-existent, self-determining, and permanent, whatever the other elements may be. This Systematic Principle may be also described as 'a permanent spiritual activity moulding the elements by which it is conditioned to ends which are the complete expression of its own nature' (p. 479). Evidently we have here much more than a bare principle of synthesis; we have a spiritual activity with what looks

[1] Smuts, *Holism and Evolution*, p. 98.
[2] Ibid., p. 342. [3] Ibid., p. 342. [4] Ibid., p. 348.
[5] *Journal of Philosophical Studies*, 'The Confusion of the Concept,' October 1928.

like a will of its own, and a way of its own. There seem to be difficulties here. The mechanical elements of Reality are regarded as the antithesis of the teleological, in the sense of being alien to it. Why may not the mechanical be the *modus operandi* of the teleological? The real contradictions lie elsewhere. Again, the central Mind itself undergoes development; and, up to date, Humanity is its highest embodiment. The acknowledgement of a dominant spiritual principle in the System of Reality is something for which we may be grateful; but it seems to the writer that such an acknowledgement must bring us, if its true implications are worked out, not merely to Humanity, up to date, but to the eternal and ever-living God.

We conclude that the concept of 'system' is not adequate to explain fully the finite order of things; and this will influence our answer to the question whether Reality itself is a system. As to the finite systems we have been considering, however suited to combine with one another their components may be, we have to account for the actual configurations they assume, and, amongst other things, for the steady disintegration of systems that is going on, and for the degeneration that is seen in many systems. This is all intelligible if there is a Purpose which has to work with more or less intractable material, and yet is ever advancing to greater harmony, and overcoming the difficulties it has to encounter. But when we say purpose, we say Mind; and, whatever line of argument we take, we are always brought back in the end to the presence of Mind, as something more than one of the components of any system whatever, yet necessary in or for the system to make it a system at all. If, then, Reality as a whole is a system, we are bound to speak of Mind as an element of Reality, constituting it as a system, and also constituting the wholeness of each component system. I suppose such a theory would include theories of 'mind-stuff' or that Humanity is the deity which is emerging as the highest type of finite system. In this we have not escaped a kind of dualism; because we have to grant, as a basis for all development, at least the lowest components of systems, together with the mind-factor. Since we must have Mind, it seems no more than reasonable to accept a Creative Mind, whence we have both the purpose and the components of all systems. And a Creative Mind must be not only a power or principle or tendency, but a person; not only a Director of Systems, but a Father of Spirits.

Though we may not say that the individuality of finite systems is, so to speak, a cut-off bit of the Supreme Self, we must say that it is a unique mode of the divine activity which is something other than the parts into which finite systems may be resolved. When all is said, a material system is something like a machine; and it cannot constitute itself or run itself. A mind-system is something quite different. Its parts interpenetrate, and its individuality infects all its parts and manifestations. That individuality is something ultimate: it is not a system, rather it is the cause of systems. A society of souls may be a system, constituted by the mutual interplay of purpose and affection; but its reality is not in its being as a system, but in the reality of the

souls that co-operate in it. God Himself is not a system but a person; and, though His experience may be called a system (and the universe is included in it), His dominant purpose is the cause of the system of His own experience. If God as triune be called a personal system, then this is a unique system, the individuality of which is of a superior type to that of all finite systems, an individuality which can only be faintly suggested from the analogies of lower types of individuality.

THOMAS STEPHENSON.

FEDERATION OF SOUTH AND EAST AFRICAN STATES

WE venture to suggest that it is time to envisage the possibility of a Commonwealth of Peoples, under British dominion, from Cape Town to the Abyssinian border. The vision holds our imagination captive by its wonders and possible enrichment of African life, white and black alike. For we believe that not in opposition, but in co-operation is the best to be made of both white and black in South and East Africa. Both have their place in Africa's sun, and both have their contribution to make for the prosperity of the land. Equally both have their rights, which may not be disregarded with impunity, or Nemesis will dog the heels of the offenders, be they never so clever, and strong, and rich. History should serve as a philosopher and schoolmaster to the shapers of East and Central Africa's destiny.

The supreme question of Africa is that of land adjustment as between white and black; nothing compares to it in passion and real intensity. 'Land hunger' dominates with a vengeance, and we contend that it claims immediate and very wise decision. We have no doubt that South Africa will have to re-think her life in relation to the States impinging on her borders and beyond, before she can ascertain the right solution of her racial and land problems.

But the question of the land and the natives needs to be studied on a larger scale than has obtained heretofore, save by a few interested students of the problem. We need to use a map of half the continent. And what have we?

In Africa there are from 185,000,000 to 185,000,000 native people. Figures given vary, and probably an accurate statement is impossible. Perhaps the nearest would be 148,000,000. Of these, probably half are to be found south of the equator.

There are some 3,000,000 Europeans in Africa, and, say, 1,750,000 come below the equator, of whom 1,500,000 are within the Union of South Africa. And, although these figures are only approximate, yet they give food for thought. In the same area are to be found over 100,000,000 natives. The suggestion is that, first, no discussion of racial questions can be determined solely in the interests of the white man; and, secondly, perhaps the dominant question of the South, viz. the land problem, can only be settled satisfactorily by reference to, and in consultation with, similar problems in East and Central Africa, not forgetting the Rhodesias and South-West Africa.

I write in furtherance of this suggestion. Is not South Africa already looking beyond her borders? A prime minister would swallow up Basutoland, and has issued a wooing note to Rhodesia; but solely in the interests of white dominance in the land.

Dr. Loram spoke wisely some time ago in Cape Town. He described as 'wild schemes' the proposal of Rhodes to make 'the Zambesi the boundary-line between white and black,' and the more recent suggestion of *The Friend* to use 'the South-West as a purely native area.' We appreciate his clear-cut statement that, whilst we may have two races in South Africa, we cannot have two civilizations—one for the white and one for the black.

We go further, and solemnly affirm that it must be an altogether Christian civilization South Africa should know. We value, too, his plea that in the Union the native must be treated as a 'partner' and not as a pawn. But we venture to think that the problem of native race and land content is assuming more than a 'domestic' character. In other words, that this problem of the South cannot be finally resolved in the South. Dr. Edgar Brookes, in *The Political Future of South Africa*, asks the pertinent question: 'Is expansion northward to be our aim? Are we to make a great South Africa, reaching to the equator, our ideal?' Then he avers, 'It is, perhaps, the most important point that South Africa has to decide.' General Smuts suggested that we should delete the word 'South' from South Africa, and envisage the Union of South Africa in relation to a bigger African life.

We wonder what chance of success Dr. Loram's plea will have with the dominant political party of the day. Is Mrs. Millin (see her book, *The South Africans*) right when she says that 'the Kaffir has little hope of generous treatment in the midst of the white people in the South?' Read in the light of events since 1908–9—the period of the National Convention, from which native representatives were excluded, and yet their rights received a bitter blow by the conclusions of that convention—the Bantu, and they who care for their interests, will probably more or less confirm the statement of Sir Edward Northey (see preface to Major Silburn's *South Africa*) 'that the direct contact of the South African native with the so-called civilization of the whites has, up to date, proved a failure so far as it concerns the native himself.'

Politically, and in land tenure, this is only too true. We are convinced, equally with Dr. Loram and others, that complete territorial segregation is now beyond the region of practical politics. It is not possible nor advisable, and that in the interests primarily of the Bantu themselves. Equally is the parrot cry of the extreme native propagandist—'Africa for the Africans'—futile and farcical. Neither a Garvey nor a Kadalie will find hope that way.

But we are not yet convinced that a scheme of partial territorial segregation, carried out on an inter-State programme—in the determination of which the Imperial Government, the Government of the Union of South Africa, with Rhodesia, Nyasaland, Tanganyika,

Uganda, and Kenya, and native representation from all the States involved in the scheme, should take part—is impossible. The problem is one from Cape Town to the equator, and Kenya is in the throes of a struggle between white dominance and native resentment, and this new colony must be saved from the evils of political jobbery. The Kenya White Paper has provoked this resentment already. What will save it is a healthy public opinion and the wise over-control of the British Parliament, much as the extreme whites of the colony may vocally resent what they call 'Imperial interference.'

It has been an education to travel in and study the political, social, and land conditions of Kenya, Uganda, and Tanganyika, as the writer has been privileged to do for a part of two years in succession. It has been illuminating to look at our South African problems in the light of a wider knowledge and contact. One is not alone in this plea. Other students have been lured by this call to the wider vision of South Africa's needs. The Rhodesian writer, Mr. Adrian Cotton, has a pertinent article in *The International Review of Missions* on the 'Race Problem in South Africa,' and, whilst he recognizes 'that the administration of Africa's governments, the development of its resources, as well as the care of its peoples, must be for many decades organized by Europeans,' yet he would speak plainly. 'It is not too late for the South African colonist to pass a self-denying ordinance as to the extent of African land they will attempt to turn into a white man's country. . . . What I have advocated is segregation.'

It is only by an inter-State commission that such an ordinance can be passed that it may be equally binding on black as well as white. Probably the pursuance of this noble ideal—racial integrity—demands the sacrifice that such an ordinance implies.

Then, again, native history has not been untouched by what we call territorial disturbance and racial migration. Did not the Bantu come down into the South from Central Africa—and beyond? Did not tribes scatter from their ancestral zones at the breath of a Tshaka? What of the tribes that were welded into the Basuto nation? What of the Baralong tribe that migrated into Bechuanaland twenty-six years ago? What of the 'small tribe that left the Cape for the northern Transvaal more recently'? What of that fine body of men who went out from Edendale and settled in Driefontein beyond Ladysmith in Natal? So that that word 'deported' has a wrong implication when used in this connexion. It should be eliminated altogether. The native would not be slow to move from one area to another if rightly considered and equitably treated in the transaction. But any migration having for its object the sole benefit of the white would be fearfully and justly resented.

Students of this serious matter will find Major Silburn's *South Africa* a mine of useful suggestions. His recommendations are worthy of consideration. In many ways we would not go so far as he does on this wider basis of the problem. He would bring Portugal and Belgium into the scheme. We would confine it to British interests in South, South-West, Central, and East Africa; i.e. within our own

organizations as British possessions. He wants an Imperial Council equipped with extraordinary powers to deal with questions of inter-African (British) States, primarily to protect the subject races within those States. We would have an inter-State commission as already indicated in this article.

We agree with Bantu leaders, like the Rev. Z. R. Mahabane, D. T. Jabavu, and Sol Plaatje, that a round-table conference of white and black on the land question is urgently required, but we would plead for wider consideration and a more far-reaching adjustment. We believe the time has come for the appointment of a definite inter-State commission representing imperial and local State interests, and on which native interests would be represented by Bantu leaders of recognized ability and authorization.

No individual State can act as if it were an isolated unit. Africa is now an open continent. We travel from the Cape to the heart of the land with ease to-day. The South exists not for itself alone. Its policies and politics must and will influence native life round Victoria Nyanza. The Bantu are one race, and their tribes are being welded into a gigantic unity. They have their rights, even in the South, and they are marching to a destiny, please God, at once worthy and world-enriching. The white man is here, probably for good, and, whilst he knows that the native at present cannot do without the white, it is equally true that the white cannot do without the black. Does not wisdom, therefore, cry aloud, in every part of the land, that in just and willing co-operation lies the best welfare of the people, white and black?

We would give much to see this suggestion put into operation, for we believe that such a federation of States, from the Cape to the Abyssinian border, may during the next hundred years be enriched by its operation throughout the land.

There rings in our ears, as we conclude this article, the reassuring message of the Kenya White Paper that, for the Imperial Government, 'the interests of the African native must be paramount.'

ALLEN LEA.

A NEW STUDY OF INNOCENT III[1]

THIS is the first volume of *Great Mediaeval Churchmen*, a promising series, now in preparation, under the editorship of Dr. Elliott Binns, the author of the work here under review. The series is admirably conceived, and some half-dozen biographies have already been arranged for. The subjects have been aptly chosen, but a glance at the list will at once suggest other subjects which have not as yet been arranged for, but which will no doubt be included in due course. Conspicuous among these is that great pontiff, Nicholas I, who still lacks an English biographer. This is not the first life-story of Innocent III which the present writer has been called upon to

[1] *Innocent III.* By J. Elliott Binns, D.D., F.R.Hist.S. (Methuen. 6s.)

notice in the pages of this REVIEW, but it is undoubtedly the best. The competence of the author's learning and his care in research are manifest upon almost every page. Though he has not burdened his pages with a multitude of references, Dr. Binns has made a careful study of the original sources, and is well abreast of the secondary literature of his theme. He is, moreover, raconteur as well as scholar, and knows how to tell a story to the best advantage. Once he has fairly got into it, the reader will not find it easy to put this volume down until he has read on to the last page—it is as interesting as a romance.

In recording the story of a life so crowded with incident as that of Innocent III, two methods of treatment present themselves for adoption. The first is chronological, events and activities being recorded in the order of occurrence, the subject of the story being seen at any moment called in many directions, striving to attend to many things at the same time; political, ecclesiastical, and moral questions demanding settlement at practically the same moment. This method has the advantage of showing what the man's life was, and the overwhelmingly high pressure at which he worked. Its disadvantage is that it is apt to confuse the reader, a disadvantage avoided by adopting as an alternative the topical method of treatment, each chapter dealing with a single line of activity. This conduces to clearness, but it involves temporal overlapping, and leaves to the reader the not very recondite task of synchronizing the Pope's activities for himself—a very necessary exercise if he is to preserve a due sense of proportion, and to arrive at a fair estimate of results actually accomplished. The latter is the method which Dr. Binns has wisely, we think, adopted, with a warning to the reader that rightly to appraise the measure of Innocent's achievement it must ever be borne in mind that he was continually called upon to attend to many things at the same time.

In the closing years of the twelfth century, when Innocent ascended the chair of St. Peter, the state of Europe was such as offered a splendid opening for a really strong pontiff, resolved to make himself an exponent of the Hildebrandine ideal of the inherent supremacy of the spiritual over the temporal power as that of God over man. Disorder was rampant; the Empire, distracted by the strife of rival claimants to the crown, was in a state little short of anarchy; the crown of Sicily was on the head of a child, and the kingdom a very hotbed of intrigue; some of the fairest provinces of Italy were in the hands of fierce German adventurers; the northern provinces were at once the prey of domestic feuds and at war with one another. Heresy, too, was raising its head, and the matrimonial troubles of kings opened wide the door to papal intervention. The personality and policies of contemporary rulers created for Innocent a whole series of problems. Philip Augustus of France was a force to be reckoned with, the restless Richard of England was soon to be succeeded by his abandoned and shameless brother, John; the German Philip, was a thorn in the side of the Pope, and his rival, Otto, a tool which

pierced the hand that would have used it. The spirit in which Innocent set himself to grapple with the problems arising out of the personalities and politics of the time may be inferred from his consecration sermon, which happily is still extant. He describes himself as the servant whom the Lord has set over His house; he is the arbiter of kingdoms, and stands between God and man—below God, above man; he judges all, and is to be judged by none. No longer merely the vicar of St. Peter, he assumes a loftier title, which centuries before had been applied by Tertullian to the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity Himself; he is the vicar of Jesus Christ. His programme included the following points: the Pope must be master in Italy, and free from foreign interference; the whole of western Christendom must be subject to general papal control; the schism between Rome and Constantinople must be brought to an end—by the submission of the latter; the Holy Land and the Sepulchre must be torn from the Moslem grip; and heresy must be stamped out.

Within the compass of a brief notice it is manifestly impossible to consider in detail the extent to which Innocent succeeded in carrying out this extensive programme. It must suffice to refer the reader to Dr. Binns's volume, where, in successive chapters, he can study in detail the successes and failures of the great pontiff in the various fields of activity to which he applied himself. Dr. Binns has not attempted to discuss in full every *cause célèbre* in which Innocent intervened; he has preferred, in our opinion wisely, to single out typical cases for exhaustive treatment. This makes for clearness, and renders it more easy for the reader to come into contact with the man as he was than would a general discussion ranging over a wider field. The closing chapter, which discusses the characteristics and ideals of Innocent, is extremely good. It is at once sympathetic and impartial, appreciative, but by no means adulatory. Here we find ourselves in almost entire accord with the author, who justly points out that one of the blemishes upon Innocent's fair fame was his recourse to force, on an extensive scale, as an argument against heresy; his beatification of warfare against Christian peoples as a crusade; and his adoption of methods the logical outcome of which was the eventual establishment of that most odious engine of oppression, the miscalled Holy Office. Another shortcoming upon which we should have been inclined to animadvert in terms stronger than those used by Dr. Binns was Innocent's too ready recourse to interdict. Under circumstances widely different, Philip of France and John of England flouted the Pope; the latter replied by placing thousands of innocent persons under the ban of the Church, thus depriving them of the consolations of religion, a course of action which suggests that the real religious interests of Christendom occupied something less than the first place in the thoughts of her chief pastor. This ready recourse to interdict was, moreover, not merely wrong, but foolish also; for, as a modern Roman historian has pointed out, by depriving pious minds of the outward means of grace, it threw them back upon themselves; and thus raised the question whether, after all, the clergy

were really indispensable. As Dr. Binns points out, great pope as he was, Innocent made no very striking contribution to the theory of the Papacy itself, his real significance lying, rather, in his practical ability to remove difficulties in its application. In this connexion, something more, perhaps, might have been said of Innocent's partnership with Alexander III, as principal authors of a new papal system, and creators of decretal canon law by the number of their edicts, and the unity and coherence of their method, based on one fundamental idea, i.e. the Pope as the voice of God upon earth!

But what as to the mighty pontiff's actual success? To what estimate does Dr. Binns's learned and fascinating study lead us? Innocent appears as a great canonist and jurist, indefatigable in the exercise of his judicial functions; it is not too much to say that he established himself as the presiding magistrate of a tribunal before which the whole of Europe came to plead. Nay, more, he filled, with a majesty almost sublime, the rôle of universal ruler as well as universal judge, and made the chair on which he sat the political centre of gravity of Europe. Yet, smitten by the blows of fate, the edifice of his success rang hollow, and in the light of history its brilliant colours are fading at the best. The irony of history is strikingly exemplified when we view the majestic Innocent and the lowly Francis side by side—the splendid pontiff, and the poor friar destitute of everything save love. But Innocent, all dominating for a little while, has wended his way, while Francis is with us still, by far the grander figure of the two! The greatness of Innocent as a ruler of men is beyond dispute; but he was sovereign rather than saint, statesman rather than prophet of God. His ideals were lofty, and his spirit neither sordid nor self-seeking; yet, despite the outward splendour of his work, it lacked the essential elements of permanence, and has failed to meet the fiery testing which, sooner or later, every achievement of human greatness must undergo. Such are the impressions which we have gained from Dr. Binns's masterly study. He has chosen a great subject, and his treatment is worthy of it. We can hardly give his volume greater praise than that. A striking portrait is prefixed to the volume, for which acknowledgements are made to Mann's *Lives of the Popes*; it may be observed that this is the portrait chosen for inclusion in the complete series of papal portraits which forms an interesting feature of Dr. F. G. Beyer's *Book of the Popes*. Dr. Binns's volume, as already mentioned, is the first of a series, and if the old saying, '*Ab uno disce omnes*,' should be found, in practice, to apply thereto, *Great Mediaeval Churchmen* will be simply invaluable to all students of the Middle Ages.

W. Ernest Beet.

Recent Literature

THEOLOGY AND APOLOGETICS

The Vision of God: The Christian Doctrine of the Summum Bonum. By Kenneth E. Kirk, D.D. (Longmans & Co. 25*s*.)

The subject of the Bampton Lectures for 1928 is the vision of God as the end of life. Christian thought at its best has interpreted this as meaning that the highest prerogative of the Christian, in this life as well as hereafter, is the activity of *worship*. Dr. Kirk reviews the antecedents of the doctrine in Jewish and pagan thought. Plato saw the intimate union between the vision of God, the love of God, the imitation of God, and the spiritual well-being of our fellowmen. The lecture makes it clear that 'Christianity came into a world tantalized with the belief that some men at least had seen God, and had found in the vision the sum of human happiness; a world aching with the hope that the same vision was attainable by all.' The New Testament enriches the Old Testament doctrine by adding to it the revelation and person of Jesus as sources of rational knowledge of the character of God. Lecture III. traces the attempt to substitute moralism for religion by throwing the weight of emphasis upon codes of Christian behaviour. This leads to a study of monasticism which laid the stress on contemplative prayer. Rigorist discipline, the reform of penance, and monasticism are discussed, and the teaching of Augustine, Bernard of Clairvaux, Ignatius of Loyola, and Thomas Aquinas is considered in detail. Heiler described Augustine as 'the greatest *complexio oppositorum* of all religious geniuses.' His analysis of grace is the clue to all his thought and the measure of his service to the Church. Thomas Aquinas felt that God was the greatest of all goods, and 'the end to which all things move, that they may achieve the perfection which He alone can give them, and which consists in a certain likeness to Him.' This survey of Christian thought is profoundly important and deeply interesting. 'It was a sound instinct which led Christian theology to select the blessing promised to the pure in heart as the highest blessing offered by God to man.' The vision of God in the face of Jesus Christ brings the whole scheme of the Christian life into view. We plunge into the depths of the divine nature till we follow the lines laid down by the thought and speech of Jesus. The rules of a Christian life are those by which Jesus lived on earth, and their value is attested by increased purity of heart, renewed fervour for God's purposes, and more open love for man. The spirit of worship will lead along the *Via Crucis*, 'until, through a spiritual death gladly accepted, he attains, with

the saints of God, to the resurrection from the dead.' This is certainly a noble Bampton Lecture.

The Revelation of Deity. By J. E. Turner, M.A., Ph.D. (Allen & Unwin. 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Dr. Turner bases his present inquiry on results which he regards as already established, that Deity is a supremely real Being possessing personal attributes of the highest conceivable order. 'Perfect knowledge and perfect power, therefore, as inseparably one with perfect holiness and perfect love expressed in a creative purpose that is similarly perfect, of themselves constitute the eternal manifestation of Deity.' He is convinced that divine transcendence is a transcendence *in* human attributes, and not, in any absolutely exclusive sense, a transcendence *of* these. It is transcendence in their range and elevation, not necessarily of any essential characteristics. The physical universe, with its marvellous mechanical aspects, must be regarded as the sphere of the revelation of Deity under the form of divinely creative will. The whole material world becomes the instrument, as in a sense the plaything, of Deity. All its marvellous attributes appear as forms of actualization of the divine ideas or thoughts. There must, however, be a more complete and immediate revelation, which is most adequately described as ethical or moral. This is regarded as an unceasing dynamic process for realizing the divine purpose, and is a direct revelation of the divine holiness. Deity, as personal, incessantly sustains those ideals whose realization man feels to be imperatively demanded from himself, and we act, in certain things, on a small scale, as Deity acts on a universal scale. Man and Deity share a common selfhood with an essential continuity between them. Jesus is the supreme revelation of Deity. His personality 'forms the completest possible revelation equally of the divine power, the divine holiness, and the divine love.' The divine purpose is the creation of beings capable of becoming ever more akin to Deity Himself, and the Incarnation is the method by which the more intimate kinship is established and sustained. Man must react by making himself worthy, in every aspect of his life and being, of this divine kinship, and by humble loyalty and devout love to the person who has made the indispensable sacrifice. 'Only so can that ever-closer kinship with the divine nature, which it is the eternal purpose of Deity to effect, be acquired and sustained.' It is a noble conclusion to an impressive and inspiring discussion of the abiding relation between Deity and humanity.

Studies in Tertullian and Augustine. By Benjamin B. Warfield. (Oxford University Press. 15*s.*)

This is number four in the series of ten volumes which the professor's friends are publishing in his memory. He was the leading Calvinistic theologian of the English-speaking world, and the historical sketches and critical discussions here gathered together are of great interest.

Tertullian was a noted jurist, a student of literature and medicine, whose insatiable curiosity carried him into the depths of every form of learning. 'When he gave himself, in his mature manhood, to the service of Christianity, he brought in his hands all the spoils of antique culture, smelted into a molten mass by an almost incredible passion.' Augustine did much to heal the schisms which tore the African Church; regenerated the African clergy by his monastic training-school and the two great Gregory popes stood upon his shoulders. His voluminous writings acted as a revolutionary force both on the Church and the world. To no other doctor of the Church has anything like the same authority been accorded. This was due to the times in which he lived, to the richness and depth of his mind, the force of his individuality, and the special circumstances of his conversion. 'He gathered up into himself all that the old world had to offer, and, re-coining it, sent it forth again bearing the stamp of his profound character.' His doctrine of knowledge and authority, his *Confessions*, and the Pelagian controversy are handled with masterly skill and keen sympathy in these essays.

The Orthodox Church. By Michael Constantinides. (Williams & Norgate. 6*s.*)

The Dean of the Greek Cathedral Church in Bayswater prefaces this history by an account of the position held by the Bishop of Rome during the seven Oecumenical Councils. Any attempt to support that bishop's supremacy in the first of these councils fails, and, prior to it, facts do not support the Roman claims. At the second council the bishop has the precedence of honour as the Bishop of Old Rome, and this is more emphatically stated at Calcedon. The precedence of honour is also recognized as belonging to the Bishop of Constantinople, the New Rome. A clear account is given of the councils, and a compact history of the four patriarchates of the Orthodox Church, and the various Churches which have an independent administration yet are in full communion with one another. The sorrows of Russia are briefly recorded, from the election of Tikon as patriarch in 1917. In 1918 the Church was separated from the State and robbed of her property. Up to 1926, 8,100 priests, monks, nuns, and other ordained workers were killed. The Bolshevists sought to extirpate 'every religious feeling from the hearts of the Russian people,' but the heroic resistance 'does not augur an ultimate success in their wicked designs. Orthodoxy will emerge triumphant, even from this unsurpassed ordeal.' The volume will be of great service to all who wish for reliable information as to the Orthodox Church in all its branches.

The Psalms: A Suggested Revision of the Prayer Book Version, and Twelve Old Testament Canticles. Selected by John Neale Dalton, M.A., F.S.A., Canon of Windsor. (Cambridge University Press. 7*s.* 6*d.*)

This is in great measure a reprint from Canon Dalton's edition of the

Book of Common Prayer which was published in 1920. Each psalm bears at its head a few words describing its point or character; the divisions of the five books are clearly followed, and the acrostic or alphabetical form of certain psalms is indicated. This gives special interest to Psalm cxix. There is a table of proper psalms for certain days and special occasions. The translation has taken advantage of the earlier Coverdale, whose renderings of the rocky terseness of the original are sometimes surprisingly modern, and make their own appeal. The bold type and general get-up of the volume will be greatly appreciated. A choice of canticles is given for each week-day, the first in each of the six groups being more appropriate for use in Advent and Lent. The antiphon prefixed to each suggests the intention with which the canticle is recited, or the sum and point of its teaching. The translation gives fresh interest to many familiar passages.

The Beginnings of Christian Theology. By J. K. Mozley. (Cambridge University Press. 5*s*.) Canon Mozley broadcast these eight addresses on the Sundays of August and September 1930. They trace the main stream of Christian theology in the first three centuries, giving a clear idea of the formation of the New Testament canon, the work of the Apologists, the influence of the Gnostics, the school of Alexandria, which produced Clement and Origen, the Apostles' Creed and the struggle between Arius and Athanasius at the Council of Nicaea. It is no small advantage to have such a survey of the development of theology from an expert in this field. The book lights up the three centuries in a way that is both interesting and instructive, and will lay a solid foundation for further study in a really fascinating realm of Christian history.

I am of Apollos. By A. J. Walker, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 6*s*.) This study of the relation between the Synoptic Gospels has grown out of a paper on Canon Streeter's *Reconstruction of Q* which Mr. Walker read to the Malton Clerical Society. He thinks there may have been a Q^a devoted to narrative, and another, Q^d to our Lord's discourses. He has reached the conclusion that the preaching and sufferings of John the Baptist were (historically stated) the occasion of the ministry of Jesus, though he did not believe in Jesus as St. Paul did. 'Somewhere between the Baptist and St. Paul, stood for a time Apollos,' who would scarcely have called Jesus the Son of God, in a Pauline sense, before he met Aquila and Priscilla. Q^d, he argues, represents the sort of teaching which Apollos used in his earlier teaching. It is an interesting attempt to get back to the Gospel sources, and one that scholars will be eager to examine.—*Jewish Views of Jesus.* By Thomas Walker, D.D. (Allen & Unwin. 4*s*. 6*d*.) The object of this volume is to present an outline of views taken of Jesus by representative Jewish writers. The Earlier and Later Forms of Tradition are followed by descriptions of two works representing the opinions of Jewish Orthodoxy and Jewish Liberalism.

Portraits by Joseph Johns and Joseph Klausner are added. Dr. Walker sums up with reflections on the various estimates. We do not follow him in some of his views, but they are often suggestive. Jewish opinion on Jesus seems to us to be softening, and to have some hopeful features.—*The Stone Rejected*, by the Rev. W. A. Wordsworth (Farnham: Sandham, 6*d.*), is a strong plea for the integrity of the prophecy of Isaiah, with special notes on the 'Servant' passages, but we fail to follow the writer when he refers them to one who died in Babylon, a captive, exile, and leper, 'whom the prophet all through his ministry believed to be the Christ.' That is a weird interpretation.—*What is Christianity?* By L. B. Ashby. (Skeffington & Son. 2*s.* 6*d.*) These twenty Saturday sermons from the *Morning Post* were well worth publishing in book form. They are clear and readable; they deal with current misconceptions of religion in an effective way and are reasonable, persuasive, and, in our opinion, convincing.—*A Book about the English Bible.* By Joseph H. Penniman, Ph.D., LL.D. (H. Milford. 8*s.* 6*d.*) This volume comes from the University of Pennsylvania, where Dr. Penniman is Provost, and Professor of English Literature. His aim in these lectures was to give the sources, the literary background, and the interrelation of the various books of the Bible. The English Bible in manuscript, the English versions, and modern revisions are fully described, and a clear account of the Law, the Psalms, the Prophets, the Apocrypha, and the Gospels and Epistles is given. It is richly instructive and really interesting from first to last. It has proved its merit by reaching a second edition.

A New Harmony of the Gospels. By R. N. Crompton. (Author-Partner Press. 8*s.* 6*d.*) This harmony is based on a division of the gospel into a symbolical portion, much on the lines of the Marcan source of the Two Document Theory, composed of stories which receive much illumination from a metaphorical interpretation, and a didactic portion similar to Q, where the sayings are complimentary to the teaching of the symbolism. Each group or series of passages contains seven incidents or sayings, which are called stages. The Gospel of St. Luke is thus arranged, and suggestions are given as to the way this can be used so that the student may note the harmony between the Synoptic narratives, and form his own picture, not only of Jesus, but of the circumstances and conditions under which the Gospel grew. It may seem rather an artificial arrangement, but we have found it very suggestive.

The Dramatic Method in Religious Education. By W. C. Wood. (Abingdon Press. $8.) The Associate Professor of Bible and Religious Education in the College of the Pacific writes of the artistic portrayal of life as it really is. Bible characters and Bible stories play a large part in these educational dramatics, and this volume gives full directions as to costumes, stage, rehearsals, setting, and choice of subject. It is a book that will be of great service to those who engage in such work.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL

Men and Memories: Recollections of William Rothenstein, 1872–1900. (Faber & Faber. 21*s*.)

We know no book which opens the doors of the painters' world as do these recollections. They begin with the writer's boyhood in Bradford, where he was constantly playing with pencils or paints, and was bent on becoming an artist. At the age of sixteen he was studying in the Slade School in London, under Legros, but the daily copying of casts for a year became irksome, and when he was seventeen he entered Julian's school in Paris. The studios were packed with easels and tabourets, but Studd found his friend a corner in which he could work. The variety of the drawing and painting was highly stimulating after the monotony of the Slade, and Rothenstein made many friends. Painting out of doors proved most exhilarating, and he wondered how any one could feel the full beauty of a landscape till he tried to paint it. He was specially intent on the study of character, and filled many sketch-books with drawings of his friends. He mixed perilously among artists who were giving way to intemperance, and used to say that half his friends disapproved of him because he sat with wine-bibbers and the other half because he did not drink. Henry James often came to Paris, and delighted in young people, to whom he was charming. Whistler asked Rothenstein to dine in his enchanting apartment, and wanted always to know what he was doing and whom he had met. 'Keen-eyed Whistler!—fixing one with his monocle, quick, curious, now genial, now suspicious. One walked delicately, but in an enchanted garden, with him.' He never tired of disparaging England and all things English, and, though Rothenstein found these strictures sometimes amusing, at other times they were a little tiresome. But he was dazzled by Whistler's brilliant wit, and regarded him as a prince among men. There was something extraordinarily attractive about his whole person. Oscar Wilde's talk was enchanting. 'There was certainly something florid, almost vulgar, in his appearance; and his manners were emphasized. But he was not only a unique talker and story-teller—I have never heard any one else tell stories as he did—but he had an extraordinary illuminating intellect. His description of people, his appreciation of prose and verse, were a never-failing delight.' No moral collapse in this volume is so tragic as Wilde's. Rothenstein hoped for better things after he left Reading Jail, and tried to help him in Paris, but in vain. Rothenstein's portraits, of which there are many beautiful reproductions in this book, brought the painter into intimate contact with Oxford dons, London and European celebrities, who treated him with marked regard. He quotes freely from the letters of Henry James, Robert

Bridges, Rodin, and others. The younger painters have their place in the gallery. Max Beerbohm was an intimate friend, and so were Orpen and Augustus John, whose early drawings astonished Rothenstein. 'Here was some one likely to do great work; for not only were his drawings of heads and of the nude masterly; he poured out compositions with extraordinary ease; he had the copiousness which goes with genius, and he himself had the eager understanding, the imagination, and readiness for intellectual physical adventure, one associates with genius.' Thomas Hardy's resentment of the charge of pessimism, Ruskin's feeling towards his wife—'There was no pretence of affection, or of sympathy even, between Ruskin and her'—and many other glimpses into human life make this a book that one finds it hard to lay down. Mr. Rothenstein pays tribute to the graces of a noble aristocrat like Lady Bath. 'Surely a life dedicated to the perfection of personal conduct is a life well spent. The artist, an amateur in life, perfects what he makes; the aristocrat makes of life itself a fine art.'

Bolshevism at a Deadlock. By Karl Kautsky. Translated by B. Pritchard. (Allen & Unwin. 6*s*.)

The Moscow trial of eight engineers in November last drew attention to the abyss which yawns between the Soviet rulers and the majority of the engineers and other intellectuals in the State. 'It also showed the hatred and mistrust of the rulers towards the best brains of Russia, and laid bare the system of spying, the policy of allowing no independence, and of making it impossible for the brain-workers to enjoy their work and use their own initiative.' The trial has stirred up the working masses against the intellectuals, and deepened the anxiety and the sense of dependence felt by the intellectuals, and has thus rendered them unsuitable for any responsible posts in productive operations. Without them, however, Russian economy cannot be raised to a higher level, or even maintained at its present level. The Five Year Plan was based on allowing the people just enough to keep body and soul together, that there might be a surplus to provide new factories, power-stations, and machinery. The five years' purgatory was to lead to an economic paradise. Its failure is clearly shown. The collective farms have shown poor results. The new generation has been brought up on Communist phrases instead of suitable training. 'The attempt, by means of centralized bureaucratic and police intimidation, to evolve a socialist system of production superior to that of the capitalist system in a most backward people was, from the outset, doomed to bankruptcy.' That is approaching with sinister speed. It is a grim outlook, and Dr. Kautsky supports his conclusions by a strong array of facts. He is convinced that revolution is inevitable, though it is impossible to tell what form it will assume. Only democracy will permit peasants and workers to share common interests. As soon as the possibility of arbitrary confiscation ceases, the hidden hoards will come to light

and the wealthy refugees will return. The credit of the State will increase as soon as parliamentary legislation replaces the present autocratic power. The book is an important contribution to the study of Soviet misrule, and it loses nothing in the translation.

Bantry Bay. By P. Brendan Bradley, M.A. (Williams & Norgate. 10*s.* 6*d.*)

Four thrilling chapters of Irish history are described in this thesis. The first is General Hoche's expedition to Bantry Bay, the object of which was to stir up a National revolt. Wolfe Tone had applied to France for assistance in promoting an Irish insurrection, and Hoche bombarded him with questions as to the possibility of finding sufficient provisions after a successful landing; as to the side the priests would take, and the kind of opposition from the regular army and the militia. The military and naval situation is described, and the causes of the French failure are sketched. The moment was opportune for revolt, and 'England had not had such an escape since the time of the Armada, and in each case the elements had played no small part in bringing about the ruin of the expedition.' The Directory made active preparations for another invasion, but the Dutch fleet under De Winter, which had been drawn into the struggle, was destroyed by Admiral Duncan in the hard-fought battle of Camperdown. The third attempt led to the storming of Killola on the west coast of Ireland, but Humbert's force was isolated and cut off from the homeland, and had eventually to capitulate. Sir John Warren's victory at Lough Swilly, and the capture of Wolfe Tone, who had sailed in the French squadron, forms the subject of the fourth chapter. Tone was condemned to be hanged on November 12, 1798, but escaped the gallows by suicide. He was a thorough-going revolutionary, but Mr. Bradley thinks he was not in any sense a fanatic. The thesis opens up a dramatic set of scenes in Irish history.

The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber. By John Swain. (Noël Douglas. 16*s.*)

This is a grim title to a description of the more common tortures used by our ancestors. The half has not been told, but there is more than enough to fill a reader with horror and with wonder at the lengths to which human cruelty has carried men in the past. Mr. Swain says no country is free from the stigma of having practised torture, and few creeds can escape the accusation. Some account is given of tortures in vogue before the Christian era and of Christian martyrdoms. English law, in 1531, sanctioned boiling to death as a penalty for poisoners. A diabolical ingenuity used every variety of instrument that has been invented to inflict the utmost degradation and torture on both male and female slaves. Chapters on shame, compression, body-breaking, on the Inquisition, and collective and self-inflicted tortures make one's blood run cold, and the illustrations

are as grim as the text. We certainly cease to long for the good old times as we turn these pages.

Twixt Lombard Street and Cornhill is an illustrated souvenir prepared by members of the staff of Lloyds Bank to mark the opening of its head offices. It gives a spirited history of the new site and of the procession of merchants of divers races who have built, dwelt, and laboured on the same spot, and, 'by their continuity of business instincts, helped to make it and its neighbourhood the hub of the financial world.' We are carried back to the days of Ancient Briton and Saxon overlords; then we reach Norman and Plantagenet times, enter the Elizabethan era, become familiar with Carolean days, Hanoverian kings, the Victorian era, and at last reach the twentieth century. The record fastens happily on outstanding persons and events, and is brightly and vividly written; the coloured illustrations, the coloured borders, with their rich variety, and the dainty way in which the souvenir is dressed make this a treasure to be coveted and cherished.

William Charles Braithwaite, B.A., LL.B., D.Th. Memoir and Papers. By Anna L. L. B. Thomas and Elizabeth B. Emmott. (Longmans & Co. 5*s*.) This memoir of a Quaker barrister and banker will give many readers fresh insight into the life of the Friends in our own time. Braithwaite's mother was a 'recorded' minister of six years' standing, and had travelled extensively to attend 'meetings,' before she married at the age of twenty-eight. Her children's four grandparents could all trace their Quaker ancestry to the days of George Fox. Her love of nature and her husband's wide reading made a great impression on William, who took his B.A. at London University before he was nineteen, joined his father in his conveyancing practice in Lincoln's Inn, and then accepted a partnership in Gillett's Bank at Banbury. He was a scholar and a gifted speaker, as the papers given in this volume will show. He had a rare gift in his ability to reconcile opponents by making a synthesis of what was good in their respective cases, and was regarded as one of the widest-minded and biggest-hearted of the Quaker leaders. His own 'meeting' at Banbury summed up the burden of his ministry among them in two words—Jesus Christ.

A Spiritual Pilgrimage towards the Threshold of the Catholic Church. (Longmans & Co. 7*s*. 6*d*.) The pilgrimage is described in extracts from the unfinished private diary of a Protestant who felt the charm of Romanism, found rest and strength in prayer in its churches, and made a laborious study of the Fathers and historians to convince himself that his peace of soul must be found in crossing the threshold. The fact that he remained outside after all robs his investigations of their cogency. He describes the Dissenters' spirit as destructive of unity, and one that sets the soul adrift, splinters the mind, and makes for spiritual restlessness and confusion. That is far enough from

reality, and the whole spirit of the book is unconvincing. Protestants are not blind to the devotion and self-sacrifice of many Roman Catholic saints, but they have no intention and no desire to submit to the yoke of Rome.

From Camaldoli to Christ. By Stephen Ouseley. (Harrison Trust. 1*s.* 6*d.*, 2*s.* 6*d.*) The writer was born of Roman Catholic parents, and gives particulars of his school-days at a Convent of Mercy and under a priest who received a few boys into his house for training. At the age of eighteen he entered the Italian monastery at Camaldoli, about thirty miles from Florence. He describes the life of the convent and his own gradual conviction, due to reading an old Vulgate version of the Bible, that the whole system was unscriptural. Ill health led to his return to England, where he joined the Community of the Canons Regular at Bodmin and was finally allowed to retire. He has joined the Church of England, and his autobiography will open the eyes of its readers to the dangers of convent education and the evils of modern monasticism.

Albert Schweitzer: The Man and his Work. By John D. Regester. (Abingdon Press. $1.50.) This is a book of unusual interest. It gives a clear account of Schweitzer's home and school life, his training, and his work as assistant pastor in Strasburg. He was thirty when the needs of Africa led him to begin the study of medicine, and the story of his labours in Equatorial Africa is a romance and a thrilling one. The Missionary and the Musician form two delightful chapters, and those on the Theologian and the Philosopher are lucid and instructive. It is a book that will be eagerly read and greatly enjoyed.

The World of the New Testament. By T. R. Glover. (Cambridge University Press. 6*s.*) The aim of this book is to help the student of the New Testament to realize something of the world in which the Early Church found itself. 'It was a world of great ideals, of very great achievement in every phase of man's life,' social, political, national, and in all branches of science and art, of philosophy and literature. That old world had lost heart and hope; it despaired on the whole of reaching truth, though it still cherished its splendid past, its lost idealism. This was 'the world that the Early Church had to win, and the grandeur of its task and the greatness of its victory give us the measure of its powers.' Dr. Glover begins his survey with the Greek whose work was above all the discovery of the individual. His passion was for inquiry, for fact, and the true cause of things. Even God must explain Himself. Christ was the answer, and He won the Greek. Dr. Glover then turns to Alexander, and is driven to ask whether after all he was not the world's greatest man. He lifted the world into new habits of mind and brought in a new epoch. He gave science and civilization a new scope. Rome bound all varieties of race, language, temper, and civilization together by her political genius. The Greek adorned his city with statues and

edifices of beauty; the Roman constructed a system of sewers. The Greek travelled by the stars, the Roman by milestones, of which 400 have been discovered over the world. Rome produced the senator, the soldier, the great proconsul, and Cicero's life and letters 'make living a richer thing,' whilst Virgil was 'making the world into which the gospel comes; and with him Christ has to reckon.' Judaism unconsciously carried out the ideas of Alexander, and prepared the way for a yet larger unity of mankind. The gains and the drawbacks of the Roman Empire are clearly set forth, and the influence of Alexandria on the thought of the world, on Greek religion, on Judaism, and on the Christian world. The chapter on 'The Man of the Empire' describes his education, his domestic life, and emphasizes the moral regeneration wrought by the new faith. Paul's epistle to the Galatians gives a whole series of words representing virtues which the Stoics did not know—love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, faith. More than anything else the death of the martyr 'shook the candid spirit of that ancient world; and that in itself is evidence that we are dealing with a real race of men who are doing real things.' The fact that the Church 'came into being in a world with great features and great needs and a great inheritance, and that it conquered the world because it appealed to a great race on its highest levels,' invites to a fresh study of the power of the gospel. This volume will richly repay careful reading.

Green Leaves, by J. H. Stonehouse (Henry Sotheran, 1*s*.), continues its new chapters in the Life of Charles Dickens. No. 2 gives five scenes which tell the story of his boyhood and his love for Maria Beadnell. When he saw her as Mrs. Winter, 'fat, blowsy, verbose, and considerably addicted to wine and spirits,' the star of his whole life became in a moment 'putrid vapour.' This new chapter is revealing. The third centres round St. Mary Woolchurch Haw, which was destroyed in the Great Fire. Its parish is combined with that of St. Mary Woolnoth, which figures in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. Interesting extracts are given from its registers, and the link between Holcroft's *Memoirs* and the account which Dickens gives of his father is well brought out in a way that will appeal to all students of the novelist's life. No. 4 is devoted to the Hogarth Family. George Hogarth was an eminent musical critic, and Catherine, his eldest daughter, who married Dickens, had a soft, womanly repose and reserve. She had heavy-lidded, large blue eyes and a pleasant smile. Unhappily, she and her husband were quite unsuited to each other in character and temperament.

GENERAL

New Discoveries Relating to the Antiquity of Man. By Sir Arthur Keith. (Williams & Norgate. 21*s*.)

Sir Arthur Keith's *Antiquity of Man*, which appeared as a single volume in 1915, swelled to two volumes in 1925, and, in the last five years, numerous discoveries have thrown new light on the strange history of early man. It has been necessary, therefore, not only to bring the original work up to date, but to prepare this new volume, which describes the tour of the world in search of fossil man. The introduction gives the stages of this discovery from South Africa—to which we owe one of the most remarkable and most puzzling of fossil beings, Australopithecus—to Palestine, China, and then to Europe, where important discoveries have been made during the last five years, particularly relating to Neanderthal man. Sir Arthur takes us to the place where each of the skulls has been found, describes the discovery, and estimates its importance. The Taungs skull, discovered in 1924 in the limestone quarry at Buxton in South Africa, raises many critical issues which are discussed at length. Brain volume is our best guide to mental ability, and on this the Taungs skull throws much light. In all its essential characters it is a true anthropoid ape. It 'has given us, not a human ancestor, but an extinct cousin of the gorilla and chimpanzee. But it has also provided those who seek man's origin in the ancestry of the great anthropoids with strong support.' Mr. Leakey's work in Kenya Colony is doing for Africa what Sir Arthur Evans did for Europe. The bodies he has found in prehistoric graves are reminiscent of the early European type in their tall stature and big brains. He thinks that these people were more white than black, but Sir Arthur is of opinion that they were more black than white. The skull which Mr. Turville-Petre found in the Robbers' Cave in Galilee is that of a young adult. Sir Arthur thinks that it will prove to be that of a woman. There is evidence, at three places, of disease or injury on the frontal bone. The lesion had been healed long before death for the surface of the depression is covered by dense cicatrical bone. The Peking skull discovered on December 2, 1929, at a mining-village thirty-seven miles south-west of Peking, represents a very primitive and generalized type of humanity, combining characters of several known species of mankind. The skull is probably that of a young adult. The resemblance between it and the Java skull is clearly brought out. Europe still remains the head quarters for the search into man's early history. At Ehringsdorf, near Weimar, a skull was discovered in September 1925 which is the sole representative of the people who lived in Germany in the long interglacial or temperate period which preceded the onset of the last, or Würm, glaciation. Other discoveries

help us to trace Neanderthal man in Spain, Italy, and Russia. In England the pleistocene caves in the Mendips yielded fossil bones of people who lived in the south-west of this country just after the Ice Age. They were of small stature, and two of the three skulls discovered in Aveline's Hole were of the round type, the width being four-fifths of the length. The reindeer and other Arctic animals lingered on, and a large form of red deer was hunted. 'This was the earliest evidence of a brachycephalic people in England, whom we suppose to have lived about 8,000 or 10,000 years before our era.' The London skull was discovered in 1925, in digging the foundations for the new Lloyds' building, at a depth of 42 feet under several strata of undisturbed deposits. Its remarkable agreements with the Piltdown skull suggest a closely evolutionary connexion between them. The whole subject is one of extraordinary interest, and Sir Arthur Keith brings this out in a way that appeals to the ordinary reader as well as the scientist. The profuse illustration of the volume adds greatly to its value and to the understanding of the text.

The Platonic Tradition in Anglo-Saxon Philosophy. By John H. Muirhead. (Allen & Unwin. 16*s*.)

The influence of the Platonic revival that had taken place in Italy, in the early part of the century of Hobbes and Locke, made itself powerfully felt at Oxford, and gave rise at Cambridge to a movement which expressed Neo-Platonic ideas with a freedom, an energy, and a grace unequalled anywhere else at the time in Europe. The Cambridge Platonists, instead of leaving their Christian beliefs outside the sphere of their thought even temporarily, as Descartes sought to do, made their whole endeavour to find the ground for them within it. Cudworth was the first fully to realize what was required by a 'philosophy of religion confirmed and established by philosophical reasons in an age so philosophical.' He united the essential spirit of Christianity with that of Greek philosophy by interpreting the nature of God, and faith in Him, in terms of the idea of the Good. Norris saw that the Platonic doctrine of ideas or essences, so deeply interfused with Christian theology, deserved, and was capable of, a more independent and systematic statement than it had hitherto received, and had the courage to carry it through. If Norris was the 'English Malebranche,' Arthur Collier was the English Spinoza who rid Platonism of dualistic adhesions. Carlyle's service to the cause of idealistic philosophy forms an interesting prelude to the chapters on Hegel's Absolute Idealism, which sought to establish mind or spirit as the principle underlying human ideals. 'Hegelianism in Being' describes the Neo-Kantian school, whose leaders were Hutchison Stirling, T. H. Green, Edward Caird, and Bradley. Bradley's work was epoch-making in the history of Anglo-Saxon idealism, of which he may be regarded as the fourth founder. He broadened and deepened the foundations. Due recognition is given to Charles S. Peirce as a pathfinder in American

philosophy, and to Josiah Royce, who saw what was due to Hegel and what called for correction and restatement in his work. Royce's system lacked complete success, but no worker on idealistic lines 'can afford to neglect the service he did in clearing the ground and laying at least part of the foundation of the structure the vision of which was his lifelong inspiration.' Dr. Muirhead is convinced that the idealistic principles can be made to live, and, if they do not yield any final solution of the riddle of the universe, can show that we are working on the line of the great tradition of the Western world. This is an important addition to the *Library of Philosophy*, of which Dr. Muirhead is editor.

Some Problems in Ethics. By H. W. B. Joseph, M.A. (Oxford: Clarendon Press. 5*s*.)

This book contains lectures given at New College in the Lent term of 1930. They were an attempt to deal with the question of obligation, much discussed in Oxford. Our ethical theory must not be built on the principles of the scientific account of the world, or require their unquestioned acceptance. What, then, do freedom and duty, good and evil, right and wrong stand for, and how are they related? Conflicting opinions on these questions are next considered. What distinction should be drawn between a right act and a moral one. Every action that concerns ethics must include a motive. Objections to that position are then considered. Is there any character common to right acts which entitles them to be done. The consciousness of an all-embracing form of life must really lie at the base of our premeditated judgements about the rightness of particular acts. My good and the common good have to be considered, and 'all of us, so far as we had understanding and goodwill, ought to acquiesce in the goodness of this form of life that includes the lives of all, and to desire its realization, however much, to the vulgar judgement, this were to our hindrance.' It is a real course in ethics to read this lucid examination of the problem of right and duty.

O World Invisible. An Anthology of Religious Poetry. Compiled by Edward Thompson. (Ernest Benn. 6*s*.) This is a poet's anthology, and one full of rich and lovely verse. It is not poetry for a congregation or community, but poetry which lights up the spiritual life of past ages and braces faith for victory through its very consciousness of its own weakness. The selection opens with 'Cleanthes' Prayer,' translated by J. A. Symonds, and passes on to Spenser's 'Hymn of Heavenly Love' and the Rig Veda Creation Hymn. The Eighth Psalm appropriately follows, with Ken's Morning Hymn and Keble's Evening Hymn. Then we listen to familiar voices, and get drawn into fellowship with Donne and Matheson, St. Patrick, St. Augustine, Indian and Persian poets, with choice selections from George Herbert and F. W. H. Myers. Alice Meynell's 'Christ in the Universe,' Andrew Marvell's 'The

Coronet,' Henry Vaughan's 'They are all gone into the world of light!' are a few of the treasures in this choice anthology. Notes are added at the close, and printing and binding make the book a pleasure to read and handle.—*The Augustan Books of Poetry* (Ernest Benn, 6*d*.) form a little library of their own, and Herbert Edward Palmer has earned a place in it by much choice work. It is musical, and it is full of thought and feeling. He is the son of the Rev. Andrew Palmer, a Wesleyan minister, and has made his reputation as poet and writer. 'Ishmael' gets to the heart of the story in Genesis; 'The New Year Goddess' comes riding out of the night 'To the jingle of bells and the rap of drums.' 'The Shepherd' is a beautiful paraphrase and supplement to the Twenty-Third Psalm. 'Thought on a Surrey Down' centres round London:

> I would rear a new city of pleasance,
> But vain my desirings and tears!
> I am naught but a Sword in the Desert,
> A wind on the face of the years.

Lovers of poetry should not overlook this dainty little collection.—*The Gate of Life*, by Maud Workman (Epworth Press, 1*s*. 6*d*.), is a daughter's tribute to her father, who learned to love nature in the Cotswolds, where he was cradled, and delighted in birds and flowers. He served for years as a Methodist preacher, and is still lovingly remembered.

> With loving deeds he wove the golden hours,
> And, lo! in Paradise there spring the flowers.

There is a grace, a love of nature, and a devout note in these poems which will gain them a welcome in many homes.

The Stars in their Courses. By Sir James Jeans. (Cambridge University Press. 5*s*.) This is an expansion of the wireless talks on astronomy which Sir James Jeans gave recently, and no one could find a more enthralling handbook to the subject. It is concerned with space and light-waves, with problems of the origin of our planetary system and of the universe which take away our breath, but Sir James knows how to make the vast subject intelligible by such illustrations as that of Piccadilly Circus and other homely things that we can grasp and understand. Only a master of the subject could guide a student through the nebulae, and pilot us into the centre of the sun, lighting up the wonders of the sky. The wealth of illustrations and the star-maps, with Sir Robert Ball's descriptive notes rewritten and modernized, make this a guide to astronomy which is sure to be as popular as *The Universe Around Us* and *The Mysterious Universe*, which have acquired European and trans-Atlantic fame. The Eighth Psalm gains new meaning as one turns these wonderful pages.

Health and Social Evolution. By Sir George Newman. (Allen & Unwin. 4*s*. 6*d*.) This Halley Stewart Lecture shows how England

learned to control disease. It is by the English people that the compass and scope of human life have been enlarged and prolonged. The beginnings of our organized social life are found in the manor, the monastery, and the guild. The Black Death in 1349 was the first great warning as to the necessity of preventive medicine. Then, as in 1665, flight was the sovereign prescription, but quarantine and segregation followed. The work of Vesalius at Padua on human anatomy relaid the foundations of medicine on the truth of nature. John Caius of Norwich and William Harvey of Folkestone studied at Padua with far-reaching results. Infantile mortality and the small-pox scourge were grappled with in the eighteenth century, and the influence of the New Humanity promoted the rise of modern State medicine. 'Out of Wesley's work came a widespread health movement, personal and communal, and covering the country with its benefits—a Methodist system of poor relief, without the hardship and abuse of the Poor Law, visitation of the sick and suffering in tens of thousands of homes, domestic hygiene ("decency, industry, cleanliness"), dispensaries, schools, prison visitation, and innumerable leaflets on hygiene.' The lectures break ground that is of wide general interest, and deal with 'rock-bottom problems of life and physical well-being' in a practical and suggestive way.

On Forsyte 'Change. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.*) It is no small pleasure to find oneself again among the Forsytes, picking up threads of their past history and seeing how they bore themselves in new situations. The book is full of thrills. The stories come between the *Saga* and the *Comedy* volumes, and throw light on many pages of the family history and phases of the complex family character. Jolyon and his boy make a loving pair, and the Oxford scene where young Jo is cleverly saved from the money-lender gets on one's nerves. Timothy's unposted love-letter, Hester's French escapade, and Aunt July's stray Pomeranian are only a few of the vivid sketches. But the masterpiece is 'Soames and the Flag,' with its picture of the war from outbreak to Armistice Day. Soames is pessimist, patriot, and hero all in one, and in his company we live over again days that can never lose their spell. We are afraid the Forsytes now desert us, and we shall miss them sorely.—*Tobit Transplanted.* By Stella Benson. (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) When Mrs. Anderson lived in Kanto, Manchuria, she re-read the Apocrypha, and was impressed by the curious parallel between the exiles of Tobit's day and the White Russians in ours. Old Sergei is the centre of her story, with his wife who had been a governess in London, and their son who sets out to collect his father's money from a hotel-keeper in Seoul, under the escort of a young Chinaman who has been called to the bar at the Middle Temple. Seryozha finds a wife with a fortune, and comes back to cure his father's blindness. The local atmosphere is vividly reproduced, and the scenery and manners are sketched with rare felicity. The young barrister is a striking study, and the bride has a weird reputation, but all ends happily for her

and her bridegroom. The literary skill of the story makes it a real pleasure to read it.—*Father.* By the Author of *Elizabeth and her German Garden.* (Macmillan & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) The literary man has made a drudge of his only daughter, and when he brings home a slip of a girl for his new wife, Jennifer rejoices in her freedom. Her search for a cottage in Sussex and her conquest of her landlord, the vicar, make an exciting story. The clergyman is certainly an impetuous lover, and has himself been held in bondage by his masterful sister. A series of misunderstandings and deceptions follow, but they are brought to an end by two clerical engagements. Alice unexpectedly finds a husband after her own heart, and Jennifer's return to Gower Street is of short duration, for the self-centred old father quits the scene and leaves her free to marry the impetuous vicar. The story is told with such insight and such sparkle that it is a pleasure to read it. It is certainly a unique study of character, and the extravagance of the young vicar adds zest to the love-making.—*The Winding Lane.* By Philip Gibbs. (Hutchinson & Co. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Francis Brandon escapes from the distractions of London to a Surrey cottage, where his mother and he can lead a quiet life in the country. There he writes a story which becomes a tremendous success on both sides of the Atlantic. His love for a beautiful lady seems hopeless, and, when fate smiles on him, she almost ruins her husband by her extravagance. He undertakes a lecturing-tour in America which is almost more than flesh and blood can bear, and from which he escapes before he has fulfilled his engagements. The way that he returns to his country home, with new happiness in store, makes a pleasant finish to the story. The gambling father-in-law, the artist friend, the literary critics, and Audrey Avenel all stand out from this vivid and enthralling novel.—*The Shiny Night.* By Beatrice Tunstall. (Heinemann. 7*s.* 6*d.*) Cheshire has gained a new interpreter who knows all about its strange superstitions, its farmer life, its fairs and merrymakings. Silas Threadgold is the patriarch of the story, and his daughter Elizabeth is its queen. She makes a bold venture when she marries Seth Shone, whose images of his enemies stand out from the front of his house and who never ceases to hate those who have done him grievous wrong. Seth wins back his lost inheritance. His old sweetheart finds another mate whilst he is serving his sentence for killing the keeper in a poaching struggle, but his son marries her daughter, and love-stories, adventures, farming-scenes, and family gatherings grip one's attention and hold it fast. The fortunes of Seth's daughter are a romance, and Edmund Poynton's chivalry and patience have a great reward. Nor is her brother's romance less exciting. The accounts of the rinderpest, which made Seth and all his neighbours almost bankrupt, and the great fair at Dynham are wonderfully vivid and so are the nature pictures, the witchcraft scenes, and the details of farm life in this enthralling record of the Cheshire and Shropshire country.—*World Without End.* By Helen Thomas. (Heinemann. 6*s.*) This is a domestic idyll of the most attractive type. We learn to love the

young writer, despite his fits of brooding melancholy, as much as does his brave and resourceful wife. Her joy in her children, her struggles with straitened means, her delight in the country, her sympathy with David's moods, all come out in this record. She can even bear that another girl should feel the charm of her husband, and owes much of the delight of the Christmas before he left for the front to a gift which this girl had secured for the family. There are many portraits in the book and all are clear cut and living. It is a choice piece of literary work and one that has both tenderness and insight.

Methodism: Its Message for To-day. (Epworth Press. 2*s.* 6*d.* and 8*s.* 6*d.*) The Sheffield Congress was arranged with great wisdom and honoured by much success. It now appeals to a wider circle, and they will find in its addresses rich material for study and for group discussion. The Supremacy of Christ, Religious Values in Man, the Call of Youth, the Meaning of Sin, the Work of Grace, the Methodist Experience in Song, the Character and Vocation of a Christian, and the three Presidential Addresses make up a volume which ought to be used in every class-room, and which will furnish preachers with the best and most varied material for sermons and addresses. It is a golden book.—*The Great Analysis: A Plea for a National World-Order.* By William Archer. (Williams & Norgate. 2*s.*) This book was published in 1912, and is now reprinted with an introduction by Gilbert Murray, who calls attention to the singular way in which its forecast has come true. Archer felt that with sixty independent sovereign States, there was no authority to care for the interest of the world as a whole, and pleaded for a 'World Witanagemot' and an 'International College of Sociology.' He felt that this world-order must one day arrive, either as a benediction or as a calamity. The League of Nations is almost that constructive scheme for a truly catholic commonwealth which Archer desired to see established. It is a singularly sagacious and interesting forecast. —*Education for World-Mindedness*, by Albert J. Murray (Abingdon Press, $2.50), seeks to translate our Lord's ideals of brotherhood, and appreciation between races and nations, into definite educational procedures. Contact with the art and literature of other peoples, study of the lives of great racial representatives, acquaintance with racial history and achievement, the use of drama and moving pictures, are some of the methods suggested for promoting world-mindedness. The book will certainly broaden the outlook of all who read it.—*Looking at Life through Drama*, by Lydia G. Deseo and Hulda M. Phipps (Abingdon Press, $2), gives four plays, dealing with the Negro Problem, the Problems of Industry, International Goodwill, and Prison Reform, which are intended to stir the emotions and guide to practical service. Full instruction is given as to the use of the material by groups of students. It is a novel and an arresting method of awakening practical interest in world problems.—*Among the Thinkers.* By James Alexander Lindsay, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P.

(H. K. Lewis & Co. 5*s*.) These are leaves from a physician's note-books which have grown out of Lord Morley's word that 'a book which is worth reading is worth taking notes from.' Many will feel thankful that Dr. Lindsay has acted on that advice and has shared his treasures with them. He groups his thoughts under twenty-four headings, such as Conduct of Life, Human Nature, Religion, War, Woman, Work. The author is given at the end of each quotation and there is also an Index of Authors. Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian are drawn upon, and English writers new and old. It is an unusual book and one of extraordinary interest. Those who dip into it will return again and will never fail to find treasure.

The Orient Steps Out, by Mary Jenness (Abingdon Press, $1), describes young life in India, China, and Japan, in a way that will help boys and girls to see things in other lands almost with their own eyes. The sketches are vivid and sympathetic. Kagawa is the subject of the Japanese sketch, and that gives it added charm and reality.—*Nancy Comes to the Scratch*, by Josephine L. Baldwin (Abingdon Press, $2), is a set of stories for boys and girls which will make them love birds and horses, and provide many tales of adventures. It is graceful writing, the illustrations are excellent, and the get-up is very attractive. It is a really delightful children's book.—*The Pendlecliffe Swimmers*. By S. D. Hedges. (S.P.C.K. 3*s*. 6*d*.) This is not only the work of an expert in the art of swimming who knows every stroke and makes us understand the whole craft, but sets it in such a framework of adventure and excitement that it never lets the interest flag for a moment. It is a book that boys will delight in.—*The Holland Library* (Philip Earle, 6*d*.): Henry Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World* and Edward Fitzgerald's *The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám* make two dainty little volumes set in Baskerville type, with good margins and attractive covers. They are pleasant both to handle and to look at, and will be warmly welcomed.—*Tuberculosis*, by an English Physician (Fraser & Co., 3*s*. 6*d*.), is a strong plea for the use of an African root as a cure for consumption. A record of many cases is given by this medical man, and many will wish that it had all the virtues he ascribes to it.—Herr Kentel sends us from Baden three sets of picture post-cards after photographs taken on the spot by Paul Hommel. There are seven cards in each shilling set, and they are really a panorama of New Testament scenes. Jerusalem is seen from many points of view, and the other holy places—Bethany, Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Sea of Galilee, Emmaus—are well represented. They are reproduced with great artistic skill, and will be highly prized by all Bible lovers.

Periodical Literature

BRITISH

Hibbert Journal (April).—Sir Oliver Lodge writes on 'The Interaction of Life and Matter.' The nature of life and mind is mysterious, and Sir Oliver is sure that no explanation will be found by a study of material processes alone. We grope along step by step, 'though we are well aware that we are only animated organisms in a great and mysterious universe, the full meaning of which we can only surmise by faith.' Mr. F. S. Marvin's 'A Mathematical Universe' calls attention to Sir James Jeans's conclusion that 'a mathematical Creator of the universe' is suggested by the way in which mathematical analysis seems to carry us further and further into the nature of things. 'The Religious Philosophy of Arthur Clutton-Brock,' 'Bosanquet's Account of Religion,' 'A Quaker Plotinus' (Isaac Pennington), 'Two Modern Thrusts at Christ,' and other articles well repay attention.

Expository Times (March).—In 'Our Religious Doubts and How to Treat Them,' Professor Mackintosh urges that they should be faced openly, taken calmly, handled in God's presence. Everything in religion cannot be explained in intellectually transparent terms, any more than can be done in science or history. Doubt must never be allowed to paralyse action. Dr. Dearmer feels that a new revision of the Bible is 'An Urgent Need.' It should be 'the old, splendid Authorized Version, corrected but not rewritten.' Professor Scott Easton, in 'America's Contribution to New Testament Studies,' refers to Philip Shaff's *History of the Apostolic Church*, Martin Vincent's *Word Studies in the New Testament*, and other works.—(April.)—In 'German Systematic Theology,' Professor Volbrath estimates the work of Herrmann, Ritschl, Troeltsch, and Otto. At present, systematic theology is in state of transition in Germany. Professor Bacon writes on Andronicus (Rom. xvi.).—(May.)—Dr. F. Spencer discusses 'Class-distinctions in the Light of the Gospel'; Professor Vollrath estimates 'The Contribution of Germany to Systematic Theology and the Present Situation.' German theology has recovered its soul. 'It is no longer concerned with the numinous, the holy, but with the living, sovereign, ever-present God, on the one hand, and, on the other, with man as he really is.' Principal Garvie, in 'Recent Foreign Theology,' calls attention to the revived and growing interest in Germany as to the 'Nature of the Church' and Professor Moffatt refers to 'Religious Sociology and Ezra and his Work.'

Journal of Theological Studies (January).—Dr. Lock and Dr. Burkitt pay tribute to the scholarship and work of Cuthbert Hamilton

Taylor. He was the first editor of the *Journal* and contributed to nearly every volume. He could always be relied on for some first-rate paper on textual criticism, or on some biblical or patristic subject. He was beloved of young and old. His notes on the Latin Acts of Peter, one of the oldest of the Apocryphal Acts of the Apostles, follow these tributes. He more than suspects that the version may have been made in the third or fourth century. The Latinity is rough and unclassical, and the text corrupt.—(April.)—Dr. Burkitt reviews the work of that indefatigable and retiring scholar, Dr. H. St. J. Thackeray, whose too early death is such a loss to the world of learning. Dr. S. A. Cook deals with the monumental work of the late Count Baudissin of Berlin on Semitic theism. Other notes and studies are 'Studies in the Vernacular of the Old Testament,' 'Minutiae Clementinae,' 'The Rainer Fragment of the Apocalypse of Peter,' and 'St. Felicity in the Roman Mass.'

Congregational Quarterly (April).—Mr. Poynter, in 'The Roman Church and Religious Liberty,' refers to the increased activity of Roman propaganda in literature, social affairs, education, and politics since the end of the war. He finds the main cause of this in the Irish Treaty of 1921, which closed up the breach in the Roman Catholic ranks due to Home Rule. Other articles are 'What is Sacred Music?' and 'Towards a Doctrine of Salvation.' A brief paper on 'The Children's Address' suggests that the Old Testament contains many skeleton stories waiting for imaginative treatment, and that the Bible and the best in literature may be well joined together in such addresses.

Science Progress (April).—'The Romance of Science in Bygone London,' by H. G. Wayling, has some interesting facts about Buckingham Palace, with the Koh-i-noor and the defective sanitary arrangements of an early day. Electrical researches on old Westminster Bridge are also described. 'New Aspects of Radio-activity,' 'Relativity and Organic Chemistry,' 'Modern Technique in the Investigation of Opaque Minerals and Ores,' and 'Modern Studies in Colour Vision' are among important articles of this number.

Church Quarterly (April).—Dr. F. L. Cross, in 'God and Modern Physics,' estimates the philosophical and theological implications of some of the recent discoveries in physical science; Dr. Relton discusses 'The Christian Conception of God'; Canon Armstrong 'The French Novel and the Catholic Church.'

Holborn Review (April).—Mr. Brewis, in 'Paul and Paulinism,' says, 'Paul the man is greater than Paul the thinker; Paul the Christian a more valued possession than Paul the theologian.' The real centre of interest is Paul, not Paulinism. Fred Smith compares and contrasts 'Two Testaments': those of Robert Bridges and John Davidson. H. P. Palmer gives some 'Lollard Incidents in the Reign of Henry VI.' These are a few of the subjects treated in this varied number.

Cornhill (May), with the letters of Charles Dickens to the Baroness Burdett Coutts; Lord Darling's 'Echo of Waterloo'; Sir Walter Scott as seen by his butler; and the thrilling 'Comedy and Tragedy in the Jungle,' is full of good things.

AMERICAN

Harvard Theological Review (October).—Professor Arthur D. Nock considers a group of inscriptions on statues of vestals in the Atrium Vestae at Rome; in his opinion they throw light on the religious atmosphere of Rome in the middle of the third century of our era. The article is entitled 'A Diis Electa,' the phrase indicating that the vestal was 'chosen by heaven,' and was, therefore, 'the right channel of grace for blessings on an emperor chosen by heaven.' The dedications give evidence of 'a rise of religious sentiment towards the cult.' Professor Robert P. Casey, of the University of Cincinnati, contributes 'Two Notes on Valentinian Theology.' The allegorical use of Jewish and Christian Scriptures is shown to have exercised 'an important formative influence on the construction of the myths,' and the intricate combination of myth and thought 'illustrates the early stages of decline in Valentinian theology.' A distinction is drawn between the Eastern and the Italian form of Valentinian teaching.—(January.)—In his opening address at the Harvard Theological School, Professor George La Piana, on 'Ancient and Modern Christian Apologetics,' gives an able and comprehensive survey of the views of diverse groups of thinkers. The terse and often brilliant characterizations are illuminating, though sometimes it is impossible to agree with the judgements expressed. The Barthian theology cannot be labelled 'anti-intellectualistic,' nor is it likely that Otto's principles will give rise to 'an anarchist theology.' Modern methods of defence will continue to wield some weapons which are held to be 'antiquated.' Professor Hastings Ellis, of Ohio Wesleyan University, shows the importance and value of 'The Contributions of Martin Bucer to the Reformation.' Though he is counted one of the lesser prophets, 'in some of the religious and political enterprises of his day he was the chief leader.'

Journal of Religion (April).—Shailer Mathews, in 'Social Patterns and the Idea of God,' says that in the growth of the idea of God in Christianity we have a history of patterns which have resulted from a religious behaviour in a more developed social order than that conditioning other religions. It has given us a unique development of monotheism. 'Jesus in Contemporary German Theology,' by Martin Dibelius, gives important estimates of the Lives by Lepsius and Wernle, and the work of Ludwig, Bultmann, and Brunner. In 'Johannes Redivivus,' Professor Bacon argues strongly for the conclusion reached by Canon Charles that John was an early martyr, as stated by Papias. His argument by no means convinces us.

Methodist Review (March—April).—Professor Baillie writes on 'The Young Minister and the Present Situation.' The deepest elements of bereavement and sin have not changed, but there has been a general spread of education and a changing social order. The young minister must be able, beneath these changes, to discern, and appeal to, a fundamentally unchanging human nature. To this human nature he must bring the everlasting word and gospel of God in a form suitable to the exigencies of his own time. Dr. Hough, in 'A Shelf of Significant Books,' includes Bishop McConnell's *The Prophetic Ministry*, which well expresses his purpose 'to saturate all of life which he can touch, with moral integrity and social goodwill.' 'Our Methodist Episcopacy,' by Bishop Cooke, and 'The New England Imprint upon Methodism' are articles of special interest.

International Index to Periodicals (New York: September 1930).—The *London Quarterly* is regularly included in this index as one of the periodicals most called for by the public. The *International* is a cumulative author and subject index which not only states where and when articles appear, but gives a clue to their contents. Under Robert Bridges there are seven entries as to his poetry, the metre of 'The Testament of Beauty,' and his obituary. This number has 282 closely printed, double-coloured pages.

CANADIAN

Canadian Journal of Religious Thought (January—February).—The editorial on 'The Unemployment Situation' in Canada says it grows worse. Half a million were out of work in January, and this does not take into account the large number of farmers in the west who are in many cases worse off than the unemployed workmen of the towns. Some of the cities have had a wave of crime. There have been numerous cases of the hold-up and bandit character, some denoting utter carelessness for the suffering of the victims. There are articles on 'The Present Political Situation in Palestine,' on Karl Barth, and 'Modern Psychology and the Minister.'—(March—April.)—There are four important articles on 'Humanism—How it came and what it is; its predicament; in praise of it,' by Richard Roberts; and 'Humanism,' by Walter T. Brown. The articles have peculiar appropriateness, for it is a hundred years since Comte began to familiarize the world with the principles of 'positivism' and its 'religion of humanity.'

FOREIGN

Analecta Bollandiana (Tomus XLIX., Fasc. i. et ii.)—Paul Peeters describes a sheet of parchment, in the British Museum, detached from a Syriac MS. of the ninth-tenth century. It is described in the catalogue as a part of the history of Mar Abraham, of Mar Isaac, of Mar Moses, and of the Persian convert, Yazd-bâzid. M. Peeters gives the Syriac text with a Latin translation. It refers to a time

before the Arab conquest, and the scene is laid in the Persian Empire at a locality where a Christian community existed, surrounded by a population which had remained Mazdene mainly or in part. The wonder-worker, who is the principal hero of a discovery of reliques, is a hermit, or anchorite, called Abraham the Stranger, who had been a disciple of Abraham the Ancient. It is an article of unusual interest. Other research articles are 'Some Dates of the Martyrology of Jerome,' and the 'Martyrology of the Codex of the Vatican Basilica,' now first published.

Calcutta Review (February).—Dr. Guha-Thakurta writes a critique of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, 'the product as well as the critic of the Society which he has depicted.' 'Human Geography of the Ganges Plain' shows how this mighty river has governed the course of ancient migration and conquest, as well as the modern distribution of population and prosperity. G. G. Jackson's 'The Romance of the Sea' describes the raising of the *Maine*, the loss of Kitchener, and the mighty duel between the *Carmania* and the *Cap Trafalgar*.—(April.)—'The Future of Indian Finance' regards an adjustment of the finances of the country as an imperative necessity, and holds that their administration should be entrusted to a popular Minister who would be responsible to the central legislature. In 'The Crisis of Islam,' Mrs. Weir considers the questions of slavery, polygamy, and holy war as a means of spreading Islam. She tries to show how Islamic modernism contrives to accommodate itself even with the most ticklish points of the Islamic system.—(May.)—Richard Mai, in 'Cultivation of Pure Art in Modern Germany,' says all the universities are now filled to overflowing; the great ideals of evangelical theology preceded by Schleiermacher and Ritschl are still throbbing and vital in Germany. The old love of learning is still vigorously alive. There is an important article by T. H. Weir on 'The Crisis of Islam.' The effect of the Turkish reforms upon the whole world of Islam is unmistakable. The modernization of Islam has already become a reality.

Moslem World (April).—Mr. Shellabear shows that Sale's translation of the Koran is 'a very careful and accurate piece of work,' though severely criticized by Mr. Sawar. Other articles are 'Arab and Hindu: A Study in Mentality,' and 'Islam in India To-day,' which is in a state of confusion and transition.