

NEW BOOKS

THREE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES

- MEMORY HOLD-THE-DOOR.** By John Buchan (1875-1939). Hodder and Stoughton, 1940. Pp. 327. 12s. 6d.
- I REMEMBER.** The Autobiography of Abraham Flexner (1866—). Simon and Schuster, New York, 1940. Pp. 414. \$3.75.
- AS I REMEMBER HIM. THE BIOGRAPHY OF R. S.** By Hans Zinsser (1878-1940). Little, Brown and Company, Boston, 1940. Pp. 443. \$3.25.

Why treat these three books in a heap? Merely because they happened to be published about the same time? No, there are better reasons than that. They are autobiographies of men who have lived in this last time—a time of unprecedented change, as all three are aware. And, if one draws back, on the morrow of their appearance, from calling them *great* books written by *great* men, they are at least books that no one interested in that time, and in the future, can afford not to read. Also they are written by men who believed, in that overwhelming period, in the possibility of altering the shape of things by individual effort. All three were men who in some way left a mark on their time; all three are men whom Bagehot would have described as "between sizes" in politics; yet all three were intensely interested in the political scene. In other ways: in religion, for example, their outlook is widely different—they vary from "continuing Presbyterian" to continuing Agnostic. Their *points d'appui*, geographical, educational, social, are widely sundered: one, the son of the manse, brought up in the Kingdom of Fife and on the Border; one, the son of poor Jewish immigrants, whose first years were spent in the cramping hopelessness of a southern state in the post Civil War period; the third, the son of a German manufacturing chemist in the city of New York. True, the two latter overlap to some extent: they are first generation Americans whose parents became American through the abortive revolution of 1848 in Germany. All three began with something of an anti-English bias. Buchan's antipathy began to be softened during his late boyhood, when a bicycle enabled him to see the likenesses between his own folk on the southern border and the Englishmen of the northern fells and moors. The other two, to whom the German language was native air, and who became acquainted with German universities in their golden period, learned much later to appreciate the instability of the German structure of things, and to respect the stolid English character. In compensation for this, as it were, there exists perhaps nowhere else so sympathetic an appreciation of American achievement and American character as one of the chapters of Buchan's book.

One thing, and this is most notable, runs through the experience of all three: their knowledge of Greek civilisation as a warp thread of all subsequent thought. Perhaps Zinsser's knowledge in this respect is truncated and, as compared with the other two, more derivative through French and German sources. Still, even he is not shut out from the long perspective which such knowledge gives a man.

Many reviews have already appeared of *Memory Hold-the-Door*. But hardly any of them seem to me to be fair, to say nothing of being adequate. It may be that this springs from Buchan's many-sidedness; but I am afraid that, so far as British reviews are concerned, this is part of the obliquity which has marked British reviewing for some years past. The Radical writers remember against Buchan that he began as a Tory, and stood as a Tory member of Parliament; also that he was one of "Lord Milner's kindergarten" in South Africa. The Tories remember not only his open confession of being a Trimmer, in Macaulay's sense, but that, when he was actually returned to Parliament, it was as a university member and that he availed himself largely of his independent position. He advocated the nationalisation of public utilities, and was an open admirer of Jimmy Maxton. About the Labour members, in general, he says:

"I found them the most interesting section of the House. . . They were the most genuinely English thing in public life. . . It was a delight to me, after the ordinary clipped talk of the public schools and universities, to hear speech which had a relish of country nooks and long-descended provincial ways."

Is it any wonder that John Buchan, though dubbed "Lord Tweedsmuir" before he came over, entered into the hearts of Canadians at once, as no previous Governor-General had ever done?

It must be admitted, of course, that, considered as an autobiography, the book is somewhat fragmentary. Certainly it does not speak out, in the so-called realistic fashion of much modern biography and scandal-mongering. Buchan was too modest a man to think that future generations would be interested in his processes of digestion, let us say. But that the book is not self-revealing, as some reviewers have said, shows merely that they do not know how to read an imaginative writer. A great modesty appears in his references to his own other writings. He says actually that he began what he calls his "romances" because, being in the publishing business, he was appalled by the poorness of books written for boys. Indeed, the only claim he seems to make about his writing was that he was a serious student of military history.

It is not true, as some have hinted, that he writes with inordinate pride of that brilliant Oxford circle to which he was admitted in the last decade of the century. He seems to have realised, early, certain weaknesses in that brilliance, as he was a stern critic of much of the laxity in thinking and character after 1918. In the chapter called, "First and Last Things", he writes with great humility and great tenderness of affection for the rather lowly household in which he was reared. One might wish that every young person, say of high school age, should read the concluding chapter, called "The Other Side of the Hill". It is Buchan's last deliberate word on the present condition of the world, and a very wise word it is.

I Remember is another exceedingly modest book. The author says:

"I offer it for what it is worth as an example of what has been done in America by others as well as myself, of what can be done, and of what I believe will always be possible as long as we cling to the ideals of self-reliance, ambition, toleration, and loyalty to what seems to any individual worth while."

The author sprang not from a many-storied scene like the Scott country, but from surroundings poor, primitive and raw, which recall to many a Canadian and American reader his own beginnings. But, like so much of the North American hinterland, some decades ago, it was a world greatly influenced by great books, and where the local newspaper was an intellectual and political stimulus. This is all described with wistful imagination. Like Buchan, Flexner had an idle, unregimented childhood and boyhood, so rare in the world today, which allowed him to grow *selbst arbor*. When he was eighteen, an older brother, who had begun to emerge from the family poverty, sent him to Johns Hopkins University, which was then eight years old. Would to Minerva that every college student and professor would read Flexner's description of Gilman's "little band", which constituted the Johns Hopkins of that time! He planned to complete the four years' course in two years, and, with President Gilman's personal re-arrangement of the examination time-table, was allowed to do so.

In all the voluminous writing on education, from Plato's day onward, there is nothing wiser than, and indeed there is hardly anywhere such distilled wisdom as, the two chapters which describe Flexner's life as a school teacher. Yet he began to teach high school at the age of nineteen, never having heard of pedagogy. In a short time he had a private school of his own, where he was untrammelled. The results were soon so noticeable in the students he sent to Harvard that President Eliot wrote in amazement to ask him what he was doing. He replied that it was all very simple: that he "treated the boys as individuals and let each go at his own pace". Not that all and sundry could learn how to teach by reading these chapters, any more than all and sundry can learn from a course in pedagogy; for Flexner is obviously a born teacher. There was the further accident, and Flexner modestly admits how fortunate his accidents were, that he knew the fundamental importance of Greek and the Greek educational instrument, mathematics. Further, he had a haunting fear of mediocrity.

The school, by the way, led to an extremely happy marriage. After seven or eight years, Flexner threw up the school to continue his own education in Harvard and Berlin.

The rest of the book, the larger part and more important of it, can be more briefly dismissed: for the activities it describes are known to hundreds of thousands of people the world over. Ranging Europe in leisurely fashion, Flexner wrote a criticism of the American colleges. Though generally unnoticed, the little book resulted in his being invited, by the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, to make a survey of medical education in the United States and Canada. The prompt result was "Bulletin Number Four". Not only did Flexner become one of the most famous men of the time, but the medical schools of North America were swept out. In the city of Chicago

alone, twelve of the fifteen medical schools folded their tents and disappeared. His own modest account would be that things had been so rotten that they fell with the first push. Still, it was a great achievement. He at once went abroad again to complete his observations and studies. This was in 1910. At this period he met many of the notabilities in Britain and on the continent. In 1928 he was invited to give a series of lectures in Oxford University. These were published in book form later: *Universities: American, English, German*; and, once more, Flexner's name rang through the world. But, as I have said, though thousands will wish to read Flexner's own account of his life in these great years and the busy life he has led since, these need little comment here.

Mr. Flexner's most striking gift perhaps is his broad genial humour. Out of it springs his genius for rapid characterisation of men. Sometimes, reading a few lines about a man one has known, one murmurs, "That's he, to the life".

As I Remember Him. The Biography of R. S. The sensible reviewer always writes in the hope and with the purpose of inducing others to read the books he reviews. If perchance I shall have induced someone to read the two books above, I can imagine his being a little puzzled at the beginning of this third one. Even more than Buchan, Zinsser knew his days were numbered (for, be it observed, R. S. is an imaginary person and really Zinsser himself). This may account for a certain patchiness of execution, but I think rather that it reflects his own ironic humour. He did not think that anyone's life, least of all his own, ought to be recorded diary-wise. But more than this, Zinsser is more a specialised product of civilisation and science, and he is special in other ways than the other two writers. Those who will most readily see into the accidents of his earlier life are those who know intimately German-speaking communities in North America—communities as American as anything we have, and yet with a background the key to which is German speech, a knowledge of German history and literature.

"There were few Americans of English stock who could appreciate the feelings of people who, having become during two generations enthusiastic Americans, still cherished a reverent fondness for the German traditions of pre-1870, who had sung German children's songs, read the fairy tales, and had later learned to love German literature and music and to admire German science. To be sure, there were many "hyphenates" of more recent immigration whose hearts were with the new imperialistic Fatherland. But to men of R. S.'s stock, nourished on traditions of an anti-Prussian Germany, whose heroes in America were men like Carl Schurz, Jacobi, and Kudiech; whose fathers had worn the black-red-gold ribbons of the democratic *Burschenschaft* under their waistcoats, this war (the war of 1914-18) seemed a call to arms. They felt that they might continue the work of their ancestors toward a German Republic. This, they thought, was their '76, their coming of age as American families."

And Zinsser's schooling was highly irregular, for he was taught by tutors and in private schools in Europe and in New York. His father kept him carefully away from those New England boarding schools which wanted to be English, and, as he thought, failed to be anything.

His chapter on college begins:

"Were I writing an autobiography, instead of this disconnected series of thoughts and impressions, I might describe the early years of my college course at Columbia, during which—largely because of the imbecile fraternity system which entangled me before I had learned my way about the buildings—I went far toward becoming an objectionable and ignorant young blighter."

He attributed his salvation to an older student, F. P. Keppel, who brought him under the influence of G. E. Woodberry, who, in turn, introduced him to Shelley and Plato. Presently he fell under the influence of a group of great teachers of science. At the age of twenty, after a scientific expedition in the prairies, and some studies in Paris, he returned to become a medical student. At this point, the book begins to traverse some of the ground covered by Flexner: only Zinsser sees the field from the points of view of a medical student, and describes it in a ribald and even Rabelaisian way. Yet, there are pages in it of serious interest to those who have studied the history of science. His apostrophe to Flexner is interesting:

"O Abraham Flexner! We have fought with you on minor points, have alternately admired and disliked you, have applauded you for wisdom and detested you for opinionatedness. But in just retrospect—layman as you are—we hail you as the father—or, better, the uncle—of modern medical education in America. You did, on occasion, hit below the belt, yet in the spirit in which the Christian knights slashed off the infidel's heads while shouting 'Kyrie Eleison!' It was your report—uncompromising, cruelly objective, courageous and incisive—which opened the eyes of the medical profession to the state of their training schools, aroused public opinion to the need of better education of the guardians of health, and set the floodgates of the golden streams of philanthropy in medical directions."

One might now set down that Zinsser presently became an eminent bacteriologist; that he pursued his studies in the wake of war and pestilence in Serbia, Russia, Tunis, Mexico and China; and that his brilliant life ended just a few months ago. But this would give no idea of the rich variety of the book, or of his life, "which had academic interludes", as he called them, from California to Boston. Interludes which furnish the book with blasphemous descriptions of university presidents, university professors and university students. At times the fun is boisterous, but, on the whole, the humour is ironic and occasionally reminds one of a beautiful sample of irony which Zinsser mentions, and which evidently he deeply admired—*The Late George Apley*, by John Marquand.

Zinsser was frightened by what he saw going on in Germany even before the last war. Like Liebig long before him, he saw that France had been the schoolmistress of Germany, and to the end he continued to love France beyond all other countries.

The breadth of his sympathies can be seen in the way he writes about the Mexicans:

"If they seemed to have exploited the Indian population in the past, they have not at least ruthlessly destroyed it—as we have our own—and are making slow but decisive progress in molding their Indians into an agricultural, self-supporting population from which, eventually, will spring the middle class they require. . . Their developing civilisation starts from a base line quite different from our Anglo-Saxon, fundamentally commercial one.

They do not want to be exploited by our industrialists by the methods by which these "empire builders" have exploited our own natural resources. They may be right or wrong about this—for all I know. But they are right in being afraid of us."

At times his sympathy even includes those whom his friend, Theodore Roosevelt, called "malefactors of great wealth":

"Medicine seemed to capture the imagination of those who had accumulated great wealth, as religion inspired them in earlier centuries. As they built churches in former times, they now appeared to believe that they could make camels go through the eyes of needles by building institutions for the improvement of medicine. The deep religious fervor that is so often associated with worldly ruthlessness has often expressed itself in noble altruism, when ambition is satiated and the blood pressure has passed one hundred and eighty. It is not fair to say that the desire to balance the books with eternity was the sole motive. Sincere benevolence surely played a part. At any rate, it brought the desired results. And almost too rapidly for a time. Opportunity was made available faster than the brains needed to take advantage of it could be mobilized. There was, at first, much mere rediscovery of what was already well known in Europe and, in many places, half-trained people in magnificent laboratories were sitting on sterile ideas like hens on boiled eggs."

Here they are then, three books in a heap—all so urbane and unprejudiced. A Christian, a Jew, an Agnostic letting intelligence play upon the world of the last six or seven decades, and upon the anarchy of A.D. 1939. All three of them understand as clearly as did Thucydides that complete anarchy never comes through an attack from without, but always through an inner disintegration. Yet all three of them breathe a deep hope.

W.

FREEDOM'S BATTLE. By J. A. Del Vayo. Heinemann, 1940.
Pp. 367. \$3.00.

This is one of the most important books for those who are trying to understand the present war, and for those who wish the defeat of Germany, that have appeared in the last four or five years. (It was obviously begun in 1939, and finished in the spring of 1940, before the collapse of France. This English translation appeared in the autumn, 1940.) It is not an accident that the title is taken from a line of Byron. The author seems to be as well read in French and German as he is in English. He is under fifty years of age, of aristocratic Spanish family, the son of a general. He himself studied in a military school, and in a law faculty in Spain; later in the Universities of London and Leipzig. He was in the United States, as a correspondent for Madrid journals, 1914-16. He was on the staff of the Madrid Liberal paper, *El Sol*, 1916-18. Later he was in Germany again, writing for journals in the Argentine; Spanish Ambassador to Mexico, 1931-33; Member of Parliament for Madrid, 1933, and in 1936. During the Civil War he served the Republican Government as Foreign Minister and Minister for War.

Here is incomparably the best account of the late Spanish Civil War that has yet appeared—and not merely on its military side.

But it is something more. It is a clear, well-informed account of Italian and German foreign policy, since 1923 and 1933 respectively. Not only has the author made full use of the State papers in Madrid, the records of Geneva, and accounts sent by Spanish ambassadors in London and Paris: there seem to have been few official naval and military pronouncements in Germany and Italy which he has not read. We need no longer speculate as to what lay behind the Non-Intervention Agreement: here we now have the evidence. From Russian, Italian, German, ecclesiastical sources, as well as from French and British, Del Vayo shows that the first battle of the second World War was the Civil War in Spain, and that Germany, far more than Italy, won the fruits of that battle. Though many of us had suspected, as we read the writings of Bernanos, G. T. Garratt, and the objective comments of the *Manchester Guardian*, that nearly the whole world was being misled about the Spanish Civil War, through the worldwide propaganda of Germany seconded, alas, by much of the British press, we now have, for the first time, the documentary evidence to confirm our suspicions. But even readers who are innocent and unsophisticated will recognise in this book an account of the heroic struggle for freedom, for the elemental requirements of human existence. It is one of those books in European literature that breathe the doctrine: *The Rights and Duties of Man*. Spain, in 1936, was one of those pockets in the world where the *Rights of man* needed to be pressed. It was a country with huge landed estates, with an exploited peasantry, with a high rate of illiteracy, as compared with other European countries. A new parliament, favouring reform, had been decisively returned, February 16, 1936: 268 Reformers and 140 Reactionaries; the remainder consisted of independent groups. Of the Reformers the largest group were Republicans. In the whole house of 473, there were 15 Communists. The government that was formed was made up wholly of Republicans; it contained no Socialists even, to say nothing of Communists. The policy of this government was to build schools (since a third of the whole population could neither read nor write); agrarian reform—based upon the indemnification of land-holders; public works; an independent legal system—in general, a policy of mild nineteenth-century liberalism. Yet this policy was represented in many parts of the world, including Canada, as "Red". Mild as it was, the Spanish reactionaries, who had long been actively in league with Hitler and Mussolini, determined to resist in Civil War. How often did we not hear, and read, at that time and later, that the policy of the Spanish government was determined in the Russian Embassy in Madrid! Mr. Del Vayo shows that, from the time of the Russian Revolution until the end of August, 1936, there was no Russian ambassador in Spain, nor was there any Spanish ambassador in Moscow during the same period.

So effective was Nazi and Fascist propaganda over all the world, and so supine were American, French, British efforts to pierce it, that our own British newspapers, with notable exceptions, repeated like parrots the German and Italian statements; that the Spanish Liberals were Bolshevik and Communist in principle, and that they were in league with the Russian government, and provided from the first with Russian gold and armaments; that, later on, and after this

was discovered, the Italians and Germans sent "volunteer soldiers" to stem the tide, to save the Catholic Church from atheists, property owners from spoliation, and peaceful citizens from assassins. There is no doubt that tens of thousands of Roman Catholics in North America accepted this as the true picture. It required the alliance of Hitler and Mussolini with Russia, and the continued friendship of Franco with Hitler and Mussolini after that alliance, to open the eyes of the British newspaper readers and of North American Catholics. As I say, there were some who read other things than a section of the British press, who knew that Hitler and Mussolini were no more pro-Christian and pro-property in Spain than they were at home, and that to allow them to get a footing of any kind in Spain and on the Spanish islands was a fearful threat to the British and French Empires. But we had not previously the documentary evidence of the whole conspiracy, and particularly of that unholy plot called Non-Intervention.

Before the Civil War broke out, July 18-19, the Spanish rebels had received Italian planes. They now, at once, received German and Italian armaments and planes and troops of all kinds. On August 3, the Blum government of France propounded a policy of Non-Intervention (Del Vayo shows however, with evidence, that the scheme had been proposed to the French by the British). On August 10 the Russian government joined in the scheme. Berlin and Rome postponed adherence to it for weeks, during which they feverishly dispatched troops, armaments and planes to Spain. From the very first the Russian government pointed out that the Non-Intervention scheme was contrary to International Law: for a constitutional government had every right to purchase where it could the means to suppress a rebellion. They acted as they did, however, because "a friendly government (France) feared" a spreading conflict. Some days after August 10, Del Vayo became Foreign Minister in Madrid, and found his desk flooded with circumstantial evidence of German and Italian violations of the peace. (Later, Hitler and Mussolini, believing that they had amply supplied Franco with the means of conquering, had signed the Non-Intervention Agreement, along with Portugal.) On September 15 Del Vayo sent full proofs of German, Italian, Portuguese violations of the agreement to all the signatory powers. *The Russian Foreign Office now began to protest to London and Paris about German and Italian violations of their pledges, asking that the British and French employ their Intelligence Departments. After a while Russia proposed that an effective international control be set up in Spanish and Portuguese ports. The Non-Intervention Committee, under Lord Plymouth, rejected the proposal.* On October 23, 1936, the Soviet ambassador in London handed a long note to Lord Plymouth (Del Vayo quotes it in full, pp. 75-76). It insisted that Non-Intervention was "an empty torn scrap of paper", that the Spanish government was boycotted as a purchaser of arms, whereas the Spanish rebels were actively supported by certain of the participants of the agreement. Russia asserted that she no longer felt bound. On October 29 the first Russian tanks, and on November 11 the first Russian plane, arrived in Spain.

In May 1939 Dr. Negrin (Premier of Spain towards the end of the rebellion) said in New York:

"Moscow tried to do for France and England what they should have done for themselves. The promise of Soviet aid to the Spanish Republic was that ultimately Paris and London would awake to the risks involved to themselves in an Italo-German victory in Spain and join the U.S.S.R. in supporting us. Munich, with its unnecessary surrender to the totalitarians, probably crushed this hope beyond repair. Moscow alone could not have saved us at any time. France and England never acted as their Imperial interests dictated. Some day there may be a rude awakening"—(this was a year before the fall of France)—"and they will look for aid to the very people whom they helped to destroy through Non-Intervention.

"Of course we bought from Russia what, had the democracies observed International Law and protected their national interests, we should have been able to buy from the United States, France, and England."

After citing this statement, Del Vayo adds:

"At no time did the Russian government attempt, as certain persons have charged, to make use of the fact that we were dependent upon the Soviet Union for arms, to interfere in internal Spanish politics. It may be recalled by my American readers that a letter from Stalin to Largo Caballero, published in facsimile in the *New York Times*, May 1939, urged the Spanish Premier to maintain a genuine popular front rather than to push revolutionary principles to the detriment of Spanish unity."

It is to be remembered that "Pertinax", whose knowledge and authority in all matters of French policy is unquestioned, has publicly stated, for years past, that the Non-Intervention policy originated in London, and was forced upon Premier Blum with the threat that he would otherwise lose the British defensive alliance.

On August 8, 1936, the German ambassador in London assured Mr. Anthony Eden, the Foreign Minister, that Germany "was not assisting the rebel generals, had sent them no war material, and did not intend to". About the same time Italy gave the same assurances. When Del Vayo sent Mr. Eden explicit evidence to the contrary, he was asked for proofs that were "irrefutable". Six months later Italy was officially boasting that the Italians "would not leave Spain till Franco had won a final victory". If the British government refused to believe Spanish and Russian evidence, against the "word of honour" of Germans and Italians, might any change have been expected when the Italians openly boasted that they had lied? Yet London still non-intervened. After the fall of Barcelona, January 1939, Hitler joined in the boasts of his Italian ally, and let it be known that "from the first day" it had been "not a Spanish but a German war".

The Italian official figures show a force of 100,000 Italian regulars in Spain. Del Vayo shows that Germany employed smaller numbers—never more than 20,000 at a time, but that they were frequently relieved, so as to train as many as possible. The mechanical equipment of both forces was lavish, and every kind of arm was experimentally used. In return for this, both countries looted Spain; Germany in particular got huge quantities of iron, copper, zinc.

The Spanish Republican militia, though inadequately armed, were not dismayed by Italian planes, and certainly not by Italian infantrymen. German artillery and planes were a different matter.

For the rest, this great book must be scantily dealt with here. It is a brilliant account of Spanish heroes and heroines, fighting almost unarmed, at first, against great odds. It is a sober piece of military history too, though unless the reader has a pretty good idea of contours and rivers in Spain in his head, he will complain of the lack of maps. Not the least interesting thing is the account of the working of government, from the inside. We see, alas, that the government, so far from being bloodthirsty against its political opponents, was much too lax against ineipient rebels.

But what makes the book a tonic, a great reinforcement of spirit, in these days, is the author's quiet, unswerving, conviction that neither in Spain nor in the world can the dictators win, or even long survive..

W.

HERE WAS VINLAND. By James W. Curran. Sault Ste. Marie, The Sault Daily Star, 1939. Pp. xiv, 359, 21 plates.

WESTWARD FROM VINLAND: AN ACCOUNT OF NORSE DISCOVERIES AND EXPLORATIONS IN AMERICA 982-1362. By Hjalmar R. Holand. New York; Duell, Sloan & Pearce, 1940. Pp. x, 354, 31 plates, 17 figures, map.

Most of the books that have been written on Norse exploration or, peradventure, settlement in America may be placed in one or the other of two categories: (1) the learned work that concerns itself with the nice interpretation of the diction found in the Norse sagas that are relevant to the matter and, probably, with scientific matters, such as the identification of the Vinlandic wood, grapes, and the self-sown wheat that the documents so casually and uncritically cite; (2) the literary effort of the local antiquary who dwells by the sea and finds in his own little haven or cove with its off-shore island (this last feature is indispensable) the precise spot where Leif Ericsson and his Vikings landed—everything being "in complete accord" with the Norse account. Works of the former type are composed in university libraries and are read largely by specialists; those of the latter sort "cover" the inlets of the Atlantic all the way from northern Newfoundland to Long Island. Few read them, apart from the local villagers.

The works whose titles appear above, the most recent books in English to treat of the subject, fail to conform to this ready classification. Each is a world apart from the other in spirit and method, but the results obtained in the ultimate analysis are strangely similar. Mr. Curran is a busy Canadian journalist, who is obliged to edit a daily newspaper for the maintenance of an extremely numerous family. He has little time at his disposal to prune and polish a literary style that seldom rises above the level of a respectable journalesque. Mr. Holand is a native of Norway, an historian, the author of many books. The greater part of his life has been spent in the State of Wisconsin, where he has devoted the past quarter of a century to the patient investigation of problems attending the alleged planting by the Norsemen of colonies in this continent during the Middle Ages. The com-

mon denominator standing between these authors is the belief that the colonies were planted in the Great Lakes region, though Mr. Holand considers Vinland to have been further east, perhaps in the New England to which nineteenth century orthodoxy ascribed it.

The heart of Mr. Curran's thesis lies in the Viking grave discovered by the miner Dodd some ten years back at Beardmore, Ont. This is the most important discovery yet made as corroborative of the Norsemen-in-America tradition. The presence in an undisturbed grave of an axe-head, a sword, a shield-grip and fragments of the boss should be sufficient to convince the most hardened sceptic. And there are many other durable objects, which the experts have identified as of mediæval Norse manufacture, that Mr. Curran is able to point to as finds emanating from Ontario and adjacent territories. I confess that I am less impressed with the value of his philological and ethnological researches. The fluctuating and uncertain elements that here enter in render the conclusions that may be derived from the premises equally unstable.

For Mr. Holand, on the other hand, the Norse question is summarized in the Kensington Stone, a strangely worded inscription, undoubtedly runic, discovered in Minnesota upwards of forty years ago. For something like a generation it served as a shuttlecock among scholars and laymen who supported or denied its authenticity. The reader of *Westward from Vinland* (the title is derived from a phrase occurring in the inscription) cannot fail to be impressed with the painstaking and at the same time inspired nature of the author's scholarship. He is no pleader, but a dispassionate investigator who attacks the problem at every conceivable point. Ultimately the picture becomes complete; the truth of the stone is wholly vindicated.

Next in order of importance comes the testimony left by the "mooring-stones" that men have observed on the shores of several Minnesotan lakes. Boulders with holes drilled in their sides make little appeal to the imagination till Mr. Holand demonstrates the function of the hole, which was that of supporting some sort of mooring-tackle—a device known, as it transpires, in the Norse homeland. There is other sustaining evidence from scattered points in Minnesota and Wisconsin, which differs little from Mr. Curran's Canadian specimens. The "end of the trail" Mr. Holand reaches among the now-extinct Mandan Indians of North Dakota, whom explorers have described as essentially white-skinned. The reader may perhaps feel, not without warrant, that we have in the Americas something in the nature of a plethora of whites among non-whites—witness Mr. Stefansson's blond Eskimos and the white Indians found, here and there, from Ontario to South America. But for all that, the author may be right. The structure of the Mandan building, e.g., is undoubtedly suggestive of a European ancestry.

A. D. FRASER.

FROM A LIBRARY WINDOW. By Herbert Leslie Stewart. Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada.

In attempting to review in a nutshell this book of Dr. Stewart's I am embarrassed at the outset by the limitations of my space. The subjects of the essays are so divergent and their titles so arresting

that even a full-dress review would hardly suffice to do the collection justice. Under the compulsion of its matter, its temper and its style, I was rash enough to let myself read the book from cover to cover and fill it with marginal comments, instead of concentrating my interest on two or three of the essays. As it is, I can only range the rich field and pick up a nugget here and there at random. Obviously, in case of a writer so definite in his views as Dr. Stewart, there are plenty of points for controversy in these pages, but they easily escape my notice because I find myself so generally in harmony with the author's conclusions.

It is a far cry from the profound and subtly discriminating study of "Descartes and His Age", and the spiritually illuminating essay entitled "A Philosopher Looks at the Creeds", to the immediate and all too brief radio address on "The Coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth"—from the detached informativeness of "Leonardo's Notebooks" or "The Pepys Centenary" to the urgent timeliness of "Jew and Arab in Palestine" and "Mein Kampf; the Unexpurgated Edition". But all the essays have one thread running through and more or less connecting them, however divergent their themes, a thread of what I may be allowed to call applied philosophy. Certain of the necessarily brief radio addresses are no less weighty and deeply significant than the longer papers. The address on the Coronation asks "What is it that has exempted the Monarchy in Great Britain from the fate which has so generally befallen it in other countries of the Western World?" The answer, reached succinctly and convincingly, is because "By the Englishman the monarchic system is counted not among his wrongs but among his rights", and because "What has here survived has had survival value: the British Kingship, progressively a service to the people, lasted especially as the people came more and more to appreciate it: other Kingships, progressively a domination over the peoples, did not last, especially as the people came to detect them." Snatching at something as remote as possible from the foregoing, yet in a subtle way akin to it, I turn to "A Philosopher Looks at the Creeds", and find I have underlined the following passages: "I wish that someone would write a book which should supplement the familiar record of what theology owes to philosophical criticism by the no less valuable record of what philosophy owes to theological steadfastness. . . Can anyone doubt that it was the obstinate resistance of the Christian consciousness, the whole spiritual climate produced by the working of the Christian principle in the world's thought, that compelled philosophic analysis to go back again and again upon its own apparent results, saving it from conclusions which were dialectically invalid only after they had first proved destructive of the eternal values?"

The essay on "The Imperialist Faith as Seen in Canada" defies me to quote from it. I fain would quote it all, the more particularly as it is the reasoned, ardent and altogether convincing argument—I had almost said recantation—of one who once considered himself an anti-Imperialist. I wish that all Canadians who have any wavering as to the value of the Imperial bond would read it for their enlightenment,—and all other Canadians for the joy of it. The long chapter on Mussolini, intensely interesting and revealing, is scrupulously

fair to the old Mussolini who pulled Italy out of the quagmire into which feeble and corrupt politicians had plunged her, who cleaned her bedraggled garments, and restored her self-respect. I knew that Italy. And I respected *that* Mussolini, before unbridled power and inflated egotism had started the rot in his brain which is destroying him. The article on Hitler, based on the unexpurgated edition of "Mein Kampf", is equally interesting and of even more vital importance, but it is in quite a different temper. Dr. Stewart gives Hitler the only kind of fair judgment to which he is entitled—he lets him speak for himself. And that damns him utterly.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

THE JOURNAL OF CAPTAIN JAMES COLNETT ABOARD THE ARGONAUT FROM APRIL 26, 1789, TO NOVEMBER 3, 1791.
Edited with introduction and notes by His Honour Judge F. W. Howay, LL.D. Toronto; the Champlain Society, 1940. Pp. xxxi, 328. Maps and illustrations.

This volume is one of the most interesting of the many interesting volumes published by the Champlain Society. The *Colnett Journal*, though dealing with a private trading venture, was found by accident among the official records of the Royal Navy in the Public Record Office, London, in 1935. Besides the light which it throws on the early trade of the Pacific Coast and the relations of these traders to the exploration of that coast, it is especially illuminating on the Nootka Sound incident, which almost plunged Spain and Great Britain into war in the early days of the French Revolution. From this journal and the diary of the Spanish officer concerned, which has been translated and printed as one of the appendices, a clear picture of that incident can be obtained at last. The editing has obviously been a labor of love, and both the introduction and notes reveal Judge Howay's encyclopaedic knowledge of Pacific Coast History.

D. C. H.

THE WAR: FIRST YEAR. By Edgar McInnis. With a foreword by Raymond Gram Swing. Oxford University Press, Toronto, 1940. Pp. xii, 312.

This volume is a reprint of four instalments that were published periodically in hot pursuit of World War II. In addition to a lucid section on the background and origin of the war, it gives a sketch of the war in all its phases from the invasion of Poland on September 1st, 1939, to the Vienna Award on September 30, 1940, illustrates each stage by maps, and adds a documentary appendix, a chronology, as well as an index. It is a straightforward narrative of a complicated movement, written with considerable skill under obviously difficult

conditions, in view of the multitudinous and contradictory reports which poured forth from press and radio as the tempo of war and propaganda quickened. In view of the fact also that such a work must share the hazards of a day-by-day commentator, it is remarkable how well Mr. McInnis has maintained both his perspective and his objectivity. In these days, when a new battle or a new diplomatic offensive tends to crowd out the details of the last, this volume will provide a useful refresher of the memory; and, in the days to come, it will serve as a skeleton which the author may clothe with the flesh and blood of fuller knowledge.

D. C. H.

THE DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF THE CANADIAN BOUNDARY 1749-1763. By MAX SAVELLE. Yale University Press and The Ryerson Press: New Haven and Toronto, 1940. Pp. xiv, 172. Maps.

This study is the finished product of years of research in the United States, Canada, France and Great Britain by Dr. Savelle of Stanford University, and is one of the most illuminating volumes which has yet appeared in that excellent series on Canadian-American Relations, organized by Dr. Shotwell under the auspices of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Though nominally the study covers the diplomatic history of the Canadian Border for only fifteen years, the preface and preliminary chapter sketch the whole period from the first clash of the French and the British in 1613 to the conclusion of the War of the Austrian Succession in 1748, and show that, at the latter date, the boundaries of Canada or New France were in dispute in Rupert's Land, Acadia, the region of the Great Lakes, the Ohio Valley, the lower Mississippi Valley and the Georgia-Florida frontier. Here also it is shown that, prior to the meeting of the well-known commissions after the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, four other boundary commissions had been suggested for disputes in Acadia and Hudson Bay, although only two actually met, and all proved abortive. The dates of those which did not meet were 1655 and 1686. The other two were provided for in the Treaties of Ryswick and Utrecht, and met in 1699 and 1719 respectively.

Incidentally Dr. Savelle points out that prior to 1713 several attempts had been made to rule out American frontier quarrels as a *casus belli* in Europe; but that, from the Treaty of Utrecht onward, the European powers became increasingly conscious of colonial problems and, although the War of the Austrian Succession was in origin an almost purely European conflict, the Seven Years' War which followed it closely was fought largely for the solution of colonial and imperial problems. Regarding the Seven Years' War, therefore, as "a sort of climax to the crescendo of the colonial rôle in European diplomacy in the eighteenth century", and the question of boundaries as the most tangible diplomatic question involved during and after

its outbreak, he finds ample justification for both his title and his detailed study.

Most students of North American history have been vaguely aware of boundary disputes between the British and French in Acadia and the Ohio Valley, and of various abortive commissions having been proposed or set up to deal with those disputes; but this is the first comprehensive study of these questions in all their ramifications and the first adequate interpretation of their significance.

D. C. H.

PERSONS, PAPERS AND THINGS. By Paul Bilkey. The Ryerson Press: Toronto, 1940. Pp. 235.

The title of this book is taken from an old form of parliamentary resolution, "The committee shall have power to examine witnesses under oath and to send for persons, papers and things"; and the book itself is exactly what its subtitle asserts, "The Casual Recollections of a Journalist, with some Floundering in Philosophy". Written almost entirely from memory, it gains in vividness and fluency what it lacks in accuracy or detail. It is a charming record of forty-two years as a reporter in Toronto, a member of the Press Gallery in Ottawa, and finally as Editor-in-Chief of the *Montreal Gazette*; and it passes in review all persons, papers and things which have left an abiding impression. In other words, it is a record of the author's varied contacts and a revelation of his permanent prejudices, as well as a commentary on Canadian public life from 1896 to 1938. All the prominent Canadian statesmen of the period are sketched, and many less known parliamentarians receive notice, especially if they added to the gaiety of the scene; as the upper Ottawa lumberman, who offered to pay for the "Remedial Bill" himself, and the British Columbian, who saw "The Trojan Horse" jump from "Pandora's Box". In general, all are treated sympathetically, except the promoters of "The Railway Binge", who made the future difficult for the C. P. R. During his "floundering in philosophy", Mr. Bilkey reveals a nostalgia for the less complex society of his youth. He recalls "Giants in those Days", is convinced that the average of parliamentary ability was higher, and that cabinet timber was more abounding. He is pessimistic, too, about Canadian unity and democracy, unless something can be done promptly about both; but he is not without hope that a better educated and more widely travelled younger generation may get to know their country better and rise to the necessary level of statesmanship. His final chapter, therefore, is a glowing picture of this "grand country", and concludes with the hope that in some problematical future life he may have "some memory of earth's green places, some recollection of the melodies that I have heard, some lingering echo of the singing of the sea."

But with all his humour, tolerance and urbanity, Mr. Bilkey occasionally lapses into provincialism or sectionalism. Such is his attack on the government at Ottawa which "permits the French-Canadian tail to wag the Anglo-Saxon dog", and his assertion that

Fielding "had the limitations which sometimes cling to men from the Maritimes." The former aspersion, though open to reply, does not make for Canadian unity; but the latter precludes defence and damns by innuendo. Apart from such bitter intrusions into sweet philosophy, the book is well written, stimulating and informative, and should make for mutual understanding.

D. C. H.

RIGHT HONOURABLE GENTLEMEN. (May Choice—Right Book Club). By "Watchman". London: Hamish Hamilton, 1939.

Who are the "Right Honourable Gentlemen" who are guiding the destinies of our Commonwealth of Nations during these troubled times? What virtues of statesmanship balance what human foibles to make them suitable for their tasks? Now, as never before, it is the duty of the average person to know something of these leaders. When one reads of the "Quislings" in other countries, it is inevitable that questions arise in one's own mind concerning the integrity of British statesmen.

The book by a pseudonymous author answers some of the questions which trouble the minds of intelligent people. It is a counterpart of *Mirrors of Downing Street*, which created such a furore after the Great War, but, in keeping with the quickened tempo of our times, its publication is early in the event rather than after.

Right Honourable Gentlemen is a collection of word-portraits of prominent Britons and, with the exception of the sketch of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the portraits were completed prior to the outbreak of war. It is interesting to note how prophetic it is in some forecasts such as Mr. Chamberlain's retirement from leadership, and how wrong in others, notably the predicted eclipse of Mr. Herbert Morrison.

I started to read this book on that fateful June day when the Germans launched their Somme attack and the expulsion of "the Munich group" was freely predicted in news broadcasts. It had been my intention to read a few pages before going to sleep, but so timely was the book and so entertaining its presentation that midnight passed and dawn arrived and still I read.

The Introduction discusses the ideal statesman—"upright in character" with "the courage of a Cromwell", who shuns "expediency" and asks only "Is this right?" Such a statesman must be thick-skinned enough to resist meanness, yet sensitive to "recognize fair criticism". He must possess a deep-founded knowledge of the main political issues, and catholic, cultural interests, and he must be tolerant and "free from any confusion of prejudice with principle".

A statesman possessing these and other pertinent qualities in entirety does not exist at Westminster or in any of the parties, according to "Watchman"; but this, he thinks, suits Britons, who have no sympathy with the "superman cult".

Aptly enough, the first portrait is that of Mr. Neville Chamberlain, the Prime Minister who committed the Empire to the battle against

evil tyrannies. I had not liked Mr. Chamberlain since Munich, but I had never admired him more than on the day of his resignation when he realized he could not form a coalition government. This sympathetic picture, by a man who is the former Prime Minister's sincere admirer, does much to erase my antipathy. The author gives us a most intimate picture of one of the dominating figures of the day, a picture painted with "gratitude and compassion". The gratitude is due because, in spite of his inmost desire for peace, Mr. Neville Chamberlain "brought himself to declare war". The compassion was inspired by his words on September 3 when he declared that everything he had worked for had fallen in ruins. He was a man overshadowed by the brilliant members of his family. In his early years it seemed improbable that destiny had marked him for fame, and the limitations that marked his career are, according to the author, the inevitable corollaries of his former obscurity. He settled in a rigid mold which was not shattered until the collapse of Munich.

Mr. Winston Churchill, on the other hand, "seemed dedicated by destiny to combat". Wayward, brilliant, magnetic, resolute and patriotic are some of the terms used to describe him. The author discusses "the elements of heredity and environment which have made 'Winston' the most hated of foes, the most formidable of controversialists and at last the most universally admired individual in our public life". Two philosophies, Radicalism and Imperialism, formulated forty years ago, rationalize his dizzy political somersaults, making them seem almost inevitable. In the few thousand words at his disposal, the author regretfully remarks, it is impossible to do full justice to this brilliant statesman, who, with Mr. Lloyd George as his sole companion in the House, possesses the elements of true greatness. Mr. Churchill is the man to lead us to victory. "Watchman" asserts authoritatively. Will he be given the opportunity? he questions. Subsequent events answer affirmatively.

Almost with nonchalance the author strips away the trappings of hero-worship which have clothed the figure of Mr. Anthony Eden. Who, indeed, would care for a Prime Minister "of whom his friends are so fond that, with almost feminine tenderness, they speak of him as 'Dear Anthony'"? Such an office he could fulfill elegantly, but without the driving force essential in these days. "Watchman" is more regretful that constitutional bars prevent Lord Cranborne from being a possible Prime Minister. The former Under-Secretary is a better man than his erstwhile Chief, in the author's opinion.

In detail, Mr. Lloyd George, Sir John Simon, Mr. Duff Cooper, Lord Halifax, Sir Samuel Hoare, Sir Kingsley Wood, Mr. Oliver Stanley and Mr. Horre-Belisha (some of whom have already been purged: others whose "demotion" is freely predicted these days) are discussed. Sir Stafford Cripps, looming prominently in the forthcoming Moscow talks, is described as a man of sincerity, cold logic and first-class mind who utters "lamentations, anguish and foreboding".

Labour leaders—Major Clement Attlee, Mr. Arthur Greenwood, Mr. Herbert Morrison and Mr. Hugh Dalton—are searchingly examined as possible future Prime Ministers.

Many of the present, apparently rising, younger political stars will sink long before they reach the zenith, the author believes, and he states reasons for his belief. However, two decades from now some of the more brilliant young members will emerge, ready and qualified to lead, provided the ascendancy of the Right is not too seriously challenged during that time.

In conclusion, "Watchman" frankly agrees that the political field, as the Derby, is always conditioned by uncertainty and the dark horse often makes the field. As it has since happened, the author's own favorite, Winston Churchill, did actually win the great race.

MARION ISABEL ANGUS.

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY MAINLY SINCE 1700. By C. R. Fay. Ryerson Press, Toronto. 1940. \$1.75.

In this book Mr. Fay publishes his lectures on English economic history. The lectures do not pretend to give a continuous account of English economic development, but rather throw light on subjects that do not ordinarily find their way into the textbooks. In this task of illuminating the obscure, of rendering significant that which appeared irrelevant, Mr. Fay is singularly successful. His style is generally suited to the material, though he might have remembered in editing that a manner which is effective in university lecturing is sometimes too intimate and even precious in cold print. Some of the jokes, addressed to an undergraduate audience, will lose their point for the general reader. Few of us will be interested to learn that a certain Mr. Worth, correspondent of the 18th century political arithmetician Fleetwood, was, after all, not of Oxford but a genuine Cambridge man.

The philosophy of *laissez-faire* is perhaps over-pleaded. Mr. Fay might do well to let the case rest as presented by the great master, of whom he has a genuine and sympathetic understanding. He rather weakens it by trying to apply Smith's Navigation Law arguments to defend the Ottawa Agreements.

An annoying quality in Mr. Fay's writing is an affectation of detachment which is not genuine. He finds all sorts of little arguments, on which his hearers may sharpen their wits, to defend indefensible positions, such as governmental complaisance towards the trade in opium, and seems to feel that detachment consists in this effort to justify what is ordinarily condemned. There may be some virtue in this attitude, but it is seen to be superficial and trifling when Mr. Fay permits personal prejudices to obscure his argument on more important matters, and to obtrude themselves upon the reader. These prejudices, which he parades with a certain disarming frankness, are numerous. One which may be singled out is his hatred of Marxism. The sum of his knowledge of Marxist thought seems contained in his statement that it consists of a thesis, antithesis and synthesis—a phrase presumably cribbed from one of his undergraduate's essays. Without holding any brief for the materialist dialectic, one may feel

that there is something to be learned from it by an historian who is capable of writing as an essay in historical interpretation:

Spain, of course, was the first colonising power of Europe, first in time and first in bulk. She divided the outer world with Portugal as soon as it was discovered, and was assigned the more colonisable half. But empire was her ruin. For she put religion before business and somnolence before both. Having all the silver, she could not steal it in an age when piracy was the foster mother of trade. She displayed only a colossal power of declining to die; and that was because after conquering the natives she inter-married with them.

This sort of thing, like the undergraduate jokes, should have been deleted before publishing. But would there then have been left enough to make a book?

B. S. KEIRSTEAD.

PARIS GAZETTE. By Lion Feuchtwanger. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York. The Viking Press, 1940.

Here is a book fit to arouse a reviewer's enthusiasm. Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger, so well known to the world of readers for his *Power* and his *Jew Suss*, needs no commendation of his gift for vivid writing. It is maintained and illustrated abundantly in *Paris Gazette*. But what appeals so strongly this time is the opportune character of this book, for public enlightenment, by one who has such poignant reason to know the subject he has chosen.

We have here a picture of the life of refugee Germans, including not a few of the most talented as well as the most upright of their race, who found in Paris (before Paris too collapsed) an asylum from the Nazi persecution. *Paris Gazette* is the name of the newspaper they produce and circulate, in their own language, at this refugee headquarters. Like the anti-Fascist publication in Italian, edited by the exiled Carlo Rosselli, in the same hospitable city! Mr. Feuchtwanger discloses to us, with much of his rare talent in psychological portraiture, the mixture of high purpose with competing ambitions and jealousies in the company of these exiles. Still more searching and instructive is the presentation of the ways of the German Embassy and German secret agents towards this dangerous organization, with its dangerous paper, in the still "unoccupied" Paris. By what means can their paper be captured—its management bribed, while its more formidable participants are lured across the frontier at Basel and simply "liquidated"?

The story, which the author tells us is frankly a novel, in the sense that the characters are imaginary, and which at the same time he guarantees as true in its essential drift, holds the reader's attention to the end. It is a long book, but I could hardly lay it down. It sets forth so much that we want to understand, and on which this author has exceptional capacity both for knowing and for describing. Since his book appeared, there has been still further justification for keeping the characters unidentifiable with living people. Otherwise certain people might not have long continued to live.

H. L. S.

THIRTY ACRES. By Ringuet. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 324. \$2.50.

WHITEOAK HERITAGE. By Mazo de la Roche. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 283. \$2.25.

THE VOYAGE. By Charles Morgan. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 508. \$2.75.

Thirty Acres, a translation of Dr. Phillippe Panneton's *Trente Arpents*, should be read by every English-speaking Canadian. Not because it is a very great novel—for it is not that, despite the prizes showered on it in France—but because it is a very honest, good novel. The author has presented, or has tried to present, French Canadians as they are: fond of their land, fond of their Church, fond of their country and language, and acquisitive to the point of being "close." We see their easily aroused suspicions of Anglo-Canadians and Protestants. We even learn—a fact that one would never guess from most pictures of French Canadians—that a *habitant* when aroused may refer, just like an Anglo-Canadian, to the canine ancestry of the cause of his wrath. The novel gives us through the story of Euchariste Moisan the history of recent economic and social changes in Quebec. When Moisan was young, men wanted to live on a farm, to have large families; now the younger folk shun manual labour and seek the ease and garish lights of the city, even in New England, where they learn to speak English, think like Americans, and avoid large families. Two criticisms of the structure of the novel arise: the change in Moisan and in his fortunes comes almost too quickly for the reader to be wholly convinced; and there is always difficulty in covering a whole life-time in 300 pages. One should also have preferred the philosophy of the novel to have been less explicit; the author might have trusted the story itself to suggest the idea. Translation is always a difficult art. The Walters have caught the colloquial tone of the conversation admirably, but in the narrative portions of the book there are too many violations of English idiom to allow one to praise the translation as a work of art. Nevertheless, *Thirty Acres* is a novel not to be missed.

Miss de la Roche should have remembered the seventeenth-century dictum that nothing is immortal but immortality. Our interest in the Whiteoaks, who have never seemed to the present writer to be a distinctively Canadian family, but a rather noisy over-worked menagerie, can hardly be considered immortal. Miss de la Roche seems to have discovered that the Whiteoak chronicles had in some unknown way missed the years 1919-20, and, like Nature, abhorring a vacuum, the author promptly set out to fill the space. But by now, most of us know how any given Whiteoak will react to a given stimulus, and so the present tale lacks suspense. Moreover, there are signs of careless writing. "Just past thirty", when we do a little arithmetic, turns out to be thirty-four; what was lunch on one page is dinner a few pages later. Eden was very popular at college (p. 65), but (p. 239) in the whole university he "was unfortunate in not finding

even one who attracted him"; the same lad had grown very fast, but had also won many cups for racing and jumping. Eden could also in a few months teach a rather dumpish, middle-aged woman to dance divinely! Miss de la Roche should forget the Whiteoaks and use her command of English, especially in dialogue, on more rewarding material.

Mr. Charles Morgan is in danger of being known as a man of one novel. Good as any other novel of his may be, for most of us *The Fountain*, with its beautiful English, its spiritual quality, its reticences, remains unmatched. In *The Voyage* Mr. Morgan again analyzes the inner life and the meaning of life itself. The hero, a young vine grower, has reduced life to its simplest terms; his detachment from the cares of life is not rash or fatalistic, but is the fruit of his simplicity and directness of approach. The reader is constantly reminded of Christ and his simplicity of outlook; one might say that Barbet had taken as his watchword "Let not your hearts be troubled." And yet two problems arose for him to face. His relations with Therese, the child of the village priest, caused him small trouble, for he would not be the first to cast a stone—indeed, to cast a stone was far from him—and he had no jealousy springing from possessiveness. He had inherited, however, the custody of the local prison, which was attached to the Hazard farmhouse. Finally there came a day when a prisoner by his very attitude made Barbet argue with himself (Barbet); from that moment his peace was gone—no longer could he control the prisoners merely by his presence, and he felt that it was he who was the prisoner. Finally he solved the problem by setting the prisoners free; at once, even though the act brought him into trouble with the authorities, he regained his peace of mind. Much of the book is concerned with Therese's problem: always on the defensive and, consequently, defying the world in word and deed, she could find no peace like Barbet's, for many years. It would be unfair to reveal how she, too, found the peace beyond understanding. Mr. Morgan has given us a very rich tapestry woven with skill and quiet dignity. But the Puritanism that is the heritage of most Canadians has prevented the reader from completely yielding to the novel: one could understand and sympathize with Julie in her infidelity to her German husband; but it is difficult to appreciate promiscuity such as we have here, with every Parisian having the key to his mistress's, or her lover's, suite. One wonders if it was really necessary to emphasize so heavily this aspect of the novel.

B. M.