

is awarded the position of "Rome's chief advocate" in the matter of her lover's conversion, she is also considered entitled to "a share of credit" for the Edict of Nantes. Sully's presentation of the powerful and charming mistress is naturally discounted; but his opposition to her marriage with his master is rightly held to have been in the best interests of France. The attitude of Queen Margot towards her was governed by other considerations; but it appears likely, as the author thinks, that she had no personal feeling against the woman who aspired to take her place. D'Aubigné's testimony to the moderation with which Gabrielle used her power is valuable: "her only enemies were the necessities of state" is its fitting conclusion. It is surely incorrect to write of Condé as "the little dauphin" (p. 289), even though he was heir-presumptive till the first child of Marie de Médicis was born.

In the chapter on Alvaro de Luna most readers will need enlightenment as to the title "Adelantado de Leon," and they may be permitted some scepticism as to the size of the army which Don Alvaro is said to have led against the Moors. Apart from occasional attempts at fine writing and some slang, the author's style is pleasing.

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*Rewards and Fairies.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan & Co.)

MR. KIPLING has made a compromise with himself. His 'Puck of Pook's Hill' was obviously undertaken in an alert and vivid mood of patriotism. Its sequel has more frankly artistic leanings. It might be amusing to consider how differently these themes would have been interpreted by writers of the Celtic school. Certainly they would have lacked Mr. Kipling's sprightliness and humour; but possibly admirers of Celtic glamour would have claimed for the performance a finer and a rarer sense of fantasy. It is difficult to say; for Mr. Kipling is invariably and at all costs real. These stories, though their mechanism strikes us as cumbrous, are always forceful and significant. The defect of the glamorous tales is that they mean nothing, are nothing but empty vapourings. It takes, perhaps, Celtic minds to believe in Celtic glamour. Mr. Kipling's is forthright, unconvincing Anglo-Saxon glamour which we could have done without. But he has chosen this method of appearing before his public, and we must accept it.

It was the genial Bishop Corbet who wrote "Farewell Rewards and Fairies," and the line has a sufficient connexion to form a tag for a title. But here are no fairies in point of fact; here is a blunt, sturdy series of historical pictures, covering a survey of old England. The mystical connexions are cleverly made through Dan and Una, our old young friends; but we might as well dispense with them and the machinery. The stories supply glimpses of events

in English history from Saxon times; we get sketches of the Duke of Wellington, of Elizabeth, of Washington, of Talleyrand, and others. But it is an open question whether the story of 'Martlake Witches' is not the pick of the bunch, as was the 'Dymchurch Flit' of the 'Puck of Pook's Hill' series.

The characteristic of Mr. Kipling which dominates here, as always, is his extraordinary vitality. This combined with an immense modernity has given him his place in the forefront of English fiction to-day. But it is his modernity exactly which renders this medium improper for him. Yet with all its faults and defects, there comes out of a reading of this book a deep conviction that the author represents and embodies many of our modern forces as no other writer has done. At his best he marks them with genius; and, if you want him at his best, it will not be in these prose stories, but rather in some of the verses lavishly scattered throughout the pages. 'The Way through the Woods,' 'Brookland Road,' 'Song of the Red War-Boat,' 'Our Fathers of Old,' and 'The Ballad of Minepit Shaw' are, perhaps, the best; and among the varieties of form employed, his use of the old ballad is the most successful. It is not from one of those, however, that we quote, but from a strangely mellifluous set of verses embodying something of the author's poetic mission:—

Excellent herbs had our fathers of old—  
Excellent herbs to ease our pain—  
Alexanders and Marigold,  
Eyebright, Orris, and Elecampane,  
Basil, Rocket, Valerian, Rue  
(Almost singing themselves they run),  
Vervain, Dittany, Call-me-to-you—  
Cowslip, Melilot, Rose of the Sun.  
Anything green that grew out of the mould  
Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old.

If it be certain, as Galen says,  
And sage Hippocrates holds as much—  
"That those afflicted by doubts and dismays  
Are mightily helped by a dead man's touch,"  
Then, be good to us, stars above!  
Then, be good to us, herbs below!  
We are afflicted by what we can prove;  
We are distracted by what we know—  
So—ah so!

Down from your heaven or up from your mould  
Send us the hearts of our fathers of old!

We note that, following the most illustrious of examples, Mr. Kipling condescends to utilize the forms of his less renowned predecessors. He writes after the precedent of 'Philadelphia in the Morning,' as did R. L. Stevenson once after 'Over the Sea to Skye.'

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*Time and Free Will: an Essay on the Immediate Data of Consciousness.* By Henri Bergson. Authorized Translation by F. L. Pogson. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.)

THE translator of this book, a young Oxford scholar of excellent promise, who unfortunately lost his life from heart collapse, near the summit of Mont Blanc, on the 6th inst. has done his work thoroughly and well. Prof. Bergson's

French style is lucid enough in its own way, but he writes in a highly concentrated fashion, having, moreover, a line of thought to develop which is apt by its sheer unfamiliarity to baffle even the most professional of philosophers. In the present version the meaning is brought out with punctilious exactness, as by one who has weighed each word of the original, yet the effect of the whole is natural and easy. It is, indeed, no small misfortune to the world of letters that the rendering of those later works in which the Bergsonian doctrine of reality attains its full consummation must become the task of other hands.

It is not necessary here to examine in any great detail a book that has been before the public for more than twenty years, the conclusions of which are as stepping-stones leading on to the maturer, or at any rate more comprehensive, studies represented by 'Matière et Mémoire,' and, more notably still, that triumph of audacious synthesis, 'L'Évolution créatrice.' The present treatise embodies a highly compact piece of introspective psychology in three chapters, the first two of which are intended to serve as a sort of introduction to the third.

The subject considered at the outset is the intensity of conscious states. It is argued that quantitative differences are strictly applicable to magnitudes only, all such magnitudes being in their ultimate essence spatial. Intensity, on the other hand taken in itself, is wholly qualitative. Of course there are different kinds of intensities—for example, the intensity of a feeling, and that of an effort; and the former is far more readily distinguished for what it is than the latter. The reader is bidden to watch in himself the process by which an obscure desire gradually becomes a deep passion, all the accompanying sensations and ideas brightening up as if under the influence of a childhood suddenly renewed. A capacity for a purely intensive quality or shade that spreads over a mass of psychic states, and involves no extensive element whatever, is in this case easily observed to exist in us, though the reflective consciousness can make little of it, delighting as it does in clear-cut distinctions such as are afforded by a scale of magnitudes implying multiplicity and space, conditions altogether absent here. Similarly, then, in the case of muscular effort, the sensation has a perceivable intensity of its own. This is, however, much obscured by our persistent tendency to read into that sensation the idea of its cause. In other words, we incline to treat it as representative, and as representative of something we are anxious to measure, that is, of a magnitude. The point here made is all-important in view of the culminating interest of the book, which is the vindication of human freedom. This standing confusion of quality with quantity, it is alleged, has corrupted at its very source our feeling of outer and inner change. Hence the paradoxes of the