NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The mountain of Big Business, being involved in Labour, has brought forth, in the political sense, a rat. It is fairly obvious that Mr. Lloyd George, in his conditions by means of which power is acquired and used, has drawn to himself valuable aid from the vested interests of Trade Union officialdom. His return coincided fairly well with the subsidence of the immediate difficulty on the Railways, but it is not improbable that the most important result of the conjunction of events will be to still further discredit the individuals now so fulsomely eulogised by the daily Press as the new saviours of the situation. Exactly who and what is being saved, what they are being saved from, and exactly who elected the saviours, is concerned immediately to the onlooker lies in the fact that when, in a time of real or anticipated crisis, deep calls unto deep, the answer is certain and immediate, and the product of the caucus whether industrial or political, is concerned immediately with the safety of the conditions by means of which power is acquired and held rather than with the attempt to interpret and focus the will of the individuals whose delegated authority is involved. For this and other reasons, the tendency of social movements is clearly more and more towards mass action; and mass action undirected by community of interest in a clean-cut issue is anarchy in the popular sense in which that word is understood and used. To this extent the educational enthusiast is completely right; there is no political machinery available as a substitute for individuality guided by sound principles internally accepted, not externally imposed.

At Paris the battle still rages between the protagonists of an imposed settlement in the interests of the pyramid of power, and the efforts to deflate the situation by the largest possible measure of self-determination, of which efforts Mr. Wilson seems for the moment to be the major focus. It is a Titanic struggle—every place-hunter, political and departmental strap-hanger, to say nothing of the captains and kings both of war and finance, with whom Paris is filled, is instinctively aware that the fate of the regime of which they form an essential part is in process of decision. The renewal of the armistice has provided an opportunity to display consummate art on either side, and the occasion has not been missed. The terms as adumbrated are emphatic; but they are to a substantial degree a check to the raging Prussianism which in every country cries aloud for a fresh opportunity to employ the final argument of kings. As a result the attacks on Mr. Wilson grow both in volume and bitterness, and the more flagrantly oligarchic sections of the London Press are doing yeoman service to the noble cause. Many things will be decided in the next few short years; but amongst them will most unquestionably be the proper function of the Public Press. The business of the world, as the tactics of war, is fundamentally based on intelligence; and no conception of even that somewhat discredited thing Democracy can tolerate a condition of Public Intelligence so flagrantly unsound as that under which the control of Publicity is held and used by one small section of the community in a manner which renders it the strongest of weapons in its war upon the remainder. In the coming months sound individual judgment based on the widest comprehension of facts which the circumstances will permit will be of a value, both personal and social, much beyond that of fine gold; it will separate out the sheep from the goats as nothing else can; and it seems a regrettable complication that at such a time the safest method of extracting reliable information from the "News"-paper is to estimate as far as possible what is left out of it.

The Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen, and Transport Workers is clearly preparing to move under the lead of the Miners, who have dealt with the perfunctory reply of the Government to their programme much on the expected lines. Coal mining is an industry which at present is very largely manual; that is to say, the output of a given mine is much more dependent on the direct wages bill than on the indirect machinery charges. For this reason a rise in rates of pay to the miners as a class has a much greater effect on the selling price of coal than has, say, a similar rise in the pay of the cotton operative on the finished price of calico. Coal being a fundamental factor of practically all machine industry in this country, the
effect of a rise in the price of coal will be widespread in causing a general rise in prices which will, of course, affect the miners as consumers equally with the rest of society, the chief sufferers being not the capitalist, but the professional class and the small salariat.

For these the outlook would be dark indeed if the existing situation had any elements of stability in it; but it has not. If we are not gravely mistaken an economic situation is approaching having no relation to that war-strain of which we hear so much; and in the solution of the difficulties which will have to be faced there is no help to be derived either from the Miners’ programme, or that of the Parliamentary Labour Party.

As for Mr. Lloyd George, the oracle has now spoken. A better England—but the utmost firmness with any unreasonable demands for an early start towards it. The complete security of property, but no nonsense about security of employment, not even security for householders. The Government will grant the fullest facilities for inquiry into the causes of industrial unrest—but in the meantime the Defence of the Realm Act is a very present help in time of trouble.

We believe the difficulties of the Government will rapidly prove, for them, insuperable. There is an issue which they cannot, and dare not, face—Reconstruction. The present Ministry known by that name—but it can only advise. They have a real—as well as a platform—policy; but they will not be able to carry it out. That policy is the Servile Industrial State, a policy involving the complete subordination of the individual to the industrial system; but the individual is in revolt, and the very system has reached a point at which war is an economic necessity to its continued existence. The policy is not new, and it is not native to these islands; it has never succeeded permanently yet, and it is in the highest degree improbable that it will be allowed another trial. The issue of practical interest is the intrinsic force behind the attempt, since just to the extent that the force is formidable will the reaction be a source of general discomfort. It is the fashion to estimate the force as overwhelming, and it is so just to the extent that the fabric of pre-war society holds together. But there is precedent for the disappearance of a social system in a period of less than one week, and it is because of the danger of disruption of which the Government itself is now proclaiming the imminent risk that the policy of sitting on the safety valve seems not exactly calculated to further the materialisation of the better world to which, we are told, we may now look with confidence.

Let the metaphor not be driven too far; but it is very clear that the pressure is rising daily and either useful constructive effort must result or else the inevitable alternative will supervene. The same situation is posed before the unreformed Government in every country of the civilised world, and although national supremacy may have a different meaning under the changing conditions of the near future, there is still an opportunity for leadership in economic reconciliation.

The League of Nations has advanced to the point of a draft constitution; and although it has become a mere Alliance of Entente Governments rather than a League of Free Peoples, we have cause to congratulate ourselves on the fact that it might have been much worse.

The conception of a super-authority to deal with international problems is one of the most subtle traps for the unwary that world-politics has ever offered. It is full of beneficent possibility; but the strain and narrow way to their attainment is beset with difficulty and fraught with possibilities of awful tyranny.

The general public do not commonly realise the power of the machine; the uncanny certainty with which a system of organised effort will assume a character of its own which is almost entirely dependent on its construction, and independent of personality, in the sense that personality must either conform to it, or be thrown out; and when it is considered that the constitution of the League of Nations is being built up largely by the selected product of national machinery which is itself evidently in need of radical modification to the end that its criterion result in a different type of representative, we are quite justified in some anxiety as to the result. But miracles do happen; and the definite abandonment of an international striking force, to quote only one instance, is evidence that the pitfalls of the situation, as viewed from the point of view of the Plain People, are not unrecognised.

It is no doubt premature to assert that written law, administered with the ultimate sanction of force, has served its useful purpose; but it is simply stating the obvious to say that the whole trend of thought is away from that type of administration, and this is true in industry no less than in national and International politics. But it has to be remembered that the great centres of administrative power are not only the product of juridical legislation, but are personalised, nurtured with and sympathetic to a rigid social code; and consequently throw the weight of their influence on to the side of a perpetuation of the delusion that people exist to be governed.

As we write the news comes that troops have been drafted into Belfast to protect “volunteer” strike-breakers; in fact, the campaign of force proceeds according to plan with the dreary inevitability of a Greek tragedy.

In a battle of money-bags the Capitalist must win; and the Coalition Government is determined to make it clear that any economic struggle shall be fought either with money-bags or machine-guns; first assuring itself of the possession of all the machine-guns. Belfast would seem to be the natural venue for a struggle to decide such an issue; it is the cockpit of warning political and religious creeds, and its population is un-rivalled in its persistence.

But, of course, a decision come at by such means will decide nothing; either a campaign of legal sabotage, or an adjournment of the strike until a more favourable opportunity in the near future, is a complete answer to such methods, though, no doubt, the discomfort for all classes will steadily increase. No one with any sanity left at all supposes that it is feasible to force whole classes of men to work except by agreement, nor does it require much first-hand knowledge to remove any delusion as to the advisability of using conscripts to suppress labour riots. It is well known that the vast majority of the Army would have voted for Labour at the last election if it had been given a fair opportunity; it is not unreasonable to assume that there is an actual anti-Government majority of the total electorate at this moment; and every individual in that majority is tacitly hostile to the intervention of soldiers in disputes between Capital and Labour, if only for the reason that such an intervention is always and solely in the interest of the Capitalist: under these conditions taken together catastrophe is simply a question of time.

We do not always see eye to eye with our contemporaries, the “Nationalists”, but nothing but praise is possible for the sober honesty of its “Word to Property” in the current number. The gravity of the present situation lies exactly in the steadfast refusal to which it refers of the property-owning class, as a class,
to discuss the real issue at all; which issue consists in the demand of the majority for a re-consideration of the whole economic creed, not a mere tinkering with the application of it to incidental difficulties.

The insistence on the Whitley Council as a panacea for industrial trouble is a flagrant instance of this spirit. Passing over the technical flaws in the scheme of organisation of which it forms a part—flaws which whether with conscious intention or not all act towards fettering individual expression on the part of those actually concerned with the execution of work, and by dividing the wage-earner from the salariat to strengthen the financial interest—the prime assumption is made that only a better understanding of economic fact is necessary to reconcile the unhappy divergency between finance and Labour. Now, not only is this assumption unwarranted, but it is quite definitely false. The whole wage and profit system is a flat contradiction of it, if only for the reason that the financier consciously and openly works to keep costs down and prices up; costs being the sums distributed out of which labour is remunerated, and prices the sums out of which finance gets richer; and the immense fund of political strength of the position into which the Capitalist has manoeuvred himself lies in his control of price fixing. During the period of real private Capitalism which came to an end during the last decade of the nineteenth century this control was severely limited by the effect of real competition in lowering prices and profits, but the transition to Trust Capitalism has altered that position to such an extent that it is safe to say that for the moment financial interests completely control prices, the value of money, and, consequently, the conditions under which the individual dependent on the sale of his labour shall be permitted to exist.

This is the issue which has to be decided before passing to details; and any National Industrial Conference, such, for instance, as that called for by Mr. Holbrook Jackson in the current number of the "Organiser," will fail of its object if its terms of reference are not absolutely specific and confined to an honest attempt to decide the a priori feasibility of placing the control of prices in the hands of the community; the control of process in the hands of the producer; and to remove the control of the financier altogether, replacing it by decentralised control of credit. We have already indicated in last week's "Notes" a method by which a beginning might be made along these lines; and it will be interesting to see whether the proposed Conference which we anticipate will materialise will have the courage and vision necessary to attack the problem—a courage which might go far towards a restoration of the failing belief in constitutional methods as a means to the achievement of substantial advance. Such a Conference to be successful would have to be conducted in a spirit of research rather than debate; its function would be to get at the facts, and having got at them to place the results before the country without bias. On such an issue properly presented a referendum might be taken, and, once again, this community might lead the world along a fresh vista of renewed development.

The Labour Conference has found the nut of Bolshevism a little too hard, and has taken refuge in a Committee of Inquiry, consisting of, amongst others, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald. It is perhaps the only avenue of action open, but we confess to some scepticism of the value likely to attach to an investigation into so immense a subject by a committee inevitably limited by language difficulties and the conditions imposed by space and time. Committees of Inquiry are largely at the mercy of their own temperament since the matter presented to them cannot be exhaustive and is frequently selected to produce a calculated result.

The lack of ability to face the problem of Russia boldly has apparently reacted on Paris, where the opponents of a conference at Prinkipo seem to be gaining ground. Frankly, we do not see very much likelihood of any result from the meeting as originally projected because it becomes increasingly evident that it is simply a matter of sanctions which will decide the settlement. On our part any large military adventure into Russia is out of the question, in spite of the efforts which are being made to force such a course of action; while the presence of a comparatively small body of troops maintained at the bidding of financial groups for the sole purpose of hindering any crystallisation of the status quo is not only an outrage on the troops concerned, but is inviting a very unpleasant military debacle. Simply as a matter of common sense an estimate should be made of the conditions under which all troops can be withdrawn and if those conditions can be obtained from the de facto Russian Government they should be withdrawn at the earliest moment that conditions of transport will permit.

The Prime Minister seems from his pronouncement to have grasped this fairly simple proposition; the great majority of the public most certainly have the most decided views on the matter; but the compact international minority which is in a position to dictate policy is determined that nothing shall hinder it from giving all possible support to any focus of reaction (such as the brutal and corrupt Admiral Kolchak), which offers any promise of restoration to the military, bureaucratic, and financial autocracy in Russia.

ALEXANDER.

Having returned from his Indian expedition, Alexander entered the city of Babylon in spite of the warning of the priests of Baal. While there preparing to invade Arabia, he died of fever. They told me that 'twas not well done, Priests of the gods of Babylon; And I that in Jerusalem Did honour to the priestly state, Contemned in my proud folly them. That warned me at the western gate. For me no portal open again— The red sun sinks across the plain. I broke the empire of the East; I lived and loved, knew fear and feast. The upland vales of Macedon, The hills of Hellas and the sea, God gave to no one save to me; And Cyrus' house is wrapped in rains; But lo! the sun sets on the plains. I lit the flames and made them hiss In Thebes and in Persepolis; The best that Hellas had to give To me was given, and to me And India and Babylon The power of doom, to die to live, O'er them that ruled both land and sea. But now no pleasure—now no pain; The sun sinks down upon the plain. Though unafraid of human hands, The angry gods of ravaged lands Have wrought my ruin, and their wrath Has smitten where man never could smite; Wherefore my feet are on the path, The dim path, of the dreadful Night; And while I count losses and gaines The crimson sun sets o'er the plains.

MARSHALL E. BROWN.
Towards National Guilds.

The nation was given to understand by the Ministry of Labour that the policy of non-intervention was to be accepted by the Government in the struggle between Capital and Labour, of which the outposts are already in contact. Non-intervention did not, of course, signify neutrality, and it was only to be expected, bearing in mind the impracticability of either attitude, that the Governments would intervene. The D.R.A. has been re-enlisted for further service, and provides criminal penalties for certain workers, in the event of their being so rash as to join the strikers. By what means, then, is Labour to ensure that justice will be done in the case of the 'real grievance' which the Press is, in some instances, now admitting it has? What road, we ask, is the Government going to open in place of the one it has closed? In the existing relationship of Capital and Labour, to deprive Labour of its power to strike, without, at the same time, giving it some other at least equivalent avenue of expression and power, is not to keep the ring, but to tie Labour's hands behind its back. Is the resentment which is at present finding an outlet in strikes of so little consequence that the outlet can be closed? Glance a moment at the situation. The sympathetic strike is with us again, and there is, in consequence, no limit to the area over which the discontent, whatever its resultant activity, may spread. Men are threatening to strike in protest against troops being sent to the disturbed areas, and it is quite within reason to anticipate that soon men will be striking in protest against the Government's withdrawal of their 'right to strike.' Trade Union leaders locally are being excommunicated by their central oligarchs, and threatened with eviction from their houses by the same people; suggestions are abroad for citizen organisations to protect property; the Government has given the right to all who can afford to hoard food; in short, every step which has been taken as a present, by Government, Capital, public, and Trade Union Bureaucracy, has been such that the prophecy that the agitation would extend has been assured fulfilment by those professing to wish to contract it. The worker, in fact, is being convinced of the frank consideration and generous treatment of the real accomplishment of the subjection resulting activity, may spread. Men are threatening no good. We reiterate confidently that the Press should be counselling the first administration to vindicate democracy by its immediate self-conversion into an autocracy. The public, we are sure, however, has not so small a sense of appreciation for all that Labour, military and industrial, has performed for the present, by Government. Surely the time has arrived for a reconsideration of the adequate reward for the victorious reconstruction may supplant the fear of destruction. The law-givers of this nation, prepared to reason without passion, and in the face of reality, without prejudice, could do enough inside a week to stave off all likelihood of the occurrence of the threatened catastrophe. The revolt of the worker against the Government, like the revolt against Capital and his own leaders, the latter appointed by an electorate over which he commands absolutely, is a sufficient proof in itself that all of them have misunderstood him, or that, understanding him, they have shown no sign of it in their actions. We are at length faced by the spectre of the possible penalty of Labour's irresponsibility in industrial matters, responsibility, however, was not of Labour's choosing; nevertheless, it was made the justification of the denial of the rights and privileges that must needs have been granted with responsibility. Whether denied by Capital or by Labour's own chosen leaders, the effect is ultimately the same. Industry, under present conditions, is unworkable, and the nation's livelihood is being threatened from within by the battle between Capital and Labour, from without by competition. Surely the time has arrived for a reconsideration of functions and privileges, in order that the hope of reconstruction may supplant the fear of destruction. If the re-humanisation of Labour is the immediate price that must be paid before the process of rebuilding can begin. "When man no longer finds enjoyment in work," said Mommens, "and works merely to attain a mighty war, where the artificialities; it is a time for the alertness of every faculty, at the victorious end of a mighty war, where the physical and moral strength of the nation has been tested to its depths, is it possible that the directors of this country are not really looking to what has begun? Is it possible that the world of their fancy to more approximates to the world of reality than during the industrial unrest of the few years immediately preceding the war? The infliction of defeat was indispensable to Russia ere the antiquated ideology personified in the Tsarist régime maintained only by gigantic undertakings of secret force, could be compelled to evacuate; defeat looked Germany in the eyes to force the military organisation of the Prussian Capitalist to be re-discussed (with what effect remains to be seen). Have we so little sense of our epoch that defeat must crown triumph here, defeat inflicted from within, ere the obsolete ideology which oppresses all classes can be shed? We are hopeful yet that the effete system of ideas still clinging round us will be modified drastically without its being overwhelmed by the resentment it has created, as in Russia.

After the ordeal of the past four years, patiently borne and magnificently ended, in consequence of its aim to make the world safe for democracy, it is inexplicable that the Press should be counselling the first administration to vindicate democracy by its immediate self-conversion into an autocracy. The public, we are sure, however, has not so small a sense of appreciation for all that Labour, military and industrial, has performed for the present, by Government. Surely the time has arrived for a reconsideration of the adequate reward for the victorious reconstruction may supplant the fear of destruction. The law-givers of this nation, prepared to reason without passion, and in the face of reality, without prejudice, could do enough inside a week to stave off all likelihood of the occurrence of the threatened catastrophe. The revolt of the worker against the Government, like the revolt against Capital and his own leaders, the latter appointed by an electorate over which he commands absolutely, is a sufficient proof in itself that all of them have misunderstood him, or that, understanding him, they have shown no sign of it in their actions. We are at length faced by the spectre of the possible penalty of Labour's irresponsibility in industrial matters, responsibility, however, was not of Labour's choosing; nevertheless, it was made the justification of the denial of the rights and privileges that must needs have been granted with responsibility. Whether denied by Capital or by Labour's own chosen leaders, the effect is ultimately the same. Industry, under present conditions, is unworkable, and the nation's livelihood is being threatened from within by the battle between Capital and Labour, from without by competition. Surely the time has arrived for a reconsideration of functions and privileges, in order that the hope of reconstruction may supplant the fear of destruction. If the re-humanisation of Labour is the immediate price that must be paid before the process of rebuilding can begin. "When man no longer finds enjoyment in work," said Mommens, "and works merely to attain a mighty war, where the
A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

VIII.

THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

The Reformation was at once a development of and a reaction against the Renaissance. It was a development in the sense that it was the natural and logical consequence of the individualistic ideas which the Renaissance set in motion, while it was a reaction against the Renaissance, inasmuch as the Reformation owed its inception to the protest of Luther against the corruption of the Papacy which had come about as a consequence of the revival of Pagan thought and morals. In the year 1510 Luther visited Rome on business connected with his monastic Order, and was deeply moved at the irreligion and corruption of the Papal Court, and, on his return to Germany, he took up a stand against the sale of indulgences by which Leo X sought to raise money by the authority of St. Peter's at Rome. On October 31, 1517, he nailed to the doors of the Cathedral of Wittenberg his famous thesis of ninety-five propositions against the sale of indulgences.

It goes without saying that Luther's protest would not have had the effect of setting Europe ablaze if corruption in the Church had not already been very widespread. The ordinary man who gives his support to revolutions is not concerned very much about abstract ideas. He is concerned with the things that exist and judges from his immediate surroundings. If the corruption of the Church had not been a matter of personal corruption in the Church itself, for the sale of indulgences, and the like, the ordinary man would have been more anxious about temporal power than about the spiritual welfare of the people. Just as the Popes had claimed complete jurisdiction over the temporal powers, so the bishops and clergy had intruded themselves into secular matters, and it would appear that a certain worldliness had overtaken the Church. It had become very wealthy and luxurious in its living. Added to this were the influences of the Renaissance which led to moral laxity and undermined belief in Christianity in many directions. The result of it all was that the Church had become suspect and no longer enjoyed the confidence of the people that it had formerly possessed. Luther and his followers sought to combat these worldly tendencies by effecting a return to the primitive truth and discipline of the Church, or, at any rate, what they imagined it to be. They contended that the truths of Christianity had become overlaid with formalism, and appealed to the authority of the Bible against that of the Catholic tradition which differed from it to the extent that it had absorbed and carried along with it certain Pagan elements, while disputed points of doctrine had been determined by decisions of the Councils of the Church which henceforth became authoritative. Luther challenged this authority, and at the Diet of Worms maintained that Popes and councils might err. This challenge struck at the very heart of the Church and its unity, for it made the interpretation of the Scriptures purely a matter of personal conviction, and in the case of the Church, he had come to rely upon the support of the Princes of Germany, who were not only pleased to seize the opportunity which this challenge presented of freeing themselves from the overlordship of the Pope. The claim of the Popes to be infallible in faith and morals is an intellectually defensible proposition, if not altogether an acceptable one, and the unity of Christendom might never have been challenged had the Popes claimed no more. But they went much further, and claimed authority not only in spiritual but in temporal affairs, maintaining that as the Vicars of Christ, responsible to God alone, they had power to give and take away kingdoms. These pretensions were bitterly resented by the kings and princes of Christendom, who now saw in the Reformation not only a means of escape from their thraldom, but the prospect of plunder in confiscating the lands of the Church. If there was a prospect that Wycliffe had advocated such confiscations, and Wycliffe's ideas had been carried by wandering scholars over Europe.

When, as a result of the advocacy of the principles of the Reformation the Princes of Germany began to suppress the monasteries and temples of the Church lands, Luther appears to have been taken entirely by surprise. He deplored and censured the selfishness of the Princes, but he was powerless to prevent it. In order to wage war against the Roman Church, he had come to rely upon the support of the Princes of Germany. He was now to learn that that support had not been given from entirely disinterested motives, and to experience the truth of the Biblical injunction, "Put not your trust in Princes." Such disillusionment appears to be the inevitable fate of "practical" reformers in all ages who invariably are idealists without any sense of reality. They are men who feel keenly that certain things are wrong and need attacking. But they will never take the trouble to think out carefully how the ends they seek are to be attained. They never carry any idea to its logical conclusion, and despise the men who do. They act entirely from impulse and wake up at a later date to find that they have only destroyed one evil to create a greater one. These men figure in history as strong men and bad men, but the truth is that they are simple-minded, courageous and impulsive ones who queue the pitch for men who might accomplish things, by confusing the issues.

Having made the initial blunder, Luther began to find it advisable to accommodate himself to circumstances. The appeal of the reformers had been to the traditions of the Early Church, which, as is well known, were communist in tendency. But Luther developed views which were as the antitheses to all the communist theories of the fathers of the Church who considered property as an evil due to the Fall, and became a necessity, because of the presence of sin in the world. He professed the most restrictive views on property; while Melanchthon went much further, affirming that property existed by divine right, and that to limit it in any way would be contrary to the teaching of Jesus Christ and the Apostles.

This individualist tendency of the Reformation was inherent in its teaching from the very start. In his warfare against the secular and monastic clergy Wycliffe had laid down the dictum that only a priest who is himself without sin can preach the Word of God. The evil inherent in this demand is apparent when we look below the surface. Instead of the priest, as heretofore, being acknowledged a sinner like the rest of men, it demands of him that he be a superior
person. Thus he will, knowing himself to be a sinner, either become a hypocrite in the eyes of the world or, else, what is far worse, he will become a prig, and endeavour to make his own conduct the standard of truth in morals. One wonders how much of the feeling against the clergy to-day had its origin in this heresy of Wycliffe which denies the humanity of the priest.

The corollary of this heresy which Wycliffe likewise taught was the right of the individual to approach God by his own prayer without the intervention of a priestly mediator. This idea contributed enormously to the formation of the Reformation. But the development which followed upon it was very different from what the reformers anticipated or intended. Not only did it lead to an extraordinary multiplication of sects, but it made morals a personal rather than a social consideration. Further, it tended gradually to undermine any standard of morality in commercial transaction and to accommodate morals to the practice of the rich, particularly in regard to the changed attitude towards usury which the Reformation introduced. But this was not the case at the start, for Luther's attitude towards usury showed a tendency to revert to earlier and more rigid standards than were current in his day.

The Early Church had condemned usury in all forms absolutely as immoral. But this strict view was modified somewhat by later moralists and economists who came to realise that to forbid the taking of interest under all circumstances, was not expedient, inasmuch as it led to serious public inconvenience. Hence, the question which agitated the minds of moralists and economists in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries was to determine what was and what was not legitimate. Starting from the principle of Aristotle that money itself cannot beget money, the Medieval moralists were puzzled as to how to justify the taking of interest. They were agreed that to seek to increase wealth in order to live on the labour of others was wrong, and, to this extent, the issue with them was a purely moral issue. But, on the other hand, there was the question of public convenience, as in the case of travellers, who would have to carry large sums of money about with them in the absence of bills of exchange, or the question of risk involved in a loan. To all such difficult and perplexing problems the Medieval moralists addressed themselves, not for theoretical but for practical reasons. For as commerce tended to increase, it became urgent to hammer out some principle whereby the necessities of trade could be related to some definitive moral standard.

To the end the problem evaded them. In principle all were against usury, but public convenience demanded exception be made under certain circumstances. These exceptions grew and grew in number, but no sure principle was forthcoming, and I am left to wonder whether the failure of the Medieval moralists and economists to find an answer to the problems which usury presented may not have been due to the fact that the problem is only partly a moral one. The difficulties in which they found themselves in their attempts to justify the taking of interest in certain cases in order that public convenience might not suffer arose because the function which the usurer performed in such cases was essentially a public one, and should not have been undertaken by men in some corporate capacity, and not left to the initiative of individuals. I throw this out merely as a suggestion, I do not dogmatise upon it, for the problem of usury is a very tricky one, and in dealing with it it is necessary to tread warily.

In so far as the problem was a moral one, perhaps St. Antonino* gave such answers as were to be given. St. Antonino was an Archbishop of Florence in the fourteenth century, and was, therefore, well placed for one who wished to give information. He was a representative man, and to be acquainted with him is to be acquainted with the thought of his generation, for he had read widely and formed judgments on many of the vexed economic problems of his day. What is more important, his judgments were of a very practical nature, for he was constantly referred to by the bankers and merchants of Florence to give decisions on delicate points affecting the morality of trade. This fact alone is worth recording, and should be of particular interest to Marxians who believe that no other motive but exploitation has ever existed in trade, more especially when they learn that St. Antonino anticipated Marx himself in affirming that all value depends upon labour, whether of hand or head.

Though in its early days the reformers were even more opposed to any compromise with usury than the Catholic theologians, the influence of the Reformation brought a breach with Medieval doctrine in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Calvin objected to the idea of regarding money as barren when it was possible to purchase with it property from which a revenue could be obtained. Calvin's attitude may, therefore, justly be regarded as the turning-point. It had certain much influence in weakening the old repugnance towards usury. But Calvin did not allow the taking of interest under any circumstances. This is evident from Calvin's own words:

"Although I do not visit usury (payments for the use of money) with wholesale condemnation, I cannot give them my indiscriminate approbation, nor, indeed, do I approve that anyone should make a business of money-lending. Usury for money may lawfully be taken only under the following conditions: His careful and qualified approval of the claim for usury when it was made by one business man on another was wrested into an approval of every sort of contract concerning the loan on money."†

Mention has been made of the fact that Luther began to find it advisable to accommodate himself to circumstances. The weakness of the position he occupied became apparent during the Peasants' Rising when the poverty-stricken rural population rose up against the nobles who had suppressed the monasteries and seized the Church lands from which alms had flowed to the indigent. The peasants burnt down the castles of the nobles and swore they would leave nothing to be seen but the cabins of the poor. At first, the wealthy middle class, always the rivals of the feudal aristocracy, joined hands with the peasants, but growing averse with the spread of the insurrection, joined hands with the nobles in suppressing it. Luther, who was then at the height of his popularity, condemned the rising, in the name of religion, and proclaimed the servitude of the people as holy and legitimate. He thus wrote, "To free your persons and your goods. You desire the power and the goods of this earth. You will suffer no wrong. The Gospel, on the contrary, has no care for such things, and makes exterior life consist in suffering, the

* See 'St. Antonino and Medieval Economics," by Bede Jarrett. (Manresa Press.)


† Ibid., p. 466.
supporting injustice, the cross, patience, and contempt of life, as of all the things of this world. To suffer! To suffer! The Cross! The Cross! Behold what Christ teaches."

These were the words by which Luther sought to soothe a famishing people who were in revolt against a ruling class, which, in the name of religious reform, had not only plundered the lands of the Church, but had stripped the patrimony of the poor. They are the kind of words which make religion stink, and which is responsible for the present feeling of anti-pathy of the masses towards Christianity. Yet, while Luther condemned the rising, he did not consider the claims of the peasants as in any way unjust, for he admitted they were "not contrary to natural law or equity," but he chose to evade the real issue by adding, "No one is judge in his own cause, and the faults committed by authority cannot excuse rebellion."

Compare this utterance with the words of the most orthodox of Mediæval economists, St. Thomas Aquinas, who grants to a people the right of rebellion if they are mistreated. "If any society of people," he says, "have the popular counsel of a king himself, it is not unjust if he be deposed by the same, or if his power be curbed, when by a royal tyranny he abuses his power. Nor is such a society to be held as acting unfaithfully in thus deposing the tyrant, even if it have overlooked in such discussions."

In this article I wish rather to state certain principles of Catholicism which are often misunderstood or overlooked in such discussions.

I wish first to speak of the principle of Authority in the Catholic Church. Critics of the Church often draw analogies—favourable or unfavourable—between the constitution of the Church and that of various secular states. Such analogies seem to me fundamentally unsatisfactory since the primary claim of the Church to witness to a supernatural life and to the unchanging truths on which that life depends—is clearly of a different nature from the aim and object of any secular state. I should like, however, to correct certain popular conceptions of what that claim implies.

It does not, of course, imply that the individual Catholic, or even the Pope, pretends to be able to comprehend the mind of God. In the words of Pope Pius IX, "Far be it from us that we should wish to sound the hidden counsels and judgments of God, which are deep abysses that cannot be fathomed by human thought." ("Allocation," December 9, 1854). And the present Pope, in his first encyclical, condemned those who "have reached such a degree of rashness as not to hesitate to measure by the standard of their own mind even the hidden things of God, and all that God has revealed to men." This does not contradict the assertion of Pius X that "faith is a true ascent of the intelligence to truth." Faith is not against reason, but reason is limited and is incomplete without faith.

Let me quote a paragraph from a distinguished Catholic theologian (Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C.) on the central idea of Catholicism and its character as a Revelation:

"The conception of Christianity as directly of supernatural origin and character is fundamental to the Catholic position. The Christian revolution is not, and never could be, derived from the operation of man's own reason. The most complete content of human reason left to itself is circumscribed by the created finite world in which our natural existence lies: and the Christian revelation carries us beyond that into the highest life of conscious union with God Himself. In this supernatural life, there is a transformation of values both as regards ourselves and the world in which we live, a transformation brought about by the direct operation of the Divine Spirit through Jesus Christ. Christ as the Divine Word is the giver of this new life to us; we are, and ever shall be, mere recipients. The centre and source of this new life is always outside ourselves in Christ the manifested Word of God to man. If, then, we seek for the sufficient reason and guide to this higher life, we find it not in ourselves but in God; and our ultimate salvation lies not in the fuller or fullest realisation of our natural self, but in the apprehension of the life which is in Christ."

But "it is indeed the case that as we receive the truth from Christ, our reason will be informed by it and become one with it; we receive the light of truth which has been shed by it, and it may have been one of the reasons why when the Reformation burst forth the monasteries were suppressed.

* Janet "Histoire de la science politique" quoted by Nitti.
doubtless appeal more forcibly to different individual minds. This, St. Paul emphasises certain doctrines more forcibly than does St. John. But the truths apprehended are not mere subjective impressions. They are themselves as unchangeable as the truths of Euclid.

Newman has expressed this point in an interesting paragraph:—

"The idea which represents an object, or supposed object, is commensurate with the sum total of its possible aspects, however they may vary in the separate consciousness of individuals; and in proportion to the variety of aspects under which it presents itself to various minds it demands more arguments for its reality." ("Development of Doctrine," p. 55.)

Thus those unchangeable truths which are realised by the mind of the Church will gradually be apprehended with greater fullness till an entire theology is developed. Individuals will apply them to further problems and draw from them further deductions. If such applications and deductions are legitimate, they will preserve the original idea and merely apply it further. If they are illegitimate, they will contradict and ultimately destroy the original idea. These false deductions can only be excluded by final definition.

Now whenever such false deductions become popular, the Church must have the power to make a further and more comprehensive definition of its original tradition—comprehensive enough to exclude the new heretical deductions.

These definitions seem something like hair-splitting to the outsider. Thus we read in Froude's biography: "In earlier years ( Carlyle) had spoken contemptuously of the Arian controversy, of the Christian world torn in pieces over a diaphanous, and he would ring the changes is on the Homoousian and the Homoian. He told me now that he perceived Christianity itself to have been at stake. If the Arians had won, it would have dwindled away into a legend." (Vol. II, p. 494.)

Hence the solemn definitions of the mind of the Church that have been made by Popes on historic occasions—definitions not merely of the mind of the contemporary Church, but of the historic tradition of faith. On the rare occasions when the Pope makes such a definition he employs every human means to ascertain the tradition of faith as well as the mind of the contemporary Church. But when he makes his final definition he is protected by the Holy Spirit from committing the Church to error. This is what is meant by Papal Infallibility. The Church cannot invent new creeds or impose new ideals of devotion. He can only define the mind of the Church. But when he has done so in this solemn manner, his decision is irrefutable and not subject to the subsequent consent or disavowal of the Church. His is the final court of appeal, and was recognised as such even in the early days of the Church, when so little had been defined and so many points, now clear, were wrapped in some obscurity. (See Dom Chapman's "The First Eight General Councils and Papal Infallibility," Catholic Truth Society, 1870.) In the very fragmentary literature left to us from the first four Christian centuries there is valuable evidence of this. In the second century, for instance, St. Irenaeus, writing about Rome, says: By 'pointing out . . . that faith announced to all men (Rom. 1, 8) which through the succession of her bishops has come down to us, we confound all those who in any way, whether through caprice or vainglory or blindness or perverse opinion, gather otherwise than it becreed. For with this Church, on account of her more powerful teaching, it is necessary that every Church, that is, the faithful everywhere dispersed, should agree (or come together); in which Church has always been preserved that tradition which is from the apostles." (Haer. iii, 3, A.D. 185.)

The precise nature and limits of Papal Infallibility were not defined until 1870. Previous to that date
Catholic gains from his gift of the full revealed truth and life, I need only point to those who have accepted that truth and lived that life to the uttermost; I mean the Saints. In every Catholic there is implanted the seed of that which the Saints realised in all its fullness. It is the realisation on earth of the supernatural kingdom of heaven.

But whether founded on divine fact or human fancy, the Catholic Church bears the same features of to-day as when St. Irenæus wrote of her in the Second Century:—

"The Church, extended to the boundaries of the earth, received her faith from the Apostles and their disciples. Having received, she carefully retains it as if dwelling in one house, as possessing one soul and heart; the same faith she delivers and teaches with the same accord, and as if gifted with one tongue: for though in the world there are various modes of speech, the tradition of doctrine is one and the same. In the Churches of Germany, in those of Spain and Gaul, in those of the East, of Egypt and of Africa, and in the middle regions, is the same belief, the same teaching. For as the world is enlightened by one sun, so are the various modes of speech about the universe. "The opposition of Intuition and Reason is mainly illusory. Intuition is what first leads to beliefs which subsequent reason confirms or refutes." "Reason is a harmonising force rather than a creative one." "But the "Logic" in the management of affairs, for Mr. Russell has both elements in his composition, as have all great and original thinkers, and even many much smaller and more materialist men, who would be extremely pained at the suggestion. It is clear from the opening pages of his book that Mr. Russell as Mystic has a very good notion of the essential idea which this word conveys. "Mysticism is commendable as an attitude towards life, not as a creed about the world." "What I do wish to maintain is that insight untested . . . is an insufficient guarantee of truth, in spite of the fact that much of the most important truth" (more truly, perhaps, all the important truth) "is first suggested by its means."

A HOPELESS CASE.

I have nothing to lose; I am very lucky. I have been reading THE NEW AGE, and I say: "O NEW AGE, Labour is capital; Capital in cold storage: It is rude to point at Capital. How serious this is! What weighty matter! As I were this one I should tremble, or that one I should be afraid . . . But my humour is mine—I can laugh. My spirit is mine—I can work, and only a few years shall I suffer, O NEW AGE. For I shall be dead. So I laugh again. Things are really very funny; I have nothing to lose." B. WINDELER.

Logic v. Mysticism.

Mr. Bertrand Russell's essay, "Mysticism and Logic," is an interesting example of the failure of the Scientific method when applied to non-Scientific matter, and the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous is very marked when Mr. Russell's "Mysticism" gives place to his "Logic" in the management of affairs, for Mr. Russell has both elements in his composition, as have all great and original thinkers, and even many much smaller and more materialist men, who would be extremely pained at the suggestion.

But the "Logic" in Mr. Russell rebels at being made only a harmonising force, and starts off to try and reverse the decision, by all the strange subterfuges of the "logical" mind. "Mysticism is commendable as an attitude towards life, not as a creed about the world." "What I do wish to maintain is that insight untested . . . is an insufficient guarantee of truth, in spite of the fact that much of the most important truth" (more truly, perhaps, all the important truth) "is first suggested by its means."

Now, Mr. Russell is a mathematician of repute, and, hence, we can accept his logic as of high standard. Also, he is a man whose honesty is not to be doubted, and, hence, anything which is open to criticism in his method is really inherent in the method, and condemns it.

Now, in the quotation in the last paragraph, the thin end of the wedge is first inserted. The sentence, though apparently straightforward, is not so really, for it implies that there is a maximum reliability to be placed on "Mysticism," and that we know that maximum. And this is clearly untrue, for, even if "Mysticism" were a thing which was easy to study scientifically, that scientific study has been over a period so short as not to warrant such a statement about anything.

But the values have to be further disturbed. In the opening pages we have been talking about something called Mysticism or, alternatively, intuition, and which might apparently have been called, if we want a descriptive name, Inspiration (in a moment of inspiration, as we say). In fact, it is a clearly circumscribable idea. In the next pages we introduce the instinct of animals, intuitions of character, and such like, and attach them to our symbol Mysticism. Now, to anyone competent to deal with the subject at all these must, or should, be clearly heterogeneous matters, and we have given to our symbol Mysticism such an indefinite and nebulous character as would, if applied to x, plough any candidate for little-go.

The "Logical Mr. Russell" has cast away all that the "Mystical Mr. Russell" knows, and has accepted the observations of the psychologists from Lombroso on, who identify a genius with a murderer or a pervert. They, in fact, divide all things into conscious and extra-conscious without seeing that the extra-conscious is divided into sub- and super-. No one who studies his own consciousness and its communications with his extra-consciousness can doubt this,
though, to an "observer," the two are naturally un-
differentiable. Clearly, the Mystical Mr. Russell has
been careless in formulating his equation before hand-
ing it over to his computer, but it is the claim of a
mere computer to act as arbiter that we are now in-
vestigating. Counsel having been thus satisfactorily
darkened, the argument sails on gaily. But in order
to keep track we will, for the moment, make some
more restricted definitions for use. I think we can
manage with two only—intuition and instinct—the
one connected with the super-sensible and the other the infi-
culminating.

The inspiration belongs to man the
God; and anyone at all acquainted with such things will, I think, agree
that they are quite distinct, quite differently "located," and as little to be confused as sight and touch, or, at
any rate, as smell and taste.

Here are other passages in which Logic garbles the
facts. P. 15. "Intuition seems to diminish as civilisa-
tion increases. It is greater in children than in adults,
the educated than in the educated. Probably, in
dogs it exceeds anything to be found in human beings.
But those who see in these facts a recommendation of
intuition ought to return to running wild in the woods,
dyeing themselves with wood and living on hips and haws.
No doubt for anyone who saw intuition resemble what has been experienced in the past, while
"novelty that always belongs to each fresh moment,'
which well-known data present as they recur (''which
unique and new at every moment," are not really
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the well-known nest, with all its cozy details, a pronouncement by a writer of such importance may, if taken too seriously, be the determining factor. Someone must have the courage to attack this self-constituted authority of Logic and to show the very questionable methods which it employs to reach its ends.

M. B., Oxon.

Recent Verse.

L. H. HURST SHORTER. Visions of Chivalry. (Humphreys. 3s. 6d. net.)

The opening poem is not very promising, being more like an obituary tribute in a local newspaper:

He saw this madness, this insane lust
Of war, with many doubts and questionings,
Until he found he captained one small band
Of fellow-men with ideas like his own,
Scarce knowing why it was that they were there,
But like him firm resolved to see things through,
Giving their all, if need, to attain that end.

We must not quench the smoking flax, however; so let us pursue the matter further. Who could not make a song about a nightingale? Here beginneth:

"How Chivalry the world inspires,
And is most gloriously alive to-day
Amd fierce battle's murderous array.
"

"Land of Dreams" shows our author to be even more commonplace than we had dared to fear. Jewels are flung about, the earth is ordered as a footstool for the beloved, and her raven hair is crowned with "choice stars" from the Milky Way. These stage-properties of Love are very much worn nowadays. The remark is more appropriate than we had dared to hope, for, surely enough, we have a tribute to the late Sir H. B. Tree.

On Fame's bright scroll thy name is writ in gold,
And will endure for all eternity.

Nothing need to be said of Mr. Shorter's audacious attempt to convey a passage from the sonnet of Keats.

"And seeing, they shall see the hair
Of Spring, more wild, more wildly fair,
Come streaming down the wind-sweet air,
And Spring's young eyes first opening there
On flowers at her hem."

Mr. Gates is so good that it is a pity he is not better; but always when he is just about to make something comparatively perfect, he slips, and the thing is spoiled.

For you shall find their footsteps in the grass
At dawning in your laden orchard-closes.

Why "closes"? It adds nothing to "orchards," and is a country rather than a universal word. "Laden" also is open to objection; and the rest of the passage merited a happier epithet. Similarly, "crimson" in the first line of the following passage is an alien immigrant:--

For theirs is crimson comraderies
Set burning where drowned meadows drip
And sunless crying waters slip
Deep underground for shame.

Take away the first line and the last two words of the last, and a phrase has been achieved.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE. Last Songs. (Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

Lord Dunsany's introduction to these last songs by a young Irish poet, killed in the war, is more friendly than critical—as, perhaps, is proper. He refers to Francis Ledwidge's "delicate rustic muse," to his "verses of great beauty," and to the songs which may be "something of an anodyne for this stricken age." Such songs we are sincerely looking for, but only their faint far-off echoes are to be found in these pages. We open "To a Sparrow":

Because you have no fear to mingle
Wings with those of greater part,
So like me, with song I single
Your sweet impudence of heart.

It is not a song in any sense of the word. Several of the phrases are obviously "made"; and one is a colloquialism—"so like me." The poem is not, however, the best in the volume; very far from it. Others are near the spirit of poetry, and still others are nearer still. "Youth" has a banality not usual in Francis Ledwidge's work:

She dropped her sweet fife to her lips
And lured me with her melodies
To where the great big wandering ships
Put out into the peaceful seas.

The first line is good, the last line is passable; but of the two middle lines the first is affected and the second puerile. "Autumn" has more of the qualities ascribed to these poems by Lord Dunsany.

Like scattered fire the wild fruit ares
The ground beneath the blowing trees,
And there the busy squirel hews
His deep and secret granary.

Two later lines in the same poem are better:--

And I, too, make my own complaint
Upon a reed I plucked in June.

The second of these lines is better, the first being spoiled by the superfluous "own." "Spring Love" is the least imperfect poem to be found, and here is the least imperfect of its stanzas:--

Then came the swallow crowding up the dawn,
And cuckoo-echoes filled the dewy South.

Oh, that last kiss burning on her lovely mouth!
My last kiss burning on her lovely mouth! It is slips less humourless but more banal occur frequently in the course of the volume. Guarded flame, at grips with pain, regal state, etc., etc., are phrases unworthy of the spirit which these lines ascribe to:

"What though her name be
A song in lost lands?"

And seeing, they shall see the hair
Of Spring, more wild, more wildly fair,
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And Spring's young eyes first opening there
On flowers at her hem.

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anti-climax after the pathetic "alone" with which the previous line ends. "Alone" would have ended the stanza but for the demand of the mere form of verse. It is a case of verse at war with poetry, and not in friendly terms with blank verse. A later poem has this rather pretty-pretty phrase—:

While there are maidens dancing to a flute
In Andalusan vales.

The stage-properties are a little too much in evidence to permit us to forget ourselves. The "Lanawn Shee" is, on the whole, good; and, in parts, very good; but perfection is still a muffled echo. In the following stanza "bye-ways" sets the mind wondering what the rhyme is going to be. It was a misplaced end-word.

Like a poor widow whose late grief
Sends for relief in lonely bye-ways,
The moon, companionless and dim,
Took her dull rim through starless highways.

The internal rhymes, grief, relief; dim, rim; are pleasing because inconspicuous and easy; the whole image, moreover, is beautiful; but the fall of the highways mars the pleasure to the listening ear.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

The Idolatry of Words.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

(Translated, by kind permission of the Editor, from "La Revue Politique Internationale," by Paul V. Cohn.)

THE SEAMY SIDE OF PAN GERMANISM.—At a moment when the wind is rising again, and turning against the Pan-Germanic ship, it is perhaps only fair that we should ask ourselves what freight that ship really carries. We need not trouble about those bales that have just been put on the upper deck. Ignorance, vanity, suffering—all this is mere surface stuff. Let us go down into the hold. It is with no little amazement that we find there the characteristic product which our age employs to atone for all its defects: idealism, an idealism so weary of material things, oh, so weary! The Pan-German used to ask himself, when contemplating his nation: "What is going to become of it? These middle-class people who regard themselves as the salt of the earth—do they stand at the threshold of human development? Are the tango and night life in Berlin the ultimate aim of every German? Are the hierophants of gay living the true prophets? Are the lovers of peace and luxury the accredited guardians of the Temple of Morality? The health-faddists with their clientel of hysterical "bombers," the quack reformers with their sticking-plaster for the sores of society—are these worthy aspirants to Valhalla? Can the suffragettes in their green and yellow be fit substitutes for Valkyries, to lead dead heroes up to the dazzling halls of Odin? And where are they to find the fallen heroes, supposing that a single one should consent to be discovered by such charming Valkyries? Heroes, heroes! Where are there any nowadays? Where are there any hearts left? Do the full purses and the full paunches make us forget the empty hearts?" For the German had acquired wealth without acquiring culture, without even preparing himself for wealth by the slightest tinge of culture. "Let us begin by laying the material foundations of our existence," he had said to himself, "and the education of our people in ideas will follow of its own accord." . . . The Pan-German idealist realised that this had been a mistake: he even came to abandon all hope of culture, all the more if he happened to be one of the admitted high priests of culture, I mean the German professors. . . . It was from these circles, indeed, that the most loyal soldiers of the Pan-German army were recruited, it was these men who, with a typically German thoroughness and sincerity, had conceived a hatred for the materialism of their own country, while only too well aware that they could do nothing to arrest its progress; for the high road of culture runs past the German universities at a respectful distance. One remedy alone was left, a dangerous remedy, one with a strong element of uncharted poison, but deadly peril that could, if need were, be provided with a suitable label. This remedy was war, "a war from purely moral motives." As to the way in which this healing draught was to be taken, they wrote: "War is the terrible medicine that prevents heroism from dying out among the human race." Better resort to blood and iron than watch, with folded arms, the slow but steady degeneration of our species: such was the unspoken thought that drove many and many a Pan-German to help in promoting the war.

Were they so greatly mistaken? In no country on earth were the signs of moral putrescence so plainly marked. One caught whiffs of it from every quarter. In the vast majority of cases, the evolutionary process was not in the direction of the "supermoral" (as may occur when morality is decaying) but of the "sub-moral"; it advanced towards a state of things that meant, not the strengthening, but the weakening, of human personality. The sufferers could howl as they pleased only in the Chicagos and New Yorks of Germany. For the little men, crushed and trampled on by the Juggernauts of State, business and society, must have their sphere where they are one—the sphere of "high" art. And the "high" art of little men always tends towards the extraordinary, the colossal, the unparalleled, towards passion that makes the public vomit, towards the paint-pot flung full in their faces*. Sometimes, it is true, this little man demanded with might and main an art that was within his grasp, that is to say, a cheap art, soft and emasculated, sticky and incoherent, shapeless and maudlin; and this imperious need could be satisfied all the more easily in that every element that was strong and creative, virile and fruitful, formative and noble had long since vanished from the market, and a selection was no longer hard to make, seeing that supply and demand pretty nearly coincided. Is it surprising that there were Germans who tried to counteract the "little men," who saw in war the Messiah of a decadent people that needed a redeemer? "The ground of war," says Bernhardi, "lies in this, that the petty individual is totally eclipsed by the splendour of the State, and nations, as well as Governments, can do nothing more noble and more glorious than muster all their forces in defence of their life, their liberty, and their honour." The attempt to cure the little man by the greatness of the State (which, however, is itself made up solely of little men)—a true veterinary surgeon's prescription—is not unnaturally recommended by a cavalry-general who has read German philosophers of the Hegelian school. It is quite clear, for all that, that the German "little man" frankly got on our general's nerves. The disgust that this little man inspired in the best among the Germans has turned them into partisans and preachers of war. On the day that the Pan-German appears before the throne of the Almighty to justify his sins, he will be able to say with a clear conscience: "Lord, I sought to do what I thought was for the best !" And the Lord will answer: "Hell—the Hell where you have really earned a place—is paved with good intentions. . . But never mind! I go to Paradise. Then you will find happiness, ease, rest for the soul, roast chicken and eternal peace: I know it will be a Hell for you !"

BE NOT TOO FAINT-HEARTED.—He who nowadays believes in morality, religion or patriotism is not born to rule, but he who does not know how to turn these sentiments to account will never rule at all; the cold point is as certain as the former. By what means are

*I have ventured to adapt the original somewhat, bringing in Ruskin's famous criticism of Whistler.—TRANSLATOR.
we to conquer and rule? 'Ask the bold navigator who can make use of wind and weather in order to reach his destination. As to the destination itself, that is graven in the heart of the man born to conquer. He need not follow the winds he utilises, he may in fact take the very opposite course to theirs. . .

**Art and the Statesmanship of Despair.**—There are people so closely and intimately attached to a system of ideas that it needs a charge of dynamite to free them from their bondage,—in which case, of course, they are blown up with the rest. An instance in point is the people of Norway, who hated the bourgeois, but was at heart a bourgeois himself. Another instance is afforded by the present enemies of Germany. In the German they discover the bourgeois; they view with alarm the prospect of a bourgeois German world-culture, and do their utmost to avert such a calamity. Yet German culture holds them in such unbreakable chains that it needs Ibsen's remedy to set them free. Thus the Entente's statesmanship is as depressing as the dramatic art of the Norwegian. In other words, whatever the intellectual enthusiasm, however profound, can strike no such deadly blow at our world. Long before its outbreak all nobility had vanished from the art, the manners, the life of Europeans. . . We have the singular good fortune to be able to say of our culture what a certain witty Frenchwoman said of her family: 'Thank God, it which was too insignificant to be gulliontled under the Revolution.'

**A Reflection for Optimists.**—A war arising from mystic and moral motives cannot be ended by the application of social and economic nostrums. This does not mean that our diplomats will not conclude a peace; it only means that the peace they make cannot possibly be a lasting one. Such a peace could only come about through a katharsis, a universal purification of souls. The world must endeavour to free itself from its moral mysticism, which in Germany assumes a 'State' form and elsewhere an 'individualist' form, but nothing is more difficult, nothing causes us more danger and loss of blood than this operation, which has to tear from our hearts a doctrine rooted there for thousands of years past. . . If, however, this surgical process is doomed to failure, the world-war may go on for long periods, with intervals, just like the Crusades, the Thirty Years' War and other religious wars and great conflagrations of history, which did not cease from raging until the very last embers of human frenzy had burnt themselves out.

**The Never-Endians of Pacifism.**—The disappointed pacifist is often turned into an uncompromising advocate of war: he is angry, not with himself for having chased a will o' the wisp, but with those who have shattered his illusions. Other pacifists, of deeper faith, look for the culprit in themselves and deplore their own folly; the latter type suffers more acutely than the former, because 'happy are those who gaw at others' vitals and not at their own.' The third class of pacifists do not seek the culprit either in themselves or in their neighbour, but in spite of every rebuff cling loyal to their old ideal. The last are the most to be envied of all. They are the very opposite of apostle Thomas; they put their fingers into the wounds of humanity, but remain as untroubled by doubts as ever.

**First Love, Then Philosophy.**—What an admirable maxim! But if it is followed too closely, it is to say, if no one will philosophise, we reach the state of things that we see around us everywhere to-day, the principle 'first die, then philosophise.'
Louis,' she said. And she retained her surprise at our friendship.

It was, perhaps, rather surprising. God, least of all, of course, had nothing whatsoever to do with it. He just sat tight, and let things happen to him. As one of England's governing classes, even at the age of 14, when I first met him, such a rebellion as that of forcing God's hand about the smallest trifle would somehow have savoured of disloyalty to the 'Morning Post,' which was then not old enough to know I was going to call me one in vain. So there and then I upped and threw my pot of jam at his head, striking him neatly just above the right eye; I didn't do it in anger, I didn't know why I did it—though now I know that it was done through a base passion for notoriety, which I still have, though in a less primitive manner. I certainly got notoriety then, and also six cuts from a very supple cane, and a Georgic on which to work off my ardour.

But I gained Louis for a friend. He had, it seemed, admired the deft and unassuming way in which I had thrown that pot of jam—he knew less than I did about that passion for notoriety—and when he met me in the passage as I came back from my six cuts in the prefect's room, he said, "I say, bad luck," and I suggested that if his friend Marsden's ugly face hadn't got in the way of a perfectly harmless pot of jam, I wouldn't have traded quite so much on being at the bottom of the school. Marsden, who had come the same term as we three; I was quite happy at my own end of the table, with the three men (ages 14 to 14½) with whom I shared a study. We made a good and gay study. I remember, for they were three stalwart fellows, and I, even at that age, not taking my work to heart, that there was no use for me to be the face of a newer "bug" than myself; but the wretched man could play Soccer, I noticed; his deft work at "inside-right" to my 'centre-forward' warmed my heart; and, by the time the term was half over, he had gained a certain distinction for being consistently at the bottom of the lowest form in the school—one rather liked a man for sticking to his convictions like that.

Nevertheless, we became silently icicmical. He ceased to look bewildered; with an English cunning, he had already found that an air of nonchalance paid best. And his sort of lift. Oh, d'you think so? air began to suit him well. He was not the new Armenianism over-serially, gave a quite passable imitation of an English public-school man.

How, as I looked round at my three friends, and said to myself, 'here are companions for life,' how was I to know of the irritation into my life of a bewildered face! I despised that face. It was the face of a newer "bug" than myself. But the wretched man could play Soccer, I noticed; his deft work at "inside-right" to my 'centre-forward' warmed my heart; and, by the time the term was half over, he had gained a certain distinction for being consistently at the bottom of the lowest form in the school—one rather liked a man for sticking to his convictions like that.

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The only thing I have gained by not going to Oxford is an utter inability to write poetry, and a sort of superior contempt for all pale, interesting-looking young men with dark eyes and spiritual hair, who are tremendously concerned about the utter worthlessness of Mr. William Watson's poetry. Of course, my own devil-may-care attitude of half-baked superiority may be just as unbearable as their anaemic enthusiasm over, say, a newly discovered rondel by the youngest son of the local fishmonger; but I, at least, do sincerely try to face the world on a man who obviously makes me feel like that, but myself and study had reasonable grounds for deciding that "that sloppy-haired new bug was a concealed young swine," and that he was trading rather too much on being at the bottom of the school.

There was a dark-haired, sallow-faced youth, one Marsden, who had come the same term as we three; he had at first shared our study, but had been fired out for being a cub. And, by intimating to the House-Master that if he was put back in our study, new bugs or no, we wouldn't answer for his mother's knowing him, we had fired him out in such a way that he wouldn't dare to suggest that I should go to Oxford. I rather felt, in speaking to him, as an irritated and fussy foreign Ambassador must feel before the well-bred imperturbability of Mr. Ballou; I was then not old enough to know I felt like that, but myself and study had reasonable grounds for deciding that "that sloppy-haired new bug was a concealed young swine," and that he was trading rather too much on being at the bottom of the school.

Marsden disliked me much more than he disliked anyone else, as I had been the instigator of his ejection from our study, and so the silent and studious attitude of half-baked superiority may be just as unbearable as their anaemic enthusiasm over, say, a newly discovered rondel by the youngest son of the local fishmonger; but I, at least, do sincerely try to face and appreciate literature boldly and frankly and normally, and not as they do, in a bowler-hat crammed on my eyes and spiritual hair, who are tremendously concerned about the utter worthlessness of Mr. William Watson's poetry. Of course, my own devil-may-care attitude of half-baked superiority may be just as unbearable as their anaemic enthusiasm over, say, a newly discovered rondel by the youngest son of the local fishmonger; but I, at least, do sincerely try to face and appreciate literature boldly and frankly and normally, and not as they do, in a bowler-hat crammed on my eyes and spiritual hair, who are tremendously concerned about the utter worthlessness of Mr. William Watson's poetry.
soldier, and I, up at Edinburgh, was on the high road to general fecklessness. I only stayed there a few months; jumbled months of elementary medicine, political economy, metaphysics, Theosophy—I once handed round programmes at an Annie Besant lecture at the Usher Hall—and beer. Lots of beer. And then, one night, I emptied my last mug, and with another side-glance at Oxford came down to London; "to take up a literary career" my biographer will, no doubt, write of me. I may, of course, have had a "literary career" at the back of my mind, but, as it was, I slackened outrageously—much to Louis' disgust and envy. I have already written how I walked in the Green Park, and sat in picture galleries, and was lonely.

That first loneliness was lighted only by the occasional visits to town of Louis. He was by now a subaltern in the Rifle Brigade, with an indefinite but cultured growth somewhere between his nose and upper lip, and a negligent way of wearing mufti, as though to say, "God, it's good to be back in civilised things again!" They were jolly, sudden evenings, those! London was still careless, then. Of an evening, a couple of young men in dress-suits, with top hats balanced over their eyebrows, and eyes full of a blasé vacancy, were not as remarkable as they now are. Life has lost its whilom courtesy. I only stayed there to go back to Louis, who never got further in those months, than a hurried dinner; and if ever he laughed a great deal, and we still had the good old "blasted roué" touch about us. We were very, very old indeed, so old that we decided that the first act of no play or revue in the world could compensate one for a hurried dinner; and we were old enough to know that a confidential manner to maîtres d'hôtels is a thing to be cultivated, else a chicken is apt to be wizened, and the sweet an unconscionable long time in coming. We decided, in the end, that the Club wouldn't ever have any members except the president and vice-president, simply because the men of our own generation were the worst-mannered crew God ever put within lounging distance of a drawing-room. . . . There must be something wrong, we said, in a world where public-school men could be recognised by the muddy footprints 'they left on other people's carpets. So it was obviously left to us to supply the deficiency of our generation, both as regards women and everything else. We made a cult of good manners; Louis took to them as a cult where he had never taken to them as a necessity, and the happiest moments of his life were when he could work it off on some helpless woman who had dropped an umbrella or a handkerchief. He was the sort of Englishman who could go away from himself writing and books—Louis hadn't really ever read anything but Kipling, Ote-Luk-Oie and "The Riddle of the Sands"—and I temporarily forgot Sholmbery, and we dedicated ourselves to those months, how I walked in the Green Park, and sat in picture galleries, and was lonely.

Mr. Lewis' drawings are about the most successful war illustrations of war (vide Mr. Lewis' remarks about "The Goupil") among us. As Mr. Lewis implies in his preface to the catalogue, there are two ways of regarding "war paintings"; first, as paintings (vide Mr. Lewis' remarks about "The Goupil") secondly, as illustrations of war (vide Mr. Lewis' remarks about "Ole-Luk-Oie"; "as "paintings") Mr. Lewis' drawings are about the most successful war show we have had. There are fragmentary drawings like the detail of mechanism of the camouflage gun, a mere study; there are intermediary studies, and there are fully finished works like the drawings of gun-pits; works which can be submitted to all the criteria. These
works are signally free from the violence which characterised Mr. Lewis' pre-war productions. The artist is the antidote for the multitude. At least, there is antidotal art, whether one approves it or not. There is also that which needs antidotes. Mr. Lewis' art does not. The drawings in this exhibit could, most of them, hang in one's study without palliating. This means that they are well composed, well constructed, and harmonious in their colour schemes.

The artist has described the technique, but it shall be called the lift-valve art. I mean there is definite proof of anatomical skill in the degrees of tenseness of the various figures: the men, particularly the centre man, lifting the short hails preparatory to building the gun-pit; the men hauling the gun; the larger figures pulling on the rope (40) all display the different, the quite different mechanical or physical strain of their attitudes; and this expression or exposure of bodily capability is shown by the artist with the fine graduation of attitudes; and this expression or exposure of bodily strain that will be made mediocre, just which primitive antidotal art, whether one approves it or no. There also is the devitalisation of the wounded as they return over their duck-boards.

By subtle gradations we come out of the technical problems of composition into the problems of "drawing," of the illustrational qualities; of the alert animal peeping dog-like out of his protective burrow, nosing danger.

Another property of Mr. Lewis' work is its "partialness." I mean that every series of the three series of Mr. Lewis' drawings I have seen appears to be the beginning of some experiment which might go on indefinitely for the rest of the artist's life. (In two cases it has been continued by imitators.)

There seems no reason why Mr. Lewis should not go on for years unrolling the panorama of artillery labour, phase by phase of the operations; there is a complete possible world of violent or impassive forms suggested by his "Tinon"; or by drawings at the old Doré Gallery in 1914. The present show is manifestly only one corner of Mr. Lewis. But it is no function of mine to speculate about its possibilities. I am here merely to find the good in each show as it opens regard less of "school," whether it be conscientious still life; or Mr. Geo. Belcher's gratuitous labour in refining his tones for drawings that will be made mediocre in weekly reproductions. Mr. Lewis' show is of no particular school; it touches his own mind. What the pure stone colours in "Yvonne" (15) are delightful. 27 shows Whistlerian detail. The dark daintiness of one of his phases (example No. 41) is perhaps difficult to fathom, but two canvasses in the badly lighted back room give one an inkling that Sickert was more than attempting a fidelity to certain curious qualities of unpleasant light which few artists have dared to tackle. 45 and 49 could only have been done by an artist who knew his own mind.

Views and Reviews.

CATHOLICISM: A CONCLUSION.

Mr. Leo Ward's ingenious methods of argument remind me of that saying of Cardinal Newman: "By a judicious selection of facts, you can prove anything." When it is a question of proving that the Papacy exercised temporal power until 1870, the restoration of the Holy Roman Empire by Charlemagne and its maintenance by subsequent Emperors, are adduced as evidence. On this theory the Papacy was responsible for the temporal history of Catholic Europe, in at least the same sense that our Government is responsible for the activities of our Army and Navy. But when it is a question of proving that what I loosely called "the Church" condemned science, another theory, viz, the theory that the Papacy as the Church, and hand over the civil authorities to be dealt with according to law, with a recommendation to mercy (I forget the exact phrase). These subtle distinctions were, no doubt, fully appreciated by the victims, who were sustained in their afflictions by the thought that the Church had not punished them; or if they were not, they cannot be quoted against the Church, for condemned men, as Mr. Leo Ward argued in the case of Loisy, are not "impartial witnesses."

Mr. Leo Ward has done me an unwitting service. He has demonstrated the impossibility of proving any-
thing against the Church, and relieved me from all
necessity of making the attempt. I am grateful, be-
cause I am, unpleasant as it may sound, I have few books I have here do not bear on the
subject. It is, of course, unfortunate that an in-
stitution like the Church should be so mis-
understood, not only by the popular mind, but even by devout believers. It is a mistake to hold of
spatial conception of Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory,
based on a geocentric system, while the heliocen-
tric system had been established; the maintenance of an
obsolete scientific theory, he urged, imposed an
unnecessary burden on faith. Newman, it seemed, held
the opinion that the Church, even if it had not con-
demned, had not accepted the heliocentric theory; and
a Church that can leave its children in such obscurity
and perplexity has no right to complain of being mis-
understood. If it is, as Mr. Leo Ward quotes, "a sect
that is everywhere spoken against, but blessed," it has no one to blame but itself; it is judge and jury in its own cause.
But all this has nothing to do with my argument.
I repeat that I have not attacked the Church, and do
not intend to follow Mr. Leo Ward's argument in
defence of it. I am not a Catholic, and I have no concern
with Catholicism; it may be anything that Mr. Leo
Ward pleases, but I have no use for it. My argument
was that the Modernist movement was a waste of time
and energy, based on a misconception of the nature of the
Catholic Church. The world knew that the Catholic
Church was in need of reform; Modernism assumed
that it was capable of and willing to effect that reform.
The condemnation of Modernism proved that the
Modernist movement is explicit on the point. "I positively
hold and sincerely profess that Faith is not a blind
religious sense springing from the depth of the sub-
consciousness, under the influence of the heart and the
impulse of the moral sense and will, but a true assent of
the intellect to truth received by the hearing from out-
side, by which we believe in virtue of the supreme,
Divine veracity those things which are said, attested,
and revealed by the personal God, our Creator,
and our Lord." Translated into ordinary language,
and taken in conjunction with the preceding paragraph
of the oath, this means that Faith is simply belief in
what the Church likes to tell us of the Divine Deposit
that it claims to hold, a Deposit that is incapable of
being developed beyond its original meaning. It is a
fixed dogma of which the Church is inde-
poly; and I, for one, do not begrudge them their
monopoly, nor desire that they should reveal unto me
their chief stock-in-trade.
The value of Modernism to this generation is that it
compelled the Catholic Church to define itself as a body
that has nothing to say that is of any value to this
generation. As Loisy puts it: "Now the respective
positions have been fixed: the Roman Church,
supported by the notion of an absolute revelation,
which gives Divine authority to her constitution, her belief,
and her practices, refuses any concession to the
modern spirit, to modern science and to modern
society, which, on their side, cannot recognis4
the absolute character of this revelation, nor the
absolutism of ecclesiastical infallibility and authority.
The divorce is complete. Science had already realised
it for herself, and society tended more and more to the
same attitude. The Church has now proclaimed it
officially by the voice of her Chief." Miss Petre gives
some instances of the development of Papacy-worship
which are interesting, but which I have no space to
quote; they are developments, I may say, that do not
recommend Catholicism to the serious attention of un-
believers. Here I must leave the matter with the sug-
gestion that the history of Modernism assures us that
Mr. Leo Ward will have to convert the Catholic
Church before he can reasonably hope to convert un-
believers like myself, who really have something better
do to than to draw distinctions between "the Church" and
"the Qualifiers of the Holy Office."
A. E. R.

Review.

Chosen Peoples: The Hebraic Ideal v. The Teutonic.
By Israel Zangwill. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)
This is a reprint of the first "Arthur Davis Memorial
Lecture" delivered before the Jewish Historical Society
on Easter Sunday of this year. It expresses Mr.
Zangwill in his best mood, the scholar informing the rather obvious inductions of the literary
freelance, and the pride of race glowing with
passion. There is little, except his references, that is
new in his conception of the Hebraic Ideal: Matthew
Arnold has said very much the same of Israel's genius
for righteousness, and of the conditional nature of the
Divine Election. But it is necessary that these things
should be re-stated at a time when Nationalism is the
moving spirit of the age, and arrogates to itself the
title of the elect. It was the Hebrew prophet Hosea
who warned Israel (and not only Judah): "They have
set up kings, but not by me; they have made princes,
and I knew it not; of their silver and their gold have
they made them idols, that they may be cut off." For
the promise is not to a nationality, but to a type which,
we must admit, has found its supreme expression in
members of the Hebrew race; certainly, it was the
Christ who said: "Not every one that saith unto Me,
Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven;
but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in
heaven": but the doctrine is not only implicit, it is
violently explicit, throughout the Old Testament. The
prophets did little else but abuse the Jews for breaking
the covenant, and threaten them with the dire con-
sequences: "Israel hath cast off the thing that is good:
the enemy shall pursue him." "Israel is swallowed
up: now shall they be among the Gentiles as a vessel
wherein there is no pleasure." Yet the promise of Divine Election, as Mr. Zangwill reminds us, was invariably accompanied by the assurance: Thou shalt be a blessing... and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Chosen peoples do not exist by right of birth, as the Hebrew prophets were always telling the Jews; election is not predestinate, as Calvin would have it, but voluntary and conditional on obedience to the revelation of the will of God. It is a covenant, with dire penalties for any breach of the contract: the great contribution of Judaism to civilisation was its development of religion from the idea of status to that of contract. The covenant, with its disciplines, contains all that is necessary to greatness; and the prophets urge upon the Jews, as Maria urged upon Malvolio, the counsel: "Be not afraid of greatness." Mr. Zangwill has an easy task, but an enjoyable one, in the demonstration of the superiority of the Hebraic ideal to the Teutonic, or any other inflamed Nationalist ideal. The chosen people is the people that accepts the covenant, that is selected to the Divine Election: "My soul, give me thy heart... forget not my law," that is the necessary condition of the chosen people, whoever they be, and unless they conform to it, they are merely called, but not chosen. Judaism is at least no tribal religion, not the prerogative of Petticoat Lane or the local committees: it is not codified, it is not written, it is the most poetic, the most Divine revelation of the universal conditions of the good life, the most inspired prophecy of the destiny of the human race, the real doctrine of the Super-man. It differs from Christianity chiefly by the fact that it does not dabble in mystical metaphysics, it preaches no vicarious atonement, but attaches the promised blessings to the specific performance of the Terms of the covenant, and calls upon man to save himself by entering into a right relation with the universal order.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NAME AND THE SUBSTANCE.

Sir,—Mr. Cole's letter in last week's issue goes to the roots of the differences between us. Before dealing seriâvitâ with the points he raises, it will probably be convenient to your readers to recapitulate. Mr. Cole urges the National Guilds League to change its name to "Guild Socialist League." He frankly admits that he regards this as a first step to political action. He wants the word "Socialist" inserted in the title because he thinks the word "Socialism" is the real root of the National Guilds movement. To that I replied that, if the genus of the movement must go into the title, the word should be "Democracy" and not "Socialist." The essence of the discussion becomes clear in my comments upon Mr. Cole's letter.

(i) To my contention that the word "National" should precede "Guilds," to distinguish them from the local or medieval guilds, Mr. Cole replies that "Socialist" supplies the distinction with equal clearness. The antithesis to local is national. No doubt, it springs from industrial conditions. Why should we not accept the word "Socialist"? The antithesis to guilds is industrial, and in the nature of the case, related to Socialism Mr. Cole objects to Democracy because "if the word Socialist has acquired a political taint in recent years, Democracy has acquired it in a more virulent form." I certainly agree. But the proposal to change the title of the National Guilds League does not come from me. I do not want to change it; I like it as it is. I merely pointed out to Mr. Cole that, if the title is to indicate the genus, we must look to the common denominator. But Mr. Cole objects to Democracy because "if the word Socialist has acquired a political taint in recent years, Democracy has acquired it in a more virulent form." I certainly agree. But the proposal to change the title of the National Guilds League does not come from me. I do not want to change it; I like it as it is. I merely pointed out to Mr. Cole that, if the title is to indicate the genus, we must look to the common denominator. But Mr. Cole objects to Democracy because "if the word Socialist has acquired a political taint in recent years, Democracy has acquired it in a more virulent form." I certainly agree. But the proposal to change the title of the National Guilds League does not come from me. I do not want to change it; I like it as it is. I merely pointed out to Mr. Cole that, if the title is to indicate the genus, we must look to the common denominator. But Mr. Cole objects to Democracy because "if the word Socialist has acquired a political taint in recent years, Democracy has acquired it in a more virulent form." I certainly agree. But the proposal to change the title of the National Guilds League does not come from me. I do not want to change it; I like it as it is.
in the Socialist title, they were undoubtedly "in bitter opposition to Socialism." I only know by what I have read and heard of the French Syndicalist movement; I have been in personal contact with Haywood's movement. On that I can be dogmatic. (viii) I assure Mr. Cole that I am not "interpreting Socialism in the light of its worst exponents." Why should I? Many years ago, I fought hard to establish a Socialist party, taking a very active part in the movement for Socialist unity. To the last, The New Age, I with it, held out for Socialist Representation Committees, when the great majority of Socialists were rushing, helping into the Labour Representation Committees, the forerunners of the present Labour Party. That hardly indicates any prejudice against the name. But I then believed in the prior necessity of political action. And believing that I was consistently a Socialist, I can understand Socialism tolerably well without either the best or worst exponents. The definition of itself and the State (a definition that neither Mr. Cole nor I would accept) logically involves it in political action. That is why I left it. If, as a National Guildman, I were to re-enter politics, it would be on terms and with objects remote from the purpose of the best as well as of the worst exponents of Socialism. But the time is not yet; may never come in my life-time. Mr. Cole's conception of Socialism as "a great tradition of revolutionary action and agitation—of Robert Owen, of Karl Marx, and of a record, quite as full of industrial as of political effort and achievement" is, I fear, rhetorical rather than enlightening. Certainly if, in the happy groves beyond, Owen, Marx, and Morris shut their eyes and light upon the passage, phantasmal wings will be upon the ethereal green. The record of revolutionary action and agitation will doubtless contain these honoured names; it will also include such names as John Ball, Lilburn, Rousseau, Danton, Bakonnin, the Chartists, Mazzini, the brothers Riches, Byron, Shelley, Whitman, and a cloud of others. It is a tradition of democratic struggle and advance in which Socialism has played, after all, a subsidiary part. Mr. Cole's best chance to win immortality is to stick to National Guilds, both in name and substance. S. G. H. * * *

Sir,—I will leave the surely rather barren historico-cymological part of this controversy for others to disport themselves in, merely offering "Syndy-Social Guided Statism" as my shot at a chemist's label and passing on to more general considerations.

An Englishman hates to change his name. He usually leaves that to unfortunate and not too high-class Germans and to a low variety of Jews. Buggins and Hogge remain Buggins and Hogge, and even Quite Unmentionable, Esq., sticks it out until the name of Lord Chief Justice Unmentionable is one to glory in. The richest district in one of our colonies was mistakenly named Porcupine prosperous city, it's once again and again refused to alter it. In commerce, again, to change the name of a decent firm is a notoriously doubtful move, unless there is some very obvious and public reason for it. In the case of a society such as the N.G.L., suspicion as to change of policy, if not of principle, is certain to be aroused, and would not, for all I know, in such an event be entirely groundless.

We all bat down to Mr. Cole, but some of us think his time and abilities much too valuable to be expended on a controversy of this sort, and I will here put it to him whether, even if we are to admit, as I do not, the slight advantages he claims as obtainable by the proposed step, he would think it worth while, in the face of such a considerable body of feeling, expressed here and elsewhere, to divide the League in this matter?

PHILIP T. KENWAY.

NATIONAL GUILDS PROPAGANDA.

Sir,—In view of the fact that society now is passing through a period of great political and economic unrest, I beg to make the following suggestion.

Almost daily I am asked by both those in sympathy with Labour and those who fear it whether there is for this disquiet. Inevitably I reply that the only hope which I can see lies in some form of "National Guilds." I am called upon then to explain what is meant by that term, and of course I do so to the best of my ability. The explanation usually meets with a certain measure of concurrence, but with the addendum that a more detailed statement is necessary. It is impossible in a letter to sketch adequately the whole scheme, and generally I finish by telling them of the text-book on the subject—"National Guilds."

When I am asked where it can be bought, and its cost, I have to reply six shillings—that was the published figure when I purchased it. The price nearly always seems excessive—such is human nature—to the inquirer, and he goes away with the germ of a new idea and outlook on life in his mind, but, I fear, very seldom does he put his hand in his pocket and get the book.

Now it is possible to argue that, if a man be not interested enough in society to expend six shillings on advocacy or adherence is not worth much. We should remember however, that, if National Guilds are to be become practicable and practical, it is necessary to enlist the sympathy and support of the plain people.

Would it not be feasible to publish a small pamphlet—say at 6d. or is.—outlining the ideas contained in "National Guilds," which one could afford to give away where the soil seemed fruitful, and from a monetary point of view would be no deterrent to an inquirer? It could be so designed that it would lead serious students to the larger book, and at the same time be an active force in the important and pressing work of propaganda.

EVERARD G. GILBERT-COOPER.

[Complete set of the publications of the National Guilds League, consisting for the most part of single expositions of the Guild idea, will be forwarded post free for 1s. 6d. on application to the Sec. N.G.L., 17, Acacia Road, N.W.8.—Ed., N.A.]

RECONSTRUCTION AND THE THEATRE.

Sir,—All the political parties are talking about reconstruction in regard to every thing except the theatre. This is a serious and remarkable omission, seeing that England produced the world's greatest playwright. The excessive labour unrest is partly due to the mental and spiritual hunger of the more intelligent workers. This hunger can best be satisfied by a vigorous modern national drama.

The theatre has, therefore, in some respects, greater possibilities than Pulpit, Press, and Parliament. But it must be free. The concessions English playwright is handicapped in many ways. He has to contend with the vested interests of the ground landlord, the "vested prejudices" of the "High Brow" as represented by the Incorporated Stage Society and the dead hand of Shakespeare. He is faced with fearful odds, but he has the "Time Spirit with him. Although Shakespeare was the greatest man of his age, he was not for all time, for his ideas, philosophy, and outlook are all obsolete now. He lived before the age of Darwin and Spencer.

But no individual can do much by himself. The whole nation must demand that West End managers and their landlords give English authors who have something to say a fair chance.

If this is done, there is no reason why we should not do as well and better than the Elizabethans, for we have much better dramatic raw material to "cook."

W. MARGRIE.

MATERIALISM AND AESTHETICS.

Sir,—My answer to Mr. Kerr is to refer him to my articles now appearing. When they are concluded, and if Mr. Kerr is still unconvinced, discussion may be possible; but in the meanwhile my case is only under development.

A. J. PENNY.
Pastiche.
THE TRANSLATOR.
I am alone this evening with my thoughts, 
Along in this hushed room; the window-glimpse 
Of misty streets where the slow autumn dusk 
Does the sad day to death (of old, the glimpse) 
That most entranced me when I wood this cloy 
And wayward city—the mere glimpse is all 
I crave for now; the feverish beyond— 
Cafés, tryads, heedly converse—I thrust out 
With a wild host of memories.

Such hours 
I dwell with verses; lonely but content 
I cruise forth through uncharted seas, and steer 
With words for pilot, with strange exile words, 
Whose home is in far towns, in villages 
Alone in this hushed room: the window-glimpse 
Attuned 
Sobbing lament of one whom stealthy fate 
I cruise forth through uncharted 
Captivity it 
Has 
The harried 
A plaintive music.

How this man wields that native speech 
The tensely woven fabric of them—God! 
The pangs 
Again, 
Friends, health, and, above all, a comfortable competency, 
Heartedly 
Possessed 
Sisters. Possessed 
Losses. Their husbands had considerately withdrawn 
With intelligence which gave a critical zest to existence, 
They were both cursed with temperaments fatal to happiness.

Yet with all these advantages
In short, 
expire first. In spite of the 
Glasses 
Of sunset glows, they peered at to-morrow through dark 
The grief that is my 
Of those 
Who 
Speak—words that savour 
A plaintive music.

Hark, that threnody—
Sobbing lament of one whom stealthy fate
Has plunged in sorrow's utmost darkness, where
The harried soul that long in strength and pride
Deemed itself free, now beats its wings against
Cafés, 
Beholding but one outlet—death—still braves
Deemed itself free, now beats its wings against
The winds less bitter, ye shall make your joy of that. But
For my Heaven ye were not designed. Depart!

THE PRAYER OF THE PROFITEER.
(Being an adaptation of Ovid, Fasti V, 679.)
With pious reverence he fell
Upon his knees—
The day was Sabbath, and the pew
A place of ease—
With elbows pillowed on upholstered oak—
His hands a built pyramid
Encased in kid—
With eyes uplifted, fixed as in a stroke,
He made his vow and prayer
With unceasing care:
"O God, oft have I sworn by heaven,
And by Thy Throne;
And often called the saints to witness—
But deals and oaths were one,
In guile and lying, one—
O God, forgive! Heed not my perjuries!
But rather let the hurricane
Sweep them away; and yet touch not my plan
For future guile and lies!
Give money, only money, money,
And joy of making money, heap on heap,
And more and more;
My tongue make glib with words like honey
To cheat the buyer at the store:
Let no behost, O God, of Thine
Stay now this ardent quest of mine;
For tithes of mint and rue,
And profiteering,
Is Thine;
And the poor are Thine
And mine—"

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All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C. (4.)

What a time I have had on the journey up! I never hoped to see you again. They embraced with their new
and unfamiliar pinions, and settled down to everlasting happiness.

But the weakness which had tainted their mortal lives
Was only dormant, not extinct. After a short eternity,
walking together on the crystal pavement, "Do you think this floor is safe?" said one. They were smilingly
reasured by the other more experienced angels. On another occasion, as they sat basking in the Celestial
radiance, "Ah, this is too heavenly to last!" said the other. "Sister, have none ever been expelled capriciously
and without reason from these precincts? I have always believed that old business of Lucifer was never
properly cleared up."

At length these unworthy spirits dared to grow de-
pendent and gloomy concerning the Omnificent Him-
self. They hinted that perhaps if all was revealed This
was not the Ultimate Power, and a Greater Knowledge
might lie behind Omiscience.
"One never knew;
something dreadful would certainly turn up one eternity."

And they did not keep their hints to themselves. They were summoned into the presence of the Lord,
Who thus addressed them:
"O presumptuous ones, undeserving of My bliss, go
down to the nethermost Pit, and there take your fill of repining. And if sometimes it be My will that the fire be
less intense, and the cold less scorching, and the winds
less bitter, ye shall make your joy of that. But
For my Heaven ye were not designed. Depart!"

W. H.

THE AWFUL STORY.
A FAIRE FOR PESSIMISTS.

In the summer of the year 1661 there resided on the
south border of the Metropolis two widowed ladies, sisters. Possessed of a strong and deep mutual attach-
ment, complaisant sons, indulgent grandchildren, some
friends, health, and, above all, a comfortable competency;
they looked back on lives of few sorrows and small losses. Their husbands had considerably withdrawn
before age had made them irksome, and their children
had not begun to find their mothers lag superfluous.
Yet with all these advantages to help them walk light-
heartedly down the declining road of life, and endowed
with intelligence which gave a critical zest to existence,
they were both cursed with temperaments fatal to hap-
niness. In short, while they saw yesterday in the rosiest
before age had made them irksome, and their children
had not begun to find their mothers lag superfluous.
Yet with all these advantages to help them walk light-
heartedly down the declining road of life, and endowed
with intelligence which gave a critical zest to existence,
they were both cursed with temperaments fatal to hap-
niness. In short, while they saw yesterday in the rosiest
sunrise, they peered at to-morrow through dark
The grief that is my 
Of those 
Speak—words that savour 
A plaintive music.

Hark, that threnody—
Sobbing lament of one whom stealthy fate
Has plunged in sorrow's utmost darkness, where
The harried soul that long in strength and pride
Deemed itself free, now beats its wings against
Cafés, 
Beholding but one outlet—death—still braves
Deemed itself free, now beats its wings against
The pangs of life.

Again, again the wizard strophes, till
I catch their every cadence, marvelling at
The tensely woven fabric of them—God!
How this man wields that native speech of his,
That peasant-speech.

And he has uttered what
I could not utter. When my lips were closed,
He clad his grief in words. His grief? Nay, more—
The grief that is my own.

So, as the hours
Are born and die, and the long night grows old,
Those words of his turn molten in my brain,
Molten amid the gloves of vehemence
That they exekinde, from the which they surge
In a new guise. My raptness conjures them
With its own necromancy—they are mine.

Now I write on, through speeding hours I write.

P. SELVER.

PASTICHE.