

NEW BOOKS

AFTER THE WAR. 1920-1922. A Diary. By Lt.-Col. Charles à Court Repington, C. M. G. Houghton Mifflin Company. Boston and New York, 1922.

This is a notable book; to the student of post-bellum Europe perhaps the most considerable of the year. Even the austere "Gentleman with a Duster" may find it in him to commend it; for, beyond cavil, Repington here gives us a thorough-going survey of European politics in 1921. Entrusted with a journalistic mission by Lord Burnham of the *Daily Telegraph*, he is off with the New Year and campaigns it for a twelvemonth, ending up in the press gallery at the Conference on the Far East. His purpose, he states, was to acquaint himself "with the new personalities and new ideas which the great war storm had thrown up to the surface of affairs in Continental Europe." Midway in his *Wanderjahr*—at Paris on June 15—he has this entry:

What a strange experience all this has been!—London, Paris, Rome, Athens; then Rome, Paris, London again; the Conference; Paris, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Berlin, Oppeln and Upper Silesia, Breslau, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Paris once more, Mayence, Wiesbaden, Coblenz, Frankfurt, Berlin, and now Paris and London again. What a kaleidoscope of scenes, places, events, people, and things. Many people will know their own corners better than I, but one must visit every seat of government and see all the leading men in order to judge the whole enchaining of circumstances and the relation of the various parts to the whole. I am constantly reminded of my old experiences in campaigns and manoeuvres, when I have gone round and have found people obsessed by their own little battle and quite ignorant of what was happening a few miles off. So it really is in diplomacy and foreign politics. The lookers-on see most of the game.

Within the next two months he adds Bucharest, Transylvania and Sofia to his itinerary, and then crosses the Atlantic in time for the opening of the Washington Conference. An amazing odyssey, even for our day!

Repington is a born diarist. He observes everything,—facts, men, affairs, policies. His mind is steeped in realities, the very sublimation of the English type. Everywhere he has the entrée—at kings' palaces, foreign chancelleries, British legations, war offices, the *salons* of the fashionable world. The notables of three continents pass in review. Clemenceau, Foch and Pétain; Wirth and Delbruck; Benes and Venizelos; Jonescu and Stamboulisky; the plenipotentiaries at Washington,—all are in the picture. Taken together, Repington's sketches make a wonderfully complete gallery of European public men.

The Tiger, for example, is found in "the same old commonplace bourgeois den", dark and fusty. He is in the same old clothes, a trifle more stiff in his gait. But the old fire is still keen, the brain alert. "The eyes danced and glared and flashed, and the fun came rolling out with the same old humour, witticism, and profound knowledge of character and human nature." Clemenceau, however, will write nothing. In this day of historical post-mortems, his will is resolute:

He took no interest in the controversies of the past which was over. He did not care what people thought or said. It was all one to him. . . . He thought it would be mean, petty, and dishonouring to such a great epoch if he began to say or write that on such and such a date someone or other said, or wrote, or did something or other. He regarded such littleness with scorn and preferred silence, and his contemplation of great grandeurs.

But Repington has an eye for the softer touches as well. The beauty of a spring day in Vienna captivates him. The nooks and narrow lanes of Frankfort, the Gothic glory of Cologne, a fine old Hals, the vanished pomps of the Ballplatz and many another fancy of a cultivated taste embroider the narrative. His pages abound in table-talk. The gossip of the embassies, the latest *bon mot*, enliven the details of trade returns and international finance. There is a fine sense of atmosphere. We get the "very age and body of the time."

The political judgments of Repington are set forth in the dry light of facts. The fall of Venizelos, for example, is cleared up. It was the Venizelists who were responsible for it :

I am impressed by meeting shoals of people who have been imprisoned, exiled or ostracised by the Venizelists. I had no idea before I came here how utterly Venizelos was discredited in Greece, *solely* on account of his internal policy. But the country is to a man in favour of the foreign policy of Venizelos, and later on, when the misdeeds of his Cretans are forgotten, Greece will erect a great statue to him and admit that he deserved well of his country.

Venizelos himself is interviewed in Paris, "looking very fit. . . . He has not lost his old volubility and fire, and poured out a lava of words." They talk of Herodotus and the Greeks of Asia Minor. In the opinion of Venizelos, "the coast always became Greekicised, no matter what was done." Pétain thought that the only solution for Greece "and the rest of us" was to hold present positions; if any change is desirable, "it should be made by kicking the Turks out of Constantinople." On this point one might inquire how far Pétain represented French opinion a year later.

Of the new states of Europe, Repington finds Czechoslovakia the most *viable*. Its Prime Minister, Benes, made a fine impression. "Impeccably honest, wholly without vanity, clear and most frank." His policy aims at the creation of the United States of Central Europe through a system of understanding and alliances:

It was not a case of a fresh Empire. It was a political and economic federation. . . . each state preserving its full sovereign rights, and the various states arranging matters with each other by mutual agreement. The formula for the Confederation had not yet emerged, but the aim was clear; and he considered. . . . that he could count on ten or fifteen years of tranquillity for carrying out these great designs.

Austria, on the other hand, is not *viable*. Vienna is broken in spirit, though still "truly an Imperial City":

Can this great city die or be replaced by any other as the natural trysting place of Eastern Europe for pleasure or business? I doubt it. The equipment, enchantment, and apparel of a great city are not so easily duplicated. . . . Vienna stands. Her soul has fled with the comtessen. The sword and the sceptre are broken. Vienna, if it is to reign still, must reign by the mind.

The German, to Repington, is the "utterly uncongenial being that he always was to us," but with respect to the political and economic situation in Germany he is disposed to be tolerant. Germany as a whole is not a rich country. Her people have made her prosperous through their science and industry. "If that industry be checked, we shall not be paid. We are not dealing with a Darius and his heaps of gold. . . . I do not believe that they are dreaming of war, but some of them at one end are certainly longing for a restoration, and at the other end for a commune." As to bringing forth works meet for repentance, Princess Blucher tells our diarist that it is "quite hopeless to make the Germans understand that they began the war." Even Delbruck, though moderate during the war, now hates the Allies "with the greatest hate possible." The interview with the great historian is one of the most interesting in the book. Delbruck has aged and saddened. He is a monarchist, but does not look for a Hohenzollern restoration. He laments the destruction of the balance of power, and thinks that the distinctive mark of our age is its want of great men. "The iron has entered into the historian's soul."

One man in Europe, however, may prove to be a genius or a lunatic, Repington doesn't know which,—Hegedus, the Finance Minister of Hungary, "a man of devouring energy, rapid thought and torrential speech." His financial methods are unique. He avoids direct taxes as in reality useless, and casts about for other ways and means :

He increases the indirect taxes. . . . He taxes the war profiteer by taxing him double amounts on all increases since 1914. He takes for the Government a first mortgage of twenty per cent on all houses. . . . He calls on all companies of whatever kind to increase their share capital by fifteen per cent. He takes these new shares and sells them back to the companies, if they want them, and if not, then in open market. . . . This avoids all prying into capital and profits. He takes twenty per cent of all moneys on deposit in the banks. He proposes to take two, three, or four years' annual rent from all estates except the large ones as a capital

levy upon them. . . . From all these sources he reduces his deficit of twelve milliards by seven milliards.

And apparently Hungary is standing this heroic surgery of finance.

Only once does Repington hit out at his critics. His war diary, he informs them, has run through ten impressions without a single letter to deny any statement made in it relating to the war. If his contemporaries cannot refute him, how can history? "A few old cats have squawled privately. How ungrateful, when twenty years hence they will mostly be dead, leaving no memory, except in my pages!" This is true Horatian naiveté. *Usque ego. . . . cresciam.* Or perhaps it is aristocratic hauteur. But whatever the point of view, Repington has seen a good part of the game and knows how to describe it. *After the War* is a book to read not only in but through.

H. F. M.

THE MEMORIES OF THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. Thornton Butterworth, Limited, London, 1922.

We are not told by whom this volume has been translated, though we may surely assume that the Crown Prince did not write his Memoirs in English. The original publishers are "The Mundus Publishing Company, Amsterdam".

These reminiscences are undoubtedly interesting, far more interesting than those others by the ex-Kaiser to which one naturally turns for comparison. The Crown Prince, unlike his father, has things to relate which the world is concerned to know. Assuming that this work proceeded genuinely from his own pen, we must agree that he writes with clearness, intelligence, vivid circumstantial detail. We hear about the stiff formalism of his upbringing, about his own rebelliousness against princely etiquette, about the character and temperament of the ex-Kaiser of whom he speaks with filial affection but whom he blames for over-confidence and for inability to choose good advisers. We have many an interesting record of visits to England and of intercourse with Edward VII, whose personality is presented with very un-German friendliness. The Crown Prince does not fail to set his own sagacity in a strong light to his readers, and—if we can trust his word—he does appear to have obtruded some excellent but unwelcome advice upon the obstinate Court of Berlin. But it is so easy, after the event, to give credit to one's self and lay the blame elsewhere! In Germany, as in other places, Memoirs and counter-Memoirs are thus still at war with one another.

The chief fault of German war policy—according to this imperial annalist—was failure to effect proper co-operation between the commanders in the field and the politicians at home. The early victories, it seems, should have been used as a basis for "peace by compromise" while there was yet time, and the Crown Prince alleges that he himself pressed this consideration in vain. The vials of his scorn are poured out especially upon von Bethmann-Hollweg. We hear that the "scrap-of-paper speech" meant the loss for Germany of her "first great battle

in the eyes of the world". But it appears to have been the tactical indiscretion of that speech by which the writer was offended, and we may perhaps discount the vehemence of his attack when we remember that Bethmann used to report his Royal Highness to the Kaiser for making international trouble. At all events the deceased old Chancellor is assailed with bitter and picturesque abuse. We are told about State affairs being touched with "palsied hands", about "the lacklustre of resignation in his eyes", about "nevertheless" as his most characteristic word. Bethmann is depicted as a type of that habitual indecision and unwillingness to face painful facts which proved so fatal to the German cause.

The reader will look in vain for answers to those questions which he will probably most desire to urge upon this royal witness. We get, of course, once more that official German defence of which everyone has grown tired. We have to hear again about the "encirclement" of the Fatherland, about jealousy of German expansion and German trade, about "the lying Entente press", about the cruel things that have to be done by a nation at bay and ringed around with foes. The Peace Treaty is a thing which the writer can hardly bring himself to discuss, for "the words will scarcely flow from my pen":—

Preposterous demands, that even with the very best intentions no one can fulfil! Brutal threats of strangling, in the event of any failure of strength! Withal unexampled stupidity,—a document that perpetuates hatred and bitterness, where only emancipation from the pressure of the past years and new faith in one another could unite the peoples into a fresh and peacefully reconstructed community.

Fine, edifying words, that would be more impressive if they proceeded from a different source! When one turns back from this meditation about international charity to the pages that record a joyous visit to Constantinople and present the charming generous personality of Abdul Hamid, one feels that the Armenians would like to add many a marginal note.

A sombre spirit broods over the book, and if we did not know the author so well we might sympathise with him more. An old proverb bids us give even the devil his due, and in the Inferno of the German Court of eight years ago it is hard for us to say who was chief villain, or to what extent and in what details they all lied about one another. The book is one that will thoroughly repay reading, and the Crown Prince undoubtedly draws with skill a somewhat attractive picture of himself. It is noteworthy that his photograph in sixteen different poses appears on different pages! These old habits seem to persist even when circumstance has greatly changed. And here and there we get real amusement. It seems that the German royal personages used to be trained in youth to a trade, and in banishment the Crown Prince takes exercise at a Dutch smithy forge, just as his father splits wood. We are told of a wealthy American tourist who some time ago offered to buy a horse-shoe fresh from the imperial hand for twenty-five *guilder*. At the present rate of exchange this would be the equivalent of a large

sum in German marks. A friend advised that in the interests of poor people in the Fatherland the Prince should start a business in such souvenirs for transatlantic commerce. "I would make horse-shoes for these Johnnies all day"!

H. L. S.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN MACOUN, Canadian Explorer and Naturalist, Assistant Director of the Geological Survey of Canada. A Memorial Volume published by The Ottawa Field-Naturalists' Club, (With an Introduction by Ernest Thompson Seton). 1922.

This is a handsome volume of over three hundred pages about six inches by nine, with eight full page illustrations. It covers a long lifetime, eighteen chapters being autobiographic (from 1831 to 1904), the nineteenth by a son completing in outline the unfinished memoirs to the end of one of the most active and happy careers of ninety years.

John Macoun was born, 17th April, 1831, in Maralin, County Down, Ireland, and took passage for America, 2nd May, 1850, on the ship "Chester". His reminiscences of nineteen years in Ireland are characteristically and graphically depicted. His first notions, his school episodes, are well told; for example, watching and waiting for the dismissal a little later of the other school boys to have a running fight with them on their way home! The "Chester" dumped him into Quebec; but the greatest disillusionment came from his entrance into the Ontario forest in Seymour *via* Belleville. He tried farming, a country store clerkship, and at length teaching.

He acknowledges his escapades. He checkmated the old lady bargain hunters, when he discovered their habits, by adding a fraction to the price and then tactfully reducing it. Thus he was becoming famous as an obliging clerk, until he told the head of the shop, who—becoming alarmed lest he should be discovered to have two prices on his goods—forbade the agreeable game. And so on, with adventures by farm, forest and stream where the flowers, first noticed in the cottage garden in Ireland, were catching his fancy and calling for names. Primitive botany texts served for a beginning, until at last he came into touch with the leading botanists of America.

In 1859 he attended the Normal School at Toronto. His first salary was \$14 per month and "board around". But he named all the plants in the region, writing his list in his quarto note book. He was promoted to a position in the public schools of Belleville, and from that to Albert College as lecturer in Natural History and Geology. All this is merely introduction. He filled vacation time with exploratory excursions. Then, in 1872, he was taken on the Sir Sanford Fleming expedition (to discover a route for a transcontinental railway), of which the Rev. Dr. George M. Grant was Secretary. He went across the continent, from which he returned by the Peace River, and opened up to public attention the generous physical and agricultural character of the great North-West.

A dozen exploratory trips across Canada from the Pacific to the Atlantic followed; first plants, then birds also his subsidiary objects

in view. He contributed the greater part of the 100,000 plants to the Canadian National Herbarium; and his collection of bird skins completed the collection mounted now in the National Museum at Ottawa. He published a quarto list of Canadian plants and their habitats in volumes aggregating 1700 pages, and of the birds of Canada in three large volumes.

In 1881 he was appointed Dominion Botanist, and next year moved to Ottawa, where he was soon promoted to the position of Naturalist and Assistant Director to the Geological Survey. He was one of the Charter Members of the Royal Society of Canada, and a promoter of the Ottawa Field-Naturalists' Club. In 1906 he was presented with an engrossed vote of thanks by a committee of the House of Commons for his exploration of the agricultural possibilities of Canada in his various reports and books.

Manitoba and the Great North-West, published in 1882, contained 687 pages. Macoun was superannuated in 1913, and retired with his titles (a very exceptional Government honour) to Vancouver Island, where he continued to enjoy working up the cryptogams of that region more gently with the growing disabilities of age, but still with the joy of the sportsman, the satisfaction of the naturalist, and to the enrichment of science. He presented a valuable Herbarium of varied plants to the Provincial Government of British Columbia at Victoria. He always enjoyed the satisfaction of being publicly appreciated. His opportunities for similar exploration can never exist again. Yet there are boundless other fields of exploration beckoning to the votaries of science in Canada to-day. No great explorer of Nature exhausts the field. He only opens to view many other boundless areas. But no succeeding naturalist is likely to surpass the record of John Macoun's motile energy in exploration, and to carry in his mind's eye more numerous distinct images of definite specific forms of Nature's workmanship.

The book is in fact a good incidental history of the opening up of Canada from its primitive wilds to its vast railroaded provinces. To history it adds the charm of the evolving personality of the greatest Canadian scientific explorer, from the Irish boy to the enthusiastic nonagenarian.

A. H. MACKAY.

PAGAN LOVE. By John Murray Gibbon. McClelland and Stewart. Toronto. 1922.

This is a book difficult to review, not on account of its paganism, but because if one outlines the story one must reveal a secret the "keeping" of which until quite near the end is necessary to the enjoyment of the tale. To say that the story is extremely improbable is to speak the truth; but its improbability will only make it the more popular with a certain class of readers. What is improbable may not be told for fear of spoiling the effect of the *denouement*.

The story begins in England, but soon—by means of a transatlantic voyage—is transferred to the great republic to the south. Most of the plot is developed in the romantic tranquillity of New York,—“the

city of the glad hand and the marble heart". Those who appreciate the atmosphere of New York, its rush, its slang, its offices, its restaurants, its gunmen and their "hold-ups", will enjoy this book. There are several good things in it, of which the following may serve as examples:

He himself was but to add his response to the chant of the dollar.

She volunteered that she was a widow, and that forty was only her professional age.

If he asks for bread, he is offered a tombstone. I always suspect an artist who is successful before he is dead.

America, where beauty has scarcely been discovered.

An exaggerated personal modesty, refusing even to change a neck-tie while Walter was in the same room.

One or two thrusts are directed at Scottish characteristics, as in the following:—

Her mistake had been to plunge him so suddenly into such expense. She did not know how the supper bill (i. e. the bill of costs for supper) had cooled him.

Two passages from the Bible are misquoted, not however by Mr. Murray Gibbon, but by his characters:—

Money is the root of all evil.

Whisper it not in Askalon.

With two examples of the ambiguous I may close this review:—

A sleepless night and a rattling subway left him so many nerves.

The lady he is with has a husband who travels in shirt-waists.

D. F. H.

CANADIAN CITIES OF ROMANCE. By Katherine Hale (Mrs. John Garvin). McClelland and Stewart. Toronto. 1922.

This is a well-printed and interesting new book of two hundred pages, artistically and strikingly illustrated by Dorothy Stevens. The illustrations add much to its beauty and worth. It is well written, in a pleasing style, and contains many charming pen-pictures. The book is concerned chiefly with the public and private historical romances of the cities with which it deals, and the purview is the whole of the Dominion from Atlantic to Pacific. It contains over twenty illustrative sketches by Dorothy Stevens.

A list of the cities treated with pen and pencil indicates the widespread interest which the work is likely to arouse. These are:—Quebec—An Immortal; Domes and Dreams of Montreal; Kingston and Her Past; Halifax—A Holding Place; The Port of St. John; Fredericton—

The Celestial City; Ottawa—A Towered Town; Toronto—A Place of Meeting; Historic Backgrounds of Brantford; Golden Winnipeg; Edmonton and Jasper Park; Calgary and Banff; Vancouver—The Western Gateway; Victoria—An Island City. There is much valuable as well as interesting historical and social information in the book.

W. E. M.

OVER PRAIRIE TRAILS. By Frederick Philip Grove. McClelland and Stewart. Toronto. 1922.

This is an attractive-looking volume, issued by the well known Toronto firm of publishers. It is rather romantically and fancifully illustrated by C. U. Manly, A. R. C. A. The author in a brief introduction describes himself as a school-teacher employed in a prairie town, while his wife was engaged as a teacher in a rural section between thirty and forty miles distant. That he might visit her and their little daughter at week-ends, he purchased a horse and "buggy". The horse would seem to have stood only second in interest to the wife and child in its owner's regard and affections. Many of these long prairie expeditions were made, but the book tells of only seven of the more adventurous of them, from the village or "town" to the country and back. It deals specifically with Farms and Roads; Fog; Dawn and Diamonds; Snow; Wind and Waves; A Call for Speed; Skies and Scares. The author's powers of observation and memory must be highly developed. He presents almost photographic pictures of what he saw and experienced. His literary style is clear and concise.

W. E. M.

WHEN WINTER COMES TO MAIN STREET. By Grant Overton. Toronto: MacClelland and Stewart. New York: George H. Doran. 1922.

The title of this work might just as well have been *When the Thaw comes to the North Pole*, for anything that the title has to do with the contents. It is the product of two tendencies very marked at the present moment, the desire to advertise everything, and the desire for gossip about the personalities of authors, political leaders, and in fact anyone who is "anybody".

In the preface Mr. Overton tells us frankly that his book is an advertisement on behalf of the books published by the house of George H. Doran Company. This frankness is welcome, but it was not needed to make us aware of the work being an advertisement: great is advertisement, and it will prevail. It is devoted mainly to telling us something about the life and art of such authors as Arnold Bennett, Hugh Walpole, Irvin S. Cobb, Frank Swinnerton, Stephen McKenna, Rebecca West, and Mary R. Rinehart. It is a glorified and illustrated *Who's Who*, the illustrations being excellent photographs of those persons just mentioned, and of a few others.

Naturally the book is crowded with dates and other details, and is a veritable dust-storm of italics. For those to whom personal gossip is of the breath of life, it will prove interesting,—which is another way of saying that it will have a large sale.

The preface hopes that those who relish "good reading" will be interested in *When Winter Comes to Main Street*; but, luckily for the financial success of the book, the interest will not be confined to that class of persons.

D. F. H.

THE SECRET PLACES OF THE HEART. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company of Canada. 1922.

THE CATHEDRAL. A Novel. By Hugh Walpole. New York. George H. Doran Company. 1922.

Mr. H. G. Wells has been writing too fast, and it can be said with confidence that his latest novel will not in any degree enhance his fame. It is concerned with the fortunes of one Sir Richmond Hardy, Fuel Commissioner in England whose caustic comments about muddled administration, profiteering, lack of foresight and system in public affairs, are intermingled with biological theory and amorous adventure. The leading elements of the book have appeared many times before in other forms, and even their special combination is not new. *Secret Places of the Heart* might be called a "characteristic Wellsian novel", but for the fact that it is by no means characteristic of this most versatile writer thus to re-thresh the old straw. There are in it, of course, brilliant epigrammatic touches, as there are in all of Mr. Wells's work. But a good deal of the book reads as if it had been dictated at times when the writer's brain was fagged, and when all that he could do was to attenuate still further the thread of many an old discourse.

A finer effort in fiction is *The Cathedral*, by Mr. Hugh Walpole. All lovers of Anthony Trollope will welcome the work of another artist who has chosen to depict once again the social life—so dignified and so amusing—of an English cathedral town. Fifty years, indeed, separate Mr. Walpole's "Polchester" from Trollope's "Barchester". The Trollope characters were innocent of Modernism. New problems have arisen, new sources of discord, new stings of jealousy and of ambition. But human nature remains much the same amid the variations of circumstance, and the ecclesiastical figures of Polchester are very human. The story revolves around the fortunes of a masterful Archdeacon, whose long established supremacy is challenged by the advent of an enterprising Canon. How Archdeacon Brandon struggled against the pressure of the new generation, how his majestic dignity was broken by the insurgence of wife, son, town librarian, junior colleague, and but feebly sustained by the persistent loyalty of his daughter,—herein lies the *motif* of the tale. The portraiture is skilful, and the interest is

held throughout. But there is a note of hysterical exaggeration. The effort to modernize has made some people quite too modern. Wives of English Archdeacons do not, as a rule, show even their legitimate resentment towards a domineering husband by flirting with a Canon. The novelist obviously intends to make his readers sympathetic with the lady, but the effect is the reverse. Nor can one easily believe that the wrath of an evangelical church dignitary towards a colleague who is a heretic and a supplanter would be likely to issue in even a momentary temptation to homicidal violence. Trollope would never have got so far out of touch with reality. But Mr. Walpole's work is on the whole a success, his characters are alive, and many of his situations are poignantly convincing.

H. L. S.

PREACHING AND SERMON CONSTRUCTION. By Paul B. Bull, M. A.
The Macmillan Company. 1922.

Books are like medicine. Some are to be taken in a single dose, while others are to be spread over many days. This book belongs to the second class, and may be most heartily recommended as a valuable tonic to all preachers who seek further efficiency in their life-work. It is a preacher's text-book, and to be read as such. The earlier part is devoted to a more general discussion of the minister's aim and life; but the most interesting section begins with the author's attempt to define the laws governing the production and delivery of sermons. The motive which induced him to write was sympathy for the young clergyman who finds his greatest difficulty to be the making of the sermon. "Undoubtedly many young clergy suffer much in their first efforts to construct a sermon, simply because no one has taught them the few rules which govern the technique of this art. In cases where a preacher is so strong in self-confidence that he does not suffer at all, the suffering is generally borne by the congregation."

The author makes a genuine attempt to get back to the fundamental things. He has all the keenness of the anatomist for a skeleton, only he is equally eager to clothe this with flesh till at last it comes forth a living thing. There is a rich harvest of good advice, and one feels that if only these rules could be put into practice there would be a revolution in preaching, but unfortunately it is as hard for the preacher to enforce his rules as for the Professor of philology mentioned on p. 245 who in acknowledging a testimonial summed up his lifetime thus: "The one lesson which, in my long ministry amongst you, I have tried to impress on the minds of my beloved people is that a preposition or an adverb is the worst possible part of speech to end a sentence up with!"

But ideas are still of some avail, and one can easily see the advantage of having within reach so suggestive and wise a compendium on the art of preaching, which some of us still venture to regard as the highest of the arts.

J. W. FALCONER.

HAPPINESS AND GOODWILL; and Other Essays on Christian Living.
By Rev. Professor J. W. MacMillan, D. D., Professor of
Sociology, Victoria College, Toronto. McClelland and Stewart.
Toronto. 1922.

The author of this little book is well known to many readers of *The Dalhousie Review*, having been for some years minister of St. Matthew's Presbyterian Church, Halifax. Dr. MacMillan is nothing if not practical, and these essays have to do with human conduct viewed in the light of our Lord's teaching as found in the Gospels. The author knows well how to use a telling phrase to express his meaning. He writes with a virility and a healthy-minded view of human life which is all to the good. Here for example is his description of the Twelve Apostles:—

Jesus chose young men of good health, of active and hardy habits, who could enjoy a spell of roughing it and laugh in the face of danger. They were men who could launch a boat at night-fall even though a storm was gathering, and could draw a sword and furiously assault the armed retainers of the High Priest. Until that hour of sudden desolation and panic when they saw that He was to be killed and all their hopes were shattered, they were His bodyguard in the midst of spies and foes, and their panic on that occasion lasted for only a few hours. Physically, they were excellent raw material for heroism.

Or this:—

The advance of the Kingdom has been enormously delayed by the mistaken picture which the world has cherished of Jesus and His disciples. It has been a lovely picture, full of pathos, like a product of dreamland, the languorous procession of mild-faced long-robed men from Syrian village to village. Memory, of course, has played her familiar trick, and made a romance of it. For centuries it has been visualized as a sort of operatic tragedy, played to slow music. Jesus has been made the darling of Christendom, but hardly its hero. The disciples have been thought of as a lot of silly and affectionate school-boys.

From these extracts it may be judged that the reader need not expect to find Professor MacMillan unduly hampered by merely conventional views of religion.

H. A. KENT.