

JOSEPH CONRAD—THE MAN

BY ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS

[As this number of *The Outlook* is going to press, there comes a definite announcement from Mr. Conrad that, yielding to the wishes of many of his friends in America, he has decided to come to this country in May, to remain about a month.—THE EDITORS.]

EVER since I came upon "The Nigger of the Narcissus" in tranquil ante-bellum days I had been under the spell of Conrad's art. "Typhoon," "Lord Jim," and "Chance" were read with increasing beguilement, and then "Nostromo," that most astonishing creation of the imagination. One felt that here, indeed, was a magician who could conjure up the very spirit of some Eastern river and make one smell the rank stifling jungle or feel the motion of the ship as it drives before the hurricane. Nothing quite like these stories was to be found in the entire range of English literature. One was prepared to agree with Galsworthy that such writing "is probably the only writing of the last twelve years [he was referring to 1896-1908] that will enrich the English language to any great extent." But what sort of man, one wondered, was this master craftsman who used the English language with such a sure instinct for the beauty of words; whose art could create such atmosphere in the printed page as Turner or Homer Martin might put upon canvas? Could it be possible that he was a Pole, who had not known a word of English until he was twenty-one? The miracle deepened. One was ready to believe almost anything of such a prodigy; but there was so little to be learned about him. Beyond the fact that he was born in the Ukraine in 1857; that he went to sea when he was seventeen, in fulfillment of a resolution formed several years before and persisted in doggedly against all efforts of family and tutors to dislodge it; that he deliberately chose the red ensign of England as the flag he was to sail under, and that for twenty years "that symbolic, protecting, warm bit of bunting, flung wide upon the seas," was the only roof over his head; that during this hard and exacting life, through all its grades up to master in the merchant service, he had found time to learn the English language; that finally, at the age of thirty-eight, he had been invalided back to England, broken in health and with little capital for the succeeding years, save a wealth of experience and a first novel, which at once found a publisher; that ever since then he had lived apart from the busy life of London, somewhere in rural England, and that at intervals there had come from his pen romance after romance and story after story, until some twelve or fourteen books made up the sum of his

literary achievements—beyond this meager outline of fact little was known to the public at large about Mr. Conrad. When an opportunity unexpectedly came in 1916 to meet him in the intimacy of his home life, through the introduction of a well-loved friend of his household, I embraced it eagerly.

The Conrads (one likes to speak of them in the plural, for Mrs. Conrad holds a place in the affections of her husband's friends that has not been shared by the wife of a man of literary genius since the days of the Brownings) were living at that time at Capel House, in Kent, a county in which Mr. Conrad had made his home for the greater part of the time since his marriage in 1896.

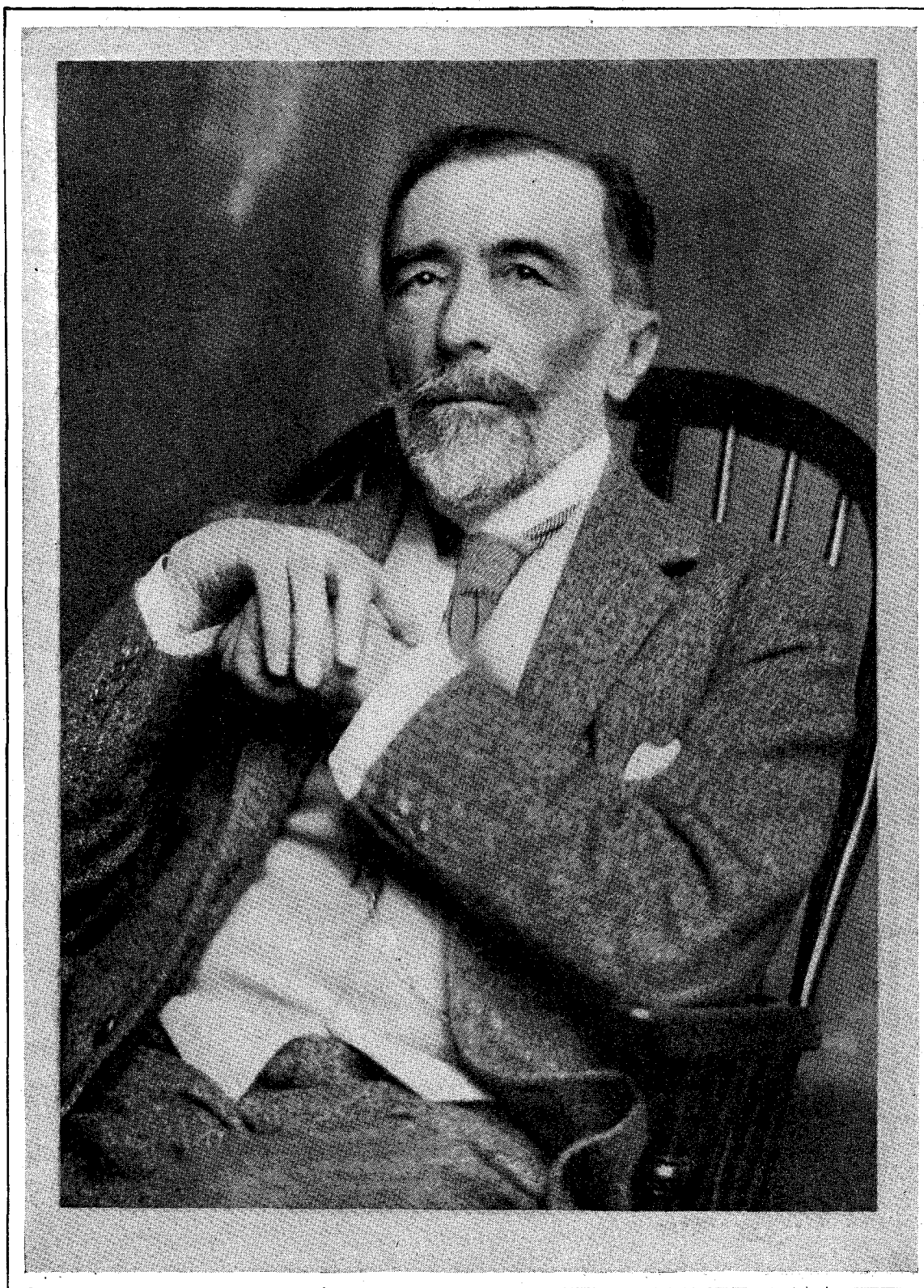
It was during the early part of September. The English army was just then making its greatest offensive in the battle of the Somme—an offensive which will forever be memorable because of the first appearance of those strange machines, shaped like monstrous toads, which crawled relentlessly over wire and trench and parapet, the British "tanks"—and the booming of the guns in Flanders could be heard across the Channel. Borys, the eldest son of the Conrads, was somewhere over there in the mud, getting his baptism of fire, and there had been no news of him for a fortnight. The life of an English officer of the line in that desperate time was calculated, actuarially, at some forty-odd days, and it was not surprising that the Conrads were filled with dread lest any moment of the day should bring ill tidings. Indeed, that very morning some neighbors of theirs had sent word that they had received the fateful message from the War Office that had changed their suspense into a grim but proud certainty. This preoccupation gave a somber tone to the day and made the dispensing of hospitality something of an effort, I fancy. If so, it was well concealed beneath a wealth of cordiality which, going out primarily to the old friend of the family, embraced the guest in its generous welcome.

Conrad met us at the Ashford station and ran us over to his "moated" farm in a Ford. Of medium height, distinguished in appearance, quick and nervous in movement, he looked more like an Englishman than I had envisaged him. But as soon as he began to speak, though his speech was not at all hard to understand, it was just strange enough to make one aware that the speaker was not of English blood. I thought him a little reserved and severe in manner at first, but this appearance of austerity wore off when we were seated at the luncheon table. I did not know then, what I came to learn five years later, that Jessie Conrad was renowned in her

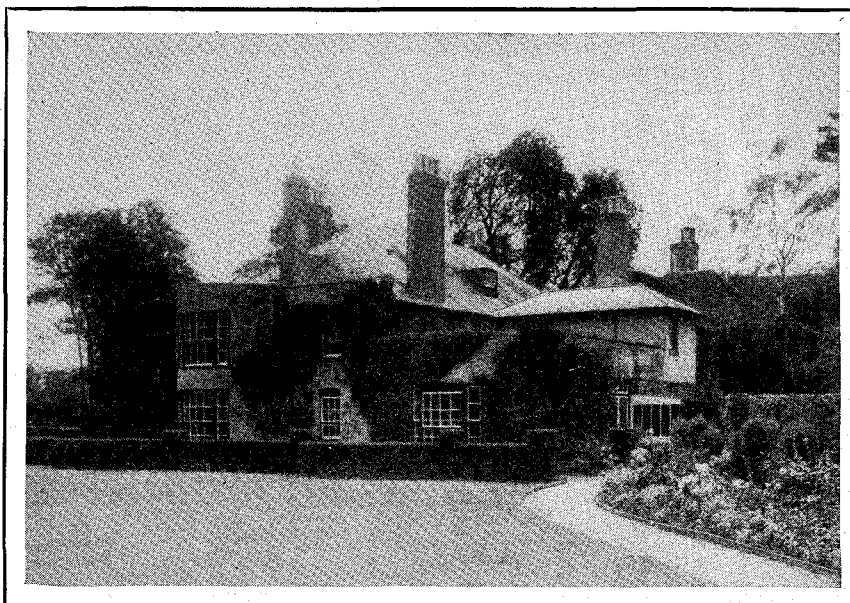
intimate circle for that homely but admirable art which was to furnish occasion to her husband for the charming preface to her "Simple Cooking Precepts for a Little House," which has made a cookery book, for the first time, a literary as well as a culinary delight. What I did observe was that "the impeccable practice, which," Conrad graciously says, "has added to the sum of his daily happiness for more than fifteen years," made the conversation flow naturally and pleasantly around and across the table. Conrad was the urbane host, with none of the posings or affectations which are sometimes the pretensions of men of genius. The youngest son, John, then a boy of about ten, came to the table with a tale of some mechanical engine of war he had invented, and there were quips and jokes about the length of the war and as to whether John's contrivance would be in time to save civilization. This was the time when our English cousins were saying rather pointed things about Americans who were too proud to fight, but Conrad was much too tactful to indulge in gibes that might give offense to his guest. He did make some amusing references to one or two Americans whom he had met, but whom he very properly recognized as exceptions to type. They were of the kind who patronize men of genius without understanding them and were antagonistic to the deeper fineness of his nature. He spoke most admiringly of that true American Walter Hines Page, then known by so few of his countrymen. They learned to appraise him truly after his death, when his letters revealed the nobility of his life and character as one of the greatest of ambassadors and patriots.

He also mentioned with much affection and enthusiasm an American author little remembered in this generation, but the possessor of an enduring fame—Stephen Crane, whose "Red Badge of Courage" was universally recognized when it appeared, in the closing years of the last century, as a work of genius. Conrad had been attracted to him, and he to Conrad, when he went to England to live after the Spanish War, and Conrad has immortalized their friendship in a little memoir which may be found in "Notes on Life and Letters."

Another American of whom Conrad spoke with feelings of great veneration was James Fenimore Cooper. He freely acknowledged his debt to this master of the English language, saying that Cooper's artistic instinct was genuine and unerring, though his style was that of the age in which he wrote, both in its beauties and its defects. "He did know the sea, its moods and its men, as



JOSEPH CONRAD



"OSWALDS," THE CONRAD'S HOME AT BISHOPSBOURNE

few writers have known them, and in some passages of his novels he reached the very heights of inspiration," was Conrad's comment.

But it is with Henry James, then a few months dead, that Conrad has been thought to have the nearest kinship among English writers, and I was curious to know his opinion of him. At my question he pointed to a shelf of books which included the uniform selected edition and all the other works of the great American novelist which were not included in it. He said: "I loved him. He was most charmingly kind to me and my wife. He was a specialist in the art of creative literature, who dealt with the most delicate shades of emotion—the historian of fine consciences—and he was always master of his materials. He was the true artist, who creates because he must, and I read his books again and again with the deepest admiration. His place in English letters is secure."

It has been a matter of common knowledge that Henry James and Joseph Conrad had a sincere admiration for the exquisite art of Turgenev. It seems to me that they are alike in this also—that each found something in the spirit of England and of its institutions that won his allegiance and veneration. I have noticed another similitude between them, of apparently trivial importance, and yet one of those traits which are sometimes the outward manifestation of great depth of character and conscience. The readers of Henry James's "Letters" will remember that it was his invariable custom when writing to a friend, by dictation, to apologize for making use of the typewriter—"this fierce legibility," as he called it. So Conrad, with the same sensitiveness and old-fashioned courtesy and high breeding, when he is compelled by the pain in his wrists, which he frequently suffers, to resort to a dictated letter, always does so with contrition, as though it were the dead-

liest of social sins, and with a petition for forgiveness for such a departure from his high code. Even then he manages to take the curse off "the machine-made, impersonal thing" by a few closing paragraphs in his own fine, bold handwriting.

After luncheon, when the ladies had gone upstairs, Conrad took me to his study and, proffering me a box of what he called "real tobacco cigarettes kept exclusively for guests" while he took a war-time "grape-vine" "because they are what our boys in the trenches smoke," he said, rather abruptly: "I understand that you are collecting my first editions. What have you had to pay in America for some of them?" I mentioned some of the high prices which his earlier books were bringing. He thought them absurdly high, and wondered that any one should be willing to pay them. He is temperamentally unable to understand the "collector's" point of view.

"And have you got everything I have published?"

"Yes, everything I know of," I replied.

"Have you the privately printed preface to 'The Nigger of the Narcissus'?"

No, I had not heard of that. He then told me that he had written that preface to express his intimate feelings about the aims of the art of fiction—"the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments, through the senses"—and that his publishers had suppressed it because it was deemed, at the time, inadvisable to print it with the novel. He wished, however, to preserve it, and caused a few score copies of the "Preface" to be struck off in pamphlet form, and distributed among his literary friends. It may now be found in all the editions of "The Nigger" in America, and should be read by those who would have a fuller understanding of Conrad's art. "You would better look it up when you get back to

London," he said. "It is becoming quite scarce. A copy fetched ten pounds at auction the other day, I am told."

Conrad then asked: "Which of my books do you like the best?" "Some Reminiscences," I hazarded, not without hesitation; for I at once thought of "Typhoon." Conrad's face lighted up with unaffected pleasure. "Why, you surprise and please me not a little," he said. "That is not considered one of my popular works, and some of my literary friends have told me it was too unconventional and informal to be good autobiography, and too remote from English and American associations to be very interesting. I have always rather regarded it as a good piece of work and as a faithful record of the feelings and sensations connected with the writing of my first book, and with my first contact with the sea—a human document which would, to those who can see eye to eye, reveal the personality behind the books I have written. Perhaps it should not have been written at all; perhaps it is unimportant what sort of a human being the artist is; his art should speak for itself. But there was such a persistent demand from my little audience that I should raise the curtain and explain how it was that a Polish boy should become an English seaman, and then an English writer, that I could not, notwithstanding my doubts, resist the temptation to speak about myself."

It was then my turn to ask a question; and I suppose it was the same question that every admirer of Conrad's stories asks:

"How was it possible for you, a Pole, coming to England at the age of barely twenty, with no previous knowledge of the language, to write such idiomatic English prose, even in your first book?"

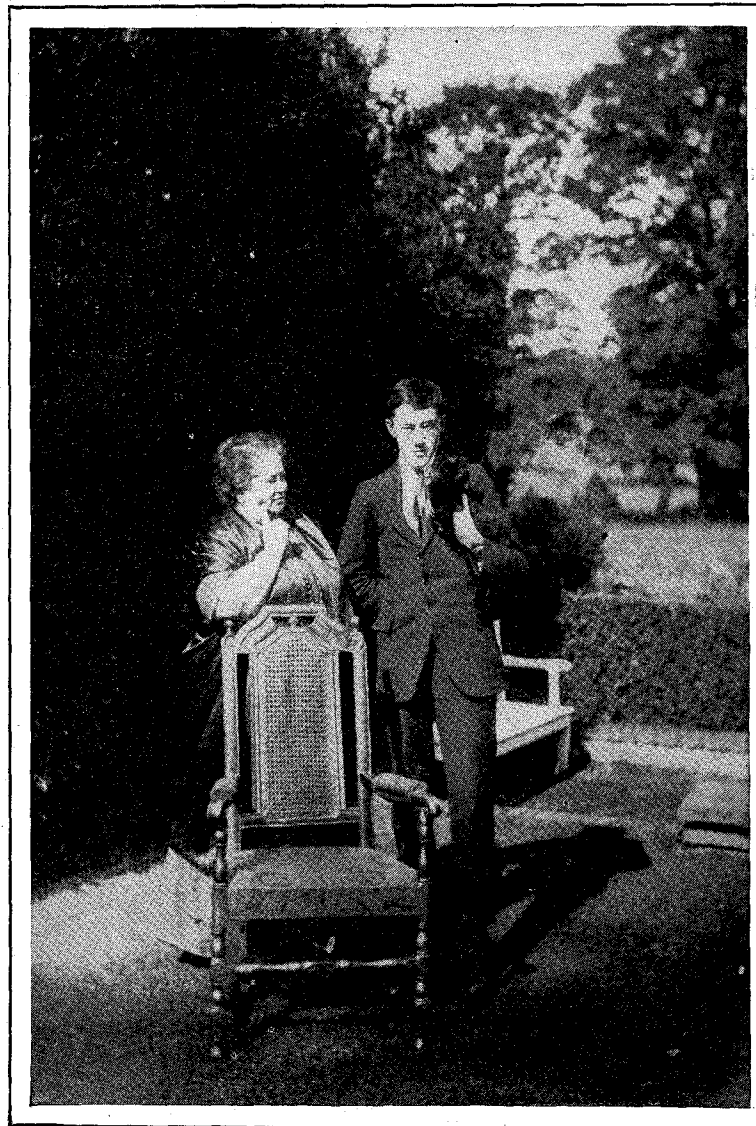
"I think I must have some talent for language," answered Conrad. "It is said to be a Polish aptitude. I learned French when I was quite young, and can speak it or write it fluently now. I did not deliberately choose English as my medium of expression. It chose me. The ground was prepared by my reading of Shakespeare, Dickens, and much other English literature in Polish translations. I knew not a word of English when I first set foot on English soil. I had learned it well enough to write a paper of so-called definitions of navigational and other subjects when I passed my examination for second officer in 1881. I read a good deal during the years I followed the sea, and when I began to write it came as natural for me to write English as if it had been my own native tongue. I never thought of expressing myself in French. English seems to be a part of my blood and culture."

Then he asked me to take a little excursion in the lovely Kentish country, and we went off alone in the Ford to the top of a hill, from which we looked down across the Romney Marsh. We

stopped in the little village of Ruckinge to examine the architecture of its Norman church, and Conrad pointed out, with the enthusiasm of an amateur, some of the Elizabethan restorations and the particularly lovely painted glass windows.

On the way home something by the wayside—the deserted appearance of a public house, I think it was—led me to say that England was handling the problem of liquor traffic during the war with a wise discrimination, and that it was to be hoped she would continue to do so when peace should come again. Immediately Conrad was all excitement. It was as if a shell from one of those trans-Channel guns had burst at our feet. Did anything justify a restriction of the liberty of the individual to do as he liked, so long as he did not interfere with the liberty of any one else? What would become of the boasted freedom of Englishmen if such paternalism became the accepted policy of the English Government? I defended my position as well as I could; I cited the destitution of the workingmen in some parts of London and Glasgow as an evil which the state should correct; I suggested that England's pre-eminence as a trading nation after the war might be seriously jeopardized if drunkenness were not abated. But everything I said seemed to add fuel to the flames. The whole nature of the man—the Polish temperament, with its tradition of self-government and its exaggerated respect for individual rights—cried out against this infraction of his personal liberty. It was that liberty which had attracted him to England as the country of his adoption. It was the greatest possession England had given to the world. Could she be so false to her best traditions as to undertake to regulate by law the personal habits of her people? He pointed out how, within his recollection, the English nation had been getting rapidly more and more sober by individual effort, by example, by force of character, without any legislation. As an illustration he referred to the marked change in the character of ships' crews. At the end of his time at sea it was very rare to find one man coming to join a ship, drunk, he said, whereas in his early days more than half of a crew of twenty would be more or less tipsy.

I felt, when we reached home, that I had unwittingly struck a false note that had marred the harmony of a delightful day. But the discord was to furnish the occasion for a charming incident. Mrs. Conrad, perhaps shrewdly suspecting the situation when she saw two rather tense men walk in at tea time, sent her young son upstairs for a photograph of the house, which she gave me as a memento of the day, with many pretty speeches. This gave Conrad an opening. Waving his hand towards his wife, he said: "It is you, as usual, Jessie, who make the agreeable impression. 'What a charming woman Mrs. Conrad is,' our



MRS. CONRAD AND JOHN

guest will say when he is on the train, 'and what a brute of a husband she has to get so excited over nothing!' Then, as we all joined in the hearty laughter that followed this sally, John was again sent off to the upper room with some whispered directions, and returned with a package which he handed to his father. Conrad sat down at his desk, and for a few minutes was busy with some writing. Then, turning around, he said to Mrs. Conrad, "There are only three copies of the 'Preface' to 'The Nigger of the Narcissus' left. These two I put in this drawer to be kept for our boys. The third one I am going to give to our new friend, hoping that he will remember only the pleasant events of this day," at the same time handing me, inscribed with a note explaining its genesis and signed by him, what is one of my most treasured literary possessions.

It may be interesting to bibliophiles to know that a complete set of first editions of Conrad's books, including some scarce privately printed pamphlets, will bring, to-day, upwards of two thousand dollars. This, I believe, consti-

tutes a record for any author in his own lifetime, within a quarter of a century after the publication of his first book.

As I went back to London that evening there remained with me the impression of a strong, sane, virile, and extraordinarily vivid personality—the personality of a man of delicate conscience, of generous enthusiasms, and an intense regard for the obligations imposed by honor; of deep human affections and of great tenderness, tinged with just a shade of the sadness that comes from long association with the sea. Joseph Conrad, perhaps through the hardships and suffering inseparable from the life of a mariner, has achieved a loftiness of character and a simple grandeur of soul which, I think, are reflected in that epic flavor with which he has invested almost everything he has written.

The friendship thus begun was kept warm by an exchange of letters from time to time. In 1919, when we in America were face to face with prohibition as a National policy, I wrote to Conrad confessing a change of

mind. This drew from him the following response:

"Your letter has made me feel ashamed again, after the lapse of years, for the utterly unnecessary heat in argument which I displayed that afternoon when you and I went for a drive in the Ford and discussed the question of individual liberty. I remember when I confessed it to my wife, afterwards, with much compunction, how shocked she was. But you have been extremely good about it. Your candid letter was very pleasant reading for me, mainly because my point of view has become practically demonstrated to you. Pray do not believe that I am triumphing, for there is much to say for the other—I may call it the ethically utilitarian attitude. In fact, it is the undeniable strength of that attitude which makes it so exasperating to the objectors of my sort. The foundation of my argument was really the feeling that there is more than one kind of utility, whether in the moral or in the material sphere."

Two years later, when the world had fallen upon happier times, I met Mr. Conrad again. There had been some correspondence about a motor trip together through southern England, but in August, while M. and I were in Switzerland, word came from Conrad that an eminent London surgeon who had come down to see Mrs. Conrad had prescribed certain treatment for her lameness which made automobiling out of the question; but that they would be at home all summer and would expect to see us when we came to England.

On a radiant day in September, 1921, we motored down to Canterbury, and, after a hurried glance at the mother of English cathedrals, more inspiring than ever in its majestic Gothic choir (it seemed a strange reminder of the object of our pilgrimage that in the earlier Norman church, built by Lanfranc and Anselm, the choir had been known as "the glorious choir of Conrad"), we ran out to Bishopsbourne, the new home of the Conrads. This marked a great change in Conrad's worldly condition. His motor vehicle had kept pace with it. He said, whimsically, referring to the old Ford: "Now I have a Cadillac to keep the new house in countenance." The new house, of charming domestic architecture, is situated in the park belonging to Bourne Hall, and has a fine lawn and some remarkably handsome specimens of wide-spreading beech trees, which Conrad pointed out to us with much pride. He had been suffering fearfully from an attack of gout, his ancient enemy, but he was in excellent spirits, and, with almost boyish enthusiasm, carried off M. to see his three gardens, each a little different from the others and all full of natural loveliness.

When we had gained the seclusion of his study, after luncheon, I asked him if we might expect soon another romance from him. He said that the reac-

tion from the war strain had checked, for the time, his creative mood after the finishing of "The Rescue," but that he was beginning to write again, and hoped to complete two novels which were stirring within him. (I have heard lately that he has finished one, and that the other is half written.) He spoke rather wistfully of his desire to see his affairs in good order before the years should put an end to his work, but hoped to die in harness.

"You must remember," he said, "that success came to me, in a material sense, only in 1913, after eighteen years of steady writing. Then came the war, checking the normal development of that material prosperity to a great extent and bringing calls on my resources—calls the strength of which one could not resist, and, indeed, never thought of resisting. Now, as my health does not grow more robust with the years, I must make the most of my time when I am able to work."

I urged him to think of coming to America, perhaps to give some lectures here, but he seemed to doubt if his health would permit such an undertaking.

"I have sailed all of the Seven Seas except the northern Atlantic Ocean, and I should dearly like to cross that before I die," he said, and added, with a poignant shrug, "but I am afraid my traveling days are over." And then, as if to indicate that he should like to entertain the thought of such a journey, he said, "Still, one can never tell."

He is deeply interested in the United States, its people, its Government, and the mighty development of a world Power which is also a great democratic state. He spoke of the decision of the Supreme Court upholding the Eighteenth Amendment, and was disappointed that the Court had given no reasons for its decision. "Whatever they were," he said, "it only confirms my very early conviction that a representative government is but a poor guaranty of liberty. Yet I do not see what else we could put in the place of it. I am afraid that most human institutions are poor affairs at best, and that even a Heaven-sent constitution would not be safe from the distorting force of human passions, prejudices, hasty judgments, emotional impulses, or from mere plausible noise raised by an active and determined minority."

Though, like all good artists, Conrad is devoted to his art, he is not entirely preoccupied by it, but is a man of remarkably broad vision and sympathy. The following paragraph from a letter written shortly after the English elections of November, 1922, shows his philosophical grasp of political questions:

"We have just emerged here from the very moderate and indeed remarkably mild turmoil of a general election. The Labor Party has attained, by its num-

bers, to the dignity of being the official Opposition, which of course is a very significant fact and not a little interesting. I don't know that the advent of class parties into politics is abstractly good in itself. Class for me is, by definition, a hateful thing. The only class really worth consideration is the class of honest and able men, to whatever sphere of human activity they may belong—that is, the class of workers throughout the nation. There may be idle men; but such a thing as an idle class is not thinkable; it does not and cannot exist. But if class parties are to come into being (the very idea seems absurd), well, then, I am glad that this one had a considerable success at the elections. It will give to Englishmen who call themselves by that name (and among whom there is no lack of intelligence, ability, and honesty) that experience of the rudiments of statesmanship which will enable them to use their undeniable gifts to the best practical effect. For the same reason I am glad that they have not got the majority. Generally I think that the composition of the House is good. The outstanding personalities are not so promising. The majority of them—to be frank about it—are somewhat worn out; therefore one looks forward with great interest to those unknown, yet who, before long, are bound to emerge."

Mr. Conrad's place in the starry firmament of English literature may not yet be fixed with any degree of finality, though it is certain to be a high one. James Huneker, who was one of the first in this country to perceive Conrad's genius as a creative writer, originally thought he should be put in the company of Meredith, James, and Hardy. This opinion he afterwards revised, and, in a letter to a correspondent, he said: "I did not place him high enough. Joseph Conrad makes the fifth of a quintet of the world's greatest writers of fiction—Flaubert, Turgenev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski."

Whether this dictum will be accepted as the world's verdict, Time, the great critic, alone can determine. One who does not pretend to critical judgment may question whether Conrad has anything in common with the great Russian mystics, Tolstoy and Dostoevski. I know, from what I have heard him say, that he regards them as representing the negation of the austere virtues that he stands for—character, honor, duty, fidelity. Conrad looks upon life with the instincts and prepossessions of a Western mind.

But of the rightness of another opinion of Mr. Huneker's I think there can be no doubt. Writing from London in 1916 about the leading men in the world of contemporary letters, he said: "J. C. is the most lovable of them all." This sketch will have been written in vain if it shall fail to reinforce that judgment.

TWO POEMS BY ALINE KILMER

DISPERSAL

WHAT will become of me now I am dead,
For my heart divided and went two ways,
Devil-driven, angel-led,
Bewitched, bewildered all my days?

Angel from fiend I cannot tell,
Twin shapes, alert, intent to fly:
One goes to heaven, one to hell,
And I—I know not which is I.

FAVETE LINGUIS

SPEAK not the word that turns the flower to ashes,
Praise not the beauty passing as you gaze,
Let your eyes drink of loveliness in silence;
It will but wither, even as you praise.

See there the plum tree heavy with its blossom
Swings like the full moon, glimmering and round;
You lift your lute to celebrate its beauty
And all its petals flutter to the ground.

THE DEMOCRATIC THEORY AND RELIGION¹

BY WILLARD L. SPERRY

DEAN OF THE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL IN HARVARD UNIVERSITY

"DEMOCRACY and Religion!" How much of the hope of the world is still bound up in these two words! Both of them are "unknowns" in life's great equation. No one is quite sure about the definition of democracy. And no one has ever exhausted the meaning and mystery of religion. Let us assume, for the moment, that democracy means, in some form or other, the rule of the people, and let us address ourselves to the second of these unknowns in the unsolved equation of modern life.

If a man stands on the Cambridge side of the Charles River and looks across the river to Boston and up and down its farther shore, he can count twenty-one spires and domes and towers of churches, showing up among the homes, the office buildings, the factory chimneys of a city. Those church spires stand for something that must be reckoned with.

Or go into Brentano's, on Fifth Avenue. The front of the shop is divided into three main sections. One section displays the novels of the hour. Another section displays the latest topical books of travel, politics, history. The third section is devoted to "New Thought," and under that heading one may find books on religion—all sorts

and conditions of books on all kinds of religion. Brentano's is not a tract society or a missionary organization. It is a business house. Its supply of books is regulated by the demand. If Brentano's thinks it worth while to devote a third of the front shop to religion, this must mean that people are interested in religion and that religion has to be reckoned with in this world of affairs.

The educated man of to-day, in particular the man trained in the severe method of modern science, ought to make his reckoning with religion, because religion is one of the plain facts of human life, and the scientific habit of looking at life calls for an absolute open-mindedness and fair-mindedness to all the facts.

A man need make no profession of religion to exercise this fair-mindedness. He need not belong to any church or profess any creed to give this fact honest consideration.

Now the first obvious fact about religion is the fact of its power over men's lives. It may be a delusion, but it is not an impotent delusion. It gets things done in the world. It grips and directs the lives of men, for better or for worse. We live in an age which worships the Will-to-Power. Even Nietzsche, who hated modern Christianity, revered the saint, because he discerned in the saint a supreme manifestation of his god—the Will-to-Power.

I remember very well my first lesson in chemistry as a college freshman. The professor led us down out of the classroom into the laboratory, and, gathering us round him in a circle, pointed at a

hole in the ceiling overhead, smudged round with yellow stains. "That hole in the ceiling," he said, "was made by the top of a retort that blew up some years ago while a student was making an experiment. The student in question was leaning over it when it blew up. He got much of the acid in his face, but the top of the retort happily missed him and, instead of going through his skull, went through the ceiling. As a matter of fact, he had been careless in making the experiment. I advise you to be careful how you handle the elements in combination. They are very powerful. This, gentlemen, is our first lecture in chemistry for the year!" Any man who deals with the forces of nature comes to have a wholesome respect for their huge power.

Now, religion is like that. Paul called it "dynamite." It has unlimited energy in it. It makes individual men do things, and changes the whole fortunes and history of nations and centuries. Rudyard Kipling says somewhere in one of his Indian stories that there is only one thing more terrible in battle than a crowd of desperadoes officered by a half-dozen young daredevils, and that is a company of Scotch Presbyterians who rise from their knees and go into battle convinced that they are about to do the will of God. An English soldier is reported to have said that the worst three minutes he had during the war was the time when he had to face and meet the shock of an attack by Saxon troops coming into action singing "A Mighty Fortress is Our God." That is why the Allied Govern-

¹This paper forms part of an address which was recently given before the sophomore class of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, under the auspices of the Department of English. The address was one of a series on various aspects of democracy, given by five or six speakers. At the request of the editor, something of the informality of the original is retained. One does not affect a "pulpit style" in speaking to college sophomores present at a compulsory lecture on religion!—W. L. S.