

## NEW BOOKS

LIFE OF ROBERT, MARQUIS OF SALISBURY. By his daughter, Lady Gwendolen Cecil. Vols. I and II. Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., 1922.

The educational value of good biography finds notable illustration in Lady Gwendolen Cecil's "Life" of her father. For the late Lord Salisbury's career was inextricably interwoven with the great world events of half a century, and it could not be depicted with even an approach to competence unless its whole setting in British history from 1850 to 1900 were reconstructed with care. Lady Gwendolen is not only a competent but a brilliant biographer, who sees events in their real sequence and draws the historic setting with a clear eye to perspective. The critic must, of course, make allowance for a filial devotion and for the strength of party attachments. But the prejudice, which our knowledge borrowed from other sources can well assist us to discount, is much more than counterbalanced by the value which belongs to a narrative written with direct access to the most important authorities and with a sympathy that stimulates the most eager diligence. While general history is implicit in the personal portraiture, Lady Gwendolen never forgets that it is first and foremost one central figure—not the miscellaneous records of a period—with which she has undertaken to acquaint us. We rise from the perusal of these volumes feeling that we understand as we never understood before one of the most striking public men of Victorian England, and that we have incidentally been brought into more intimate touch with those national fortunes which he did so much to direct.

In a short review it is possible only to mention the more significant features of this biography. It is still incomplete, for the story in the two volumes which have as yet appeared is brought down just to the year 1880. Among the points upon which much emphasis is laid, one notices Lord Salisbury's attitude to (1) the rival domestic policies of Disraeli and Gladstone, (2) problems of religion and the Church, (3) the constitutional status of the House of Lords, (4) Franco-German relations, (5) the Eastern Question.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil is fiercely anti-democratic, and does not hesitate to brand the Reform Act of 1832 as the beginning of a constitutional downfall. She favours neither that "trust of the people tempered by caution" nor that "distrust of the people tempered by fear" which Gladstone defined as respectively the creed of Liberalism and the creed of Toryism in his own day. Lady Gwendolen believes in the British constitution as it was one hundred years ago, though she realizes that to restore that ancient fabric is now impossible. She quotes with enthusiasm her father's argument that to combine "government by the best men" with "government by numbers" is a hopeless project, and she reminds us how Macaulay never mentioned the word "democracy"

without a shudder. She recalls how the mid-Victorian Liberals used to deny with warmth that they had any thought of promoting a democratic experiment, but she insists that the Act of 1832 "was as a matter of fact inspired by the democratic principle, and not by the principle of balance in which its authors themselves believed." Lady Gwendolen's own allegiance is to the old doctrine of a governing landed class, and she delights in presenting to us the caustic criticism with which in the struggle of 1867 her father attacked the extreme of Radicalism on the one hand and the compromise of Whiggism on the other. There is many a memorable passage in these quotations, illustrating just what Disraeli meant when he spoke of Lord Salisbury as "a master of gibes and flouts and jeers." Lady Gwendolen draws a very interesting moral from her father's experience as a landed proprietor, and from the spirit in which he administered his ancestral property:—

It is singularly reminiscent of the spirit embodied in the constitutional polity of England—a reminder that that polity was first initiated, and was for centuries developed, under the control of a landed gentry. Perhaps that is one reason why members of that class have so often shown a capacity for working the constitution disproportionate to their individual abilities.

About Lord Salisbury's religious attitude and convictions there is much in this volume that is of interest. His general adhesion to the principles of the Oxford Movement earned for him the name of being a High Churchman. His daughter assures us that he was much given to reading theology, that his special taste was for the Fathers, and that when public duties brought him into close relation with the Mohammedan world he made a careful study of the Koran. Queen Victoria suspected him of ritualistic tendencies, but was reassured on the matter by Disraeli: "Oh, no! Lord Salisbury is not a High Churchman—he is a sound Churchman—the Dean assures me of that." By "the Dean" was meant Dean Stanley, and Lord Salisbury reports this to his wife with the curious comment, "So that little Arthur must have been perjuring himself on my behalf!"

During the seventies of last century the problem of legislation against the Ritualists in the English Church became very urgent, and was even made an issue in government programmes. Lord Salisbury's view was characteristic. He refused to join Disraeli's Cabinet in 1874 until he had an explicit assurance that no restrictive measure against the Ritualists would be brought forward. Lord Derby was the envoy who negotiated with him on the Premier's behalf, but the first assurances were unsatisfactory:—

He was too vague, and I said that I must communicate on that point with the chief himself; for that, though I had no fancy for the idiots themselves, any attack on them would certainly break up the Church of England. That question, therefore, remains over. ....

What Lord Salisbury foresaw as a result of the proposed interference was a kind of civil war within the English Church; what he chiefly desired was to maintain that inclusiveness by which the Establishment had always been characterized and which was one principal source of its strength. Hence he was prepared to tolerate even "the idiots" for whom he had "no fancy." His was in many respects—especially in

earlier years—a sceptical, enquiring, challenging type of mind, and his lifelong zeal for personal liberty made him stern in opposition to many a democratic measure by which the individual would have been subjected to the mass. But he reached a firm conviction that in Christianity lay mankind's sure basis for the values that are most precious, and as he saw in the Anglican Establishment just the State's definite recognition of God he was resolved to preserve it by every means in his power. One is helped by this to understand how Lord Robert Cecil and Lord Hugh Cecil in our own day are their father's genuine heirs. Lord Salisbury used to say that it was incomprehensible to him how any man could pass the age of forty without having finally determined upon his religious denomination, and—according to his daughter—religious creed was to him as intimate a part of his convictions and as determinant of his public policy as it was to Gladstone. One thing that Lady Gwendolen tells us is rather amazing. She writes:—

He declared that while he had never known what it was to doubt the truth of Christian doctrine, he had all his life found a difficulty in accepting the moral teaching of the Gospels. He added that, in fact, the process relied upon was reversed in his case and that, even then, his acceptance of Christ's moral teaching was an act of faith due to the divine authority upon which it rested.

Here, perhaps, more than anywhere else, do we see that Lord Salisbury's High Churchmanship was too definite to be explained away by any assurances of either a Premier or a Dean.

The chapter on his view of the House of Lords will supply much corroboration to those who think that it was the loss of his guiding hand which precipitated the conflict in which the Upper House had to succumb. Beyond doubt the ablest defence for an hereditary Chamber was his, and the advice which he gave the peers to yield at once when the nation authoritatively spoke, while they opposed a resolute front to the House of Commons affecting to speak in the people's name, enabled the old institution that fell in 1912 to weather many a storm in the years that preceded. Probably Conservatism in the best sense never had a more powerful or a more sagacious exponent. During his early years, when his father's resentment about his marriage forced him to earn a living with his pen, he used to contribute to the *Quarterly* and to the *Saturday* political articles marked by rare acuteness of mind and rare felicity of incisive phrase. For Disraeli's programme of "dishing the Whigs" and effecting a powerful combination between old Tories and young Radicals, he had only words of scorn. It may be doubted whether Gladstone himself hated "Dizzy" with a deeper or a holier hatred. The circumstances which led Lord Salisbury to coalesce in later years with the object of his first and most bitter antagonism will interest those who are learned in the ways of coalitions and charitable to the exigencies of party warfare.

These are mere ragged gleanings, picked at random from an ample store. The struggles over the Reform Act of 1867, over the affairs of India, over Eastern questions especially as they affected Russia and Turkey, and many other issues that are within the recollection of men still living, are set forth with vivid minuteness and with admirable critical detachment. Much space is given to that Congress of Berlin, from which the plenipotentiaries returned bearing "peace with honour."

Perhaps the letters and articles written during the Franco-Prussian war, analyzing the character and purposes of Prussia as represented by Bismarck and predicting very much of that which we have since seen come to pass, are among the most notable proofs of Lord Salisbury's prophetic insight. We shall await with eager expectation the third volume in which we shall have set before us the record of his last twenty-five years, including the period of his Premiership. What we have already seen encourages us to pitch high our hopes. Lady Gwendolen has given us volumes of high value and significance, depicting the life of a Minister of the old school, making the best possible case for the *ancien regime*. The present critic, whose convictions about government are removed wide as the poles from hers, and who believes that the logic of events has set Gladstone on a pinnacle to which Lord Salisbury could never have reached, is on that account all the more called upon to record his gratitude and admiration for this faithful picture of one of the greatest of an order that has vanished.

H. L. S.

PAINTED WINDOWS. Studies in Religious Personality. By A Gentleman with a Duster. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York and London. The Knickerbocker Press. 1922.

The brilliant anonymous writer, who in *Mirrors of Downing Street* satirized the politicians and in *The Glass of Fashion* poured ridicule upon some idols of English society, has given us in *Painted Windows* his estimate of notable leaders in the Church. His style and method of writing belong to a type which many critics vehemently dislike, but in which this particular author has specialized with such success as to have stimulated imitators who follow him to the best of their limited capacity. Some of these resemble him very much as the commonplace writer of a detective story resembles the creator of "Sherlock Holmes." One discerns most clearly the power of the original creative mind when one compares its work with that of others who try to reproduce but succeed only in mimicking. The public likes genuine biography, but is fast growing tired of these impressionist sketches, unsigned, written only to amuse readers that are in a hurry, and in which anything like adequate treatment is sacrificed to the mania for smartness or epigram. The metaphor under which an essay upon some conspicuous person is advertised as the reflection of his face in a glass or as a sketch of his features with a pen was a good metaphor when it was first invented. But it is being over-worked, and the ingenuity of the impressionistic brotherhood is being driven to desperate straits to devise even the semblance of variants. One artist announces "Portraits," another "Silhouettes," another "Profiles." *Mirrors of Downing Street* soon called forth *Mirrors of Washington*, and the Canadian performer in the same species of entertainment has offered us *Masques*.

But the resources of the "Gentleman with a Duster" are by no means exhausted. *Painted Windows* is a well-chosen title. It was suggested by a passage from Russell Lowell, who speaks about a struggle for fresh air, in which windows that cannot be opened must be broken, even

though they display the images of saints and martyrs. "Light, coloured by these reverend effigies, was none the more respirable for being picturesque." As our author turned this passage over in his mind, it occurred to him that certain living leaders of the Church are concealing from us God's blessed sunlight not less effectively than that sunlight is dimmed by the stained glass of a cathedral, and that however tenderly we may cherish these antique figures and forms, we may have no option but to clear them out of our way if, in the religious sense, we are determined to breathe.

If any prominent churchman began this book by reading the Introduction, he must have turned with some alarm to the Table of Contents. The names found there are collected from very diverse ecclesiastical groups. The Church of England is represented by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, the Bishop of Manchester, Bishop Gore, Dean Inge, and Canon Barnes; the Roman Church is considered in the person of Father Knox, Unitarianism in that of Dr. L. P. Jacks, Congregationalism in Dr. W. E. Orchard and Principal W. B. Selbie, the Salvation Army in General Bramwell Booth, while Miss Maude Royden "Assistant Preacher at the City Temple from 1918 to 1920" has an indefinable apostolic place of her own. But to liken all these notable people to "painted windows" may suggest a far more severe view of them than the writer intends. The term conveys a haunting analogy which one is puzzled at first to particularize, and to which the recollection of "whited sepulchres" may well turn out to be the horrible key. Nothing like that was really in the author's thoughts. He has a deep respect for nearly all of these energetic figures in church life and for a few he has enthusiastic admiration, but he has also something, critical to say, for he believes with all his heart in the apostle's precept that we should be "able to admonish one another."

Admonish them he certainly does. He thinks that there is in the English nation no mind greater than that of Dean Inge, but that the Dean lacks "profound sympathy with the human race." We hear that Father Knox is one of the wittiest men in England, and one of the cleverest who ever came down from Oxford with the assurance of a great career before them, but that he is now "trying to destroy the last vestige in his mind of a free intellectual existence." The spirit of Bishop Gore is great enough to have given mankind "a book worthy to stand beside the *Imitation*," but "one thinks of him as a soul under a cloud;" "Organization has destroyed him." Bishop Hensley Henson has one of the ablest intellects in the Church of England, but "one might almost say of him that he has intellectualized the Sermon on the Mount, dissected the Prodigal Son as a study in psychology, and taken the heart out of the Fourth Gospel." Thus the book goes on, tempering eulogy with depreciation. The writer's enthusiasm is roused to its highest pitch by Miss Maude Royden and Dr. L. P. Jacks.

Herein we may find the clue to his principle of criticism and evaluation. For the "Gentleman with a Duster" the essence of Christianity is that of a driving social force. It is the *ethos* of the New Testament which he finds to be the central thing that really matters, and the dogma is just the frame in which that spirit has historically come down to us. This does not mean that he would dispense with all dogmas. On the

contrary he regards some of these as quite inseparable from the spirit that they enshrine. But he would not *begin*, he would rather *end* with dogma, and his most bitter onslaught is directed upon those by whom he thinks that this normal sequence is being reversed. He is the sworn enemy of all who would approach Christian truth through the avenue of either ecclesiastical forms or traditional doctrines, rather than through the living experience of the soul in the present. An obvious comment is that the men of the past reached what are now established forms and encrusted traditions through that very method of immediate experience which their critic now demands. What is "past" to us was "present" to them, and their slowly evolved creeds or forms cannot be uninformative. Here is a specimen of the book:—

I believe that there are more evidences for the existence of Christ in the modern scientific world than in the whole lexicon of theology. I believe it is more possible to discern His features and to feel the breath of His lips by confronting the discoveries of modern science than by turning back the leaves of religious history to the first blurred pages of the Christian tradition. I believe, indeed, that it is now wholly impossible for any man to comprehend the Light which shone upon human darkness nearly two thousand years ago, without bringing the documents of the Church to the light which is shining across the world at this present hour from the torch of science.

There is no space here to consider all this in detail. The book is provocative, and intended to be so, for the "Gentleman with a Duster" is very much of Matthew Arnold's opinion that his contemporaries need to be "seasonably disconcerted." There is a homiletic note in each of the three books he has given us. When Coleridge asked Charles Lamb "Did you ever hear me preach?" Lamb replied "I never heard you do anything else." The same might be said of the persistent purpose that this author has pursued in *Mirrors of Downing Street*, *The Glass of Fashion*, and *Painted Windows*. But our lay preacher in these satiric volumes often rises to great heights. He does not in the least belong to that mocking group which delights to point out how the Church has failed. It is to him a painful conviction that she *has* failed, that the world is slipping away from her influence and her direction, that quite other voices and quite other forces are determining the development of mankind. But he has no joy in this, for he feels that the new determination is not upward but downward, and he cherishes a radiant confidence that the old message will appeal once again with its old power when it is spoken in the language of the new time. How far is he right? Upon what real defects has he laid his finger, and in how many cases is he chasing a religious will o' the wisp? For the problem he has set himself is desperately complex and desperately hard. His psychological acumen is great, his powers of arraignment are of the first order, and his zeal for construction is intense. That he expects his book to raise problems rather than to solve them, may be assumed. But he has at least raised them with very unusual power, and no man to whom these are the real issues of life can fail to be grateful or afford to neglect such a book.

H. L. S.

PREACHING IN LONDON. By the Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D.,  
D. D. George H. Doran Company, New York.

This book is made up of selected passages from the diary of an American minister who went from Iowa to the pulpit of the well known City Temple in London, which he occupied during the momentous years 1917-18-19. Dr. Newton first saw England in the summer of 1916. However, he had been a loving student of English history and literature, and he saw it from the beginning with an informed mind and sympathetic heart. His pastorate has been called an adventure in Anglo-American friendship.

The record of this adventure makes delightful reading. Dr. Newton is an excellent representative of the cultured and thoughtful American. There is little if any national prejudice in his outlook. He is certainly eager to see and make the most of what is good in the English and their ways. Yet his love for England is not blind, and he does not hesitate to speak frankly about her more conspicuous faults.

His intimate glimpses of such men as Lloyd George, the Bishop of London, Sir Arthur Pearson, H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, Horatio Bottomley and others, are most convincing. The reader feels as though he had met them himself. It is interesting also to observe how these impressions have been confirmed by later events. On the whole it looks as though the American preacher had a gift for insight into the characters he meets. That they may happen to be famous or powerful does not prejudice his judgment.

This book has peculiar interest for preachers. It might be taken as typical of the way in which the pulpit looks out upon the world of men and affairs. There is an air of being "in the world and not of it" that is inseparably associated with men who read their world in the light of the mind of the Bible and especially of the New Testament. Of course there are laymen who see in the same way. Dr. Newton's diary has this quality of intense and detached interest.

It has another value. Dr. Newton represents not only the way in which a thoughtful American is impressed in England. He stands for a much wider multitude. It is safe to say that on the whole the Canadian and Australian and New Zealander and all those widely scattered peoples who look to Britain as their motherland, particularly those who have been born and reared in British dominions beyond the seas, when they visit England receive practically the same impressions as the minister of the City Temple did. If the English people wish to know how the best Canadians think and feel about them, they would do well to consider Dr. Newton's words both of praise and of blame.

J. A. C.

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THIS FREEDOM. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. McClelland and  
Stewart, Toronto.

The novel "with a purpose" has certain advantages of its own. If its theme is concerned with present day issues, and especially if it is one about which strongly divergent opinions are held, it secures thereby

many readers, and possibly many admirers, who would totally overlook many a work of equal or greater merit on some less timely or debatable subject. On the other hand, its appeal is likely to be limited to the period in which it appears. New problems, social, economic, or ethical, soon occupy the public consciousness, and the fiction which dealt with the earlier ones seems threadbare and faded. Such books as *It is Never too Late to Mend*, *Robert Elsmere*, and *The Inside of the Cup*, have had their day and ceased to be. Hence one may venture to predict for *This Freedom* a tolerably wide popularity and a somewhat short life. It is certainly a clever book, written in a style that is vigorous and trenchant, though not always strictly grammatical. The character of the heroine, if singularly repellent, is clearly drawn and well maintained, and some of the incidents—notably the ruin of the kindly school-teacher "Keggo" through secret drinking—are alive with genuine pathos. The subject of the novel is the injurious effect upon a woman's character of devotion to a business career, and more especially the incompatibility of such a career with the duties of a wife and mother. Rosalie Aubyn, capable and self-centred, is envious of men's freedom and independence, while hating men for their self-indulgence and callousness, and insists on a life of her own, unhampered by home ties. After her marriage this leads to the unhappiness of her husband and eventually to the moral ruin of her children. By way of contrast we are shown her mother, a sweet, somewhat "Victorian" figure, whose life is one of complete self-abnegation and devotion to her children. Unfortunately for the implied moral, the sons and daughters of this excellent woman are represented as quarrelsome, sly and jealous. The upbringing of a family would seem to be a hard job; and as the author regards the father's rôle as at best insignificant, he can fairly argue that it will take all a woman's time and skill to carry it out.

As a work of art the book suffers from exaggeration and over-emphasis. The horrible catastrophes which overwhelm Rosalie's sons and daughter are too melodramatic and spectacular to carry conviction, and the entire tragedy of the story seems somewhat disproportioned for proving the highly important but somewhat obvious truth that a child needs the presence and personal care of a wise and loving mother. Still, the book is worth reading, and its thesis is worth considering.

E. R.

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MAJOR GENERAL SIR GEOFFREY TWINING. A Biographical Sketch, and the Story of his East African Diaries. By Mary Christine Ritchie. Macmillans.

Ever since the establishment of the Royal Military College at Kingston, ambitious graduates of that undervalued institution have found a career in the British Army. Few, if any, have risen higher in the service than Major-General Sir Geoffrey Twining, K. C. M. G., C. B., M. V. O. He was born in Halifax in 1862, and died suddenly in London on Jan. 15, 1920, worn out by his labours and responsibilities during the Great War. After long service in India and explorations in



East Africa, he found his grand opportunity in 1914. All his life had been unconsciously a preparation for five years of brilliant work. From a mere regimental position, he rose to be the chief staff officer of the First Army; he was promoted to the rank of Major-General for his services in the field, and he became the head of the corps of Royal Engineers. Seven decorations and nine mentions in despatches attest the value of his work. Then he passed away.

Two curious facts stand out from the record. At R. M. C. he did not qualify for a commission; it was his three years of hard work in various railway shops which qualified him for his career. The second fact is the idealism of his character, as indicated by the lines from Shakespeare written in his East African diaries:—

What e'er it be, be thou still like thyself.  
 .....Yield not thy neck  
 To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind  
 Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

But Twining would have been the grave of his own deserving. Canada would not have known her loss in this typical Canadian except for the pious labours of a friend. Miss Mary Christine Ritchie, whose family has long been intimately associated with Dalhousie, had access to materials for a life of General Twining, and she has written an inspiring account of his remarkable career. There are the essential facts. They depict the Happy Warrior of our own day. As Miss Ritchie says in her preface regarding Canadians in the Imperial Service: "These men upheld the honour of Canada not only during the War, but in the years that went before. They were at once our gifts to the Empire, and strong links that bound us to it."

A. M. M.