

truer sense of duty all around, but that word has not now the place it once had in elementary education, and we are reaping the result.

Deuteronomy and Joshua, introductions, with notes, map, and index, edited by the Rev. H. Wheeler Robinson, "Century Bible." (Jack, 2s. 6d.) Written on the lines of advanced criticism and giving the latest results of scholarship, we are told of seven or eight authors of Deuteronomy ranging from 850 B.C. to the Exile. The view of Joshua is that he is not an historical character, but "neither is he a pure creation out of nothing." Considerable ingenuity is shown in the appropriation of the various parts of each book to the supposed authors or editors, but we are not in the least convinced by the arguments. In spite of our dislike of the treatment of many passages, we can recommend the book for the sake of many of the notes and references to Biblical literature.

Indian Folk Tales: sidelights on village life in Bilaspore, Central Provinces. By E. M. Gordon. (Elliot Stock, 3s. 6d.) Although the observations here recorded have been made in one district of the Central Provinces, they are of immense value to all who are interested in missions to India, and no reader of the first pages will be content until he has read the whole. We admire the studious care with which the writer presents his facts and his reserve in generalisation. He has made good use of his sixteen years' residence, and we feel that his claim that he knows the people of whom he writes is justified. Mr. Gordon tells us much about caste, of marriage laws, marriages with cousins, the occupations of the people, worship and festivals, medical remedies, domestic customs, methods of burial, and then we have specimens of the local tales and proverbs, the whole related in excellent taste. Parish priests who are wise enough to place mission work before their people much oftener than when a collection is made will find in these pages a first-rate supply of illustrative matter. The book is bound to win wide approbation. We must not omit to mention that a case of "possession" has an explanation which we think reasonable and most probably true.

Further Studies in the Prayer Book. By the Bishop of Edinburgh. (Methuen, 6s.) No serious student of the Prayer Book can afford to be without this illuminative and instructive work. It is a supplement to the author's well-known *Workmanship of the Prayer Book*, but with fresh lines of inquiry, especially on the influence of German Service-Books. The first chapter provides us with some account, with criticisms, of books on the Prayer Book, beginning with Gardiner's criticisms of Cranmer's First Prayer Book. What Cranmer took from German Books, and what he rejected, is then described. Ch. V. maintains that "Divine Service" includes Holy Communion, and was not intended to describe the daily offices only, from which it follows that the people should say the Lord's Prayer with the priest at the commencement of the Eucharist. But the traditional use is against the Bishop in this, and tradition is a stronger force than written rules. The chapters on the Athanasian Symbol are full of valuable matter; indeed, there are few books which have so clearly demonstrated the necessity of retaining the Creed in public use, in spite of the Bishop's idea that it has caused distress, and should therefore be relegated to an inferior place. The Bishop and those who will quote his words have to face the question as to whether a right faith matters or not. If it does, then that is all the Athanasian Creed maintains in language that none can mistake. The introduction of the Decalogue at the beginning of Mass is shown to be due to German influence. A long discussion of the term "oblations" ends with the opinion that the word refers to money offerings for pious uses, but the more ancient use of the word convinces us that, whatever confusion may have arisen in men's minds in later years, the real meaning prevailed, and we shall still regard "oblations" as applying to the materials of the sacrifice, including the alms given for their provision. The question of Confirmation age is argued in favour of delay until fourteen or sixteen, but experience in our own time warrants the administration at or about twelve years of age. The Bishop shows, however, that the tendency to raise the age was common in Europe before the days of the First Prayer Book. The chapter on Ordination should be read by every priest in charge of souls. We have only referred to a few of the points in this book; it may truly be said that on every single point the Bishop manages to throw new light, and for this we are grateful, whether we accept the conclusions or not.

BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Books Received.

- The Resurrection of Jesus.* James Orr, D.D. (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.)
- The Fact of Conversion.* George Jackson. (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s. 6d.)
- A History of the Holy Eucharist in Great Britain.* R. E. Bridgett, C.S.S.R. With Notes by H. Thurston, E.J. (Fisher Unwin and Burns and Oates, 21s. net.)
- Auto de Fé and Jew.* Elkan Nathan Adler. (Oxford University Press, 6s. net.)
- Orthodoxy.* G. K. Chesterton. (John Lane, 5s. net.)
- The Philosophy of Kant Explained.* John Watson, LL.D. (Maclehose, 10s. net.)
- David Syme: The Father of Protection in Australia.* Ambrose Pratt. (Ward Lock and Co., 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Life of Tolstoy; First Fifty Years.* Aylmer Maude. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)
- The Tempest.* With illustrations in colours by Paul Woodroffe, and songs by Joseph Moorat. (Chapman and Hall.)
- Whisper!* Frances Wynne. (Elkin Matthews, 1s.)

The Tragedy of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. Arthur Dillon. (Elkin Matthews, 4s. 6d.)

F. C. G.'s Froissart's Modern Chronicles, 1903-6. (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d. net.)

THE reprinting of minor poetry is evidence of merit, even when it is a testimony of personal love; for how often does one care to reproduce in cold deliberation after fourteen years the verses even of one very dear? Mrs. Wynne's graceful lyrics, first issued at the very time of her early death, justify the tender appreciation with which Mrs. Hinkson sends them forth anew. Would that all books had as good a right to exist! It would be interesting to know why Mr. Arthur Dillon thought himself called upon to write a tragedy about St. Elizabeth of Hungary. It would be still more interesting to know why anyone thought of printing it. These are questions reaching down to the hidden depths of human psychology, and as that is the fashionable science of to-day, we commend this little book as material for investigators. There is a Bishop who says: "Humph! Our Kaiser mourns his wife deceased, Isolt of Jerusalem. In good time, widow with widower may consort, etc., etc." Other scenes are in verse. There is also a Fool, who reminds the reader of nothing so much as of Tilburina mad. For preface, the author writes:—"The Play is founded on 'The Saint's Tragedy' of Charles Kingsley. This is to make full acknowledgment of debt—structural and verbal." It is.

Mr. Chesterton not even pretending to be anything but serious calls for more serious consideration, if possible, than when he is making grimaces. He shall have it. Serious *sans façon* is an attempt by the Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Queen's College, Kingston, Canada, to explain the philosophy of Kant. But, if equally serious, he is less humorous than Mr. Chesterton, and that is a drawback in dealing with philosophy. Nevertheless he must be studied. And politics? Alas, that F. C. G.'s fountain should be running dry! But there are signs of drought. Humour that is frankly partisan will be smitten with the blight of sameness. The *Anti-Jacobin* lasted long enough, and Sir Frederic Carruthers Gould cannot keep up his Froissart for ever. His vein, moreover, is more prolific in opposition; it is dull work defending Ministers through thick and thin, especially for a really earnest supporter. A draughtsman or writer with tongue in cheek would have greater freedom, but he would be even less convincing. No, opposition is the school of caricature.

A weighty memoir of the man who founded and long directed the *Melbourne Age* is a record of persistent work crowned by the triumph of the protectionist policy in Australia and the formation of the Commonwealth. The Premier of the Commonwealth writes a preface. Photographs of streets in Melbourne do not so much adorn the book as remind the reader that even Protection does not secure everything that makes for amenity. Sufficiently in contrast with this is a record of Tolstoy's first fifty years—*Anna Karénina* the crown. Yet here is another New Country, and here also are failures of achievement.

Dr. Orr's work on the Resurrection keeps pace with the latest discussions, and is soundly orthodox. Mr. Jackson, lecturing at the Vanderbilt University—we confess an indefensible ignorance of its habitation—began to discourse of Conversion not very promisingly by a quotation from Henry Drummond, but he afterwards got to Starbuck and William James and realities. Father Bridgett's immense and erudite work on the history of the Eucharist in Britain has been curtailed and revised with not unnecessary care by Father Thurston, who is thoroughly trustworthy. He has not, however, attempted to verify the whole of the vast mass of quotations, which must still be used with caution. The new issue is a handsome volume in folio. A strange compilation by Mr. Elkan Nathan Adler consists of many documents about the persecution of Jews and "New Christians," and a wholly unnecessary abstract of Dr. H. C. Lea's "History of the Inquisition in Spain," which occupies a third of the volume.

Mr. Murray's new Bible Dictionary is promised for the end of this month. It will be small, we believe, and designed rather for general students than for scholars, but it is said to be abreast with the times and sound in the faith. It should be very useful.

WARNING.—It is reported that a layman named Baynes, who, by mistake, is included in the clergy list of the Canadian Year Book, has secured from some of the clergy in England the use of their mission-rooms, to lecture on the work of the Church in British Columbia. It would be desirable that any to whom he may apply should communicate with the Commissary for the Bishop of New Westminster and Kootenay, Canon Rhodes Bristow, 12, Eliot-park, Lewisham, S.E.

THE WAYFARER.

Cum ventum ad verum est: sensus moresque repugnant Atque ipsa utilitas.—HORACE.

Laborant

I HAVE been trying for some time to make out why Mr. Hall Caine should have been asked to write an introduction to the English translation of a novel by Johan Bojer. The suggestion may have come from some fleeting thought of the connexion of Northmen with the Isle of Man. It is also to be considered that Mr. Hall Caine is himself a novelist. This, however, is inadequate; Voltaire could write plays, in which his countrymen found considerable merit, without being well-qualified to introduce Shakspeare to the French public. The geographical reason for his selection is not much sounder, but will appeal to some minds; one knows the man who is an authority on Joan the Maid because he was born of Whig ancestry in Ayrshire and there were Scottish soldiers in the garrison of Orleans. A Manxman, therefore, by birth or sojourn, may be expected to enter into the depths of Norwegian psychology; and besides, Mr. Hall Caine has written something, if my memory does not trick me, about Iceland.

And so the matter is arranged. "I am here," says Mr. Hall Caine, "to introduce this book to English readers." The book is Johan Bojer's *Power of a Lie*. The question why the book needs an introduction belongs to the Mystery of Publishing, into which I cannot penetrate. One would have thought that, after a ten years' surfeit of Ibsen, the English public was all too familiar with Norwegian methods, with the strength and weakness of Norwegian fiction. "This is a great book," say the introducer. It is a mercifully small one. It is conceived and wrought in a fashion that could not be endured at great length; for it is pure tragedy. Tragedy must be short, sharp, and decisive. It must also be overwhelming; there must be no faltering over the catastrophe, no weak suggestion of alleviation, no hankering after a benevolent turn of affairs. I do not forget Fortinbras, and the righteous scorn of German critics poured out upon English stage-managers who cut him out of the play in order that Hamlet's writhing death may have the curtain. Shakspeare's own conclusion is artistically perfect; he was writing the tragedy of Hamlet, not of the Danish kingdom, and the dawning hope for Denmark brought by the Prince of Norway does not emphasize the failure of the generous weakling on whom the burden of possibilities lay too heavy. The note of tragedy is not the collapse of a world, but collapse of the individual in a world that goes on its way without him.

Johan Bojer's story, I say, is pure tragedy. Then what in the world has Mr. Hall Caine to do with it? He is merely bewildered in this region of thought, and he betrays himself in his criticism with amusing simplicity. Now I maintain that the introduction to a tragedy ought not to be comic. It may be ironic, but that is another matter. Of the several kinds of irony Mr. Hall Caine has only the unconscious kinds; he is simple as Monsieur Jourdain. He sets forth his conception of art:—"I hold it to be entirely within the right of the artist to show by what machinations of the demon of circumstance the bad man may be raised up to honour and the good man brought down to shame, but I also hold it to be the first and highest duty of the artist to show that victory may be worse than defeat, success more to be feared than failure, and that it is better to lie with the just man on his dunghill than to sit with the evil one on his throne." Is not that noble? Observe these simple categories, "the bad man" and "the good man." Do you not see the hero struggling through four acts or four and twenty chapters with the demon of circumstance? He preserves untainted his virtue and his fortitude, with noble scorn he rejects all compromise, *instans tyrannus* secretly trembles before him; at last, in life or in death, he is triumphantly vindicated. And the gallery acknowledges that he was a good man, and no mistake. So Mr. Hall Caine understands art; and so, I suppose, he would have the actor show Hamlet unmistakably mad, Macbeth an unmistakable coward, Phaedra as unmistakably direct as Potiphar's wife.

Now Johan Bojer does, in some respects, work on these lines. There is no mistake about his lie; it is unsophisticated. Wangen is the son of an official who had been in trouble over his use of public money; he himself has made ventures in business, which he muddles; he has borrowed capital from people who cannot afford to lose it, and has also persuaded the wealthy peasant Knut Norby to make himself responsible for two thousand crowns. Then comes inevitable failure, and everyone is against him. A rumour flies about that he has forged the signature of Norby, whom nobody imagines to be fool enough to have made himself answerable for the sum. Norby lets the rumour go, and finally adopts it. That is the lie. Wangen succumbs; unable to find a

witness to Norby's signature, he clumsily concocts a letter from an acquaintance in America containing a reference to the incident; the invention is easily detected, and he suffers the penalty for the double forgery. Then the neighbours entertain Norby with a public dinner in token of sympathy, and the tale ends happily, so far as he is concerned. That is all.

It is not a pleasant story, and few of the characters are pleasant—Wangen's wife, Ingeborg Norby, another woman who is a well-meaning meddler, and the priest. The rest all show the sordid side of Norwegian life—the life, not of sordid poverty, but of sordid comfort. But all that is pleasant, all that is sordid, all that is terrible, is brought to light with a subtlety and truthfulness of analysis that can hardly be surpassed.

Now for Mr. Hall Caine's criticism. He is not quite satisfied. Bojer does not meet the demands which he makes upon the artist. "If I read this wonderful book aright," he complains, "it says as its final word that a life of deception does not always wither up and harden the human heart, but sometimes expands and softens it." There I think that he has the priest in mind as much as Norby. For the priest—he is, of course, Lutheran—does not believe in the atonement or in the sacraments, and yet he cannot bring himself to abandon his position, sacrificing himself to the truth; he gives absolutions which he believes to be worthless and deceptive, and preaches what he believes to be a lie; yet he grows year by year in kindness and charity, the very consciousness of his own falsehood making him tender and full of sympathy with faulty men. But Norby also is in view, and he illustrates the position "that a man may pass from lie to lie until he is convinced that he is as white as an angel, and, having betrayed himself into a belief in his innocence, that he may become generous, unselfish, and noble."

That is a grotesque exaggeration of what the book contains, but let it pass for approximately true. "On the other hand," continues Mr. Hall Caine, "this book says, if I do not misunderstand it, that the sense of innocence in an innocent man may be corrupting and debasing; that to prove himself guiltless a man may make himself guilty, and that nearly every good and true impulse of the heart may be whittled away by the suspicion and abuse of the world."

Here, I think, Mr. Hall Caine has not misunderstood the book. That is its tragic theme. And how true! how terribly true! Who does not know how conscious innocence of some one wrong imputed to him may blunt a man's conscience at every other point? Who does not know how a lie to which there is no answer can ruin the temper and crush the heart? Who does not know the temptation to meet lie with lie, and the horrible reasoning that justifies such treatment of an unjust world? That is Bojer's theme—the power, the awful power of a lie, and the crushing of a soul. Such things are, and of them is tragedy. The spectacle of a strong man triumphant over circumstance belongs to epic; to show the weak or the strong delivered from circumstance by circumstance would be for melodrama. And now we can see the inner meaning of Mr. Hall Caine's criticism.

"I confess," he says, "though I am here to introduce this book to English readers, and do so with gladness and pride, that this is teaching of which I utterly disapprove. It conflicts with all my experience of life to think that a man may commit forgery, as Wangen does, to prove himself innocent of forgery." And where, then, did Mr. Hall Caine get his experience of life? On the stage of the Adelphi, or of Drury Lane in autumn? And what of Wangen's enemy? It is a mere misunderstanding to say that Norby "becomes unselfish by practising the most selfish duplicity." He does nothing of the sort; he does not develop, except in the familiar way of sticking to a lie with turns of casuistical ingenuity until he almost believes it. Mr. Hall Caine's real complaint is that he does not develop, that his whole character is not blackened by the lie, that he is too strong to collapse under the burden of a bad conscience, that he is able to remain a kind father and a generous master. "If I had to believe this," he says, "I should also have to believe that there is no knowledge of right and wrong in the heart of man, no sense of sin, that conscience is only a juggling fiend, and that the presiding power in the world not only is not God, but the devil."

Brave words, if ungrammatical; the upshot of which is that Mr. Hall Caine will be highly displeased with the Almighty if the affairs of the world are not ordered in accordance with the eternal laws of melodrama. It is a frame of mind that is not uncommon. I do not know whether it is engendered by the reading of sentimental novels and the seeing of sentimental plays, or whether it only feeds on such trash. I do know that it causes frequent rebellion against fact, and consequent renunciation of the God of truth; I am inclined to think that sound unflinching tragedy is then precisely what is wanted to purge the passions.

VIATOR.