THE OUTLANDER

D. J. CONACHER

HANLON'S first appearance at our summer place was, in itself, quite symbolic. As it occurred at the preposterous hour of seven-thirty a.m., (all self-respecting cottagers on the Island remain in bed till at least nine o'clock), few of us were up to witness it. However, my aunt, the one dutiful member of our family, sometimes lets the dog out at this time and so was able to make a report. Just as she was about to sink back into her warm bed, she was startled by the sound of a rich and exuberant baritone coming from the direction of the lake-shore just below our house. She looked out of the window, and there, poised on a rock a few feet above the water, stood a strange man, dressed in bathing trunks and "giving out" with a sympathetic and tuneful rendering of "Home on the Range."

"What I'd call a really fine figure of a man, too," declared my aunt enthusiastically. "At least, I've never seen anything like it on *this Isand* before."

"Sounds like a noisy, objectionable sort of fellow," said my father, quite without justification. He was himself a well-set up sort of man of middle years.

My aunt's early morning bulletin aroused sufficient curiosity in our family for my brother and me to be sent out on a scouting expedition. (We had arrived after dark the previous evening and had not had sufficient light or energy to look around the familiar scenery.) Now, we felt, something unusual was afoot, and we were not disappointed. About one hundred yards down the shore from our place, we espied a completely new cottage that, to the best of our knowledge, had not been there on the occasion of our preliminary "cleaning and airing" visit the previous week-end. There was certainly no missing it now: in the long line of old shacks—our "cottages"—straggling along the lake-front, it stood out like a newly minted coin. It was the one cottage that in an ordinary summer resort might have been regarded as worthy of the name. It was neatly rectangular, compact, and cheerfully coloured; it had two doors just where you would expect doors to be—one squarely in front, flanked by two windows and letting out onto a gravel path to the road; the other leading to a neat patch of lawn in front of the lake. One of the windows had a bright little awning outside and bright chintz curtains within; the other was still bare, but one expected a similar blossoming there at any moment. On the corner of its

neat, red-shingled roof nestled a miniature chimney, which gave forth a delicate wisp of grey smoke. "A dream of a cottage," but amid the familiar homeliness of our colony—a nightmare excrescence.

Beside the apparition lounged a tall stranger, obviously my aunt's "fine figure of a man," nonchalantly swinging a heavy hammer. I will always remember this first tableau of Hanlon, so perfectly did it epitomize the sense of easy, mysterious efficiency that was a part of him. His air of god-like mastery suggested that he had just created the house beside him out of nothing; indeed, as far as I could see, this actually appeared to be the case. My brother was slightly more sophisticated. "Pre-fabricated!" he muttered in tones of shocked disgust, and rushed home with this second news despatch about the Outlander.

To understand the full impact that the new house and the new ways of Hanlon had upon our neighbours and ourselves you must first know something of the nature of our summer colony. The cottages—there are about twenty of them—are not really cottages at all: they are old shacks, remnants of what was once an Island community composed of families employed in a ship-building company long since dissolved. A few of the houses have been re-built, but mostly they have just been touched up a little and, with an annual coat of whitewash and an occasional shingling job, serve quite comfortably. Inside, of course, women have transformed them by numerous deft and subtle dodges that I will not attempt to describe. They are, moreover, cooler in summer and cosier in the early frosts of fall than is a regulation summer cottage, and despite their rough exterior there is a certain cheerful homeliness to the oddly shaped rooms with their deep fire-places and sturdy walls. Obviously however, as summer homes they are by no means smart. Hanlon's cottage was very smart, indeed.

The summer inhabitants of our Island are mostly professors and their families from a nearby University town. They have been attracted to the Island, partly by its pleasant and convenient situation, partly by its unusual (and economical) character as a summer resort, but mostly by the opportunity it offers of behaving just as they please among their own kind. A professor in a summer community composed mainly of genial Kiwanians suffers from that peculiar attitude, a mixture of patronage and deference, that the man of business takes toward the man of letters or of science. The latter is an oddity;

he is expected to do badly what the average man does well, and to be profound on topics at which the average man shakes his head admiringly but privately dismisses as unimportant in the real business of living. Finally, he is frequently addressed simply as "Professor" and referred to as "the Professor", a label that causes the poor man, who is flesh and blood like anybody else, to shudder to the depths of his soul.

Hanlon was definitely a man of the outside world. My brother and I gathered, from adult conversation, that he was a business man—I remember hearing something about a Trust Company—which was a sufficient classification at our age. He called each of his neighbours, as, by degrees, he met them, (and it didn't take him long), either "Professor" or "Doctor" or "Dean"; he spoke with deference of their academic pursuits, and with good-natured tolerance of their hobbies and homely contrivances. He was forever trying to help them in one way or another in what he felt to be their confused efforts with such practical affairs as hammers or gasoline engines. He was amazed at the state of comfortable disrepair into which most of the houses, particularly in such features as pumps, back sheds, sun porches and the like, were allowed to deteriorate and was tickled at the make-shift remedies applied. I believe it was his secret ambition to set the entire Island to rights and make it look presentable. In fact, it was in his capacity as a master jack-of-all-trades that most of us came to meet him.

One might be surprised that Hanlon became accepted as readily as he was. But he was in many ways a most attractive man. His physical attributes alone gave him most of the female vote. Though he cheerfully admitted his thirty-eight summers, he had the lithe, muscular fitness of a twenty-year old athlete. The girls imagined that their future mates would look like that; the wives wished that their husbands did, and the mothers gave their young more milk and body-building foods in the hope of rearing a similar "body beautiful". Nevertheless he was saved the charge of being too good-looking (there is a stigma attached to the too handsome male), by his head and face. His head was rather small; viewed with the rest of his magnificent body, it was almost a bullet. His features were strong, but a long, slightly Indian nose and rather close set eyes deprived it of classic regularity. It was an honest, healthy face, but one felt that his component genes had grown a little weary by the time that they had provided his splendid physique and his rich baritone voice.

In addition to his physical assets, Hanlon possessed an engaging personality. He had a frank, cheerful manner and an ingenuous friendliness that implied its own reciprocation almost before a stranger had time to think it over. Besides, it was difficult to be stand-offish with a man who seemed to know more about the state of your back shed than you did or who opened the conversation with such intimate remarks as "Well, Professor, how's that new sewage apparatus working? It sounded pretty wheezy when I passed this morning." To him we were all fellow campers and natural friends from the start. His only vice was his damnable efficiency in all those side-line arts that his academic neighbours came here to pursue, unmolested, in their individual ways.

Take the case of Dr. Finchly, our eminent archaeologist. One day Hanlon espied a complicated looking oil-stove, in parts, going up the Island on the general delivery trailer. Hanlon could never resist the lure of any mechanism in parts, and when he saw by the label that it was going to dear old Dr. Finchly, he strode along in the wake of the trailer like some splendid panther easily stalking its prey. What would old Finchly know of the intricacies of a modern oil-burner? Why, 'twould be a kindness, almost a duty . . .

Old Finchly was sitting on his front stoop, awaiting the arrival of the oil-burner with a faint smile of satisfaction on his lips. Now that he had cleaned up that annoying little dispute with Phipps of Yale (on signs of conventional treatment, by fifth century Greek Vase painters, of the left breast of Amazon warriors), his mind was free for something really worthy of his talents. Last night from twelve to two a.m., he had applied all the skill of his research-trained mind to the diagram of the new Jack-o-Lantern three burner now approaching his threshold. Mrs. Finchly hovered, quietly fretting, in the background. Well, at any rate, she had put the children "up the room" out of harm's way.

Hanlon was really most courteous about the whole thing, as Mrs. Finchly told my mother in her account of the affair afterwards. He was quick enough to see from the first Finchly's own zeal as a putter-together of mechanisms in parts and so changed his role from that of the helpful neighbour to that of an interested fellow craftsman. True, after a few minutes of Finchly's eager but clumsy attempts to follow the plan, Hanlon always managed to put in the right suggestion. Once he had established Finchly in the false position of master tradesman

of the job, he could with some grace offer to set up some of the more complicated parts while Finchly, poring over the plan, could ponder the grand strategy of the business.

These details, unfortunately, managed to accumulate so effectively that the stove was soon assembled before the eyes of the master-craftsman. "Make sure your flues are over your vents!' cried Hanlon, as Finchly fumbled with the burners, "Here, I'll adjust them for you while you look up the oil-conduits on the plan". "Quite so, quite so," murmured Finchly, yielding up the burners with some relief. By the time he had tracked down the conduits on the plan, Hanlon had finished both with them and the burners. And so it went.

However, it was not until the stove was assembled and, to the eye of the amateur, ready to start firing that Finchly was made fully aware of his real position. "Sarah!" he called triumphantly, "bring us a match. We are going to ignite!"

"Hold your horses, Professor!" said Hanlon cheerily. "We're not finished yet. These floors aren't even and oil won't run up-hill you know! *Where's your leveler?*"

Finchly was beaten and knew it. But a man has not for years crossed swords with his peers in classical archaeology without some faculty for covering up a weak position.

"Sarah!" he demanded, "where's our leveler?"

"I'll just have a look in the back, dear," said Mrs. F. rising nobly to the occasion. Finchly was back on his feet again.

"Women are always misplacing these things," he muttered testily.

"Never mind", said Hanlon, "just send one of the kids over for mine." A lesser Finchly was summoned. "Just ask Mrs. H. for the leveler, from my tool shop, sonny", said Hanlon; "*She'll* know what it is."

Once the leveler had arrived, it was all over. Actually it was a fairly simple affair, but it carried with it that aura of mysterious technical efficiency that Hanlon managed to introduce into all his handiwork. In a few minutes a perfect flame, full, blue and well-controlled, was burbling happily around each of the three burners. After a few kindly instructions to Mrs. Finchly, ("Just call me, if you need any help!"), Hanlon departed with thanks on all sides. Dr. Finchly went back to his study and decided to write one more note, really the last word, to *Classical Philology*, on the fifth century treatment of the left breast of the Attic vase Amazons.

Gradually one became aware that the Island was undergoing a transformation. Pumps that had wheezed and rebelled for years began to operate with oily smoothness; glistening white steps appeared mysteriously before front doors; back stoops acquired sun-shades; children disported themselves on level swings and see-saws, geometrically balanced. Any husband who privately considered himself a handy man of sorts found himself sneaking home apprehensively if he had been away for more than a few hours. If his wife met him with an air half-sly, half-smug, he groaned inwardly.

"You won't need to bother anymore about that door, dear . . . " (He'd been meaning to fix it for weeks) or "Just look at this arrangement for the ice-box" . . . (Just the gadget he'd been planning to install himself.) The devil of it was that the wives encouraged the man shamelessly. Hanlon did things so much better than John, and he seemed to enjoy doing them too.

For an academic colony, it was quite a sporty group. Games of one kind or another flourished nearly every evening. The badminton court at our house was one of these evening athletic centres. It wasn't much of a court really; sticks and an occasional piece of string marked the lines and it was understood that if one side were playing with the wind, their opponents were to take everything that they could reasonably be expected to reach. Actually, the shifting quality of the lines lent a rather charming air of unpredictability to the game and offered marvelous alibis. Johnston of legal antiquities and Hayes, the logical positivist, had held many a fierce and enjoyable mid-court debate on the eternal question: "In or out"? Of course, when, shortly after Hanlon's arrival, the glistening, new lines appeared and the wind-screen was erected, everyone agreed that things were marvellously improved and that this should have been done years ago.

As a player, Hanlon raised our standards considerably. It was a pleasure to watch his lithe, muscular form swoop across the court to retrieve some impossible shot. He was particularly careful not to spoil the game for the others. How tactfully he always chose the weakest partners—somehow old Bradwinkle had never realized that he was the weakest—and, though he always won, by what narrow and exciting margins he contrived it!

At horse-shoes, Hanlon showed the same public-spirited zeal for improvements, the same tact in encouraging the weaker

brethren. Previously, we had been so slipshod as to use real horse-shoes, quite unevenly weighted, depending on whether they were the cast-offs of the stallion at the farm or of Bessie the mare. But once you "knew your shoes", so to speak, their discrepancy of weight really lent an additional skill to the game. This was undoubtedly the reason why Professor Harrington and Dean Hart, our two local champions, had defeated Hanlon and Godfrey (the latter no mean performer) on Hanlon's first visit to the pitch. On his second visit, he brought with him four pairs of regu'ation horse-shoes. They were shoes in which not even the mightiest stallion could ever have walked, but they were approved by the Association of American Horse Shoe Pitchers, and that, from Hanlon's point of view, clinched the matter. It is true that after the first disastrous round, Dean Hart, whom we all considered something of a lion, was heard to mutter quite pointedly about "artificial innovations which ruined years of scientific application to the game and dispensed with skill, dammit, natural skill!" He had come across similar deplorable tendencies among junior faculty members with their standardized marking schemes and foot-note regimentation but he had put them in their place soon enough. Hanlon answered briefly and politely, explaining that there was a right way and a wrong way of doing anything, and that, in this case, his was the right way—witness the authority of the A.A.H.S.P. However, if the Dean really wished to continue in his way and still delude himself that he was playing horse-shoes, then he, Hanlon, had nothing more to say. While the Dean was choosing his words for a squashing rejoinder to what he considered a childishly conventional form of the "argument from authority", the case was clinched for Hanlon in a rather unexpected manner. Led by Harrington, the Dean's erstwhile partner, the whole group around the pitch began to voice approval of Hanlon's exposè of the right and the wrong way of doing things. The hidden cause of this support, though naturally Hanlon could not be expected to guess it, was a resentment, which had been growing in the spleen of several of the Dean's colleagues, of the fact that old Hart was too inclined to carry his rather bullying Faculty-meeting-manner into the purely extracurricular affairs of the Island. Old Finchly had once gone so far as to remark that he didn't see why Deans should be admitted to the Island at all, but that, if they were, they should drop that fatuous "primi inter pares" air of theirs altogether.

So it was that the official horse-shoe came to stay. Hanlon

followed up his advantage by showing everyone,—except the Dean, who was really quite rude about it—how to pitch them. Hanlon's own game badly showed up the Dean's remarks about skill and science. It would have been hard to find a more pleasing example of natural grace and scientific technique than Hanlon's throwing of a regulation horse-shoe. The grip, the step, the swing, all were accomplished by a perfectly balanced and rhythmical tension of coordinating muscles, which imparted to the spectators an encouraging, but quite misleading, impression of simplicity. Even after the shoe had left his hand, Hanlon, his whole body completing a graceful follow-through, appeared to be guiding it through its precise one-and-a-half turns till it landed, flat and open, and slid snugly into place around the peg.

Hanlon's clipping of the Dean's wings became one of the regular little jokes of which twilight small talk after games consisted. My brother and I were supposed to start preparing for bed about this time, so that the noisy business of washing teeth and the like would be over before an adult bridge game started. However, sometimes we managed to hang about on the lawn, unobtrusively eavesdropping. On one such occasion, after Hanlon had gone home, Professor Harrington remarked, "I always thought it would take brains to figure out a way to reduce the Dean. And here Hanlon has done it, quite unconsciously, simply by following his childish god of regulation."

"Not brains, Joe," said my Father, "all we needed was a good perfectionist."

"And a little child shall lead us," murmured old Finchley.

My brother and I couldn't quite figure it out. Perfection was obviously a good thing. Besides, we had gathered that Dean Hart was the butt of the joke, but now everyone seemed to be laughing more at Hanlon.

We noticed the same tone whenever anyone spoke of one of Hanlon's latest mechanical marvels, such as his lighting system or his water system or his extension pier. (The pier was a real feat of engineering of which everyone made use for swimming and bathing for the small toll of an admiring comment.) Our bedroom adjoined the living room and behind closed doors, after we were supposedly asleep, we gathered several puzzling scraps of conversation between the bridge hands.

"You should have made that bid", said my father automatically, to my mother, who had just gone down two.

"I was counting on their honours all being on my right

hand side," said my mother. "Have you noticed how often they are?"

"Nonsense," said my father, brushing away this piece of feminine logic.

"By the way," said Professor Godfrey, who was in Mathematics, "speaking of the law of averages . . ."

"Yes?" said my mother gratefully.

"Speaking of the law of averages, I rather fancy our friend Hanlon is counting on it a bit too heavily. Our big winds are mostly from the west around here, but we *could* get a heavy storm from the east. Have you ever noticed, Peter, how unprotected Hanlon's wonderful pier is from the east?"

"Now that you mention it Bob, so it is!" My father sounded quite excited.

"And I remember quite a big wind from that direction in late August about 1928. If he doesn't get that thing in well before Labor Day, I'll bet—or, rather, I'm very much afraid we'll see it blown right up the lake." It was an entrancing vision. Professor Godfrey chuckled evilly.

"You men sound quite vindictive," said Mrs. Godfrey, a quiet, charitable little woman. "Yes," said my mother, and I could tell from her tone that she was about to put father in his place. "If you professors had half of Mr. Hanlon's ability, you'd install some decent lighting in here. I can hardly see the cards. By the way, Helen, did you see that pretty little bed-side lamp Mr. Hanlon fixed up for his wife? It's got a little battery of its own and it really gives quite good reading light."

"Let's get on with the game," said father. "I can't see why women have to talk all the time when there's a bridge game on."

It was perhaps unfortunate for Hanlon's enterprise of reforming the Island that he was an early-to-bed, early-to-rise man. Moreover, his wife, a pleasant but retiring little woman, made one condition to the considerable liberty she allowed her husband: immediately after the last horse-shoe had been thrown or the last shuttle-cock smashed, he must come home and play Russian Bank with her for forty-five minutes before they retired. Thus Hanlon played no part in the night life of the Island, and, as everybody knows, it is between the hours of 9 p.m. and 2 a.m. that the average professor is most likely to approach his highest waking point. During the day, the Islanders did allow themselves to be organized and tidied up a good deal, though they pretended it was all a huge joke and

treated their manager with a good natured tolerance that an observant outsider might have found rather ironical. But it was during the evening, in the twilight chatter along the lake-front or between the rubbers of the numerous bridge games that followed that the community re-wove the insidious web that it was Hanlon's daily task to rip apart. Had he heard the pedantic little jokes of Professors Johnson and Hayes on the subject, the zany glee of old Finchley's high pitched giggle, and the malicious chuckle of Dean Hart, had he observed the spiteful disdain with which Harrington dared at midnight, to treat the new plumbing that Hanlon had installed for him, or witnessed the downright insanitary method by which Godfrey cleaned his teeth—had he seen and heard all this, he might have realized the enormity of the task he had set himself.

Towards the end of the summer, Hanlon redoubled his efforts at organizing the Island. He instituted a new system of delivering ice and groceries; he arranged badminton, horse-shoe and swimming tournaments for old and young. With the co-operation of one of the most sympathetic wives, he even organized sing-song evenings once a week in the hope of developing something like the spirit that he felt a summer community should have. But there was now a certain desperate energy in all his activities. What he had begun as an amusing game had developed into a full time job demanding all his powers. His eyes took on a harried look, and the supreme confidence of his stride was subtly chastened.

Labor Day was the day of the homeward trek in our camp as in others. The cottagers made this concession to national routine quite unwillingly, but as the ferry refused to call in with any regularity after this date, all but a few hardy souls complied, for fear of starving. The most typical feature of this day was the appearance along the road of numerous wagons and wheel barrows, piled high with suit-cases, bundles of bedding, baskets of left-over groceries, milk bottles, cartons of "empties", and drawn by an assortment of professors and their young. It is true that the Island's general utility truck would, if ordered, take all baggage down to the dock, but this meant having everything ready at a certain time. Most of the heavy baggage went this way, but since there was one nervous group of householders who felt that they had better take some things on ahead as the truck might be late, and another procrastinating group who always had last minute bundles to transport after the truck had left, the wagon stream was usually

quite considerable. Last of all came the women, who had stayed "to take a last look around" and who were encumbered by various minor nuisances, such as coats, handbags, odd galoshes, garden tools, pet canaries and the family dog, straining resentfully at his unfamiliar lead.

Hanlon was conspicuous by his absence throughout most of this animated road scene. As he was one of the few cottagers who had brought his own car, complete with a luggage trailer, over to the Island, his transportation problem was relatively simple. The reader need not be told that it was managed in one, smooth, neatly-packed trip, neither too early nor too late, but just in exact time for the ferry. On the way he passed numerous members of the wagon caravan, but to their surprise he went by without a suggestion, with scarcely a wave of the hand. Once he had arrived at the wharf, he remained seated in the car, glumly silent, despite his wife's unwonted suggestions that he give Dean Hart a hand with that bundle and that he help Dr. Finchley to get organized. He watched the straggling procession with the melancholy air of a C.S.M. whose awkward squad is making a mess of things at a year-end inspection and who knows that it is too late to do anything now. As the ferry gave its coming-in hoot, Professor Harrington finally came into view oppressed by several vindictively shaped bundles and, to all appearances, pursued by his sister heavily armed with a rake and a pair of garden shears. I was standing near Hanlon's car at the time: though he was a simple, benevolent man, I caught an expression on his face resembling that which the French aristocrats must have worn as they muttered "Canaille!" during the stickier moments of the Revolution.

Hanlon did not live in the same town as most of us, and so once we were on the boat we naturally had to say our formal goodbyes. He aroused himself to being polite and friendly, made a few vague remarks about next summer, but somehow we felt we were talking to a stranger. Actually, that was the last we saw of him, for he did not return to the Island. From the first, no one had ever really expected that he would.

WILLIAM RALPH INGE

"The Gloomy Dean"

S. A. Jamieson

THE curiosity of posterity regarding the life of William Ralph Inge must satisfy itself by reading his published works, as the small volume *Vale*, published on his retirement from the Deanery of St. Paul's in 1934, represents all the information he will grant to the public of his private life. It is a beautifully written little book, touching lightly on the main incidents of his life but containing nothing very personal, except in so far as its garnered wisdom reveals the soul of the man who wrote it. He does not understand, he says, how anyone can wish to write an autobiography, unless he wants to leave a flattering, and by no means honest, self portrait; nor does he admire the type of man who lives always with a subconscious eye on the pages of his future biography.

He wishes to be remembered only by his books, into which he has put all he wanted to say to the public, and has left strict orders that no biography of him be written at any time. In this he bears a close resemblance to the philosopher he most admires, Plotinus, who never talked of himself, refused to tell the date of his birth and could not be induced to sit for his portrait. Whether or not the reserve of the former Dean of St. Paul's is inspired by the example of Plotinus, Dr. Inge possesses more than the usual share of the Englishman's reticence.

So reserved a character is difficult to portray. His aristocratic aloofness at once repels and attracts. Search where you will, in almost every estimate of the man and his works, whether critical or admiring, there is an undercurrent of bafflement. What is one to make of this elusive personality, so many sided, so apparently contradictory and yet so attractive? To one, he is the George Bernard Shaw of the Established Church, who "charms by a calculated irritability." To Shaw himself he is the greatest intellectual asset of the English Church. Sidney Dark has little to say in his favor and much in exasperated criticism. A. G. Gardiner writes of him with sheer delight. "Life without Dean Inge," he says, "would be like lamb without mint sauce." Joseph Fort Newton knows not what to make of this man who, at the moment when one expects his shrewd, positive mind to be dogmatic, "slips through the stile of religious

imagination to gather moon flowers betwixt the dusk and the dawn."

He was born in Crayke, Yorkshire, in 1860, and nurtured in the religious atmosphere of the early Oxford Movement. After his graduation from Cambridge in 1884, his life was that of a scholar and teacher: Master of Eton; Fellow of King's College, Cambridge; Fellow of Hertford College, Oxford; Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, London; Professor of Divinity in Jesus College, Cambridge; and from there to the Deanery of St. Paul's, to which he was appointed by Prime Minister Asquith in 1911. He was at first disposed to decline the honor as he was very happy at Cambridge, and "found long musical services terribly boring." He could not, however, ignore the flattering reminders of his friends that the Deanery of St. Paul's was the most literary appointment in the Church of England, and he was duly installed.

His liberal churchmanship at once became apparent. Though possessing the harsh metallic voice of the deaf, he drew during his residence at the Deanery more people to hear him than any other divine, and his name will rank in history with the great preachers of London, whether Anglican, Roman or Nonconformist. He became a prophet everybody flocked to hear, whose epigrams everybody knew by heart, whose prose fell little behind the classical beauty of Newman's.

His caustic criticism of modern tendencies in philosophy and religion, his formidable sarcasm on the cult of ugliness in art and literature, and his fearlessness in denouncing hypocrisy and sham wherever he saw it, made him enemies who yet could not but admire his courage, his sincerity and his absolute fidelity to truth. "To gain the whole world," said a writer in the *Outlook* at one time, "he would not cancel an appointment with his own soul." His pseudonym, the gloomy Dean, was given him by a reporter of the London *Daily Mail*. It added to his popularity but was not very pleasing to him. He described it as a tin can tied to his tail. "It is irritating," he said, "that one cannot defend a well considered judgment about future history without being charged with pessimism."

Happy and contented in his home life, the Dean used all his free time from the Deanery to widen his interests and express his views on sociology, natural science, and subjects other than theology and philosophy. He identified himself with eugenics, regarding it as one of the most important of all the sciences.

He allied himself "with some reservations" on the side of the new morality against the old, urging the Christian church to face without squeamishness, and without prejudice, the question of birth control. "It has already gone too far to be checked and must modify for good or evil the whole future of mankind . . . It is an instrument capable of being turned to great good, or still greater evil. It may be used to further the cause of social hygiene and to secure the optimum population in every country, or it may be an instrument of moral dissolution and racial suicide."

Most of the criticism levelled against Dr. Inge has been because of his views on these subjects and for his attitude on socialism and democracy. For socialism he has nothing but contempt. He describes it as an effort to cure the ills of humanity by improving environment when true regeneration comes from within. For democracy he has little sympathy. He calls it "the old divine right of kings standing on its head," and regards it as an outrage that everybody should be governed by anybody. In fact he places it as second only to the rule of a dictator in the list of poor forms of government; a necessary phase of political evolution and not by any means the final one. He recognizes the fact that no perfect form of government has yet been achieved but tells us that "if there is any gift to civilization which the world owes to England it is the great discovery of popular representation, of parliamentary government."

To find the proper spiritual background for the former Dean of St. Paul's one has to go back to the middle of the third century, so decidedly is he a disciple of the school of Neoplatonic philosophy that flourished at that time under the leadership of the Egyptian Plotinus. This school, the last consistent attempt to preserve the old religion and culture, closed its doors A.D. 529 in response to an edict of the emperor Justinian and its followers drifted into exile. But the mysticism of its teaching became part and parcel of the new religion and cannot now be divorced from the stream of Christian thought. According to Dr. Inge it can be traced in the writings of the Church fathers, it profoundly influenced St. Augustine, who had read the Enneads; it colored the speculations of John Scotus Erigena, and in the beatific vision of Dante can be traced the vision of the intelligible world as figured by Plotinus. The metaphysics of Neoplatonism formed the background of Gior-

dano Bruno's doctrine, its terminology was his.

Few Christian mystics are without some measure of debt to the classical representative of mystical philosophy, Plotinus, who according to Dr. Inge, has influenced Christian theology more than any other thinker since St. Paul. "I have found him," he says, "a wise and inspiring spiritual guide, and his philosophy intellectually satisfying." Of his own books (and the list is long) he looks upon his two volume study of the philosophy of Plotinus as his most considerable achievement.

This preoccupation with reality as opposed to appearances, coupled with his impatience with sham, pretense and spiritual laziness, may account for the former Dean's taciturnity of manner and the ruthless quality of his criticism. He, as he said of Plotinus, "lives among the eternal ideas and does not suffer fools gladly."