

the wrath of the Atlantic storm nor on the glory of the Himalayas, but in a small English garden at Selborne and by an enthusiastic fisherman named Izaak Walton.

Let us suppose that, two or three hundred years from now, a European poet sets himself to writing a series of tragedies drawn from the history of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Would he choose the fall of Napoleon? Or the crimes and vicissitudes of the Court of St. Petersburg? Or the misfortunes of the Hapsburgs? If he is a mediocre poet, the chances are that he will; for the mediocre poets at all times have been fond of imposing topics. But if he is a poet who feels within him the power to give greatness to things of comparatively small importance, he might go to none of Europe's ancient imperial houses, but to insignificant and little-known Serbia. The struggle that has been going on in that tiny kingdom for nearly a hundred years between the rival houses of Obrenovitch and Karageorgevitch, the long succession of royal crownings and depositions, of intrigue, and treachery and murder, would supply him with the elements of a tragedy that it would depend only on his own power to raise to the height of universal art. There is a strong likeness between modern Belgrade and ancient Mycenæ. The sanguinary struggle between the descendants of Kara George and of Milosh, the swineherd, has scarcely less inherent dignity than the blood-guilt and madness that raged in the house of Pelops. Yet what a golden literature has gathered about the history of Agamemnon and his children, a small chieftain and his family in an obscure corner of the world, at a time when great empires flourished on the Euphrates, on the Nile, and in the Mediterranean.

Scarcely more important than Agamemnon was the Scandinavian monarch who ruled at Elsinore. Scarcely more important was the Scottish chieftain who was not content to be thane of Glamis and Cawdor. Surely, these two, Hamlet's kingdom and Macbeth's, were far below the empire that Julius Cæsar ruled. Yet the respective prominence of these three royal persons scarcely measures the respective merit of Shakespeare's three tragedies.

A MODERN RADICAL.

I.

The recent publication of G. Lowes Dickinson's "Justice and Liberty"* confirms the opinion of those who have read his earlier works that here is a radical thinker to be reckoned with—a man of penetrating mind and a style that is wonderfully flexible, persuasive, and at times eloquent.

He is son of the artist, Lowes Dickinson, who died last year at an advanced age. His education was obtained at Charterhouse and King's College, Cambridge, from which he received the bachelor's degree in 1884. The list of his books is still short: "From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution" (1891), "Revolution and Reaction in Modern France" (1892), "The Development of Parliament During the Nineteenth Century" (1895), "The Greek View of Life" (1896), "The Meaning of Good: A Dialogue" (1901), "Letters from a Chinese Official: Being an Eastern View of Western Civilization" (1901), "Religion: A Criticism and a Forecast" (1905), "A Modern Symposium" (1905), and "Justice and Liberty." "Is Immortality Desirable," announced for this spring, is presumably in substance the Ingersoll Lecture which he delivers at Harvard this month.

I need not discuss at length Mr. Dickinson as a stylist, for the qualities of his writing, show sufficiently in the citations to be made later. His first book, it may be worth noting, is partly in blank verse. Here Mr. Dickinson exhibits his powers no less than his boldness in putting into the mouth of Milton nearly two pages which must be judged as a not unsuccessful effort to shoot with the bow of Ulysses. Quite as daring is the form of three of Mr. Dickinson's books, "The Meaning of Good," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty," which are nothing less than Platonic dialogues. There have been countless attempts in all modern European languages to cast discussion into this difficult mould, but the successes may almost be numbered on one's fingers. In this small list of those who have steered through this strait of Scylla and Charybdis we must place—for present-day readers at least—Mr. Dickinson.

The Platonic dialogue seems a peculiarly happy medium for Mr. Dickinson; for his themes, as the titles of these books indicate, are those which engaged Plato. Indeed, Mr. Dickinson has given us not merely "A Modern Symposium," but "A Modern Republic." In current terms and under twentieth-century conventions, he analyzes the age-old problems that are fundamental to the conduct of individuals and of states. The conceptions involved in the

*Justice and Liberty: A Political Dialogue. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1908.

word "good," the relations of man to man, religion, the church, marriage, the rights of property, castes and classes, aristocracy and democracy—these are the subjects of his searching criticism. Nor is it by accident that so keen a thinker has been so interested in the Greek view of life and has drawn his inspiration so largely from Greece. In this place and hour of the triumph of utilitarian studies, we are prone to reckon only that knowledge as fruitful which may quickly be translated into bread and butter. We talk glibly of discarding classical culture because it is of no help in running our foundries and building aeroplanes. But then comes a writer like Mr. Dickinson to remind us that man shall not live by foundries alone; that in spite of the visible bulk and apparent efficiency of our machinery the force that drives the human race forward is not steam or electricity, but ideas; and that to get ideas we must go back to one of the great perennial fountains.

In his mental attitude, as well as in the topics which he discusses, Mr. Dickinson may also be called a Platonist; that is, he aims at what Matthew Arnold terms "a free play of the mind" on our stock notions and prejudices. He is not afraid to be called a destructive critic; for he perceives that the distinction between destructive and constructive criticism is not real, but verbal; that the first step toward erecting a firm structure on the desired site is to raze the flimsy one. "A sound intellectual foundation," he tells us, cannot be reached "except through criticism, and all criticism implies and engenders doubt".

A man who has never experienced, nay, I will say who is not constantly reiterating, the process of criticism, is a man who has no right to his enthusiasm. For he has won it at the cost of drugging his mind with passion; and that I maintain is a bad and wrong thing. I maintain it to be bad and wrong in itself, and quite apart from any consequences it may produce; for it is a primary duty to seek what is true and eschew what is false ("A Modern Symposium," p. 63).

One need not accept all of Mr. Dickinson's doctrines; but, accepted or not, they set one to thinking. They help one to see some of the mal-adjustments and inequalities in this best possible of worlds. They reveal glimpses of profound principles of government. It is, in short, with the fine spirit of the philosopher that Mr. Dickinson approaches his inquiry as to the welfare of the state—the philosopher whom Plato describes as "a believer in the idea" and "a lover of the vision of truth."

II.

Mr. Dickinson's religious theories may be found in *obiter dicta* here and there, but summed up most clearly in the little volume "Religion." In his

early work, "The Greek View of Life," he drops one or two pregnant phrases which bring us close to the core of his doctrine: "that passion to transcend the limitations of human existence which is at the bottom of the mystic element in all religions" (p. 31); and "this fundamental dualism . . . is the perpetual tragedy of man's existence— . . . the conception of life as a struggle between two opposing principles, and the promise of an ultimate redemption by the help of the divine power" (pp. 31, 32).

Mr. Dickinson's formal discussion is divided into four chapters: "Ecclesiasticism," "Revelation," "Religion," and "Faith." By ecclesiasticism he means "religion as embodied in a church"; and by a church, "an organization which claims to be the depository of a truth otherwise inaccessible to the human reason." An ecclesiastical religion is the kind "that people commonly intend when they assert that religion is essential to society." But the "fatal flaw" of ecclesiasticism is this:

Just so far as it is calculated to support an existing order, just so far is it compelled to perpetuate abuses; for every conviction that repudiates reason repudiates also criticism, and therefore reformation (pp. 12-15).

That is, ecclesiasticism prevents that free play of the mind, which in Mr. Dickinson's view is the one vital thing.

Since ecclesiasticism rests on revelation, the question arises, "What kind of truth it is that is supposed to be communicable by revelation and not communicable by other methods?" Taking first what appear to be historical facts, Mr. Dickinson asks whether there is "a short-cut to those particular pieces of information, such as would certainly be repudiated in the case of any other historical events." Intelligent men, he answers, hold that "the truth of the story of the life and death of Christ must stand or fall by the ordinary criteria of evidence, then that the whole question is removed from the sphere of revelation to that of history." But when questions of historical fact are handed over to science, there remain still "the most important truths of religion: the existence and nature of God and His relation to the world." Here the difficulty arises, that there have been many revealed religions, and many persons have enjoyed what they are convinced are revelations. "So far as the element of subjective certainty is concerned, a religious revelation cannot be distinguished from what would be admitted to be the hallucinations of disease"; and we must therefore "find our criterion of truth and falsehood somewhere else than in subjective certainty." Furthermore:

Once it is admitted that religious truth is attainable, if at all, only by the method of science, it must be conceded also that

the notion of a church with a revelation of divine truth is as absurd as the notion of a mathematical society with a revelation of mathematical truth. Truth, of whatever kind it be, may originate anywhere and be communicable anywhere (p. viii).

But still Mr. Dickinson believes that there is a place and work for religion—"a reaction of the highest imagination of the best men upon life and the world." There are several attitudes which Mr. Dickinson would characterize as religious. For example, a person may "pursue, wherever it flees, the perishing image of Good, imprisoning it in a rule or a policy, impressing it on a fugitive act, . . . always from the consciousness of frustration drawing new vigor for the chase, snatching defiance from the sense of defeat, . . . from the very indifference of the universe gathering the inspiration to contend with it, and, though at last he be broken, perishing unsubdued." Again:

Religion is an attitude of the imagination and the will, not of the intellect. But from the intellect it receives its light; and its discipline will be the more arduous, its insight the more profound, the more candidly it accepts all that the intellect can communicate (p. 57).

The phrase "imagination and the will" brings us to Mr. Dickinson's conception of faith. As to the ultimate meaning and purpose of the world and "the place of our ideals in the structure of the universe . . . the intellect has as yet been unable with certainty to determine anything." But Mr. Dickinson maintains that "in the midst of ignorance" we may legitimately lay hold "of a possibility that may be true," and direct "our feelings and our conduct in accordance with it." Thus "faith involves a volitional assumption that things, whatever appearances may suggest, are really 'worth while.'" If we had positive knowledge there would be no room for faith. On the other hand, we must never allow this faith, this volitional assumption, to pervert the pursuit of truth by "a predetermination that certain beliefs shall not be assailed":

Faith, in a word, can only be legitimate so long as it occupies a region not yet conquered by knowledge, and so long as it holds itself ready in a moment to yield its place so soon as knowledge arrives. Faith should stand always with the dagger of science pointed at its breast (p. 82).

It is because there is the unknown that there is faith:

For the impulse to pursue truth is itself a form of faith. We hope that truth is obtainable; we desire and will to attain it; we dream its attainment as we go in quest of it. And, but for that dream and that hope and that will we should never start at all. Faith is the sense and call of the open horizon. . . . The frailest thing we know, it is also the least perishable,

for it is a tongue of the central fire that burns at the heart of the world (p. 84).

III.

The religious man, in a passage quoted above, is said to pursue "the perishing image of Good." It is to the elucidation of this ethical ideal that Mr. Dickinson devotes his volume "The Meaning of Good." His aim is rather "to set forth the various points of view than finally to repudiate or endorse them"; and his conclusions are stated, not as a demonstration, but as the hypothesis which he thinks the most tenable. The argument is "that men who reflect do, whatever may be their theoretical opinion, imply, in their actual conduct, a belief in their ideas about Good; but that there seems to be no certainty that such ideas are true." The speakers then debate the propositions that "the criterion of Good is a simple infallible instinct"; that "the criterion is the course of Nature," "the end to which Nature is tending"; that the criterion is current convention; and finally that it is pleasure. It is unnecessary to summarize here the more or less familiar answers to these several contentions and the steps by which the idea is developed that "experience is, or may be made, a progressive discovery of Good." The speakers next examine the various activities of life from the point of view of Good. They attempt to analyze the Good we seek in art and in knowledge. The final suggestion is "that in our relation to other persons, where the relation takes the form of love [not, of course, in any narrow, physical sense] we may perhaps find something that comes nearer than any other of our experiences to being absolutely good"; that is, "the best love we know comes nearer than anything else to what we might conceive to be absolutely good."

But since love, so conceived, seems rarely, perhaps never, attainable in this life, this conception of Good, if it is to be realized, involves the idea of personal immortality:

The last judgment of age, for those who believe that death is the end, will be a doubt, and perhaps more than a doubt, even in the case of those most favored by fortune, whether after all a life has been worth the trouble of living which has unfolded such infinite promise only to bury it fruitless in the grave (p. 201).

And here comes again, though in less fully developed form than in "Religion," Mr. Dickinson's appeal to faith. The speaker who represents science rules out immortality as "illegitimate," but the reply to this is that, though there is no scientific proof of immortality, there is also no proof that it is impossible; and one may accept it as a "postulate of the will." The book closes, like Plato's Republic, with an apologue of the life that lies beyond these earth-

ly senses. And the lesson of the Vision of Eternity is this:

It is in this intricate commerce of souls that we come nearest to apprehending what perhaps we shall never wholly apprehend, but the quest of which alone, as I believe, gives any significance to life, and makes it a thing which a wise and brave man will be able to persuade himself it is right to endure (p. 224).

IV.

"This intricate commerce of souls," a phrase which occurs on the last page of "The Meaning of Good," may be taken as a sort of clue to Mr. Dickinson's discussion of political and social questions. It is in that commerce that we may seek the Good, which lends significance and value to life. Thus it is that when he sees our political and social relationships a source not of affection, but of dissension and hatred, he casts about for such reorganization of society as shall

render law

A mere superfluous form, and poverty
An idle hieroglyph whose sense is perished.

But just as in his criticism of our religion and our ethical standards he finds it easier to detect flaws than to form a coherent scheme of reconstruction, so in this field also he is more successful in attacking the existing order than in presenting a convincing outline for a new heaven and a new earth.

"The Greek View of Life" contains the germs of many of the ideas which are worked out in detail in "Letters from a Chinese Official," "A Modern Symposium," and "Justice and Liberty." He saw in Greece, as he sees in our states to-day, "an ordered inequality, political as well as social." Again:

It was the underlying question of property that infused so strong a rancor into the party struggles of Greece. From the very earliest period, in fact, we find it to have been the case that political revolution was prompted by economic causes (p. 87).

Such conditions . . . must have irresistibly suggested the criticism, which always dogs the idea of the state, and against which its only defence is in a perpetual perfection of itself—the criticism that law after all is only the rule of the strong, and justice the name under which they gloze their usurpation (p. 118).

To provide for the excellence of a privileged class at the expense of the rest of the community is becoming to us increasingly impossible in fact and intolerable in idea (p. 185).

The perfection toward which the state must perpetually struggle is to be attained by adjusting the rights of property, by making law an embodiment of equity, justice a reality instead of a name, by abolishing privilege, and thus allaying that rancor which has made history "one long and lamentable tale of antagonism, tumult, carnage, and confusion," and which forbids the attainment of Good.

In "A Modern Symposium" and "Justice and Liberty" one cannot always tell

which views are Mr. Dickinson's own. But from the way in which the conservative dogs get the worst of it, we may infer that in both books Henry Martin, the professor, "a perplexed inquirer socialistically inclined," fairly represents him. To his first point all intelligent men will assent—that no one can believe in the finality of the present order. "The history of man has been nothing but a process of transformation." Even "property and the family" cannot be regarded as "sacred and ultimate facts." The present laws of property are comparatively recent; they are altering before our very eyes. Nor are the regulations as to marriage fixed; they are constantly being amended. Mr. Dickinson would press for such changes in all our institutions as would shatter the power of the oligarchy of wealth which, he maintains, now rules the civilized world.

His picture of modern society, however true to conditions in England, is too highly colored for America, though the substratum of fact, even for the United States, is firmer than most of our glowing optimists will admit:

Modern Society, as I see it, from top to bottom, is a descending hierarchy of oligarchic groups, each with its own peculiar privileges, for which it fights and in and by which it lives. Imagine society as a pyramid, . . . on each step, crowded together, a fighting, trampling mob of desperate men, bent, every one, above all, on enlarging his own space and making room for his children ("Justice and Liberty," pp. 29, 30).

Starting from this view of competition, the next conclusion is short and easy: "The law of inheritance and bequest, in the way in which it practically operates, is the great and indeed the only source of our permanent inequalities." Mr. Dickinson also attacks rent as "wealth not earned by the man who receives it"; and he would alter our whole theory of wages:

As things are now, all the occupations that are most interesting, stimulating, and delightful, that employ the highest faculties, and are the most worth doing for their own sake, are, broadly speaking, the best paid; while those that are sordid, dreary, mechanical, dehumanising, hardly receive a living wage. . . . But in a society regulated by our principle, is it not clear that exactly the opposite will be the case? (p. 116).

And with an equalization of the standards of life would go an equalization of manners. Anybody, whatever his occupation, would associate with anybody according to propinquity or personal attraction or whatever it might be. The dock-laborer would come home, put on dress clothes, and sit down to dinner to discuss the latest play or novel with the financier's wife (p. 187).

On the steps by which this ideal is to be reached I need not dwell; in essentials they are the same as those pre-

sented by other advocates of the collectivist state. It is, however, only fair to Mr. Dickinson to say that he does not attempt to convince the reader by elaborating, in the manner of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," a programme of impossible details. He relies on the compelling attractiveness of his general ideal to persuade men to embrace it and slowly to realize it in a reorganized society; and he points to the progress of the past as prophecy of what may come. At first man was not "industrious, peaceful, intelligent, kindly, helpful," but "a hairy, biped brute, ignorant, cruel, superstitious, split into a thousand tribes and hordes, instinctively at feud." And yet this animal, within whom "the tiger and the wolf" still work so fiercely that "the nations heave and crack in the tension of the class conflict," is also "the child of a celestial father," sown into the womb of Nature "a spiritual seed":

And history, on one side the record of man's entanglement in matter, on the other is the epic of his self-deliverance. All the facts, the dreadful facts, at which we have timidly hinted . . . are true. . . . But true also is the contest of which they are the symbol; . . . real of all things reallest, the ideal! Do not conceive it as an idea in somebody's head. No; ideas are traces it leaves, shadows, images, words; itself is the light, the fire, the tongue of which these are creatures. Poetry, philosophy, art, religion, what you will, are but its expressions; they are not it. Thought is a key to unlock its prison, words are a vessel to carry its seed. But it is Reality of Realities, fact of facts, force of forces. It refutes demonstration; it unsettles finality; it defies experience. While all men are crying "impossible," it has sped and done. Even in those who deny it, it lies a latent spark; let them beware the conflagration when the wind of the spirit blows (pp. 226, 227).

V.

"Justice and Liberty," then, and "A Modern Symposium" are a plea for the ideals of the spirit, and as such they are welcome, whether one believes in Socialism or not. Nothing can be more wholesome than to startle the dulled consciences of those who are much at ease in the Zion of this world. The most unbridled optimists must confess that the machinery of society "works roughly":

It jerks and jams and sticks, it breaks threads and tears material; and every shock, every rupture, every retardation or acceleration operates in the substance of human lives. The groans and screams of that engine, as it jars on its ruthless course, come from the tortured lips of men and women (p. 164).

It is the agony of the disinherited to which Mr. Dickinson would open our minds—the wounds of those who are defeated in this long and bloody strife which we call the march of civilization. For gross and palpable as the fallacies of Socialism may appear to us, we must

admit that, as Mr. Dickinson presents it, it is a spiritual movement, an appeal for the ending of this long warfare, for the establishment of brotherhood between nations, of brotherhood between classes, of brotherhood between men. The Socialists strike our cool rationalists as impracticable dreamers, but, at least, they dream of heaven.

The pity of it is that their splendid aspirations seem always to dash into fragments upon the ineradicable individuality of men. The argument against Mr. Dickinson's plan is as old as Aristotle's comment on Plato's Republic. I would not say that society has not made long advances and that the future has not even larger good in store. The overthrow of so venerable and stoutly defended an institution as slavery affords ground of faith for almost any reform that earnest and able men may unite in urging. We may look, indeed, for an era of experimentation in politics and for the growth of a public sentiment (expressed in a code of laws) which shall steadily tend to equalize opportunity. Nevertheless, within any period that our minds can grasp, we may still stop far short of the collectivist state. And if we ever attain it, it will not be the paradise that is fondly pictured. The French Revolution, despite all the glowing predictions of the radicals of that day, did not usher in the millennium. The rapid introduction of machinery in the last century, and the free competition and free trade which Cobden preached have not brought it. We are now in the very chill of reaction from those high and delirious fevers. We begin to understand that ingenious mechanical contrivances do not liberate the intellect and purify the heart. Under any system or organization of society, some men will be mean, sordid, grovelling, and essentially slaves, while others will burst their own shackles and assume the rights of leadership. Laws and customs, however, beneficent, will still fail to touch the profoundest springs of our action; it "is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings." And so I cannot but regard as illusory the beautiful hope that new laws for the production and distribution of wealth, the abolition of rent and interest, and a new wage-scale will pluck out by the roots the evils that afflict mankind. The eloquence of the prophets of the new dispensation and the efforts of humanitarians may do much to alleviate in general the lot of the race, but the wheels of society will continue to break and tear the fragile material, and the groans and screams of a wretched humanity will beat upon our ears; for wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, with their inescapable effects—all the contending forces of good and ill, now triumphant and now defeated, will, as ever, find their arena in the individual soul. L.

FRENCH BOOKS ON RELIGION

PARIS, March 25.

"Orpheus"—a single volume on the "general history of religions" from totems to Modernism, by Salomon Reinach (A. Picard)—has not escaped criticism in France, in spite of, perhaps because of, the author's erudition. It tabulates successive religions as so many natural phenomena. In temper it is distinctly Israelite, but without the lofty resentment of Christian persecution shown by James Darmesteter; and it is wanting in the philosophical learning which, with Munk, Adolphe Franck, Isidore Weil, and their school, lent so much lustre to Jewish letters in France. The book, particularly in its disproportionate Modernist part, seems intended to meet a narrowly specialized tendency of passing French thought. The treatment of St. Francis of Assisi, who, until proof of the contrary, should be considered a Roman Catholic, vacillates between that of Voltaire and that of the Protestant clergyman Paul Sabatier. In the present century Monseigneur d'Hulst, local administrator of a theological school, and the Abbé de Broglie, a popular expositor of religion, should not be taken as authorities, scarcely even as signs, of universal Catholic thought, to which they were little known. To confound religious practice in general with mysticism leads to error by neglecting the classic, well-defined, and logical distinctions: natural ethics; the ordinary Christian life, in which the will obeys teaching deliberately assented to by the intellect as revealed—*auctoritate Dei revelantis*—and ascetics, or the further active "exercise of Christian perfection"; whereas mystics pursue extraordinary and supernatural ways strange to ordinary Christians, in which they are supposed to be passive under the Divine illapse—*patiuntur divina*. The bibliography and index are valuable, but they answer to the point of view of a volume which begins with a dedication "to the memory of all the martyrs" and concludes with the ex-Abbé Loisy.

"La Méthode comparative dans l'histoire des religions" (A. Picard) is a small book by Georges Foucart, the unsuccessful competitor of M. Loisy for the professorship at the Collège de France. M. Foucart's personal defeat has nothing to do with the grievance of Catholics in the matter. The professorship itself was founded for Albert Réville, a Protestant clergyman who taught comparative religion after the methods of twenty-five years since; he was followed by his son, Jean Réville, whose death opened the chair to the recent election. Two candidates had already been debarred as Catholics from similar professorships: Brunetière in favor of the Protestant Abel Lefranc, who is now going to Harvard; and the

Dominican Assyriologist Scheil for an unknown pupil. In each case Berthelot, although he had had his refutation of Brunetière's "bankruptcy of science," published from the Freemason Grand Orient, protested in the interests of science against this religious and political discrimination in the choice of professors for a national and historic institution of higher learning.

"Les Modernistes," by the Dominican Père Maumus, should be read with the Protestant Paul Sabatier's work criticising Pius X for refusing to allow Modernist changes in the faith by which Roman Catholics have so far lived and died. The friar has a reputation for liberalism, earned perhaps by Waldeck-Rousseau's late friendship; he treats the fundamental differences between Modernism and the Church in the compass of 276 pages (Beauchesne). Another Roman Catholic book of handy use is the first volume of the "Traité de philosophie scholastique," by E. Blanc, of the Catholic Faculty of Lyons (Vitte). It contains a much-needed vocabulary of scholastic and contemporary philosophy; the rest of the volume (logic and metaphysics) may be compared with the Stonyhurst series. Georges Michelet, professor at the Institut Catholique of Toulouse, publishes a considerable volume on "Dieu et l'agnosticisme contemporain" (Bibliothèque théologique). M. Jugie, an Assumptionist priest, in 150 pages explains a little-known subject—"Histoire du canon de l'Ancien Testament dans l'Eglise Grecque et l'Eglise Russe" (Beauchesne). "Histoire du dogme de la Papauté des origines à la fin du IV^e siècle," by Abbé Joseph Turmel, appears in the Bibliothèque d'histoire religieuse (Picard et Fils).

From a purely legal point of view, Pierre Galichet, in a thesis for the doctorate of laws, treats "L'Eglise Anglicane et l'état" (Giard); it is an advantage that the subject should be handled by methods foreign to English thought and lined up with French legislative principles concerning the relations of the state and churches, before and after separation.

The Vicomtesse d'Adhémar, in "Une Religieuse réformatrice (1895-1901)," narrates the life and work of the late Mère Marie du Sacré Cœur, who tried in vain to develop the convent education of girls in France in the direction of the social needs of the day (Bloud). The suppression of French convent schools has since then turned aside the question to Catholic schools in general; the book has value at a time when the remedy of past defects is likely to involve the disappearance of the excellencies of the past.

"Traditionalisme et démocratie," by D. Parodi, judges the more or less Catholic movements which are agitating deeply the younger intellects of France: traditionalism and morality, with Brune-