

In a word, says the writer, faith is "the deliberate turning of the eye from darkness to light," and of this faith Tolstoy has naught. He denounces the world and the art and the natural pleasures of life, "not because he had attained to any true vision of the peace of the spirit," but "because the world has turned to ashes in his mouth:"

It is because I find no note of spiritual joy in Count Tolstoy when he speaks from his own heart and lays aside the borrowed jargon of Christianity, it is because I find in him only the bitterness of a great and smitten soul, it is because I find in him no charity or tenderness, but only the bleakness of disillusion, that I count him an enemy to faith and not an unbuilder of faith. *La joie de l'esprit en marque la force*, and, finding no joy in him, I reckon him only as one among those who deny and destroy. The soul of the Russian is like a strong man who has lain long in chains in the darkness of a dungeon. Suddenly a beam of light from the outer world falls upon his eyes, waking him from his lethargy, and as suddenly passes away. . . . .

Count Tolstoy is not a child of light, but a child of darkness; his speech is the voice of "the spirit that still denies."

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