

## NEW BOOKS

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. Vol. III. Nicholson and Watson. London. 1934.

THE key-note to this volume of *War Memoirs* is struck in the frontispiece—a reproduction of Punch's famous cartoon, in which the new conductor of the national orchestra is "opening the 1917 Overture". The First Coalition has just walked the plank, and at last Mr. Lloyd George is on the bridge, after crawling through the hawse-hole nearly thirty years before. All depends on who are called to the quarter-deck. The Captain's choice is fateful:

Here he had need:

All circumspection; . . . for on whom we send  
The weight of all and our last hope relies.

After what had happened, Cabinet-making was extremely difficult. It was clear that Mr. Lloyd George's chief supporters must come from the Conservatives, but only as a last desperate shift:

The majority of the Tory Ministers in the Asquith Coalition were definitely opposed to my premiership. When they first realized that it was impending, they made hysterical efforts to fend it off. When it became a fact, they accepted the prospect of serving under my leadership with bitter reluctance. To understand their attitude, it was necessary to bear in mind that there had never before been a "ranker" raised to the premiership—certainly not one except Disraeli who had not passed through the Staff College of the old universities.

In the end, the accession of Balfour, Milner and Carson (together with Bonar Law) made a Lloyd George Ministry possible. By a majority of one, the Labour Party decided to support the new Government for the duration of the War, and Mr. Henderson entered the Cabinet. Twelve Liberals from the First Coalition joined in minor positions, along with eight Labourites. This ensured a national Ministry which, with changes in personnel from time to time, saw the War through.

One notable omission was Mr. Winston Churchill. In the days of militant Liberalism, he and Mr. Lloyd George had been its Great Twin Brethren, developing team-work of a high order. Had the new premier had unfettered choice, Mr. Churchill would have been in the War Cabinet:

His fertile mind, his undoubted courage, his untiring industry and his thorough study of the art of war would have made him a useful member of a War Cabinet. Here his more erratic impulses could have been kept under control, and his judgment supervised and checked before plunging into action. . . Unfortunately, the Tory Ministers, with the exception of Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson, were unanimous in their resolve that he should not be a member of the Ministry, and most of them made it a condition precedent to their entering into the Government that he should be excluded.

For a half-dozen pages Mr. Lloyd George argues pro and contra about Mr. Churchill. His keen analysis of Winston's genius, and the indurated dislike the old-line Tories had for him, can be applied, with little change, to his own position to-day with respect to his former political affiliations: "It was interesting to observe in a concentrated form every phase of the distrust and trepidation with which mediocrity views genius at close quarters. Unfortunately, genius always provides its critics with material for censure—it always has and always will. Churchill is, unfortunately, no exception to this rule". Neither is the writer.

The new Ministry lost no time in getting down to business. The national security was in dire peril from the submarine, and the worst was to come. Food was the key to victory; sea-power the means to secure it. With the failure of a military decision and the settling down of the War to a test of physical endurance, the task of ending the conflict passed to the civilians: "If it was too late to alter the military strategy, there was yet time to see that we did not fall in the fight through sheer exhaustion... Our gravest problem was one of reconstruction and concentration, so as to make our resources last out longer than those of our adversaries".

It was here that the premier made his supreme contribution to victory. Whatever he himself and others think of his military theories and his efforts to modify the strategy of the War, his true fame as War Minister will rest on the penetrating intuition, amazing energy and transcendent administrative ability that he brought to bear upon fundamental issues. These were three in number—ship-building, convoy, and food supply; and, in the last analysis, the solution of the problems involved won the War.

In January, 1917, the position of British shipping was precarious. Since the beginning of the War, nearly two and a half million tons had been sunk by enemy action, and the losses were mounting each week until, in the single month of April, 1917, over half a million tons were destroyed. It became a race between ship-building and the submarine, and the speeded-up programme of ship-building (together with the convoy system) won out. In 1916 the gross tonnage launched was 630,000 tons; in 1917, the amount was increased to 1,229,000 tons and in 1918 to 1,579,000 tons. This, in turn, helped to solve the problem of food so far as it was imported overseas. But there was also the need of increased production at home and, equally important, the distribution of food products. "Let the nation as a whole", the Prime Minister urged, "place its comforts, its luxuries, its indulgences, its elegance on a national altar consecrated by such sacrifices as these men have made. Let us proclaim during the War a national Lent". Accordingly, all sorts of steps were taken to enhance and conserve the food supply—wider acreage, fixed prices, guaranteed wages, allotments, and other novel measures—not without touches of humour:

Altogether it was a startling series of decisions to be taken by a Government in which there were several great landowners: restriction of rent by law—doubling the wages of the agricultural labourer—compulsory cultivation of land (even of parks!)—power for tenants to kill pheasants which ravaged their crops. While

the discussion was going on and the decisions were being taken, Lord Balfour sat in quizzical silence. At last he looked at the clock, and said: "As nearly as I can reckon, we have had one revolution every half-hour!"

It will come as a surprise to the reader that Mr. Lloyd George had his stiffest battle with the naval high command over the adoption of a system of convoy. In spite of the lessons of maritime warfare in the past, Lord Jellicoe and the other admirals did not believe in the efficacy of convoys. In April, 1917, Admiral Sims of the American Navy had an "amazing interview" with Lord Jellicoe, in which the British Admiral outlined the alarming situation brought about by the submarine. He was of the opinion that the Germans would win, if the losses continued, and solemnly announced that there was absolutely no solution for the problem, "that we can see now". "Meantime," comments Mr. Lloyd George, "sinkings were proceeding at such a pace that out of every 100 long-voyage steamers which left this country, 25 failed to return. At this rate, Germany's expectation of bringing us to our knees by August did not seem so improbable an inference to be drawn from the actual facts".

In the face of these losses, Mr. Lloyd George took "peremptory action" and paid a visit to the Admiralty in person. As a result, the convoy plan was ultimately adopted with complete success:

Between the summer of 1917 and the end of the hostilities in November, 1918, some 16,657 vessels were convoyed to or from this country. The total losses, including 16 sunk by marine peril and 36 ships sunk when not in contact with the convoy, amounted to 154 vessels, or less than 1 per cent. of the vessels convoyed. Alike in number and in gross tonnage the total number and tonnage of the ships lost in convoy during nearly a year and a half of unrestricted warfare were considerably less than the losses incurred during the single month of April 1917, before the first convoys were introduced.

One result of the crisis over convoys was the admission into naval counsels of younger officers such as Kenworthy, Keyes and Richmond, with a consequent increase in the offensive use of the overwhelming sea-power possessed by the Allies. In the end sea-power, as ever, won the World War, for, as Mr. Lloyd George puts it, "the sea front turned out to be the decisive flank in the gigantic battle-field". And his unstinted praise is given to the efforts of the mercantile marine: "It was to their valour and tenacity, as much as to the skill and bravery displayed by the crews of our patrolling and escorting craft, that we owed our triumph over the deadliest craft that ever menaced our pathways across the deep".

A large part of this volume is devoted to a discussion of the strategy of the War and the respective "schools of thought" to which it gave rise. Here we pass from the sure ground of achievement to a highly speculative region already thickly strewn with the contingencies of history. After the stalemate of the western trenches had precluded the element of surprise, Mr. Lloyd George was forever seeking another front of movement from which to attack the enemy at his weakest point. During the year under review, he argued intensely for an effort on the Italian front, but was overcome by the

two G. H. Q's and French political exigencies. At the Rome Conference (January, 1917) the scales were turned against him by an address of M. Briand—"as a piece of oratory, it was the finest exhibition I have ever heard at any conference"—and thereafter the course of the War led to the Nivelle offensive and Passchendaele. "Epauletted egoism was impenetrable to the assault of ideas", was his Parthian shot at the Western generals who "led the French Army to the brink of irreparable catastrophe and the pick of the British Army to a muddy graveyard."

The last two chapters describe the Russian Revolution and the entrance of America into the War—compensatory events in the game of world politics. Mr. Lloyd George points out that the offer of asylum in Great Britain to the Czar and his family was never withdrawn. "If advantage was not taken of it", quoting Sir George Buchanan, "it was because the Provisional Government failed to overcome the opposition of the Soviet". As for Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Lloyd George picks up his statement that he first learned of the secret treaties between the Allies at the Peace Conference, which he definitely calls "a palpable misrepresentation of the true facts". This he attributes to a lapse of memory on the part of the President, due to the ill-health which overtook him. As a general judgment, Mr. Lloyd George finds that Wilson was not a Lincoln.

This third volume of almost 700 pages brings the story down only to the midsummer of 1917. At this rate it would seem that the book will run to six volumes by the time the Armistice is reached. The fourth volume has already appeared, but limits of space postpone notice of it until our next issue.

H. F. M.

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ISAAC NEWTON. A Biography. 1642-1727. By Louis Trenchard More. 675 pp. Scribner's. \$4.50.

It seems almost incredible that there has hitherto been no satisfactory life of Newton. In extenuation it should be remembered that there are difficulties with both the subject and the choice of a biographer. Undoubtedly the greatest drawback to a just appreciation of his life and achievements has been the universal tendency to idealize him into a national monument of superlative genius. Heretofore the standard *Life* has been that by Erewster, published in 1855. Its trustworthiness may be judged by his statement that when he found evidence which confirmed facts known to reflect adversely on Newton's character, he published it; but if the facts were not previously known, he felt bound to respect the privacy of what he found!

Newton's supreme intellectual gifts and attainments being unquestioned, what of the man? He had high moral principles, and a deeply religious nature. Though a practical man of affairs, he had no intimate friends among men, and women had practically no influence in his life. Entirely lacking a sense of humour or artistic tastes, he was cursed with a suspicious and jealous temperament which all his life involved him in constant quarrels and controversies.

Such a character calls for a biographer of ripe experience and dispassionate judgment. It is a necessary but not sufficient requirement that he be a scientist. He must be thoroughly versed in the history and philosophy of the Newtonian era. In this utilitarian age he should have sympathy with the view then held that the primary aim of science was to demonstrate the action of the Divine Will in the natural world. Finally, it is desirable that he be able to discuss intelligently Newton's other interests, financial, political and theological.

These formidable specifications have been well met by Professor More, and the result is an invaluable work. He has gone to the original sources for his information, and has collected and studied almost all the relevant printed material. Be it here noted that, though a Professor of Physics, he understands Latin! The subject is treated with sympathy, superlatives are avoided, and the tone is judicial. The historical background, which shows clearly the relation of Newton to his contemporaries and environment, would do credit to a professional historian. In the very full discussion of his work, Professor More has shown a mastery of the philosophical as well as of the scientific content. His chapters on the mechanistic hypothesis and the "Principia" are particularly admirable in this respect.

In studying the lives of the great scientists it is usually possible to trace the influence of their predecessors, to follow the steps leading up to their discoveries, to grasp at least dimly how their minds worked. These things are particularly difficult to follow in the present case. For one thing the advances were far greater, and in the absence of evidence we can only surmise the workings of

a mind forever  
Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

Very characteristic of the man was his reluctance to publish more than his bare results. Indeed most of his published work had to be extracted from him almost forcibly by his fellows, who realized the importance of giving it to the world. We do not know if he experienced that ineffable joy which comes from discovery, but we do know that he found science a hard taskmaster and willingly forswore it.

Much of his greatest creative work was done while he was a young man. The climax of his efforts, the *Principia*, was completed in his early forties. The immensity of the task must have to some extent exhausted his productive ability; but it is a mistake to suppose, as many have done, that he was thereby "burnt out". Though his further contributions to science were relatively small, he was still the unrivalled master, as occasional instances show. The truth is that his interests had turned elsewhere. He was dissatisfied with his Professorship at Cambridge, and importuned people of influence to find him a "government job" in London. He wished to be a gentleman rather than a scientist, in a day when the former meant more and the latter less than now.

Eventually he was made Warden and Master of the Mint, where his revision of the coinage showed him to be a capable man of action.

This is not surprising, for he had been chosen as Member of Parliament for Cambridge, and it was at his insistence that the Senate resolved to resist the attempts of James II to introduce Catholicism into the University. Whatever kind of a genius he might be, he was not the unpractical dreamer.

In later years much of his time was spent upon theology. Locke considered him to be one of the greatest biblical scholars of his age. A suspicion of unorthodoxy, for long assiduously suppressed, has turned out to be very petty indeed, judged by modern standards.

To these varied activities, and to the unsavoury controversies with Hooke, Flamsteed and Leibnitz, Professor More has done full justice. He has not hesitated also to express his own opinions on present-day tendencies as contrasted with those of two centuries ago. One example of these incisive comments should be quoted. He is discussing the survival of the old universities based on the fundamental disciplinary studies, and the decay of Gresham College and kindred institutions built on too narrow and shallow a base to endure the change of time. "Their (the latter's) successors are the broad elective systems based on the declaration that all subjects are equally effective as an education; the professional schools based on a specialized smattering of science; and paedagogic and sociologic schools based on nothing. Their products may acquire busy minds, but they lack the vision and the judgment that come only from the discipline of those classic and philosophic studies which have persisted through the tumults of the past, and must persist in the future if a well-balanced attitude towards life is to endure".

Professor More has well performed a difficult and very useful task, which has evidently been a labour of love. His book should long remain the authoritative biography of Newton.

G. H. H.

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AT WAR WITH ACADEMIC TRADITIONS IN AMERICA. By A. Lawrence Lowell. Harvard University Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1934. Pp. xiv, 358.

Harvard University has always been in the forefront of American higher education, and one of the chief reasons for her preeminence has been her happy aptitude for choosing presidents who are capable of furnishing educational leadership for the nation. Not the least name in the distinguished succession is that of A. Lawrence Lowell, who assumed office in 1909 upon the retirement of the late Charles W. Eliot, and who retired in 1933.

This book is made up of a collection of essays and addresses written or delivered by the President-Emeritus over a period of forty-seven years. As the title indicates, they are aggressive; for Lowell's life, like that of Eliot, was devoted to a perpetual warfare against the woodenness and complacency of American higher education. He was greatly impressed by some of the better features of Oxford and Cambridge, and his chief desire was to transfer, with necessary alterations,

some of the culture, the love of learning, the spirit of scholarship which the older English universities are supposed to possess to an unusual degree. Lowell consequently deals with such topics as the placing of method and training above the mere acquisition of facts; he pleads for students of good intellect and with wide sympathies and unfettered judgment; he denounces the American habit of amassing "credits" at the expense of education, and advocates general examinations to test the real grasp of the subject as a whole; he sees the weakness of the gigantic university without local nuclei, and he establishes smaller colleges within the university on the English plan. All these beliefs, and others equally praiseworthy, are set out in admirable style and with a balance and sense of values which is unhappily all too rare. The chief fault of the book lies in its repetition, a difficulty which is doubtless unavoidable when one is publishing essays and addresses of this kind.

R. MACGREGOR DAWSON.

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DANTE VIVO. By Giovanni Papini. Translated from the Italian, by Eleanor Hommond Broadus and Anna Benedetti. Toronto. The Macmillan Company of Canada, Limited.

This is a book that is easy and pleasant to read; the style is fascinating, the theme one of unceasing interest, and the treatment is sufficiently challenging. Also, the work has rather a personal note, so that our mind is directed sometimes to Dante and sometimes to Professor Papini. The author is fully equipped for his task by reason of his deep study of his theme; but he also calls our attention to three qualifications which he possesses beyond others and which give, as he thinks, special value to his book. He is a poet, a Catholic and a Florentine. One wonders which of these three qualifications it is that justifies the severity with which the shortcomings of Dante are set forth. On page after page there is an arraignment of the character of the great poet, till it would seem as if the name of Christian could scarcely be given to him who wrote the greatest religious poem of Christendom. These accusations are defended on the ground that they are the faithful wounds of a true friend; and as the work proceeds, we come to paragraphs which show how deep is the appreciation which Signor Papini has for his hero. The following passage well expresses his views: "From this inspiration and this desire was born in the spirit of Dante the *Divina Commedia*, a book unique in the entire range of literature precisely because it is not only a book but something more than a book; one of the most heroic attempts that a man has ever made to reform and save his unhappy brothers, to conduct the living, as the poet himself said, from a state of misery to a state of felicity. The *Commedia* is a miracle of poetry which was meant to perform a striking spiritual miracle. Therefore it does not belong solely to the brief history of literature, but also above all else to the strange and dolorous history of mankind." This book will no doubt do much to revive and extend the study of the greatest master of Italian literature.

J. W. FALCONER.

THE REVOLT AGAINST MECHANISM. By L. P. Jacks. (Thos. Nelson & Sons, Ltd., Toronto. 85c.).

Dr. Jacks is irrepressible. With advancing years, his spirit is undaunted, and his writing loses nothing of its tonic effect. In this little book, which consists of the Hibbert Lectures for 1933, he not only addresses the confusion of our age, but actually rejoices in our distress. He says that our present-day life is shadowed by mechanism. We have tried to reduce life on all hands to a mechanical organization. And life, by its very nature, revolts against the attempt. Dr. Jacks discerns in our present discontent a welcome and inevitable protest of the human spirit against mechanical regimentation. The thesis of this little volume is that the machine is a good and necessary servant, but a terrible master. The way out is not through a reorganization of life, but in the assertion of the free creative character of the human spirit. We must turn our advance in mechanization into an opportunity for fuller and more joyful living.

J. S. THOMSON.

AMERICA'S TRAGEDY. By James Thuslow Adams. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 1934. Pp. 406. \$3.

This book is an altogether admirable piece of work. It does not add any facts to our knowledge of American history, but it is a very fine interpretation of facts and events that we already know. It has a great deal to say about slavery, and about the Civil War, and yet it is not "a Civil War book". Its subject is rather the tragedy of sectionalism, that particular sectionalism which grew up between North and South and which led to Appomattax Court House.

Mr. Adams would no doubt agree with the French saying that to understand all is to forgive all. His object is to make us understand how the tragedy developed, although the more he makes us understand, the greater becomes the tragedy. Both sections were convinced that they were right and that their opponents were wrong. Both sections were certain that they were masters of their own destiny. Mr. Adams shows us two peoples being driven by blind economic forces. Circumstances were the true masters of their fate.

*America's Tragedy* does much more than interpret a particular past. It has a universal application. It makes us feel how true was Bacon's dictum that "Histories make men wise". As one reads the story of the growing bitterness between North and South, of the increasing conviction of their own righteousness and of their opponents' wickedness, of the way in which the struggle was transformed into a moral crusade, of the ease and speed with which atrocity stories were invented and the credulity with which they were believed, of the horrors of the war and the horrors of the "peace" that followed, the reader feels that he is on familiar ground.

It may be that the only lesson we learn from history is that we learn nothing, but that is not the fault of history, nor is it the fault of Mr. Adams.

G. E. WILSON.



**CRUMBS ARE ALSO BREAD.** By Martin Burrell. Macmillans in Canada.

The Hon. Martin Burrell has had a rich and varied life. Born in a village in Berkshire—he refuses to name it, being content to tell us that the late C. E. Montague thought it the most English of villages—he came to Canada fifty years ago. Farming, politics, advancing years have not succeeded in destroying his zest for life and his delight in the finer pleasures it can offer. Mr. Burrell modestly calls these essays crumbs, but they are rich in sustenance. Their variety is also remarkable; book reviews, impressions of England and Geneva, birds in literature, and personal anecdotes and reminiscences. She was a lucky hostess who, when the conversation at her tea was merely trickling, had the young Burrell beside her to play the piano “to liven up the conversation”. Mr. Burrell has a rollicking essay on American plans in 1812 to annex British North America. “The Double Crested Cormorant” is a model review of a doctoral dissertation in biology by a man of letters—what other reviewer could or would have ended his review with an original poem to soothe the author? All who are interested in Canadian literature should read the excellent essay on Audrey Alexandra Brown, and remember that a new edition of her poems is promised shortly. This is, in short, a thoroughly delightful book; if all of us could extract from life the pleasure and richness that Mr. Burrell has found, we should not, more than he, fear to meet its later years.

B. M.

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**BRITISH COMMONWEALTH RELATIONS:** Proceedings of the first unofficial Conference at Toronto, 1933, edited by A. Toynbee. Oxford. London. Toronto. Pp. XI, 235. Price \$3.25.

**CONSULTATION AND CO-OPERATION WITHIN THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH;** A handbook, compiled by G. E. H. Palmer. Oxford. London. Toronto. Pp. LIX, 264. 12s. 6d.

No more representative gathering of British Commonwealth Nations has perhaps ever been assembled than the British Commonwealth Relations Conference which met in Toronto in the autumn of 1933. With the exception of the Irish Free State and Newfoundland, every member state of the Commonwealth, including India, was represented. Care was taken that each delegation should include different shades of political opinion, and among the members of the Conference were men who had held or were likely to hold high office, as well as distinguished scholars, journalists and members of the bar. The Conference, moreover, did not stand alone; study groups in all member States prepared and exchanged beforehand careful

reports on various aspects of Commonwealth relations. Thus although the Conference was unofficial in character, and passed no resolutions, its deliberations form an important conspectus of opinion throughout the Commonwealth, and may well influence political action.

Called originally by the Royal and the Canadian Institutes of International Affairs, to discuss with a view to improving the means of consultation and co-operation among the member States of the Commonwealth, the Conference was compelled to plough deeper. The discussion of machinery inevitably raised the question, "Machinery for what end?" particularly among Canadian groups. When the Conference met, discussions over the nature and purpose of the Commonwealth thus took precedence over questions of machinery. As might have been expected, opinions on such fundamentals varied greatly. On the extreme right were those who still used the word "Empire" rather than "Commonwealth", and who thought of a defensive alliance against the world; while on the extreme left were certain Dominion Nationalists who were not quite sure that the Commonwealth relation might not after all be something of a Trojan Horse covering colonial office officials and capitalist imperialism. Yet, despite wide differences of opinion, there were none present who avowedly wanted to "cut the painter". All were agreed that the Commonwealth was worth preserving, though they might differ as respects the price they were prepared to pay for it, or the possibility of its preservation.

As Professor Toynbee points out, the Conference was essentially the old debate between "Parochialism and Oecumenicalism", "and the clear conclusion of the dialogue was that—in a 'post-war' world which was threatening to become a 'pre-war' world over again—Parochialism was not enough," whether it be the Parochialism of Dominion nationalism or the Parochialism of a self-centred British Empire. Were the jungle world of international relations of the nineteenth century to return, each member State might find itself at the mercy of its respective regional situation—"The United Kingdom as a small island fast moored to the great continent of Europe; Canada and South Africa as part and parcel respectively of North America and the Dark Continent; Australia and New Zealand as ships of state adrift in a 'wide wide sea' ironically named the Pacific; India as the uneasy neighbour of the Soviet Union and the Islamic World". Nor could the Commonwealth conceived of as a defensive alliance hope for safety in the return of the international anarchy of pre-war years, if for no other reason than because of the new balance of naval power. However galling it may be to sentimentalists, Great Britain is no longer Mistress of the Seas, and there is no reason to believe she ever will be again.

Thus by the sheer logic of facts the Conference was driven to consider the strengthening of the collective system, especially as embodied in the League and the Kellogg Pact, as the hope of the British Commonwealth. If it could be preserved, there was tacit agreement that the Commonwealth might last. Should it fail, "who could tell how far the countries now associated in the British Commonwealth

might drift apart on their way to encounter their diverse fates, whatever their fates might respectively prove to be"?

This conclusion was no doubt recommended by one fact in particular. As Professor Toynbee notes, all but one or two delegates realized—"profoundly all the time, and at moments acutely—that they were meeting there in the magically sequestered precincts of Hart House, with the sword of Damocles suspended over their heads, and over the heads of their children". But could even the collective system save the world, and with it the British Commonwealth? "In their heart of hearts", says Professor Toynbee, "they were aware all the time that a world-order based on these spiritual foundations might prove, after all, to be an aim beyond the moral capacity of the human race which was still in its infancy, and which had entered upon the enterprise called Civilization a mere 6,000 years since". And as the members of the Conference dispersed to their homes, the withdrawal of Germany from the League and the adjournment of the Disarmament Conference *sine die* but added to their forebodings.

Are not the conclusions of the Conference still valid, despite the weakened conditions of the League, the growing competition in armaments, and the increasing alarms of impending war? Wishful thinkers, whether lords of the press or female members of Empire societies, will not, of course, agree, nor admirals or generals who would have us buy battleships instead of bread, and tanks instead of boots for our children. But let anyone sit down and let him look boldly in the face all relevant facts, and what other conclusions as respects the continuance of the Commonwealth, or the safety in the long run of his own country, can he possibly reach?

The report of the Conference edited by Professor Toynbee includes an analysis of the preparatory papers, the formal addresses, the reports of the various commissions, together with a list of members and other items of interest. Professor Toynbee has done a remarkably good job in analysing and synthesizing the preparatory papers.

Mr. Palmer's book contains a mass of facts and documentary material on the methods of co-operation and consultation between member States of the Commonwealth. It was intended as a source book for information of the members of the Conference, and it is set forth without comment by the editor. Its value is enhanced by the fact that it was criticized before publication by officials and academic authorities in all member States of the Commonwealth. It is thus something of a collective production. Nowhere else can students of the Commonwealth find much of the information contained herein, and analyzed as in this volume from the point of view of Dominion autonomy. Readers will no doubt be surprised to see how much co-operation exists between member States of the Commonwealth, and perturbed or gratified (according to their sentiments) with such information as the following: "There is a Canadian air liaison officer in London, with offices at the Air Ministry" (p. 106). Professor Keith contributes a useful introduction.

Students of the Commonwealth cannot afford to overlook either of these volumes. No more can thoughtful citizens.

## THE DALHOUSIE REVIEW

WHAT I LIKE IN POETRY. By William Lyon Phelps. New York, Scribner's Sons, 1934. Pp. 601.

There is something very disarming in the title of this book and in the editor's preface. When Professor Phelps says, in effect, that he has made his selections because he likes them, and he cares not whether anyone else does so or not, he seems to place the book beyond the bounds of criticism. If one ventures to say that it is an odd arrangement which sets Robert Greene's stately Elizabethan verse, *Sweet are the Thoughts that savour of Content*, beside Stephen Foster's *Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground*, he replies scornfully "Those who do not like this haphazard method have the privilege of disliking it." Or if one hints that perhaps the selections from Longfellow and Emerson are rather too numerous, one is met by the reply "I have consulted no one in order to find out whether or not certain poems should be included. All the poems that are included are here because I like them. There is no other reason for their inclusion".

Since that is the case, it is a matter for gratitude that so many of the poems Professor Phelps likes are general favourites. One can scarcely open the book at random without coming across some treasure, some poem long admired and loved. The compiler has made a wide sweep in his choosing. Chaucer, evidently, he does not care for, but beginning with the Elizabethans he wanders down the centuries to the present time, culling freely as he goes from the choicest flowers of poetry. Thus he has put together a complete and delightful collection for which every lover of poetry should be truly grateful.

M. JOSEPHINE SHANNON.

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THE COPELAND TRANSLATIONS. Chosen by Charles Townsend Copeland. Scribner's. Pp. xxiii-1080.

To many people, Harvard is the home of scholarship; but it is, or has been, more than that. It has always found room for a professor who has been noted for his love of literature, and his ability to impart that love to undergraduates. In the present century, "Copey" was such a person until his retirement a few years ago. In his composition class, his course on Dr. Johnson, his "Monday Evenings", and his public readings, he wrought a mighty influence on the youth of the United States, or on that part of it who had the good fortune to attend Harvard. As one handles the present book, one feels anew the power and charm of "Copey". Here again we see his remarkable feeling for the great things in literature. Just as he used to send the undergraduate away with a desire to read more in the author discussed, so should he, by this book, send many of us again, or for the first time, to the masterpieces of world literature. The reviewer can think of no finer Christmas gift for the young person just feeling his way to the greatness, the glory, and the nobility of mankind than *The Copeland Translations*.

B. M.