

legal hindrances and have become social formalities. It is bad taste to marry within a certain specified number of months. She is still a slightly marked figure in the social world, less free than a widower, whose comparative license allows him to act more naturally. To develop naturally is taboo to women.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LIBERAL.

BY ROLAND HUGINS.

I.

A FEW days ago I was wandering about a Washington Club in search of a chair and a good reading light. In my hand I carried Volume I of Lord Morley's autobiography.¹ Here I ran into one of the ablest men I know in America, now working for the government on problems of reconstruction after the war. He is a man who reads everything worth while. So I asked him if he had read Morley's Life.

Yes, he had read it. We agreed that it was refreshing and stimulating. Then he made the following comment:

"I confess I prefer this sort of thing to most of the writing of the younger generation. Intellectually it is more honest. In fact during the last year I have oriented myself afresh. I find that I am really a Mid-Victorian."

Precisely what my friend meant by that last remark I do not know; but I think I can surmise the essence. I think he meant that the world must go back to the older Liberalism before it can go forward.

Morley remarks: "Critics to-day are wont to speak contemptuously of the Mid-Victorian age. They should now and then pause to bethink themselves." Morley was reared on the "unadulterated milk" of the Benthamite and Cobdenite word. And he is still orthodox in his political faith.

II.

Morley's idea of Liberalism is comprehensive. It is to him more than a creed. It is bigger than the party cry "Free Trade, Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform." He says, "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. . . . Treitschke, the greatest of modern absolutists, lays it down that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected is the work of Liberalism."

¹ *Recollections* by John, Viscount Morley, Macmillan Co., 2 vols., \$7.50.

He looks back at the Victorian epoch as at a Golden Age. "Those years—say from 1860 to 1890—were animated, hopeful, interesting, and on the whole, either by reason of, or in spite of, its perpetual polemics, a happy generation. Only those whose minds are numbed by the suspicion that all times are tolerably alike, and men and women much of a muchness, will deny that it was a generation of intrepid effort forward." . . . "Whatever we may say of Europe between Waterloo and Sedan, in our country at least it was an epoch of hearts uplifted with hope, and brains active with sober and manly reason for the common good. Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by the right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. Sense of proportion among the claims of leading questions to the world's attention became more wisely tempered. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. Bacon was prince in intellect and large wisdom of the world, yet it was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling, 'The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath.' This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration was another."

In that many-sided generation Morley played a conspicuous and important part. He was born in Blackburn, Lancashire, in 1838. Of Morley's forebears no more need be said than that he sprang from a homely but sturdy stock of the north of England. His father, a surgeon of local repute, was a native of Yorkshire, and his mother was a Northumbrian. His schooling was of a solid kind, first at the University College School in Blackburn, then at Cheltenham College, and then at Lincoln College in Oxford. He underwent thorough drill in the classics, mathematics and history. His first profession was that of a man of letters. He worked as free-lance on a number of London publications and produced several books, mostly biographies,—on Burke, Walpole, Voltaire and Rousseau. He was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and later of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. He edited the notable series of volumes on *English Men of Letters*. In 1883, at the age of forty-five, he went to Parliament for Newcastle-on-Tyne. His ability, although not of the showy variety, won him recognition and in 1886 he became

Secretary to Ireland. In 1908, after a service in the House of Commons of twenty-five years, he went to the Lords. He spent several strenuous years as Secretary of State for India and pushed through the very important reforms which helped to liberalize British rule in India at the end of the first decade of the twentieth century. In 1910 he went to the Privy Council. He resigned from the Cabinet at the outbreak of the European war in 1914.

It is of this career that Morley writes. He has moved in an atmosphere of large affairs for many years. His tone is always high-minded and generous. His acquaintanceship with the people who count in England and on the Continent has been extensive and he has the advantage of knowing both the political chiefs and literary mandarins. He speaks well of friend and foe alike, of Liberal and Tory, of Little Englander and Imperialist.

Before Morley finally secured a seat in the House of Commons, he stood twice unsuccessfully, once in Blackburn in 1869 and in Westminster in 1880. Both of these attempts were forlorn hopes. This experience reminds one of Disraeli's first futile attempts to enter Parliament. Indeed Morley's political career finds parallels in those of Disraeli, of Bryce, and of numerous other Englishmen. He begins as a humble but able commoner, devotes long years to political toil, and although he never compromises his ideals, is rewarded at the last with a place in the peerage. Such careers disclose clearly the real secret of England's strength. The English political and social system draws to it, and makes use of whatever ability and character there is in the kingdom. Emerson compressed the reasons for British success in an epigram: "The history of England is aristocracy with the doors open."

III.

In his early days Morley wrote articles on assignment for a weekly journal. He remarks: "Another contributor was the important man who became Lord Salisbury. He and I were alone together in the editorial anteroom every Tuesday morning, awaiting our commissions, but he, too, had a talent for silence, and we exchanged no words, either now nor on any future occasion, though, as it happened, we often found something to say in public about each other's opinions and reason in days to come."

There can be no doubt that this is England. A great deal of the charm of Morley's reminiscences consists of the side-lights he throws upon English life in its better-bred and serener phases. With Morley the reader dines at the Atheneum, lunches at the

Carlton, wanders about the lobbies of the House of Commons, and spends a week at the seashore or on a hilltop in Surrey. He takes dinner with a carefully culled group at George Eliot's, spends a Sunday afternoon with the circle collected by John Stuart Mill, or runs down to Brighton to argue for a day with Herbert Spencer. In a lonely sea-coast town in the north of England, he discovers a young man fresh from Oxford who knows six languages and who, in that remote corner, keeps burning a solitary lamp of learning. He spends many week-ends at English country houses and now and then runs over to Paris or some other city on the Continent. It is a life of which the most marked characteristic is leisurely intercourse and conversation on high topics. "Grey and Haldane came down to us at Wimbledon for a night and we set the world to rights. You know how easily that is done after dinner, and over a flagon of sound wine."

Near the end of 1904 Morley visited America in company with his friend, Andrew Carnegie. He rather agrees with Arnold that the most interesting thing on this continent is Quebec, that unassimilated colony that still speaks the French of Louis XIV. His observations on the American Republic are kindly and free from the taint of patronizing. He spent a week or more as the guest of Roosevelt in the White House. When he left the American shore, he was asked, "What is it that has impressed you most during your visit?" and he replied, "Undoubtedly, two things: the President and Niagara Rapids." Morley's observations on Roosevelt himself are plain-spoken. He says: "Not often have I passed a week so interesting in the chief figure and the striking circumstances around him. It was impossible, and we did not try, to be unconscious of the fact that something or another had drawn him and me into two different political schools. The President had shown himself both student and writer enough to have been a power in professional letters, if he had liked. His political premises and axioms, as I ventured to think, came from overpowering energy of physical temperament rather than from firm or exhaustive ratiocination."

Morley had occasion to taste the characteristic hospitality of America. His most illuminating comments on America are set forth in his account of an after-dinner speech he made. "I had the honour to attend a powerful public feast one evening at New York, on which the comment next day was that 'Demosthenes and Cicero were great orators, but neither of them ever addressed an audience good for a millionth part of the minae, drachmae, sesterces, or

whatever else stood for the dollar in the currency of Greece and Rome, represented in the assemblage addressed by Mr. Morley last night.' It was no business of mine to discuss the right of a man to be rich, or of a community to admire wealth acquired. . . . This at least was clear to the most casual observer with any knowledge of the contributions of the magnates round the tables toward endowment for great common purposes, that private munificence moved by the spirit of high public duty has never been shown on a finer scale than by American plutocracy working in a democratic atmosphere. Materialist, practical, and matter-of-fact as the world of America may be judged, or may perhaps rightly judge itself, everybody recognizes that commingled with all that is a strange elasticity, a pliancy, an intellectual subtlety, a ready excitability of response to high ideals, that older worlds do not surpass, even if they can be said to have equaled it."

IV.

Morley's volumes are rich in vignettes of contemporaries both early and more recent. He gives us admirable pen pictures of Matthew Arnold, Leslie Stephen, Henry Sidgwick, Cavour, Mazzini, Cobden, Gladstone, Roseberry, Harcourt, Campbell-Bannerman and numerous others. There are some curious omissions; for example Lloyd George is not mentioned. His character sketches are shot through with shrewd observations on character in general and particularly on the foibles of statesmen and politicians.

In his early days Morley was an intimate friend and disciple of John Stuart Mill. The following passages portray that high priest of rationalism: "Carlyle says of Mill's talk that it was rather wintry and 'sawdustish'; we may forgive the old prophet for this passing fling of a splenetic moment, for he admits the talk was always well informed and sincere, and passed the evenings in a sensible, agreeable manner. So it did, and much more. Mill was Carlyle's first and long his only friend in London, and not only lent him his great collection on the Revolution, but gave him, 'frankly and clearly, and with zeal all his better knowledge than my own; being full of eagerness in that cause, as he felt I should be. He would have made any sacrifice for me and what I had then most at heart.' It was Mill who first set him on Oliver Cromwell. Not so wintry, then, after all. Meredith, who did not know Mill in person, once spoke to me of him with the confident intuition proper to imaginative genius, as partaking of the Spinster. Disraeli, when Mill made an early speech in Parliament, raised his eyeglass,

and murmured to a neighbour on the bench, 'Ah, the Finishing Governess.' We can guess what they meant. Mill certainly had not Bacon's massive cogency, nor the concentrated force of Hobbes, nor the diversified amplitude of Adam Smith. That is true enough, but then no more was he shrill or teasing on small points, or disputatious for dispute's sake, or incessantly bent on proving or disproving something. Yet he could be both severe and plain-spoken as anybody in Parliament or out, and knew how to run an adversary clean through with a sword that was no spinster's arm. . . . Mill would take endless trouble to procure the reversal of an inhuman sentence in a police court; he abhorred insensibility to the sufferings of our fellows in the lower order of creation. . . . From anything like literary vanity no mortal could have been more free. He once told me that after revision and re-revision of a piece of his own, he felt so little satisfied of its exact conformity to his purpose, that he could only bring himself to send it to the printer by recalling how he had felt the same of other writing that people thought useful. Apart from this, which is a secondary point, we met a personal modesty that almost spoke the language of fatalism. This was one of his attractions—so singular a contrast to the common self-applause that exaggerates a secondary service into supreme achievement, or sets down good fortune to one's own foresight and penetration. . . . I do not know whether then or at any other time so short a book ever instantly produced so wide and so important an effect on contemporary thought as did Mill's *On Liberty* in that day of intellectual and social fermentation (1859). It was like the effect of Emerson's awakening address to the Phi Beta Kappa Society in New England in 1832. The thought of writing it first came into his head in 1855, as he was mounting the steps of the Capitol at Rome, the spot where the thought of the greatest of all literary histories had started into the mind of Gibbon just a hundred years before. . . . The little volume belongs to the rare books that after hostile criticism has done its best are still found to have somehow added a cubit to man's stature."

The following glimpse of Thomas Carlyle is interesting: "You walked away from Chelsea stirred to the depths by a torrent of humour. But then it was splendid caricature: words and images infinitely picturesque and satiric, marvelous collocations and antitheses, impassioned railing against all the human and even super-human elements in our blindly misguided universe. But of direction, of any sign-post or way-out, not a trace was to be discovered, any more than a judicial page, or sense of any wisdom in the judicial,

is to be found in his greatest pieces of history. After the grand humorist's despair was over, it was a healthy restorative in passing homeward along the Embankment to fling oneself into the arms of any statistician, politician, political economist, sanitary authority, poor-law reformer, prison-reformer, drainage enthusiast, or other practical friend of improvement, whom genial accident might throw in one's way."

A considerable portion of Morley's biography is taken up with long struggles of Gladstonian Liberalism to force home rule for Ireland through Parliament. Morley was Irish Secretary for many years and knew Charles Parnell as well as any other Englishman. Of him he says: "For myself, in our protracted dealings for some four or five years, I found him uniformly considerate, unaffectedly courteous, not ungenial, compliant rather than otherwise. In ordinary conversation he was pleasant, without much play of mind: temperament made him the least discursive of the human race. Apart from the business of the moment, he contributed little, because among other reasons he had no knowledge of common education and the man of the world. He would speak of his interest in finding minerals to work, and of experiments in assaying; but his schemes did not go far, and came to little. For personal talk he had little inclination, nor was he apt, as most politicians are, to run off into critical comments not always good-natured upon individuals. He took little interest or none in that buzz of miscellaneous talk about individuals which accounts for so much of the tidal agitations of the parliamentary world. Of the Catholic priests and prelates, and the Roman Conclave, he found no more to say than that he was not in the least afraid of any of them. He was one of the men with whom it was impossible to be familiar. . . . His sympathy with the misery of the Irish peasantry was real and it was constant, though he was too hard-headed and too disdainful to make a political trade of this sympathy, or even to say much about it. A general liking for his species he neither had nor professed. Of merely personal ambition, whether in its noble or its vulgar sense, he had, I think, little share or none. He had taken up a single cause against enemies who seemed invincible; his people had given him their trust; he bent his whole strength on winning; he was as confident as his nature would allow him to be confident of anything that his arms would conquer; for laurels he did not care. I have been at his side before and after more than one triumphal occasion, and discovered no sign of quickened pulse. His politics were a vehement battle, not a game, no affair of a career. . . . A secret consultation with a

Conservative viceroy one day; with a spy from a murder club in New York the next; with a Whig Catholic Bishop in Ireland the day after. The irony of it gave him no private enjoyment; irony was not in his line; the phantasmagoria was all in the day's work. The mixture of the calculating spirit of an election agent with violence, and of invincible pride with something like squalor, made an amazing paradox. We have to remember that he was a revolutionary leader, using constitutional forms, and no varnish of respectable words can make him anything else."

About 1873 Morley made the acquaintance of Joseph Chamberlain. He was associated with Chamberlain for more than a decade as political ally. Later Chamberlain developed strong unionist and imperialistic views and, politically, broke away from Morley. Their personal friendship, however, persisted through their party dissension. The references to Chamberlain are always pitched in a tone of affection and admiration. "Now, as when later he came into wide popularity and power, he had none of the childish and overdone discretion in which politicians of a certain order are apt to flatter their self-importance. He could be as secret as anybody when he pleased, or when secrecy was a binding duty toward other people. But he was an open man, a spontaneous man. I have always thought of him, of all the men of action that I have known, as the frankest and most direct, as he was, with two exceptions, the boldest and the most intrepid. This instinct was one secret of his power as a popular leader. When he encountered a current of doubt, dislike, suspicion, prejudice, in some place of some section of his party, his rule and first impulse was to hasten to put his case, to explain, to have it out. This gave him a character that was, as might have been expected, a genuine source of strength, apart from keenness of dialectic. . . . People who are careless about using right words called him cynical, when they meant no more than caustic, just as they clumsily call a touch of irony a sneer. He was impatient of those clever men, more numerous than we suppose, who have an unlucky aptitude for taking hold of things by the wrong end. Of equanimity he had not more than his share, but then this virtue is not always a mark of strength; perhaps less often so than not, in spite of Aristotle. He was a master of self-control if occasion demanded. When he was busy on temperance and the Gothenburg system, we had one of our talks with Carlyle. The sage told him that he rejoiced that this mighty reform was being attempted; then all at once he took fire at thought of compensation for the dispossessed publican, and burst into full blaze at its iniquity.

Fiercely smiting the arms of his chair, with strong voice and flashing eye, he summoned an imaginary publican before him. 'Compensation!' he cried, 'you dare come to me for compensation! I'll tell you where to go for compensation! Go to your father the devil, let him compensate you'—and so on in one of his highest flights of diatribe. Chamberlain, still as a stock, listened with deferential silence for long minutes, until he was able in patient tone to put the case of the respectable butler whom a grateful master had set up in a licensed and well-conducted tavern: was Mr. Carlyle sure that to turn him out, bag and baggage, was quite fair play? And so on through the arguments. The old Ram Dass with the fire in his belly attentively listened, and then admitted genially that he might have been all wrong. If Carlyle had been an angry public meeting, Chamberlain's methods would have been the same. I once saw him handle a gathering of exasperated shipowners in my constituency at Newcastle with equal success. Of the small personal jealousy that is the torment of men who lack confidence in their own qualities, it is little to say that Chamberlain had none. From that root of evil nobody in the world stood clearer. . . . His annual holiday was a matter of principle; it was a needed refreshment of spirit. We made a dozen or more expeditions abroad together. Friendships do not always survive the ordeal of long journeys. We two underwent the test year after year without a ripple. He was a delightful companion, patient, good-natured, observant, interested in pictures, buildings, history; alert, and not without a pleasant squeeze of lemon to add savour to the daily dish. We had not an insipid hour. . . . In after-years Mr. Gladstone found a standing puzzle in the long intimacy between Chamberlain and me. 'You are not only different,' he used to say: 'man and wife are often different, but you two are the very contradiction.' Of these contradictions I must obviously be the last person in the world to attempt a catalogue. Looking back I only know that men vastly my superiors, alike in letters and the field of politics, have held me in kind regard and cared for my friendship. I do not try to analyse or explain. Such golden boons in life are self-sufficing. The general terms of character are apt to have but a lifeless air. Differences as sharp as ever divided public men by and by arose between us two on burning questions of our time. Breaks could not be avoided; they were sharp, but they left no scars. Fraternal memories readily awoke. As his end drew near, we sent one another heartfelt words of affectionate farewell. Meanwhile for thirteen strenuous years we lived the life of brothers."

Of certain living Liberals Morley remarks: "Since 1886 had sprung up, among a younger generation of Liberals, a small new group that was destined as time went on to exert much influence for good or evil on the fortunes of their country. They were a working alliance, not a school; they had idealisms, but were no Utopians. Haldane, Asquith, Grey, Acland, had the temper of men of the world and the temper of business. They had conscience, character, and took their politics to heart." Asquith he calls a "truly satisfactory man." Again he observes: "The understanding and affinity between Asquith and me, from the intellectual and political point of view, is almost perfect. He is more close in expression than I am, but we both have in different ways the *esprit positif*; we are neither of us optimists; we start from common educational training, though his was in the critical hours of education much better. . . . Asquith is an excellent talker—not glittering nor fascinating, nor exactly winning nor inspiring, but genial, clear, competent, and above all, always hitting the nail on the head."

His references to Sir Edward Grey are equally complimentary. "Grey followed Percy, in that curiously high, simple, semi-detached style, which, combined, as it always is in him, with a clean-cut mastery of all the facts in his case, makes him one of the most impressive personalities in Parliament. Or must I qualify that immense panegyric of mine? He has got no great ample pinions like Mr. Gladstone; he hardly deserves what was said of Daniel Webster, that every word he used seemed to weigh a pound. Still, he is a remarkable figure, wholly free from every trace of the Theatre; and I confess it warms my heart to think that we have two men like Grey and Percy to fill the seats of Power in our country, when the time comes." Of this younger generation of Liberals Morley also remarks: "As it happened, in the fulness of time our distinguished apostles of Efficiency came into supreme power, with a share in the finest field for efficient diplomacy and an armed struggle, that could have been imagined. Unhappily they broke down, or thought they had (1915), and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine."

This Liberal leader does not reserve all of his compliments for members of his own party. He is equally warm in his tributes to many of the Conservatives. Toward Disraeli he speaks with uniform courtesy. "Disraeli was climbing his giddy ladder up to the high places to which his genius and persistent courage well entitled

him. . . . I have a considerable liking for Dizzy in a good many things: his mockery of the British Philistine, his aloofness and detachment from hollow conventions, and so forth. How on earth such a man ever became an extremely popular Prime Minister, I can never tell."

He several times mentions his respect and fondness for Curzon. "You will be sorry, as am I, to hear that Curzon writes of himself to me as an invalid. You may have seen that he was seriously bruised in a motor collision some time back. He is now off on a voyage for some months, as I understand. I cannot help a great liking for him, an admiration for his gifts that is not far from affection."

He speaks in the highest terms of Minto, who was Governor General of Canada, and later Indian Viceroy. "A viceroy needs to be a judge of men, whether with dark skins or white, and Lord Minto mixed tact and common sense and the milk of human kindness in the right proportion for discovering with what sort of man he had to deal. He liked people, though he did not always believe them, and he began by a disposition to get on with people as well as they would let him. If he found on trial what he thought good reason for distrusting a man, he did not change. His vision was not subtle, but, what is far better, it was remarkably shrewd. . . . We were most happily alike, if I may use again some old words of my own, in aversion to all quackery and cant, whether it be the quackery of hurried violence dissembling as love of order, or the cant of unsound and misapplied sentiment, divorced from knowledge and untouched by cool comprehension of realities."

In a vivid little sketch he depicts the parliamentary manner of Arthur Balfour. "Balfour's favourite weapon was the rapier, with no button on, without prejudice to a strong broadsword when it was wanted—and for fine point and edge his nearest rival was Sexton on the Irish benches. For so fine a performance—and it was one of his finest—as Mr. Gladstone's (March 3, 1890) when he swept away the ragged, dingy tapestries of the Parnell Commission, the Irish Secretary could never be a match. His eye for the construction of dilemmas was incomparable, and the adversary was rapidly transfixed by the necessity of extricating himself from two equally discreditable scrapes. To expose a single inch of unguarded surface was to provoke a dose of polished raillery that was new, effective, and unpleasant. He revelled in carrying logic all its length, and was not always above urging a weak point as if it were a strong one. Though polished and high-bred in air, he unceremoniously

applied Dr. Johnson's cogent principle that to treat your adversary with respect is to give him an advantage to which he is not entitled. Of intellectual satire he was a master—when he took the trouble; for the moral irony that leaves a wound he happily had no taste. . . . It was not surprising that, in Burke's famous language about Charles Townsend, he became the delight and ornament of his party in the country, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence, and clouds of incense daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers."

v.

Lord Morley's autobiography is well worth reading for its inherent interest and its vivid pictures of men and politics in the last half century. One lays it down, however, with a sense of disappointment. Perhaps it is not fair to quarrel with Morley for failing to give us advice on to-day's problems. An elderly man in his recollections must necessarily face the past. And yet the reader cannot help but regret that this noble-minded Liberal has no constructive suggestions to offer either for the future peace of the world, or for the future structure of society.

From this point of view Morley's attitude toward the Great War is unsatisfactory. He is not, of course, in any sense a partisan of Germany. He wrote in his diary in 1908, "Anyhow, I'd rather have parliamentary rule with all its faults than Prussian bureaucracy." But war in the abstract Morley detests. He declares that its "very essence is the disintegration of common fundamentals" and that it "ostracizes, demoralizes, and brutalizes reason." With such sentiments few Americans would disagree. Nor would they dissent from his indictment of secret diplomacy: "Is not diplomacy, unkindly called by Voltaire the field of lies, as able as it ever was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath?" America, however, is hoping with all its best ideals and aspirations for a better world after the present holocaust. Morley has little better than cold water for the bright hopes of those who look forward to a league of nations. He observes: "In our present overwhelming days such hope as is left to Europe and America seems to yearn for some formal confederacy of States that shall keep the world's peace. There are many reasons for suspecting illusion. The dream is old, and historic awakening has been rude."

Morley's attitude on the economic and social changes of the

coming century is scarcely more heartening. He sees no great promise in the newer socialistic ideals. "If it comes, the substitution of the State in the administration of capital for the Manchester gospel of individual self-help will mark an epoch as does the Reformation or the French Revolution—each of them associated with long, vehement, confused struggle, neither of them ending in unclouded blessings."

Morley none the less cannot be unaware that the Manchester school has lost its authority. We no longer look for guidance to the principles of *laissez faire* or of non-intervention, nor to the vague formula of the greatest good to the greatest number. What the world really needs is a new liberal vision, a new interpretation of social harmony. Morley apparently feels that the spirit of the old Liberalism is sound and vital enough to organize the new era; but he nowhere gives us any indication of how we can translate the precepts of Cobden and Gladstone into a program that will meet the needs of to-morrow. Possibly Morley in some later work will give us a program of this sort. We can, at any rate, say that the new society will be fortunate if it comes under the guidance of men of his mould.

GOD AND SATAN.

BY F. W. ORDE WARD.

IT seems more than probable that the idea of a Devil is one aspect of God, chipt off, so to speak or abstracted from the totality. The vision arose from an unjustifiable separation between the two great constituents of love—namely justice and mercy, a foolish and fatal dichotomy, and from the innate tendency of the human mind (as psychology shows) to dualize things, instead of resting in opposites. Dichotomy is so easy and convenient though superficial, like the dilemma the joy of all feeble thinkers. So we gradually obtained two distinct and hostile deities confronting each other—God the true Infinite, and Satan the bad or false Infinite. But why this monstrous and unreasonable divorce?

"Finis nosse Deum, principiumque Deus."

"A Deo omnia incipiunt, in Deum omnia exeunt."

Yet we shall see presently, as we proceed in the course of our inquiry, that this divulsion of the two component factors was quite inevitable.