

poem almost fatuous (the critic himself uses this harsh word) at the end. One suspects that Professor Santayana is perhaps keenest in his analysis of "Faust," because, beneath his classical sense of form, his own philosophy is an effort, not wholly successful, to escape from the romantic illusion. He is least successful in his treatment of Lucretius, seeming, to us at least, to fail in his attempted reconciliation of the poet's apostrophe to Venus with the Epicurean philosophy of atoms, and to fail also, though in less degree, in his interpretation of what Lucretius has meant to mankind and may still mean.

At bottom the comparative failure of the chapters on Lucretius and Dante—comparative only, for they are filled with suggestive comment, particularly that on Dante—is complicated with a lack of central veracity in the critic's own philosophy. Lucretius and Dante believed intensely in their vision of the world as a reality; it was no conscious creation of their imagination, but a revelation and an appeal to the will. This earnestness of belief, this clutch of reality in the imagination, is to Professor Santayana a mode of feeling utterly inconceivable—so we judge from his books. Truth in his philosophy is not something apprehended, but something created by the mind; he is, so to speak, a pragmatist of the imagination as Professor James was a pragmatist of the will. So he observes that mankind is in a state of barbarism until it has "removed the centre of its being, or of its faith, from the will to the imagination"; and that "the true theory [of the world] like the false resides in the imagination." At the end he sums up his criticism thus:

To play with nature and make it decorative, to play with the overtones of life and make them delightful, is a sort of art. It is the ultimate, the most artistic sort of art, but it will never be practised successfully so long as the other sort of art is in a backward state; for if we do not know our environment, we shall mistake our dreams for a part of it, and so spoil our science by making it fantastic, and our dreams by making them obligatory. The art and the religion of the past, as we see conspicuously in Dante, have fallen into this error. To correct it would be to establish a new religion and a new art, based on moral liberty and on moral courage.

There is in this philosophy a disquieting touch of "make-believe"; we are to know the hard facts of prosaic life, and then we are to weave about them our ideas as in a play and imagine these ideas to be true. This, at least, is the only way in which we can understand Professor Santayana's theory of the imagination. But great literature does not as a matter of fact grow in this fashion. Lucretius and Dante were great, not in spite of their faith, but because they believed that what they saw was in the likeness of a reality in which their con-

scious imagination had no part. There is, to say the truth, something approaching the naïve in Professor Santayana's notion of the perfect poet (he has never yet existed) of the "new religion" and the "new art," who shall take his dreams very seriously, yet know there is nothing obligatory about them. Mankind is not likely ever to take home to its heart and conscience a poetry built on so shadowy an idealism as this. Curiously enough, the element in "Faust" to which Professor Santayana objects is really just such an empty idealism which Goethe carried over from his immersion in romanticism.

Professor Santayana's taste goes right where his philosophy goes wrong, and we enjoy him most when he is more the literary critic and less the systematic metaphysician. There is nothing, perhaps, in the present volume quite so critically penetrative as the chapter on Browning and Walt Whitman in his "Poetry and Religion," but we could from these three essays string together columns of subtle comment and fine appreciation. We must be content with this example from the essay on Lucretius; it will bear reading more than once:

Horace, usually so much slighter than Lucretius, is less cursory here. Not only does he strike much oftener the note of friendship, but his whole mind and temper breathe of friendliness and expected agreement. There is, in the very charm and artifice of his lines, a sort of confidential joy in tasting with the kindred few the sweet or pungent savour of human things. To be brief and gently ironical is to assume mutual intelligence; and to assume mutual intelligence is to believe in friendship. In Lucretius, on the other hand, zeal is mightier than sympathy, and scorn mightier than humor. Perhaps it would be asking too much of his uncompromising fervor that he should have unbent now and then and shown us in some detail what those pleasures of life may be which are without care and fear. Yet, if it was impossible for him not to be always serious and austere, he might at least have noted the melancholy of friendship—for friendship, where nature has made minds isolated and bodies mortal, is rich also in melancholy. This again we may find in Horace, where once or twice he lets the "something bitter" bubble up from the heart even of this flower, when he feels a vague need that survives satiety, and yearns perversely for the impossible. Poor Epicureans, when they could not learn, like their master, to be saints!

In the end a word is due to the series which this volume opens. If it can maintain the excellence and character of these essays it may do something to uphold the credit of "comparative literature"—a phrase which, unfortunately, is beginning to gather about it associations with various sophisms and pretensions of education.

Correspondence on Church and Religion of William Ewart Gladstone. Selected and arranged by D. C. Lathbury. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$5 net.

Mr. Gladstone had a strong bent for the Church and, but for his father's wishes, would have taken orders. If he had, he would infallibly have been one of the great ecclesiastics of his day. One would not say so confidently that he would have been a great theologian. Yet to theology and church questions he devoted an amount of time, all his life, which seems enormous in view of his other absorbing occupations; and the copious outpourings of these two volumes show what a mass of material Lord Morley had to pass by in writing the life of the statesman. As he explained, he was compelled to leave unwritten "the detailed history of Mr. Gladstone as theologian and churchman." To make good that necessary omission, Mr. Lathbury has selected and grouped letters covering a stretch of sixty years and relating to all the great religious controversies that arose in Gladstone's lifetime. His present editor has supplied a candid and useful introduction to each chapter, tracing the development of Mr. Gladstone's thought, especially as related to the Established Church, and showing where it was but a natural growth and where but apparently inexplicable turnings forced upon him by political stress. A clear line of severe consistency can hardly be drawn between the youthful Gladstone of "The State in its Relation to the Church" and the man who destroyed the Irish Church and came to speak confidently, at the end of his life, of Disestablishment in England as certain to come, though not in his time. But through all the long sweep of discussion and legislation affecting education and religion, this at least comes out in the correspondence, that Gladstone came to every question with remarkable intellectual powers and a personal devoutness that is beyond dispute. Some of the letters to his children are indirect but convincing testimonies to that inbred and unaffected piety which sometimes made his enemies mock, but which enabled his friend, Dean Church, to say that it was a simple fact that the Prime Minister went each day to the business of the nation from his knees.

And it must be said that it was a vital as well as grand conception of the Church which Gladstone cherished. While valuing externals, he always struck for the essentials. Thus Mr. Lathbury remarks: "Where spiritual gains and losses were concerned Mr. Gladstone had no faith in statistics. Lists of new churches, of additional services, of young men's clubs, of mothers' associations, of all the nominally religious machinery which makes so fair a show on paper, left him unmoved by

the side of the fact that the incoming tide was steadily covering fresh ground." And how far he was content from simply having the Church proudly lift her mitred front, as Burke wished her to do, may be inferred from a letter to his father, written in 1847, in which he spoke of the kind of Protestantism with which he had "no sympathy whatever":

It is the Protestantism which grew into fashion during the last century and has not yet quite grown out of it; that hated everything in religion which lived and moved; which lowered and almost paganized doctrine, loosened and destroyed discipline; which neglected learning, coolly tolerated vice, and, as it has been said, was never enthusiastic except against enthusiasm; which heaped up abuses mountain high in the shape of plurality, non-residence, simony, and others more than I can tell, drove millions into dissent, suffered millions more to grow up in virtual heathenism, and made the Church of England—I say it with deliberate sorrow—instead of being the glory, in many respects the shame of Christendom.

His fullest expressions on all these subjects, Gladstone made to his friends, Hope and Manning. Both of them, to his grief, went over to Rome. But of neither did he say or think anything comparable to what he wrote of Newman, at the time of the latter's becoming a Catholic. Indignation almost overbore sorrow in Gladstone's letter to Manning in which he said that Newman stood before the world "a disgraced man." This feeling of resentment wore away with the years. Gladstone came to a more lenient view of Newman's character, and even of the step which carried him to Rome and the Cardinalate; while no tribute to the man on his literary side could be heartier than that which Gladstone paid in 1866, when he wrote to Sir F. Rogers:

I do not know if Newman's style affects others as I find myself affected by it. It is a transporting style. I find myself constantly disposed to cry aloud, and vent myself in that way, as I read. It is like the very highest music, and seems sometimes in beauty to go beyond the human. . . . It calls back to me a line in which, I think (but it is long since I read it), Dante describes his own religious ecstasies: "Che fece me da me uscir di mente."

Joan of Arc. By Grace James. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.

The case of Joan of Arc enjoys, besides its many other forms of appeal, the special charm resulting from the fact that it can never be settled. No theory explains all the facts, and there are not facts enough thoroughly to ground any theory. Such as they are, the facts are substantially agreed upon by scholars, and the general public has become familiar with them in connection with the recent recognition of Joan by Rome. These facts have the property of bringing out, as it were by chem-

ical reaction, the philosophic system of the mind that comes in contact with them. In recent biographies it can be seen what excellent re-agents they are for the exhibition of the pietistic habit, the patriotic, the positivist, the materialistic, the psychotherapeutic, the common-sensible, the sentimental. Miss James's book (and Mr. Shandy would have inferred it from her name) gives us the pragmatic. The part of her book that deals with what Professor James used to call the "existential judgment," is clear and sufficient. Even Mr. Lang admits that her statements of fact are generally correct. Hers is probably, therefore, the most satisfactory popular account of Joan in English, for Mr. Lang's spirited narrative is too polemic to be thoroughly intelligible to a reader who does not realize from having read M. Anatole France what is really the matter with his author.

When it comes to the "proposition of value," Miss James sweeps away with a vigorous pragmatic gesture those difficulties which have at the same time charmed and baffled so many students. "Although the theory of medical materialism may be new, true, and interesting, it is of no account in judging the value of Joan of Arc's religious experiences. Discussions as to the health of her mind and body are in this connection utterly beside the mark. If the Maid had been stolid, placid, a sturdy peasant lass, these facts would affect the worthiness of her mission not at all, were it in itself not credible and profitable. And if her mission is proved true, credible, and profitable, what can it matter if she was visionary, emotional, hysterical, or if her father was subject to curious dreams?"

The War in Wexford. By H. F. B. Wheeler and A. M. Broadley. New York: John Lane Co. \$4 net.

This is an interesting book. It tells, chiefly in the words of contemporaries, the thrilling story of the fiercest struggles of that bloody rebellion against the English rule in Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century, which led on to the Act of Union in 1800-1. The authors have made liberal use of three sources, which have apparently not been at the command of any of the numerous previous historians of the conflict. These are the correspondence of Arthur Annesley, Earl of Mount Norris, the Detail Book of the loyalist body of Camolin Yeomanry, of which he was the moving spirit, and the journal of Mrs. Isabella Brownrigg of Greenmount, County Wexford, covering the period from May 26 to June 21, 1798, when the troops under Sir John Moore relieved Wexford, and the battle of Vinegar Hill was fought. The horrors of this desperate struggle are not surpassed in the annals of modern his-

tory, though some of the episodes of the Peninsular and Carlist wars in Spain may be regarded as equalling them; and the government forces were fully as guilty as were the rebels. Wholesale massacres in cold blood of defenceless prisoners by the insurgents were more than counterbalanced by brutal floggings to extort information, and even the occasional application of still more inhuman torture on the part of the loyalists. The practices of covering the heads of prisoners with caps lined with heated pitch, and of cutting cruciform furrows in the hair, filling them with gunpowder, and setting fire to it, were not unknown.

That these events have been recorded in a spirit of bitter partisanship by both sides can be no cause for surprise; and it is greatly to the credit of Messrs. Wheeler and Broadley that whenever they have desisted from quoting the sources, and permitted themselves an original opinion, they have maintained on the whole a strictly judicial attitude. They approve of the policy of men like Abercromby, Cornwallis, and Moore, whose "justice was tempered with mercy," rather than that of the adherents of violent coercion, like Camden and Lake; but, on the other hand, they emphasize the necessity of suppressing the revolt with a strong hand, and are unquestionably correct in asserting that, whatever their earlier mistakes, the English saved Ireland "from herself in the latter days of the eighteenth century, and from the iron fetters with which Jacobin France would most surely have bound her." In that last clause lies a truth which most of the passionate bewailers of Ireland's past wrongs are too apt to forget. We hold no brief for the English administration of that island, but we maintain that the difficulties of it can never be fairly estimated without constantly bearing in mind the fact that Ireland had been a place of refuge for English malcontents and pretenders, and an obvious and usually sympathetic base for an attack by French and Spanish foes since the accession of the House of Tudor. At no time was the closeness of the connection between Irish revolt and hostile continental invasion clearer or more menacing than in the last decade of the eighteenth century.

The Coming Religion. By Charles F. Dole. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. \$1 net.

The Gospel and the Modern Man. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$1.50 net.

The rôle of the prophet is traditionally difficult. To have any value, visions of the future must be based on just appreciation of the past as well as keen analysis of present tendencies. Too often seers merely declaim their enthu-