

method they do so with reservations; and though they employ the psychoanalytic jargon they are suspicious of explanations that base everything on sex, and put themselves on record as holding that "Freud was wrong in believing that dream symbols have a universal significance and that they do not vary with the individual mind." But they have no remedy to offer for the ravages of the Puritanism they hate. In passing they speak with approval of the confessional as a means of resolving spiritual anxiety; but they appear to have no other conception of Catholic philosophy or of the Catholic sacraments. Twice they refer to St. Paul as the originator of the Puritan idea of sin as a pleasure of the senses; and they call Herbert a Puritan poet!

In this state of bewilderment it is not surprising that their conclusions are rather lame. After deciding that the practical materialism of America is the consequence of the Puritanism of America, they warn the "critic turned reformer" against opposing that materialism, because in opposing it he will be opposing the genius of the American mind. "If America in the large can be made in his" (the American's) "eyes only a wider expansion of his small town . . . he can be saved from a personal unhappiness that is producing a spiritual disaster." Which is, to say the least, an astonishing dictum.

## BRIEFER MENTION

*The Romans in Britain*, by Bertram C. A. Windle, New York: George H. Doran Company. \$4.00.

THE Professor of Anthropology in St. Michael's College, Toronto, Sir Bertram C. A. Windle, has collected his lectures on the early Romans in Britain into a volume readable and valuable as the storehouse of broad and well-collated knowledge.

After a very capable discussion of the Roman invasion, the camps and settlements and the sculptural remains that still attest the solidity and thoroughness of the Roman establishments in ancient Britain, Sir Bertram passes to a general discussion of their religious memorials, "Christianity in the Empire and in Britain," "Roman Administration in Britain," to an obvious, even it might appear strangely placed, chapter of comparison "Rome and Britain: Britain and India."

The schoolboy reading his *Omnis Gallia divisa est*, etc., is as well prepared for the story of the coming of the Romans as any archaeologist, but a reading of the other ancient authors on Britain will clarify him further. From Tacitus he will learn that the Romans encountered "different physical types: the red hair and stalwart limbs of the dwellers in Caledonia attest their German origin, the swarthy and generally curled locks of the Silurians, as also their position opposite Spain, win credit for the belief that in old times Iberians crossed over and settled here."

This gives a very early origin to the tradition concerning a Spanish origin for the Gaelic races. From Strabo we learn that these people "were clean-shaven except for long moustaches, and that they had fair hair and skins; they were six inches taller than the tallest Romans, who were, it must be remembered, rather a stockish folk. Their powerful frames were clad in bright-colored tunics and cloaks of wool, which were

stained with native dyes, no doubt derived, as in Ireland in quite recent times, from lichens and a number of native plants. Sometimes crimson was the color selected, sometimes purple, obtained from shell-fish like the celebrated Tyrian dye, but very often chequered patterns were used, which were the origin of what we now know as tartans. Breeches these people wore, for they are spoken of as a gens *bracata*, and Valerius Maximus, who wrote about A. D. 29, speaks (to the surprise, perhaps, of our recent stage-costumers) of the Druids as long-trousered philosophers." From this it will appear that those who, desiring to return to the garb of their early ancestors, have acquired the Kilt-habit, have a further stage to reach and can imagine what their forbears looked like by studying those Highland regiments which wear the "trews" and not the "kilts."

The importance of Mithraism among the soldiery and colonial forces of Rome is well outlined in Professor Windle's volume. It seems also that even in Imperial times "Christians looked on themselves as Christians first and Roman subjects afterwards. When this was the case, it seems idle to look about for reasons why Rome should proscribe the Christians. If it was to be true to itself it must compel obedience; and to do this meant death to all firm Christians. (Arnold: Roman Provincial Administration.)

The coming of Christianity in the British missions of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and St. Paul, St. Simon Zelotes, St. Joseph of Arimathea and his twelve companions, are matters wisely described by Conybeare as "nothing essentially improbable," to which may be added Ramsay's statement (*The Church in the Roman Empire* by "St. Paul the Traveller") that they are traditions "too uncertain to be used as evidence."

The Imperial government, while it recognized its duty to maintain some standard of comfort among the poorer classes, made no attempt to promote their education. It was the Church that later on proclaimed its purpose to educate as well as to comfort and feed the poor. "No doubt," says Professor Windle, "Agricola as part of his policy did his best to induce the sons of the Celtic chiefs to learn Latin, but then, as Tacitus tells us, that was not for the purpose of civilizing them so much as of binding them closer in Imperial fetters."

*The Romans in Britain* is altogether a very interesting and valuable volume on a subject of supreme importance to all students of our civilization.

T. W.

*Restoration Comedy—1660-1720*, by Bonamy Dobree. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

IT is the privilege of a literary man to produce a charming study, interesting and enlightening, on a class of literature that in itself is dull and difficult reading for the average student. The original texts of a Wycherley, a Shadwell or a Congreve are rather hard matter on the whole, but when elucidated and quoted in their most striking passages, they make up a world of the imagination and live, at least in literature, a new life that seems rather flickering in their actual texts. Old literature for the most part seems to need these intermittent shots of electricity to keep it moving in the ways of life: the rickets of some of these vanished periods of letters are inherent characteristics of the incompleteness and artificialities of their past, and sometimes also the electrician is at fault in the voltage of his personality and treatment.

Mr. Dobree is excellent in his management of these vivifying batteries and keeps the puppets of the Restoration Drama moving with continued grace and charm.

T. C.

## P O E M S

*The Cry of Ibn-Levi*

(A romance relating the history of the Ruby of the Black Prince, now in the royal crown of England.)

Abu-Saïd, Abu-Saïd, woe upon the fatal day,  
When to plot with King Don Pedro on your steed you rode  
away!

By the Gateway of Elvira all Granada saw you go,  
Followed by your forty Emirs, prancing gaily row on row.

With you went the crafty Edriz, and the dwarfs, and pages  
vain;  
Twice a thousand pearls they carried, Persian trophies with-  
out stain.

But of all Granada's glories (woe upon the day!) was none  
Like the ruby on your forehead gleaming deadlly in the sun.

You had cast the good Mohammed from the throne his  
fathers raised,  
And within Alhambra's palace, bade your name alone be praised.

Little praise, O Abu- Saïd, little praise you heard that day,  
When the grim Don Pedro smiling, led you forth to joust and  
play.

Clad you in kaftán of purple, as a royal guest should wear;  
Led you forth, and made you target for his horsemen tilting  
there!

With their jousting reeds they slew you, you and all your  
Emirs proud,  
Whilst Don Pedro, and his women, and his hirelings laughed  
aloud.

Through the gateway of Elvira, back he sent your gory head—  
Well we knew its cruel visage and its curling beard of red.

"Greetings to good King Mohammed from Don Pedro of  
Castile!"

Cried the herald through Alhambra, panoplied from head to  
heel.

Curséd, curséd, Abu-Saïd, curséd be the fatal day,  
When we saw that on your forehead nevermore the jewel lay!

For his gift we thank Don Pedro—'tis a dish to feed our  
hates—

Would to Allah you had perished, 'ere that ruby left our gates!

THOMAS WALSH.

*Alice Meynell*

Hinting Heaven  
In glints that are  
Bestrewn along her flight—

"Here, the seven  
Colors mar  
Simplicity of light"—

She vanished, even  
As dazzled star  
Escapes to morning's white.

FRANCIS CARLIN.

*L' Amor Che Move*

(Il Sele E L'Altre Stelle.)

Though she should die and let the world plunge on  
To still more bitter tragedy, and though  
The time should come when every hope were gone  
Save my strong hope, I'd keep it; for I know  
The hidden order of this universe  
(Torn as it is and bleeding from its scars)  
Will brave the human or satanic curse—  
'Tis love that moves the sun and other stars.

Thus only may we come at last to find  
An acre that is larger than the world,  
And widen by intensity the mind  
Until it learns how all the heavens lie curled,  
Coil within coil, within the dingiest town  
That some Utopian dreamer dared to love,  
Who draws the mystical Republic down  
To make him nobler than the thoughts he wove.

With darkened vision we have still to grope,  
Guided by thinnest threads along the maze,  
Sorrowing, but not as those who have no hope,  
Bewildered, yet not lost on faithless ways;  
Our apprehension dawns in darkest night  
(The revealing instant and the catch of breath!)  
For love can flood the soul with sudden light  
Though life is nursed within the arms of death.  
THEODORE MAYNARD.

*What Highway?*

What highway, dear, shall our true loving climb?  
Up cold-browed peaks? Or on the gypsy plain,  
Merry with rainbow caravans that stain  
The road from Ithamar to Hagersheim?  
Maybe a path, hedged tidily with thyme  
And maples, where the thrushes mingle rain  
With tears. There softly whispers day's refrain;  
All noons are cool and movement calmest rhyme.

What matter where our living's lane go through,  
If bright or dim, or swift to cross or long,  
So my heart be a mantle for your shoe  
And that most gentle! Then the morning's strong  
Brown eyes shall find earth beautiful in you  
And evening echo as with evensong.

GEORGE SHUSTER.

*Old Story*

Why should we both tremble so,  
While the logs are in a blaze,  
Huddled in a storm of snow,  
Waiting for the end of age?

There is yet a year or more,  
Until we are wholly numb  
To the banging of a door,  
And this rapturous humdrum.

HAROLD VINAL.