

## CURRENT MAGAZINES

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**One Hundred Years Ago:**—Professor James Moffatt, in the *Hibbert*.

**The Menace of Disestablishment:**—The Rev. A. Fawkes, in the *Quarterly*.

**The Church and the Village:**—The Rev. J. C. Hardwick and Mr. R. S. T. Cochrane in the *Nineteenth Century*.

**Churchillian Finance:**—Mr. F. W. Hirst, in the *Contemporary*.

**The New Position of the Vatican:**—Mr. R. Sencourt, in the *Atlantic*.

**On Living in England:**—M. André Maurois, in the *Atlantic*.

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IT is to a familiar mood of the human mind that appeal is made by those newspapers which reprint, once a week, some news item from their own issue of just fifty—or even just twenty-five—years before. The lapse of a century makes such reminiscent reflection more interesting still; and, by common consent of the magazine writers, there is special significance in the year 1829. One thinks immediately of the *Catholic Relief Bill* in England. And those for whom the significance of a year is not exhausted by an account of doings in the British parliament will proceed to consider the many currents in world thought of which this single legislative change in one country was symptomatic. For without falling into Macaulayesque extravagance about “the hour of a great destruction and of a great creation”, we may take the *Catholic Relief Bill* of 1829 as highly suggestive of a general passage from one social régime to another.

Professor Moffatt is singularly well qualified to guide readers of the *Hibbert Journal* in thus reconstructing the thought of a century ago. Not least among his striking qualities is his keen interest in general literature, and his enthusiasm for connecting even the lighter literary products of a period with that “spirit of the age” which they illustrate. He begins his article by recalling how radiant were the hopes with which men heard on 13th April, 1829, that George IV had at last, though very reluctantly, signed the Emancipation Act—how O’Connell, for instance, dated a letter of 14th April “The first day of Freedom”, and how the *Edinburgh Review* announced that the accumulating national debt of hatred had at length been expunged. Dr. Moffatt points out that this last judgment has proved premature, and that too little allowance was made for “Ireland’s Celtic retention of grievances”. But it is at least as surprising, from the point of view of to-day, that any wonderful reconciliation should have been thought likely to

follow upon a measure so obviously just, yet so long overdue, and in the end extorted with such incredible difficulty. That Roman Catholics a hundred years ago should have been forced to choose between disfranchising themselves altogether and voting for Protestants to "represent" them in parliament, is singular enough. But it is more singular still that enormous gratitude should have been expected for a concession which all men knew to have been made to fear and to fear alone. In the case of the Irish, the long resentment of Catholics in general was reinforced by a racial bitterness that was their own. One recalls the language of a shrewd parliamentarian of the time, as he drove home the moral of English policy in Ireland:—*Waiting that you may once again hit the exact point at which you can neither refuse with safety nor concede with grace.* Concessions, he added, were commonly made in such a way and at such a time as to leave room for doubt whether more harm had been done by the long refusal or by the tardy and enforced compliance. In the light of some recent happenings, those words about Anglo-Irish relationship may be accounted prophetic.

Dr. Moffatt has refreshed our memory with the comments of leaders of the time upon that crucial change. They are a varied lot—from Goethe, who declared that his daughter would talk about Catholic Emancipation, but he himself had "no interest in such matters", to Edward Irving who saw in it the beginning of national apostasy, and Hugh Miller who rejoiced that the liberal temper of the age had forced Ministers to act "against their convictions". Of course there were certain men of stern principle like the Duke of Cumberland, who vowed to leave the country if the Bill should be passed, but their principles became more flexible when the time came to act upon them. Like the manufacturer in Dickens's *Hard Times*, who used to say he would rather pitch his mill into the sea than have his direction of it dictated by parliament, his Grace of Cumberland proved patriotic enough to refrain from carrying out his dire threat. "Wellington", says Dr. Moffatt, "as Prime Minister found his task upon the whole facilitated by the amount of support which he was able to command in both Houses of Parliament." This must surely be true. Support from such quarters is indeed quite a help to a premier! One who writes as copiously as Dr. Moffatt must, from time to time, fall into expressions that stir the reader's humour—without intending it.

Next in order, of the events "one hundred years ago", comes the revolutionary upheaval by which 1830 was marked all over Europe—the shaking of thrones in France and Italy, in Germany and Spain, in Poland and Holland. In this critic's judgment, it

was France which then outshone all other countries in the literature by which the national mood was reflected. But one may doubt whether this is sufficiently shown by the products he cites, whether the work of Dumas and Merimée, together with a few early pieces by Hugo and Sainte-Beuve, justify such a claim of pre-eminence. After all, literature was not quite flat in other countries at the time. In America, indeed, as Dr. Moffatt points out, the coming young men were still in their literary nonage, though Washington Irving at least had begun well. Emerson, Poe, Whitman and Hawthorne were in their incipient stage. I note that the almost forgotten English novelist, T. L. Peacock, has at least not been forgotten by Dr. Moffatt, but could wish that more justice were done in this estimate to the brilliant author of *Nightmare Abbey* and *Headlong Hall*. There is a kindly word, too, for Landor, and at least ample justice is done to Southey. But this critic is by no means impressed with the fiction of the time, of which Bulwer-Lytton's work was a sample. Very truly and instructively he says this:

There was little to indicate the revival of the novel which characterised the next half-century, the wider scope, for example, claimed by Disraeli and Mrs. Gaskell in handling social questions of the hour, or the conquests of new imaginative territory which Dickens and Thackeray were about to inaugurate. One must allow that 1829 was indeed a lean year in output all round, so far as English literature went.

The article proceeds to chat about Hazlitt and Charles Lamb, about Wordsworth and Bentham and Mill, about Coleridge and George Borrow and Sir Walter Scott. *Causerie* is, in general, a rather vapid thing in the literary reviews; but when a mind is so fully stored and so original in judgment as that of Dr. Moffatt, it takes on a new and refreshing character. Quite naturally, the academic and theological interests appear at the end. We are reminded how, at Cambridge, Charles Darwin, Hallam, Fitzgerald and Kinglake were undergraduates; how Alfred Tennyson was competing for the Chancellor's prize in verse; how Alford was in his student days at one university, while Gladstone and Manning were the portents at the other, and in 1829 John Henry Newman was "already turning from other studies to the Fathers". Altogether an inspiring and suggestive study of "one hundred years ago"! The recurrence of centenaries, and their celebration in our magazine literature, must be acknowledged to have educative value when it stirs the more learned to such desultory and reminiscent talk for their less learned readers.

THE Rev. Alfred Fawkes, writing in the *Quarterly Review*, expresses much alarm at the prospect that the Church of England may be disestablished. He is the more disturbed because—marvellous to relate—it is bishops of the Church who are now leading the attack upon her national status and privileges! But if the advocates of Disestablishment thus include so surprising an element, we shall do well to ask whether its opponents are not similarly diverse in the grounds of their opposition. And in Mr. Fawkes, as this article shows, the controlling motives are curious enough to be instructive.

It used to be said that the great objection to an Established Church lay in its inability to make any change either of its own creed or of its own ritual, and its dependence for such change wholly upon parliament. The House of Commons seemed an odd body to act as judge in religious matters, and with the lapse of time it seemed to become less rather than more suited to this responsibility. It was to meet this objection that the *Enabling Act* was passed in 1919. Under it, a representative Assembly of the Church was empowered to initiate proposals for change. These, indeed, would still require parliamentary sanction, but it was assumed that in matters so far outside its ken the House would be guided by official leaders of religion, and that unless the proposals were clearly outrageous, the sanctioning would be a formality. In practice, however, the result has been different. Parliament rejected the Prayer-Book revision, after keen debate on theological mysteries, in which laymen treated with scant respect the almost unanimous voice of the bishops. To retain establishment at the price of such spiritual subservience is, says the Bishop of Durham, to pay too much for it:

The untoward action of the House of Commons has created, a situation in which the first duty of the Church of England is to vindicate its spiritual independence.

But such is by no means the view of Mr. Fawkes. He concedes that the Bishop of Durham, like the Archbishop of York, should be treated with respect for advocating "beliefs which are apparently held seriously by serious men". For himself, however, and he thinks for the English lay mind in general (with which this singular ecclesiastic is in complete sympathy) it is impossible to respect these beliefs. A writer in *The Spectator* some time ago spoke of Mr. Fawkes as a man to whom the State Establishment was "the Church's One Foundation". He replies that he does not particularly object to having such a doctrine attributed to him. And he tells us that Thirlwall was "the wisest of English bishops".

It is worth while to consider more closely what is intended by this piquant divine, who was once—if I am not mistaken—a priest of the Roman Church, and who has obviously acquired his Erastian lesson very fast as well as very thoroughly. Why is he prepared to concede that there are times—of which the present may well be one—when the State is the only Foundation on which the Church can rest? Because, in the first place, he likes the controlling influence of parliament, and dreads “enthusiasm” in Church Councils. Surely never was there a more definite eighteenth century brand than the one borne by Mr. Fawkes! The Establishment, he says, “keeps the windows open, and lets in light and air”. Church statesmen after the recent conflict with parliament over the Prayer-Book should have acted as Sir Robert Walpole did when his Excise Bill was defeated. “I thought the measure a good one”, he said, “and I do so still. But I am not so foolish as to set myself against the judgment of the House and the country; as far as I am concerned, the Bill is dead”. In like manner the ecclesiastics who framed the Prayer-Book revision should have accepted their fate, instead of resorting to wild and windy words, followed by reckless proposals of Disestablishment, whose only purpose—says Mr. Fawkes—is “to save their face”.

What, then, about the *religious* character of the Church's position, and the impropriety of parliament—which consists of so many men not even nominally Christian—sitting in judgment on liturgical change? That does not distress Mr. Fawkes. Parliament had to decide, he says, whether it was in the interest of the nation that these liturgical changes should become law. There was no question about their theological soundness or unsoundness. It seems, then, that for him the branch of the civil service which is known as “the Church” has proved senselessly insubordinate to its paymasters, and there is real danger that its officials may have their jobs abolished—which would be a melancholy thing for many concerned. Not indeed for the British taxpayer, whose burdens would no doubt be lightened by the setting free of new sources of endowment for purposes which are now a charge on the revenue. But it would be distinctly inconvenient for the clergy. And, as this critic in the desire to make his argument as decent as possible proceeds to reflect, Disestablishment would (1) strengthen “fanaticism”, (2) strengthen Romanising tendencies, and (3) leave country districts spiritually destitute.

A diverting article is that by Mr. Fawkes, with more suggestiveness than he has probably himself seen it to possess. It is skilfully written, much as men like Tillotson or Hoadly might have

put the case so many generations ago. To-day such an argument seems at once very modern and very old-fashioned, because it discusses the events of last year in the tone of an Anglicanism not only previous to the Oxford Movement, but previous to the Wesleyan Revival. One of these days some very straight things will have to be said to writers like Mr. Fawkes, who affect to speak for "the English layman", and who uniformly represent that layman, not as he is, but as they would like him to be. Whether the English Established Church is to be preserved or not, is disputable. But that it should be preserved in the emasculated, timid, sycophantic and eternally time-serving shape to which Mr. Fawkes and his like would reduce it, is—let us hope and believe—outside the range of practical politics. It used to be said that the Established "Church of Ireland" (facetiously so-called) was a mere branch of the Carlton Club. But that Church is gone, with other scandals of an age on which we look back with disgust, and it was Disestablishment that made the wholesome difference. If its sister in England is to be kept, its defence must be committed to men who feel—like the vast majority of the bishops—that it has a distinct work to do and a distinct witness to bear, not to those who—with Mr. Fawkes—would save its tenure by reducing it to a fatuity.

AN interesting, but lugubrious, meditation is that by the Rev. J. C. Hardwick in *The Nineteenth Century and After*, entitled "The Church and the Village". It is the burden of this paper that in rural England the clergy are not hampered solely nor even chiefly by being poor. They have collapsed in influence and social prestige, until in the eyes of section after section of a community which used to bow before them they have become objects at best of neglect and at worst of hatred or contempt. A bad business, surely! It may be of interest to consider Mr. Hardwick's reasons.

During the last fifteen years, he says, life in the country has been transformed, and the transformation has been of a sort to depress the clergyman further and further. If one goes back to first causes, here—as elsewhere—"it was the war that did it". In the years 1914-1918 there was an agricultural boom, giving to the old-established landlords a chance to sell their estates at a high price, and providing farmers with the money to buy. There was thus a change of land ownership, with all that this must mean in shifting rank. Here was the final blow to English feudalism, and with its fall many consequences must follow for the clerical class whose place has been fixed by feudal usage.

Think of the old English vicarages, with their stabling and their immense gardens, obviously provided for parsons equipped on a very different scale and ranking very differently from the English parson of the present! They are now often either lying derelict or driving their occupants into bankruptcy. The great house in the parish is occupied by some successful plutocrat, some war-profiteer, who—unlike the squire of other days—has “no use for the parson”. Farmers who now own land on which they were so lately but tenants regard the parson as a sort of ridiculous survival from the days of privilege that are now happily past; and since the war-time prosperity of the farmer has vanished, he is not in a position to do very much for the Church even if he had the will to do it. The labourers have followed the example of “their social superiors”, while a new element in rural life—the bungalow-dwellers, men retired from business, “intellectuals” rather hard-up, ex-service men engaged on chicken-farming, queer groups who now occupy “council cottages” in the country—have a quite urban outlook, and assure anyone curious about their ways that they have outgrown both superstition and religion. The “young people”, too, are talking of the Church as Victorian, and even in the villages they are thoroughly modernised. Motor-bicycles, the cinema, the dance-hall and other features of high contemporary civilisation, have taken the place that used to be filled by religious or quasi-religious interests.

No longer, says Mr. Hardwick, is clerical co-operation or encouragement desired at field sports, or at village recreations of any kind. The parson would there be regarded, by the bright young people, as a sort of skeleton at the feast. What about the children? Are not they still secure, until such time as they decay from childhood's innocence into the moronic follies of “our young people”? Not even by this class is our pessimist heartened. “The children, more or less unconsciously, adopt the attitude of their parents towards the clergyman, since everything that is said is uttered in their hearing”. It is needless to illustrate this. In his closing paragraph Mr. Hardwick sagaciously observes that “there may, of course, be a future for the country parson; but it is impossible to say just yet what that future will be”.

A very different sort of article, on just the same problem, is that by Mr. R. S. T. Cochrane, appearing in the same issue of *The Nineteenth Century*.

Mr. Cochrane agrees that the English Church is in a bad way, but he refuses to attribute its calamities to the effect of the war, to the counter-attraction of Sunday motoring, or to any general

“fading away of the national religious spirit”. For he reminds us how small a proportion of those who have lapsed from church attendance have automobiles for Sunday (or any other) use, and how the effect of the war was to stimulate most notably the attendance—especially by men—on religious services. Moreover, let anyone consider the tremendous excitement over Prayer-Book revision, if he is tempted to the facile guess that the national interest in questions of faith has vanished.

All the same, this observer has to acknowledge that, for some reason, churches which used to be filled twice each Sunday, twenty-five or thirty years ago, are now practically empty. Among the probable causes, he assigns an important place to the spread of what is called “ritualism”, by which—in his view—the average inhabitants of an English village are repelled. The minister has given way to the priest, and upon the rustic mind the consequent sense of “spiritual aloofness” has produced indifference to what once was valued. Mr. Cochrane illustrates here:

One example of what is meant by this apparent aloofness will suffice. A few years ago the churchwardens or sidesmen, having collected the alms, were accustomed to present them to the parson at the altar rails. Now it seems necessary in many places that some surpliced server or choir-boy should intervene, and receiving the alms at the chancel steps, bear them to the officiating priest. There is probably some good reason for this innovation, but to the plebeian mind it must appear that an ordinary member of the congregation, whether squire or blacksmith, and dressed though he be in his Sunday best, is not a fit person to have the privilege of handing the alms direct to the parson.

This is offered, for what it is worth, as an explanation. In truth, it strikes one as worth very little, and Mr. Cochrane makes haste to say that he cannot confidently lay all the blame for empty village churches upon elaborateness of ceremonial.

But he does lay the blame upon that attitude of the clerical mind which expresses itself in ritualism as but one of its manifestations. “He is so busy being a churchman that he has not time to be a Christian”. A certain spiritual arrogance on the part of the clergy often makes them shape their services after their own taste, and impose this on an unwilling congregation; and even where the congregation would not object much to this particular act, they resent the habit of mind of which it is the outcome. Mr. Cochrane’s solution of the difficulty is that when the Church of England gets clergymen who will be ministers rather than priests, of a broad and Evangelical type (something like Charles Kingsley, one guesses)



the churches will be filled again. For he is sure that the religious concern of the country is as strong as ever, if it were stirred in the right way.

Without taking a side as between these contending clergy on one of the thorniest of all topics, I here mention their respective lines of argument to show how deep is the impression of present weakening in the English Church, and how great is the alarm for its future. *The Nineteenth Century* publishes in the following number a reply to the two articles published in its issue for May. It is by the Rev. Douglas Lockhart, and consists of a strong plea against the view that "ritualism" is the cause of decline. Mr. Lockhart admits that many a rash and sudden change may have the sort of effect which Mr. Cochrane points out, but urges that similar decline is lamented where no such disquieting innovations have been ventured, and that there are manifold encouragements for those who join sympathy with enthusiasm.

A point that may occur to the reader of these articles is that their concern is so predominantly about effective management, and that so little is said about what an earlier generation would have emphasized as "the cause of truth". Mr. Hardwick especially, like Mr. Fawkes, seems worried over the trials of the Church like a Conservative of the old school about the decay of some "good old English institution". Mr. Cochrane and Mr. Lockhart lift the debate to a somewhat higher level. But one is tempted to say of a Church that when it thinks most about strategy to "keep its hold", the signs are rather ominous that the hold in question would be well lost to a spiritual force more disinterested in its purposes.

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**M**R. Hirst is in a humorous vein over the exploits of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer. Five successive budgets, he remarks, have now been introduced and carried by Mr. Winston Churchill, so that he may be numbered with Walpole, Pitt, Peel and Gladstone for sheer quantity of achievement in this field. But can he be numbered with them for any other reason? Perhaps for the frequency and the enormity of his raid on funds assigned for other purposes! He will live indeed in history, and Mr. Hirst guesses how:

His budgets, I dare say, will be studied by future generations of economic students, not indeed as patterns for imitation, or as examples of financial perspicacity, or as evidences of a successful stewardship; rather will they point a moral and adorn a tale, when some future lecturer wants to show his class how a series

of artful dodges and flashy makeshifts may enable a Finance Minister to turn awkward corners, evade inconvenient obligations, or postpone the fulfilment of imperative pledges during the lifetime of one parliament.

His critic heard the last Churchill speech, delivered on April 15th, on the budget. An electioneering speech, he says, full of amusing sallies, at which he laughed more than on any occasion since he saw that mirth-provoking play called *The Farmer's Wife!*

Coming to grips with what was in the budget statement, Mr. Hirst points out that any sober Treasury official would have regarded the financial situation as indicating a prospective deficiency, and yet Mr. Churchill contrived to represent it as indicating a prospective surplus. He recalls the opening declaration of policy by the Baldwin Government in 1924, and their profuse promises of national economy. "The present heavy burdens of the taxpayer", said the Speech from the Throne, "are a hindrance to the revival of enterprise and employment. Economy in every sphere is imperative." But what are the figures? In the financial year that ended on March 31st, 1928, the National Expenditure was £788 millions. In each of the subsequent years for which Mr. Churchill was responsible it has been far higher—ranging from 826 millions in 1925-6 to 832 millions in 1928-9. These are the actual Treasury figures, and Mr. Hirst suspects that under "minor accounting changes" should be included facts undisclosed which would put the matter in a less favorable light for Churchillian finance. "It is obvious that Mr. Churchill has spent, year after year, many millions more than were spent under the two preceding budgets". This, too, after his own declared view that "we ought to aim at a net reduction of not less than ten million pounds a year". He now says that one may "aim at" a reduction without hitting it, as one may aim at a target, and that he never promised to *hit!* From the taxpayer's point of view, says his critic, it seems a dismal sort of joke.

Mr. Hirst goes on to describe how Funds which might have been applied to the extinction of debt have been raided in order to fill up gaps in the ordinary revenue, how the Interest Charge on the National Debt has been higher in each of the last three years than it was in Mr. Churchill's first year of office, and how he started last year with a  $5\frac{1}{2}$  per cent Bank Rate as against  $4\frac{1}{2}$  in the year preceding. Fate indeed favoured him, because—owing to an abnormally heavy mortality among very rich men—the death duties brought in  $8\frac{1}{2}$  millions more than he had expected. But, with the object of presenting a prosperity budget, he calmly assumed that

next year's revenue from this source would maintain the previous abnormal rate, at the same time assuming that the income tax and super tax will yield between three and four millions more than last year. And so forth, says Mr. Hirst,—“window-dressing” for the electorate!

But his critic has one satisfaction. He can never forgive Mr. Churchill's desertion of free trade, and rejoices at least at the sight of the rise in prices through those protective and preferential tariffs which the Chancellor recommended. A like lesson has been taught by the prompt fall in the price of tea when the preferential duty was removed. The users of cars know what happened in the cost of petrol when a protective duty was laid on light oils. These, as Mr. J. M. Keynes would say, and as Mr. Hirst would gleefully agree, go to show “the economic consequences of Mr. Churchill”. And the article ends with the sort of moral this keen critic loves to draw:

If, in the interval between the writing and the publication of these words, the electorate votes for a Government which has promised to extent Safeguarding and Protection, it will at least have done so with its eyes open, and will deserve no sympathy when disagreeable consequences ensue.

Does Mr. Hirst, one wonders, like the actual result any better than the one he conjectured as possible? Truly he is of the straitest sect of Liberal economics. And though he is rather like a voice crying in the wilderness, his cry is always clear, resonant, fearless.

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IN recent magazines there has naturally been much exposition and much discussion of the treaty which has closed the historic conflict between the Government of Italy and the Holy See. Mr. Robert Sencourt, in the *Atlantic*, rehearses once more how it opened, sixty years ago, when the soldiers of Garibaldi marched into Rome, and the Papal States ceased to exist. The change from the time when Italy was “no more than a geographical expression” was shown when religious houses were turned into Government offices, and the private palace of the Pope was appropriated by the invading king. Mr. Sencourt entirely agrees with the view that manifold injustice to the Church was perpetrated under the name and sanction of the House of Savoy, and makes very plain the impossibility of accepting the famous “Law of Guarantees”. The Church, he says,

could not sacrifice her inalienable principle—the principle, not that she wanted to govern territories, but that, as the representative of divine authority among all nations and above all nations, she must not be in any sort of subjection to any one of them.

Hence, for example, the refusal of the proffered State indemnity of \$650,000.

What is it that has suddenly disposed the Italian Government, after sixty years, to reopen this question, making such offers as would have been thought utterly incredible even a short time ago? In the first place, says Mr. Sencourt, the war immensely strengthened the Vatican by ridding it of its three greatest obstacles—the Tsar, the Kaiser, and the Khalif. At the same time, the influence of Austria, often so baleful in the past, was vastly reduced, while such countries as Great Britain, Greece and Holland resumed diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Mussolini was quick to notice what a change had passed over the face of things:

In all this, the Italians saw at once how closely the prestige and influence of the immemorial institution at Rome are associated with their racial genius and their national honour, and they began to take the place of France as the Vatican's defender.

Move after move of the Italian Government showed the new spirit which had arisen—the arrangements, for example, for the restoring of religious education; the recognition of papal titles and conferring upon the new Catholic University at Milan the same rank as that of the national universities at Naples and Pisa; even such lighter acts as the facilitating of religious pilgrimages by providing excursion tickets, and the official advice that provincial governors and generals and mayors should take their place in religious processions.

What did all this betoken in the mind of Mussolini? Is he a devoted "son of the Church"? Mr. Sencourt does not think so. But he thinks Mussolini a very shrewd observer of the way the wind is blowing, and compares him in this matter to many an English politician who is personally unconcerned about religious belief or usage, but sets enormous value on keeping a show of reverence for the National Establishment. Moreover, he is not at a loss to explain even the huge concessions that have been made by the Italian Government, on the ground that there was a near prospect of requiring all the allies obtainable, and the Church was plainly the most powerful friend in sight.

According to Mr. Sencourt, Mussolini and his circle had been made aware of a "violent undercurrent of distrust and criticism"

which could not be indefinitely held in check. Ever since the bombardment of Corfu, the night of disorder in Florence in 1925, the shocking cases of Matteotti and Amendola, and particularly that interference with the currency which—quite arbitrarily—so raised the exchange value of the Italian lira as to disorganize industry and commerce, there has been a tide of resentment flowing which must sooner or later rise above its banks. To re-establish his prestige, the Duce must achieve something spectacular. And what more spectacular than to close the great rift with the Church? For the sake of this, he would make restitution, to the extent of eighty million dollars, for the wrongs of more than half a century ago; he would acknowledge a new State in "Vatican City", re-drawing the boundaries of the capital; he would even accept Canon Law for all Italy, with its manifold implications of clerical privilege and control.

So far the critic is explaining what he believes to be the inner mind of Mussolini, and finds the key to this in a cunningly devised plan for the acquisition of powerful friends as adversity approaches him. But what of the action of the Church in the matter? If the Dictator supposes that here will be an ally who can always be taken for granted, bound to himself and his régime by thankfulness for favours, he must by this time have had many a rude awakening. From the Vatican has come outspoken criticism of him and his ways. But from the point of view of strengthening the cause of religion in Italy, it was quite clear that the new arrangement gave assurance of much, and Mr. Sencourt applauds the Papacy for accepting it. Atonement was at length made for a great and long-standing injustice, while the prospect of regaining a lost power in Italian affairs was too important to be missed, if it could be used without sacrifice of sacred principle. "The Vatican", he says, "may justly hope that its influence upon Italy will be an evident gain. . . . And the Catholic Church provides Italy with her only conceivable religion".

It is no doubt too early to say very much about how the scheme will work out. But who can—or should—resist a sense of joy that yet another needless breach between State and Church has been repaired? What historically-minded man, too, can fail to have his imagination thrilled by the spectacle of an Italy in which the ancient glories of pagan and papal times will reinforce and supplement each other? And if it was just in the spirit of a pagan Roman that Mussolini conceived this, what matter for the motive, provided the thing is achieved? All the same, we must wait and see. "There's many a slip".

THAT nimble-witted Frenchman who has been writing about Shelley and Disraeli and other figures of English literature and politics has contributed to the *Atlantic* a short paper entitled "On Living in England". It professes to be a letter of advice to a young compatriot who thinks of crossing the Straits of Dover, and M. Maurois tells him about some English characteristics he must expect to find. Among these, a few may be noted, as showing what our French observer has seen and marked.

Don't offend the English, he says in dress, and you can do this just as easily by excess as by defect. One of their own writers, for instance, was very true to the national mind in expressing pleasure at the sight of a Duke receiving his honorary degree at Cambridge "with his shoes so full of holes that his socks showed through". Again, according to M. Maurois, there is danger that a Frenchman will talk too much in English company, and his friends will be annoyed if he draws attention to his own brilliant performances. These they must be left to find out for themselves, and it is his wisdom to be reticent in such matters. Moreover, they don't like to be asked intimate questions, or to have intimate confidences obtruded on them.

All this sounds creditable enough. But M. Maurois goes on to remark that intellectual standing will do very little for a visitor in England, "except in a very small set in London and in the universities", for there is a widespread contempt for books! There is a contempt, too, for reasoning:

When you wish to convince Englishmen, do not reason too well. Being French, you believe everything gained when you have proved your point. But it is a matter of indifference to them whether they have logic on their side or not. On the contrary, they distrust an argument that is too conclusive. At Geneva, when our delegates brought forward the disarmament protocol, they rejected it because it was clear. "It won't work," they declared.

Such is their conservatism, that to induce them to do something new, one must show them that they have always done it!

Thus M. Maurois rattles on, with many a suggestive criticism, many a compliment, and the utmost good will, but often leaving us in doubt whether he is not wholly in earnest when he seems half in fun. He loves the English countryside, has a good word to say for English drinks, especially whiskey, and assures his young correspondent that these aloof people can be the best possible friends to a foreigner. Look, for instance, he says, at Lawrence's

*Revolt in the Desert*, with its tale of an Englishman making his way back alone through a dangerous waste to look for an unimportant Arab left behind by a caravan! One more passage is too good to leave uncited:

Don't commit murder in England. You will be hanged. Before a French jury, if you have some imagination, a romantic air, and a good lawyer, you can—without much effort—save your skin. These dozen Englishmen will listen with outraged surprise while you describe your sentimental agonies, and will condemn you to be hanged by the neck until you are dead.

It is quite evident that M. Maurois has had his eyes open, and his memory active, on his visits to England.

H. L. S.