

NEW BOOKS

THE REVOLVER REPUBLIC. By G. E. R. Gedye. Arrowsmith, London. 1930.

The Great War was, perhaps more than anything else, a period of terrible disillusionment. "Patriot" became a term of contempt, men lost faith in time-honoured traditions and even in human nature. Out of the misery, growing worse with each hour of those four most tragic years in modern history, however, there arose a hope and an ideal. Sir Philip Gibbs and Mr. Wickham Steed have each recorded the belief expressed by both soldiers and civilians that peace, when it came, would sweep away the jealousies, the fears and the incredible stupidities engendered by the war. Then came Versailles, and the fluid crimes of the war were solidified and made permanent. The war to end war concluded in a peace that brought no peace.

Possibly the crowning futility of this pseudo-peace was the occupation of the Rhineland by Allied forces with the idea of compelling the payment by Germany of impossible reparations. It was during the years of this occupation that Mr. Gedye, first as an official under the Inter-Allied Rhineland High Commission, and later as a correspondent of the *London Times*, gathered his material for *The Revolver Republic*, to which he has added the suggestive sub-title *France's Bid for the Rhine*. He describes with clarity and detail the attempt of France to obtain possession of the whole left bank of the Rhine. The policy of France was to reduce Germany to a second or third rate power, and having disarmed her under the terms of the Versailles Treaty, French politicians and diplomats plotted to split the Reich up into its constituent parts. As part of the working out of these plans, the German "Separatists" received every support, including the armed protection of French troops, against the forces of law and order in the Rhineland and in the Palatinate. Propaganda, bribery and terrorization were, according to Mr. Gedye, all brought to bear upon the well-nigh helpless, loyal Germans in the occupied areas. The "Revolver Republic," set up by the Separatists, collapsed as soon as French support was withdrawn, but not before it had caused murder to stalk the Rhineland unhindered. Its leaders were fools and criminals, and the rank and file of the entire Rhenish Separatist movement consisted of the offscourings of society. The whole foolish affair has undoubtedly done incalculable damage to the cause of world peace. The grasping "imperial" policy of France during her occupation of the Rhineland undoubtedly played into the hands of certain elements in Germany which made possible the success of Hitlerism.

Mr. Gedye's account of the stormy life of the "Revolver Republic" is that of an eye-witness. It is circumstantial, but not tedious. His "nose for news" took him into thrilling and dangerous situations—he was, for example, present at the dramatic assassination of "President" Heinz in a Speyer restaurant—and his story has, therefore,

many of the elements of a modern adventure novel. One sometimes feels that his admiration for the courage and restraint of the loyal Germans leads him, to a certain degree, to overstate the case against the French. In view of the evidence he has marshalled, and in the light of later events, this is scarcely necessary; but the reader must remember that Mr. Gedye is a journalist, and that in his profession it is no crime to present the truth in the form most likely to please one's readers.

V. P. SEARY

POETRY AND THE CRITICISM OF LIFE. (The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, Harvard, 1929-30). By H. W. Garrod. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1931. pp. 168. \$2.00.

Professor Garrod is unique. He has held both of the only two Professorships of Poetry in the world, and his responsibility seems at times to have weighed a little heavily upon him. Though his scholarship and taste have made everything that he writes an addition to the literature of criticism, his work at Oxford has shown a pious tendency to inherit from Arnold a little more, or a little less, than was good for him. On coming to Harvard, with the memory of Arnold behind him, and that of Emerson before him, he felt constrained not only to preach, but to choose his readings and his texts mainly from those academic laymen whose tradition seemed to belong to both his chairs in common. The Cambridge audience listened with interest and respect, but appeared to appreciate Mr. Garrod most when he was least impressed with the high seriousness of carrying sweetness and light from the priests of Isis to the Brahmans of Beacon Hill.

Actually, Mr. Garrod enjoys poetry, not for the good it does, but for the pleasure it gives. In his title lecture, a pleasant restatement of Arnold's creed, he seems to be tilting at windmills. He fears that poetry is not what it was, and thinks this is because we have no great moralists—or is it "moralisers"? Readers who do not wish morality to be obtruded would seem to be included by Mr. Garrod with those negligible people who think that poetry should be immoral or anti-moral. He thinks that we are afraid: "Moral ideas are not going to bite us" . . . But in the next sentence "I sometimes wonder whether what we are afraid of is not, in fact, poetry itself." And that seems to leave us where we started. "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" . . . The creed of Arnold and Mr. Garrod is the creed of Keats; only Keats is content to strive for the divine union by aiming at perfection in his own kind. Arnold is the better poet, and therefore the better teacher, when he forgets to be a schoolmaster. Mr. Garrod is at his best when he is showing that Arnold, without reference to his ulterior motives, was after all a great poet. Similarly, the lecture on Emerson is better than we should expect, and better than that on Clough, because Mr. Garrod is eager to show how undue emphasis on the teachings of Emerson has made it necessary to remind us that he was an artist. His most attractive subject, *The Testament of Beauty*, shows

Mr. Garrod at his best. The charm and sympathy of his exposition show how poetry can be "professed"; and the closing lecture on "Methods of Criticism" makes it clear that although he honours true scholarship and is opposed to aestheticians, this critic believes that criticism should subserve literature as literature. Having read that "the future of Shakespeare lies with bibliography", he "congratulated Shakespeare that he was a poet with a future, but could have wished him gayer in his friendships."

Mr. Garrod himself is often happily "gay in his friendships" with poets and poetry. His arguments in this never-ending and delightful dispute are readable less for their conclusions than for the knowledge and charm with which they are supported. Lest he should have been made to appear unduly subservient to his chosen prophets, let the following extracts serve as a conclusion:

"Emerson has something of Carlyle's prophetic pose. If he does not wear the Carlyle girdle of camel's hair, at least he affects a diet of wild honey".... "Arnold attends his own funeral with the air of a man who is neither interested in the bakemeats nor excited about the resurrection."

C. L. BENNET.

THE WHEEL OF FIRE. Essays in Interpretation of Shakespeare's Sombre Tragedies. By G. Wilson Knight. Oxford University Press.

Perhaps it is nothing against Mr. Knight's studies of Shakespeare's more sombre tragedies that they arouse objection. Perhaps that is the essayist's intention, and the very reason for the existence of this book. His general idea is the poet's undoubted right to create mystery; and he is also correct in thinking that a great artist may put into his creation more than he himself is fully aware of, leaving future generations to discover in his work the unsuspected riches. His further contentions that the great dramas should be treated as artistic wholes, only roughly approximating to real life, and that they are to be interpreted according to their own self-created laws, may be readily admitted. Too much may have been made of "sources," though it is doubtful if even the most pedantic professor or critic ever held or taught that the origin of Shakespeare's poetry was to be found in the plots he took from Holinshed or Plutarch. On the contrary, the expositors of Shakespeare's art have been unanimous in pointing out how marvellously he transformed, illuminated and made precious play-stuff not far removed from the commonplace.

With these concessions made, the candid reviewer is at the end of agreement with Mr. Knight. The distinction he attempts to draw between "criticism" and "interpretation" surely does not apply to the work of a Sainte-Beuve or a Matthew Arnold. On p. 18 he recants, "No doubt I have narrowed the term 'criticism' unjustly." Nor will it do to maintain that, according to his canons, Shakespeare's "faults" vanish automatically, which were to make him a monster of impeccability. Ben Jonson was wiser when he wished that Shakespeare had blotted a thousand lines. Such critics as Dowden and Bradley are highly interpretative.

To take a single instance of Mr. Knight's provocative statements, he describes Claudius as "a man kindly, confident, and fond of pleasure... the typical kindly uncle besides being a good king." He is rather a typical ruler of a corrupt Renaissance court, where poison is a recognized tool of government, where spies lurk behind the arras, and where young girls know bawdy songs. This is the background for Hamlet's melancholy; it is anything but "one of healthy and robust life, good-nature, humour, romantic strength and welfare." There is nothing in the two essays on Hamlet which has not been said by Bradley, and better said.

Limits of space do not permit a detailed examination of all Mr. Knight's essays. There is in them much to approve. They have *aperçus*, fine illuminating flashes of insight, and a constant sense of spiritual values. But as a Shakespearean critic he seems to be unaware of what has already been done in his own field.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

THE NORTH AMERICAN BOOK OF ICELANDIC VERSE. By Watson Kirkconnell. Louis Carrier and Alan Isles, Inc. New York and Montreal. 1930. pp. 228. \$3.00.

THE TIDE OF LIFE: By Watson Kirkconnell. Ariston Publishers Ltd. Ottawa. 1930. pp. 79.

Literature and language are commonly associated, at least by title, in what some universities are beginning, appropriately, to call their Catalogues. But there the union is likely to end. To the student, literature is too often hazy "appreciation" or the chronicling of small beer of history and biography; and language, miscalled philology, deals with abstract minutiae of form and sound, with words out of their context, dead to beauty and meaning. To the "average reader", as to Jack Cade, grammarians are "men... that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear"; and the poet works by inspiration. Actually, the poet, if he is to achieve poetry, must know more of words and their functions than any other man, and the true function of language is to serve literature. For this reason, anyone interested in the future of Canadian poetry should approve Mr. Kirkconnell's translations for the sake of the original work that they promise to develop. In itself, the projected series of translations seems valuable as "comparative literature" rather than as literature. The Book of Icelandic Verse is "the first of a series of twenty-four" which the translator is preparing for publication during the next twelve years "according to a definite schedule". Second on the list is the Book of Magyar Verse (including Ostiak) and last the Book of Greek Verse (Ancient, Byzantine and Modern; including also Albanian). Without further citation, and assuming no greater literary skill than that of a manufacturer of college "keys", it seems reasonable to accept the state-

ment of the *entrepreneur*—who appears to have technical equipment adequate even to his ambitions—that “the twenty-four volumes, taken in their entirety, will provide a conspectus of the poetic tradition and inheritance of Europe on a scale hitherto unavailable in any language.”

The present volume opens with a general introduction followed by a brief survey of Icelandic poetry. Eighty-one authors are represented, and there are thirteen anonymous selections from the earlier periods; the time range is from 800 A. D. to a poet born in 1902. Mr. Kirkconnell states that his book is written “neither for specialists nor as a crib for elementary students”, but to give the average reader a sympathetic knowledge of Icelandic poetry as poetry. It is as poetry, however, that his work, in translation, seems to be weakest. Early Northern literature, in particular, practically defies translation; previous translators, writing within much narrower limits, seem to agree in nothing but failure to capture the essentials. Mr. Kirkconnell may be forgiven, therefore, if his work seems to offer somewhat prosaic metrical paraphrases, representing the matter and form of his originals, and comprehensively, if somewhat sketchily, indicating the scope of his field. Most of his readers, especially those who intend to follow him through the whole of his undertaking, will be content to receive such systematic and painstaking guidance to what can be measured and communicated. Poetry is a rare art. Translation is a difficult art. The translation of poetry into poetry is a miracle. When Rossetti’s special endowments and the small range of his success are set against the magnitude of Mr. Kirkconnell’s undertaking, we forego poetry cheerfully, feeling that he was fore-doomed to defeat, certain but honourable. One is compelled, somewhat reluctantly, to agree with a recent reviewer (*New York Times*, December 21, 1930) that there is much “uneven verse... obviously phrased”, but it seems unfair to assume from such a collection of translations that Mr. Kirkconnell “is not a poet himself”. As the same reviewer remarks, “it would be a life work to translate just this one volume of verse perfectly”, and the author has much else to do. Whether in his proposed series he has “undertaken too great a task” remains to be seen, but the fruits of his labours appear in original verse, and indicate that Mr. Kirkconnell has something of the stuff of which poets are made.

There is little space in which to deal with *The Tide of Life*, a well made book of some forty poems; but it contains verse that supplies the poetry missing from Mr. Kirkconnell’s translated work, though without doubt developed by his earlier labours for the projected series, and in his recent volume of elegies from half a century of languages. It is a pity that some authors whose work is not reviewed in this issue had not submitted to a fraction of his linguistic discipline. Much of the work is derivative and vaguely reminiscent; but most of the metres are natural, and the phrasing organic to the thought. There is a suggestion of pedantry or self-consciousness in the appendix on metres, which in some of the poems (the least successful in this reviewer’s opinion) range from Old Welsh to Arabo-Persian. Conscious metrical experiments and imitation, even in the greatest hands, have usually achieved doubtful success. If the run of the syllables is appropriate, the metre is right, whatever we choose to

call it; if it is laboriously and obviously carved out, a long name and a distinguished derivation will not help. Names do not change facts, and the Old Icelandic "flow-metre" which is invoked for "Séance" might have been found as easily in Longfellow and with the same defects:

Devil dabblers sit in chambers
Darkened wholly while they hearken

To the tale of Hiawatha
And of little Minnehaha.

But there are places where metre and diction are matched with thought, and the words come right:

To riot forth at midnight in disguise
And kill Croatians in the name of God

or
Melt in the magic of a summer's day

or
Great grassy hills lie bare and desolate.

As a fair sample of the author's verse we select from the title poem a passage that seems to express the faith in which he planned his series of translations, that "North Americans of Welsh or Scottish extraction are not worse but better citizens when they can still proudly drink from the springs of their ancestral literatures:"

The simple sweetness of a German hymn
Grips like the glimpse of a forgotten home;
The harsh Norse epic conjures up a dim
Grey northern sea on which I used to roam.
Not less in daily act they live again,
These bygone sires that mingle in my blood,
Taste of my daily food,
Walk when I walk, debate within my brain,
And fall with me asleep until it seems
My own life is the fabric of their dreams.

The substance for Mr. Kirkconnell's belief will appear in his translations; the spirit is beginning to appear in his original verse.

C. L. BENNET.

MODERN CANADIAN POETRY. Edited by Nathaniel A. Benson,
M.A. Graphic Publishers Ltd. Ottawa. 1930.

In a bright and readable preface in which, with a pretty touch of arrogance, he disputes the right of older authors to damn with faint praise and lofty patronage the verse of the younger generation, Mr. Benson justifies the title of his book by the assertion that the twenty poets represented "reside from Halifax to Nanaimo". As a matter of fact, four-fifths of them reside in Ontario! However, we are too accustomed to the assumption by Ontarians that their province and the Dominion of Canada are practically convertible terms to be irritated thereby; moreover, as a certain lovely lady of Verona long ago decided, there is not much in a name. Of far more importance is it that Mr. Benson has brought together in this volume a number of

poems by young Canadians—"only two are more than thirty years of age"—the high quality of which must give great satisfaction to all interested in the development of literature in our country. For Mr. Benson makes good his claim that in such poetry we find not promise merely but achievement. Such verse as Mr. Edgar McInnis's "Requiem for a Dead Warrior" and his "Fire Burial", Audrey Alexandra Brown's "Diana", Mr. Franklin Burton's "From Achilles (Hector speaks)", and Mr. Benson's "Prometheus" do not either need apology or invite a patronising approval; they can stand on their own merits, and all we need ask of the writers is that they do not in their future work fall short of the standards they have themselves set. To those who are interested in watching the gradual development of something really deserving the name of Canadian literature, this book sounds a note of encouragement. Some of our recent critics have implied that the best Canadian verse was written during the latter part of the nineteenth century and the opening years of the twentieth. But, with a few notable exceptions, the verse-writers of that generation were verbose, and often culpably indifferent to technique. They wrote on trivial themes, and they wrote too much. The young men and women whose work is represented in Mr. Benson's collection for the most part show dignity, self-restraint and craftsmanship. Their verse is not imitative; yet one can see that the authors have studied the great masters. Some at least of these, if true to their ideals, should go far.

In its appearance the volume under consideration is a credit to the publishers. Printing, paper, format and binding are all attractive, and in these days of cheap reprints it is a pleasure to meet with a book so good to look at and to handle.

E. R.

TRADITION AND DESIGN IN THE ILIAD. C. M. Bowra. Clarendon Press. 1930. pp. viii-278.

Mr. Bowra is known to even the casual student of Greek as author of the excellent Introduction to the Oxford Book of Greek Verse. The work here under review is also excellent, and it is an encouraging sign of the vitality of Homeric studies that this volume and *The Composition of Homer's Odyssey* (Woodhouse) should both have issued from the same press in the same year.

In the Preface the author says: "For some years I have felt that the Iliad has suffered from two opposed methods of treatment. On the one side, it has been treated exclusively as an historical document, and subjected to an analysis which disregards it as poetry. On the other side, it has been treated as a poem produced like great modern poems, with all the resources of literature behind it. Both these views have led to serious errors. I have tried to show that the Iliad is a poem and must be treated as such, but I have also tried to show that it is far nearer to the beginnings of poetry than most epics, and must therefore be judged by different standards from those applied to them."

The book contains twelve chapters: Tradition and Design, The Origins of the Epic, The Hexameter, Some Primitive Elements, Repetitions and Contradictions, the Similes, The Language, The Historical Background, The Characters, Homeric Theology, Homer and the Heroic Age, Homer's Time and Place.

These chapters are all interesting and all well worth reading, but the general reader, so far as that semi-mythical character is interested in Homer at all, will be interested mainly in the question of Homeric Unity, and on this question Mr. Bowra says: "There is no need to recapitulate here the blunders of great men like Fick, Betne, and Wilamowitz. When they approach the question (the contradictions in Homer) a great blindness has too often descended upon them, and they have utterly mis-stated the evidence. They have been adequately routed by Professor Scott in his book *The Unity of Homer*, and there is no need to repeat his arguments here." If Professor Scott has been as successful in his task of refuting Wilamowitz as these words seem to imply, it would appear to one reviewer as though the case against the Unitarians had very little left to commend it. On the first page the author says: "It seems probable that there was a single poet called Homer, who gave the Iliad its final shape and artistic unity, but who worked in a traditional style on traditional matter." The only matter here left undecided—at least it seems nowhere in the book to be clearly stated—is the precise relation between the Iliad and the Odyssey. Mr. Bowra believes that the change from camp life and warfare—when short lays were sufficient—to peace times and monotonous feasts, was the fundamental cause for the change from the songs of Demodocus to the poems of Homer. Longer songs became necessary. Homer was probably able to write—for his own convenience, not to aid public recitations. As to his language, Homer's achievement becomes the more remarkable when we remember how even so great a poet as Ennius was often frustrated by the intractability of early Latin. So complete is Homer's mastery of speech that he cannot in any sense be called primitive, he can hardly be called a pioneer. And indeed, if we examine the statistics, we shall see that no single book is much more Aeolic than any other. Again, the conclusion to be drawn is that the language of the Iliad is much more homogeneous than some critics have supposed. His details may be pure invention, but the general political situation which he describes seems to be based on fact. There are some discriminating observations on Homeric Theology. Homer's rationalism is of a type not uncommon in the history of religion. He observes all the formalities and gives them due respect, but he tempers his respect with curiosity and with humour. Such an attitude is more common in an age of faith than in an age of unbelief, and is indeed possible only when faith is still vigorous. The sculptors of the Middle Ages could play prettily around some sacred theme without any suspicion of impiety, and St. Theresa could joke with God. Homer's attitude is more akin to this than it is to the rationalism of Voltaire or Anatole France. As to Homer's date: "If we place him some time late in the eighth century, it suits what we know of his language and his influence on later Greek poetry. It suits, too, what we know of the world which he admired. The heroic age can hardly have survived into the age

of the aristocracies, but it was their natural predecessor, and prepared the way for their new scheme of life." And: "Homer's name, remembered and honoured, is perhaps the best evidence for his early fame and influence, and the best answer to those who think that the Iliad is the work of several great poets and several bunglers." "The credit for the Iliad rests primarily with Homer who gave the poem its shape, its unity of character and style, its dramatic impetus and high imaginative life."

After so many good things, it is necessary to call attention to two blemishes. The first must be a misprint, but it is the worst misprint in history. On page 247 occurs the phrase: "the man whom his contemporaries thought had been in hell." The second flaw is not a mistake, and Mr. Bowra would probably defend it. On page 147 is the sentence: "It has been thought that he observes the initial digamma when it comes after a syllable in arsis, but neglects it when it comes after a syllable in thesis." Modern grammars seem mostly to hold to the original Greek use of the terms arsis and thesis, and it is confusing in so good a book to find them used in the inverted Roman way.

But the blemishes are trivial. The book is a good one, well thought out, well arranged, well qualified to do what all such books should do, that is, to send the reader back to Homer, the source of our secular civilization. And amid a welter of conflicting barbarisms that assail continually the central tradition of that civilization, perhaps there are few rewards of virtue greater than the privilege of reading Homer over again.

E. W. NICHOLS.

GOOD NEIGHBORHOOD, AND OTHER ADDRESSES IN THE UNITED STATES. By the Hon. Vincent Massey, P.C. (Can.) LL.D. The Macmillan Company, Toronto. 1931. pp. 362. \$2.50.

These speeches are a selection from a variety of public addresses by the first Canadian Minister at Washington. His subjects range from "The Amateur Spirit" to "Railways and Nations"; the audiences from the boys of Milton Academy to the Association of Life Insurance Presidents. The diplomatic orations usually conform to Mr. Massey's reiterated principle of saying nothing and avoiding trouble: he is always gracefully amiable. The trade speeches, though they often say something, differ in excellence rather than in principle from those of visiting delegates to business conventions. But—whether from the nature of the subject or from that of the audience—the addresses on university subjects and the arts not only reveal excellent speaking and good diplomacy, but are in every way worthy of the dignity and permanence of the printed book. When everyone else seems to be explaining how colleges and students are going wrong, Mr. Massey, speaking to those who seek learning as one who has found it, tells them how they may go right.

C. L. BENNET

THE RIGHT AND THE GOOD. By W. D. Ross. Oxford. At the Clarendon Press. Price \$3.25.

The Provost of Oriel, the leading Aristotelian scholar in Oxford, in this study of ethical value appears to be very little influenced by Aristotle's views, but to give the great weight of authority to Kant among the philosophers of the past and to Professor H. A. Prichard and Professor G. E. Moore among those of the present. He starts by making a sound and useful distinction between the terms "right" and "good", the former being held descriptive only of acts regardless of their motives, while the latter is reserved mainly for motives. Indeed Mr. Ross would use "good" only of a state of mind, which is perhaps a little surprising after his long refutation of all "psychological" theories of the good.

The author gives a list of "goods", which is reminiscent of that of Plato in the *Philebus* (1) virtue, (2) pleasure, (3) the apportionment of pleasure and pain to the virtuous and the vicious respectively, and (4) knowledge and right opinion; and he concludes that while these may at times be roughly compared in value, they are not ultimately related in any other way than by the judgment of value expressed in the term "good". It is perhaps inevitable that one should remain unsatisfied with this conclusion. The human mind always tends to seek unity in diversity, and to carry the analysis to a point where the various goods may be shown to have some definite relationship which will explain their being placed under the same head, although, of course, how any such synthesis is to be made is a question on which opinions differ widely.

The last chapter, on "moral goodness", seems on the whole to be the most enlightening in the book. In this the distinct advance is made on Kant of the recognition "that conscientious action springs from a certain desire (the desire to do one's duty), and owes its goodness to the specific nature of this desire." Here Mr. Ross is approaching the Aristotelian view, and it is a little difficult to see how from this point of view he can maintain, as he does in his first chapter, that "action from a good motive is never morally obligatory." It looks as though his views had gradually changed as he proceeded with his enquiry.

Mr. Ross's discussion is thoughtful and closely reasoned; and while none will perhaps adopt the opinions here expressed as his own, anyone interested in moral philosophy cannot afford to miss reading this work.

A. K. GRIFFIN.

AMONG THE THINKERS. Leaves from my Notebooks. By James Alexander Lindsay, M.A., M.D., F.R.C.P. Emeritus Professor of Medicine in the Queen's University of Belfast. London. H. K. Lewis & Co. 1931.

This is the work of a "bookman", in the best sense of the word—one to whom books have been the fascination of his life. The author, or rather the collector, admires Lord Morley's maxim that

any book worth reading is worth taking notes from, and—unlike many an admirer of a good maxim—he has put it in practice for many years.

It has been said that a man's character is revealed by a tour of his library; but I rather doubt this, for such a tour would show only the books he has acquired, not those he has read. Professor Lindsay's self-disclosure is more intimate and reliable. He shows not only what he has read, but in what respects they have impressed him—what particular "winged word" from each has remained in his mind. His cited passages from great authors of the most varied countries and periods reveal a cosmopolitan taste, interests extraordinarily wide, and yet with a certain single principle running throughout. They are classified under such headings as "Conduct of Life", "Civilization", "Manners", "Religion", "National Characteristics", etc.

One would naturally infer, I think, that this bookman combines three qualities; an eager literary curiosity, a quenchless faith that the remedy for bad thinking is to be found in better thinking, and a robust—perhaps at times even an impatient—insistence that really significant thought should always make a difference in practice. Here we see a hard reader; no pessimist; and one in whom not even the widest intellectual hospitality has abated his concern for the deeper values of life.

To anyone who knows the writer personally, this book will commend itself as a photograph. To those who do not know him, it should serve as a pattern of a bookman's harvesting and garnering. H. L. S.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PRAYER BOOK. By F. W. Vroom, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Divinity at King's College, Halifax. The Macmillan Co. New York and Toronto.

Publishers often say that a new book "meets a long felt need". This recommendation is, in the case of Archdeacon Vroom's book, wholly and literally true. In particular, three years ago, when Church questions were debated so long and so keenly by the British press and public, one would have welcomed so rich and yet so concise and illuminating a statement of historical facts which the disputants ought to have known.

But, invaluable as it would then have been, what Archdeacon Vroom has produced is no mere contribution to the literature of a transient controversy. He mentions only incidentally the struggles of 1927 and 1928. This is a volume of deep and lasting worth. We have here, first, a detailed account of how the Anglican Prayer Book came into existence, the product of a long liturgical development, but with characteristics of its own. Next we have an analysis of it, part by part, showing the special significance of each section, how it came to be placed as it is, and how current criticisms of it are often the result of misunderstanding.

One can seldom praise a book altogether without reservation, particularly when it deals with so many matters on which conflict of opinion has been sharp. But I feel in this case only gratitude to the author for having given us what no one else had given, a book on the Anglican liturgies that is at once full of knowledge, admirable in temper, and written with crystal clarity. H. L. S.