

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1335] NEW SERIES. Vol. XXII. No. 24. THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1918. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	461	ART NOTES. By B. H. Dias	472
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	464	VIEWS AND REVIEWS: Back to Earth. By A. E. R.	473
THE DOSTOYEVSKY PROBLEM. By Janko Lavrin	465	REVIEWS: Christianity in History. The Threshold of Quiet	474
CONTROL IN EDUCATION. By O. Latham	466	PASTICHE. By Ruth Pitter, J. A. M. A., Col- chester Mason	475
DRAMA: "The Prime Minister." By John Francis Hope	468	LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Our Reviewer, Allen Upward	475
A CARTOON. By Will Dyson	469	A CARTOON. By Will Dyson	476
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	470		
ETERNAL LIFE. By A. Clutton-Brock	471		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE had intended devoting some further notes to the Memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky; but the daily Press has made this course unnecessary. For once a document of the first importance has been judiciously handled; and now that a complete translation of the text is to be published (by Messrs. Cassell) in pamphlet form—we hope it will include also the Letters and Memoranda of Herr von Jagow and Dr. Mühlton—the reading public may be safely left to draw its own conclusions. Prince Lichnowsky, whatever else may happen to him, is sure of an honourable place in history as the man who first broke the evil spell that has been cast upon Germany. His words of truth have revealed the peak of Ararat, and they are an encouraging sign that the Flood of the war is subsiding. Never again during the rest of the war, however long it may last, will it be possible to aggravate in Germany the hatred felt for this country in particular. With every reading of his Memorandum by the honest men still left in Germany, their present hatred of us, founded, as it has been, on lies, will tend to give place to a sense of having wronged us, and to a wish to repair their faults. This change of heart in the German people is now as inevitable as it appeared to some of us only a few weeks ago to be improbable. Their eyes are about to be opened. They are to see what most of the world has already seen, that the conduct of foreign affairs cannot be left in the hands of an irresponsible set of militarist criminals without entailing the most appalling consequences. They are, moreover, to see that in all Europe as it existed before the war there was but one clique and one monarch that sought war—the Kaiser and his Junkers. But what becomes now of the scepticism hitherto expressed in this country concerning the possibility and the importance of the democratisation of Germany? Even authorities like the "Times" and Dr. Eillon, not to mention a score of lesser lights, have been affirming throughout the whole of the war

that the democratisation of Germany was either unessential to the peace of the world or impossible to be attained. Neither statement, however, have we ever allowed to be true; and the documents recently published in Germany now confirm us. Dr. Mühlton's letter to the ex-Chancellor is emphatic upon the point. "I turn," he says, "definitely from the present German régime, and it is my hope that every honest German will do the same." And Prince Lichnowsky is, if possible, even more convinced of it. "The principal war-aim of our enemies, the democratisation of Germany, will be achieved."

* * *

Of the immediate effects of Prince Lichnowsky's Memorandum in Germany it is too early to write with historical assurance. We can only judge from the effects of the disclosures upon our own pacifists whose mentality, after all, is not dissimilar from that of honestly deluded Germans, and from the cautious comments of the German Socialist and Liberal Press. It is obvious, in the latter case, that the revelations of Prince Lichnowsky have been temporarily blinding. So complete an exposure of the deception practised upon them was certainly never anticipated by the German Socialists, who are now in the dilemma of having to admit that they have been once again colossaly fooled or to deny the evidence of their own Government officials. "Vorwärts," in particular, is plainly in the most painful quandary since its thesis of a defensive war, now no longer tenable, has been the sheet-anchor of the Majority Socialists. On the one hand, it has to admit that the theory of England's guilt has completely broken down; on the other hand, for the time being it dare not draw the practical conclusion from the discovery; it dare not, that is, promptly call for the withdrawal of the German troops from the invaded countries and set about the punishment of its criminal autocracy. We have a fear, indeed, that this state of mind may continue unless something is done to resolve it; for the German Majority Socialists are not moral heroes and they are more than a little tarred with Prussian casuistry.

They may argue among themselves, as Herr von Bethmann Hollweg did, that even an admitted wrong may be repaired and justified by success; and, while secretly satisfied that their cause is unjust, attempt to make it successful in the hope of being able to compensate the victims out of the proceeds.

* * *

To resolve this state of mind two things, in our opinion, are necessary. The first, undoubtedly, is that the present line in France should be held—but we shall say no more of that. The second is the promulgation by the Allies, at the earliest possible moment, of the terms of a democratic peace offered to the German people on condition of their immediate and voluntary self-democratisation. This step, we are convinced, would be worth many victories to the Allies; we are not a little confident that it might bring about the end of the war at once. Consider the grounds for such a policy. We are to suppose—which is no great matter—that the Lichnowsky documents are at this moment being read in Germany with even more care than they are being studied in this country. We are further to suppose—another supposition not difficult to allow—that they are disposing the German people to believe their rulers to have been guilty of bringing about the war. Finally, we are to conceive that the only remaining reason in the German popular mind for carrying on the war is the fear that an Allied victory may mean the complete destruction of Germany. Would it not be politic to rob the German people of their last excuse for continuing the war by announcing that they have only their chains to lose by ending it? Moreover, it is not as if the terms of such a democratic peace were likely to be bettered for the Allies by an enforced victory. Even if the Allies should be compelled to carry on the war to a military conclusion against the continued resistance of the German people, the peace that would ensue would, in all probability, be a "democratic" peace. If, therefore, by announcing its terms at this moment, and thus rubbing in the moral of the Lichnowsky revelations, we could hasten the surrender of the German people, and so spare ourselves the cost of conquest, we should attain our maximum ends by the minimum of means.

* * *

The effect in our own country of the Lichnowsky Memorandum has been momentous. At one sweep the whole movement of doubt, suspicion, theory and calumny has been brought to a standstill; and only its mismanagement by the Government remains as an argument against the war. The "Nation" and the "Daily News" are explicit and unreserved in their new attitude of uncompromising support of a war of defence. Prince Lichnowsky has convinced them when everything else had failed. Mr. Brailsford, in the "Herald," however, is a little less generous—or, shall we say, open to reason. Having, with singular pertinacity, maintained the view throughout the war that England was as much to blame for it as Prussia, he is compelled at last to abandon this attitude, only, however, to profess, in the first place, that the origin of the war is of no importance, and, in the second place, that the roots of the war are deeper than merely Prussian Imperialism. As to his first contention, it is enough to remark that it has been only since the Lichnowsky Memorandum was published that Mr. Brailsford has regarded the question of the origin of the war as unimportant. The files of the Press during the preceding three and a half years bear evidence that Mr. Brailsford was anything but contemptuous, until a few days ago, of the genesis of the war. And as to his second contention, not only is it in contradiction with his first—for he is still seeking for the real origins of the war—but it is in contradiction with his admission that the Lichnowsky Memorandum entirely disposes of the charge of guilt hitherto laid upon England. Mr.

Brailsford, however, like the German Majority Socialists, finds it hard to abandon in a moment a delusion he has nursed for so many years. For a little while longer he must continue to believe that, after all, he has had some reason upon his side, that he could not have been quite the dupe he seems; but even this measure of satisfaction must disappear in time.

* * *

The reactions of Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to the fresh evidence against their case are on a lower plane. We have not to do here with intellectually honest dupes like Mr. Brailsford. Quite oblivious of the fact with which the whole world, including Germany, is now ringing, that the Kaiserdom and the Kaiserdom alone was responsible for the beginning and is responsible for the continuation of the war, Mr. Snowden pursues his course of demanding a new Government of no matter what political complexion, charged with the duty of making peace at once. The *idée fixe* from which he is suffering appears to be the theory that even if the Prussian militarists began the war they have from the earliest moment been anxious to stop it upon terms favourable to the Allies; in other words, that it is the Allies alone who have been holding out against the will to peace of the contrite Prussian Junkers. We need not say what a caricature this is of the true position as revealed in black and white in the Lichnowsky documents. The evidence is plain that the Prussian Junkers have, indeed, been always willing to end the war, but only on terms which few but Mr. Snowden could possibly accept. And their reason for this attitude ought to be plain to such a sympathiser. They are bound to choose between victory and revolution; for a peace tolerable to the Allies would at the same time be fatal to Prussianism. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a little more discreet. He is, in fact, conveniently cryptic. Like the oracle he is supposed to be, he says everything simultaneously the sum of which is nothing. It is clear, he admits, that "Berlin thwarted Lichnowsky in London"—in other words, that Berlin insisted upon war behind the back not only of this country but of its own ambassador. At the same time it appears to Mr. MacDonald no less evident that "our past policy had brought about a condition of things that was bound to lead to war." Which are we really to believe that Mr. MacDonald really believes—that but for Berlin's insistence upon war there would have been no war, or that, in any event whatever, our policy was bound to lead to war? Even Mr. MacDonald cannot have it both ways and be an honest man; he cannot at one and the same time acquit and convict England of the charge of bringing about the war. Until, however, the hare is caught he will no doubt continue to run with it and hunt with the hounds to the admiration of the I.L.P.

* * *

Mr. Snowden remarked at the I.L.P. Conference that "the best service that could be rendered to those suffering at the front was to indicate the only possible way out of the terrible situation." So it might be if the way out were such as the nation, including the men at the front, desired, and, again, if the way out indicated by Mr. Snowden were practicable. As the case stands, however, the only possible way out is the way insisted upon by Germany. No other is practicable in the world as given. And since this is the fact, it appears to us that the worst possible service we can render the men at the front is to persuade them, as Mr. Snowden attempts to persuade them, that the war is unnecessary, that they are suffering in a mean if not criminal cause, that they cannot hope to gain anything for the world by it, and that their defeat is of as little significance as their success. To the horrors of the circumstances in which the men at the front find themselves, and from which Mr. Snowden can imagine no

way out but either an ignominious or an impossible one, Mr. Snowden is adding, to the best of Mrs. Snowden's ability, the moral horror of meaninglessness and hopelessness. Not satisfied with suggesting that they are lunatics, he endeavours to convince them that they are also criminal lunatics; and this is what he calls the best service he can render them. We confess that for our part such Job's comfort would be anything but comforting. Either, we should say, extricate us from this terrible situation, or encourage us to bear it. And if you cannot do either, do nothing.

* * *

In view of the importance for the future of Labour of the degree and quality of the prestige acquired by Labour during the war, it is as well that leaders like Mr. Snowden have had so small an effect. Always from his temperament something of an Ishmaelite, Mr. Snowden has become during the war a perfect specimen of the species. The association of Labour with his leadership is now grotesque. The "Times" is witness, however, of the advantage to Labour from ignoring Mr. Snowden's advice. In a special article published last Thursday a tribute is paid to the "splendid cohesion and steadfast resolve of the workers of Great Britain." "At every crucial stage in the war," it is admitted, "the great organised Labour movement in this country has been ready to subordinate its own preferences, privileges, and plans to the national end." If there is more than a suspicion of rhetoric for a purpose in this testimonial, its value as a record is incontestable; and we should advise Labour leaders to cut it out for future use. Whatever may be the state of mind of our governing classes after the war (and they, at any rate, can scarcely emerge from the war with as much credit as they entered it), we shall be able to remind them of their opinions during the war and of their acknowledgment of the services of "the great organised Labour movement" of this country. Our bill in costs will be considerable; it should be no less than the abolition of the wage-system and, we hope, the establishment of National Guilds; and the prestige now being acquired by Labour will entitle us, we think, to demand payment.

* * *

The Government has again been disappointed in all its calculations by the comparative success of the first stage of the German offensive. In spite of the fact that the event was foreseen; in spite of the fact that we were assured by the Government that ample preparations had been made to meet it, the event itself has turned out to be of such a character that not only were our preparations proved to be inadequate, but still "further sacrifices" of a totally unexpected kind are now being demanded. There is no course open, we suppose, but to submit to them. At the same time it must be said that the competence of the Government to do anything but call for "further sacrifices" is in serious question. The "further sacrifices," moreover, are aggravated, as most of our sacrifices during the war have been, by the form and the tone in which they are demanded. There can be no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George's Press was last week as near to panic as possible. The "Daily Express," in particular, was gesticulating for its life and urging the need of enrolling every man in khaki without the smallest consideration or delay. Worse still, there is reason to believe that certain members of the Government have been privily party to the exhibition. It is necessary, under these distressing circumstances, that the House of Commons, if it has any self-respect left, should overhaul with particular care the proposals that are this week being laid before it. We can easily be made to jeopardise the war after all our sacrifices if its conduct is to depend upon the counsel of men demonstrated to be as careless of life as of better counsel than their own. The raising of the military age from

40 to 50 is in itself a measure that must be comforting to our enemies; but if it is to be enforced with all the rigour of Mr. Blumenfeld's fears, its effect upon this country will be worse than a defeat.

* * *

A consideration that will be in everybody's mind, if not on their lips, is the question of the American troops. America has been twelve months in the war; and, in a war, moreover, as much hers as ours. She is able, besides, to raise an army double the size of our own; and, in fact, her present military standard, on which she is prepared to raise no fewer than five million troops, is thirty as against our forty. Why, it will be asked, should England's age be raised by ten years, to yield, perhaps, all told, only about a hundred thousand fit men—and after putting the nation to incredible loss—when all the time there are millions of American troops already in training and only waiting to be dispatched to the front? To reply, as the "Herald" virtually replies, that America is anxious to take the credit of winning the war without suffering in the process is to utter a lie—and such a lie, too, we may observe, as makes bad blood between peoples and leads to bitter wars. It has been contradicted, moreover, by the self-denying ordinance recently made by America in offering the use of her men already in France in any capacity, on any front, in any army and under any command. Such an act of self-abnegation has been beyond the reach of any of the European Allies; but it has been performed by America without more than a moment's hesitation. It cannot be pretended, after this, that if America has not sufficient numbers of men in France, and far more than enough to dispense this country from the present "further sacrifices"—the fault is hers. The fault is not America's—it is ours. The truth of the matter is that the Government has talked ships, but it has not built ships. Between the American troops in training on the other side of the Atlantic and the critical front in France there needed to be, but there is not, a bridge of ships. And because the ships are missing which Mr. Lloyd George promised to have ready, instead of millions of trained American troops the screw must be turned upon the middle-aged men of our own country, many of whom have already nearly exhausted their energies in one or another form of war-work. This is only part of the price the nation must pay for neglecting to distinguish between politicians and statesmen.

* * *

By a two to one majority the National Union of Teachers at its Conference at Cambridge last week decided against affiliation with the new Labour party. This should serve to remind the leaders of the new party that it is not by including the phrase "Producers by Brains" in their constitutional formulæ that the inclusion in fact will be brought about; but it must be by the more practical means of including brains in its governing personnel. At the same Conference, however, the N.U.T. showed itself to be reactionary upon a more urgent problem, that of the proposed equal payment of men and women. By a small majority, largely composed of men over the progressive age, the proposal was defeated, although it was subsequently referred to a referendum of the whole membership. The argument for equal payment is invulnerable in the case of public employment; in fact, for non-competitive employment in whatever sphere. It is only impracticable when the market is "open," and both men and women must sell their labour for what it will fetch. Under these circumstances, the demand for equal payment will usually mean in effect the unemployment of women. Something of this tendency, we imagine, would be found to operate even in the teaching profession if the demand were insisted upon. In other words, equal payment, other things being equal, would put a premium upon men.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

GENERAL SMUTS, General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, and many other well-known public men on the Allied and on the enemy sides, have emphasised the essential importance of the economic weapon in the war. General Smuts has referred to it as the "most important matter of all"; Baron Freytag-Loringhoven has admitted that the power of enforcing a decision "has slipped away from the armies," and that the strategic situation is "conditioned by the world-economic situation." These may be new facts to the general public, and they are hardly yet understood even by all politicians. They are never likely to be grasped by the average military mind; and it is only because the study of military affairs is pushed to a ruthless logical conclusion in Germany that the Deputy-Chief of the General Staff can afford to give publicity to a statement which his English counterpart would be prepared to deny. The fact remains that the control of raw materials and of their means of transport is nowadays the essential factor in war, and Mr. A. E. Zimmern lays stress on this point in an admirably written pamphlet ("The Economic Weapon in the War against Germany," George Allen and Unwin, 2d. net). Summing up the position in a sentence, he says: "The Central Powers are being besieged by practically the entire world, and they have no means at their disposal for bringing the siege to an end." It is well to point out, as Mr. Zimmern does, that the German authorities dread a deficiency of raw materials even more than a dearth of food. A people accustomed to taking orders may be content to exist for a time on war-bread made of sawdust and seaweed; to smoke tobacco confected out of the bark of trees, and to clothe itself in paper fabrics in the absence of cotton and wool. But no official dictation can prevent natural wear and tear.

Mr. Zimmern shows that Germany has built up her economic life on a foundation of imported raw materials (p. 10). Her own natural resources are comparatively limited, and consist almost exclusively of coal, iron, and potash. "Of the total German imports in 1913, 58 per cent. consisted of industrial raw materials and semi-manufactured articles." These are indispensable, not merely for "the maintenance of her civilian population in a civilised condition of life, but also to the upkeep of her military establishment." Among these necessary materials are cotton, wool, silk, flax, hemp, and jute. The clothing of the army has been kept up at the expense of the civilian population, which must wear what it can. Next come leather, furs, and rubber. Not even German ingenuity has succeeded in finding a substitute for rubber, and nothing can take the place of leather. "When the army boot is no longer equal to the task of combating Flanders mud," says Mr. Zimmern, quite rightly, "the days of German resistance on the Western front will be numbered." The next, and an even more important group, is that comprising certain minerals: copper, tin, platinum, aluminium, nickel, manganese, wolfram. These are hardly found in Germany at all, hence the "wholesale requisitioning of church bells and other articles, public or domestic, to be melted down for military use."

Mr. Zimmern deals very freely with the Central Europe proposals:—

In the autumn of 1915 . . . the German Government was at pains to persuade its public that the drive through to the Balkans had relieved the position, and that Bulgaria and Turkey would supply the deficiencies of Germany and Austria-Hungary. For about a year the idea that Central Europe (as the area from Antwerp to Bagdad was rather oddly called) was or could be made into a self-contained "economic block" enjoyed great vogue. But closer inspection of the natural resources of that region dissipated the dream. It was realised that domination over the lands from the North

Sea to the Persian Gulf, however exclusive and unquestioned, could not possibly compensate Germany for the breaking off of her oversea connections. (P. 12.)

The consequence was a reaction in favour of international trade, "and even Naumann, the propagandist of Central Europe, has lately recanted and proclaimed his devotion to the cause of 'free intercourse.'" The position was really a trifle more complicated than this condensation makes it appear; but that does not affect Mr. Zimmern's argument. There is still a difference of opinion among divers groups in Germany on the point. The manufacturers certainly do not wish to lose their oversea connections; and the development of the Central Europe proposals would have meant ruin to most of the large German steamship companies, as they were quick to recognise. There was a furious public controversy between Ballin and Reventlow on this very subject at the end of 1916. An instructive table is given in the pamphlet to show why foreign trade is preferred; for it is clear that at present only a fraction of Germany's imports of cotton, wool, copper, hides, silk, furs, iron ores, rubber, and petroleum comes from Central Europe. There are, nevertheless, many Junker groups who wish to see Germany's concessions in Asia Minor (and now, presumably, those in Western Russia, and in Rumania as well) thoroughly developed, so that copper, cotton, ores, etc., may be brought into Germany overland.

There are some among us who still scoff at the small States on the Allied side, and Mr. Zimmern does well, again, to show that even Siam and Liberia have their uses in the campaign. However small these countries may be, they control important raw materials, of which Germany is deprived. This has not only an important effect during the war; its effect will be felt even when peace is signed:—

Reconstruction is no more than a name and a series of paper schemes until the siege has been effectively raised—till the authorities can assure themselves of a sufficiency of the essential supplies. Rapid demobilisation, for instance, will be a matter of importance not only for social and political reasons, but also in order to get the population back to productive work as soon as possible. But without raw materials there can be no industrial employment; and demobilisation without employment ready to hand for the disbanded soldier spells social disorder. . . . The Allies, in fact, not by their armed forces but by their command of essential supplies, control the demobilisation of the German army and therewith the whole process of German recuperation. . . . Thus it is that the Power which, like a second Napoleon, has overrun vast tracts of territory and sucked them dry is now in the position of having to acknowledge that the conquest of whole kingdoms has left it in the weaker position. (P. 17-20.)

There is an even more pithy summing up in another paragraph: "Germany has conquered Belgium, Poland, Serbia, Lithuania, Courland, and Friuli. But the Allies have conquered cotton, wool, jute, leather, copper, and feeding-stuffs." In Mr. Zimmern's opinion, the situation would not even be altered to Germany's advantage if the disorganisation of Russia were to become intensified. Indeed, all the information at our disposal shows that Russia herself is suffering, not merely from shortage of food, but from the even more serious shortage of transport, without which what food there is cannot be distributed at all. Germany is also suffering in this respect. A calculation made by a Swiss paper a year ago showed that even then the extensions of the front had increased the German railway system by one-third, but the production of rolling-stock had fallen off very considerably. Locomotives were scarce, and there was no grease to be had for the axles. This in itself was the most important factor in the rapid wearing out of railway material, though there were others. As a propagandist pamphlet for enemy countries Mr. Zimmern's notes would be of the utmost use.

The Dostoyevsky Problem.

By Janko Lavrin.

IT was a pleasure for me to read in the last issue of *THE NEW AGE* the articles of Mr. de Maetz and Mr. Kenneth Richmond, which afford a proof of interest in the problems discussed in my series on Dostoyevsky. The short notes of Mr. Kenneth Richmond are more or less complementary to my series, while the temperamental article of Mr. de Maetz is chiefly polemical. Many ideas raised in the latter are of great interest, although one could make some objections as to their exposition. I will take the liberty of pointing out those passages with which I do not agree.

Let me begin with the first, the, so to speak, introductory idea of Mr. de Maetz. He says that "every man, and every group of men, must have his god and follow him, even when he wavers in his belief. His god may be Nirvana, pleasure, fame, incoherence, fate, love, power, truth, or justice; but every man follows his god, his certain god, his probable god, or his possible god."

This statement, which Mr. de Maetz takes for granted, is not quite clear. First of all, there exists an absolute difference between God and "gods." Now, without taking into account this difference, even without defining what he means by God, Mr. de Maetz makes a further dangerous error in terminology: he confuses "gods" with the leading ideals, and even with the leading passions (pleasure, fame, love) of individuals, without realising that such an exposition of the problem may become completely God-less, and lead to that egotism and self-will which were so repugnant to Dostoyevsky. All such "gods" can exist not only without God, but even against God. If, for instance, pleasure be proclaimed as god, then one's god may ordain murder and theft, if they afford him pleasure. That is one of the logical consequences of such a "polytheism."

The problem of God, which is the most important and the most terrible problem of mankind, cannot be propounded, and still less solved, in such a manner. We arrive simply at a disguised form of the famous principle, "all things are lawful"—since every individual has the right to follow his own "god." This is precisely the thing against which Dostoyevsky struggled so passionately, and which he considered as the greatest moral danger for the individual and for mankind. His search for an "Absolute Value" was nothing but the search for a real incontestable God who could absorb all the "gods" (expressions of self-will) for ever. His struggle for God was the fiercest struggle against "gods." . . . But let us come to the crux of the article.

Mr. de Maetz does not quite agree with my differentiation of Culture and Civilisation, though he does not precisely explain why. He says: "Dostoyevsky saw a vision of Europe crumbling away to-morrow and leaving no trace behind. Western civilisation was, he thought, doomed to death; and obsessed, like many other Slav intellectuals, by the fatal madness of seeking for his race a private (!) way of salvation which no other race would follow, he beckoned them away from Western activities and inspired them with the Messianic idea of founding a Universal Church, which might at last realise the brotherhood of mankind."

In this passage there are some—I suppose—involuntary contradictions. Immediately after the statement that Dostoyevsky was seeking for a private way of salvation of his race which no other race would follow, Mr. de Maetz adds that Dostoyevsky was inspired by the Messianic idea of a Universal Church, i.e., of a universal salvation. But about this later. More serious is the charge that Dostoyevsky "beckoned them (the Russians) away from Western activities."

Dostoyevsky had no direct intention of beckoning

the Russians away from Western activities; he only desired to bestow on such activities a deeper meaning which could penetrate them by a religious, by a spiritual significance. He realised that the "Western activities"—in spite of all theoretical Christianity—have not a higher spiritual standard which could direct them. Instead of this, they are directed and enslaved by the terrible Moloch, called Capitalism, which is the most materialistic of all fetishes. And this Moloch has already crushed, or entirely subdued, even the few remaining spiritual values. All the official religions are in its clutches. Is there any greater tragedy than the brotherly alliance between Capitalism and—Christianity? . . . Further, this evil genius of all "Western activities" has dominated Science. The latter became—instead of the greatest agent of mankind's welfare—a means of destruction and of mankind's suicide. The 420-cannons, poisonous gas, the most perfect bombs, etc., amply demonstrate what such "activities" can lead to. And was not Germany the most active, the most scientific, "progressive," and the most "Western" of all Western Countries? Moreover: had she not the best organised Christian Church and the most versatile Christian theology?

Further—is not the actual "crumbling away of Europe," which was prophesied by Dostoyevsky, greater and more terrible than Dostoyevsky himself imagined? And is it not the consistently logical consequence of "Western activities"? We are too near to the events to see the extent and the madness of this terrible catastrophe. I suggest only a simple calculation: if only a third of the money and energy, expended by mankind during the last four years on their mutual extermination, were to be employed for cultural aims, I think, all the social problems could be solved and the whole Earth be turned into Paradise. . . .

We do not realise at present how closely Dostoyevsky is connected with the actual world-catastrophe. He not only saw its possibility, he prophesied it, and—we can say—the aim of his entire preaching was to prevent such a catastrophe. That is the reason why he was so anxious to bring all politic, economic, and scientific "activities" under a religious pan-human idea which might settle all the differences between nations. The Russian people (as the less materialistic) seemed to him to be able to promulgate such an idea of world brotherhood in contemporary language and for contemporary circumstances, as well as to give a living example in this direction for all other peoples. Thus his "Russian Idea" was not for "private" salvation, but for world-salvation. That is what he meant by his utterance: "The Russian Idea is not yet born, but the whole Earth awaits it in great pain and sickness."

Then, Mr. de Maetz attacks Dostoyevsky's dualism, and designates him as Manichean. "Its characteristic tenet is the assertion that Matter, the matrix of all evil, is in one form or other co-eternal with the Deity. Matter as Evil and Spirit as God—this is the dualism of Manicheism as of Dostoyevsky. But Christianity does not believe in that. Christianity is the eternal protest against this dualism (!), which is also the eternal heresy of secular thought."

This statement is rather risky. First of all, the psychology of Christian asceticism is a proof against it, because the source of the latter lies precisely in this dualism. Moreover: is not the most characteristic trait of Christianity the fight between Spirit and Matter, between Soul and Body, between the temporary and the eternal values? But let us examine the dualism of Dostoyevsky.

Dostoyevsky himself did not care for theological theories about dualism; he simply felt the dualistic cleavage in his consciousness as a real experience, as a psychological fact; and being an honest artist, he was bound to state what he felt—in spite of all theories. The question as to dualism was for him not a theo-

logical but a psychological question; therefore, he treated it as a psychologist, while Mr. de Maetzu treats it as—a theologian. In other words—they are on different planes. Dostoyevsky derived his theories from psychology but not his psychology from theories—and this is the only objective proceeding.

Mr. de Maetzu then returns to the question of God whom he again confuses with "gods." His definition is: "God is Power. Therefore, some power is godlike. We do not say all power is godlike. Gods that are only powerful are not worthy of my worship. But I am not going to bow either to the powerless God of the Manicheans. My God must be omnipotent and lovable. He must be the unity of Power, Truth, Justice and Love—nothing else."

Even if I accepted such a definition of God, I should say at once: Answer me first what is Truth, what is Justice, what is Power, and even what is Love? Mankind has been seeking, since the fall of Adam, for Truth—and, so far, in vain. Further—is also Justice not a merely conventional term? What a Christian proclaims as Justice a Nietzschean proclaims as Injustice—and each thinks himself right. In the same manner a capitalist considers as Justice what a proletarian considers as Injustice. And is not also Love as conventional as Power? All these beautiful and lofty terms are like empty bags which may be filled with any content—according to the individual "self-will," at least as long as there does not exist an *incontestable* standard for good and evil (which I designated in my series as "Absolute Value").

I accept for the moment the definition of Mr. de Maetzu that "God is Power," or, rather, the "unity of Power, Truth, Justice and Love"—only in order to give an illustration of the conclusions to which such a "God" could lead.

The "god" of Dostoyevsky's hero Raskolnikov was, without any doubt, Power. Raskolnikov wished to become powerful, to become superhuman and a second Napoleon. To attain to such power he wanted to kill the old pawnbroker woman, from whom he intended to steal money in the name of Justice, i.e., he considered it unjust that the mean "louse" should have thousands hidden away without using them, while he was starving and full of desire to act, to help his beloved mother and sister, to become (through the stolen money) even a benefactor of mankind. The Truth was also on his side, since his entire logic and even his conscience granted him a complete sanction for killing the useless "old louse." Hence, Raskolnikov's "god" corresponds exactly to the quoted definition: he is a "unity of Power (as the leading impulse), Truth, Justice and Love." And it is in the name of this "god" that Raskolnikov committed murder. . . .

One could give a number of similar illustrations, but it would lead too far. I am afraid that the "gods" of Mr. de Maetzu are nothing but disguised expressions of self-will. And they lead to that conclusion by which Dostoyevsky was mostly haunted: since there is not an *incontestable* standard for good and evil, then all values become conventional and illusory; then there is no good and no evil and "all things are lawful."

Thus we arrive at the main question of Dostoyevsky—at the question of Absolute Value, which has been sufficiently demonstrated in my series. And here, in connection with this question, I feel obliged to emphasise also that Dostoyevsky is not a "tomb" (as Mr. de Maetzu asserts), but one of those spirits who really belong to the future. It is enough to take into account his grandiose conception of Man-God and God-Man to arrive at such a conviction. Was it not Dostoyevsky who demonstrated that these two principles are struggling not only in individuals, but in the consciousness of all mankind? He it was who warned mankind against the path of Man-God, after having demonstrated that it leads into void and self-destruction. And who struggled more passionately against

the materialisation of contemporary life? In this struggle he was not only a "martyr," but also a brave knight of Spirit, whose aim was the regeneration of mankind through a synthesis between Life and Religion. If Dostoyevsky had given nothing but what he has done in this direction, he would belong to the future. . . .

Control in Education.

WHATEVER may be the results of the spasmodic discussion of educational problems which is proceeding both in England and Scotland, any proper appreciation of the principles really at stake will hardly be one of them. That these are the things over which there is divergence no one can very well doubt. But the popular mind and the official, in agreement as usual, succeeded in persuading themselves and some other people that after all it is a mere question of administrative machinery. About the great aims of education, we are told, there is no real disagreement. Such an impression is infinitely more insidious and more dangerous than the frank explanation of the German official that he desires the child taught State-knowledge, State-reverence, and State-control; or of the English industrialist that he does not want him taught at all. To talk solemnly about the end of education and its ultimate meaning may be a proper task for a professional philosopher; but it comes badly from a member of a local authority. When we consider what results elementary and secondary education are producing in these islands, we may begin to suspect that our high arguments have contributed chiefly to our own edification. We must rather begin from below and work up. In England and Scotland we are not fit to be educational theorists; perhaps it will become us best to leave them over till we have an educational system which a decent man can contemplate without humiliation, and a person of intelligence and some initiative enter for other reasons than ordinary economic pressure.

As a substitute for these wise sayings from which we must tear ourselves away, we may perhaps devote some attention to educational practice. There are two directions in which this may be done. An attempt may be made to analyse and direct the everyday activities of the ordinary teacher in the light, not of an uncertain metaphysics, but of present-day psychology, considering particularly those things which really go to make up the personality, emotions and desires and sentiments and will. Mr. Kenneth Richmond has brought to the search for this end an unusual and critical grasp of psycho-analysis and other golden heresies; so that at last we have some writing on education which we can read without despair. I do not propose to follow Mr. Richmond into these paths, at least at the moment; but to take another part of educational practice, and point out some of the things which are imperative if ideas (like those of Mr. Richmond) can ever begin to be realised. If I refer chiefly to Scottish conditions, it is not only that I happen to know them better; but that they provide the essentials of the problem untrammelled to an unusual extent by sectarian or other extraneous considerations.

Only a person unfamiliar with the British love for camouflage will be surprised to know that the most vital question at issue in Scots education is understood not to be in dispute at all. We have come to a point where some decision must be made on the matter of control; and the Bill, as it stands, proposes to retain (though not, perhaps, to intensify) a system to which everyone must object who has any considerable degree of sympathy with those ideas on social freedom which THE NEW AGE has been accustomed to advocate. In various other directions we see evidence that this is likely to be the real divergence among professing democrats. Mr. Shaw, among the Doctors, will be

rivalled by any Labour leader, or other would-be educational expert among the teachers. Nor can there be much possibility of compromise. It is a much wider question than that of the State v. the Professional Organisation, for which, in its most general terms, National Guildsmen may claim to have offered some sort of solution. It is that of the mere right of any profession to be a self-governing whole, and to be recognised as fit to be entrusted by the community with real responsibility for its particular function. In short, is it, or is it not, to be free from constant interference by irresponsible and foolish amateurs? Medicine, we may anticipate, will be strong enough in itself to resist this thing; and it has a powerful sanction in the fact that people do possess on occasion a reasonable respect for their bodies. Unhappily, a like reverence for their souls and those of their children can hardly be said to exist. That is the real reason why the teaching profession is not honoured either by itself or anyone else. And it is in a fair way to pay the penalty.

Though the Scotch Education Bill contains various provisions for educational advance, such as the raising of the school age, discussion has centred over the question of the educational authority to whose hands the administration of this system is to be entrusted. This is as it should be, for a sense of shame, if nothing else, should prevent people from discussing whether continuation education is to form an immediate part of the elementary basis of a common social equipment. And, in any case, the content and method of this, as of other stages in the process, will fail to be determined or frustrated by those in whose hands the power of administration rests. The point at issue may appear insignificant enough; and it is obviously not by itself the real one. But it contains enough reality to give the controversy, in spite of its surface politeness, more than a touch of that bitterness which must always appear in any attempt to overthrow the defences of the Philistine.

The chief administrative changes which the Bill proposes are (1) the enlargement of the local administrative area from the parish to the county; (2) the abolition of the existing ad hoc authority and the substitution for it of a committee of the County Council. The basis of the Scotch educational system, as it is now, is the Act of 1872. Though this has been supplemented and altered by additional legislation and by departmental minutes, the parish School Board, specially elected for the purpose, and consisting almost always of from five to seven members, still remains to destroy the vitality which Scots education at one time possessed. The mere increase in the size of the area will, no doubt, put an end to many of those things which most of all made the life of the teacher a burden—scandalously low salaries, defective equipment of schools, absence of facilities for promotion, parochial jealousies, and general victimisation; while the passing away of the ad hoc authority will possibly bring to bear on education some of that general capacity for affairs which undoubtedly exists in most parts of Scotland; and it may also make possible the co-ordination (blessed word!) of the numerous functions in relation to children and adolescents which have, rightly or wrongly, been entrusted to local bodies.

The most remarkable feature of the Bill, however, in spite of its good points, is the treatment it metes out to the teaching profession. By this time, Scottish teachers are better organised than any similar body elsewhere, much more so than in England, and infinitely more than in Ireland. They are now, it should be remembered, all certificated, and, therefore, all trained, however inadequately. Moreover, their central organisation, the Educational Institute, has brought about a union with itself of the secondary and class teachers' associations, and its members comprise perhaps three-fourths of the whole profession in Scotland. Its structure seems to me well adapted to its

functions: and very recently it has begun to show itself sensitive to its responsibility as the repository of trained educational opinion in Scotland, and has even acquired a becoming sense of professional pride. Yet the Bill, long asked for and largely desired, passes over this great organisation without so much as mentioning it, and providing for it no place in the educational organism, except, perhaps, that it may be represented on an Advisory Council which does not possess the faintest semblance of executive power or administrative authority. It is true that the Head Teacher of each school will have a place on a School Committee: but here, again, he is carefully deprived of any real power. From even the District Committee, not to mention the County authority, he must be absent, unless (per impossibile) he could persuade the ratepayers to elect him as one of themselves.

Were it not that our habitual neglect and scorn of education had blinded the eyes of our souls, no such proposal could ever be made. Indeed, it is not thinkable in the case of any other great profession. Consider what would happen if a Public Health Bill were introduced which asked the medical men to stand aside from real responsibility, and then called them in to do the routine work along lines marked out by unknown officials and adapted to local circumstances by incompetent amateurs. A new and far-reaching compulsory religious organisation without the clergy: or a legal system which retained juries but dispensed with judges, would be in the main in a like case. Nevertheless, the Scottish teachers, through their representative organisation, have accepted the Bill and devoted all their energies to getting it through, in the belief apparently that its influence on the life of the people would be so great, and the need for it actually so pressing, that no consideration even of personal interest should be allowed to stand in its way. Though this could hardly fail to reflect honour on Scottish teachers, were our ruling classes given to honouring anyone but themselves, opinions may differ on the wisdom of the course. I myself think that some attempt at least ought to have been made to secure for teachers the statutory right of determining the conditions of entrance to their own profession. But even this much can hardly be said without exposing their fundamental weakness. They are not yet fully organised, and they are still less accustomed to fighting. Some of them, no doubt, think it a lowering of the dignity of a great profession: and a still larger number that it threatens the aloofness of a little one and tends to degrade it to the level of a mere Trade Union. Even these latter should have been convinced by the reception of the Bill that the vested interests now in charge of education are very strong, and that they will not be persuaded to resign their possessions without a struggle. There are mean souls who are left untouched and unimpressed by the collapse of empires. What their fathers did is to be good enough for our grandchildren. Moreover, contrary to the expectation of some people, though not probably to those who had been intimately associated with Scottish life in the last twenty years, public opinion on the Bill seems to be apathetic where it is not actually hostile. No clearer proof than the files of the Scottish papers, especially in the rural and small-town districts, of the period since the introduction of the Bill could be required that not only is it the teaching profession, and, for the most part, it alone, that has knowledge about education; it is to the teacher in the first place, and to everyone else only secondarily, that we must look for a real case for it. The layman may be an eager educational administrator: but the growth to freedom of the souls of the people is not his sole aim, when it occurs to him at all. Economy, with efficiency, is his most honourable catchword: and his educational aims stated without disguise putting the ideas of his own class into the minds of other people's children.

O. LATHAM.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Royalty Theatre maintains the tradition established since the war began by producing another war play. It began by showing that "The Man who Stayed at Home" was really in the Secret Service, and was engaged in trapping German spies employed at the Admiralty; it proceeded to show us "Disraeli" outwitting a lady employed by a foreign Government to prevent us from obtaining control of the Suez Canal. Then it lapsed into prophecy, and Mr. John Galsworthy showed us peace with revolution, with peer and plumber in mutual agreement that what was needed was more goodwill. Then it came back to the war with "Billeted," which I hope that I did not see, because I remember nothing of it. Now it looks further into the future than ever, this time through the eyes of Mr. Hall Caine, the great author of "The Manxman," or "The Man with Three Legs." Mr. Hall Caine presents "The Prime Minister" in power at the declaration of the next war, and like the Prime Minister in the "Star's" recent skit, this one declares that "this war, like the last war, is a war to end war."

The next war—ah, that should offer scope for the exercise of Mr. Hall Caine's peculiar gifts! It does. During the South African War, we were told that Lord Roberts rebuked a Staff officer for interrupting him with work while he was petting a little girl: "Can't you see I'm busy?" became a catchword, and an eyegore in every respectable home. During this war, we have been told of the lady typist who interrupted a Cabinet meeting to ask the Prime Minister: "What did you do with the little brown teapot?" It is not, therefore, without historical (or, shall we say, legendary) precedent that Mr. Hall Caine interrupts a Cabinet meeting with a maidservant's request to the Prime Minister that he should go and tell stories to his motherless little girl, who could not sleep until she heard his unofficial communiqués. Such a human touch would have brought down the house in the old days; but building regulations are stricter now, and the "Royalty" still stands. It became apparent that Mr. Hall Caine had got his people and his crisis on the stage, and did not know how to make them explain themselves. By the simple device of calling the Prime Minister away from a Cabinet Council that was awaiting a reply to an ultimatum, Mr. Hall Caine obtained his opportunity of telling us what to think of Sir Robert Temple. Lord Burnley explained at great length to the other members of the Cabinet (who, of course, knew nothing of the Prime Minister's history) that Sir Robert Temple had loved his wife, that she was dead, that the portrait hanging over the mantelpiece was of her, that Temple was devoted to her memory and their child, that he was a family man who would not marry again, and, therefore, was a fit and proper person to control the destinies of England. When we were quite assured that the Prime Minister was, like Torquemada, not only a cold, stern disciplinarian, but also a warm-hearted family man, the Prime Minister returned to invite his Cabinet to beguile the period of waiting by having some supper—another device of Mr. Hall Caine to introduce another family character of no importance. How to get the Cabinet back again was a problem that might have daunted a less hardy melodramatist than Mr. Hall Caine; but to him it was as easy as writing a book that would be banned by the libraries. We have only to suppose that the Prime Ministers of England are drivelling idiots, who do not know that mid-European time is one hour fast on Greenwich, and the trick is done. Back trooped the Cabinet with the question: "Did you

remember that mid-European time is one hour fast on Greenwich?" and at the answer: "I did not:" sat down to wait the few minutes before eleven o'clock struck, and the ultimatum expired. Such is patriotic stage-craft.

Mr. Hall Caine assumes, like Mr. Galsworthy, that things will be exactly as they were before the present war; that German clubs will flourish here, and naturalised Germans (spies, of course) be employed in the Government offices, and that a Prime Minister (within ten years of this war) would be prepared to engage a Swiss governess for his little girl, a governess of whom he knew nothing except that his wife had seen and recommended her. Nay, more, that even when he knew from the police (and extorted the confession from her) that the woman who presented herself was not the Swiss governess recommended by his wife, but was a naturalised German whose family was gravely suspected by the police, even when he knew that she had entered his house with the intention of injuring him, or, at the very least, of kidnapping his child, even then he would engage her, after making her swear that she would hold no communication with her family. If ever a Prime Minister deserved impeachment for criminal neglect of the interests of the State, Sir Robert Temple is that man. And the reason suggested for all this fatuity is that he trusted her, and at the last, loved her, embraced her as she lay dying at the foot of the portrait of his dead wife, after he had compounded a felony by telling the foiled assassin to clear out before the police came—the assassin being the brother of the German governess.

But why should we make all these assumptions of stupidity; why should we suppose, for example, that the police guard the front of 10, Downing Street but not the back; why should we suppose that everybody, except Mr. Hall Caine, is an idiot? The only reason is that Mr. Hall Caine's competence, as a dramatist, does not enable him to deal with probabilities, to say nothing of facts; he can deal only with impossibilities, can keep a Cabinet waiting for an answer to an ultimatum without knowing to what that ultimatum refers, can show us a Prime Minister apparently sending ultimata direct by telephone, and not formally presented by an Ambassador, and sit there waiting for a reply to time without having first taken care that the wires were kept open. Sir Robert Temple needed a secretary much more than his child needed a governess, a secretary who could discover from Whitaker's Almanack, if from no other source, that standard zone time has been gradually adopted since 1883, and could teach him a little more secret diplomacy than sending ultimata by telephone. Such a secretary might even have taught Sir Robert Temple that it would be wise to have Allies against Germany, and that it was very improbable, in view of the historical facts of this war, that our troops would be routing the Germans on their frontiers two months after the declaration of war. Peace before Christmas, by all means; all wars are short wars—at the beginning; but how did we get to the frontiers of Germany without invading someone's neutrality? Mr. Hall Caine had better have another look at the future; this is myopic.

HORACE'S ODES, I, xi.

Seek not Luconœ, for 'tis sin to know
 What end the Gods designed for me, for thee;
 The symbols of Chaldea leave untried—
 How better far to suffer what shall be!
 Whether God granteth many winters more,
 Or whether this now raging be thy last
 That tires with stubborn rocks the lower seas,
 To a brief span reduce a hope so vast;
 Prithee be wise and strain the vintage clear.
 For as we speak, all-envious age hath sped:
 So take with all it brings, each passing day,
 Trusting but little in what lies ahead.

COLCHESTER MASON.

LICHNOWSKY AND THEIR DILEMMA.



German Socialists: "Ah, if our comrades of the Entente only knew the difficulty of our position! Lichnowsky has proved our war immoral, but we must support it lest it be unsuccessful as well."

Readers and Writers.

IF someone would kindly stop the war I should be very glad to give my reasons for wishing that "A. E. R." had begun where he left off. With his purely ethical conclusion that, on the whole, it is wisest to regard immortality and eternity as now or never, and heaven as here or nowhere, no reader of Emerson or Carlyle can have any complaint. They have said it before, and "A. E. R." has said it again. But as neither Emerson nor Carlyle was a metaphysician, whereas I assume that "A. E. R." is, I am a little surprised that my colleague should remain under their illusions as regards the nature of Time and Reason. "A. E. R." appears to be a "realist" of the old school, that is to say, of the Aristotelian as distinct from the Platonic school which is always new. In the most modern nomenclature he would be called a Bertie Russellian, a philosopher whose devotion to Reason expresses itself in an apotheosis of Impulse. Is it not the fact, you remember, that "A. E. R." had nothing but praise for Mr. Russell's book on "Reconstruction"—and what was that book more than a glorification of impulse? In Mr. Russell, however, the glorification of impulse was the sequel of the despair of Reason. Reason, realistically considered, had been shown to be a vicious circle for ever returning upon itself: a snake always swallowing its own tail. Nothing else, therefore, could have been expected of it than the eternal recurrence whose necessary formula in ethics is: *the here and now.*

As I said, it is not the moment to array my arguments against the fixity of the "naïve realism" of "A. E. R.'s" conclusions when metaphysically considered. I merely enter my objection formally, and remit my appeal to a later court. The problems of Karma, Reincarnation, and the Immortality of the Soul are not, I protest, closed problems. On the contrary, they are very wide open; and, in my opinion, they will only be closed in a certainty which realist Reason can deny on a priori grounds alone. In the meanwhile, I make no concealment of my own confessions: I believe in Karma, I believe in Reincarnation, and I believe in the Immortality of the Soul.

In reply to several inquiries, I beg to say that "We Moderns," by Mr. Edward Moore, is expected to appear in book-form at any moment (Allen and Unwin). "Mind and Manners," on the other hand, a reprint of the diary published in these pages over a year ago, under the title of "Man and Manners," has now appeared, and can be had of the publishers, Messrs. Simpkin and Marshall, at the easy price of half-a-crown. It is a little invidious to recommend to anybody a book upon Manners, since it suggests a need, to remark upon which is commonly regarded as insulting. But in the case of "Mind and Manners" the edge of the insult is taken off, I think, by the association of mind with the higher manners advocated. The plea of the writer, the reader may remember, is for manners, not as an ornament, but as a necessity of complete mental development. What is unmannerly is wrong, intellectually no less than socially. I accept the risk, at all events, of calling attention to this reprint on the assumption that if it should do me no good, it will do my readers no harm.

The "Selected Essays and Passages from Standish O'Grady" (Fisher Unwin, 3s. net), to which I referred

last week, for an early essay upon Whitman, is a priceless anthology of this neglected author. Very few people in this country realise that Mr. Standish O'Grady is more than any other Irishman the discoverer of ancient, and, in consequence, the creator of modern, Ireland. His very first work on the "Heroic Period" of Irish history appeared in 1878; it was published at his own expense, and had a small and a slow sale; but to-day it is the inspiration of the whole of the current Celtic revival. "Legends," says Mr. O'Grady, "are the kind of history which a nation desires to possess." For the same reason, legends are the kind of history which a nation tends to produce. I am not altogether certain that it would not have been well to leave the legends of ancient Ireland in their dust and oblivion. They go back to remote periods in time, and seem, even then, to echo still earlier ages. It is possible, for instance, that Ireland was a nation over four thousand years ago. Some contend that a Buddhist civilisation preceded the Christian. Characteristically, it has been thought that Ireland supported Carthage against Rome. But what is the present value of these revivals of infantile memories? They cannot be realised to-day; and to dwell upon them is to run the risk of a psychic regression from waking to dreaming. "Enchantment," Mr. O'Grady tells us, "is a fact in nature." So potent a charm as himself has created may have been responsible—who dare say?—for the recall to present-day Irish consciousness of early historic experiences that were best forgotten. Is it not a fact that the mood of Ireland to-day is between the legendary and the dreaming? Is not the "ideal" Irishman to-day Cuculain of Dundalk talking and acting in his sleep? It is a question, however, for psycho-analysts; and I will not pursue it further.

I thought for some time of translating for the English public "Les Sentiments de Critias," recently published in Paris by M. Julien Benda. The style is excellent, and M. Benda has the gifts of epigram and irony; but, upon second thoughts, the inappropriateness of such a style to the situation in which we find ourselves forbade me. As M. Benda himself says, "there is no elegance about this war"; and success in writing about it elegantly must needs, therefore, be a literary failure. Critias' "sentiments," moreover, appear, when compared with the "sentiments" evoked by the contemplation of the war, a little irrelevant. He is like a sadder and a wiser Mr. Bernard Shaw flickering over the carnage. Impeccable as his opinions usually are, they are expressed too lightly to be impressive, and too carefully to be regarded as wholly natural. And that M. Benda can do no other is evident in his "Open Letter to M. Romain Rolland," whom he considers a prig. If he had been capable of impassioned rhetoric it is in this address that he would have shown his skill, for the subject is to his liking, and the material for an indictment is ample. But the most striking sentence he achieves is that "We asked for judgment and you gave us a sermon." It is pretty, but it is "art."

Part V of the "War Drawings," by Mr. Muirhead Bone (Country Life, Ltd., 10s. 6d. net), contains ten more of this well-known series. The drawings of Mr. Muirhead Bone certainly do not fall under the censure of my preceding paragraph. Many of them are beautiful, but none of them is pretty. While, of course, the tenth—"The Seven Cranes"—is most unmistakably a "Bone," the rest are also authentic; they could be the work of nobody else. Half a guinea a portfolio of ten drawings may seem, perhaps, a good deal of money; but when the buyer goeth away he boasteth.

R. H. C.

Eternal Life.

"A. E. R.'s" article, "Here and Now" (March 28), interests me so much that I cannot help answering it; partly to disagree, partly to comment. In the article of mine, from which he quotes, I maintained that much disbelief in an immortality is not really disbelief. It is difficult for us to know what we really believe about such things. Consciously, we may be merely revolting against the common notion of a future life and the idea that we ought to be good so that we may go to Heaven, while all the while we may have a deep, unconscious belief in our own immortality, which we should discover, perhaps, only if we could suddenly be convinced that death made an end of us. Perhaps "A. E. R.'s" distaste for the idea of immortality, "for life after death in any form," is only a distaste for current notions of it, or for any immortality he can conceive. But, assuming immortality, of course, we can none of us conceive it thoroughly, as we cannot conceive ultimate reality, whatever it may be. The opinion of Jung, that the belief in immortality is bad for men, does not throw any light on the question. For Jung is mainly concerned with sick people whose opinions, whatever they were, would seem bad for them, and are rather symptoms than causes of their disease; and, in the second place, the very account Jung gives of the evil effects of the belief shows that it is belief in some particular and absurd kind of future life. You cannot discredit the belief in God with tales of Juggernaut and Moloch; and you cannot discredit immortality by remembering all the nonsense that is talked about it. Besides, there are also diseased people who seem to suffer by their disbelief in immortality, but I agree with Jung that the trouble is the unhappy combination of religion and morality, the effort to believe something that will keep us out of the public-house, as, for instance, that we shall be punished for our sins and rewarded for our virtues in another world. That effort cramps the imagination, makes men afraid of reality. It is as bad as seeing nothing in life but the struggle.

But this is by the way. My real point with "A. E. R." is this. He conceives of eternal life as "the everlasting here and now." So do I, but we see the everlasting here and now only in glimpses and "through a glass darkly." Yet, when we do see it, even so, we are convinced of it, and that it is our life, not someone else's life that we can never share. It is our life, but we cannot live it yet except for a moment; yet we live on those moments, and all the values of mankind are based on them. "A. E. R.'s" conclusion from this fact is that—"Those who look for life hereafter are failing in adaptation to the here and now." Certainly they are, if they spend their time in preparing for the life hereafter, in taking thought for the morrow. But that is the way of those who are unable to imagine, out of their own experience, what eternal life means. They think it means living for ever in time, and passing, with a bump, into a new time. According to the idea of eternal life based on experience, it exists here and now and always; only we now are not fully aware of it, we are not enough ourselves to be aware of it. As Keats said, this world is a vale of soul-making, that is of self-making; when the self is made, it passes out of time into eternal life, in which there is succession, as in music, but not duration, and in which even succession is also simultaneity, the grasp of the whole, as when we grasp a tune before we have heard it all. Such moments of rapt experience are prophecies of the coming self. (But here I must say that I am merely stating my own belief, and that I have no evidence for it except such moments.) They convince me that they are reality, and I am a part of it; and if I am told that my conviction is "unscientific," I would point out that all the convictions on which men act are equally unscientific. Scientific reasons are concerned with means never with ends. A man decides how he

would live from his spiritual experience, or the lack of it.

But if eternal life is to "A. E. R." merely what we are capable of here and now, I cannot understand how it can be to him eternal life at all. We have only hints and glimpses of it; yet they are hints and glimpses of our own life, not someone else's; and their effect is not to satisfy us with life as it is, or with ourselves as we are, but to make us passionately desire this life that we live for a moment. Yet it makes us think, not of another world utterly different from this one, but of reality all round us, a reality that tantalises us because we cannot grasp it. We have the power of seeing it through a glass darkly and of valuing it. It is true, as "A. E. R." says, that we do fail in adaptation to it, though I don't like the phrase which suggests the pressure of merely material circumstances. It is not adaptation we need but perception. As Christ says, Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. You may paraphrase it—Blessed are the disinterested for they shall see reality. And so I think "A. E. R.'s" dislike of the idea of life after death is one more example of the passion for disinterestedness. He fears the desire for life after death, because it is desire, because it would give him an axe to grind in life; it would make him concerned with himself—whether he was fitting himself for this after-life; it would pervert all his thought and observation with the desire to prove that there was an after-life. Grant the danger of all this; but it has nothing to do with the question whether there is eternal life; and those who are most sure of eternal life, imagining it truly, have no axe to grind, practical or philosophic. On the contrary, it is through their disinterestedness that they attain to the knowledge of eternal life; because they are pure in heart, they see God; and, having seen him, they are not troubled about themselves or about him. They live on their certainty, and it makes them forget themselves altogether.

Finally, I would make this point. All our intended and valued conduct is based on the belief that the universe, including ourselves, means something, that it is not nonsense. But it would be nonsense if we had glimpses of an eternal life and nothing more. It would be worse nonsense even than if it were what Herbert Spencer thought it was. For this eternal life would be no one's life; it would be dangled, by no one, in front of the noses of nobodies. You cannot get over the difficulty by talking about evolution. Eternal life cannot be evolved or handed on, with growing perfection, from one mortal to another, until some mortal attains to immortality. Eternal life either is or isn't; and if it is, there are those who live it. But the notion that we are learning to live it, doesn't make nonsense of the universe or of us. When Jung says that the Christian religion has fulfilled its biological purpose, he is making nonsense of the universe, and of the Christian religion. It has no biological purpose; there is no such thing as a biological purpose; there is only a biological process. The purpose beyond that process is the experiencing of eternal life, the knowledge that it exists. That is seeing God. As "A. E. R." sees, the progress of the race does not demand the suppression or limitation of the individual; the progress of the race means the becoming of complete individuals, of selfs; and that is their attaining to their own eternal life. Life exists completely only in selfs; it is not an abstraction, as it is to those who think biologically. It is only in living things, and in them it is eternal; but they have to discover it, and in that discovery to become fully selfs. I paraphrase that saying of the International that "A. E. R." quotes: "You have life to win. You have nothing to lose but death." It is not after-life; it is life, which we have not yet attained to because we are not yet selfs. I hope I have removed some of "A. E. R.'s" dislikes and misgivings.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

WATER.

THE sheets displayed at the One Hundred and Ninth Exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours are mostly of the school of "We-desire-to-succeed-to-the-market-of . . ." The blank dots may be filled in at pleasure according to the whim of the artist. The late Alma Tadema is not unpopular among them, and many of the masters of the Tate Gallery might here find their mildest disciples. Here also are sweet bits of rainbows, ponds and seas liquid with soup, many grassy and leafy smears, and even our old friend "the symbolic"; art nouveau in Mrs. Averil Burleigh; Condor *minus* in R. Vicaji; the nadir, the absolute bottom, in A. T. Nowell's "St. Mark's"; *simplesse* in Wm. Rainey; the nude submerged by M. I. Kees; and silk coats in abundance, the silk coat, silk-stocking period when somebody is always taking off a three-cornered hat and making a flourished bow with said hat swept out at arm's length; and, we need hardly say, landscape in all degrees of uncertainty; also a few wild animals with the Humane Society smile; plus at least one attempt to be comic.

D. W. Hawksley contributes a Japanese derivation, in smooth paint (that is something). The bottom half of E. Green's "Bowl of Spring Flowers" is entertaining. P. A. Hay, "The Minstrel" (Gosh!). C. E. Swan, "Indian Leopard" (Really!). R. Gemmell-Hutchinson, pseudo-oil. W. Tyndale, "Grocer's Shop," clear, at any rate, though tones of his colour are not unquestionable. N. Wier-Lewis, still life, visible. Mrs. J. B. Mathews "Carmen" (presumably Madame Delysia), carefully done, save the face and the appalling flesh tones. E. M. Harms, 81, horror. H. Copping, 96, ditto. Hal Hurst, "Youth" (Oh?), Ryland (Late Alma-Tadema, hopes to succeed to the market of . . .).

A. Van Anrooy, "Albi on the Tarn," paper effect, and well handled. Josh. Smith, "Rosebud of Womanhood," terrible strain to find something, anything, to do with a model. Chuji Kurihara has, at any rate, done what he pleased; his picture, "The Calmness," is in key with itself, and not a heterogeneous collection of second-hand furniture. John Nassall, theatrical, but with technical interest. W. Apperley, daring, not so much in subject as in execution, pseudo-Rosetti-Botticelli. D. W. Hawksley, "Summer," cleanly executed figures in the foreground. J. W. Schofield, moody, house in distance, inferior to Wm. Rothenstein's at London Group. F. Matania, "Cubiculum," female with hideous face, mighty thigh, mosaic floor carefully executed.

George Graham, "Great Gable," clean, rain-swept landscape, quite beautifully done. J. R. Reid a few clean strokes. H. Banks, "Digging Cockles," possible to take a little pleasure in foreground figures. C. R. Burnett shows enterprise (Millet's market?). A. J. W. Burgess, frosted porcelain finish, like numerous other exhibitors. A. H. Collings, variation on Messrs. Pears and Co.'s "Bubbles," with the actual soap-globes omitted. Hal Hurst, "The First Rays," so far inferior to Kirchner, or the pictures of mid-nettes and their hosiery which we pass in the art-shops of the Strand. F. Taylor, "Water Gate," largest sheet on show, brown tree in bold strokes, "impossible" greensward seen through arch, bright, clean colour, Paris nine years ago, gate broadly done, rest of sheet not so certain, shows well at a distance. C. Barnard, "Mermaid, Rye," clean in parts. D. Adamson, *solfèrino*, blue-pink-an'-purple horses. C. W. Simpson, white shovelled on with a manner. Gotch, chintz, still more Tategallerysh. G. Rogers, clean, not much waste. Thus pass the accomplishments of our mother's generation. There is also sculpture. G.

Bayes shows aspiration toward breadth, and has quaint enamel insertions.

There are also miniatures. Josh. Smith's "Phryne" the worst. No Areopagus would have fallen. M. E. Wilson, clean work in "Gladys." F. Cooper, appalling in "Lady D. Manners," excellent in "Miss J. Buckmaster." G. Hughes, appalling nude, bad as Smith's. M. R. Peacock, excellent in "S. Hardy." (Where one miniature by an artist is mentioned, it is to be understood that the rest, by same hand, are without merit.) A. Underwood, quaint. S. Shillaker, fake enamel (as intended).

Mr. Nevinson (Leicester Gallery) has appealed unto Cæsar. He is, in the process, a little hard on the family profession, and he seems to have misunderstood a few brief lines from these columns. We did not mean that he showed too great a variety, we noted an indecision of method; the underlying formula has always been sufficiently monotonous; it has always been to mix Picasso, or Lewis, or Severini, or some ultra-modern with the old stand-by illustrators of the "Illustrated London News." We did not imply that Mr. Nevinson isn't the man for his present job. We have no intention of siding with the "Saturday Review" in its imbecile attack on Mr. Nevinson's work. Mr. Nevinson is the man for his present job, which is illustrating the war, and he is one of the nippiest and alertest of illustrators. But he now appeals unto Cæsar, the modern democracy, and, in substance, asks the critics either to praise him or to let him alone. We are quite ready to emulate Felix and let the appeal go through. It does not surprise us that Mr. Nevinson should prefer to be judged by the public than by the expert. (The "Saturday Review," is, of course, the public with a vengeance, and its intelligence far below Mr. Nevinson's.) Being among the careful observers whom this artist disparages, we would caution the public to remember one thing alone: a good picture is a picture which does not wear out one's interest too quickly. To attract the eye is no trouble. I can by the simplest of expedients; by the mere throwing of a basin-full of paint at a sheer white stretch of canvas, produce something that will instantly catch the eye of every visitor to a gallery. I have seen a whole room "dominated" by the high, by the very high, light on the hind-side of an ill-painted cow. Rembrandt's formula of a light patch in the midst of surrounding obscurity is only too simple. Needless to say, it is not the only device of its sort. Mr. Nevinson wishes the public to judge him. We have no wish to thwart this democratic desire, but if the public wishes to be the true audience of philosophers it will try the artist by this one test; it will try to look at a Nevinson picture as long as it can look at a Degas, or a Cézanne, or a Picasso, or a Rousseau. Surely, Mr. Nevinson will not mind the public's employing these little tests, for all his scorn of the critic, with all his distaste for expert attention. He will not mind the public interest rising to such a pitch that it compares him with his fellow artists and his forebears. Or is this also forbidden? Do we await more manifestos, to the effect that the public is to judge his art by the method of snap-shot? The instant exposure of the retina to a picture is to be the test of the future?

We are indebted to M. J. Pupin for his "South Slav Monuments," profusely illustrated with photographs of Serbian churches, and containing valuable historic notes. The book indicates the spread of a culture from Byzantium, the Empire of the East approximating that of the West, so that San Zeno, of Verona, would not appear strange in the eyes of a Serbian; whereas the mosaic style of St. Mark's would, in so far as it preserves the Byzantine tradition, be even more native to him. We see round romanesques arches, and stone or brick in layers of different colours. Decani is fortunate in its church, and Lesnovo, and there is interesting ornament at Ravanica, and at Ljubostinja.

Views and Reviews.

BACK TO EARTH

MORAL philosophy is not the most enlivening of the sciences; its wilful abstraction from reality not only falsifies the facts, but condemns the moral philosopher to practical impotence. Dr. Bosanquet is as sure as most other professors of morals that "directly and positively, by advice on particular issues of conduct, moral philosophy cannot help" us to know what to do. As he declares in his preface,* "I do not believe in casuistry as a guide to conduct": the practical man who has to do things may ask what right moral philosophy has to judge actions that it has done nothing either to inspire or to direct. Academic pride has always taken that peculiar form of boasting that it has nothing to do with practice; with the consequence that we get such abortions of learning as the qualified engineer who has never done any engineering, the Master of Arts who has never mastered any art, the Doctor of Laws who could not even purge a by-law of absurdity, and a professor of the science of conduct confidently declaring: "I do not know what you ought to do." But no man, not even an academician, can remain content with standing on his dignity, for in that position he is merely impotent; sooner or later he must come back to practice, and even the professor in Shaw's "Cæsar and Cleopatra," although he stipulated that Cleopatra should first devote four years to the study of the philosophy of Pythagoras, did promise to teach her to play the harp at the end of that period. Moral philosophy itself cannot remain content with its attempts to train a wooden horse to live on a diet of sawdust, but must turn at last to offer some suggestions "which I thought . . . might be helpful. If I was wrong, there is no great harm done"; a different conclusion which serves to show that even a moral philosopher does not disdain a casuistical justification of his own conduct.

But Dr. Bosanquet is almost human, or, shall I say to avoid misunderstanding, not quite divine. He is as God made him "a little lower than the angels," but not much lower. I remember hearing him lecture years ago on "England's Unrecognised Misfortune," in which he argued that if Napoleon had conquered us as he conquered Germany, we should probably have been as well-educated and militaristic as Germany now is, a state of affairs which Dr. Bosanquet then regarded as highly beneficial. Lucily, moral philosophy cannot help us to know what to do, or he would be urging us at this moment to accept defeat from Germany for the good of our souls instead of diffidently offering a few suggestions on such difficulties as: "Must a man be selfish because he does not 'live for others'?" "Is it true that retributive punishment is a mere survival of vindictiveness?" "Can morality be hostile to beauty, or vice versa?" (there is much virtue in vice versa). "If evil is real, does that make it certain that the universe cannot be perfect?" and "Have we any right to be stupid?" With reference to the last question, I remember hearing a countrywoman rate the village idiot for being a fool, and, with unanswerable logic, the idiot replied: "Well, I can't help it." But there is more to be said on the subject for people who have no such natural limitations.

* "Some Suggestions in Ethics." By Bernard Bosanquet, Litt.D. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

I said at the beginning that moral philosophy falsifies the facts; what I mean is that it talks of "values" as though they had reality independently of man. When Christ said: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath": He put things including values in their proper relation to man. Psychology always dives deeper than ethics, and psycho-analysis has really only revived the Christian perception of the prime importance of man. The real question is not the determination of "values," but the value of "values" to man; it is easy to talk, as Dr. Bosanquet does, of absolute and supreme values, such as truth, beauty, goodness, each of which is equal to the other and all of which are imperative. But there is nothing more certain than that these "values" are abstractions from reality, made for convenience in description and imaginatively endowed with reality. A thing, for example, may be beautiful to a man, but to suppose that it really possesses a certain quantity of a definite thing called "beauty" is to misunderstand the facts. Christ was silenced by Pilate's practical question: "What is truth?" but the psycho-analysts have as their maxim: "A truth is a truth when it works." If we remember that these abstract "values" are really only general terms, we shall be saved from the absurdity of over-estimating their importance; for reality does not exist in the abstract but in the concrete, and when we come to deal with the concrete, the general terms can only be used as a sort of shorthand. "Like all general terms," says Ribot, "consciousness must be resolved into concrete data. Will, in general, does not exist, but volitions; and in a like manner, there is no consciousness in general, but only states of consciousness. The latter are the reality." Values of all kinds are only constituents of states of consciousness, and have no reality apart from those states.

Dr. Bosanquet nearly agrees on this point: "Values," he says, "are the development of capacities. It takes the whole system of values to draw out the whole capacity of man; it takes the whole capacity of man to be the basis of a perfect system of values. If in any community there are undeveloped capacities, so far the system of values is straitened and obstructed." Although Dr. Bosanquet imagines that he has demonstrated the supremacy of his absolute values, he has really only demonstrated their relativity to the purposes of man. For the capacity of man is the measure of his "values," and truth, beauty, goodness, and the rest, mean nothing unless he expresses himself in them. So the categorical imperative becomes a hypothetical proposition: "If man can express himself in the creation of 'values,' he will be well advised to do so; but he is under no obligation to surrender his purposes to the dictation of abstract definitions." The value of truth, for example, is that it facilitates the performance of our purposes; but if a man knows that the declaration of his purposes would only rouse those "forty thousand Cornishmen" to ask the "reason why?" he would be simply a fool to declare his purposes. "Be not righteous over-much; neither make thyself over-wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" is also good counsel. The only necessity laid upon man is the necessity of preserving himself alive, and of expressing fully the powers resident within him. To that end, he must develop technical skill of all kinds; Dr. Bosanquet shows that we cannot even do good to anyone without a considerable training in knowledge of human nature and the appropriate methods of dealing with it. Good intentions do not justify faulty execution; and the man who "desecrates, belike, the deed in doing," is the man who has not learned how to express himself. We have no right to be stupid, concludes Dr. Bosanquet, because stupidity frustrates, or, at least, delays the performance of our purposes—but this is nearer common-sense than moral philosophy.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Christianity in History. By J. Vernon Bartlett, D.D., and A. J. Carlyle, D.Litt. (Macmillan.)

The authors of this work have undertaken a novel and somewhat difficult work of exposition, a work that is primarily defined by negatives. "It is not a history of the Christian Church," they say, "nor is it a sketch of the development of Christian doctrine"; it falls somewhat between the two, and "is in fact an attempt to set forth the genesis and growth of certain of the more typical forms and phases which Christianity—whether as conduct, piety, thought, or organised Church life—has assumed under the conditioning influences first of the Roman Empire and then of the Western civilisation that was its successor and heir." Almost any brief description of such a work would be misleading, but it is, in effect, a study of the "leaven" by means of the description of the various forms of fermentation caused by it, and what emerges from the study is the utter impossibility of saying what Christianity is other than an inspiration which works variously at different times and with different people, an inspiration that moves them profoundly, admonishes their excesses, and yet reveals nothing of itself except the necessity of discovering an interpretation of and use for a set of symbols of universal significance. It is a Gospel for all men that promises to the "chosen" a larger life of such potentiality and power that it takes on the attributes of Divinity, and, at the same time, warns: "Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." It has satisfied none of the needs of man, but, on the contrary, it has inspired those needs. If at one time it has led men to expect gifts from God; at another, it has demanded sacrifice; if, at the beginning, it was a break away from ceremonial religion, the larger life being found in freedom from traditional forms and the perception of the divinity of common things, at another time, the efficacy and necessity of sacraments was no less the obvious interpretation of Christianity. If Christ scattered the seed among mankind, an organisation of reapers embodied itself in a Church to garner the harvest; and Christianity has been everything by turns, the cult of the hero, the cult of the tribe, the cult of the State, the cult of the World-Empire. Its original assumption of the unity of mankind has split the race asunder, and is bringing it together again; the "Kingdom" is as near to us as to Christ, and as far away as history; it is always at hand, it is always becoming manifest, but is never manifested—because it has to be created. It is given by God in revelation, it is made by men in the travail of evolution. It is typical of the everlasting paradox of Christianity in history that the "Son of Man" who declared that He "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister," has inspired more devotion to Himself and more tyranny towards others than any other person of the same period.

But this, we need hardly say, is not the teaching of the book, although suggested by it, nor does it describe its purpose or method. Its purpose is to show us how the body of doctrine that is now called Christianity has developed from the communication of spirit that was made in the time of Christ, and it shows us that development by putting it in its historical setting. We get an inkling not only of the extraordinary debate that was necessary to overcome the diffidence of Christians respecting the definition of their elementary articles of faith, but also of the historical conditions that made the definition necessary and more than an inkling of the meaning attached to the definition. It thus presents to us a summary of the process, and a simplification of the content; and in effect, the book is a demonstration of the fact that Christianity is comprehensive of the antagonisms that it inspires. The authors quote on a fly-leaf the following passage

from Troeltsch, and illustrate throughout history the varying emphasis that has been placed on one or other of the aspects of Christian comprehension of reality. "Christianity resembles, not a circle with one centre, but an ellipse with two focuses. It is an Ethic of Redemption, with a conception of the world both optimistic and pessimistic, both transcendental and immanent, and an apprehension both of a severe antagonism, and of a close interior union, between the world and God. Neither of these poles may be completely absent, if the Christian outlook is to be maintained. Yet the original germ of the whole vast growth and movement ever remains an intensely, abruptly Transcendental Ethic, and can never simply pass over into a purely Immanent Ethic. And the importance of that classical beginning ever consists in continually calling back the human heart, away from all Culture and Immanence, to that which lies above both." That principle of unity which Christ said would "bring division" has done so, because men have always forgotten the warning of the Athanasian Creed against "confounding the person" and "dividing the substance." In the name of the most comprehensive religion, men have excluded each other from it; and even the Re-union of Christendom is a subject that is dividing Christians, because they are not content to grow into it. But the "Kingdom" is still "at hand," and the authors end their work with a demonstration of its nearness.

The Threshold of Quiet. By Daniel Corkery. (Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)

If we were obliged to judge the Irish people by their novelists of this generation, we should be compelled to conclude that they are all living in a Celtic twilight. The things that never happen to them fill their books with unimaginable mysteries; and at last, the Lady of Shalott says: "I am half sick of shadows." The people in this story are not broken-spirited, for nothing critical happens to them, and, if it did, they would evade it; they really seem to be not quite alive. Their "bellies are filled with the east wind," but their creator has forgotten to breathe into them the breath of life. Apparently, they are intended to "mean much and mean intensely"; perhaps they do, but what they mean it is impossible to discover. Lily's religious vocation, for example, can be heard by no one but herself; as it is here depicted, it seems to be no more than a transference of her services from a home that no longer required them, and from whence her lover never called her, to a nunnery that could not utilise them. It was no passion of devotion that drove her to religious immolation; it was precisely passion that she lacked; she refused to "warm her hands at the fire of life," and in the most literal sense, she "retired" from the world. Her lover was quite as anæmic; he nearly proposed to her several times, but an unearthly delicacy restrained him, or perhaps there was something relaxing in the air of Cork. Whatever may be the cause, they are a most spineless set of people, who seem to live in a continual phantasmagoria worrying about the meaning of things without ever understanding them. How they manage to live, so aimless as they are, would be a mystery if they did live; but they seem to dream away their days in an everlasting refusal to face facts, the chief of which seems to be Mr. Corkery's opinion that Cork is no place to live in. He begins his book naturally enough with a suicide, and ends it with a retirement to a convent; and the passage between shows us the live people leaving Cork, and the probably dead ones making up their minds to live there for ever. The ghosts seem to squeak and gibber in the streets of Cork, but there is no "mightiest Julius" to fall. Cork seems to be a place where literally nothing happens, and the "Threshold of Quiet" records the fact in three hundred pages of miserable musing.

Pastiche.

THE FRIENDS.

For thee are chosen want and wayfaring
 In place of goods and ease thou dost desire,
 Nor shall thy days the meanest comfort bring.
 Hidden from thee, that lookest on the mire,
 Is every comeliness; thy very tears
 Sound not a weeping string in heaven's quire;
 But are distilled from all thy suffered years
 As an ungracious and unwished rain,
 When every hill a robe of torrent wears;
 And not of anything art thou so fain
 As of dull death. So art thou justified,
 For he shall bid thine angel sing again,
 Shall ope to thee his pleasant portal wide;
 And thou that fleddest the rude breath of woe,
 Yet 'scaped him not, shalt see beatified
 His direful children: swiftly shalt thou go,
 And say, "Want, am I welcome, friend? And lo!
 Sorrow my sister, Plague my house-fellow."

RUTH PITZER.

A DIALOGUE.

What dost thou want of me, my soul, my soul?
 Be true, be true, be true through every day—
 Why dost thou shudder like some mournful ghoul?
 Delve in thyself, thyself, that ancient way—
 Thou wert so perfect in—ah, well-a-way!—
 Thou didst in contemplation's control
 So surely travel: trouble but to pray,
 And thou shalt live, and thou shalt fast enrol
 Each wandering fancy, each forsaken fay—
 Oh, soul, thou art majestic, thou art free!
 Thy wings are vast, and wondrous is the path.
 What sweet delight resides in joy of thee!
 What countless merriment and boundless wrath!
 Abysmal deeps where gloomy demons smile,
 Tall, silver heights unstained by any guile!

J. A. M. A.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—If I have manifested any of the impatience that I confess I feel with your correspondent, "W. D.," I can only offer my sincere apologies. It is so long since I reviewed his book, and at the moment my interest is centred on other matters, that it is with a sense of supreme effort that I bring my mind back to the consideration of this subject. But if it pleases him, and does not incommode you, I will plunge with him into the Dark Ages once again. The difficulty is, I think, that he is trying to convert me to an expression of faith in his credo; but I have no concessions to make other than those stated in my review, and repeated in my correspondence. Codification, I repeat, would simplify the whole body of our law, and make it easier for us who have to obey the law to know what is the law, and what are our rights and duties under it. It would, or rather should, have the effect of making clear the principles which jurisprudence has evolved in practice; but it is absurd to pretend that nothing has been done in this direction in England. Dicey says: "There are various branches of English law which have been reduced to a few logical principles by the books of well-known writers. Stephen transformed pleading from a set of rules derived mainly from the experience of practitioners into a coherent logical system. Private international law, as understood in England at the present day, has been developed under the influence first of Stony's 'Commentaries on the Conflict of Laws,' and next, at a later date, of Mr. Westlake's 'Private International Law.' And the authority exercised in every field of English law by these and other eminent writers has in France been exerted, in the field of administrative law, by authors and teachers such as Cormenin, Macarel, Vivien, Lafarriere, and Haurion. This is no accident. Wherever Courts have power to form the law, there writers of text-books will also have influence. Remark, too, that,

from the very nature of judge-made law, reports have in the sphere of droit administratif an importance equal to the importance which they possess in every branch of English law, except in the rare instances in which a portion of our law has undergone codification." If "W. D." will stop flourishing the French code in my face, I will stop flourishing the French droit administratif in his, with the reminder that the political aspect of codification is not to be ignored when we are spawning bureaucrats by the thousand, and have suspended the constitutional guarantees.

But the French, we are told, have a Code which we are asked to believe acts contrary to the nature of Codes, and is "a helpful guide in equity." I am not particularly impressed by the affirmation of the French jurists, "L'équité est l'esprit de nos lois"; "W. D." has made too much play in his book with similar affirmations relating to English law, and it would be as absurd to judge the French code by this motto as it would be to judge the Royal Exchange by the text, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," carved over its portals. Equity may be the spirit of the law, but codification demands judgment by the text. Hear Faguet again: "Even to-day a very upright judge said to me: 'The texts are so numerous, so contradictory, and, in spite of their apparent rigidity, so malleable, that it is always possible to judge in equity.'

"And you do?"

"Never, because to judge in equity is to assume a responsibility which nobody cares to undertake."

"Fine!"

"Perhaps."

"This terror of responsibility comes out clearly in the famous passage of Beccaria. He is in favour of judgment by the letter, of judgment by the simple juxtaposition of the case at bar and the text of the appropriate law, of a judge who has nothing but eyes."

"W. D.," like most reformers, wants the best of two things; he wants the best of codification and the best of equity. I suggest that they are incompatible, and he invites me to take a plebiscite of public opinion in France and England. I cannot do it, and it would be unnecessary in any case, for the decline of respect for the rule of law is not a characteristically English phenomenon, but it is well-nigh universal in civilised countries. Other countries, too, have their anomalies; if "W. D." looks with hungry eyes at the French Code, Faguet looks with equally hungry eyes at our judgment in equity. The ideal is probably that of Sparta, with its judgment in equity guided by the six Rhettas of so sacred a nature that they were not committed to writing; but life is rather more complex for us, and where the Spartans discouraged litigation, "W. D." wishes to encourage it by making the Courts accessible, expeditious, and cheap to the disputer of trifles. I do sympathise profoundly with his general tendency towards making the law more clear, because that is in keeping with the scientific trend of our time; but I also crave leave to admire the wisdom of that English Chancellor who cleared up the arrears of the Court of Chancery by simply staying away from his court. Codification may be a blessing, legislation may be as manna dropping from Heaven, but litigation is a curse; and I am by no means sure that what may be defects in a system of law are not also the virtuous instruments of the cause of justice. "Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison."

YOUR REVIEWER.

* * *
 "PRODUCERS BY BRAINS."

Sir,—Mr. Herbert Samuel informs me that I over-rated the importance of his connection with the Home Counties Liberal Federation, in a recent reference in your columns. I gather that Mr. Samuel did not found the organisation, and that, although acting as secretary to it for some years, his contributions to its funds were not of a very substantial character.

I am glad to make this correction, although I do not think it affects my general criticism. It remains the fact that men of wealth have advantages in pushing a political career which are denied to men whose endowment merely consists of ability, honesty, and the wish to serve their fellow-men.

ALLEN UPWARD.

JUSTIFICATION BY WORKS.



The Kaiser: "You will understand—one had to do something to refute the charge of indecision!"