

## NEW BOOKS

JEW SÜSS. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Published by Martin Secker. Sixth Edition.

The story of a pilgrimage, it opens, as such a story should, on the roads of the Duchy of Württemberg in the middle of the eighteenth century where all manner of pilgrims

swept forwards, backwards, and across, came to a standstill, spurred on, stumbled, trotted easily, cursed the bad roads, laughed bitterly or with good-natured mockery at the slowness of the stage, growled at the worn out hacks, the ramshackle vehicles. They all poured on, ebbed back, gossiped, prayed, whored, blasphemed, shrank in fear, exulted and lived.

And how alive they all are! How vividly the splendid procession is seen, how real the people we stop to parley with! If all history could be written like this, the pass list would be unnecessary. This is a book to read, not to be reviewed. Only so can you get to know these strange people. Rabbi Gabriel the Cabbalist, with his troubled grey eyes, much too big for the short, massive head; eyes that sought the secret and eternal things; eyes that so abashed the worldly mind:

When Rabbi Gabriel stood before him, his fine and elegantly poised assurance was suddenly and inexplicably destroyed.

That is characteristic of the whole method of the book. There is no preaching,—only perspective, setting the folly and sin of man in true relation to spiritual realities. Weissensee, for example, the prelate of Hirsau,

who with all his manifold interests lacked warmth. True, he accomplished everything to which he set his hand with thoroughness, industry and expert skill. But whether it was the New Testament, or a report in Parliament, or the cultivation of a new kind of fruit in his garden, he took it all as a game; there was nothing which went past his nerves and touched his heart.

Weissensee with his dreadful curiosity, of which he says:

It must have been a very restless star under which I was born. It never allowed me to settle, but has hounded me on through many countries and over seas, and has bid me peer into the souls of all the creatures of God and Satan. Ah, my memories!

That curiosity which sapped the life from his soul and led to such overwhelming disaster! When Hawthorne wrote *The Scarlet Letter*, the tragedy of the book was not in the fate of Arthur or Hester, but in the slow withering of Hester's husband, Roger, as he indulges his lust of curiosity in the sufferings of his unsuspecting victim. Feuchtwanger agrees with Hawthorne as to the devastating power of this peering curiosity. Man is made for mercy, not for judgment. Happrecht, the so-honest jurist who will in no wise suffer his prejudices to tilt his judgment against the facts; Karl Alexander the Duke, Karl the lecherous, the cruel, the superstitious; Nickles Pfaffle the useful,

taciturn, loyal servant of Süß. And the women! The Countess too old to be a mistress any longer, the Duchess too vinegary to be a wife at any time. The new Duchess with her shining black hair, her delicate, lizard-like face and the small, mocking, pouting mouth. Magdalen Sibylle, the enthusiastic pietist who tries to exorcise the devil, and discovers she has a body in the process. Naemi, the little lovely maid with her dreams and her passionate admiration for her father, Jew Süß. Naemi who found Death so safe a friend at the last! Assjadah, Daughter of the Morning, the Jew's white mare, born in Yemen and so proud to carry the man who does not love her but is so good to bear.

And the Jews! Has anyone ever written with such sincerity and such revealing power of the Jews, with their age-long sorrows, their deep suspicion of the powers of this world, and their devotion to the Word? The Third and Fifth Books open with masterly and unforgettable cameos of this mystical, unconquerable race. You will travel many a weary commentator's mile without coming upon such a commanding view of Jewry. Against the background of their incredible sufferings one sees their heroic spiritual triumph.

All of them had a sure and secret knowledge in common. To many it was not clear; only a very few could have expressed it; some shielded themselves from a definite recognition of it. But it pulsed in their blood, it was in their innermost soul; the deep, mysterious, certain awareness of the senselessness, the inconstancy, the worthlessness of power. They had sat so long puny and straitened among the peoples of the earth, like dwarfs, dissipated into absurd atoms. They knew that to exercise power and to ensure power is not the real, the important thing. The colossi of force, did they not all to go rack and ruin one after the other? But they, the powerless, had set their seal on the world.

And the little nation writes the two books which have most of all changed the face of the world, the great Book of Deeds, the Old Testament, and the great Book of Renunciation, the New Testament. But the stubborn desire for immortality remains the dominant note in all its living and writing. The sons of the little nation go out into the world and live according to the doctrines of the West. Causation, struggle, accumulation. But in spite of all they are not quite at home in action; their place is on the bridge between action and renunciation.

What an inevitable phrase, that last, for the truth about the people of Zion! How true both to their canny worldliness and their sublime mysticism!

And they always turn back to gaze at Zion. Often in the fulfilment of victory, in the realization of defeat, in the very midst of their career, they come to a halt with a shudder of awe, hearing among a thousand brazen echoes a still, dying voice which says: "Will nothing, do nothing, renounce your ego!" And many a one follows the road to the very end; from the wild turmoil of doing, from power, happiness and possession, through a stubborn refusal to renounce into the bliss of vacancy and absolution, into the ebbtide of inaction and abnegation.

And that is an epitome of Jew Süß, who discovers in mid career that he is no Jew after all, but the bastard son of Marshal Heydersdorff. He refuses to publish the fact because, like so many others of the sons of men, he feels his kinship with the children of Abraham. It is with Jew Süß, statesman, sensualist, financier, mystic that the book is mainly concerned. What a relief this book is from the smearing ugliness of *Elmer Gantry*! Both writers have to do with the soul in

the horrible pit and the miry clay, but the one is so preoccupied with the mire in the pit's dim light that the soul is never seen. The other is concerned with deliverance, with finding the rock. From beginning to end there is a steady lift. The writer stands on rock himself. He does not slither in the mire. His eyes are clear and informed with a stern pity. He knows how long a business it is to get the soul clear from its miring. He writes a pilgrim's progress, not a prig's. In this connection nothing is more convincing than the story of the end. Süß has been condemned to death, and is taken to the scaffold. In the prison he has begun to find himself, and to realize the futility of his hatred. In spite of his terrible sufferings he is happy, and holds communion with Naemi. Now on the scaffold the Town Vicar, Hoffmann, speaks to him once more of heaven and earth, forgiveness of sin, of God, faith and atonement:

Süß gazed around him while he listened to the other, and then slowly looked the Town Vicar up and down, and turned away and spat. Eyes opened wide, and a low hiss of indignation arose from the crowd and as quickly died away. Now the assistant hangmen in their gaudy new uniforms seized him and opened his coat. At the touch of their coarse, clumsy hands he recoiled with disgust, his numbness disappeared, and he hit out desperately to defend himself. All necks were stretched still further. It was curious to see how the man in the white beard and the fine clothes, with the diamond blazing on his hand, fought and struggled with the assailants. The children laughed with glee, and clapped their hands; on one of the stands a rouged lady began to scream shrilly and continuously, and had to be removed. The Jew's cap fell on the ground and was trodden into the slush. The hangmen seized him firmly, tore off his coat, pushed him into the cage and put the halter round his neck.

Think how the sentimentalist would have dealt with that situation. What mildness and turning of the other cheek! That spitting contempt, that fierce resistance would not be consistent with this more heavenly minded Süß. It is consistent only with reality, with the actual man in his passionate struggles for sanctity. Think how the cynic would have dealt with it! If we may judge from *Elmer Gantry*, he would have brought some wanton to the scaffold, whose wiles would have revealed the ogling sensuality of the incorrigible libertine. But this realist! Listen:

There he stood. He heard a little breeze, the breathing of the mob, the clattering of the horses, the curses of the clergymen. Were these the last things he was to hear on earth? He thirsted to hear something else, he opened wide his heart and his ears, yearning to hear something else. But he heard nothing else save his own breathing and the pulse of his own blood. The cage was already rocking and rising. And then through the empty and cruel hubbub there soared another sound, the sound of loud and guttural voices crying: "One and Eternal is the God of Israel, Jehovah Adonai, the Everlasting, the Infinite!" It is the Jews, the small Jaakob Joshua Falk, the burly Rabbi of Furth, the shabby Isaac Landauer. They are standing wrapped in their praying cloaks, they and seven others, making ten as is prescribed; they pay no heed to the crowd, which turns its eyes away from the gallows towards them; they sway their bodies wildly, and they stand crying, shrilling, wailing the prayer for the dying, clear over the broad square. "Hear, O Israel. One and Eternal is Jehovah Adonai!" The words mount from their lips as white vapour in the strong frost, up to the ears of the man in the cage, and the son of Marshal Heydersdorff opens his mouth and cries in answer: "One and Eternal is Jehovah Adonai."

Oh, a superb book! The writer sees men as they really are, in all the confusion of their warring instincts. He knows that men do not

become saints in a flash, that always "the treasure is in earthen vessels." He knows, what many a man learned in the War, that Death has no power of sanctification. He knows you cannot conventionalize the soul of man, you can only observe it, and wonder, and faithfully record the things you have seen. But the result of his observation is not confusion, because he has discovered that the final truth of the soul is neither in its lust nor in its vengeance. He knows what the cynic and the sentimentalist never learn, that God has set Eternity in our hearts, and that beyond our striving and our anger and our dying is that Eternal Life where the hope of man abides.

A. R. GEORGE.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION. (1917-1926) By Lancelot Lawton. Macmillan & Co. London. 1927.

This book is not, as might perhaps be inferred from the title, a history of the events occurring during the Revolution in Russia; it is rather a survey of the results of that Revolution as shown in the conditions—economic, political, social, moral and educational—now existing in the Soviet Republic. For such an undertaking the author seems to have been remarkably well equipped. An Englishman who had resided for many years before the war in Russia, conversant with the language and married to a Russian lady, he returned to the country in 1924 as correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*. Not only did he spend much time in Moscow and Leningrad, but he took extended journeys through the province investigating the condition of the peasants and the inhabitants of the small towns. The results appear to be given with candour and impartiality. He does not fail to notice those features of the Soviet régime which are creditable to the Government and of good augury for the future welfare of the nation. The care taken for the art treasures of the nation, the interesting development of the theatre, the encouragement given to proletarian literature, the enlightened legislation for the support of factory workers, which though at present very limited in its application is ahead of that in other countries, are all fully recognized. Yet the picture he draws is most depressing. Though the working class is given the preference in everything, yet its economic condition is at least as unfavorable as before the war. The old aristocracy is practically wiped out, the survivors are in exile, or if still in Russia are miserable and demoralized. Members of the bourgeoisie are persecuted and their work is underpaid, while they live in constant dread of what the future may bring them. "No one can think of anything but the material of everyday existence. The atmosphere is perpetually charged with nervous irritability, and affection is put to the severest strain. Always something untoward is happening; an article of essential clothing wears out, or food supplies run short, or illness occurs." Of the peasantry it is said that, in spite of their acquisition of the land, they are as a whole 40 per cent less well off than before the war. The book is full of information, and is deserving of close study.

E. R.

THE REIGN OF RASPUTIN. By M. V. Rodzianko. Translated by Catherine Zvegintzoff. A. M. Philpot, Ltd. London. 1927.

The author of this work was a prominent Russian politician, an aristocrat by birth and a leading member of the Octobrist party,—the party of moderate reformers. For several years previous to the Revolution he was President of the Duma. He died in exile in 1924. He appears to have been a sincerely patriotic man, deeply anxious for the welfare and honour of his country, and absolutely loyal to his sovereign. Neither he nor any other of the Russian statesmen had the genius and force of character to save the dynasty from ruin or the nation from the horrors of Revolution; yet it is impossible to follow this account of the events preceding that catastrophe without deep sympathy for those Russians who realized but failed to check the flood that was to engulf their land. The author writes without bitterness of the Tsar Nicholas, but does not disguise his mental incapacity and his fatal lack of will-power. Childish and weakminded, and wholly dominated by a silly, superstitious and obstinate woman, the last of the Romanoffs is a pitiable object; his reign was the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory of hereditary absolutism. Rasputin's part in the drama was that of the villain of the piece; but that this vile illiterate peasant, whose bestial immorality and licentiousness were well known, should have become a centre of influence at court, have seduced ladies of the aristocracy, and have enjoyed the favour of Grand Dukes and high officials of the Church, indicates how hopelessly rotten was the whole edifice which the Revolution overturned. We get in the book before us a graphic picture of conditions in Russia during the great war. We are enabled to realize the causes and the extent of the demoralization of the army and the gradual disillusionment of the people at large, who had entered upon the struggle with enthusiasm and hope. It is easy to see how thoroughly the ground was prepared for the seed which Lenin was to sow, and from which such a strange and mighty harvest was destined to spring.

E. R.

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SELECT BRITISH DOCUMENTS OF THE CANADIAN WAR OF 1812.  
Edited, with an Introduction, by William Wood. In Three  
Volumes. Volume III, Part I. Toronto. 1926.

The judicious reviewer of this work can do little more than repeat the praise already bestowed upon previous volumes of the Champlain Society. In print, paper, lucidity of arrangement, ease of handling, it approaches the ideal, and the name of Colonel Wood is a guarantee of thorough editing. How it could be improved, is very difficult to see.

Volume III covers the latter part of the war from the beginning of January, 1814, until the very end. The text of the Treaty of Ghent is included. Operations on the frontiers ranged from Montreal to Michillimackinac. Perhaps the main events are the obstinate battle of Lundy's Lake, which Ontario remembers so well, and the shame of

Plattsburg, which we would all so willingly forget. Snider has told in his vivid picturesque way how Downie in his half-armed, half-manned flotilla was hounded to his death by Prevost, and how Prevost with his strong force of Wellington's veterans from the Peninsula did nothing but march off the untried field. Here are 160 pages of documents, including the court martial proceedings, which supply the data for Snider's narrative. It is a shameful story of gallant men called on to perform the impossible by an incompetent superior. English generals rose to command in the old days by seniority, purchase or "interest"; they were, as a rule, incapable of conducting a campaign. Wolfe, Moore, Wellesley were exceptions to the rule. Prevost was one of the worst.

Readers of this *Review* will be interested in the thirty pages of documents relating to the Castine expedition, to which Dalhousie College owes its origin. Local historians are inclined to regard these operations as solely for the purpose of checking American privateers, but Colonel Wood relates it to the general scheme as a British counter-invasion of the United States. Prevost failed, Sherbrooke succeeded; but the main outcome of his swift dash upon a hostile naval base is a Canadian university with four faculties and seven hundred students.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

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THE CHRISTIAN AND WAR. By M. F. McCutcheon, Allan P. Shatford, W. A. Gifford, Richard Roberts, W. D. Reid, T. W. Jones. McClelland & Stewart. Toronto. 1926.

TEN YEARS OF WAR AND PEACE. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1927.

THE THIRD BRITISH EMPIRE. By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press. 1926.

There are two strong arguments against war: (1) It is wicked, and (2) it is stupid. War is wicked, and therefore its advocates ought to be in hell. War is stupid, and Mars and his friends should be sent to a lunatic asylum. Traditionally, it is the function of ministers of the gospel to warn people to flee from the wrath to come. But hell has lost many of its ancient terrors nowadays. So the six doctors of divinity have not wasted their time trying to frighten us into opposing war because it is wicked to kill our brethren. They know their public better than that.

No, war is very, very stupid. "War is the sacrifice of the youth of the world to the incompetence and selfishness of the mature and the aged of the world. War is the final condemnation, the crowning shame, of corrupt or selfish or incompetent political and economic leadership, and it is chiefly youth that pays." The mental pathologist stands at the door of the home for the feeble-minded, and invites us to come in. We enter.

Why does youth pay? Have we no schools, no universities? What is the use of brains, if we persist in behaving like sheep? "War is the crowning shame of incompetent leadership." What simple, what soporific, what anaesthetic has the despot administered to us (for you and I are still young) that we should follow him to perdition? "The material cost of the war has been carefully estimated at more than three hundred billions of dollars . . . it cost every six hours as much as this continent spends annually for missions." Why do we spend so much money on gunpowder? We have been drugged with lies, and have become de-sensitized to truth. "Every Government establishes a censorship and systematically deceives its own people." "The Great War itself could have been averted, had not secret diplomacy been at work." These are the words of men who think before they write. Two of the authors served with the Canadian army during the Great War.

But war *is* wrong, is it not? And if war is wrong, who is more qualified to condemn it than a Christian minister, especially one who has been through it? Of course our authors condemn it, but they want their readers to realize first of all that it is the result of *human* incompetence, *human* selfishness, *human* stupidity. In their passion for humanity, here and now, these apostles of a better world burn with righteous indignation at the indifference of those to whom "the hypothetical terrors of eternity have seemed more immediate than the actual horrors of war." What would you do if a burglar entered your bedroom at midnight and threatened to shoot your wife? In other words, are there not times when a "red-blooded he-man" ought to fight, *must* fight? "Our position differs from a thorough pacifism in this, that we distinguish between war and international police action." Before the League of Nations was created, nations fought first and enquired afterwards—which is stupid.

Some will doubtless be offended at the boldness of the book. But none can now accuse the church ministers of hiding their light under a bushel. *The Christian and War* is more than "An Appeal"; it is a challenge to all, whether Christians (church-members?) or not, to "think out the great human issues . . . and thus become creative factors in progress".

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In the preface to *Ten Years of War and Peace*, Mr. A. C. Coolidge "craves the indulgence of the reader" for having reprinted in 1927, without emendation or after-thought, ten assorted essays on world affairs, the earliest of which appeared in the *American Historical Review* for July, 1912. "I have made no corrections, preferring to accept criticism for opinions or predictions which have since proved to be mistaken."

Having promised to take it lying down, Mr. Coolidge must not be perturbed if his reviewers ask him a few questions, the answers to which are merely adumbrated in his brilliant essays. Whether the subject be "Russia after Genoa and the Hague", or "The Future of the Monroe Doctrine", or "The European Reconquest of North Africa", or "The Break-up of the Hapsburg Empire", Mr. Coolidge interests the reader, informs the student, and inspires the worker. Will he not

tell us more about the future of Canada? The following is brief enough to be interesting, but hardly covers the subject:

Nationalism tends to be bound up with some particular language, and there is a marked disposition on the part of the people speaking that language, and even of those speaking languages in the same group, to draw closer together. The natural drift of the future would therefore appear to be, on the one hand, towards something like a federation between the so-called Anglo-Saxon nations, with perhaps union between the United States and Canada (it is too late to talk of "annexation"); on the other, towards Pan Iberianism . . .

Never mind about Pan Iberianism. "The natural drift of the future . . . perhaps union between the United States and Canada." Perhaps not. But Mr. Coolidge is a great authority on these questions, and we must not allow feelings or prejudices to interfere with "the natural drift of the future." What Anglo-Saxon nations are likely to enter into a federation? Not the United States and Great Britain, one presumes. If so, on what grounds, terms, and prospects? Because the American Republican Party is in sympathy with the British Labour Party? Because Great Britain is a member of the League of Nations and the United States is not? ("We intend to stay outside with Russia, Mexico and Ecuador." Page 158). Because Great Britain thinks partnership will solve the debt problem? Because democracy without kings, princes, and the Oxford drawl is a sad failure?

"Leagues of nations", says Mr. Coolidge on page 96, "even to further the ideas they themselves had started, did not appeal to" Americans. One is reminded of Barnum's story about the lion and the lamb living together peaceably in the same compartment. "Of course", added the circus-magnate with a smile, "the lamb has to be renewed every now and again." How is this Anglo-Saxon federation to adapt itself to the famous Monroe doctrine? "In his speech of August 30, 1923, Secretary Hughes declared: 'The Monroe Doctrine is distinctively the policy of the United States; the Government of the United States reserves to itself its definition, interpretation, and application.'" We used to play this game in the school-yard, but it rarely succeeded. It was called, "Heads we win, Tails you lose."

Now for the question Mr. Coolidge is invited to answer in another decade. Ten good essays deserve ten more. Our Sir George Foster told the Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations, Sept. 15, 1926: "We consider" (he was speaking for the Canadian Government) "that we have equal rights to representation on the Council and otherwise with every one of the fifty-six members of the League of Nations." World Federation or Anglo-Saxon Federation? Geneva or Washington?

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The "Third" British Empire of which Mr. Zimmern speaks is our own, the first having perished in 1776, while the second culminated in 1918.

We are all Empire Builders now, he says, and "where Canada leads, the other Dominions generally follow." Mr. Zimmern has some personal reminiscences to give:

On the day that the Canadian correspondence relating to the Treaty of Lausanne was published in the press, I happened to be calling on a British diplomat in a foreign capital. "Have you seen this morning's news?" he asked me. "The Empire is breaking up. Canada has refused to ratify the Turkish Treaty."

How times have changed since the old colonial empire, when Canada and Australia and New Zealand were dump-heaps for malevolent and misanthropic misfits! Again:—

What has been the constitutional development since 1918? I well remember a certain day in December, 1918, when as I was working in my room in the British Foreign Office, somebody entered, in a condition of much excitement, and told us that Canada wished to be represented at the Peace Conference, and was even taking an interest in the League of Nations. It was very inconvenient. What was the Foreign Office to do? Well, what could it do? Canada's losses were as heavy as Belgium's. Canada had morally and materially as much right to share in those deliberations as the smaller allies. Once more, as always in this story, Downing Street acquiesced. Canada secured what she wished, and the other Dominions followed her lead.

*O tempora, O mores!* John Bull on his knees before a "bally colonial". "Canada secured what she wished, and the other Dominions followed her lead."

The treaty between Great Britain and Japan was due to expire in the summer of 1921. Should it be renewed? The British Foreign Office was in favour of its renewal, and its view was shared by the majority of the Dominions; but an Imperial Conference, held at that time, revealed the fact that the Canadian Premier was strongly opposed to renewal. Relations between Japan and the United States at that moment were not of the best, and Canada was unwilling to take a step which would be viewed unfavourably by her American neighbours.

The United States of America! *Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galere?*

Canada negotiated that Treaty (Halibut) with the United States in the usual way, but the Imperial Government desired that when it was signed the British Ambassador at Washington, in accordance with the hitherto recognized practice, should affix his signature to it also. Canada contested that right, and as a result she had her way.

Empire Builders have duties and responsibilities to perform, as well as rights and privileges to exercise. Professor Zimmern, former Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, standing authority on Greek History and the British Commonwealth of Nations, concludes with the Imperialist's Creed:

We of the Third British Empire know that empires and constitutions are nothing in themselves. They exist to serve men and nations, not to mould them or to exploit them . . . We believe that our Commonwealth of Nations will live on as an enduring partnership in common tasks and common hopes . . . especially fitted . . . to render service both to its own citizens and to all mankind.

C. H. MERCER.

EMILY DAVIES AND GIRTON COLLEGE. By Barbara Stephen.  
Constable & Co. London. 1927.

The history of the feminist movement in Great Britain has still to be written. For one important phase of it the present volume provides valuable material. The opening of the doors of Cambridge University to women, hesitating and partial though it was at first, marked an epoch in the intellectual renaissance of the women of England; and Emily Davies, the founder of Girton College and for many years its presiding spirit, is a vigorous and arresting figure. Associated with her were other notable women such as Madame Bodichon and Mrs. Garrett Anderson, whose personalities and work were almost as remarkable as her own. Miss Stephen is too good a biographer to conceal or minimise the faults of her heroine and the mistakes which she made, which were not a few. But the portrait loses nothing by this candour, for the impression left with the reader is that of a fine strong character and of the inauguration, in spite of almost overwhelming difficulties and innumerable discouragements, of a most beneficent work. Among those with whom Miss Davies came in contact and by whom she was influenced in various ways were George Eliot, Professor Henry Sidgwick, Sir John Seeley, Henry Fawcett and his wife, and Lady Stanley of Alderley. The book is excellently written, and may be recommended to all who are interested in the higher education of young women.

E. R.

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ICE AGES—RECENT AND ANCIENT. By A. P. Coleman. The  
Macmillan Company. New York. 1926.

Some seventy years ago, Louis Agassiz, deeply impressed by what he had observed of ice-action among the mountains of his Alpine home, put forth his theory of a Great Ice Age to account for earth surface features that had long puzzled geologists. Although received with caution, the theory was soon generally accepted, and there followed the idea of several advances and retreats of ice sheets during the Great Ice Age. Later came proofs of severe glaciation in the more distant and remote past of the world's history; one of them, perhaps the greatest of all ice ages, followed closely upon the time of the Great Coal Period, and another away back before the time in which there are found abundant fossils in the rocks.

This strange occurrence of glaciation at various times throughout the world's long story is the theme of Dr. Coleman's most interesting and instructive book.

In the introduction are discussed briefly certain principles that tend to pave the way for the body of the thesis. These are,—variations of climate involving a lowering or raising of temperature that would bring about or reduce glaciation; the work of present day glaciers; the surface features that remain as evidence of such work; and the effect of time and deforming influences upon such material:

"The Pleistocene Ice Age is naturally the one of which we know most, since the earth is only now recovering from its effects, if indeed we are not living in an interglacial period; and the drift deposits which tell its strange story cover millions of square miles in countries occupied by some of the most highly civilized nations". The manner of treatment of this time of glaciation is such as to prepare for the discussion of the more remote periods in which the evidence is not so conspicuous nor so easily convincing. Ice Sheets of North America are described, in the order in which they seem to have made their appearance—the Cordilleran, the Keewatin, and the Labradorean. The extent and probable thickness of these ice sheets as well as that which covered Greenland are discussed. Interglacial stages, as worked out for the Mississippi valley, and the Toronto glacial formation receive attention. There follows the glaciation of Iceland and Spitzbergen, Northern Europe, the Alps, Asia, Tropical and South Temperate lands, and Antarctica. General conclusions are then drawn from this mass of evidence, not the least interesting of which is the effect of glaciation upon life, both animal and plant. "These short spells of trial and stress meant far more for the development of the world's inhabitants than all the long periods of ease and sloth when the earth was a hot-house."

After dealing with the various ways of estimating the duration of the Pleistocene Ice Age, Dr. Coleman concludes that "In general, one may say that a great ice age lasts for at least some hundreds of thousands of years, and may continue for a million years or more."

The proofs of ancient glaciation are found in boulder conglomerates which are regarded as consolidated till—"tillite." The shape of the boulders is the same as that found in the Pleistocene till; they are occasionally "soled", and some are striated. In some localities the rock underlying the conglomerate is smoothed and striated. The further back in the past these beds of clay and boulders were laid down, the less chance is there of their preservation, and the more likelihood of their deformation. The surprising thing is that so much that is readily recognizable has been preserved and found.

The description of these ancient tillites that have been found in widely separated parts of the world and belonging to various geological times is presented in a most readable way. From the presence of tillite in certain localities, glaciation is inferred; but in others it is conclusively proved. There is Eocene and Jurassic tillite in North America. In all the sub-divisions of the Palaeozoic Era it is found; and in the late Pre-Cambrian and in the Huronian. Great interest centres around the glaciation that occurred towards the end of the Palaeozoic—the Permo-Carboniferous. The evidence is unmistakable that during this time there were great ice sheets within the Tropics in India, and slightly beyond the Tropics in South Africa, South America and Australia, and these were on low ground. Interglacial deposits are found in South America and Australia. This is regarded as the greatest ice age of the world, and is one that is most difficult of explanation. While Pleistocene glaciation was largely in the Northern Hemisphere, the Permo-Carboniferous was in lower latitudes and within the Tropics.

The Gowganda tillite of Huronian age in and around the Cobalt district in Canada is shown to be of glacial origin, and an extensive ice sheet must have existed there. Dr. Coleman's work upon this conglomerate did much to further the study of ancient glaciation. In this country of very old rocks there are other much altered beds that may be tillites.

The last part of the book deals with the causes of glaciation. The principal theories which have been put forward to account for ice ages are discussed. Dr. Coleman's opinion is that "no single cause as expressed in one of the theories proposed" can account for the results. "Some combination of astronomic, geologic, and atmospheric conditions seems to be necessary to produce such catastrophic events in the world's history."

Dr. Coleman has for many years been a keen student of glaciology, and a strong advocate of ancient glaciation. He has visited and examined many of the ancient tillites that he has described, so that he speaks with authority. His book is written in a clear, simple, concise style, and the arrangement of the material is excellent. It is well illustrated, and at the end of each chapter is a bibliography. To the glaciologist, *Ice Ages, Recent and Ancient* is invaluable. Its array of facts, the deductions therefrom, and the list of books that deal with the subject clearly place the matter of glaciation in the line for intensive study. The layman who gains access to the book will find a store of information that will interest, instruct and give profit. In short, the volume is an excellent contribution to our literature, and merits all the praise that reviewers are bestowing upon it.

D. S. McINTOSH.

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MY GARDEN DREAMS. By Ernest P. Fewster. The Graphic Publishers. Ottawa. 1926.

To every garden lover there is a special pleasure in the discovery of a new enthusiast for his pet hobby. And it is to those who delight in flowers for the sheer beauty of them and for the joy of planting and tending them that Dr. Fewster's graceful and pleasant book will most strongly appeal. As its name suggests, it is not a practical manual for the gardener, nor a scientific treatise for the botanist, but a sympathetic presentation of the peculiar loveliness of garden favorites, in which the visions and feelings they call up are as lively as are their actual forms and colours. In such a scheme the manner is almost as important as the matter, and Dr. Fewster's style has both distinction and charm. Moreover, he possesses that "inward eye" which belongs to the poet, and with this goes an ironic yet not unkindly humour. We have not much of this type of light essay in Canada, and it is very welcome. The book reflects credit not only on its author but on its publishers; printing, paper, and binding are excellent, while the marginal illustrations by E. W. Harrold are pretty and appropriate.

E. R.

TECUMSEH, A DRAMA. DREAMLAND AND OTHER POEMS. THE AMERICAN BISON. THROUGH THE MACKENZIE BASIN. MEMOIRS AND REMINISCENCES. By Charles Mair. Vol. XIV of Master-works of Canadian Authors. The Radisson Society of Canada. Toronto. 1926.

The works of Dr. Mair are well worthy of being included in the series of which this forms the fourteenth volume. His first essay in verse-form, "Dreamland and Other Poems", was published as long ago as 1868. There is not much in it that is of great merit, but it has an interest as foreshadowing the tendencies which shortly afterwards made themselves felt in Canadian poetry—a genuine love of natural beauty, and an effort to represent truthfully its definitely Canadian aspects. Even in this early work there are short passages to be found of real charm, but for the most part the poet's reach at that time exceeded his grasp. Of much more interest is the drama "Tecumseh", which appeared in 1886. Here the language is of sustained dignity, and the versification has often no small beauty. It is possible that the author's manifest desire to be faithful to the actual facts of history has somewhat hampered the conduct of his play. But taken as a drama to be read—and it is obviously not intended for the stage—it must be granted that, as the editor says in his Foreword, Tecumseh is "the first instance in our literature of a distinctive native drama, poetically conceived and of enduring literary merit."

As a writer of prose, Dr. Mair is entitled to take high rank among Canadian authors. He is the master of a vigorous, direct, nervous style. Of his subject-matter he usually has a first-hand knowledge and can speak with authority. His essay on "The American Bison" is full of curious and interesting information about this now almost extinct animal. In his writings on the North-west he shows kindly sympathy and understanding of its inhabitants—Indian, half-breed, and white, and a keen appreciation of the beauty and mystery of these wild lands he has known so long and so intimately.

E. R.

BY COPEQUID BAY. By Alexander Louis Fraser. The Ryerson Poetry Chap-books. The Ryerson Press. Toronto. 1927.

In this little volume of verse the author shows the same qualities of seriousness and sincerity with which his readers are familiar in his previously published poetry. Most of the poems here given are sonnets, this form being a favourite one with Dr. Fraser. The sonnet on "The Dalhousie University Centenary" will be of special interest to many readers of this *Review*. That on "The Dedication of the Memorial Tower at Halifax" gained for the writer the first prize in a competition for poems on that occasion. But the finest in the present collection is the sonnet entitled "Westminster Abbey's Welcome to the Unknown Soldier", which has all the intensity of feeling, elevation of thought, and grave dignity of language appropriate to its subject.

E. R.

THE THEORY OF INTERNATIONAL PRICES. By J. W. Angell.  
Cambridge. Harvard University Press. 1926.

This volume maintains the reputation of the series in which it appears for thorough and laborious scholarship. The author feels that the ordinary treatment of that part of the theory of international trade which is concerned with prices is incomplete and generally unsatisfactory. This applies with special force to the classical English doctrine, which generally has furnished the basis of the theory and has been "so long regarded as the one unassailable part of the older English teaching." He therefore undertakes an extensive examination of the literature of the subject with a view to formulating, in the last section of the text, a re-statement of the doctrine which will fill in existing gaps and be free from current errors.

Dr. Angell has made a distinct contribution to the scientific literature of this subject. The examination of the works of other writers, to which three-quarters of the volume is devoted, is by itself a considerable achievement, while the re-formulation of the theory is courageous and on the whole successful. At some points, however, criticism of the older writers is advanced which is unnecessary if not unjust. For example, the failure of Thornton to distinguish between convertible and inconvertible currencies when speaking of the effect of issues of paper upon the exportation of gold, is not material. For the implication that "an excessive quantity of an inconvertible paper currency can be the cause of an exportation of gold" is far from unreasonable.

Again, Ricardo's doctrine regarding the effect of gold movements on prices, and particularly the nature of the differences in price levels between countries, appears to be misinterpreted, and the criticisms on that point are therefore invalid. The proper interpretation of Ricardo's statements on the matter seems to be that differences in prices between countries are found in "home commodities, and those of great bulk", and that the prices of international commodities are everywhere the same except for costs of transportation, etc. The author suggests that this interpretation is ruled out because Ricardo speaks of price differences between articles which "are common to most countries." But it seems more reasonable to believe that Ricardo meant this phrase to denote the "home commodities" he had spoken of before, i.e., those goods which, since they occur naturally in most countries, do not need to be acquired by foreign trade.

There is no desire, however, to be apologist for the Classicists. Dr. Angell's method of approach to this part of the theory of international trade, the shift of emphasis from quantity of labour to money costs and prices, the dwelling on "mechanisms"—a word which recurs frequently in the text—and the attempt throughout to keep in close touch with factual details, are all to be welcomed. One may be pardoned for questioning, whether the author has really "made serious inroads" on the classical theory of international trade, as he suggests he has done. He has re-stated the explanation, so far as it is concerned with "mechanisms", in terms of the trade machinery of our day; he has filled in gaps which the older writers in their haste neglected, and he has sometimes discovered and repaired defective places in the structure.

W. R. MAXWELL.