

coincidence that almost at the same moment he should have studied and explained and vindicated with extraordinary skill the two great theological statesmen of English history; both of them believing in something like direct spiritual inspiration, both of them masters of subtle self-analysis, both of them betrayed, by circumstances or otherwise, into burning what they had adored, both of them fiercely disliked and still more fiercely assailed, accused of unscrupulous ambition, selfishness, hypocrisy, yet to their intimates the object of unbounded regard and veneration. Surely Mr. Morley has been justly named "an inverted theologian."¹

For the latest fashion of writing history, where enthusiasm has to be replaced by laborious research and broad sweeps of colour to give way to minute and painful detail, he has something akin to contempt. What is the use, he asks, of adjuring historians to stick to facts when the very function of the historian is to select and interpret them? How can facts be tested without some guiding principle? "Talk of history being a science as loudly as ever we like, the writer of it will continue to approach his chest of archives with the bunch of keys in his hand." This is profoundly true, and any attempt to neglect it will leave us with a mass of incohesive judgments which, taken one by one, are appetising enough, but, in conjunction, leave us hungry and discontented.

What is style? We have a right to ask the old question of the great stylist of the day, and at least we receive no uncertain, if no novel, answer:

Style, after all, as one has always to remember, can never be anything but the reflex of ideas and habits of mind, and when respect for one's own personal dignity as a ruling and unique element in character gave way to sentimental love of the human race, often real and often a pretence, old self-respecting modes of expression went out of fashion.

Have lofty sentiments, and your manner of writing will be firm and noble.

Those noble moralities that are the life-blood of style and of greater things than style can ever be.

¹ *Times*.