

thunders forth the reasons which he thinks made for their success or failure.

He is, so far, a big, enthusiastic optimist, of an optimism based on depth, on a profound insight, like Browning's. He snatches at salient points—at things which we forget to see because they are obvious, and re-states them for our hearing in tones that, like "the dominant's persistence, must be answered to."

These essays are what the casual reader might almost call slight; there does not seem, on the surface, to be much system, much care to arrange; yet the cumulative effect is as complete, as striking, apparently also as spontaneous, as in Shakespeare. The book grips you with a thousand tentacles of human sympathy and comprehension. The style, almost throughout, is admirable; though here and there a carping critic might call a phrase ambiguous; and on page 164 the nerves of the present reviewer were jarred by finding one of the commonest errors of the day—"different to"; how can one thing differ to another?

But these are only bits of turf flung up by the energy of the author's preliminary canter. He rides up to the lists with his armour upon him, and bears a banner which it would not surprise us to find, when unfurled, bearing a cross. It seems that the world should wait with eagerness for him to formulate his challenge. "The hearts of men, the souls of men, the loves and hates and aspirations of men," he seems to cry, "not the impossible and abnormal state of equal love for man, of existence without preferences and without discriminations."

The difficulty of selecting samples for quotations from such a store-house is immense. Let us try one or two, however, just to give the sound of the wonderful voice.

"The limitations of William Morris, whatever they were, were not the limitations of common decoration. It is true that all his work, even his literary work, was in some sense decorative, had in some degree the qualities of a splendid wall-paper. His characters, his stories, his religious and political views had, in the most emphatic sense, length and breadth without thickness. He seemed really to believe that men could enjoy a perfectly flat felicity. He made no account of the unexplored and explosive possibilities of human nature, of the unnameable terrors, and the yet more unnameable hopes."

Or—

"The great and abiding truth for which the Brontë cycle of fiction stands is a certain, most important truth about the enduring spirit of youth, the truth of the near kinship between terror and joy. The Brontë heroine, dingily dressed, badly educated, hampered by a humiliating inexperience—a kind of ugly innocence—is yet, by the very fact of her solitude and her *gaucherie*, full of the greatest delight that is possible to a human being, the delight of expectation, the delight of an ardent and flamboyant ignorance."

Or—

"The Puritans fell, through the damning fact that they had a complete theory of life, through the eternal paradox that a satisfactory explanation can never satisfy. . . . The Restoration was in part a revolt of all the chaotic and unclassed parts of human nature, the parts that are left over, and will always be left over, by every rationalistic system of life."

Or, lastly—

"The most formidable liberal philosophers have called the monks melancholy because they denied themselves the pleasures of liberty and marriage. They might as well call the trippers on a Bank Holiday melancholy because they deny themselves, as a rule, the pleasures of silence and meditation."

G. M. R.

Waiting.

Clouds look their darkest ere they are tipped with gold;

So, in the march of strange events we see
The blackest way leads to the shining fold;
There's comfort in the thought for you and me.
O cloud of sorrows, break to melting light,
Touched by the glory of a coming gladness,
Till in the burning glow of perfect right
We catch the meaning of our present sadness.

FITZ T.

—*Westminster Gazette*.

What to Read.

"Jeanne d'Arc, Maid of Orleans, Deliverer of France." Being the Story of her Life . . . As Attested on Oath and Set Forth in the Original Documents. Edited by T. Douglas Murray.

"The Princess of Hanover." By Margaret L. Woods.

"Civilisation in Congoland: a Story of International Wrong-doing." By H. R. Fox Bourne.

"Bush Studies." By Barbara Baynton.

"Character Building." By Booker T. Washington, author of "Up from Slavery."

"The Crimson Wing." By H. C. Chatfield Taylor.

"The Two Vanrevels." By Booth Tarkington.

Coming Events.

Meetings to discuss State Registration of Nurses:—

January 27th.—Brook Fever Hospital, 3 p.m.

January 29th.—Fountain Fever Hospital, 2.30 p.m.

February 5th.—St. Bartholomew's Hospital, 8.30 p.m.

January 30th.—Nurses' Conversazione, St. Thomas's Hospital.

February 4th.—The Lord Chief Justice presides at the opening of the new premises of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

February 6th.—Meeting of Executive Committee of Society for State Registration of Nurses, 20, Upper Wimpole Street, 3.30 p.m.

Change of Address.

The National Union of Women Workers is leaving its old quarters in Berners Street for more commodious premises, and the address of this Society will for the future be 9, Southampton Street, W.C. Will the many friends of the National Union, which acts as the National Council of Women for Great Britain and Ireland, please note?

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