

# WHITEFRIARS JOURNAL.

*Edited by*  
*FRIAR G. B.*  
*BURGIN.*

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## CLUB DIARY.

OCTOBER 10th.—*Club Guest*: MR. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM.  
*Prior*: FRIAR SIR FRANCIS CARRUTHERS GOULD. *Topic*: “Author and Critic.”

OCTOBER 24th.—*Club Guest*: MR. JOHN LAVERY, A.R.A.  
*Prior*: FRIAR A. E. W. MASON. *Topic*: “Art and its Association with Literature.”

OCTOBER 31st.—*Club Guest*: THE VERY REVEREND DEAN INGE.  
*Prior*: FRIAR RICHARD WHITEING. *Topic*: “The Classics and Modern Life.”

NOVEMBER 14th.—*Club Guest*: THE RT. HON. HERBERT SAMUEL, M.P. *Prior*: FRIAR SIR ROBERT HUDSON. *Topic*: “The Outlook for Federal Parliaments.”

NOVEMBER 21st.—HOUSE DINNER.

NOVEMBER 28th.—ANNUAL MEETING DINNER. *Prior*: FRIAR G. B. BURGIN.

DECEMBER 5th.—*Club Guest*: MR. HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C. *Prior*: FRIAR SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL. *Topic*: “A Chat About My Father.”

DECEMBER 12th.—CHRISTMAS DINNER AT TROCADERO. *Club Guest*: THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR. *Prior*: FRIAR ARTHUR SPURGEON.

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OCTOBER 10th, 1913.—Friars gathered in goodly numbers at the opening of the autumn meetings, when “George A. Birmingham” was the guest of the evening, and Sir Francis Carruthers Gould the Prior. In addition to the author of “General John Regan,” the guests included: Mr. Wilson Marriage, J.P., Sir J. D. La Touche, K.C.S.I., Mr. Gordon Piper, Mr. Stanley Paul, Mr. E. H. Stout, Mr. Thomas Palmer, Mr. Norman Power, Mr. T. Werner Laurie, The Rev. H. C. Meservé (Danbury, Conn., U.S.A.), Sir Francis Vane, Mr. Harold Pearson, Mr. Max Goldscheider, The

Rev. B. J. Snell, Mr. John Walker, Canon Morley Stevenson, and Mr. E. W. Lyman.

Introducing Canon Hannay, who was given an enthusiastic welcome, the Prior expressed the opinion of the Brotherhood when he said we all agreed in high appreciation of "George A. Birmingham's" work, which contained such wonderful studies of Irish character, and of the psychology of the Irish mind. Canon Hannay had to be regarded as a public benefactor. It was specially interesting to know that one of his books had been translated by a Friar into Swedish.

Opening a debate of "Authors and Critics," our guest dealt chiefly with critics but aroused special interest by confessing that he was critic as well as author, though he guarded himself against any idea that he was going to touch on what our American cousins called the "high brow" order of criticism. He just spoke as an author who wrote books that people should read them, and as a critic who chose books as he found them pleasurable and profitable or not. He was not able to concern himself with what was called the writer's "art." He proceeded to set out what was his conception of the three stages of criticism. When he received from an author a book to criticise, he read it. (Hear, hear, and loud cheers.) And he came to the conclusion that it was mere drivel, and he sat down to say so. Then, as he began to write, he also began to think. After all, the poor fellow was earning his daily bread, and perhaps he (the critic) had better be as kind as he could be, and so wrote something like this: "This is a very interesting story of mediæval life; there is not a dull page in it; and everyone ought to read it." When this author's second, or third, or perhaps fourth book reached you, you found he was becoming a man of considerable eminence. And the publishers' advertisements helped you to this conclusion. You then thought it was time the man was let down a little. And you could give him a little slanging, feeling that this could now do him no harm. And you suggested that it was lamentable to find an author of So-and-So's ability writing down to a very inferior public. As an author began to succeed, he began to notice a distinct coolness of tone. The critics acted for the good of his soul, and that he might not get too conceited. Then, when an author became a very big man the critics were a little afraid. They felt it necessary to be very careful. They noticed a certain dullness, perhaps, in his books, or a falling-off. In fact, the

critics were afraid of giving themselves away. They praised the books against their conscience. On the whole, therefore, the calling of the professional critic might be regarded as a singularly immoral one. But the critic's calling was one in which more human kindness came out than in almost any other. Critics wrote usually out of pure kindness of heart.

Friar G. B. Burgin thought that authors and critics were really necessary to each other. The critic, whether just or unjust, was essential to the formation of the author's character, and was instrumental in preventing him from getting a disease known as "swelled head." But after all the novels were written and all the criticisms on them were published, he hoped for the time when the critical Indian sat by the fire of the author Indian and they wended their way together to the Happy Hunting Ground, their enmities forgotten as they smoked the Peace Pipe in the Land of Plenty.

Friar Hugo Vallentin mentioned that the book translated by him was that of "George A. Birmingham's" play, "General John Regan," and he hoped it would be a great success in Sweden, Denmark, and Norway. Replying to a remark by the Prior about the difficulties presented by the Irish idiom, he said he did not think it necessary to reproduce the Irish idiom. Instead, he had adopted a corresponding kind of idiom. One difficulty, however, he found was in conveying what was meant by "the wearing of the green."

Friar Richard Whiteing thought the critic because he was a critic had not ceased to be a human being, and consequently he went to his work guided by the principle of praising as far as he could. He knew that the discovery of a new star brought upon the discoverer some of the glory radiated by the new luminary. And the law of liking was one of the safest to follow. It had been his pleasure to read, but he had not had to criticise, our guest's books. They seemed to him to afford a curious example of what he might call the racial bias in character. They had consigned the "stage" Irishman to limbo and showed us the real man, the man whose natural astuteness of judgment made him a born critic of men and institutions, qualified to speak his mind on the event as it passed and on the man as he passed. Mrs. Green, the wife of the historian, had described Mr. George Bernard Shaw as but an enlargement of the man you found in every cottage in Ireland, one who stood at the cross-roads without any-

thing much else to do, and said his say on what was passing, with kindness in intention, if not altogether in the expression of his views, who was full of what the French called *crânerie*, or what might be described as simply cheek. George Moore afforded another example of it. And the young Irish poet Stephens, who was coming forward, had carried *crânerie* up to the gates of heaven itself. In the work of our guest one found this spirit exemplified; one found also a reflection of the truth that the Irish were a serious and a sad race. Such work, he thought, would tend to the vitalising of our literature more and more.

Friar C. H. Grundy found in the speech of our guest, material for the study of the mind of his brother parson. He had no idea the clergy could be so adaptable. Such elasticity of thought was a revelation. He himself had never written a book—thank God! He had had one or more offers from publishers to write the story of his life. Had he yielded to the temptation, the result might have placed critics like our guest in an awkward place. In fact, he was not quite sure that the clerical mind was the best for the critic, for the cultivation of that conscientiousness that was impressed upon them by their bishop. The responsibility of an author was far greater than that of a critic. It seemed to him that many authors took up their pens in a most flippant way. The ideas in a book might, years after the author was dead, alter the whole course of a human life. As to the critic, he (the speaker) recalled that when he was at Oxford he edited an undergraduates' magazine. He did the reviewing himself, and was astonished at his own versatility. But he found himself wondering at what appeared to be the haphazard way in which books were handed to critics. "Criticism," concluded Friar Grundy, "is not quite the thing for us of the Established Church."

Friar Clement K. Shorter advanced the view of the editors of newspapers, who, he pointed out, often had difficulty in getting specialists to write rightly about books; they either wrote at three times the proper length or in a dull, uninteresting manner. Then critics had something to think of apart from considerations of tenderness and kindness. They had a duty to perform towards the public. A critic should have ideals. He should be a man who tried, according to his light, to deal honestly with books. One thing was inexcusable in a critic—to attack without giving his reasons. The criticism of to-day was inferior to what it used to be. In the old days editor and critic were allowed to say

exactly what they thought. This was still true only to a certain extent. Publishers had become vastly wealthy, and were able to spend large sums on advertising, and there was a business side to the newspaper. Critics who tried to deal honestly with books were not always acceptable to editors. But publishers were much more broadminded than some editors and managers were apt to think them, and did not look for an equivalent for their advertising in "treacly reviews." What was wanted was a certain solidarity of attitude on the part of critics. Books should only be given for review to competent men, and not to those who wrote just for money; to men who were not under the temptation of feeling that "the poor man had to live." After all, it was not necessary that "the poor man" should live by writing books. What was wanted was more "salt" and less sugar.

Friar Sir William Robertson Nicoll was not sure he agreed with Friar Whiteing in regard to the work of our guest. There seemed to him to be a marked difference between the work of Canon Hannay and the work of the other Irish writers who had been mentioned. There was our guest's great quality of sunny humour. We could read his books without "the problems of life" engaging us. He read all he could of Canon Hannay's work, and he never did so without a smile or a feeling of lightheartedness, and one was grateful to any writer who gave one these pleasurable feelings. The real place for the critic was given to him in the introduction to Fanny Burney's "Evelina." A great perplexity was looming up in the future for the critics in connection with what was called the sex novel. The difficulty was largely an ethical difficulty, but he would show no mercy to the author who sought to throw the cinematograph on the bridal chamber.

Friar Silas Hocking remarked that the tendency of the modern novel was to obtrude unpleasant things, and as novels were largely read by young people, the outlook was, from this point of view, a serious one. His own opinion was that the novelist, as a rule, appreciated honest criticism. It helped him.

Friar Clive Holland urged that to criticise a book because one did not agree with the author was unfair. He thought the critic should be more concerned to indicate the character of a book than to attack it.

The Prior suggested that the discussion about the censorship had grown to its recent proportions because the sea-serpent was

not so much alive as it used to be. Publishers' advertisements had nothing to do with the verdict of the reviews, and whilst the task of the critics was in the main to tell the public what books were worth reading, the young man at Mudie's who knew the books and knew the customers, was perhaps, after all, the best sort of critic. He had an idea that if the critics were silent, say, for six months, it would make very little, if any, difference. The public would find out the books they wanted for themselves. Their guest had shown a wonderful insight into Irish character. His work showed no lack of truth. The Irish did not place the same value on the face of words that "the stupid Saxon" did. This was one of the reasons why the two nations did not better understand one another. But in addition to enabling us to see the Irish character as it was, Canon Hannay had delighted us with his rare gift of humour, and had made life lighter and brighter for all his readers.

Responding to the toast of his health, which was honoured with enthusiasm, Canon Hannay said that when he had referred to himself as a critic he wished it to be distinctly understood that he spoke in relation to the criticism of novels, and it was his view that almost any man of average intelligence was capable of reviewing novels, because the only thing he really required to know was whether he liked them or not.

The Prior, remarking that our guest was about to sail for America, a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close by the company wishing Canon Hannay "Bon voyage."

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OCTOBER 24th.—Another distinguished representative of the Sister Isle was the guest of the Club in the person of Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., R.S.A., R.H.A., H.R.O.I., whose work, as the Prior of the evening (Friar A. E. W. Mason) remarked, is so widely appreciated that there is hardly an art gallery of any importance that does not contain some example of it.

Among the guests present were: Mr. Donnelly Aitken, Mr. Francis Barrett, Mr. R. Harrison Archbald, Mr. Gifford Mead, Professor H. A. Rice, of the Library of Congress, Washington, Mr. Raymond A. Coulson, Captain Granville Baker, Dr. H. O. Butler, Mr. George Scamell, Mr. F. W. Hallett, Mr. A. Berendt, Mr. R. P. Gossop, Mr. Bertram Christie, Mr. J. A. Hobson, and Mr. W. James.

Rounds of hearty applause greeted the rising of our guest, whose speech, in opening a discussion on "Art and Its Association with Literature," was a veritable triumph of personality, thought, and authority over mere form of verbal expression. He had some hesitation in accepting the "association" implied in the topic set down for debate. There was a time when he was interested in literature, but his present attitude was that of the artist, who dealt with life through the medium of the eye, whereas literature made its appeal, he supposed, through the medium of the ear. It was a difficult thing in an assembly such as that in which he found himself to say much about the critic, but he doubted if the critic knew more about a picture than the man who painted it. In treating of art, he assumed, of course, that art meant painting. The painter, in the silence of his studio, was apt to feel that words lacked the significance of his thoughts. As a portrait painter, he was sometimes asked by his sitters if it was easier to paint the portrait of a man he knew very well or one whom he had met for the first time. He thought himself it was easier to paint the portrait of anyone he had met for the first time. It really seemed that any knowledge that came to him, except through the organ of sight, was a hindrance rather than a help to the artist. It interfered with his special vision. This fact even hampered the artist in the enjoyment of the sister art of music. When at the opera he sat and listened to a voice that might have come down from heaven, and looked at the person whose voice he heard, and especially at the incongruity of the costume worn, the vision sometimes killed the sense of hearing. There was always bound to be misunderstanding between the artist and his literary interpreter, because they looked at a thing from different sides. It was a question whether the work of art did not gain when titles and subjects were forgotten, and all you had to judge by was the work of the painter, when the eye got all that was to be got. He gave some examples and contrasted them with Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa," the value of which had, he thought, been greatly exaggerated by what had been written about it. Here our guest paused for a moment and confessed that he felt as if he had been talking for a week. And this reminded him that our Prior had informed him that he (Mr. Mason) was retiring from public life, so far as speaking was concerned, and had confessed to him that he was not interested in speaking or in hearing other people speak.

Continuing, our guest said he felt that he was doing himself an injustice in talking in "this fragmentary manner." He thought he might get over the difficulty by telling a story. "Nothing I have said already 'reminds me,' I may say." Here is the story: "A great many years ago—it must have been twenty or thirty years ago—I was a student in Paris. I worked at a certain studio for two years or so. The system was somewhat rigorous. We worked from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the afternoon. We worked from living models. The studio was not large, and as it became filled with hot air was far from pleasant. At times, when we got exhausted, we ran away to the country for a day or two to recuperate. On one of these occasions I had decided to go to a place where I had been told there was a delightful little hotel where one could live very comfortably for five francs a day, which suited the condition of my purse very well. When I got into the train at Montparnasse I found the compartment already occupied by another passenger—a very beautiful girl. She appeared to be an artist also. She had with her a sketching umbrella and other apparatus of the kind. When the train had started I thought I might introduce myself by telling her I also was a painter. And in the best French I could muster I did so. She replied in English. She was an American, knew some of the students whom I knew, and was also going to the destination I had decided upon. We arrived in time for dinner. There was a delightful afternoon on the river. On our return, she went into the drawing-room reserved for lady visitors. I stayed outside with the old concierge. The evening was rather oppressive. The concierge plied me with most exciting details of the Commune. Hours passed, and it was almost midnight when I went to my room. I was half undressed when I heard someone creeping along the corridor or lobby outside. I opened the door, and saw, coming towards me, looking white, nervous, and distraught, the American girl. She told me in a whisper that someone was in her room. I got the candle, picked up a stick or some weapon of the kind, and followed her. When we reached her room she stepped behind me, and we entered. Immediately she closed the door. I was naturally in a very nervous condition. In a voice that was harsh and hardly recognisable, she said to me: 'You are in my room. I will take what money you have or alarm the house!' I felt I had been fairly caught. The question was how to get out of the room. I had a sovereign purse with five or six napoleons in

it—all the money I had—but this was in my own room. When I told my companion this she did not seem to be put out. 'We will go to your room and get it,' was all she said. I put down the candle and was just going to open the door, when I saw that she had a pistol in one hand. And that seemed to pull me back at once. Whether it was that, being an Irishman, I was fond of a fight or not, I do not know, but I jumped for her hand and twisted the weapon from its grasp. She must have had a finger on the trigger. The pistol went off, and I jumped. Then—I awoke!"

When the laughter and applause had subsided, Friar Sir Francis Carruthers Gould brought us back to "our muttons." He said that our guest had begun by doubting whether there was any real association between art and literature, and wound up by telling a story that any novelist might be glad to get hold of for a short story. It was necessary in this discussion to know where one was. What was meant by art? One might answer, "That that appeals to the artistic sense." If it were asked what was meant by "the artistic sense," the full circle might be completed by saying, "What appeals to art." He gathered from Mr. Lavery's remarks that our guest was inclined to think literature was not necessary to art, and he was rather inclined to agree with him, basing this conclusion on the example of Turner. Post Impressionists, Cubists, Futurists were a disturbing influence, introducing intellectual considerations, and wanted to put aside the artist who paints what he sees. But there was another consideration to be borne in mind. In looking through such a work as Sloane's illustrated "Life of Napoleon," it helped one a great deal to see what this or that man looked like, or what the field of a particular battle looked like. His own first knowledge of Dickens was gleaned from an edition of "Master Humphrey's Clock," with the delightful illustrations by "Phiz." Other and distinguished artists had illustrated Dickens, but he was never able to enjoy anyone else so much as "Phiz." What might be called the harmony between literature and art was exemplified again in the case of Lewis Carroll and John Tenniel. There was here again evidence of a certain sympathy of soul between the two men working together. Others had illustrated Lewis Carroll, but somehow or other to him they seemed to lack the purity of the original work. It appeared, therefore, that art could do a great deal for us in illustrating literature. To him an illustrated

encyclopaedia was full of interest. When he read about a thing he liked to know what it looked like. But, of course, this was an extremely difficult subject to talk about. Mr. Lavery was a great artist, perhaps because he was not a great author. He showed us the wonderful work the mind can do for us in portraiture. Artists of the present day wanted to introduce too much intellectuality into their work. They thought sometimes too much of the scientific side of their subject. They looked at a landscape, for example, and began to think that certain trees should not be where they were, that certain tones and values should be different. And so they came to paint an intellectual picture—what they thought should be there and not what was actually present.

Mr. J. A. Hobson, M.A., the well-known writer on economics and University Extension lecturer, said he came to the subject with "a virginal soul." The novice in gaming or golf was apt to surprise his companions, but where the association of art and literature was concerned there was found, he thought, the exception to the rule. He was specially struck by the idea of the isolation of certain trained senses from others.

Friar G. Moulton Piper said that from the days of Adam to those of the latest novel there had always been the difficulty of the human mind in trying to make out everything put before it. The question before them really went back to the beginning of things. Literature was an ordered sequence of language conveying ideas. But in the early days, the only books were picture books. Art thus carried a double burden, helping to train the eye and develop the intelligence. To-day, literature was helping art in a way it had never been helped before, and so was beginning to pay back the debt. He thought they could find parallels to-day between eminent artists and eminent writers—Rudyard Kipling and Frank Brangwyn, Austin Dobson and John Lavery, for instance—parallels in which, whilst they found the writers seeking just the right word, the artists were seeking just the right tones of colour. They might even compare Mr. Hall Caine and the Post Impressionists. Perhaps the art of the day was trying to absorb too much to itself. And the artist was apt to forget that the critic was not necessarily a man who had failed as an artist, but one who stood on a different plane and looked at things from a different point of view, one who brought home to the people what was in the picture and often saw in it even more than the artist

himself. Criticism was a functional art in itself. Criticism of art to-day was, in the bulk, better done than it ever had been before. No newspaper of standing sent a man to criticise a picture without, in nearly every case, some fresh light being thrown on that picture that probably the artist himself had never been able to appraise. Art was foreign to the commercial attitude of England. The artist who never gave himself away was not worth calling an artist. By giving himself away, he meant the display of temperament, the finer qualities of idealism. The one thing that made English art stand out was its absolute and patent sincerity. It had kept us straight in the past, and would keep us straight in the future if it kept true to itself. On its own ground it was the first in the world. He did not deny that there were disintegrating influences at work, that some artists seemed inclined to endanger the finest traditions of the English school. But from the aviation period they would doubtless come back to the arm-chair attitude. He recalled the phrase from the Club ritual about "those who dwell in Alsatia," and he thought it might be said that both literature and art were in Alsatia to-day. He asked himself, when he looked at the list of presents in connection with the recent Royal wedding, "Where were the books? Where the pictures?" The finest output of literature and art to-day came from the democratic basis of society. And whilst this was so, they had no need to be fearful or pessimistic in regard to the future.

Friar A. G. Gardiner thought that Mr. Lavery would hardly admit the argument of the illustration of books as affording the true basis of art. This put art into a secondary position as a kind of handmaiden, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, to literature. Art and literature must approach one another on equal terms. Art, meaning painting, was a reading of life. Music and literature were engaged in the same task. Between the three there was the parallel of essential sympathy; the difference was a difference of form, of technical material. Each conveyed its message in its own terms, not in the terms of another art. Music was an expression of art beyond the scope of words. But they found attempts to make it create literary pictures, ideas, and facts. This was a degradation of music. Then there was the equally false scheme of literature involved in the work of the Symbolists, who sought to appeal to the intellect by means of arbitrary signs. Watts was a great painter. He might have

been a great philosopher, a great poet, a great preacher. He chose the medium of pigment to express himself, and he confined himself within the limits of that medium. Friar Gardiner concluded with an amusing version of the story of the painter who, having been asked to paint the portrait of a man's father, said he could not do it as the father was dead, whereupon he was confronted with his own portrait of Moses and the remark, "My father is dead, but he is not so dead as Moses." So the painter succumbed, and told the man to call on him in about a fortnight. At the end of that time the man was shown a portrait. "Is that my father?" said he. "Yes," replied the artist, "that is your father." "My God!" exclaimed the man, "how he has altered."

Friar C. W. Kimmens said that the modern book for use in schools had improved enormously because it had illustrations. These illustrations were often so attractive that they caused a loss of interest in the letterpress. There was an element of danger here. Books became more artistic, but in many cases at the expense of their literary value, just as experiments robbed lectures of the attention due to them. A sense of balance was needed, and he thought it the best course to go straight to a beautiful work of art, and not to follow the advice of those who sought to make one read biography first so as to be able to read into the picture some event of the artist's life. There were many different things in a picture, and everyone looked at it from his own point of view.

Professor Rhys told an interesting story of an artist who had painted the portrait of a dead man most successfully from one or two indifferent photographs. He concluded by giving a description of the Cosmos Club in connection with the Congressional Library at Washington, and proffering a general invitation to all Friars to join its Round Table luncheon whenever they might find themselves on "the other side of the water," and did not mind making themselves known.

The Prior suggested, amidst cheers, that we might all go over in a body.

Friar C. H. Grundy expressed the fear that, in view of the fact that art was being pressed into the service of all sorts of third-rate publications, the true mission of art, which he conceived to be to stimulate imagination, was being stultified. In fact, he said, we were going back to the nursery.

The Prior thought that all art might be described as an inter-

pretation of life, plus the personality of the artist. Critics were interpreters to the public. The lines of influence and the duties of artists and critics were so different that it seemed to him very unwise for one to fall out in public with the other. Our guest had told us that in the silence of the artist's studio words were found inadequate to the expression of thoughts. But this was the tragedy of all literature. Words never did convey all that was in the author's mind, and he expected the same kind of thing happened to the painter. As to the illustration of books, he was not sure that one's admiration for Tenniel, say, prevented one from enjoying the book itself. Illustrations were often in a great degree a tribute to the book illustrated. Another point worth careful consideration was the return to the picture-book in the form of "moving pictures," the development of which was becoming a very important problem for all concerned in art. Sir Hubert von Herkomer's name had become associated with the cinematograph. Was it going to develop into a high form of art? Were great artists and great authors going to help? The cinematograph had already a strong hold upon the public. What was it going to become?

Mr. Lavery, having been "toasted" with enthusiasm, added a few very striking words about the new movement in art. Ten years ago, he said, he was a member of the Autumn Salon in Paris. His first exhibit there seemed quite strange and very academic. It gave him food for thought. There was a time—it was not so very long ago—when he was talked of in much the same manner as that in which the Post Impressionists were referred to. He proceeded to explain why and to suggest what was now being done. At the time he referred to he was living in Morocco, and he was struck by the fact that his pictures looked very dull and colourless; and he did not wish to be relegated to the position of the Old Masters just then. He painted a picture of a pergola, with sunlight and flowers. Where he saw grey he painted violet, and so on. He thought he had painted a picture at once more normal and yet with movement. That year he was elected to the jury. He went over to Paris for the judging. By a curious coincidence his own picture came before the jury instead of being exempt in the usual way. It was only with difficulty that he recognised it. It looked grey and dull. He looked it out afterwards in the exhibition. His pure vermillion had the appearance of a dull brown. This led him to study juxtapositions.

position of colouring. He had put in a lot of pure colour and one colour was killing the other. The result was negation. He had heard it said that when the Old Masters were painted they were very much more brilliant in colouring than they were now. Time had mellowed them—put a veil over them. It was said of the pictures painted in low tones to-day that they would not be seen in two hundred years' time. The people called Post Impressionists had a definite aim, and certainly he himself had learned a great deal from what they were doing. He considered it a great compliment to be invited as the guest of the Club, and deeply appreciated the patience with which his remarks had been listened to. That he had difficulty in putting his views before them, they would understand if they were called upon to paint their thoughts.

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OCTOBER 31st.—The Very Reverend Dean Inge was the Club guest, with Friar Richard Whiteing in the chair. Among the guests present were: Mr. Edwin Pugh, the well-known novelist of London life, Mr. Frederick Watson, author of "Shallows," etc., son of Ian Maclare, the Rev. G. E. Darlaston, M.A., Mr. Charles Aitken, Director of the Tate Gallery, Mr. G. E. Dreaper, Mr. St. John Ervine, the Rev. Prebendary Loraine, of St. Paul's Cathedral, Mr. D. J. Knox, Mr. Henry White, Mr. William Shackleford, Mr. John Walker, Mr. W. Hunter, Mr. F. X. Fincham, Mr. J. Stuart Hay, and Mr. Cyril Brown.

The topic for discussion was "The Classics and Modern Life," and in his opening speech the Prior remarked that on entering upon his present charge our guest had spoken with a refreshing candour on many topics, and, for his part, he thought that, though sometimes Dean Inge hit him personally in some of his prejudices, his likes and his dislikes, he did him good in the long run, because what he said was just what an independent-minded man thought in his heart and in his soul: and that was all we wanted from any man. And if the Press had not dealt quite fairly with his utterances, he hoped the Dean would make allowances for the conditions in which the modern newspaper came out—conditions forbidding, for example, that any article should "turn the column," and that compelled the sub-editor to deal lightly with the context of a speech in his search for its "plums."

The Very Reverend Dean, who had a splendid reception, thanked the Prior heartily for the way in which he had proposed his health, and the company for the way in which it had

responded. He regarded their invitation as a great honour and a source of real pleasure to him. As an assistant master for four and a tutor for fifteen years, his time had been largely taken up in teaching Greek and Latin to more or less reluctant pupils; but he did not wish to approach the topic before them from its scholastic side. There were, he felt, indications that we were approaching the beginning of the end of a long and mighty tradition which had affected the whole course of our civilisation. We no longer looked with deference, as our forbears did, to Greece and Rome. But the real marvel was that the tradition had lasted so long. After remarking that history explained most things, and giving a vivid description of the rise and development of the old classical influence in modern Europe, he said we had no reason to be ashamed of the result as seen in the now old-fashioned type of the scholar and gentleman, such as the Marquess Wellesley, or as witnessed in such later representatives of scholarship as Jowett, Jebb, Grote, Gilbert Murray, Mackail, and others. The old forms, however, did not appeal to the younger generation, and he asked us to think what the evidently pending change might mean in all departments of human knowledge. Classical influence was at the root of some of the noblest of English poetry. Citing from "Paradise Lost" the lines beginning—

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven's first-born—"

he ventured to suggest that no man who had not a classical education could appreciate the beauty of that passage. We were faced by new forces of science and industrialism. Bacon's reference to the old alchemists who "call upon men to sell their books and to build furnaces," seemed like a prophecy of our own time, the tendency of which appeared to be expressed in the words of the Louvain Principal quoted in "The Vicar of Wakefield": "You see me, young man: I never learnt Greek, and I don't find that I have ever missed it. I have had a doctor's cap and gown without Greek; I have ten thousand florins a year without Greek; I eat heartily without Greek; and, in short, as I don't know Greek, I do not believe there is any good in it." To illustrate the effect of the new spirit on the modern student, the Dean cited Charles Darwin's regret that excessive attention to natural science had simply killed his love of poetry and fiction. Concluding, the speaker dwelt on the qualities of the Greek spirit, qualities drawn doubtless, to some extent, from the clarity of the Greek atmo-

sphere ; the Greek sense of proportion, the criticism which primarily concerned itself with the ends at which people were aiming ; and he hoped that, whatever happened to classical study, we should try to preserve the old Greek spirit as much as possible ; that the orgy of unrelieved money-making was only a passing phase.

The Prior said the question, as it arose in many minds, was not "Are the classics worth while in themselves and for select students?" but "Are the classics worth while for *me*?" Was there time for the classics in a life so insistently occupied as our own was with problems belonging to an outlook totally different from that of the classic writers? It was a problem in the minds of most people who had to do with the education of even those who were destined to occupy a pretty good position. He thought the Dean was inclined to belittle somewhat the difficulties of a study so vast and so important as to require for its mastery almost the devotion of a lifetime. The old Greeks and Romans tried nearly everything, including democratic government, but they never gave democratic government as we were trying to give it to-day. The revolution that was coming in Europe and America was one beside which the French Revolution would seem but as the prelude to an opera. But, however far we might travel away from the classics, he thought there would always be able professors remaining to interpret them for us.

Friar the Rev. S. N. Sedgwick suggested that some of the English classics had quite as high a place of influence in the world of to-day as that occupied by the old Greek and Latin writers.

Friar Edward Clodd, after commenting on the fascination of the ancient world and contrasting the emotions called up by contemplation respectively of the Parthenon and some old English cathedral, was disposed to conclude that the classics were not so dead as the Dean had implied. There was still a comparatively large number of people who revelled in them, revelled even in translations ; and so long as this was the case there was not much to grumble at.

Friar G. H. Wells gave a lively account of the thorough way in which "a classical education" was carried out in Germany.

The Rev. Prebendary Loraine, commenting on the vast debt we owed to the classics, said that if he could live his own life over again, with the added benefit of his experience, he would gladly give twice as much time and ten times as much energy

to their study. He pleaded eloquently for a better understanding of what the old Greeks meant by education.

Mr. D. J. Knox drew attention to the value of the Loeb translations.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, pointing his argument with an amusing story, compared the mastery of Greek and Latin with the mastery of the violin, and went on to suggest that the Dean was somewhat dogmatic in saying that no one without a classical education could appreciate the lines quoted from "Paradise Lost." The Greeks themselves doubted things. Were we to go on doubting things? The need to-day was for men to come down to the real facts of life and to study them with a trained mind. He did not undervalue the classics. He had a very fair acquaintance with them in translations. But, as the world went on, conditions changed, and new and not only academic standards were set up. It was "a little learning," not "a little knowledge" that was "a dangerous thing." And new standards might be set up just as well by a study of the plain facts of life as by any study of the classics in school or college.

Friar F. Harvey Darton drew attention to the fact that the reaction against the classics was led by the educated as well as by the uneducated, as exemplified in art, literature, and drama; and this at a time when our Prime Minister happened to be one of the most eminent scholars of his years.

In a few closing words, Dean Inge said he was by no means a fanatical supporter of classical education as it existed, and paid a tribute to the translators—to Jowett's "Plato" and Pope's "Homer" in particular."

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NOVEMBER 14th.—Club Guest—The Rt. Hon. H. Samuel, M.P. Friar Sir Robert Hudson presided, and the topic for discussion was "The Outlook for Federal Parliaments."

Among the guests present were: Ellis Griffith, K.C., M.P., Under-Secretary of the Home Office, Mr. J. H. Morgan, Professor of Constitutional Law, University College, London, Erskine Childers, author of "the Framework of Home Rule" and past editor of the *Times* History of the South African War, Mr. Cyril Gamon, Mr. B. H. Blackwell, Mr. J. Macfarland, President American Civic Association, Fr. Frank A. Arnold, of New York, Mr. Ernest Allom, Mr. F. C. C. Nielson, of the Great Northern Telegraph Company, of Copenhagen, Mr. S. A. Tippetts, Sudan

Civil Service, Sir William Bull, M.P., Mr. H. J. Dent, John Hinds, M.P., Mr. J. T. Lewis, Mr. W. J. Lomax, Mr. E. Sharpe Grew, Mr. Alfréd Lester, Mr. F. Danvers Sladen, Major C. St. B. Sladen, R.E., Mr. Norman Power, Mr. John Newlands, Mr. A. S. Colley, the Hon. John Griffiths, American Consul-General, Mr. H. T. Butler, Captain Inch, of the *Volturno*, Mr. Newman Flower, Mr. Charles de Lemmos, H.M. Consul in Venezuela, Mr. A. S. Wilson, Mr. John Walker, Mr. J. A. Jennings, Mr. F. Wallace Whitlock, Mr. Cyril Hurcomb, Mr. Metcalfe, London editor of the *Northern Mail*, and Mr. Cyril Brown, *New York Times*.

Prior Sir Robert Hudson, in introducing the guest of the evening, said that whenever he sat in the Prior's chair the guest had a name beginning with S. Last time it had been Mr. F. E. Smith, now it was Mr. Herbert Samuel, and the persons responsible for the choice of Prior were Messrs. Shansfield and Shaylor. There was something esoteric in this. Perhaps Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence would deduce from it that Friar Shansfield wrote Shakespeare and Friar Shaylor wrote Bacon!

The present guest, although so young a man, filled an important place in the public eye, and had succeeded in winning a place in the Cabinet before he was forty. In complimenting Mr. Samuel on his able work as Postmaster-General, Sir Robert remarked that on the strength of that evening's introduction both members and guests would in future write personally to him when they had any complaint in regard to postal, telegraphic, or telephonic services. In fact, it was understood that certain of the Friars had already profited by this privilege, having startled some gossiping maidens at the Post Office into attention by asking them to transmit the following telegram: "Sorry. Fourteenth impossible, as am dining with the Postmaster-General."

Mr. Samuel was to speak on "The Outlook for Federal Parliaments." This was an important subject. One had cause to wonder what the brood of young Parliaments in the Empire thought of the old Parliament when they saw the House of Commons suspending momentous debates to go into the rights and wrongs of some local sewage scheme. Was the Imperial Parliament using its time profitably in dealing with these parochial matters—or should they be dealt with by some system of devolution? In asking the guest of the evening to express his views, the Prior called on the members to join in giving Mr. Samuel the warmest welcome in drinking his health.

The Postmaster-General (Mr. Samuel) said he was delighted to meet members of the old brigade, the last representatives of the spirit of old Fleet Street. He feared his subject was a very dull one, and he would have had more to say had he been asked to speak on "Journalist and Politician: their Mutual Relationship." Each suffered from the deeds of the other. In the West of Canada this was especially true. On one occasion when speaking out West, he had alluded to the meeting of Benjamin Franklin and Gibbon the historian. Next day, he was reported as saying: "When Benjamin Disraeli came to London and met Gibbon——!" And yet, said Mr. Samuel, we politicians are told that we should never blame the reporter.

The subject of Federalism was in many ways more important than even the reform of the Second Chamber or Proportional Representation, and it was likely to bulk largely amongst the problems that will soon demand solution. It was proper, but not easy, to begin by defining a federal constitution. Roughly, it was a constitution consisting of a central authority in which all constituent interests were represented and a series of provincial or local authorities in charge of local interests. Now, it was not generally realised that about half of the white population of the world lives under federal government of one sort or another. Some two hundred and twenty-four millions of people were now governed on federal principles. It was unnecessary to detail the causes that had brought this about, but they could be summarised as the union of common interests on the one side and the impossibility of directing affairs over a large area on the other. Federalism was not disintegration, as was sometimes argued. Germany, which has twenty-five parliaments within its boundaries, did not compare badly from a military point of view with France, which had only one parliament. The United States would be seriously weakened if the attempt were made to control that immense tract from one centre, and, indeed, if the States or any other large community were starting afresh, no other scheme than the Federal would enter the mind of any sensible man. So far as Britain was concerned, it might be said that the United Kingdom suffered from too much centralisation and the Empire from too little.

In considering the United Kingdom, it had to be remembered that the constitution contained a sort of federal machinery. The present Government was constituted by the union of three

separate parliaments. Even now, however, the judiciaries of England and Wales were separate. Each part of the United Kingdom still had a separate executive. Of the fifteen members of the Cabinet, only four exercised their functions over the whole of the United Kingdom, and of recent legislation little more than half has applied to the three kingdoms. In attempting to legislate for the forty millions that populate these islands, the central parliament was hampered by having to accommodate its measures to the various national peculiarities of the four peoples, and, as a result, the work of parliament was always badly in arrears.

As to the Empire and its constitution, the only thing to be said was that it had no constitution. It was made up of various dominions, which exercised all the functions of separate nations, but were united by one Crown. "I feel," said Mr. Samuel, "that this cannot be the final arrangement." Sooner or later, some closer union would have to be made. Of course, there would be grave difficulties, but none, he thought, beyond the powers of statesmanship. One of two kinds of federation would have to be chosen. The first kind allowed for a central authority which was elected by the body of the federation direct; the second had its central government elected by the local governments acting as units. Most modern federations had passed to the one form through the other. Very possibly our Empire was destined to go through a similar process of evolution. It was possible, too, that we had the seeds of the process in the Empire now in the shape of the Imperial Conference and the Committee of Imperial Defence. No policy, however, could be more unwise than to attempt to force federation before the time was ripe. If federation came, it would come as our other institutions had come—by sure and gradual evolution.

Following the debate, which was contributed to by Messrs. Robert Donald, Ellis Griffith, Arthur Spurgeon, John Griffiths, Professor Morgan, Sir William Bull, Erskine Childers, and the Prior, who expressed the Club's thanks to Mr. Samuel for his interesting address, Mr. Samuel briefly replied to his critics.

Alluding to Mr. Robert Donald's remark that no two federations were alike, he told the story of a knowing young man who said that he had found out that no two women were alike. "Ah," said an old fellow, "when you are a little older you'll find that no one woman is alike." It is true to say that all states differed within their own bounds and history, so that mere external

differences were no reason for disregarding the precedents of other countries and empires. Sir William Bull said that the tendency everywhere was to centralise. The British Empire was the great exception to the rule, and the world's progress was centripetal. The truth was that mankind everywhere was aiming at finding the ideal state, and almost universally the most satisfactory system had been found to be that of a central government controlling several sub-governments, which in turn controlled the county councils, these councils again controlling parish councils and boards of guardians or their equivalent. In Britain, one link in the chain between the people and the central Government was missing—that between the Government and the councils.

Mr. Erskine Childers had asked which was to be preferred—strong central government or small national governments, where the people took an active patriotic interest in the welfare of their own state. The answer was—both. It was best for the peace of the world that the nations should be grouped into empires that could conduct their mutual business peacefully and efficiently, but it was essential to maintain the national sentiment which was so powerful a stimulation to the energies of the peoples.

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## THE ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Brotherhood took place in the Chapter Room, Anderton's Hotel, on Friday, November 28th. Members dined together under the Priorship of Friar G. B. Burgin. On this occasion no guests were invited to the dinner, which precedes the Annual Meeting.

The report of the Committee and Balance-sheet were submitted, and the Officers and Committee elected for the ensuing year.

### ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET, 1913.

The Committee have again the pleasing duty of submitting to the Brotherhood a satisfactory report of the year's working of the Club.

The following new members have been elected during the twelve months: Mr. G. H. Northcroft, Mr. Frank Shackleford, Mr. John Walker, Mr. John Walker, junr., Dr. Samuel Rideal,

Mr. G. H. Wells, Mr. H. T. McAuliffe, Mr. H. E. Morgan, and Mr. Cyril Brown.

Owing to removal, illness, or pressure of other engagements, the following Friars have resigned during the year: Friars E. C. Bentley, Lee Campbell, Desmond Coke, E. P. Mathers, Alfred H. Miles, and Leonard Rees.

The Committee greatly regret to record the death of Friar R. Dupper Lloyd and of Friar Julius Homan, two of the oldest members of the Club.

During the twelve months nineteen dinners in all were arranged by the Committee, four of which were informal House Dinners, to which Club guests were not invited. Our special guests at the weekly dinners have been: The Right Hon. Lord Moulton, Mr. Harold Cox, Mr. George Clausen, R.A., the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., Monsignor Hugh Benson, Mr. "George A. Birmingham," Mr. John Lavery, A.R.A., the Very Reverend Dean Inge, the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., and Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C.

Among the topics of after-dinner discussions have been: "Sentiment," "The Problem of the Non-Party Man," "The Place of Art in Life," "The Influence of the House of Commons," "The Modern Novel," "Author and Critic," "Art and its Association with Literature," "The Classics and Modern Life," "The Outlook for Federal Parliaments," and "Dickens Reminiscences."

The annual dinner was held at Anderton's Hotel on March 7th, Friar Edward Clodd presiding. Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, as the guest of the evening, responded to the toast of "Literature."

On May 2nd the Ladies' Banquet was held at the Trocadero under the priorship of Friar A. D. Power. Miss Lena Ashwell responded to the toast of "The Ladies," and Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton replied for "Mere Man."

The subscriptions of town and country members, with a balance brought forward of £168 19s. 5d., showed that the total receipts for the year were £564 4s. 9d., and the expenditure £402 15s. 8d., leaving a balance of £161 9s. 1d. It may be pointed out that the comparatively unsatisfactory state of the balance-sheet is mainly due to a loss of £24 on the Summer Pilgrimage.

The Committee were indebted to Friar Joseph Shaylor for taking up the duties of Hon. Secretary during the absence of Friar Shansfield in the early autumn.

# STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS, 1912-1913.

RECEIPTS.	EXPENDITURE.
To Bank Balance, Nov. 30th, 1912	£ s. d. 168 19 5
, Interest on £300 London County Council 3 %	... By Rent of Club Room
Stock (cost £290 16s.)	... „ Christmas Dinner ...
, Members' Subscriptions	... „ Crackers, 1912 ...
,, Entrance Fees	... „ „ 1913 ...
,, Christmas Dinner	... „ Ladies' Dinner ...
,, Ladies' Dinner	... „ Summer Pilgrimage ...
,, Summer Pilgrimage	... „ Waiters ...
	... „ Stationery and Printing ...
	„ General Printing ...
	„ Special do. ...
	„ Club Journal ...
	„ List of Members ...
	„ Postages and Sundries ...
	„ Newspapers ...
	„ Clerical help ...
	„ Cheque Book ...
	„ Artistes ...
	„ Piano Hire ...
	„ Club Guests ...
	„ Reporters ...
	„ Waiters' Gratuities ...
	„ Balance at Bank, 25th November, 1913... ...
	... 80 0 0
	... 53 0 0
	... 9 17 7
	... 8 12 0
	... 18 9 7
	... 53 1 8
	... 46 5 0
	... 1 15 0
	... 48 0 0
	... 3 6 6
	... 30 11 2
	... 15 8 3
	... 15 14 0
	... 5 0 0
	... 10 13 10
	... 3 1 10
	... 3 1 0
	... 0 4 2
	... 46 4 0
	... 1 1 0
	... 4 14 8
	... 3 16 6
	... 7 7 6
	... 161 9 1
	£564 4 9

Examined and found correct,  
ALGERNON S. ROGERS

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Thanks are again due to Friar G. B. Burgin for his editorship of the "Whitefriars Journal," and to Friar W. Francis Aitken for his valuable assistance.

Great regret was expressed at the retirement of Friar Robert Leighton from the Committee, on which he had served for so many years.

Friar F. J. Cross, in a humorous speech, censured the Committee for not having remembered that next year the Club will attain its fiftieth anniversary. Then a Friar arose and censured Friar Cross for not being more accurate in his dates, as the Club does not attain its half-century for several years to come. A cross-fire of humorous speeches resulted in everyone withdrawing everything that had been said, and the remainder of the Club business was dispatched in record time. Later, everyone met in the Club-room to congratulate Friar Senior on his being able to attend the dinner. It is not so many years ago that he was the life and soul of all our meetings.

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DECEMBER 5th.—Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, K.C., who was accorded an enthusiastic welcome as the principal guest of the evening, delighted us with a long, eloquent, and intimate "Chat About My Father." Friar Sir William Robertson Nicoll was Prior. The gathering numbered a hundred, including a large proportion of distinguished guests. Friar Sir Robert Hudson brought three sons of the Club guest.

The Prior said the honour of presiding was never greater and the duty never more welcome than it was that night. Highly honoured on his own account, our guest was more than highly honoured on account of what had been described as his "almost divine" parentage. Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens had achieved for himself a distinguished career, which, happily, was by no means ended. There was not one of us who did not earnestly desire and hope to see Mr. Dickens elevated to the judicial bench. He had this great happiness: his father lived long enough to witness with pride and joy the beginning of his career, that distinguished beginning at Trinity Hall, Cambridge. The Prior alluded to Mr. Dickens's devotion to his father's memory, recalled a remarkable recital by him of the "Christmas Carol" without a single note, and concluded by quoting John Hollingshead's dictum that Charles Dickens was one of the very few predestined for immortality; compared him with Shakespeare as one of the

"supermen"; envied President Garfield's abstinence in never allowing himself to complete the "Pickwick Papers," and said he himself honoured Charles Dickens "this side idolatry" as much as any man could.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens, replying to the enthusiastic cheers that greeted his rising, said our very cordial welcome added greatly to the compliment of asking him to be our guest, an honour, he assured us, he very cordially accepted, more especially as it came from a club composed largely of journalists and men of letters. From such a source we would all understand that invitation appealed very much indeed to one whose happiness it was to be the son of a man who devoted his whole life to literature and journalism, and one who through his whole career was bound to his fellow-workers by the ties of sympathy and good-fellowship. For himself, he could not pretend that his path lay much in the direction of the profession indicated, but he did claim to have had some connection with the Press. When he was a boy at school he used to "run," in his holiday time, a very terrible newspaper entitled *The Gadshill Gazette*, of which he was sole editor, sub-editor, manager, printer, and publisher all rolled into one. In one number of that highly valued paper he had a poem of his own, dear to his heart, an "Ode to a Dying Dog." As to his subject that night, he had been rather puzzled as to what he should talk about; so at last he consulted his old friend Friar Hudson, who was quite certain that the one thing we should like to hear him talk about was his father. He was still a little doubtful, but Friar Hudson insisted, and as he was somewhat of "a harbitry gent" he took it as a royal command; but if we thought that from his knowledge of the past he was able to throw any further light on so elusive a subject as the mystery of Edwin Drood we should be disappointed. He commended to us the very interesting book by the Prior, which contained a masterly and highly exhaustive study of the evidence on that subject. With much that Sir William Robertson Nicoll had written our guest entirely agreed. He himself never entertained the slightest doubt that Edwin Drood was murdered by Jasper; indeed, he never entertained any other idea. He never understood how there could be any possible doubt about it. There was another question: Who was Datchery? Here our guest said he could not agree with the Prior. When Sir William lent his support to the theory that Datchery was Helena Landless,

much as he admired his argument, and greatly as he respected his views, he had to part company with him at once. There were insuperable difficulties against such a theory; and if the idea was entertained that Dickens has lost his "grip" and had reached a stage of decadence, all he could himself say was that he saw no sign of anything of the kind in "Edwin Drood." Some very good judges had said that some of Charles Dickens's finest work was in that book; and he could heartily endorse what his sister had said, that his father's brain was never so bright and clear as when he wrote it. Apart from this, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" had a very melancholy interest for him, because, after his father had finished the last line of that sixth number, he wrote him the last letter he ever received from him. The next day Charles Dickens died, and when the news was published a working-man paid to his father's memory a tribute which, in his humble judgment, ranked as high as any on record. Throwing his money on the counter of a tobacconist's shop, the man said: "Charles Dickens is dead; we have lost our best friend."

We had asked him (proceeded Mr. Dickens) to chat about his father. The subject was a large one. All he could reasonably do was to try to show us, from his own knowledge and experience of one whom he loved with all his heart and soul, what had impressed him about him. He should say without hesitation that what had struck him most about his father was his extreme modesty. His freedom from affectation was more than surprising when it was remembered that at the age of twenty-four he suddenly rose to the height of his profession and that he remained there to the end. What had impressed him secondarily was his father's extreme power for work. He did not suppose any man had lived a more strenuous life than he did. His mind was always at work. He was no Anthony Trollope, able to reel off his three thousand words before breakfast. On the contrary, Forster had told us of the difficult and painful physical and mental conditions in which he worked, of the constant strain, of the anxious wasting of what no man could less afford to spare. A great deal of his work was done far away from his desk, through hours which to many people would be hours of leisure. Often and often had he walked with his father through the pastures and fields of Kent without a word being exchanged between them. With his highly imaginative nature, it was not surprising that his temperament was highly mercurial. He was subject to strange fits of depression. He was

haunted constantly by the dread of failing health and the loss of his imaginative powers. As to failing popularity, nothing of the kind happened in his lifetime. Whether there were any traces of it now must be left for us to judge.

One thing about his father that Mr. Dickens insisted upon was the intense earnestness and thoroughness which characterised everything he did. His father's advice was this: "Do everything at your best; if you do so, no one can blame you if you fail. I can only tell you I have taken this advice in the small things of life as with the biggest." And everyone who knew him knew that this was true. In work or in play he always gave us of his best. Thomas Carlyle was the greatest influence on his life, and what struck him most about Carlyle was the latter's sincerity. Mr. Dickens had the privilege as a young man of going once or twice to see Carlyle in his home at Chelsea. He recalled one occasion, when he had just taken his degree at Cambridge and reference was made to his future. Carlyle patted him on the back at parting, and said, in his broad Scots, "Well, all I can wish you is just to do a honest mon's work." Our guest proceeded. "Whatever the future may say of my father, whatever place in literature he may fill in years to come, I think it will be conceded by everybody that he acted up to Carlyle's standard; that he did an honest man's work."

Our guest went on to give some instances of his father's extraordinary popularity as evidenced by himself. This popularity was amongst all sorts and conditions of men. When Mr. Dickens was at Cambridge he was asked if he would like to meet Charles Kingsley. The introduction took place at a large luncheon party. Apparently Kingsley did not catch his name. During the meal some conversation took place with reference to his father's handwriting, and he was appealed to by name. Kingsley dropped his knife and fork. "Good God!" he exclaimed, "you are a son of Charles Dickens!" He then got up and came all round the table to shake him by the hand. Then we were told of a Canadian railway porter's fervent "God bless you!" Of the admiring confession of two Jamaican niggers that they had read every one of his father's works. Of an inmate in Broadmoor Asylum, who, on hearing that Mr. Dickens was a son of Charles Dickens, shouted out to him: "You a son of Charles Dickens! Take off your hat!" Mr. Dickens took off

his hat. "A very small head. I am sorry to see a son of Charles Dickens with such a small head!" was the comment.

Mr. Dickens next touched more particularly on his father's journalistic work. We all knew, he said, that Charles Dickens started the *Daily News* and edited it for a few weeks. We knew that he started *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, papers familiar to us all. Apart, however, from these facts, very little was known until quite recently of the extent and value of his journalistic work. But the books of the two periodicals named had been gone through, and, thanks to the labours of Mr. Rudolph Lehmann, Mr. F. G. Kitton, and Mr. B. W. Matz, much light had been thrown on the subject. In 1845 Charles Dickens was entertaining the idea of starting a paper to be called *The Critic*, which should anatomise humbug, be permeated with home and fireside and a jolly good temper; but the idea did not take shape until *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* came into being. He found the work of editing the *Daily News* far too onerous for his strength. But early in the 'forties he contributed some very valuable articles to the *Examiner*. Very few of those articles were reprinted by him; they were anonymous. This made the "Miscellaneous Papers" in the Gadshill edition very valuable. While some of the articles were of an ephemeral character, some of them were of quite remarkable value and interest, dealing, as they did, not only with burning questions of social reform but with every conceivable topic of general interest.

Mr. Dickens supposed no one would deny that his father's work led to many social reforms. How far this result was the object of his writing, and how far it was true that the reforms in question followed naturally, were questions that had been the subject of considerable discussion. Much light had been thrown on the topic by one of the articles to which reference had been made. This dealt with the improvement of the homes and dwellings of the poor. Whatever the object of Charles Dickens's novels may have been, this and other articles of his showed him to be an earnest and active social reformer, with a keen sense of the wretchedness and misery which surrounded him, and a fervent desire to press all this home upon a generally apathetic world. He had urged that the improvement of the habits of the people must precede all other reforms; and what he had written in 1848 on such subjects as education and ignorance and crime showed what a strong social reformer he was.

It had been suggested that Charles Dickens had no real sense of religion. Something of this spirit was in letters he received when he was suffering from the shock of the railway accident in 1849. But surely everything he ever wrote showed that he was a man of intense religious belief in the best sense of the word. What he hated was the cant of religion and the undue parade of it. One of the articles in the "Miscellaneous Papers" was on the misuse of money, and referred to money as naught in comparison with a single grain of duty. His views on dramatic licensing showed, too, his respect and sympathy for the drama. Charles Dickens would be better understood by those who dipped more into those two volumes of "Miscellaneous Papers." Charles Dickens had one great ambition, and this would be understood by turning to Forster's account of what he had said on his return from his visit to Venice. "When we met," wrote Forster, "he was fresh from Venice, which had impressed him as 'the wonder' and the 'new sensation' of the world: but well do I remember how high above it all arose the hope that filled his mind. 'Ah,' he said to me, 'when I saw those places how I thought that to have one's hand upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't overthrow.' " Forster added: "In varying forms this ambition was in all his life."

Friar Richard Whiteing said that, to him personally, very much that our guest had said about his father's work stood as a complement to the views in regard to the uses of literature that he, humbly as he should say it, had always held. We lived in the times of the New Critics, who held that literature should be something wholly abstractive, free from any idea of purpose, and free from any idea of world-bettering. We wanted one great example to sustain us in this conflict; and here it was. Glory be to Dickens, he was just everything that the New School of Literary Mandarins maintained that a literary man should not be.

Friar Sir Robert Hudson cited from a friend's recollections of a visit to Brantwood, Ruskin's remark that it being a fine day they should drive to Duddon Valley and take with them Plato and "Pickwick." In Ruskin's view the strength of Dickens lay very largely in his sympathy with the poor.

Professor Thomas Seccombe, describing Dickens as First

Consul in the Republic of Letters, compared his influence with that of Carlyle, Burns, and Borrow, all men of humble origin, and concluded that his miraculous gift of magnetism affected not one but every class in the community.

Friar J. A. Steuart suggested that Dickens derived very largely from Tobias Smollett.

In a brief reply on the discussion, Mr. Dickens gave one or two further reminiscences of his father. Charles Dickens was once asked to stand for Parliament for Birmingham. A round robin was signed offering to pay all his expenses. His reply was : "No; I can do far more good for the poor in my own sphere of life." Thackeray's name had been mentioned. Mr. Dickens, with much feeling, deprecated the setting up of his father at the expense of Thackeray, or the praise of Thackeray to the minimising of Dickens. Neither course was called for. Both men were giants, and would go down side by side as such in the history of the world. One speaker had referred to the humble station in life from which Charles Dickens had risen. On this point Mr. Dickens concluded : "When my father's biography, written by Forster, appeared, it contained, you remember, that terrible page of autobiography in which my father had drawn upon his recollection of those painful days of his youth, when he was tying up blacking-bottles near the Strand, and described his agony of soul at the thought that he would never rise to anything above that. I reverenced my father with all my soul before I read that; when I read it my reverence increased a thousandfold."

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## THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

THE Christmas Dinner was held at the Trocadero on December 12th. Friar Arthur Spurgeon was the Prior of the night, and Mrs. Spurgeon kindly officiated as hostess.

The Prior, who was enthusiastically received, gave "The King," the toast being followed by the rendering of a verse of the National Anthem.

The Club guests were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page, Mr. Eustace Brown, Miss Madeline O'Connor, Mr. W. Percy Thompson, Mr. Ralph Hall Caine, and Miss Biggs.

The other guests were :—

THE PRIOR—Mrs. Spurgeon, Miss Bestwick, Capt. and Mrs. Inch, Sir Malcolm and Lady Morris. FRIAR W. F. AITKEN—Mrs. Aitken, Mr. A. D. Aitken. FRIAR GURNEY BENHAM—Mrs. Gurney Benham, Mr. C. E. Benham. FRIAR CYRIL BROWN—Mr. Edward Bell. FRIAR H. J. BROWN—Mrs. Brown, Miss Maude Brown. FRIAR HERVÉ BROWNING—Mrs. Hervé Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hartung, Mr. and Mrs. Giffard Mead. FRIAR SHAN BULLOCK—Mrs. Bullock. FRIAR G. B. BURGIN—Mrs. G. B. Burgin, Mr. H. R. Tedder. SIR ERNEST CLARKE—Lady Clarke. FRIAR EDWARD CLODD—Mrs. Arthur Day, Miss Dorothy Day. FRIAR F. J. CROSS. FRIAR A. B. COOPER—Mrs. Cooper. FRIAR RAYMOND COULSON—Mrs. Coulson. FRIAR CANON H. WESLEY-DENNIS—Mrs. Wesley-Dennis, Mr. A. Wesley-Dennis, Miss Wesley-Dennis. FRIAR ALFRED EDMONDS—The Marchioness Townshend. FRIAR RICHARDSON EVANS—Mrs. and Miss Richardson Evans. FRIAR L. H. FALCK—Mrs. L. H. Falck, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Clayton, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Polak. FRIAR R. N. FAIRBANKS—Colonel Stanley and Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. Phillip. FRIAR FOSTER FRASER—Mrs. Foster Fraser, Madame Albanesi, Mrs. Harry Brittain, Mr. Ralph Cleaver, Mrs. J. D. Farrell, Mr. Gordon Kaye, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tootal, Mr. Herbert White. FRIAR TOM GALLON—Miss N. Tom Gallon, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Engelbach, Mr. and Mrs. R. Waylett. FRIAR D. M. GANE—Mrs. Gane, Mr. Irving Gane. FRIAR C. H. GRUNDY—Mrs. C. H. Grundy, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Heimann, Mr. and Mrs. Henri Ruffer, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard White. FRIAR HAMERTON—Mrs. Hamerton. FRIAR W. H. HELM—Mrs. W. H. Helm, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Larksworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank May. FRIAR JOSEPH HOCKING—Mrs. Joseph Hocking. FRIAR CLIVE HOLLARD—Mrs. Hollard, Mr. H. Atherden Jennings. FRIAR W. G. LACY—Mrs. and Miss Lacy, Mr. and Mrs. Coles, Mr. and Mrs. Doherty. FRIAR F. A. MCKENZIE—Mrs. F. A. McKenzie. FRIAR A. MACKINTOSH—Miss Mackintosh. FRIAR H. E. MORGAN—Mrs. Morgan, Mr. J. A. S. Nackie. FRIAR WARD MUIR—Mrs. Ward Muir, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Smith. FRIAR G. H. NORTHCROFT—Miss Annie Northcroft, Miss Dorothy Northcroft, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Lester. FRIAR G. H. PERKINS—Mr. and Mrs. Sydney F. Boam, Mr. C. E. Fagan. FRIAR G. M. PIPER—Mrs. G. M. Piper, Mr. Gordon Piper, Mr. and Mrs. Ivar Moore. FRIAR A. D. POWER—Mr. F. D. Power, Miss L. D. Power, Mrs. and Miss

Bainbridge-Bell, Miss Ellis Danvers, Mr. Fletcher Smith, Mrs. J. Walter Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Truslove, Mr. Roland Truslove. FRIAR S. J. PRYOR—Mrs. S. J. Pryor, Miss Davis, Mrs. Younger. FRIAR ALGERNON ROSE—Mrs. Algernon Rose, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Smith, Miss Wheldon. FRIAR WILLIAM SENIOR—Mrs. Senior. FRIAR CLEMENT SHORTER—Mrs. Clement Shorter, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ewer. FRIAR W. B. SLATER—Mrs. and Miss Slater. FRIAR W. M. SAUNDERS—Mrs. Saunders. FRIAR ALFRED SPENCER—Mrs. Alfred Spencer, Miss V. Sefton Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Lurcott, Mr. and Mrs. F. Rowland Munt, Mr. F. Brittain Osborne, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Tubbs. FRIAR E. TORDAY—Mrs. Torday, Miss Watson. FRIAR SIR W. P. TRELOAR, BART.—Miss Treloar, Mr. T. R. Treloar, Sir William and Lady Dunn, Dr. and Mrs. Hetley, Mr. and Mrs. Kettle. FRIAR JOHN WALKER—Mrs. Walker, Miss A. B. Walker, Miss C. A. Walker, Miss H. M. Walker. FRIAR JOHN WALKER, JUN.—Mr. and Mrs. Percy Barringer, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wallace Whitlock. THE HON. SECRETARY—Mrs. and Miss Chapple, Miss K. Walton.

On behalf of the members, the Prior extended a cordial welcome to the American Ambassador and Mrs. Page. He announced that Mr. and Mrs. Sayre ("the bride of the White House") had accepted an invitation to attend, but at the last moment were prevented by another engagement. We were glad to welcome, the Prior continued, Sir Malcolm Morris and Lady Morris. Sir Malcolm was just off to India on a very high mission of trust, in which we wished him the fullest success. We also had present the Marchioness Townshend, who took a great interest in literature and journalism. He desired, likewise, to extend a hearty welcome to a very brave man—his friend Captain Inch, the hero-captain of the *Volturno*. Nine weeks ago that night, Captain Inch and himself were in quite a different position from what we were in on that occasion. The Prior concluded by reading the customary formula of welcome to the guests.

The Prior, in proposing "The Health of His Excellency, the American Ambassador," announced that at a special meeting of the Committee, Dr. Page had been unanimously elected a life honorary member of the Whitefriars Club. Dr. Page would find on going back to the United States—he hoped that it would be long hence—that the ladies, with whom he was deservedly popular in New York, would welcome him with increased interest and

greater enthusiasm, because of the added veil of mystery and ecclesiasticism clinging to him, as a result of being admitted to our gracious Order. If they did not admit that ladies loved mystery, he would refer them to the charming poems of Mrs. Clement Shorter. In proof of the ladies' love of ecclesiasticism he would refer them to his friend Mr. Edward Clodd, who knew all about the subject. In coming into our ranks, Dr. Page was coming into his own. The Club especially welcomed him as an editor and as a publisher—the authors present always welcomed publishers. We welcomed Dr. Page not only as an editor and publisher but as the American Ambassador. We felt that a great honour had been conferred upon the professions of literature and journalism by his selection for the post which he so ably filled. Ever since the Whitefriars Club had been established, it had enjoyed close relations with the United States; every Ambassador, who had come to our shores from Washington had been an honorary member of the Club. Dr. Page's name was now added to an illustrious list.

The toast was received with acclamation.

Dr. Page, whose rising was greeted with the hearty applause of the company, sincerely thanked the members for having elected him to the Club; he assured them that he should enjoy their good fellowship.

In giving the toast of "The Spirit of Christmas," his Excellency said they had acted in that spirit in the great compliment which had been paid to him that evening. The spirit of Christmas was a very real thing—it was the happiest thing in all our lives. We could imagine the world without Christianity, but never imagine the world without Christmas. The spirit of Christmas had gathered into itself all through the ages all the most beautiful things, not only in our religion, but also the pagan religions. It had fastened itself on the most beautiful form of immortality—it rested on childhood, for it was the children's time in all the lands. The Prior had asked him to tell them what was done in America at Christmas. We did the same as was done in this country, the same as was done in Norway, and, in fact, everywhere where Christmas was kept. We had the usual family gatherings; that was the main idea. There were family dinners and reunions; we had the mistletoe and the plum pudding. The stockings were hung up for Santa Claus; so it went on, happiness all the day long. The right way to spend Christmas was not in spending a sum of

money one could not afford in buying a costly present the recipient did not care for. The true spirit of Christmas was to seek out and cheer those who had been forgotten all the year round; a kindly smile for all, the best of all presents. One way of celebrating Christmas was to do what they were doing that night—paying honour and respect generously to a brave man. Give rein to every generous impulse—that was Christmas.

In submitting "The Ladies," Mr. G. R. Hall Caine said he could not propose the toast in the presence of the American Ambassador without recalling the words of a distinguished predecessor, when asked by a persistent interviewer: "If you were not yourself who would you like to be?" The answer was, "My wife's second husband." That, perhaps, was the most delicate compliment which could be paid to a woman. The "friars of orders white" were very catholic in their tastes. The last time he had the pleasure of dining at their hospitable board we had as the guest of the evening Sir Almroth Wright, a distinguished "lady-killer." To-night, in the person of Dr. Page, we had with us the representative of that great country which was known all over the world as the most chivalrous towards women. He would not attempt to enter upon the vexed question of women's place in the world; that was for every husband to do at his club—he was going to say home, but thought better of it. We must realise that women were rapidly taking their rightful place in the pursuits which men before called their own—in art, literature, and music they were pre-eminent. We had women doctors, and we might soon have women lawyers. If the American Ambassador did not look to his laurels we might have a woman ambassador. He coupled with the toast the name of Miss Madeline O'Connor, who was eminent for her associations with the Three Arts Club.

Miss Madeline O'Connor made a graceful response, in acknowledging the tributes paid to women by the proposer, and the generous hospitality extended to the ladies by the Whitefriars Club.

The remaining toast, "The Prior," was tersely and fittingly proposed by Friar Edward Clodd. Happily for the members, he said, it was not necessary for the Prior to take a vow of celibacy, so that we had the pleasure of the Prioress's company. We were also delighted in having with us Captain Inch. The Prior had the misfortune of seeing the tragic burning of the *Volturno*. We had had the privilege of reading from his graphic pen the story

of this exciting incident. In all the long history of the Whitefriars Club no one had done more to increase its reputation than Mr. Spurgeon. His early work as Secretary of the Club had brought it to a high standing amongst the literary clubs in London. (Applause.)

Musical honours accompanied the drinking of the toast.

The Prior, in a brief reply, congratulated the members on the Club's continued success. Each year we seemed to know each other better, and the annual gatherings were more enjoyable. He thanked the American Ambassador for having done so much to make that function a memorable one. He also thanked Friar Clodd for having proposed the toast, and the company for the genial way in which it had been received.

During the evening a musical entertainment of rare merit was given by Miss Bertha Scholefield (accompanied by Signor Tito Mattei), Miss Margaret Balfour, Mr. Arthur Strugnell, and Mr. T. C. Sterndale Bennett, with stories by Miss Grace Jean Croker (Bachelor of the New England College of Oratory, Boston), and a recitation in Essex dialect by Mr. Charles Benham. In an interval during the conversazione two dainty little children, Violet Kempler and Doris Ingram, of Miss Lila Field's company, gave charming dances, *pas seul*.

### CLUB NOTES.

Friar Hammerton writes me from Santiago—not the Pilgrim city, but the other—*à propos* of the Club ritual:—

“It's a far cry to Anderton's from this side of the Andes. Please enter me a claimant to one-fourth of your 'record' for speaking the Friars' toast without the aid of paper. Here and now, I can do it. And in Spanish if you want it. Fraternal greetings to many old friends whom I hope to see soon again.”

The ritual is sufficiently complicated already. A polyglot one would add a new terror to life.

Following his golf story of an occasion when he holed out in one, Mr. Lloyd George has received a parody of Longfellow's poem, “The Arrow and the Song.” It was heard (the correspondent states) at the Whitefriars Club, and reads:—

“I shot a golf ball into the air,  
It fell to earth, I know not where.  
I sought it long, and in the end  
I used a word I don't defend.

Shortly afterwards, into a hole,  
 I found that ball had chanced to roll,  
 And then the word which I won't defend,  
 I found again in the mouth of a friend."

I have not yet placed the author of the above. There is another parody of the same song by that brilliant young poet of St. Andrews, the late R. F. Murray :—

"I drove a golf ball into the air,  
 It fell to earth, I know not where ;  
 For, so swiftly it flew, the sight  
 Could not follow it in its flight.  
 I lent five shillings to some men,  
 They spent it all, I know not when,  
 For who is quick enough to know  
 The time in which a crown may go?  
 Long, long afterward, in a whin  
 I found the golf ball, black as sin ;  
 But the five shillings are missing still !  
 They haven't turned up, and I doubt if they will."

At the Lavery dinner, Friar Grundy incidentally mentioned the lack of speeches from the younger members. He thought that the meetings should be thrown open to the body of the members at an earlier hour.

This suggestion has been tried but without any practical results. As a matter of fact, when the discussion was thrown open on this particular evening there was no response, and the rest was silence until the Prior again took up the parable.

It is a nerve-shattering, soul-destroying thing to be called upon to speak at a moment's notice. Most Friars, when they think there is a probability of their being called upon to speak, look up the subject beforehand ; otherwise, they are liable to be in the position of Mr. Verdant Green when he announced himself as being "grattered and flattified," and could get no farther.

Friar Sir Robertson Nicoll, at the opening dinner, told the story of one of the worst criticisms of Tennyson's poems which he had ever read. Tennyson, however, was so delighted with it that he asked the writer to go and stay with him. It was sheer undiluted, indiscriminating praise.

One of Brookfield's "Tennyson stories" is not so widely known as the others. Brookfield was staying with Tennyson and Fitzgerald, and the former would persist in sitting with his feet on the mantelshelf, much to old Fitz's annoyance. After some vain expostulation, Fitzgerald said: "Do take your feet down, Alfred; you look like Longfellow." Down came the feet on the instant.

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A BREAK IN THE RITUAL.

Friar Whiteing, as Prior of the day on October 31st, interpolated the following observation in asking the Brothers and guests to drink to the prosperity of the Club: "I really do not think that those who 'dwell in Alsatia' to-day can fairly be described in that way. The reference, of course, was to the words, "broken by fortune," and, whatever the pains and penalties attending such a departure from the prescribed order of proceedings, was much appreciated.

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"GLOOMIANA."

The Very Rev. Dean Inge: A speech should begin with a paragraph and end with a platitude. . . . History explains most things. . . . The Dark Ages were really dark ages in spite of the original writers who try to prove the contrary. . . . There are things which even Greece cannot give. . . . The sense of proportion is essentially Greek. If I had to choose between New York and Athens, I should plump for Athens.

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Friar Richard Whiteing: The world goes its own way and that way is away from the classics.

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Friar G. H. Wells: The study of the classics is apt to deprive the student of initiative. He is always looking for models.

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Prebendary Loraine: He who stands up to address an audience on a grave subject, assumes a grave responsibility.

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Edwin Pugh: Greek education was education all round. As the world changes new standards should be set up, not necessarily academic standards.

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It can hardly be said that any of the speakers on "The Classics and Modern Life" helped us very much to get a good grip of the subject. Even the Very Reverend Dean, deeply interesting as was his speech, gave generalisations rather than definitions. No concrete example was given. Lytton had a classical education;

Dickens had not. The one utilised his learning for the manufacture of much fustian; the other, to use a phrase of Mr. Edwin Pugh's, "studied the plain facts of life." After all, we have a bigger world to think about than the old Greeks and Romans had. But there was one example of the influence of the classics in modern life to which attention was not drawn—the career of that ardent classicist Giosue Carducci, who was hailed in Italy as the greatest poet alive in Europe at the opening of the twentieth century. Mr. Bickersteth's selection from Carducci's poems is printed on the Loeb principle, with the translation on one page and the original facing it. \_\_\_\_\_

It was interesting to notice Dean Inge's preference for Pope's "Homer." It suggests a revival of interest in the work of "the wicked asp of Twickenham."

#### DICKENS' DINNER

Sir W. Robertson Nicoll:—Harrison Ainsworth, whatever the critics may say of him, had the root of the matter in him. . . . Charles Dickens was a superman. . . . He towered above his associates to the snow line, and ranks with Shakespeare.

Mr. Henry Fielding Dickens:—"I once wrote an ode to a dead dog. If you have ever in later years been confronted with the literary sins of your youth, you will understand my feelings on seeing it again. . . . I loved my father with all my heart and soul. To talk about him, I look upon as a royal command. . . . His brain was never so bright and clear as when he wrote 'Edwin Drood.' . . . The thing which struck me most about my father was his absolute modesty. . . . At rare intervals he had strange fits of depression, and was haunted continually by the fear of failing health and the loss of his imaginative power. He once told me, 'I have taken as much pains with the smallest thing I ever did in my life as with the biggest.' . . . It has been said that my father had no sense of religion. This is so outrageously absurd that I need not refer to it. What my father really hated was cant."

With reference to Mr. Dickens's story of a lunatic who once commanded him to take off his hat, and said, "Fancy a son of Charles Dickens with so small a head as that," Shelley and Byron both had unusually small heads. I fancy it is the density of the brain rather than the size which counts.

Mr. Dickens's "chat" about his father will never be forgotten by anyone who heard it. No report could convey more than a very faint idea of its wonderful impressiveness. It was a pity the time rule was not extended. There were many present who could have spoken to advantage. Friar Catling, for example, should have been able to recall interesting memories. Mr. Dickens set before us the man his father was. But two phases of the great novelist's work were not dwelt upon: its purity and its connection with the drama. What was said might have served for the text of Mr. Frederic Harrison's delightful essay. By the way, is it an indication of Lytton's waning influence that not one speaker referred to him? He was, to some extent, a colleague of Dickens. That he was ignored was all the more remarkable because of the attention paid in the Press to the newly published biography by his grandson.

And this is the more unjust, as Lytton's novels are so frequently "cribbed from" by modern authors. In recent fiction, there are at least two fights with blacksmiths which can clearly be traced to "Kenelm Chillingly." The motive (jealousy) in one of them is absolutely identical. "The Caxtons," "My Novel," and "Kenelm Chillingly" are well worth re-reading. As a small boy, I was discovered by the gifted author of them reading "Rienzi" under a tree in the garden. When he found I could not understand it, he did his best to enlighten me. He also produced a crystal from his pocket and shook his head dubiously because I failed to see anything in it. —————

The two best stories at the Christmas Dinner were Friar Spurgeon's one of the old lady who was about to be operated on and insisted that a clergyman should be present, as if she were going to be opened she would be "opened with prayer," and the American Ambassador's tale of a lady who asked where he was dining that evening. "At the Friars," he said. "What do they fry?" she innocently inquired. "Ambassadors," tersely retorted Dr. Page. —————

The one drawback to the success of the Christmas Dinner was the absence of Friar Shaylor owing to a recent domestic bereavement. I take this opportunity, on behalf of all the Friars, to express our warm sympathy with him, and to thank him for so generously presenting every member and guest with a copy of those charming and dainty little books, "From Friend to Friend" and "Shakespeare Remembrance."

Friar Spurgeon, on his way back from America, was a witness of the burning of the *Volturno*, and made the acquaintance of her gallant captain. Captain Inch was present at one of the Club dinners, and greatly impressed everyone by his manly and modest bearing. He looked the stuff of which Polar explorers are made.

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"Robert" (surname unknown), our indefatigable club waiter at lunch, has been ill for some weeks, but, happily, has recovered from a painful illness, and is now ministering to our wants with his accustomed suavity and skill. Owing to circumstances, the annual "tip lunch" could not be held. May I be permitted to point out to the frequenters of the lunch that "Robert" missed them?

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Some of us have "done things" during the past year—things which redound to the honour and glory of the Club; others have tried to do things and have only partially succeeded. But the consensus of opinion among Friars is that, though many of us are scattered far and wide, we are more than holding our own. I was once travelling on the Arrow Lakes in British Columbia and a deck-hand strolled up to me: "Haven't I seen you at the Whitefriars? I dined there once as a guest. That ought to be good for fifty cents if you've any bowels in you."

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Friar Clement Shorter has published his book on George Borrow, Friar Richard Whiteing has lent his able pen to the redressing of many social grievances, Friar Tom Gallon has sat on the "Edwin Drood Jury," Friar Helm has lectured far and wide, most Friars have written novels, and Friar Grundy continues to take a paternal interest in the young people of his parish. In short, mainly through our varied fields of activity, the world has begun to realise how much it owes to the Friars.

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And again, Friar Aitken has done most of the work in connection with this Journal. Read his reports of the speeches with the attention they deserve, and you will see how much self-denial on guest evenings they really involve. I take this opportunity of welcoming him to the ranks of the Committee.

G. B. B.