And the yet finer:

"I mourned with thousands, but as one
Newly grieved, for he was gone
Whose light I hated when first it shone,
And showed my youth
How verses may build a prince's throne
On humble truth."

So, again, Mr. Watson most truly writes that Burns's name can never wither awa—

"While pleasant lies and lad shall stray
Among the broom,
Where evening touches glee and breve
With rosy gloom."

While Wordsworth had previously written:

"Through busiest streets and loneliest glen
Are felt the flashes of his pen:
He scales mid winter snows, and when
Bees fill their hives;
Deep in the general heart of men
His power survives."

The moral drawn from Burns's chequered life by the two poets, is indeed different, and I venture to think that if Wordsworth the monster; but as regards all else, do we want a more curious confirmation of the truth you so well call "the Tyranny of Coincidence,"—for the ideas of plagiarism is of course too ridiculous—I am, Sir, &c.

[We do not think there is any coincidence. Indeed, we carefully compared the two poems before publishing Mr. Watson's noble verses, which of course directly count comparison with Wordsworth's.—Ed. Spectator.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "SPECTATOR."

Sir,—On reading your article on the "Tyranny of Coincidence" in the Spectator of July 18th, it occurred to me that the following might not be uninteresting. There prevails in this neighbourhood a strong superstition against removing whitethorn trees, the fairies being supposed to resent such proceedings. Three years ago a labourer of mine obtained leave from me to cut down a stub out of one such tree, which was in the way of the cultivation of the field in which it stood. It was a few days before Good Friday that he did so; and on returning from church he found his cow, which I allowed him to graze with mine, in great agony with her thigh-bone broken. How it happened no one knew; but of course this confirmed the superstition.—I am, Sir, &c.

J. B. SCOTT.

"THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD."

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."

Sir,—I make it a rule not to answer any criticism of my literary work, feeling that the writers have formed their opinions on grounds sufficient to themselves, and that they have a right to express those opinions. But I think I might break this rule in the case of your very kind and generous notice of my "Wood Beyond the World" (for which I beg to thank you heartily), and, for the benefit of your readers, correct, so far as I can, and not of opinion. I had not the least intention of thrusting an allegory into "The Wood Beyond the World;" it is meant for a tale pure and simple, with nothing didactic about it. If I have to write or speak on social problems, I always try to be as direct as I possibly can be. On the other hand, I should consider it bad in any one writing an allegory not to make it clear from the first that this was his intention, and not to take care throughout that the allegory and the story should interchange, as does the great master of allegory, Bunyan. Asking pardon for taking up your valuable space by writing even these few words about myself.—I am, Sir, &c.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

A CORRECTION.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."

Sir,—In the kindly little review of my Period I of "European History," published in the Spectator of July 13th, your reviewer seems to make me responsible for the statements that (1) Odeon was an Emperor of the West, (2) that he

8.—In our last issue we regret to have described Mr. Harold Thomas, the candidate for the Colne Valley, as a Liberal Unionist. He wishes it to be stated that he is a Conservative.—Ed. Spectator.

BOOKS.

MISS CAILLARD'S "PROGRESSIVE
REVELATION."—In one of the noblest essays in the Spectator, Addison has drawn an argument for the immortality of the soul from the infinite capacity of man for perfection, and has dwelt on the "triumphant consideration" of the perpetual progress of the soul, still adding virtue to virtue and knowledge to knowledge. A similar idea is the keynote to this interesting volume of essays, only that the notion of progress is dwelt on not as occurring in the individual in a future life, but as appearing in the history of the race of man and in the present state of existence. "If we have been unable," says Miss Caillard, "to think of revelation as progressive, it is because, however unconsciously, we have regarded it as dead instead of living, the stereotyped record of the past instead of our ever-developing chronicle of the present."

A kindred conception is embodied in the title of perhaps the best-known work of the present Master of Skilled, The Evolution of Religion. Of the two expressions, we prefer that of Miss Caillard, because it seems to us that the term Evolution of Religion is open to considerable difficulty. If we conceive, as we do conceive, religion to mean the state of knowledge and feeling of the human soul in the presence of certain awful and partially known truths, then we may admit that that knowledge may have advanced, and those feelings may have grown more and more in peace and elevation, and yet we may hesitate to accept the suggestion that religion can be evolved. Evolution means, we suppose, the unfolding in process of time of something which has been infolded before that time began; it expresses the peculiar action of a living organism; and to apply such language to the change of mental condition which occurs as a curtain is gradually withdrawn from the eyes of the beholder, seems to be a clumsy metaphor. To call the increasing perception of a view, as we gaze at it, the evolution of a landscape, though it may fit the fashion of the day which talks of all change as evolution, does not seem very exact language. But, in fact, the expression is open to a yet graver objection, for it seems to suggest that the whole of religion is unfolded out of the mind of man, and that there is in it, therefore, no element of an external and objective nature over which his being and his perceptions have no control. The title of Miss Caillard's book, Progressive Revelation, is free from any such objection, and expresses a truth which the Bible recognizes in every page, and which the author seeks to apply to the ever-widening area of scientific knowledge in our own day. Her object is, as she avows it in her first chapter, "to prove that the incarnation does not only satisfy the religious and emotional aspirations, but is also the sufficient answer to intellectual and ethical perplexities."

There are two views of the communicatio of the divine to the human which are severally expressed by the terms Revelation and Inspiration, and Miss Caillard has not always observed the difference between the two. In popular religions language the Bible is indifferently spoken of as the outcome of Inspiration and Revelation; and yet in point of thought and of the consequences which flow from the notions, they are essentially different. Revelation suggests the metaphor, as we have already hinted, of a curtain withdrawn from the eyes of the beholder, who has been permitted to see things which before were hidden from his eyes, but who will, nevertheless, behold them with all the imperfections of his vision, and if he repeat what he has seen, will do so, not only subject to these imperfections of vision, but with all the imperfections also of apprehension, perception, and utterance. The metaphor on which Inspiration reposes is different, and suggests the direct notion of one breath or spirit on another,