

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-

siasms and set them forth as prophecies, and in their pronouncement of that which is to be the wish is father to the prediction. Dr. Dole's description of the religion of the future is of this sort. His spirit has been moved by a few of our modern doctrines, and forthwith he declares that these are to be the doctrines of the coming generations. He has not inquired as to what beliefs have held their power through the ages, working their way into the consciousness of nations and races, and holding their own through centuries of political and social revolution. Neither has he sought with any diligence for those religious beliefs which to-day are strongest in the great masses and which give clearest evidence of persistence.

Dr. Dole declares that the message of the coming religion will be that the world in which we live is God's world, therefore a good world, all appearances to the contrary notwithstanding; that God is the father of all men, whether they realize it or not; that men are more religious than they suppose, and that no violent struggles for spiritual attainment, such as the great saints of the past have experienced, are really necessary. The old idea of the world as a conflict between good and evil was altogether mistaken, and there is no need of a religion of redemption. Joy is to be the keynote of the new religion, not deliverance from evil.

Unless the experience of the ages goes for naught, this is altogether too light a gospel to hold the allegiance of men's hearts. It does not meet the deeper needs of life or the sadder realities of human experience. The men of the past have not found error an impotent thing and injustice no real power, as Dr. Dole declares them, and there are no present signs that future generations will be more favored. We need not go back to Calvin's Institutes, but we are likely for a long time to come to be faced with the sad realities of evil deeds and smitten consciences with which those serious volumes attempt to deal.

As an advocate of a milder faith, Dr. Dole is not tactful. He stirs opposition when he needs to conciliate, as when he sets down the gospel miracles as acts of magic and defines the atonement as a doctrine that "a God died on a cross to buy entrance to paradise for Christians, and especially the orthodox variety of Christians, while all Buddhists, Mohammedans, and heretics were thrust down into hell." Not thus are the orthodox converted, and, indeed, it may be doubted whether any one will be moved to accept a religion which is "no extraordinary thing."

Professor Mathews is more penetrating in his description of a gospel adapted to modern life. "Our modern life," he says, "needs a call to moral discontent. We are too complacent, too ready to think that we are good because we are

prosperous. Much of the appeal made to-day in the more progressive pulpits overlooks the fact that multitudes of people are bad. God is a Father, we are told, and men should come to him because he is loving. That is true; but no religion has ever long gripped humanity that has deceived itself into believing that men are better than they are." Not only does Professor Mathews see clearly the moral needs of the world, but he has also a discerning historical perspective. He estimates fairly the religious values of the past. His essay is an endeavor to go back to the moment when Christianity was first preached as a distinctive message, interpret it accurately by just historical criticism, and translate the message thus derived into the terms and symbols of the present. He does all of this with unusual success, and in a manner to inform and conciliate the pious of the older sort, while asserting for men of progressive spirit a gospel of moral earnestness and of high religious aspiration.

A History of Verona. By A. M. Allen. Edited by Edward Armstrong. The States of Italy Series: General Editors, Edward Armstrong and R. Langton Douglas. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50 net.

Miss Allen is manifestly of the opinion that history is a science and not an art, and that, therefore, the whole duty of the historian consists in the collection, digestion, and ordering of facts. Everything else is mere surplusage. With this view we might have no quarrel. If we are to understand the past, facts are, after all, the only things which can really help us, and it is certainly no part of the business of science to make a popular appeal. We are rather weary of writers on things Italian who impudently thrust their twentieth-century personalities and twentieth-century preconceptions between us and the Middle Ages, and we are prepared to extend a hearty welcome to a work which deals exclusively with facts. Unfortunately, however, the range of Miss Allen's facts is hardly wide enough for the title of her book. "A History of Verona" she calls it, but it is a history of Verona with the Veronesi left out. Apparently, she has never resided in the town, and, although she tells us that she has twice visited it, she would seem to have found but little time for studying the idiosyncrasies of the inhabitants. After reading her book through from end to end we know no more of the specific characteristics of the Veronesi, whether ancient or modern, than we did before we opened it. All her facts are drawn from books and manuscripts; study of codices, not intercourse with the people, has been her means of preparation for the task she has undertaken; and we venture to suggest that in a second edi-

tion, the volume should be called "A Political History of Verona." It is as such that we propose to review it.

Now, a political history of a mediæval town must be judged exclusively from the point of view of the student. If it does not satisfy his requirements, it is useless. It can have no other *raison d'être*. And here Miss Allen does not fail us. Within its limited field her work is worthy of all praise. Not only has she read virtually everything that has ever been published on Verona, whether in Italian, German, French, or English, but she has also made extensive original researches among the archives of Verona, Venice, and Mantua. She is scrupulously accurate, and so skilfully has she marshalled her facts that her book may even please the general reader, though it certainly was not written for him. In one particular only does she fall below the highest standard, and that is in the matter of references. As a rule, these are all that can be desired, but, now and then, we come across an assertion which we should be glad to have the means of verifying. A case in point will be found on page 15, where she deals, all too briefly, with those *consorterie* or private associations out of which, according to the most recent theory, the Italian Communes are supposed to have developed. A footnote citing her authorities would have been very welcome; also, on page 100, her fugitive allusion to "reprisals" (*rappressaglie*) might well have been supplemented by a reference to the standard work of Professors Del Vecchio and Casanova. In a book of this character authorities ought to be cited not only frequently but at every step.

The last two chapters are devoted to the painting, sculpture, and architecture of Verona. They are entirely correct and unimpeachable, but, like the historical chapters which precede them, they throw no light upon the character of the Veronese people. If we may borrow a phrase of Prof. Langton Douglas's, Miss Allen seems to "regard the House of Life as though it were divided into air-tight and emotion-tight compartments." Her art chapters, for anything they have to do with the rest of the book, might almost as well have been published under a separate cover.

The volume is illustrated with maps and photographs and contains a serviceable bibliography. The index occupies no less than nineteen pages, but it is not altogether satisfactory. The following are a few of the subjects mentioned in the text, but omitted from the index: Agriculture, S. Bernardino, Gambling, Games, Prisoners of War, Reprisals, Roads, Strolling Players. *Corte bandita* also should be included, if only with a cross reference to *curia*, an alternative title with which many are unfamiliar. These, however, are comparatively slight blemishes in a painstaking