

NEW BOOKS

MAN ON HIS NATURE. By Sir Charles Sherrington. Gifford Lectures, 1937-38. Cambridge University Press. 1940.

This may well be the most important contribution to the study of "Body and Mind" from the side of empirical science since William McDougall's volume under that title of over a quarter of a century ago. It is the long awaited presentation of the problem from the hands of an investigator in the field of biological research, and from one who deals with his subject, not as a popularizer of modern science, but with the master's devotion to fine detail and meticulous accuracy. What is our understanding of the ultimate physical structure of the human body? And what do we know in 1940 that we did not know in 1900? How far can electro-physics and biochemical analyses explain arrangements of cells and movements within cells, and the better known more general phenomena of the human body that during the long reign of medieval Aristotelianism were attributed to the operation of special "principles", or have been uncritically and unquestioningly assumed by the ordinary man to be the evidences of Design? These are the chief topics of the book.

Sir Charles Sherrington does not attempt a complete philosophical answer, and indeed the data of a spiritual sort which "man on his nature" ought to consider, if his survey is at all complete, have little place in his lists. He is content to display the amazing intricacy of the evidence received through the microscope, and for this we are grateful. The uninstructed reader, who has nibbled at modern sugar-coated portrayals, rejoices to enter in such skilled company into the problem of muscular movement and the chemistry of the blood; to wonder at the mystery of binocular vision and at an eye formed in the dark to see in the light; or to follow with solemn acknowledgment the tremendous devastation in human happiness caused by the malarial cycle. The age-long problem of natural evil takes lowering and sombre hues from this unsparing narrative. Whatever may be accepted as the answer to the devastating portrayal of pain here given, and to the apparent "hit or miss" processes of nature here revealed, certain champions of easy solutions will be shocked out of their complacency. Christian apologetic calls for restatement and remodelling to meet this challenge, more especially in its current definitions of natural life, in an age when the gap between life and lifeless matter is closing fast.

The book is rare among Gifford studies in literary form and dramatic power, wherein it recalls James's *Varieties*. The writer has placed in his debt students of history as well as students of science by a fascinating account of the views of Fernel, physician to the court of Henry II of France (1519-1559), and by sustaining, throughout all chapters, a comparison of our present knowledge with the mind of that age. Earth, air, fire and water—the "four humours" of Empedocles—were then still accepted as forming the ultimate constitution

of the human body. For every disease some plant might be found, and the new world beyond the western ocean would now supply the missing ones. The nine-fold shell of heaven covered the earth like an inverted bow and was centred upon man, for whom the daily celestial influences were all-important. Few men of position ventured out-of-doors without first consulting their astrologers. Most men shared the monstrous illusion of a stationary earth. The theologically-minded reader, interested in the anthropological view of Luther and others of the great ones of that century who were contemporaries of Fernel, finds himself asking the interesting question: how far are the systems of these men vitiated by sharing in such gigantic mistakes, and how far did they struggle with Fernel to free the human spirit from the century-long nightmare, and to provide that modern insight into Nature on which our present welfare is based?

The stimulating qualities of the work being acknowledged, it remains to state that there is much to be said on "man's nature" that is not in Sherrington. There is no complete picture offered in the book of man in all his relations. The reader is therefore free to bring to its catalogue of facts other facts of which he himself may be aware. But within its province, its author has performed an amazing service, and has produced out of his honoured years at Cambridge a volume that must remain long at the apex of scientific enquiry into these great topics.

I. F. MACKINNON

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION. A Reappraisal. By Bernhard Knollenberg. The Macmillan Company, New York, 1940. Pp. xiii, 269.

This book is highly commendable both in intention and in execution. A close student of the American Revolution, Mr. Knollenberg became convinced that many historians of the Revolution and biographers of Washington, having exalted the latter to a pinnacle of infallibility, had repeatedly degraded or vilified other officers or statesmen of the period in order to maintain their hero in that exalted position. Mr. Knollenberg has not set out to "debunk" Washington, or to reduce him to the level of other military figures, but rather to seek justice for Gates, Conway and Lee as well as for certain members of the Continental Congress who have been wrongly accused of having obstructed or betrayed Washington in specific instances.

With this in mind, he assembles the various indictments which have been made by historians or biographers, examines the grounds of the various charges, and attempts to show from contemporary correspondence, often from Washington and the men concerned, that most of these charges are unfounded, and have been built up partly from imagination and partly from unreliable memoirs written long after the events took place. His conclusion, which seems convincing, is that "the success of the American Revolution had a broader base than appears from the conventional historians and biographers; the Revolution was won, not despite, but with the help of the Continental

Congress, Gates and others commonly accused of having hampered Washington." No student of the American Revolution should fail to read this book.

D. C. H.

THE LAST MILLION YEARS: By A. P. Coleman. The University of Toronto Press, 1941.

The Last Million Years, by the late Dr. A. P. Coleman, is the history of the Pleistocene in North America. This is a delightful and authoritative account of the geology and physical geography of recent times on this continent. Its author was the outstanding authority on glacial geology. He was a man who combined high scientific attainments with a love of nature, and an ability to portray her beauties with the skill of an artist. He was an inspiring teacher, a great master in his own field, and impressed those who knew him with his utter sincerity and greatness through his simplicity. He died in February, 1939. The manuscript of this book was completed before his death, and it has been edited by one of his old students, Dr. G. F. Kay, who is himself an authority on glacial geology.

The point of view of the book is given in one paragraph on page five; "No one can really understand the geography and the human history of the Northern United States and Southern Canada without a knowledge of the strange events that shaped things as they are and prepared the way for our present civilization."

That paragraph is the *theme* of the book. Around it is woven the physical geography of the past and present. The till sheets of the Father of Rivers, the development of the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence River System, the problems confronting the student of glaciation on the Atlantic Coast, the problems of the Great Plains and the Western Cordillera—all these are introduced and developed in such a charming way that any reader, whether he be a trained geologist or not, may understand and see the great panorama unfold. For the scientific man, this is the best account of the Pleistocene which has been written, and most of the chapters have lists of valuable references.

On page 119 there is a reproduction of one of Dr. Coleman's paintings. It makes the reviewer wish that it had been possible to utilize more of those very beautiful paintings which adorn the walls of the geological room in the Royal Ontario Museum, an edifice with collections unequalled in Canada.

G. V. DOUGLAS

ROGER FRY. By Virginia Woolf. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 30. \$3.00.

Shelley, Keats, Roger Fry, and a host of others—genius has a habit of being born in most unexpected places! Who would have thought that the babe born in 1866 to a typical Quaker couple, with the Quaker fear of the arts and the Quaker tendency to success, was to

grow up to be one of the greatest English art critics? To the telling of this amazing story Mrs. Woolf has brought her mastery over the written word and her insight into human character: the result is a very fine biography, and a history of the break-up of the Victorian world and the birth pangs of a new one.

Roger Fry went to a private school where, despite promises to the contrary, there was corporal punishment; then he went to Clifton, the new comer to the ranks of English public schools. There was a fine spirit in the school, but it did not win young Fry wholly: even at that time, he did not appreciate imperial morals and religion. Yet at Clifton a great influence made itself felt: J. T. McTaggart was there, and as a schoolboy he had his own view of life, here and hereafter. Then followed the expanding days at Cambridge, when art replaced science as Fry's love. It was much against his father's wishes that Fry began the serious study of art, and credit should be given to the father that he supplied the means for the future critic to enter his chosen field. Trips abroad that brought him into contact with the Italian masters followed, but the great event of Fry's life was his discovery of Cézanne. Now Fry knew that English art was at a dead end, and that salvation must come from the continent. In 1910 he organized and carried through the first London exhibit of Post-Impressionist pictures: conservative artists and critics derided, but the younger artists were aroused. Fry was always popular as a lecturer on art. His development as artist and writer was slow, but at last he found his own form of expression in colour, and in the twenties he began to publish freely. Fry's great gift in criticism was his ability to return again and again to the same pictures and to see them afresh. A comic interlude was his stay in New York at the Metropolitan and his attempt to work with Pierpont Morgan. His work has been admirably summed up by Sir Kenneth Clark, of the National Gallery: as truly as it can be said of any one man, Roger Fry produced a revolution in English art and art criticism.

B. M.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY AT KINGSTON. *The First Century of a Scottish-Canadian Foundation 1841-1941.* By D. D. Calvin. The Trustees of the University and Macmillans, 1941. Pp. x, 321; 15 illustrations.

It has long been known that the late 30's and early 40's of the last century witnessed a definite movement towards self-determination in the political and economic life of the British North American provinces, but it is not so well known that this movement was preceded or accompanied by a similar effort to provide cultural facilities of their own for their own people. However, this latter movement is rapidly being brought into perspective by the college histories which have been appearing during the past few years, amongst which Mr. Calvin's history of Queen's will take an honoured place because of his intelligent orientation of that history and comprehensive survey of the many sides of university life.

The first chapter sketches the background in which Presbyterians of the Church of Scotland were to compete with Church of England authorities for a share of the Clergy Reserves and university endowments. The next three chapters outline the struggle for a charter, which was obtained on October 16, 1841, at a cost of £700; the small beginnings in 1842 with fewer than a dozen students; the local effects of the Disruption in Scotland in 1843 which divided the Presbyterian body sharply; the financial vicissitudes of the next seven years when the question of one provincial university was under discussion; the expansion in Arts and Theology and the early experiments with Medicine and Law; Grant's Quarter Century and the Last Forty Years. Succeeding chapters deal in greater detail with the organization and growth of the various faculties and buildings, the admission of women, and the changes in the character of students and student life. The final chapter attempts to estimate the contribution of Queen's to education, and to describe the university as it is to-day.

Mr. Calvin is to be congratulated on the degree of detachment which, as a devoted Queensman, he has attained, thereby raising his local history to the plane of general history which all students of Canadian educational endeavor will read with both profit and pleasure.

D. C. H.

- (1) *THE CROOKED CROSS*, by Dr. A. S. Duncan-Jones, Dean of Chichester.
- (2) *NAZI AND NAZARENE*, by Monsignor Ronald Knox. The Macmillans in Canada.

(1) The Dean of Chichester, who has written *The Crooked Cross*, belongs to a circle of English ecclesiastics who have carefully followed the fortunes of the Protestant Churches under Nazi rule. The Bishop of Chichester, it may be recalled, once wrote to the German Reichsbischof saying that the policies and methods of the "German Christian" group had shocked the consciences of Christians throughout the world. It is clear that the Dean not only shared his Bishop's concern for the Church in Germany, but is himself an authority on the problems that have confronted it during recent years.

Hitler had repeatedly stated that the National Socialist Party was committed to Positive Christianity, and the Churches had reason to expect that he would accord them favourable treatment. Besides, he had made it clear that no political leader had a right to interfere in the internal affairs of the Church. The Dean says that he asked Hitler whether he proposed to create a State Church, and the Fuehrer replied that he had not the slightest intention of trying to shape the future of the Protestant Church, to which he did not belong. "I am a Catholic," he said, "I have no position in the Protestant Church." It is notorious that he has not adhered to that decision.

The Dean gives a brief but clear account of the controversy between the "German Christian" and "Confessional" parties, the formation of the Confessional Church, the disabilities under which

it was placed by the Government, the confiscation of its trust funds, the arrest of hundreds of its pastors including the Rev. Martin Niemöller, and the passing of other repressive measures which virtually destroyed the Church as an organization.

At one time four thousand pastors formally opposed the policy of the Government, and enrolled in the Emergency League from which the Confessional Church took its rise. It is now alleged that many of these pastors have conformed to the popular view to the extent at least of supporting the Nazi side in the war, and this is not altogether surprising. The Dean believes, however, that they will rise up eventually to make a creative contribution to the spiritual rebirth of their Fatherland. The recent report of the arrest of forty Confessional pastors for defying the law which denied them the right to ordain candidates to the ministry indicates that there are still some of them who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

(2) Monsignor Knox enjoys a wide reputation for his fine literary style, and anyone who is introduced to him in *Nazi and Nazarene* will want to read more of his writings. His pamphlet deals in general with the plight of the Roman Catholic Church in the Reich, and in particular with Hitler's repudiation of the pledges that he gave to the Holy See.

The Roman Catholics, like the Protestants, hoped at the first that Hitler would treat them with consideration. He seemed to have taken Mussolini for his model, and it was not unreasonable to assume that he would follow the Duce's example in his attitude to the Church. "Mussolini, like Hitler," says the Monsignor, "was a Catholic who had given up, so far as was known, the practice of his religion; there was no reason to think that he loved the Church. But, from the moment when the *Partito Popolare* was dissolved, he seemed clearly anxious to delimit the spheres of God and Caesar with accuracy, and abide by the delimitation. Why should not Hitler do the same? . . . This, at least, seems to have been the feeling in Rome." Conversations consequently took place between representatives of the German Government and the Vatican. They resulted in the Concordat of 1933, which an Oxford scholar has described as "the Roman Church's Munich."

The Monsignor first maintains that the Concordat did not mean that "the New Germany and the Vatican were working hand in glove". A formal agreement of this kind is evidence rather of mistrust: its purpose is to bind contracting parties to clearly defined terms. In the next place, he explains that the paragraph requiring bishops in Germany to take an oath of loyalty to the State meant nothing more than their recognition of the legitimate government of the nation—it did not in any way imply that the Church gave her blessing to the Hitler régime—and that the promise that priests would refrain from political activity meant that they would not attempt to organize a Catholic political party. Finally, he discusses the Government's persecution of the Church in the closing of Catholic schools, in the absorption of the Catholic Scouts and Youth movements, in the prosecution of religious orders for smuggling money out of the country—a practice which the author justifies on the ground that moral

obligations have precedence over mere legal enactments—and in the malicious attempt to vilify the Church by exploiting the charges of immorality preferred against certain priests and nuns. The Monsignor registers the conclusion, which the publishers emphasize in their foreword, that the Church is being persecuted in Germany not because she is Catholic but simply because she is Christian.

The pamphlet is well written, and provides exceedingly interesting reading. Father Knox leaves no room for doubt that Hitler has not been restrained by the Concordat any more than by other solemn treaties, and that the Roman Catholic Communion has suffered much hardship in Germany; he could have written at far greater length about the heroic witness borne by men like Cardinal Faulhaber and the multitude of priests whose fidelity landed them in prison. Some of his readers will wish that he had chosen premises related more logically to his conclusion that the Church is suffering at the hands of the Nazis because she is Christian rather than because she is Catholic. The Concordat which forms the basis of his indictment of the Nazis is concerned solely with Catholic privileges. It will not be disputed, however, that the Nazi leaders instinctively recognize the incompatibility between Christian and Nazi ideas, and see their mortal enemy in the institutions of the Christian faith.

A. E. KERR

WHAT FAR KINGDOM. By Arthur Bourinot. Ryerson Press.
Pp. 66. \$1.50.

NORTH STAR. By Leo Cox. Macmillans in Canada. Pp. 56.
\$1.50.

EPITHALAMIUM IN TIME OF WAR. By Ralph Gustafson.
Privately Printed in New York. Pp. 11.

I MET SOME LITTLE PEOPLE. By Anne S. Brooks. Ryerson
Press. Pp. 55.

OUT OF THE DUSK. By Mary Matheson. Ryerson Press. Pp. 8.
.50c.

LIFT UP YOUR HEARTS. By F. G. Scott. Ryerson Press. Pp. 23.
.25c.

VICTORIA POETRY CHAPBOOK. Victoria & Islands Branch of
the Canadian Authors Association. Victoria, B. C.
Pp. 16.

What Far Kingdom is Mr. Bourinot's thirteenth volume of poetry. Like its predecessors, this volume shows a wide range of subjects and a fine variety of metres. Probably simplicity and historical imagination are Mr. Bourinot's best poetic gifts. He can take such a simple subject as a fruit market and out of it make a haunting poem. Or take his metres: his most successful is not blank verse, which in his hands may become a little stiff, but his short, seemingly artless lines of one, two or three words. His simplicity of language also gives force to his poems: in this volume, "Sleeping Now in Coventry" and "Under

the Pines" are powerful because the diction is very simple. Mr. Bourinot has always been interested in the past; this volume shows real development in his ability to recreate a scene and to unfold character. The tragedy of Marguerite de Roberval is told in letter form. "An Old Man Remembers", the story of the young man who was almost caught by the mob at Gethsemane, and "Pontius Pilate in Gaul" are dramatic monologues rich in characterization. The most ambitious poem in the volume is "Discovery". Mr. Bourinot is an idealist; he can face the tragedies of life because he has a living faith. In this volume only one poem seems unworthy of Canada's most finished poet: in "Winter Night, Laurentians" high imagination has given place temporarily to pretty fancy.

Mr. Cox is the poet of the St. Lawrence, river and gulf. He loves the musical names of French and Indian origin; he likes the homely virtues and religious life of the French Canadian. "Ode After Harvest" shows the poet's delight in the Canadian scene; it is a riot of colour and abundance—as the Canadian autumn is. In "Sonnet in the Slums" and "Never Again, Lover", Mr. Cox sounds the depth of ideal love and reminds the reader of John Donne's intensity. The present volume shows at times two dangerous tendencies. In one or two of the poems the thought has not been completely transfused by the imagination, and so there is danger of a "lesson" in the last few lines; the reviewer is thinking particularly of "Laurentian Sonnet" and "Sonnet to an Artist". The other weakness is common to most Canadian poets: love of the sonnet. Now the sonnet is not any fourteen lines; it is fourteen lines that from the first to the last are dominated by a single compelling thought. If we study the best sonnets of Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Drayton, or Milton, we see this inevitability of form. Like other Canadian poets, occasionally—by no means always—Mr. Cox uses the sonnet form when his subject does not demand it; for example, in "To an Irish Girl" the last two lines do not sum up the sonnet as do the last two lines of a good sonnet by Shakespeare. These are, however, only minor blemishes on an otherwise excellent volume. Lovers of Canadian poetry will look forward to another volume by Mr. Cox.

Epithalamium in War Time was a present from Mr. Ralph Gustafson to Miss Pauline Gustafson and Lieut. Hector Belton on their marriage, 22 March, 1941. A poem of only one hundred lines, it has a very rich, at times complex, texture: spring in England, war, spring in Canada, Easter, the glories of a chapel, and the idealism of marriage are woven together. This poem continues the remarkable development of Mr. Gustafson as a poet; his handling of metre is sure, and the sensuousness and the delight in language and colour for their own sake of his earlier volumes have given place to a firm, taut, at times even difficult, diction. One has only to regret that a Canadian poet of such promise should be living in New York, instead of in Canada.

The reader is puzzled by *I Met Some Little People*. For whom is it intended: little people or adults? One is constantly adjusting one's point of view in passing from one poem to another. At times the rhythm is not clear. There is danger, too, of sentimentality creeping

into the verse. The illustrations are, on the other hand, all that could be desired.

Out of the Dusk, a Ryerson chapbook, by Mary Matheson consists of fifteen sonnets. Though using the Petrarchan form, Mrs. Matheson always concludes with a couplet. It is true that very, very occasionally Petrarch himself did this, but it is not to be recommended as a regular practice, for the couplet destroys the steady fall of the sestet of the Italian sonnet. Mrs. Matheson is a philosophic poet; i. e., her sonnets are charged with reflection and thought. She would do well to widen her poetic field both in form and in thought.

Lift Up Your Hearts consists mainly of poems written by Canon Scott since the outbreak of the war. All have the simplicity of language and form, loyalty and deep religious faith of their author. The proceeds of this pamphlet, as with the companion one by Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, reviewed in our last issue, will go to the Queen's Fund. May the sales be many!

In recent years there has been danger that art would become wholly professional. We listen to orchestras and pianists, whereas the Victorians made their own music; the amateur painter has tended to disappear; and it is likewise with poets. Perhaps the best work the Canadian Authors' Association is doing is to encourage amateur poets to write and to criticize their own and their friends' work. *The Victoria Poetry Chapbook* is the year-book of one branch of the Association. The contributors are to be congratulated on the volume, for the quality is uniformly good. Only very occasionally do we find such clichés as "radiantly beautiful". Most of the poems are satisfying in thought and form, even though none may sweep the reader off his feet.

A word of thanks should be given to publishers—notably the Ryerson Press and Macmillans in Canada—for bringing out so many volumes of poetry, for which there cannot be in Canada a large market. Without these firms, Canadian poets would not be so frequently heard, and Canadian letters would be the poorer. B. M.

AMBASSADOR DODD'S DIARY, 1933-1938. Edited by William E. Dodd, jr. and Martha Dodd. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1941.

This is a record of extraordinary interest, and of high historical importance. W. E. Dodd was American ambassador to Berlin during the momentous four years from soon after Hitler's assumption of the Chancellorship until the end of 1937. One wishes that he had been there throughout 1938, to enter in his diary his information and his reflections about the seizure of Austria, the attack on Czechoslovakia, and the whole tragicomedy known as "Appeasement". But it is a great deal to have such an account as this, from such a witness at the German capital, regarding the successive Nazi performances of 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936: for example, the pogrom against Jews, the "Blood Bath", the reestablishment of conscription, the remilitarization of the Rhineland. Readers of Miss Martha Dodd's fascinating memoir, *Through Embassy Eyes*, cannot forget how she there drew the lineaments

of her father. Here is his own self-disclosure, in a volume that will live.

W. E. Dodd was an American to whom belief in democracy was neither a cant nor a dodge: it was an intense faith, associated with an ardent love of justice and truthfulness and honest dealing. Needless to say, he became hateful to the Nazi rulers, and they demanded his recall: the Dodd family have a right to cherish for many coming generations that memorial of his worth, "more enduring than brass". It stirred not merely his disgust but his anger to meet with men professedly representing British or French democracy on whose lips the democratic phrase was a mere jargon for management of the populace, to be derided in the circle of their intimates. Impostors, for example, such as Georges Bonnet, for too long Foreign Minister of France. Or Sir Neville Henderson, the dear friend of Hermann Goering: between a British ambassador on such relations as those of Henderson with Goering and an American ambassador who could not bring himself to touch the hand of that large-scale murderer, how was it possible to have either confidence or cooperation? Take such an entry as this, under date May 31, 1937:

"The new English ambassador here is reported to be in full sympathy with the German-Italian aggression in Spain. His name is Henderson, and he was in Argentina several years before coming here. He had already revealed his complete pro-Franco attitude, seemingly unaware of the dangers to England. He is also reported to have informed the German Government that England would make no objections if Hitler seized Austria and Czechoslovakia."

His countrymen now know Sir Neville Henderson, and all the tiresome special pleading for himself in his book, *The Failure of a Mission*, but serves to confirm the insight of W. E. Dodd's early judgment about him.

The Diary is rich in revelations, written down from day to day (for, like Thucydides, Dodd was quick to realize that he was living among events of which he should keep a continuous memoir). As ambassador, he had sources of information available to very few, and from time to time he takes the reader's breath away by such a record as the one of June 3, 1937, which quotes the French ambassador as follows:

"I know that Mussolini ordered the killing of the King of Yugoslavia when he landed in Marseilles two years ago."

But more effective even than these occasional disclosures to hold the reader's interest is the spirit which everywhere pervades the narrative. So much that has been reported to us of life in Nazi Germany had come either from refugee Germans who could not be expected to give a quite fair account, or from officials of Embassies, upon whom Embassy atmosphere and technique had an obviously demoralizing effect. We can trust neither the word of a victim whom Hitler tortured nor that of an yeophant whom Goering flattered. W. E. Dodd was an honest, clear-eyed American, with unique opportunities to see what was going on, with a wholesome scorn of the artifices to which a Neville Henderson or a Lord Londonderry succumbed, with extensive historical knowledge of the antecedents of Nazi Germany, and with resolute will to speak the truth.

An invaluable witness! To the British world, whose ways of judgment no less than its language he shared, he is a witness in a class by himself on these matters. His *Diary* is one that everybody should read.

H. L. S.

THE MEN AROUND CHURCHILL. By René Kraus. J. B. Lippincott Co., New York. 1941.

Here is indeed a timely book: it gives us information of just the sort we want on figures in the British political scene that have now become immensely important. Mr. Kraus picks out a dozen "men of pith and moment", as Burke would have called them, and introduces them to the reader in personal detail.

A reviewer has objected that such facts as set forth in the book about Clement Attlee and Herbert Morrison, Anthony Eden and Arthur Greenwood and A. V. Alexander, are well known to all reasonably informed people. That, I should say, is the precise inverse of the truth—like Macaulay's famous dictum "Every schoolboy knows who imprisoned Montezuma and who strangled Atahualpa". There was no reason at all why some at least of these men in Mr. Kraus's biographic gallery should be known to the general observer of world affairs. And quite certainly they are not. They sprang to fame, outside their own very limited arena, almost with the rapidity of growth shown by Jonah's gourd. But though it was quite unimportant to know them a short time ago, it adds greatly to our appreciation of events that we should come to know them now. This is the service that Mr. Kraus has effectively rendered.

He sketches these men well. Perhaps his Lord Halifax is his most convincing portrait, but many Canadians will delight in the deft strokes that show Lord Beaverbrook, and Londoners—whether at home or abroad—will feel that Herbert Morrison has been delineated to the life. Labor, too, International Labor, is indebted for the express image of Ernest Bevin.

A valuable feature of the book is the one suggested by its very title. The writer describes each of his characters in close relation to the Chief: they are "men around Churchill", and his argument is that the genius of the Prime Minister has been able to blend such contrasted spirits as Sir Stafford Cripps and Lord Beaverbrook, Sir Kingsley Wood and Ernest Bevin, in the service of an imperilled country. Mr. Churchill's exploit in that respect has indeed been signal. That he should have selected Sir Samuel Hoare to negotiate with Franco and Sir Stafford Cripps for a like office with Stalin shows that he at least has no thought now for any purpose other than war efficiency, and it is a dexterous Chief who can manage such a team.

In Mr. Kraus's judgment about the past of these men, that they were "petty politicians", "eccentrics", "revolutionaries", until Mr. Churchill transformed them, I do not find it so easy to concur. Is not the earnestness of Mr. Bevin and of Lord Halifax in now working together just the same earnestness which they respectively showed before (and may well show again) in mutual conflict? Party differences have, I think, a deeper sincerity than Mr. Kraus here allows.

But that, as Kipling would say, is another story. Here I am content to bid welcome to a charming set of portraits.

H. L. S.