NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is difficult to tell whether Lord Cunliffe’s Committee on Currency was composed of geniuses or dolts. Extremes meet, and it may be the case that the Government arranged for both classes to be equally represented. However, the composition of the Committee was arrived at, there is no doubt that its Final Report, published last week, is a masterly document from every point of view save that of sound common sense. It reiterates the conclusions of the Interim Report of some months ago—a Report that everybody considered as defining nothing; it repeats the platitudes of the political and commercial stock-in-trade; it accepts without question the bases of the pre-war financial system, every one of which was shattered within a few hours of the declaration of war; and it winds up with one or two recommendations of complete insignificance, and, for the rest, an endorsement of the vulgar policy of “increased production, cessation of Government borrowing, and rigid economy, both public and private.” So lame a conclusion from the deliberations of a Committee of “experts” could not be thought, have been reached unless by express design. It is certainly better known to Lord Cunliffe and his colleagues than to most people that our pre-war financial system has proved to have been rotten to the core; and it is infinitely better known to them than to the general public that its present condition is, if anything, in an even worse state. We quite agree that it is undesirable that unnecessary panic should be created; but this is an entirely different matter from refraining to take the steps necessary to make real panic impossible. And it is because we can find in Lord Cunliffe’s Report no evidence that any such steps are in contemplation that we doubt whether panic has not already seized the minds of our governing experts.

There is no need on the present occasion to repeat our demonstration of the fallacies contained in Lord Cunliffe’s three principal recommendations. It must suffice to deny outright that “increased production,” unaccompanied by more equitable distribution, can have any other effect than that of raising the cost of living; that the “cessation of Government borrowing” is any cure for the inflation of credit; and that public or private economy is likely practically to affect the total financial situation. What, for the moment, is of much greater importance is the tendentious definition of a “sound currency” which this Committee of bankers has contrived to insert into the preface of its Report. A sound system of currency, we are told, is one in which currency is convertible into gold or other exportable coin at will. What on the face of it could be more plausible? But what, in fact, could be more deadly to the establishment of a sound financial system? For if we set aside the ignorant assumption commonly made that our currency ever has been or is ever likely to be convertible at will into gold or any other exportable coin—save as, perhaps, to about one-hundredth of its nominal value—we are left with the doctrine, so naturally dear to bankers, that we ought at all costs to preserve the fiction, if not the fact, of the gold basis of currency. Attention has been drawn to this Ephesian policy more than once. Nothing, we have said, could well be better designed to maintain and increase the price of gold than its legal erection into an indisputable medium of exchange. Ask the Ephesian silversmiths what they thought of St. Paul’s proposal to dethrone Diana in favour of a free deity requiring no shrine; their answer is the same as that given by our bankers to the parallel question: what should be the basis of a “sound currency”? Gold, undoubtedly, our bankers say; and since, as we know very well, they not only have a practical monopoly of gold, but under a “sound system of currency,” as defined by themselves, a perpetually increasing market at a fictitious price for it, the answer, we may say, is not unexpected. But is it necessarily the case that a “sound system of currency” from the bankers’ point of view is a “sound system of currency” from the public point of view? Not only is it not necessarily the case, but it never has been and never will be the case. The monopoly of currency, inherent in the control of the basis of currency (namely, gold or other exportable coin) is of the same anti-public character as other monopolies, differing only from these in its superior power for mischief. A “sound system of currency,” from the public point of view, is precisely one that is not based upon a commodity susceptible of monopoly. A sound public system of currency (which, after all, is only a medium of exchange) is one that would provide anybody with anything to exchange with the means of exchanging it. And since, in the nature of things, not every exchange can be made in gold or other exportable commodity, there is no real need, apart from the greed and cunning of bankers, why no exchange should be possible without resort to them.

The pretence that currency requires to be backed by gold might easily be tested if America cared to try the experiment on us. It is known, of course, to the most casual newspaper-reader that much of our “gold basis” has already crossed the Atlantic. In other words, our currency and, still more, our credit, was never so insecurely perched on a gold apex as it is at this moment. What our newspaper-politicians do not realise, how-
The ingenuity of Mr. Lloyd George lay not so much in his concealment of this obvious fact as in his completely successful attempt to substitute for it the plausible lie that not "cash but Labour is to blame for the deficiency in house-building." The "cash" difficulty was, indeed, refer to, that if it were a matter of the high cost of materials only—a difficulty, we may point out, that does not prevent ninety per cent. of the building industry from finding full employment. The "cash" difficulty represented by the inability of the poor tradesman to purchase building material which he did not refer to at all. On the other hand, the "greatest difficulty" for him, and "really the determining factor in the situation," was not "cash," but "Labour." Labour, it seems, had put difficulties in the way of building houses (not factories or mansions, of course), that were really for the time being insurmountable. In the first place, some two hundred thousand of those who had failed to re-appear after the war in their former jobs. We have now only 700,000 men in the building industry, and what the war had 900,000. And, in the second place (a "delicate" matter this), what with the war, and the reduction of hours and output of work per man per hour—well, what was to be expected! The immediate remedy was "dilution" and harder work. The argument, moreover, was reinforced by figures, by figures that must appeal to anyone incapable of thinking for himself: If you could only turn out 100,000 houses a week, and the engineering trade were to proceed in the same manner as in this country, then by our public leaders? A financial crisis, brought about by American banks and to clean us out of gold altogether. Their system. They are not likely to make a run on our banks and to clean us out of gold altogether. Their interest in allowing us to live and to trade with them. Those who command only ten per cent. of the national wealth, only ten per cent. of the building industry is drawn.

We have observed before that Mr. Lloyd George is a very ingenious person; and a fresh illustration of his fertility of invention is to be found in his recent address to the Building Trades' Industrial Council. Everybody who is capable of thought at all must be aware by this time that the chief obstacle to the increasing of homes for heroes is that the said heroes have insufficient command of credit; in plain words, they can neither afford to build houses themselves nor to pay an "economic rent" to cover the exorbitant demands of speculative building. Among the circumstances in which what has happened is what might have been expected. The building-work has been done, and is being done, for the people who can afford to pay for it, that is to say, for the Capitalist and wealthy classes in general. Sixty per cent. of the available building industry, we are told, is at this moment engaged in building, extending or repairing factories, etc.; thirty per cent. is engaged in doing the same for the mansions and houses of the well-to-do; while only the remaining ten per cent. is occupied in building common or garden houses for the working-classes. How could it be otherwise; and what is there mysterious about it? Let any ordinary person put himself in the position of the Dictator of the Building industry and ask himself what he would do in the circumstances as given. Would he not cater for those who could pay most, and turn away from those classes who either could not pay at all or not enough to "pay" him? The distribution of the industrial resources of the Building trade follows exactly the distribution of the purchasing-power in the population. To those who command ninety per cent. of the national wealth, only ninety per cent. of the building industry is allotted; and to those (numbering nine-tenths of the population) who command only ten per cent. of the national wealth, only ten per cent. of the building industry is drawn.

The very true, but the fact remains that it is within the power of America (meaning, in this case, the American bankers who have made us the loan) to kick away the gold basis of our currency and to leave it hanging in the air. That our bankers are cognisant of this fact may be taken for granted; but what, then, is their object in pretending that a "sound system of currency" must be convertible at will into gold? That America were to require of us payment in gold, where her interest is in allowing us to live and to trade with them. Their population (numbering nine-tenths of the population) who command only ten per cent. of the national wealth, only ten per cent. of the building industry is allotted; and to those (numbering nine-tenths of the population) who command only ten per cent. of the national wealth, only ten per cent. of the building industry is drawn.
Man's Ideals.
By R. B. Appleton, M.A.

No modern Shibboleth is more often on our lips than that of "equality"; it will, therefore, not be amiss if we try to determine in what sense it is that we say, and mean, that all men are equal, for they certainly are not so either in wealth or in ability. All that we really mean is that they are equal in humanity—that they are all men and not lower forms of creation. Man differs from the brutes in many ways, but especially by his possession of memory and ability to exercise an art or craft. This exercise of his powers constitutes man's real life, and, in so far as the life which society compels him to live gives him no opportunity for the exercise of those powers, to that extent society is failing to treat him as a man. If, as a result of such treatment, the working-man shows himself incapable of appreciating anything but beer and the life of pleasure, we may have become—that is, in some sense, more my fault than his, for the life which I have compelled him to lead has made him what he now is. Two factors—the hereditary one and the one of environment—have gone to constitute his nature; over the first of these I have no control; and, maybe, it is not the most important of the two, at any rate, it is only reasonable that I should limit my endeavour to that which I can control; and some endeavour I must make to atone for the wrong I have done him in treating the working-man so long as less than human.

My belief, then, in the equality of man means that I must see that every child born into this world is given an environment which is worthy of its humanity and will not gradually cause it, as it grows to man's estate, to degenerate into a lower type of being which cannot rightly be called "man," in the higher or ideal sense of the word. As society is at present constituted, this means that the poorer classes must be paid more money, that the demand for higher wages must be acceded to. And why should I want such a fuss about doing this, when I reflect upon the insignificance of money in the scale of the values of life? Wealth, health and happiness are three good things, but wealth topsy-turvy, he is inevitably a stranger to that happiness of the soul which is the Kingdom of Heaven. But, it will be said, one cannot get along in this life without money. Certainly, money is a most necessary and useful thing; but let us not forget that it is useful, i.e., a means to an end and not an end in itself. In a utilitarian age, such as the present, useful things very readily come to be valued so highly that there is danger of our forgetting that their usefulness depends entirely upon whether we make a good or a bad use of them. In fact, the value of all "useful things" rests not in themselves but in the end, or ideal, which they are made to subserve. We shall have attained to a juster appreciation of the value of things when we all instinctively feel that to call a thing "useful" is ipso facto to rule it out from the highest class of things desirable, is, in fact, a sort of disparagement rather than of commendation, for, in some sense, all the best things are of no use. But it is to be feared that most of us are no nearer to recognizing this than people were when Rustin wrote about the letters which he was constantly receiving from parents about the education of their children: "In the mass of these letters," he says, "I am always struck by the precedence which the idea of a 'position in life' takes above all other thoughts in the parents'—more especially in the mothers'—minds. 'The education befiting such and such a station in life'—this is the phrase, this the object, always. They never seek, as far as I can make out, an education good in itself; even the conception of abstract rightness in training rarely seems reached by the writers. But, an education 'which shall keep a good coat on my son's back';—which shall enable him to ring with confidence the visitor's bell at double-belled doors; which shall result ultimately in the establishment of a double-belled door to his own house;—in a word, which shall lead to advancement in life;—this we pray for on bent knees—and this is all we pray for. It never seems to occur to the parents that there may be an education which,

1. *tò ánthrōpou éthn.*
2. Aristotle's *Differentialia.*
3. *tò gýmna kai* *dórtad.*
4. *tìs ánthropou *áthias.*
5. *Hermes* (mentioned just below).
10. *tò kolv.*
13. *tò kolv.*
in itself, is advancement in Life; that any other than that may perhaps be advancement in Death; and that this essential education might be more easily got, or given, than they fancy, if they set about it in the right way; while it is for no price, and no favour to be got, if they set about it in the wrong. Indeed, among the ideas most prevalent and effective in the mind of the busiest of countries, I suppose the first—at least that which is confessed with the greatest frankness, and put forward as the fittest stimulus to youthful exertion—is this of _Advancement in Life_.

The point which Ruskin tries to emphasise in these words is by now almost a platitude; all of us who have had any real education know that the things of the mind are superior to those of the body; we are familiar with Cicero's brief but splendid panegyric of literature, which "even if it had not such great results to show, even if nothing but pleasure were to be expected from such studies, yet—in my opinion—this recreation of the mind would rightly be reckoned as the most worthy of a man and as the most liberal of things. For other things are not suitable for all occasions, for all ages or for all places, whereas these studies give an edge to youth and a joy to old age; they add a lustre to prosperity, and afford a refuge and a solace in adversity. They give us the right appraisement; but he does not keep it vividly before him in his everyday life; his comings and goings in the world of business insensibly get his perspective wrong, so that he has need to sit down quietly at times and take stock, and re-adjust his action to his principles. A life without such mental stock-taking, deliberate reflection and contemplation upon the respective values of things, is really an unthinking life, and, as Plato said, no life for a man."

Now the application of all this to modern social problems is simply that it is education to which we must look for our solution. All will admit that labour problems, for example, would be considerably simplified if the working man were less importunate in his demand for higher wages—if he were only less selfish. But we must not fall into the booby-trap which lurks here. It will avail us little to gain the benedictions of Capitalism for a scheme that educates the working man out of the rates, and leaves the blessings of wealth in the hands of those who, in their own eyes, are most worthy to enjoy them. This has been tried already, and Labour is no longer to be beseeled by it. The education of which we speak is one which passes beyond the instruction of our schools, and is needed in the ranks of Capitalism perhaps even more than in those of Labour. In so far as it is peculiarly needed by Labour it is a question of general nurture rather than of specific instruction. It is that education

"Quod si non hic tantus fructus ostenderetur, et si ex his studiis delictatio sola petetur, tamen, ut opinor, hanc animi remississimam ac liberalissimam iudicaretis. Nam ceterae neque temporum sunt neque actuum omnium neque locorum; at haec studia adolescentium acutissimae, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solacium praebent, defectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobis—can afford a refuge and a solace to us in adversity—

"Or, maybe, we turn to a passage from the funeral oration of Pericles over the bodies of those who fell in the first year of the Peloponnesian war."

For having every one given his body to the Commonwealth, they receive in place thereof an undying commendation, and a most remarkable Sepulcher, and therein they are buried so much, as wherein their glory is laid up, upon all occasions, both of speech and action, to be remembered for ever. For to famous men, all the earth is a Sepulcher: and their virtues shall be testified, not only by the inscription in stone at home, but by an unwritten record of the mind of this Monument will remain with every one for ever.

No educated man will maintain that these things—things of the mind—are not of far more value and significance to him than any or all of the external good things of the world. Intellectually he makes the loss of his daughter Tullia. As I was returning from Asia," he says, "when sailing from Aegina in the direction of Megara, I began to reflect: 'Alas! I began to reflect why do you not control yourself, and remember that that is man's life the most remarkable Sepulcher, not wherein their glory is laid."

"As I was returning from Asia," he says, "when sailing from Aegina in the direction of Megara, I began to reflect: 'Hem! nos homunculi in falls of so many cities! Servius, on the left, Corinth: all of these towns, that in former times are most worthy of us, accompany us abroad and into the country.'

"That great literature—the things of the mind—can afford a refuge and a solace to us in adversity, the sorrows of the recent war will have given only too many the opportunity of discovering. At such times we turn, not to the meretricious allurements of things like that fine letter which Sulpicius Rufus tried to console Cicero for the loss of his daughter Tullia: 'As I was returning from Asia,' he says, 'when sailing from Aegina in the direction of Megara, I began to reflect: Hem! nos homunculi in falls of so many cities! Servius, on the left, Corinth: all of these towns, that in former times are most worthy of us, accompany us abroad and into the country.'

"The education of which we speak is one which passes beyond the instruction of our schools, and is needed in the ranks of Capitalism perhaps even more than in those of Labour. In so far as it is peculiarly needed by Labour it is a question of general nurture rather than of specific instruction. It is that education
which belongs to the home and general environment rather than to the school. Before we can expect the children of the poorer classes to profit from an improved education, we must give them better conditions under which to live. Even we, who have all the advantages of a comfortable environment, fail, only too often, in our actual lives to live up to the ideals to which we give lip-service; how unreasonable, then, it would be for us to expect a higher ideal of life from those who are strangers to the refinement which we possess! Man cannot live on moonshine and fine ideals; the higher life requires a certain pre-requisite amount of material good things; and just as a "minimum wage" is a necessary pre-requisite for life, so any sort of a "higher life" needs much more than any minimum wage. And so we must pay Labour more and more money, not because money is a good thing, but because it is only by so doing that we can hope ultimately to do away with the very great discrepancy which at present exists between the respective environments of Labour and of Capitalism. This is the first work to our hand; that accomplished, we may take up the education both of Labour and of Capitalism; and there are not wanting signs that Labour, and not Capitalism, will be the first of the two to ask us for something better than money.

Letters from Russia—V.

By P. Ouspensky

EKATERINODAR.

I shall have to deal with Bolshevism and the history of its development on another occasion. For the present I shall only try to sketch the outlines of the present conditions in Russia and the forces underlying them.

The line of battle of the Volunteer Army of General Denikin against the Bolsheviks, i.e., Soviet Russia, stretches on a long and curved front from Odessa to Astrakhan. The central portion of this front, in the direction of Moscow, is holding its own at present, and at the moment of writing the Volunteer Army has conquered Orel and is advancing in the direction of Toula and Briansk. On the sector between Kief and Odessa fighting is proceeding with the remnant of the Ukrainian Army, i.e., with the Bolsheviks only under another name; and the final clearance of this territory from all kinds of Bolshevists is merely a question of time. The position of the Volga and the Caucasus is, however, not so good.

The withdrawal of the English forces from Baku and the rest of Transcaucasia—a move so loudly advocated by the English friends of the Bolshevists—has created many difficulties for the Volunteer Army and given new hopes to the Bolsheviks of Baku and Astrakhan. The mountaineers of Dagestan and Circassia revolted at once, and nobody can foresee the end of this new struggle. The Bolsheviks are making desperate attempts to take Tsaritza and break through to Astrakhan. If they succeed in doing this they will find it easy to join the Dagestan revolt, and then the danger of the spread of Bolshevism over the whole of the Caucasus may become acute. The Bolsheviks will then also succeed in seizing the naphtha districts, which undoubtedly will change their position for the better. The Turkestan and Transcaspian districts are in the full possession of the Bolsheviks.

The position on the Koltchak front seems uncertain. You will certainly have more news than I; and I have already mentioned the possibilities arising from the Bolsheviks reaching the Chinese frontier. Even in the event of Koltchak stopping the Bolshevik advance and Denikin taking Moscow, the Bolsheviks are sure to make their way through the Volga to the Turkestan and the Transcaspian district. Steps are already being taken with this in view. The Turkestan Bolsheviks, so we are told by refugees recently arrived from this district, are busily engaged in spreading propaganda in Central Asia and India. There are centres in Tashkent for training propagandists in all the languages of the East.

The position in Russian areas liberated from the Bolsheviks is by no means easy. Life has been so utterly destroyed that destruction goes on automatically. In Western Russia Jewish pogroms are repeatedly taking place. And we know only too well that this is always connected with previous organisation on the part of the Government. I refer, as an instance, to the well-known book of Prince Orousoff "Notes of a Governor." In the present case, likewise, the origin of the pogroms is well known. The ghost of the old regime which is still haunting us does not promise anything satisfactory. In the West and East, and in the South and North alike, speculation, profiteering, and the high cost of living are increasing, "not daily, but hourly," as the expression goes in Russian tales.

The cause of the continuous rise in prices is, besides profiteering, the complete and fantastic inability to manage its finances on the part of the Government. The direct result of its activities is the loss of popular confidence in paper currency. Different kinds of paper money issued during recent years are repeatedly being "annulled." Every time this happens, the immediate result is a new increase in prices and a loss of confidence in other paper currency. Lately, the official in charge of finance announced the imminent "reduction of value" of all kinds of paper currency. Its instant result will undoubtedly be the complete impossibility of buying anything at all.

We are obviously rapidly approaching a time when life in Russia without profiteering will be impossible. Only by "barter," i.e., having at any given moment some kind of goods on hand, will it be possible to continue living, as only goods are subjected to an increase in value. To take a simple instance. If you have received yesterday 1,000 roubles, these are to-day worth only 500 roubles, and to-morrow perhaps they will be worth 250 roubles. But if you were clever enough to buy some kind of goods you would be worth to-day two instead of one thousand roubles. A few days ago such a jump in price happened with sugar. Soft sugar cost 25 roubles (i.e., 10 rubles at the old rate of exchange) and then it suddenly jumped to 50 roubles. The profits to be made are so obvious that everybody buys or sells something: everybody but the intelligentsia, who have no cash and still live on principles, which have now become ridiculous prejudices.

To the above-named causes of the depreciation in value of the rouble a new one has lately been added. I mean the "economic war" now carried on by the republics of The Don, Kouban and Terek against the Volunteer Army.

It would be necessary to have resort to history and geography in order to understand the actual meaning of the preceding sentence. I propose simply to describe to you my own position in the midst of all these powers continuously warring against each other. I hope you will gather from it the political aspect of the question.

I am living now at Ekaterinodar. This is the capital of the Kouban region, one of the richest towns in natural wealth of Russia. It is situated on the bank of the Kouban River, in the plain of the Northern Caucasus. It has practically no history at all, its reputation being based only on the fevers which rage there...
It was founded in the eighteenth century, as can be guessed by its very name, and its appearance bears traces of its origin. The whole town consists merely of streets running into each other at right angles. In short, in normal times it is the most God-for-saken place one can imagine. But for the preceding one, it has ever been before in Ekaterinodar. Catherine II with its gnome-like figures of Potemkin and Cossacks round its base. The inhabitants, however, are very proud of this monument; somebody tried even to convince me that it was marvellous. I take it, however, he was sarcastic. There is a sentry on duty near the monument who does not allow you to touch its gate. If you dare express your opinion aloud you risk your life. The town is more filthy than you can imagine. I do not think there exists a worse smelling spot on earth. When you walk along the brick-paved streets of Ekaterinodar every possible stench of dirt and decomposition meets you. At times you have to walk through a symphony of smells. Nowhere in Europe, Asia, or Africa have I met with such a variety of odours, or of such power. I bitterly regret the fact that three years ago I recovered completely from catarrh. What a blessing nasal catarrh would be now!

Another characteristic feature of Ekaterinodar, and one which for the preceding one is the enormous number of dead bodies of animals you see in the streets. When leaving your house, hardly ever can you escape treading over the body of a dead cat or a dog, or a whole family of kittens. A few days ago I was struck by the fact that after half an hour's walk I had not met with any corpse. Hardly had the thought occurred to me than I stumbled over two enormous dead rats, and a few steps further there was lying a black dog over whose carcasse thousands of fleas were gathering.

Another time I witnessed a strange scene. It happened on one of the unpaved streets of Ekaterinodar at some distance from the centre. For several days there had been no rain, and in the deep mud, in which the pigs moving on the streets were half submerged, were appearing little dry stands. On one of such islands, a few wooden bridges were fixed and here replace the pavement for walkers, were lying two kittens. Near them sat a little girl holding in her arms a big black and white cat, and she was trying to bring the animal's face nearer to the little bodies. The cat obviously was glad and confused when she obeyed the little girl though with apparent reluctance, as sometimes cats obey little girls. Whilst I was passing, the little girl put her arms round the big cat and looked at me trying to hide the two little bodies. But when I moved away she again began her play. From the next yard, however, there came such a wave of the very worst odour that I hurried away and never turned back to look if the little girl was still at her play and what it all meant.

At the next corner I met the motor-car of a Kouban Minister. But before I proceed I must explain what this means. Under the old régime, only three years ago, if you ever met a Kouban it was only as a Cossack of the escort. If you have ever been in St. Petersburg you are sure to remember these tall, well-built figures of dark blue Circassian dress, with enamelled bullets in the breast, yellow scarves round their heads, and black large and red bonnets with red tops (papakha). The Koubans formed the greater part of the very best detachment of Cossacks who bore the name of His Majesty's Own Escort.

But now the Koubans have become Republicans, and have severed themselves from Russia. The 'aliens' are forming the Kouban Republic, which at present is waging an economic war on the Government of United Russia as represented by the Volunteer Army. The chief characteristic of the Kouban Republic is undoubtedly its flag. It is an unusually harmonious combination of colours—azure, crimson and green; a crimson band in the middle, below and above which are respectively a narrower one of azure, and a like one of green. The Kouban Republican has a Parliament and Ministers. Every Minister has an official motor-car at his disposal. Such was the motor-car with its azure, crimson and green colours which I met a few minutes after encountering the little girl with the cats.

The Koubans are not the only people who have become Republicans. The Dontzys and Tertzys, formerly of the escort, have also formed a Republic of the Don and Terek. They also possess Ministers of their own, who have Government cars and other privileges. The existence of these Republics is based, firstly, on the very natural desire of their Ministers to keep their cars. (I think that in Western countries one ought to pay for motor-cars, but we know well enough that Western laws are not written for us.) Beyond this, however, the main reason is to be found in the determination of the Cossacks of the Don, Kouban and Terek to preserve the status quo in the matter of land tenure.

The land question in the Cossack regions is very complicated, and promises to provide many riddles and difficulties for the future. The term "Cossack" is not yet, I think, sufficiently understood by the English reader. Let me state it as clearly as I can. "Cossack" means—in the regions of the Don, Kouban and Terek—the first settlers, as opposed to the later colonists, who are called "aliens." During the old régime the Cossacks of each of these regions enjoyed self-determination in military affairs as distinct from the "aliens." A feature of their life was the prolonged military service in special Cossack forces. They had to provide their own horses and ammunition. On the other hand, they enjoyed the benefit of large land allotments, very often 50 or 60 acres each. The whole land in these three districts, except a small portion held in private ownership, belonged to the Cossacks, on a communal basis. The "aliens," on the contrary, had no rights whatever in the land, enjoyed no allotments, and had to rent their plots from private owners or from the Cossacks.

After the revolution, which brought about the abolition of all privileges, the land was supposed to be divided equally among the whole population, and the privileges of the Cossacks were naturally to cease. This was the idea of those who owned no land; the Cossacks, however, think otherwise, and have not the smallest desire to give their land up to the "aliens." It was noted that the highlanders of the Kouban and Terek regions, i.e., the actual subjected aborigines, have also a claim on the land. The Cossacks insist on the fact that the land was conquered by their forefathers, and that nobody has the right to expropriate them. Aliens, on the other hand, declare that once the abolition of privileges is an accomplished fact, the land belongs to all. The arguments on both sides are equally strong! What will be the solution of this conflict nobody can predict. Another point is that the "aliens" are in all three regions in the majority. In case of a re-allotment being effected, the Cossacks would lose over half of their present possessions. This would be the case if the re-allotments were confined to each separate region. If, however, this measure were to be extended to Russia, as a whole, both Cossacks and "aliens" would be left without land.

But the land question in Russia deserves separate treatment. I will confine myself to the Cossack land. The Cossacks, though in the minority, nevertheless form the government of a capital third of the Russian population. The governments naturally defend the interests of the "Cossacks" as against the "aliens." The reason for
The political organisation of the three regions differs in each of them. The Terek and Don regions are governed solely by a Cossack Assembly, styled the "Army Council." The Kouban region, on the other hand, has an Assembly, in the election of which the "aliens" are allowed to participate. This parliament governed solely by a Cossack Assembly, styled the "Army Council." The Kouban region, on the other hand, has an Assembly, in the election of which the "aliens" are allowed to participate. This parliament, which it considers, reactionary.

You can see from these indications how complicated the problem is. In order to destroy every opportunity of a peaceful settlement of any single question the Government of each of these Republics is conducting an economic and tariff war against every other, as I mentioned in my first letter. This war is now being extended to the Volunteer Army, or, as the political leaders say here: it is the Volunteer Army that makes war therein. The situation has created by different causes, though of a similar character.

The Kouban region, the wealthiest of all in grain and other raw products, objected to all export which brought back only paper currency of no value. It was prepared to exchange its products solely against other goods. To stop unauthorised exports the Kouban region girdled itself with customs-houses. At every station on this new "front" trains are stopped for ever so long, all luggage is searched, etc. This has been the rule for six months. But now, since new regions have been liberated from the Bolsheviks, the Don and Terek regions are in the same position. Though these regions have less grain than the Kouban, they still have something. The newly liberated regions have none, or bread is sold there at 40-50 roubles a pound, i.e., ten times the price of bread in the Terek region. Were grain allowed to go, it would at once vanish from the Don and Terek, and be replaced by mountains of bread. The Volunteer Army threatens to "annul." There is good reason, it must be admitted, to be distressed.

The "Republics" decided not to allow any export of grain. The Volunteer Army answered this measure by a declaration that it would not allow any goods to go to the Republics. In other words, the Volunteer Army declared an economic blockade of the unruly "republics"; and the Kouban, Terek, and Don Governments are confronted with the dilemma of exporting grain, or going without other products: sugar, leather, manufactured goods, etc. The near future will show us how high their other goods will rise. The experience of latter days allows us to predict that we shall have to pay more for both. Such "conflicts" invariably lead to the benefit of an increased mass of speculators, Armenians, etc. And all this happens in the neighbourhood nearest to the Bolsheviks, and while the Bolsheviks are still undefeated.

I intended to speak of myself, of my life here. Should I have succeeded in showing you how a day is spent here, you would get a clearer insight into our life. But, as you see, almost every word has to be explained. So far away are we from each other, that one might say we were almost on different planets. Only may there be none of our Bolsheviks on your planet?

Translated by Paul Leon.
of the farce is reared. The "original sinner" from the music-hall appears to demand marriage from Captain Chanter, who is entangling himself in a matrimonial alliance with Paul's step-mother. But as she leaves behind, on her first visit, a portrait of Paul inscribed to her (she is ignorant of Paul's presence there), all the machinery for playing at cross purposes begins to work. The watch on Paul is redoubled; the necessity of providing another sentry is Mrs. Doubleday's excuse for yielding to the blandishments of Captain Chanter; and the cleverness of his purchases, discoveries, misinterpretations of appearances, occur. Paul, denied initiative for many years, suddenly calls upon to exercise it, and does so with astonishing results. The music-hall artist, abandoning the pursuit of Captain Chanter for the capture of Paul, and repulsed by him, turns his attention to a comic M.P., with most promising results. Her pursuit of the sacred symbol of virtue, the wedding-ring, is almost religious in its persistence and intensity, and as certainly regardless of persons as religious impulses are.

The actors were in their glory in such a play; they understood it (how Henry James must weep!) and played it with gusto. Here was the gorgon stepmother, gorgonising with all the power that Miss Suzanne Sheldon could muster. Her "baleful eye glitters," her "tongue is as quick as it is keen," she is coquetted with, languished at, Captain Chanter quite in the manner of a "charmer." Those were the days of ritual, and Mr. Hebert Bunston and Miss Sheldon omitted no detail of the prescribed formula of a middle-aged woman. Her coyness and her gallantry were perfectly in character; they kept pace together, advance and retreat, with the formal grace of a square dance. Until, with a glorious gurgle of surrender, she yielded herself "a willing captive to the bonds of love," sanctified, of the desire, the eluding, the constant, the skill of Miss Athene Seyler as Mrs. Freshville should not blind us to the extraordinary skill that made Mrs. Doubleday, in my opinion, the most convincingly real person on the stage.

But the minx, Mrs. Freshville, had her lures. Miss Seyler produced a "flashiness" of manner that made her seem to glow with the glamour of the footlights. The magic of acting is never more surely revealed than when an artist enables an audience to distinguish between two related types of artist. Miss Seyler's Mrs. Freshville, Mrs. Doubleday's Miss Seyler, each has the direct appeal, the uncultured cleverness, the "meretriciousness." I do not know whether Mr. Brember was ever seen Mr. Brember at all. Mr. Brember Wills has never played farce before; with the exceptions of Yeats' "The Player Queen," which was funny without being farcical, I have always seen Mr. Brember Wills in dramatic parts. But his deadly seriousness, his elaboration into pomposity of the periods of Mr. Boorson, the precise farcical value to that person; and when, in all his dignity, he strode on in boatling flannels and blazer, his mere appearance convulsed the audience. He "distinctly felt the concussion of laughter without betraying for one moment any doubt of the dignity of his appearance; that one entrance alone was a triumph of character acting, and he had prepared it by the skill with which he had previously built up the conception of Mr. Boorson as a person incapable of frivolity. Mr. Nicholas Hannam, as Paul Doubleday, was not sincere enough in the earlier scenes to make the most effective contrast with his "converted" self; precisely because the character is an impossible one, it must be schematised, and Mr. Hannam did not shirk it from me, as he ought to have done, that he really believed in his own "badness." But he excelled himself when he discovered that he was really "good," and capable of taking matters into his own hands. Mr. Lawrence Hanray, Mr. Ben Field, and Miss Meggie Albanesi completed a cast that had no failures, and produced the finest performed piece of work in my memory of the Stage Society's productions.

**Views and Reviews.**

SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE

In this everlasting controversy of "spiritual" and "material" in which I seem doomed to participate, there is no more frequent cause of surprise to me than the assumption made by my opponents and critics that I am a "materialist," preferably "a grovelling materialist." Again and again, I have tried to show that this dichotomy of "spirit" and "matter" is illegitimate, useless, and misleading; that, in Huxley's phrase, we know nothing of either spirit or matter except as purely hypothetical causes of states of consciousness; but my correctors regularly ignore my point of view, for me with off "matter" (which they define to please themselves), and generally argue on the assumption that they have a monopoly of "spirit" and of "spiritual knowledge." Personally, I do not see two straws for opposing "material" and "spiritual" knowledge; both of them are developments of abstract thought without reference to, or corroboration by, observed facts; we have learned nothing of reality by regarding "life" as a property of "matter" or "matter" as a product of life. So when Mr. P. A. Mairet, says to me, in the last number of The New Age, that "knowledge of matter is of no vital use without knowledge of desire," I really do not understand him. Matter, to me, is not something extraneous to desire, external to thought; it manifests, on the contrary, the qualities of desire; the spirit is to me "an immediate, direct knowledge of the material world," quotes Dr. Haldane in his essays on "The New Physiology."

"We cannot even know that it really exists; and the world which seems to our senses so clear and solid has therefore only a subjective existence. Sensations or "impressions" are thus the ultimate stuff out of which the whole world of our experience is made."

So when Mr. Mairet tells me that "spiritual knowledge" is direct knowledge, he seems to me to be tautological, to be saying: "We know that we know, we know that we desire, we know that we experience." But it is the very nature of reality to be "spiritual" in this sense; "it is only by interpretation of our experience that we perceive psychological phenomena," says Dr. Haldane. "But exactly the same is true of biological and physical phenomena. The physical realities which seem to lie so clear and solid in front of us are only bundles of interpretations in the light of previous and co-existing and anticipated experiences, all determining the existing experience." There is nothing more immaterial than matter, nothing less spiritual than spirit; "there is no permanent physical structure in the cell," says Dr. Haldane; "the apparent structure is nothing but a molecular flux, dependent from moment to moment on the environment." Then what, in the name of reason, is "spirit," why is it that these advocates of "spiritual knowledge," these men who "know directly," can never tell us anything? It is easy enough to talk, as Mr. Mairet does, of "the inability of material science to provide any of the absolute truths which men most desire to know"; but these "absolute truths are "known directly," why should men desire to know them, and what are they? I am really on the watch for that absolute truth; I want to have a look at it; and as not even Mr. Mairet tells me what it is, I suspect that, if it has any existence at all, its origin and history are alike unknown.

For my part, I have no desire to know absolute
truth; if it exists, it is as much a part of me as of any-
one else, I know it, as directly as anyone can know it. It
is not the constants, but the variables, of life that
men desire to know; but as we do not "know directly"
what is constant, and what is variable, men take all life
for their field of study. If it is possible to draw any
distinction between "spiritual" and "material" know-
ledge of the universe, I shall be very pleased to hear
it. Copernicus, we are told, accounted for the motion
of the planets by supposing them to be pushed along
by angels; and I may say at once that I do not regard
that, or any similar theory of personified force, as
more "spiritual" than the theory of gravitation. He
may, for all I know, have seen the angels at work, 
while I have never seen the force of gravity; but we
all have a "direct knowledge" of gravity, and not
all of us have a direct knowledge of angels. Material
things are spiritually discerned; but spiritual beings,
like spiritual or vital forces, recede as we learn to know
more of the phenomena they are supposed to produce.
As Dr. Haldane says of physiology: "As a matter of
fact, we never actually run up against some mysterious
entity, such as the supposed 'vital force.' We can
always push physical and chemical analysis further;
and there is nothing for it but to pursue this process
from the known and firm ground of physical and chemi-
cal observation, and brand the unknown within the
living substance we are investigating."

If we take
the
historical view of evolution, we see man emerging
into civilisation with all his goods (and there are about
330 millions in India alone) swarming about his ears
like a hive of hornets, "knowing directly" that the
things were forbidden, those things prescribed—and
for the most part, incapable of providing himself with
a good meal. But the more he learned of himself and
the universe, the more certainly his gods diminished
in numbers, his gods from personism to monothelism,
and at last to the perception that himself was a greater
god than any that he could imagine.

With all her tongues of life and death,
With all her bloom, and blood, and breath,
From all years dead, and all things done,
In the ear of man, the mother saith :
"There is no God, O Son,
If thou be none."

I have devoted (or perhaps I should say wasted) a
considerable portion of my time to the discovery of the
difference between religion and science; and the chief
fundamental difference that I can discern is a difference
of mental attitude: Religion claims to know, science
wants to know; religion says, "believe," science says,
"observe"; in the one case, you have an a priori theory
which commands the facts to fit it ("what are the laws.
In the other, your theory follows, and explains, the facts.
Both alike are dealing with the same reality; but what
religion worships, science demonstrates, and by the
fact of demonstration, releases us from the bondage
of submission to authority. The one mystifies, the
other enlightens; science has even enlightened us as
concerning the nature of religion; much to the disgust
of the professors of religion. If the truth of science is
confessedly pragmatical, as Mr. Mairct asserts, the
fact is a proof of the superior value of scientific
knowledge. For the truth of religion is not pragmatical; it
does nothing, not even explain what is already known.
Step by step, the religious interpretation, the "direct
knowledge," has been refuted; God, or "spirit," or
"entelechy," has not even the value of a good working
hypothesis. It is a simple confession of ignorance
masquerading as "spiritual knowledge," and demanding
homage. The world's greatest religions, to which
Mr. Mairct refers, are nothing but sciences become
sacred, fossilised, to which nothing must be added on
pain of damnation—although the pain of damnation
falls upon those who worship the universe as not eternally
revealing itself. It is the glory of science that it is
pragmatical, for pragmatism is progress—and man
evolves not by discovering Eternity, but by extending
himself to infinity, not by worship, but by work, not
by believing in God, but by trusting himself and that
poor glimmer of reason that not all the world's greatest
religions have been able to suppress.

A. E. R.

Indian Panhumanism.

By Nicolai Velimirovich.
(Bishop of Zica, Servia.)

"There is only one history—the history of man. All
national histories are merely chapters in the larger one.
And we are content in India to suffer for such a great
cause."—TAGORE: "Nationalism."

The greatest thing in India during the last five mil-


deniums has been the heroic assertion of the freedom
of the human soul and of her god-like power. So much
is man free and omnipotent that he can become by
choice not only happy, or unhappy, nor great or small,
but god or dog. The most baring problem in Europe
during the last nineteen centuries has been the problem
of determinism and undeterminism. There have been
two parties in every philosophy in Europe, one em-
phatically asserting determinism and another denying
it. The party of Augustine and the party of Ptolemy
do not exist in the Church only, but also in pan-theism,
in pan-materialism, in positivism, and in agnosticism.

Regarding the problem of freedom from the point of
view of good and evil, it seems obvious that there is
no other being in the infinite Universe possessing free-
dom except the Human Soul. For God is not free.
God cannot decide to do evil or ugliness. Beelzebub
is not free, for he ought to produce only infinite evil;
otherwise he would not be Satan. Angels are not
free, for they in their free obedience are following the
Will of the Absolute Good. Minerals, plants, and
animals are not free, for they have no choice. Nobody
and nothing in the Universe seems to be free except
the human creature.

We human beings, semi-divine and semi-carnal, have
choice, and that is our most terrible scourge. That is
the birth of tragedy. Unlike Buridan's ass, we starve,
not through inability to choose between two haystacks,
but through eating the one and looking at and pre-
ferring the other. In every one of us there is both a
laughing and a weeping philosopher at the same time.

When we feed on Plato we starve looking at Epicurus;
and when we feed on Epicurus we starve looking with
desire at Plato. Never is Evil so attractive as when
we begin to train our will towards Good, and never is
Good so brilliant as when we look at it through the
dim window of sin. Wonderfully says Beatrice to her
tragic inventor:

"Thou thyself makest thyself dense with false imagining,
And so thou seest not what thou wouldst see,
If thou hadst cast it off."

The mutual red-hot jealousy of Wisdom after Flesh,
and Wisdom after Spirit is the loudest voice in every
age of history. The sinner and the righteous are
crying to each other: You fool, you have lost yout
only opportunity in time and space ! Zarathustra
spoke to his countrymen: "To-day, 0 men and women,
you should choose your creed." And every day we
have to choose our creed, yea continually and ever.
Those who have chosen a creed for days or weeks are
accurately called the good or the bad; those who
have chosen it for years are called accordingly the
Saints or the criminals; and those who have chosen
it for life are called accordingly gods incarnated, or
devils. Every day the freedom and omnipotence of
our souls challenges.

The stones in our street pavements are happier than
kings and sultans, for stones live in a kingdom of
determinism. Therefore angels could with more truth call stones their brothers than us. Nobody in the Universe is either so free or so unhappy as man. And because he is free he is in his great misery and imperfection—a little ball treading between Yea and Nay. To become happy means to become determined by the set of thoughts, feelings, and deeds that belong to Ormuzd and to reject the other set belonging to Ahryman.

There are two kinds of determinism: by Ormuzd and by Ahryman. The last determinism, with freedom, means torture and entanglement. The first means salvation and the way out. But both kinds of determinism lie in our freedom and—if we will—in our power.

India, before Europe was born, had proved the determination of Solar and Divine self-creation, and now she is sitting by the fireplace of her ancient wisdom, and waiting till Europe ripens and gets over her truly youthful conceit. Yea, India will wait even till Western Europe ceases to consider the planet, rolling between Mars and Jupiter, at her own leisurely pace, and till she learns to pronounce its right name—the Globe of Man-kind, the Earth.

This Indian experience is the most wonderful romance of the human soul. The infinity of God is “the Beloved,” towards whom only the human soul can, and rightly ought, to aspire. But if the soul wants to see the Perfection of the infinite Beloved it must shut the physical eyes; and if it wants to hear Him, it must close the ears; and if it desires intuition of Him it must cease to feel or love anything else whatever—must no more fear or feel pain from any other thing. That is the beginning of enlightenment. And what is the end? The Bhagavad-gita answers: “Unto the Supreme Spirit goeth he who maketh the Supreme Spirit the object of his meditation by performing his action.” Such action is the Goal of human beings, or their Passage towards the Goal.

What India had before Europe and before Christianity was the right method of Religion—a science and technique of religion. Religion must be born in silence. It may be preached publicly, as the seed is sown at noonday, but it grows inside through the inner power, through deep thinking and deep suffering “compassion towards all living creatures.” You must be the work and the mirror of your religion, and not merely a speaker of and believer in it. The doubtful things need many words. If your religion is beyond doubt, it is also beyond words. Then your tongue has many helpers in expressing your religion, for then your face and your hands, your feet and your lungs, your fingers and your clothing—all radiate forth your religion. But religion justified by the tongue only is either a lost or a not-yet-gained possession. If anyone doubted in the religion of Vedanta there was one argument against him, i.e., “Have you tried it?” That is to say, “Did you go to ‘forest-universities’ and try to find Vedanta’s truth in your own soul?” If you are arguing against something which you are unable to reach, then you are like a child who stubbornly denies the existence of fruits on the top of a high apple tree because it is unable to climb and reach them. But if you have not tried it and are still denying it, you are a most pitiful child of Avidya, of an evil ignorance.

The divine element in the Hindu religion, then, is that it is not a religion which convinces by controversy, but by experience. It is not a religion transplanted from you into me. It is sown and grown in me. The Vedas induce you only to try, being sure that you will come to their results. You have to give birth to God in your soul. But solely a virginal, an immaculate soul can bring up God. Therefore you must become first virginal and fiery, all-mighty and immaculate, and then God of the Infinite will be born in you. The Christ, the God within the Man, can come only by virginal birth. The virginal birth of Jesus—the very stumbling block of the West—was spiritually experienced by the great thousands of India’s fiery, dark and holy Yogis.

There is a statement by Sir Henry T. S. Cotton: “When Hinduism ceases to be a living power in the minds of the youth, there is a little ball treading between Yea and Nay.” Yea, India will wait even till Western Europe ceases to consider the planet, rolling between Mars and Jupiter, at her own leisurely pace, and till she learns to pronounce its right name—the Globe of Man-kind, the Earth.

India is the beginning of enlightenment. And what is the end? The Bhagavad-gita answers: “Unto the Supreme Spirit goeth he who maketh the Supreme Spirit the object of his meditation by performing his action.” Such action is the Goal of human beings, or their Passage towards the Goal.
conspicuous symbols of narrow nationalism and greedy imperialism, agreed to crucify their common enemy, the greatest one in history. And who accepted the In-carnation of God and the Gospel of Humanity most friendly and easily? Grey Greece, of Wisdom and Spirit, who at that time was the least nationalistic and imperialistic of Mediterranean nations. And even more easily than by the Greeks, the God and Man would have been accepted by the Hindus, not nationalistic and not imperialistic at all, but human—pan-human.

Yet Christ did not go towards East, but towards West. He was needed in the West more than in the East. Rome needed Christ more than India, and wild Germany and Scandinavia much more than cultured China. The travelling God-Man's mission, during the last nineteen centuries, has been to the West and the Far West. The World War is the proof that Christ has been once more crucified by Nationalism and Imperialism, and that He has to ask for refuge among those of more pan-human spirit. The Son of Promise may visit India, and the Son of Mahadeva, or of Allah, or of Yahveh. The science of India and her religion are fulfilled in Him, for He is Man-God; and the longingly expected revelation of God in man is realised in Him; for He is God-Man. India may listen to Him. For the Lord is not misleading as his heralds are. Listen to Him, to the Divine Exile from the Western Hemisphere.

India is the most fruitful field for the seed of the Ultimate Revolution. Was not the East the cradle both of the Logos-idea, and of the Man-idea? And may not the great people of wisdom and sacrifice open their gates to the exiled Saviour of all people?

The greatest thing that matters now for the West is Social Organisation. And what means organisation of all, if not Salvation of All. All—without a single exception! But through whom can this salvation come if not through the saints? And how are saints to be, if they are not trained in saintliness?

Here, again, comes the Indian Sphinx to give answer to the dying Sphinx of the West. India says without reluctance: The saints are possible just because they are needed. Here India can prove Christianity in its essential point, about which the West has become sceptical. Saints are possible, just because they are necessary. Over-crusy Europe, caring for many things like Martha, repeats the Nicodemus' question: "How can these things be?" By a miracle, oh old and too young Europe! By a very miracle, which is called Man's Self-Creation. India teaches—as Christianity does—that the soul is not merely a postulate, but an experience. When freedom is given up for the sake of good, then Mahadeva takes possession of his own, and then salvation is at hand. Salvation will come with saintliness. And with saintliness comes organisation. Without saintliness there is no real organisation, but only a Maya of organisation, or an anarchy carefully suppressed. There is no organisation unless we become spiritually each other's functional complements, the Supreme Ego of Collective Humainty, ruling and directing our wills. This is the science of Peace taught by the living. 'As our prophet Jesus said: 'This is my Father's house and my Father's house is opened to all.' Now, India says: 'As our prophet Jesus says: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' And another time, again:—'As our prophet Jesus says: 'This is my command, that ye love one another, as I have loved you.'

And the East! Even in the East, this spirit of brotherliness is rising to a great height. The great saints of Iona did not put two conditions, but only one, as Saint Zosima did, or Francisco of Assisi, or Jakob Boehme, or Saint Teresa. There are in our own generation not many souls of such beauty and harmony as Tagore. If his writings are the right interpretation of Vedanta, then Christ has already been born in India. And how beautifully he knows how to interpret Christ. When Jesus said: 'Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth,' he meant it. He proclaimed the truth that when man gets rid of his pride of self, then he comes into his true inheritance.

Once I was in an Indian family at Twickenham. Around the hospitable table there were more than twenty of us. We belonged to five different creeds, as I counted. And yet it was an enforced competition in kindness. We went out into the garden and the great sun poured its rays upon us equally, without making any distinction of creeds. A Mohamedan sheik from India was with us. During our talk he twice quoted Jesus' words to prove some of his own assertions. Once he said:

"As our prophet Jesus says: 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'"

And another time, again:—

"As our prophet Jesus says: 'This is my command, that ye love one another, as I have loved you."

In the evening I walked over the bridge on the Thames. Hundreds of canoes, full of human bodies and souls, were glittering upon the metal-like water. In a second I was alternately thinking of those going after their petty pleasure and of the thousands of the killed in Europe and Asia. I felt equal compassion for the living as for the dead. And then, trying to find consolation, I spoke to myself:

"As our prophet Krishna said: 'Those who are wise in spiritual things grieve neither for the dead nor for the living.'"

Oh, why not! Why dare we Christians not call Krishna our prophet, and even our great prophet? Was Elijah the Prophet a more spiritual being than the divine Krishna? Or does the Prophet Jeremiah stand nearer Christ than the Prophet Krishna?

No. Hardly one can find more spirituality on many pages of the Old Testament than in the Bhagavad-gita. Yet our European education (not the Spirit of Christian Religion) has intoxicated us with pride and exclusiveness. We are blind to all the best things in other religions of humanity. But if European politics have been exclusive why should the European religion have been so? The only thing in European civilisation which is not European, but pan-human, is the Christian religion. It is the possession of the Mongols and Negroes just as well as of the European this side of and beyond the Atlantic. We in Europe have raised a dust of unnecessary theological controversies and now complain we cannot see. Even many of us cannot see Christ for ourselves, how then can we open the eyes of the Far East to see Him? Let them look at Him with their own eyes. They have already their prejudices, and in adding our own to theirs we are not very helpful. Let them see the unveiled face of Christ, and they will not fail to worship. European politics being itself darkened by the spirit of Antichrist is darkening the face of Christ in all the corners of the world. A highly spiritual and pan-human religion, which has not come to dominate the politics of the race to which it was given, should be taken over by another race, which might make better use of it.

There is a striking passage in Dr. W. E. Orchard's new book, "The Outlook for Religion":—

"And yet Christianity will survive; if not as a force which has its centre in Western Europe, yet it may be transplanted to a virginised by some more adventurous people. The rejection of Christianity by Western Europe would not necessarily see the last of Christianity, for with that rejection it would not be long before European civilisation perished as completely as some of its predecessors.

It is pertinent to ask them: Is India to become a new centre of Christianity, which had already its centres

**"The Outlook for Religion," p. 45.**
successively in Alexandria, in Moscow and in the West? It is not impossible. Another possibility is that Europe may through the purification and humiliation of suffering ripen and repent in ashes before her day is closed; embrace the Testament of the Crucifixion again and become a pan-humanism for ever. Though this is hard to expect, yet it is a miracle which religious hope should not deny. Or it is also a feasible expectation that Russia and India together—as China and Japan—may become the principal shelter for Christ, nay, the final tower of the sacred light.

And while the reigning Logos India would not have to give up much of her eternal religion. She is the best-prepared country in the world for receiving the Gospel of the Incarnation. When the Slavs met Christ they had to give up wholly their old religion. So did the Britons and Scandinavians. But to become really Christian India has not to renounce what Europe has, if this Continent wishes again to become human and divine.

Europe has to give up Beezbubh, her second Master, whom she has served so diligently, and to learn from India earnestness, and the value of serving One Master only. But India has to re-awaken and to make life more real, more dramatic. This life of ours, though obscure and painful, is after all neither a mere delusion nor a superfluous appendix to the Sacred Everlasting, from which even He is powerless to liberate Himself. God is more helpful than He seems to be to an heroic Yogi.

I call a Yogi a hero. Perhaps in the whole human history there is nothing more heroic than to attempt so gigantic a task as a Yogi does. For lo! his enterprise is neither more nor less than to conquer his nature, to awaken and develop, yea to energise the sleepy Gold in his own soul. How microbic seems the human will as compared with the iron will of a Hindu Yogi. Lo! A Yogi goes out not to defeat any mighty King of this world but the mightiest of all, wretched human flesh, its Desire and Avidya. He is out to storm, not any kingdom of earth, but the kingdom of Spirit. And when he succeeds in reaching the most valuable, united with and illuminated by Brahma, he values his life less than a worm's life. Of all the jewel wonders of India, a Yogi—or his superlative, a Gnan—should be the object of the greatest possible admiration. Europe, whose soul is split in myriad directions, must stand still and look aghast at the human, super-human efforts of the Hindu Superman.

And yet India's glory is not in these individual efforts for one's own liberation from the horrible Samsara of an eternal non-sense of existence. India's glory is in her pan-human mood. All creatures on earth groan and travail and wait for liberation. But being preoccupied by this material side of their infernal suffering from oppression and injustice. India's glory is not in these individual efforts for one's own liberation from the horrible Samsara of an eternal non-sense of existence. India's glory is in her pan-human mood. All creatures on earth groan and travail and wait for liberation. But being preoccupied by this material side of the West as quickly as possible—and she being spiritual par excellence can do it quickly—for Jesus the Sophia is the only imperishable treasure of the West—and to make of it the best for the Race of Man. She has to take the task not as an imposed, but as an abandoned power. Through Sophia she will get back her real freedom and happiness, and by Christ Jesus taken as seriously and interpreted as deeply as only India is able to do it—she will make a New Spiritual Charter for mankind and by it inaugurate a pan-human empire of universal freedom and happiness. It is not in the spirit of India to struggle only for her own freedom and happiness. Many other nations and tribes on earth are already doing nothing else. It is in the best spirit of India to struggle for the freedom and happiness of all human units, either the ruling or the ruled ones, for the ruling and the ruled are equally unfree and unhappy.

I do not apologise for repeating, in summing up, that the Religion of Christ is a lost jewel in the West. Why should not India bow and take it up, and brush it up from the dust, and make it perfect? To surrender to Christ means to be victorious through Christ. It is absolutely hopeless that the West ever will be converted to spirituality, to religion, but through Christianity. Theosophy in Europe is as dead as the corpse of Caesar, but practically no difficulty stands in the way of India's conversion to Christ. To the poor Jesuit Jesus could do no evil in India and all good. The God-Man could strengthen her, lift her up and lead her to the performance of the highest task she has ever had.

I believe very firmly that the long, hard schooling of the Yogis has not been for the good of the Yogis only. Nor has it been designed for the schooling's sake. If ever, now is the time that this glorious schooling and training of the will should bear fruit. Why should soldiers have been trained for an immeasurable time and by immeasurable hardships if there were not a big battle before them? Well, the glorious, long trained, spiritual knights of India are now called to the battle. Let them not lose their chance.

And we know that Europe has sinned towards India. But let Europe even as a sinner be a cause of her increased love for India, as Dante coming from the sinful world to the higher sphere of the blessed Spirits increased their love towards him. "Ecco chi crescerà li nostri amori!"
Old England.—II.

By Bernard Gilbert.

GUY CULLIN.

(Extract from a poem written three weeks before he drowned himself at the age of twenty-two.)

Pr'aps this old earth's our master; what we fancy
Is only rocks and soil and trees and stones,
This air and land and sea, these dead men's bones,
By some wild necromancy
This earth, this ancient globe, may be our master!

Our horses cannot know who is their lord:
The carter, they imagine, owns the farm;
Mountains and valleys—scars upon his face;
But more they fear the stinging of the whip
That drives them from the manger to the cart;
Yet . . . how can they distinguish man apart?

Just so, perhaps, we cannot see our master,
He being much too huge for us to see.
The trees, the grass, and all that grows—his hair;
The lightning and the storm—his rude embrace;
What held her nose so high, when all the while she was
The stinging of the whip

Now, therefore, like our horses, lacking thought,
We toil at his unfathomable aim:
This world is not as we
No paradise, no heaven, whatsoever.

Defy our master with
What held her nose so high, when all the while she was
What will Bill's brother John say when he hears of it?

Bill needn't fancy he's going to do as he likes because
On account of his carryings-on with Herbert Dobney's
They'd slip out of bed and go through his pockets while
But he's not going to have a housekeeper:
He was driven to choose flight to escape prison
He got me to effect the secret transfer of a large

They were scared of Boney like everybody else,
But if he'd only been English-born he'd a led the poor against the rich
And things would have been different.
Father wouldn't have been left to starve with one leg, as he was;
(Only Uncle William stood by him.)
Father'd say sometimes 'twas a pity Boney didn't win;
But that's going too far too far!
Although when I've been in gaol for trying to get the labourers to band against starvation wages, I've felt pretty desperate:
Yet have I hoped against hope!
And now my grandson has brought tales of a country

How it warms my old heart to hear him!
He looks everybody in the face and nobody threatens to
Nobody never stood up to Challands before:
Now he doesn't show himself at the Cross Keys till his face gets straight again.

ADOLPHUS SWIFT.

If you'd read it in the papers you wouldn't believe it; but it's true enough, and I'm here as proof,
In the one place on earth where I haven't open my lips:
My father's house!
All this is mine if I had my rights;
This wide estate, these titles, honours, dignities,
This wealth uncountable,
Should come to me, who am the eldest son, the proper heir;
Robbed of my birthright by a sordid trick.
When father found how things stood he got Mother to

Little did she guess when she reared me to hate the
That I should find myself established at Fletton Towers

I have transferred the money quite safely to

ADOLPHUS SWIFT.

When I was

Rut, being the only man in Fletton as couldn't be kicked
I've been able to stick to my guns against the whole crew:
Nobility, Church, and Chapel.
When I was a lad, I used to sit by the fire listening to
Father and Uncle William talking about Waterloo;
Just because I took a short cut home, was that a reason for one of them to nearly scare me to death by jumping out behind a tree? Even if I had wandered into the wood, what of it? You don't always notice where you're going when you're thinking. And he had no right to call me a common poacher! I can't stop my dog following me for exercise, and with all these German spies about it's only patriotic to carry a gun. I told him straight if he didn't take his hand away, the other barrel would go off! Why did he make such a fuss? Everybody knows what a cazzlety thing a gun is, when your finger's on the trigger, and if you stumble over a tree-root in the dark it ain't your fault! If it hadn't unfortunately happened that unbeknown to me a pheasant's head was hanging from my pocket, I should have got the best of it: Now I'm being hindered from buying pigs for the Army over the pastry business.

MILDRED PINION.
It's been a great satisfaction to rearrange this household in accordance with the best social ideas; we are the only one of the Tenantry to dine late, and our claim for acknowledgment can hardly be delayed; Next time the Agent calls in the evening he'll find us in full dress Which will open his eyes; and he can't fail to mention it at the "Towers." The only thing I fear is Mother, Who irritates Laurie and doesn't exactly shine in Society; If I can persuade her not to stay for dinner so often, we shall be safer. Yesterday I caught her gossiping with George Barks, Who is ready enough to be familiar at any time. If people heard that father was a pawnbroker it would be the death of my ambitions: Although any of those bankrupt farmers would have jumped at my money. Laurie was on his last legs when the war broke out, and I just saved him! Every night I pray that Mother will marry again (so long as it isn't in Fletton). I wish Laurie would get rid of Barks; All the time he's touching his cap I know he's laughing at me; And I'm afraid he's trying to get hold of the new housemaid: I'll put a stop to that, anyhow! She's a quiet, respectful girl who reads her Bible regularly.

JERRY KING.
Mother got me a soft job with Mr. Coote; I do see what goes on, and that's a fact! 'Twould make a cat laugh the way the gentry think that nobody knows what they're doing; I believe they look on us like bullocks in a meadow, Thinking we see, but never notice! I saw a lot more than I tell, And when Arthur Mogg tried to draw me about Lady Betty I didn't let on, though he gave me three drinks and a cigar. Nehemiah Stennett hinted at it yesterday, but I looked innocent, And he'll never dare say anything in Fletton. I know all about her meeting Waddy in the old summer-house; It stands against our wall, and I can watch through the little window at the back. She nips into that summer-house like a weasel after a rabbit! But Waddy's a match for her! If I told what I've seen, there isn't a soul would believe me! I wish I could take his place some dark evening; If I was more his size I would; 'Cos all cats are grey at night! Anyway, I dream I've done it, which is the next best thing!

It's set me against the maids here, more's the pity; Because I had plenty of time to attend to them; But when you've seen something better, you can't do with common. I must go now and shave Mr. Coote, Who looks all day with his nose in the air, And sometimes writes, for hours on end, a lot of non-sense that nobody can make head nor tail of. I've heard the Earl laughing about it to the Viscount more than once. Sometimes Mr. Coote gives me half-a-crown and talks about the villagers, Asking me lots of questions, and wanting to know what they're up to: As if I should tell!

GUSTAVUS BENNINGTON.
For five years I have laboured in the Cause, Working patiently to reduce the permanent Tory majority of 500. With the aid of Fletcher, Woolerton, and other stalwarts, Whom I had promised should become J.P.'s in the event of victory; But the appointment of Bob Hanson as Labour Candidate has dashed all my hope of so lowering the enemy's poll that Headquarters should transfer me to a more promising place. This defection of the agricultural workers is definitive and fatal; Their ingratitude appals me! I have contributed handsomely (through various channels) to their Union, And to all the Chapels, both Methodist and Wesleyan, for miles around, And attended some fourteen hundred sales of work, missionary meetings, social guilds, bazaars, harvest thanksgivings, anniversary meetings, Sunday-school feasts, prayer meetings, choral services, and addresses to the young (of both sexes), So that this stab in the back has shocked me terribly and must cause me to reconsider my position. I cannot condescend Bolshevism! Whilst it was a question of raising wages or breaking up the Great Estates and lowering the crest of the blotted farmers, All was for the best; But these poisonous doctrines, emanating from Russia, upon land and property, Threaten our very constitution; And it seems possible that the parties of Law and Order may be forced to combine permanently in defence of their rights. After thirty-eight years' unifying industry in Birmingham I amassed a competence, Which enabled me to devote myself to my country's interests; And I could not view with equanimity the propagation of such insidious doctrines. These benighted rural spots— I sadly fear— Are not favourable to Progressive Liberalism; There is no interest in Vegetarianism, Anti-Vaccination, Anti-Vivisection, Anti-Papacy, Anti-Militarism, or Internationalism; Anti-Feminism is rampant, but from brutal and reactionary motives only— Whilst Prohibition provokes a torrent of blasphemy. That brute Hanson, a blustering fellow of doubtful morals, Is immensely popular with the ignorant peasantry, And ridicules not only my efforts but my person: I will cast the dust of this ungrateful constituency from my feet for ever!

JAMES HANBURY.
These amalgamations are the devil! Once we knew exactly where we were, But now the carpenter calls every Saturday to put a new plate up; And our last title is so complicated that I can't possibly remember it. All that's no good for a Bank. The last straw was this morning when a stranger with white spots and a beaky nose stepped out of a motor and said he was the new Local Manager!
All my bookkeeping is to be changed, 
With reports to make you dizzy! 
Whilst I can’t lend anybody more than five pounds with- 
out his sanction! 
I’ve lent thousands on my own authority in thirty-one- 
years, 
And nowhere has the old Bank lost less than in Fletton: 
Because I know my business! 
I said as much, and got a rap on the knuckles!

“ I can retire on a pension if I prefer,”
And they’ll put some schoolboy in my place! 
Fortunately I was able to control myself; 
Little thinking I knew about the second mortgage on 
when I say I know my business, I mean it: 
And they’ll put some schoolboy in my place!

It wasn’t my business! 
And when last year 
And transferred the Dowager’s legacy to a New York 
He always got more votes than me for the Parish Council, 
It’s been in hand for over a year on account of its cold 
I recognised Martha King’s signature immediately. 
I knew which of the Bowleses is going downhill, 
And nowhere has the old Bank lost less than in Fletton: 
And built up a huge business in corn-dealing; 
I know to a sovereign what any farmer’s safe for; 
By reason of his glib tongue and oily ways,

He made me trustee. 
I was bid, which is eighty-three shillings apiece. Here!

“Nothing particular, excepting wheat’s up.”
“ That’s the War!” says I. 
“I dare say, Joe,” says I. “War’s always good for 
Don’t talk like a fool, Joe, when you know very 
Tchah! You could easy! Only seventeen of them, 
I could put two and two together as anybody; 
And that’s the War!” says Joe, all short and nasty.

But if wheat rises, why not pigs?” I says. 
Don’t talk like a fool, Joe, when you know very 
You won’t, says he. 
Hem in hand for over a year on account of its cold wet clay, 
and he’ll get all the experience of farming he wants 
A pig-dealer is Joe Barks, but he deals, as well, in 
erez’s rush like a lot of bullocks across Belgium 
Among of wiser men.

But if wheat rises, why not pigs?” I says. 
Don’t talk like a fool, Joe, when you know very 
You won’t, says he. 
Hem in hand for over a year on account of its cold wet clay, 
and he’ll get all the experience of farming he wants 
A pig-dealer is Joe Barks, but he deals, as well, in 
erez’s rush like a lot of bullocks across Belgium 
Among of wiser men.

But if wheat rises, why not pigs?” I says. 
Don’t talk like a fool, Joe, when you know very 
You won’t, says he. 
Hem in hand for over a year on account of its cold wet clay, 
and he’ll get all the experience of farming he wants 
A pig-dealer is Joe Barks, but he deals, as well, in 
erez’s rush like a lot of bullocks across Belgium 
Among of wiser men.

But if wheat rises, why not pigs?” I says. 
Don’t talk like a fool, Joe, when you know very 
You won’t, says he. 
Hem in hand for over a year on account of its cold wet clay, 
and he’ll get all the experience of farming he wants 
A pig-dealer is Joe Barks, but he deals, as well, in 
erez’s rush like a lot of bullocks across Belgium 
Among of wiser men.
The game's not worth the candle!
If it hadn't been for Susan and Mary Cook, I should have been stranded long ago!
But politics are stirring again, and a ready tongue ought to find a market;
I will take off my uniform and return to the old job of speaking for the Anti-Suffragettes:
Never, never again may I hear the name of this besotted village.

ABRAHAM SMART.

When I'm worrying about my trade, folks think I'm wrapped up in money-getting;
But in the middle of a field of potatoes or reckoning the live weight of a pig
I'm not there at all, if they did but know it:
I'm really skating!
Spring and summer and autumn are only waste of time, But when the first frost comes I begin to wake up!
It's grand to live in these Fens where the water's shallow and untroubled!
I'm always the first to venture and the last to leave;
And whilst there is ice to bear I wouldn't stop for the best bargain going.
Clear sky, red sun, black ice, and sharp skates: That's my idea of heaven!
You swing from side to side and flash past some stranger...who fancies himself,
Whilst your blood races through your body!
Now and again in the great frosts you can get all over the county,
And at the Championship, before thousands of folk, beat all comers.
It's good to be champion!
But I'm just as happy skating home twenty miles with a gang of friends.
If the wind's against us, we form up in line and keep time,
Singing together as we rush along like an express train,

GWINNY MOGG.

He needn't have bothered about the Registry Office,
Nor yet about the money he's sent to America;
I should have gone without either;
Because I love him so!
When he comes down the lane I shake all over!
He is my mate and I shall never leave him;
I would work my fingers to the bone
Or lie down and let him trample on me!
These whey-faced girls don't know what love is: But I shall hold him so that he will never look away.
How I worship him!
He stood with his foot on this tree last night,
And I must kiss the place;
I don't care about not seeing anybody else again;
He could take anybody, high or low;
But he only wants me;
And I only want my mate.

OLD GEORGE JENKINS.

When I was young we went to mow, tying the sheaves with bands of straw and gleaning what the reapers left.
We cut the ears with our sharp knives and roasted them at a fire of turf dug from the black fen; while all the winter we threshed out the corn in the farmer's barn. Pleasant it was to watch the flails rise and fall with hollow thump, and the owls disturbed in the high roof. The rooks gathered round the elm, the wind whistled through the thatch, and the snow covered all.

But now the binder with iron claw ties the sheaves in a cunning knot, and horse-rakes scour the bare stubble.
Theresher hums like a thousand hives; gone are the old flails; and not too soon shall I lie in the quiet churchyard.
Under the yew-tree the grass is long, and by the crooked porch I shall be at rest with my fathers.
All must come there at last, though they fly faster than the wild geese; for the corn ripens, the fox creeps to his hole, and the snow covers all.

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Curzon Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.