THE OPEN WINDOW
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LOCKE ELLIS, 18, WHITCOMB STREET, LONDON, W.C.

THE OPEN WINDOW

MAIDENS, AYRSHIRE
BY MUIRHEAD BONE

THE OPEN WINDOW

THE SECOND VOLUME

APRIL—SEPTEMBER

1911

LOCKE ELLIS

18 WHITCOMB STREET

LEICESTER SQUARE

LONDON

W.C.

SPRING

For me it is not spring,
Though the grey and the brown boughs break
Into yellow and silver and green,
Though the dark Earth under bedeck
Herself in a blossomy sheen,
Though the starry stillness awake
With twitter and carol and trill,
All day though the cuckoo make
Merry from hill to hill :

For me it is not spring
Till—oh, whatsoever the hour !—
Singing awake in my soul ;
Till my brain is a-leaf and a-flower
And my heart is grown mightily whole :
—This manhood that lingered a-dream
Awakens and puts forth his hands
On the world of things-as-they-seem,
Knows himself King and commands :
I doubt not desire any more—
Free are my feet as a cloud
To traverse the starry-wide floor :
I troll out my singing aloud,
And the words from my lips that break
Leap like a mountainy rill,
Like an earth-born fountain take
Their rhythmical road with a will !

For me, to-day, it is spring,
But for you it is not,—for you
The boughs and the birds again
Are telling a tale untrue :
It is winter still among men :
But open the eyes of your soul
And behold the god whose brow
Is bright and his purpose whole
With the world's renewal : and how
The boughs of the winter break
Into silver and yellow and green,
How the shadows under bedeck
Them all in a primrose sheen :
Listen, and it shall be true
That my words are telling : for faith
Will awake in your body anew
The song of the spirit that saith
" It is spring ! It is spring ! "

HENRY BRYAN BINNS

MR. ANDREWS

THE souls of the dead were ascending towards the Judgment Seat and the Gate of Heaven. The world soul pressed them on every side, just as the atmosphere presses upon rising bubbles, striving to vanquish them, to break their thin envelope of personality, to mingle their virtue with its own. But they resisted, remembering their glorious individual life on earth and hoping for an individual life to come.

Amongst them ascended the soul of a Mr. Andrews who, after a beneficent and honourable life, had recently deceased at his house in town. He knew himself to be kind, upright and religious, and though he approached his trial with all humility, he could not be doubtful of its result. God was not now a jealous God. He would not deny salvation merely because it was expected. A righteous soul may reasonably

be conscious of its own righteousness, and Mr. Andrews was conscious of his.

"The way is long," said a voice, "but by pleasant converse the way becomes shorter. Might I travel in your company?"

"Willingly," said Mr. Andrews. He held out his hand and the two souls floated upwards together.

"I was slain fighting the infidel," said the other exultantly, "and I go straight to those joys of which the Prophet speaks."

"Are you not a Christian?" asked Mr. Andrews, gravely.

"No. I am a Believer. But you are a Moslem, surely?"

"I am not," said Mr. Andrews. "I am a Believer." The two souls floated upward in silence, but did not release each other's hands. "I am broad church," he added gently. The word 'broad' quavered strangely amid the interspaces.

"Relate to me your career," said the Turk at last.

"I was born of a decent middle-class family, and had my education at Winchester

and Oxford. I thought of becoming a Missionary, but was offered a post in the Board of Trade, which I accepted. At thirty-two I married, and had four children, two of whom have died. My wife survives me. If I had lived a little longer I should have been knighted."

"Now I will relate my career. I was never sure of my father, and my mother does not signify. I grew up in the slums of Salonika. Then I joined a band, and we plundered the villages of the infidel. I prospered and had three wives, all of whom survive me. Had I lived a little longer I should have had a band of my own."

"A son of mine was killed travelling in Macedonia. Perhaps you killed him."

"It is very possible."

The two souls floated upward, hand in hand. Mr. Andrews did not speak again, for he was filled with horror at the approaching tragedy. This man, so godless, so lawless, so cruel, so lustful, believed that he would be admitted into Heaven. And into what a heaven—a place full of the crude

pleasures of a ruffian's life on earth! But Mr. Andrews felt neither disgust nor moral indignation. He was only conscious of an immense pity, and his own virtues comforted him not at all. He longed to save the man whose hand he held more tightly, who, he thought, was now holding more tightly on to him. And when he reached the gate of Heaven, instead of saying "Can I enter," as he had intended, he cried out, "Cannot *he* enter?"

And at the same moment the Turk uttered the same cry. For the same spirit was working in each of them.

From the gateway a voice replied, "Both can enter." They were filled with joy and pressed forward together.

Then the voice said, "In what clothes will you enter?"

"In my best clothes," shouted the Turk. "The ones I stole." And he clad himself in a splendid turban and a waistcoat embroidered with silver, and baggy trousers, and a great belt in which were stuck pipes and pistols and knives.

"And in what clothes will you enter?" said the voice to Mr. Andrews.

Mr. Andrews thought of his best clothes, but he had no wish to wear them again. At last he remembered and said "Robes."

"Of what colour and fashion?" asked the voice.

Mr. Andrews had never thought about the matter much. He replied, in hesitating tones, "White, I suppose, of some flowing soft material," and he was immediately given a garment such as he had described. "Do I wear it rightly?" he asked.

"Wear it as it pleases you," replied the voice. "What else do you desire?"

"A harp"—suggested Mr. Andrews. "A small one."

A small gold harp was placed in his hand.

"And a palm—no I cannot have a palm, for it is the reward of martyrdom; my life has been tranquil and happy."

"You can have a palm if you desire it."

But Mr. Andrews refused the palm, and hurried in his white robes after the Turk who had already entered Heaven. As he passed

in at the open gate, a man, dressed like himself, passed out with gestures of despair.

"Why is he not happy?" he asked.

The voice did not reply.

"And who are all those figures, seated inside on thrones and mountains? Why are some of them terrible, and sad, and ugly?"

There was no answer. Mr. Andrews entered, and then he saw that those seated figures were all the gods who were then being worshipped on the earth. A group of souls stood round each, singing his praises. But the gods paid no heed, for they were listening to the prayers of living men, which alone brought them nourishment. Sometimes a faith would grow weak, and then the god of that faith also drooped and dwindled and fainted for his daily portion of incense. And sometimes, owing to a revivalist movement, or to a great commemoration, or to some other cause, a faith would grow strong, and the god of that faith grew strong also. And, more frequently still, a faith would alter, so that the features of its god altered, and became contradictory, and passed from

ecstasy to respectability, or from mildness and universal love to the ferocity of battle: And at times a god would divide into two gods, or three, or more, each with his own ritual and precarious supply of prayer.

Mr. Andrews saw Buddha, and Vishnu, and Allah, and Jehovah, and the Elohim. He saw little ugly determined gods who were worshipped by a few savages in the same way. He saw the vast shadowy outlines of the Neo Pagan Zeus. There were cruel gods and coarse gods, and tortured gods, and, worse still, there were gods who were peevish, or deceitful, or vulgar. No aspiration of humanity was unfulfilled. There was even an intermediate state for those who wished it, and for the Christian Scientists a place where they could demonstrate that they had not died.

He did not play his harp for long, but hunted vainly for one of his dead friends. And though souls were continually entering Heaven, it still seemed curiously empty. Though he had all that he expected, he was conscious of no great happiness, no mystic

contemplation of beauty, no mystic union with good. There was nothing to compare with that moment outside the gate, when he prayed that the Turk might enter and heard the Turk uttering the same prayer for him. And when at last he saw his companion he hailed him with a cry of human joy.

The Turk was seated in thought, and round him, by sevens, sat the virgins who are promised in the Koran.

"Oh, my dear friend!" he called out, "Come here and we will never be parted, and, such as my pleasures are, they shall be yours also. Where are my other friends? Where are the men whom I love, or whom I have killed?"

"I, too, have only found you," said Mr. Andrews. He sat down by the Turk, and the virgins, who were all exactly alike, ogled them with coal black eyes.

"Though I have all that I expected," said the Turk, "I am conscious of no great happiness. There is nothing to compare with that moment outside the gate when I prayed that you might enter, and heard you uttering

the same prayer for me. These virgins are as beautiful and as good as I had fashioned for myself, yet I could wish that they were better."

As he wished the forms of the virgins became more rounded, and their eyes grew larger and blacker than before. And Mr. Andrews, by a wish similar in kind, increased the purity and softness of his garment, and the glitter of his harp. For in that place their expectations were fulfilled, but not their hopes.

"I am going," said Mr. Andrews, at last. "We desire infinity and we cannot imagine it. How can we expect it to be granted? I have never imagined anything infinitely good or beautiful excepting in my dreams."

"I am going with you," said the other. Together they sought the entrance gate and the Turk parted with his virgins and his best clothes, and Mr. Andrews cast away his robes and his harp.

"Can we depart?" they asked.

"You can both depart if you wish," said

the voice. "But remember what lies outside."

As soon as they passed the gate they felt again the pressure of the world soul. For a moment they stood hand in hand resisting it. Then they suffered it to break in upon them, and they, and all the experience they had gained, and all the love and wisdom they had generated, passed into it, and made it better.

E. M. FORSTER

THE OLD HOUSE

A very, very old house I know—
And ever so many people go
Past the small lodge, forlorn and still,
Under the heavy branches, till
Comes the blank wall, and there's the door.
Go in they do; come out no more.
No voice says aught; no spark of light
Across that threshold cheers the sight—
Only the evening star on high
Less lonely makes the lonely sky,
As, one by one, the people go
Into that very old house I know.

THE RUINED WALLS

When the last colours of the day
Have from their burning ebbed away,
About that ruin, cold and lone,
The cricket shrills from stone to stone ;
And scattering o'er its darkened green
Bands of the Fairies may be seen,
Chatt'ring like grasshoppers, their feet
Dancing to pipe and timbrel sweet ;
While the great gold of the mild moon
Tinges their tiny acorn shoon.

WALTER DE LA MARE

THE ART OF HISTORY

HISTORY has been a subject of study ever since classical times; but its readers and teachers have not always stopped to ask themselves why they were studying it, or what there was in it worthy of study. This Paper is an attempt to answer these two simple questions.

Some of the most plausible reasons which used to be given for studying history are now obviously unsatisfactory. Yet it is well to recall them before we pass to the newer plausibilities of to-day.

People used, for instance, to study history because they believed that "history repeats itself," and that the key to the future lay in knowledge of the past. It is this belief which has sent some of the clearest and shrewdest heads to the study of the past. "He who wishes to know what is to be let him consider that which has been; for every-

thing in the world at every time has its own particular counterpart in times past." This extraordinary sentiment emanates, not from the defender of a dying study in search of an argument, but from the master mind of Macchiavelli. The same opinion has been attributed, although not quite fairly, to Thucydides, who, if he was reincarnated at all, was reincarnated in Macchiavelli; how widely it was held by the ancients may be seen by Cicero's choice of the title "Philippics" for his speeches against Antony, and by Plutarch's arrangement of his studies of Greek and Roman statesmen in "Parallel Lives." The Romans, of course, knew no other history but their own and that of Greece (for the Carthaginians had no historians, and even if they had produced any the Romans would not have read them); so that if history was to repeat itself it was the Greek cycle which would be reperformed. Hence Cicero, with the problems of an Empire to face, cheerfully soaked himself in the political philosophy of the city-state, and even Cæsar needed the fresh air of Spain

and Gaul to unlearn his early lessons. In their political institutions the Romans, like the English, refused to admit that they were doing anything new; and when the appeal to precedent failed they liked to appeal to history. And as the idea of progress or development was still unheard of, and remained so till the eighteenth century, it was natural for the founders of the Roman Empire, and the poets who reflected their views, to fall back on the idea of recurring cycles.

Yet it is hardly worth while wasting words in disposing of this theory. It is obvious that, though two historical situations may present striking similarities, though Charles I. and Louis XVI. both lost their heads, a whole set of conditions can never be similar or even approximately so. Moreover, even if they were, nobody could be sure of it, and even the most learned student of the past would shrink from acting with resolution on the strength of his hypothesis. For "the subtlety of Nature is infinitely greater than the subtlety of man"; the political situation

is always more complicated than it appears; and a single detail not allowed for in the calculation may make all the difference. Hence the use of historical analogies, tempting though it is, and indispensable, too, as a help to the imagination, involves very great dangers. Many a Russian has lost his life for spending too much time over the history of the French Revolution; and Abdul Hamid probably lost his throne because he remembered too well how he had dealt with the Constitution of 1876. The right way with historical analogies is to use so many of them, and set the imagination so vividly to work, that you cannot possibly become the slave of any one. For if history proves nothing and predicts nothing, yet, rightly used, it will suggest a great deal.

Yet we moderns have one advantage over the students of the prophetic school; for, if we know that history proves nothing, we know also that it disproves nothing. Macchiavelli could cast his eye over the troubled record of history (in which the generals and emperors have secured so much of the fine writing)

and dogmatise on the futility of dreams of universal peace: and idle cynics, who know less history than he, can interpret "the poor ye have always with you" as asserting the inevitability and permanence of the "civilised poverty" of our great cities. But the modern student of society does not dogmatize about anything; he has learnt enough of the past to know that the present is totally unlike it, and that, as Herodotus cheerfully remarked, "anything might happen if you give it enough time." The distant future is hidden, and no sociologist or politician looks forward more than a few generations; the nearer future is his study, and he studies it, not by investigating the past but by trying to understand the present.

This suggests another reason commonly given for the study of history—that it helps us to understand the present by familiarizing us with its antecedents. As applied to ancient history this is obviously absurd, for it would take a conscientious student more than one lifetime to trace the stream of causes through the two thousand years which divide the

events of our own day from their antecedents in Greece and Rome. There are still ancient historians who take refuge in this excuse. They had much better be honest and admit that they study history because they like it and cannot help hoping that their readers will like it too. Applied to recent history the theory is more plausible and has found a formidable defender in the German Emperor, who suggested in 1890 that Prussian schoolboys should be taught history backwards so that effects might be traced back to their antecedent causes.

The suggestion was perfectly logical. The student who wants thoroughly to understand the present must dig down a little way to its roots in the past; and every well-arranged monograph or Blue-book on a contemporary problem opens with a historical chapter in which the immediate past of the question is surveyed from the standpoint of the present.

But to survey the past from the standpoint of the present is not history any more than to read a novel backwards is literature. History is an attempt to get away from the

life of the present into the past—to see with the eyes and think with the mind of the men of the age we study. To interview them for their opinions on matters of present-day interest may sometimes be necessary, but they would not consider it the same as to study the history of their own day. Such a conception of history regards the Persian wars merely as a preparation for the conquests of Alexander, looks for nothing in the Middle Ages but symptoms of the Reformation, and searches the index of Morley's "Gladstone" for the great man's opinions on Socialism.

Let us pass to another view, which is as old as our oldest books and as recent as last Sunday's sermon. We study history for the moral lessons it embodies. In it we find virtue rewarded and vice punished, and thus recognise the moral purpose that rules the world. The writer of the book of Chronicles has made the course of history very simple to countless generations of readers. "Sixteen years old was Uzziah when he began to reign; and he

reigned fifty and two years in Jerusalem. . . . And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah did. . . . And as long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper." And again two chapters further on: "Ahaz was twenty years old when he began to reign; and he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem: but he did not that which was right in the sight of the Lord, like David his father. . . . Wherefore the Lord his God delivered him into the hand of the King of Syria; and they smote him and carried away a great multitude of them captives, and brought them to Damascus. And he was also delivered into the hand of the King of Israel, who smote him with great slaughter."

In spite of Christ's plain teaching against special judgments in the matter of the Tower of Siloam, Rousseau was still expounding this moral view of history to French parents in the eighteenth century, and every earthquake and pestilence and even a General Election brings it to life again in our own. Yet there is nothing that can be said about

it that has not been said far better long ago. Time after time men have learned to their cost, and their greatest teachers have told them, that *judgments do not happen.* The course of history does not express the moral law. If it did, prediction would be as easy as it was (after the event) to the priestly Jewish historian. An investigation into the morality of Bismarck and Cavour, for instance, would lay bare the future history of Germany and Italy. Close, indeed, is the connection between the moral conduct of men and the history of nations ; but the wisest and most philosophical students of national movements have been those who, like Thucydides and Thomas Hardy in the "Dynasts," have curbed their own emotions and refrained most scrupulously from moral praise or censure. Only a critic who has lived through great history is fit to fling the stone, and he knows how hard it is to say (as Thucydides refused to say of the Athenians) whether they did ill of set purpose or because they "could not help it," fate driving them down the rapids. Readers

who can face realities and do not mistake candour for callousness will rather be initiated with Thucydides into the interplay between character and circumstance which is the soul of great history than stand critically outside and point a censorious finger at every breach of the Ten Commandments.

But if this best of all possible reasons must be abandoned what shall we substitute in its place? One that is at once less pretentious and more agreeable has been handed down to us by the "Father of History" himself. Herodotus wrote his history, so he informs us in his opening words, in order that great and wonderful deeds should not be left without record or honour; and it is clear that he intended his audience to listen to them in order that they might enjoy his "great and wonderful" story. All history is a story, an account of things done, a Drama (δρᾶμα) as the Greeks said, and we read it, as we read literature, in order to enjoy it. A historian is a literary artist, and the greatest historian is he who tells his story best. Books that deal with the past but are

not artistically written are not, strictly speaking, historical at all ; they may provide material for someone else's History, but that is something very different.

This sounds simple ; but it still remains to explain what distinguishes the writing of history from other branches of literary art. Many "historical novels" tell "great and wonderful stories," but their authors are never historians. What distinguishes the historian from the poet and the novelist is that the material with which he deals is confined strictly to what are known as "facts" —to deeds that have really been done, thoughts and feelings that have really been experienced by living men in times past. The poet and the novelist draw inspiration from these too ; but while they may allow themselves to forget and transmute, to "shatter and remould" them "nearer to the Heart's Desire," the historian, most ascetic among artists, must keep his imagination strictly under control (ask Froude and Macaulay how hard that is to do) and concentrate all its strength on the interpretation

of the stuff that lies before him. For the peculiar effectiveness of history—the peculiar emotion which the historical artist aims at conveying—depends on its being true in this limited sense of the word. The moment we suspect that our artist is painting up his battle, like a sub-editor, "out of his head," his book becomes for us merely a novel and almost necessarily a bad novel. History is one thing and myth is another. Both may be true in their own special way, but mix the two kinds of truth (as they are mixed, for instance, in that varied library we call the Bible), and the result to the reader is confusion and a feeling of imposture.

But it is not easy for an artist to learn to handle marble and clay; nor is it easy for a historian to learn to handle the facts of the past. Both require a laborious scientific training before they acquire the technical skill on which their success as artists depends. Both work with a whole armoury of instruments and apparatus which it needs much practice to master. So historical art, like most other arts, depends on the scientific

use of material. In this sense the historian is a scientific student, and, as the material he handles is continually accumulating, his scientific training is daily becoming more laborious. But all his toil will be but dust and ashes if he does not know how to make his material minister to his design as an artist, or if he is content to regard history, not as an art, but only as "a science, nothing less and nothing more."

For no writer, or syndicate of writers, can claim to be historians, however imposing their list of "authorities consulted," unless they convey the peculiar pleasure which we associate with great history. What is this distinctively historical emotion for the sake of which we read, or ought to read, history? It seems wrong to try to analyse it for fear of doing it violence. Yet the attempt must be made.

Readers of history might perhaps say that they were conscious of a two-fold influence which they set down to its atmosphere. One is a sense of intimacy with an immense and unbroken past. History does for us in

time what geography does in space. When the little world before their eyes is all men care for, and the hills that enclose their homesteads bind their knowledge also, men are rightly called savages. The blue line on the horizon marks the limit of their morality; and if a stranger comes from beyond the range they will not think it wrong to enslave him if he is docile or eat him if he is succulent. Men who know no history are akin to savages too. Let the reader imagine for a moment that he knows nothing of the past beyond what he has actually seen and experienced. Let him think away from his mind all the ramifications of that knowledge either oral or written or perpetuated in buildings and institutions; and then let him examine the remains of his mental furniture. He will have excised—what is (or must we say used to be?) to an Englishman almost a sixth sense—the sense of the past. He will miss what may have been his peculiar pride in family or school or university. He will be denationalised and delocalised; for he will be cut off from

all the dignified and enduring associations of nation and township, and their meaning will be exhausted for him by the policeman and the rate-collector and the chatter of the newspapers. He and his little circle will be merely a small blind striving social unit cast adrift in a world of which they have and desire to have no understanding. They only know that it is big and complicated and very cruel. Few men since civilisation began have been so divorced from history as this; for history is all round us and we grow up under its spell. Yet the ruthless Radicalism of modern life since the Industrial Revolution is doing much to withdraw men from its influences; and among the derelicts of our large cities in Europe and America one may meet families whose horizon is as limited and vision as clouded as those of primitive savages, or as that of the Jews would have been if, when they set out on their wanderings and knew they were to become a nation without a country, they had not taken their history with them as their most cherished possession. If the modern world

values this sense, which history alone can supply, it will need to foster it more consciously and deliberately as the unseen influences that nourish it become weakened year by year by the conditions of the age.

There is a second service which most educated men will feel they owe to history. It trains and refines and chastens the judgment and teaches difficult lessons of tolerance and courage. A man who has read history is like a man who has seen and travelled much and gained manifold experience of the ways of men and nations. His sympathies are wider, his criticisms less sweeping, his expectations less sanguine and impatient than those of the novice for whom everything is totally new and unexpected. He will not be ready with quick remedies for present difficulties, for history supplies no rules for the solution of her problems. But she has in store for her devotees a more precious gift—eyes to see and understand and unshaken courage to face and master them. It is easy to observe from the speeches of statesmen in emergencies whether

the spirit of history has ever lighted upon them. For such there are no panics and no heroics, no visions of ruin or prophecies of Utopia, but only a steady sense of the duty and the dignity of bearing for one brave and difficult instant the Atlantean load of the world's affairs.

This twofold spirit is what the historical artist seeks to convey. The claim is more modest than what is sometimes put forward, but it is surely great enough. Let those who ask for quicker results pass on to newer subjects.

A second question remains to be answered. *What* is it in the past which the historian records? What is worthy of his attention and what is not?

Some moderns dismiss this question with a summary answer. Everything in the past is worthy of being recorded. It is the whole past we wish to preserve—every scrap and vestige of it which survives. For us no piece of knowledge, no fact about the past of mankind is common or unclean. All are worthy materials for the complete and final

and utterly truthful record of human development which it is the object of the science of history to build up.

Yet a moment's reflection will show that such an ideal is unattainable. The thoughts and actions of a single man in a single hour are legion; yet they are all facts about the past, and, if recorded, would form historical material. Very little of the past ever suffers survival, and that little must be sifted and supplemented by the critical imagination of historians. In other words, the historian not only collects but selects; and no two historians (for historians are but men and not recording angels) will select alike. So their history, when it is written, will not be the last word of science, but a work of subjective imagination; as truthful as they can make it, but still *their* book and not *the* book on the subject. Thus the study of the past can never be exhausted; Greece and Rome yield new treasures for every inquirer; and their history needs to be rewritten for every fresh generation of readers.

Yet, though all historians do their own

selecting, there will be some rough agreement on what is worth selection. What kind of facts is it which particularly attract their choice?

History, we have been taught by the author of "Hero-worship," centres round the biography of great men; and the historian who studies heroes will understand the development of peoples. It is tempting, because it is easy, to simplify history by reducing it to biography; and for a first introduction to a period or a problem it is a useful method. But it is not truly satisfactory.

For history and biography are not necessarily but only accidentally connected. Biography studies men because their character is worthy of study. But the historian must reluctantly admit that greatness of character is no test at all of a man's prominence in history. Many weak and dull and base princes and politicians loom large on her stage, pushed to the front by some accident of birth or opportunity, while village Hampdens and hedge philosophers

remain unknown and unhonoured. And where a truly great character is also (as in the case of Carlyle's Heroes) historically important, he overtops his fellows not merely because he is taller, but because he is raised upon their shoulders. Had he been born, as we say, "too early" or "too late" they would never have discovered him.

This suggests where the historian should really be looking—not at the great men so much as at the little men, not at heroes, but at the people. For without the co-operation of the people, without the unnumbered efforts of the minds and hands of the rank and file, kings and heroes are powerless. And the only way to study so bewildering a multitude is to concentrate attention, not on the daily actions of its separate lives, but on what it is thinking and feeling—on what are variously known as the ideas or tendencies or forces which inspire and impel it. However keen his interest in the pageant of outward events, the wise historian always harks back to the inner world of ideas; for without them the moving forces of history

remain unintelligible. These ideas made history, not because great men held them, but because little men held them. Indeed the big movements of history are nearly always anonymous; and sometimes history has not even succeeded in attaching to them a label. The Reformation is attributed to Luther, but who caused the Industrial Revolution? And who sowed the seeds of a new era in Russia? "Anonymous Russia" answered Turgeneff, in the sombre closing words of his "Virgin Soil."

But not all ideas and tendencies are equally worthy of study. Here again the historian must select. Why is the history of ancient Greece so much more zealously studied than the chequered record of her fate in the later Middle Ages? The answer is simple. Because the ancient Greeks were better people than their mediæval survivors. It is with nations as with individuals—one does not wish to know them unless they are interesting: if they are dull and petty it is not worth the trouble. The history of a people is worth study if the ideas and forces which

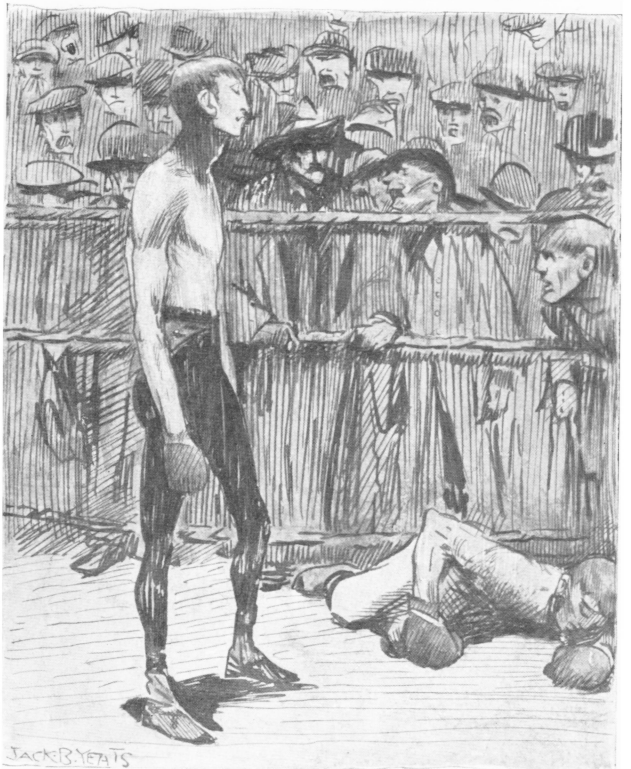
moved it are great and noble, if they still have power to enrich or benefit human life.

Here we come back, by a circuitous route, to the preachers and moralists. The object of historians, and the object of all artists, is —if they cared to think it out—to improve the conditions of human life. But it is not their immediate object. Their immediate object is to see faithfully and render truthfully whatsoever, in the present or the past, calls out the exercise of their best powers.

One more point is worth noting, which follows from what has been said. If the historian is an artist, he is free, within the peculiar limits of his art, to choose what form he will. His object is to render truthfully the life of a past age. He may do this in narrative or in dialogue, in prose or in verse. No doubt prose narrative is the more natural form, for it is hard to be historically truthful in any other medium. But in Greece, where the art first found expression, the narrative form had not yet become fixed and traditional. In Thucydides one may find traces of many literary influences, of the

drama and the epic as well as of the early prose chronicles. He finds it more convenient to convey ideas through set speeches, and in one place he can only render the criss-cross of mind and mind by the expedient of a dialogue. But these parts of his work are as strictly historical as his narrative, and the greatest of all historians stands in no need of the patronizing apologetics of the modern "scientific inquirer." One can fancy him telling his defender, somewhat grimly, to know his place, reminding him that Science is but a drudge in the house of her mistress Art, and that the Mistress must needs be left free to choose what dress she will. For he knew, what men are once more beginning to suspect, that, in this as in so many other mansions of the Palace of Art, Science is a good servant but a bad mistress, and that where she is allowed to bear rule there will soon be but dust and desolation.

ALFRED E. ZIMMERN



FOUL FOUL'

THE ROMANCE OF LITTLE PETER

Listen yet a while to me
While the wind is in the sedge,
While the bird is in the tree,
While the sun is on the sea.
Ere it sink below the edge,
Morning fades to afternoon,
Evening cometh all too soon ;
Morning light, the book to spell,
Afternoon, our beads to tell,
Evening, and the compline bell,
And after that, God's will.
Oh, when the night-time comes to me,
God guide me safely o'er the sea,

And let me meet my brother there.
If so it be
That he will care
To watch me still
In heaven where
God shall fulfil,
Our amity.

. . . . . .

This is the story:—

Now there was a certain knight, Sir Maurice de Longueville, that was a bad knight, for he loved pleasure and women, and the wine cup, and feasting, and dancing, and staying up late o' nights when a whole year's profits of the land were guttered away in candles on the walls. Aye, and more than that, for though he came not nigh churches for very fear, and moreover because he had respect unto the paintings therein yet did he often make violent inroad on his neighbours' goods, and laughed as the pots and platters were brought out. For never did he harm to a picture, for he was a skilful limner and ofttimes in the evening he drew pictures of horses and of hunting with the

cinders on the floor for the delighting of those that were there.

And on a night as he sat musing alone in his closet the Holy Mother moved his heart that he should see how wicked he had been, for she loved him because that he was always laughing. And he was very sore stricken when he saw all the host of evil crimes that lay against him, and nothing could he plead in contrary for he had done them every one. And at first he made to chuckle, and said, "Ho, Maurice, wilt thou be a prey to dull musings and sit in a cell like an eremite?" But it availed nothing, for he knew that he had been wicked. And he said, "Yet will I better myself, and give money to the friars, and mayhap they will pray for me." And yet as he looked at all that he had done, he knew that it availed nothing, praying nor repentance, for he said, "Out upon it, I am damned already, and what boots it to live ever in the fear of hell, and in kneeling on the hard stone when prayers avail not, and are but floating straws to bear my vain hopes upward, and me down into the gulf?

Rather let me die at once and go straight to hell, than live ever in the fear of it. For even the fire itself cannot be worse than the apprehension of it." And he said. "Moreover, who shall turn me from my wickedness? For I love no woman truly, neither have I a wife to plead with me. To-morrow will come, and the winecup with it, and I shall be merry and laugh, and God knows what further store I shall lay up for myself ere I have done."

And as he sat, the dawn came through the lattice-work of the window, pale as it were a messenger that brought no hope; and he rose up and he said, "I will go out, for I will die in the open, where my soul may breathe a draught of pure air before it pants in the sulphur. Oh, woe is me, not that I was gay, but that I knew not wisdom."

And he went out and came to a hill and he looked down the cliff into the valley, and he said, "Nay, not thus, but by the warm steel should a knight perish." And he went back from the edge and looked up at the sky, and it was midway to daylight.

And he drew his knife, and put his thumb on the edge, and he said, "I had rather there were some one to thrust it in for me, for 'tis a mean thing to die by one's own hand; would that Sir Antony whom I vanquished last Michaelmas were here, and pillaged his house also, so that whereas once he had all gold dishes in his house, now doth he eat from a wooden platter. He would not demur to thrust it for me."

And he waited a while, but none came. And he said, "Then must it be the cliff," and he went to the edge, and looked over. And it was nearly morning and he heard rattling of little stones: and the sun broke through, pale and watery. And it was a little page in yellow silk that came climbing up the cliff, as though he never cared a whit where he went, and ever and anon he stayed as though he wept.

And Sir Maurice said, "In truth here is a sorry little baggage that comes up the cliff as though he cared not if he were to fall down. Yet God wot he shall have company at the bottom." And he said, "Pray God

that he fall not down for he is a fair page, albeit his face is all stained with tears, like a flower beaten by the rain—and yet who knows it may blossom again." And he said, "Let me not frighten the boy. I will go aside and wait no longer, but this my knife shall do it for me." And there was a crying from below the edge of the cliff. And he said, "How now, say not that he is fallen. Pray God it be not so." And he looked over, and the page was on a ledge so that he could not mount up neither go back. And he said, "Wait a while," and he let himself over the ledge. And ofttimes he stumbled, for he was weary with watching all night, and often he well-nigh fell headlong down to the bottom; yet at the last came he all dizzy with climbing to the little page and took him up, and bore him to the top and said, "Ho now, little one, dost thou climb so early when the rain is yet on the stones? Why art thou not with thy mistress helping her to adorn herself for her lovers?"

And he said, "Alas, I have no mistress." And he said, "How?" And the page said,

"Alas, sir, I have been wicked so that she will never forgive me, nor take me back, for I have been an evil page, for I loved cherry pit more than my lady's service. And this morn when I came late to attend her she found my pocket full of cherry stones and bade me begone and never see her more." And he burst out a-crying as though his heart would break in twain.

And Sir Maurice said, "O, little one, what is thy fault to mine? For I have loved playing more than My Lady's service. Come now, minnikin, serve me, and mayhap I shall win thy lady's love for thee again; yet My Lady will never look on me."

And he said, "Sir, I am called Ubert, but the ladies call me Little Peter, because of a certain monkey that was dead." And he said, "Come then, Little Peter, wilt thou serve me?" And he said, "Oh, Sir, how should I long to, for thou art big and strong, I never saw one so mighty, unless it were the groom that brings out my lady's horse. Yet is he not one half so great as thou."

And they went home, and Sir Maurice

loved the page—he knew now how much he loved him.

For he was dear
As a little dew to a full-blown flower,
As a little drop on its yellow pin,
As a little sun in a rainy hour,
As a little love in a life of sin,
As a little blue in a clouded sky,
As a little pool in a dreary dell,
As a little laughter in misery,
As a little pause in the pangs of hell—
I cannot tell how dear.

Never was he merry but when he was near, for he would not have sad looks before the page. And because he loved him so he mended himself of his evil ways. And he played with him at cherry pit, and they laughed together as though they had both been children, and he that won the game should eat the residue of the cherries, and so it was that my lord was always unlucky at cherry pit.

And men said God bless the little page for the good that he hath wrought in our master. For now Sir Maurice lived even as

the best knight that hath ever been, for though he was as brave as the knight of the Swanne himself and as mighty in arm as Sir Otuel, the Saracen that fought with Sir Roland when that Charlemagne was in the Holy Country laying siege to Jerusalem, yet was he as courteous, and kind, and gentle, and loving as any Christian saint, nor ever made airs to the ladies, nor drank over much wine, nor hunted wildly so as to do injury to his horse, nor did aught of villainy, and all for the little page, because he loved him so.

And this continued for the space of about two years, until at last there came certain knights to the castle that had been friends of Sir Maurice at first, and he gave them entertainment. And they drank wine and laughed loud, and ever Sir Maurice sat sober and gentle, joining in their jests, yet never making aught of ribaldry. And as the hour waxed late, and the little page's head drooped down with waiting, he bade him go seek his bed, for he said, "why shouldst thou stand lingering here, and rise up to-morrow with black rings

about thine eyes? Get thee to thy couch and dream of fairies."

And the little page went out, and his comrades taunted Sir Maurice because he joined not with them. And Sir Maurice was ashamed and he said, "Maybe the little page is asleep and will not hear if I crack a jape or twain." And he filled up his cup. And the night went on. And he was very merry.

And when the night was very late and they went to their couches, Sir Maurice went softly a-tiptoe across the floor (after that he had first brought the others to their chambers) fearing lest he should wake the little one; and he bowed down with his candle and looked to see if he were sound asleep; and lo, he lay all a-shivering with his face in his pillow a-weeping sore so that his little white shoulders were all knotted with the sobbing.

And Sir Maurice said, "Alas, I have done this," and he put out the light and lay on his bed And day came while he was thinking. And when it came he gave blush that he should be such a chicken-liver as not to give his friends entertainment because of a boy

And he said, "We will go hunt, and mayhap we shall meet some pretty wench by the way and that will glad them greatly. for they have had poor cheer at my hands. For the boy is yet asleep, so that I may steal out."

And he went out and found the others a-waking, and bade bring a good bowl of ale to drive the humours of the feast away, and they mounted their horses and rode off as though they had all been wode, with the flints flying behind them. And as they rode the fumes of the wine went up into their brains and they shouted and sang, and shot arrows this way and that at trees and stocks and stones. And Sir Maurice cried, "Ho, halt! for here comes a prey. Down, down, and we will take him. An ambuscader. Hist! Yet a while and we shall shoot this yellow tiger. Still, still, a dragon!" And he fitted an arrow to his bow, and he cried, "Ha, now let fly," and he shot out. And there was a little cry. And he put his hand to his brow, and he said, "Methinks a sickness hath taken me, I prithee leave me."

And he went forward and he took him up

and he said, "Little Peter." But he was dead and limp as a little bird.

And they were afraid, and took their horses and rode away quickly, and he stood knowing nothing. And he 'gan climb down the cliff and went out over the plain.

And it was early morning and he came to an abbotry and knocked at the door. And the abbot came to him and said, "What wouldst thou?" And he said, "Hush. Come with me and bless the place." And he went. And they came back and Sir Maurice went to a cell and lay there. And they said, "Let him not lie thus lest he go mad." And they gave him paper. And he said, "It is too small." And they gave him a great board and colours and charcoal, and he took them in his hand and they went from him.

And so it was that the days went out, day after day, and the picture grew at his hand, and never a word he spake, and ever the picture grew; first it was a dark plain, and then above it a sky, and in the sky an angel, and on the plain a man. And in the sky it

was the little page, with his hands laid together in front of him.

And the year went out, and the feathers on the angel's wings were finished, and his hand trembled at the paint box, and he said, "It is not done, the pilgrim below is not done." And they bore him to his cell, and he lay praying, and they set the picture before him and he stretched out his hands to it, and he fell asleep.

And it was evening, and there was a great light in the cell, so that the monks wondered as they passed to vespers. And anon the light went out, and the dawn was nigh. And the Abbot entered into the cell, and the picture was at the wall and Sir Maurice was on the bed, and he said, "Didst thou see it? It was an angel; and it hath marred my picture." And the Abbot said, "Nay, but see." And lo! there was no pilgrim, but two angels in the sky, and below on the plain it was sunlight, and above in the sky light brighter than any day.

And the Abbot said:

Requiescat

Let him lie
In peace,
For those that die
Do cease
From toil and pain,
For morning comes upon the plain
And sunlight in the sky,
And brightness cometh after rain,
And rest from misery.

The tale is done. Therefore God bless us all that are here, and hold us safe in His keeping, and bring us to heaven. Amen.

MICHAEL WEST

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