

To show those might have been misleading; as it is the selection gives a rather too favourable impression, for the Gallery's good pictures—and it has good ones—are lost in a waste of mediocrity.

I have not left myself much space to discuss the text of the book. All the chapters suffer from scrappiness, owing less perhaps to the fault of the writers than to the intractability of their subjects. Mr. Miller has assembled a lot of information about the history of the Otago Art Society; the tiresome overlapping between his chapter and those on the School of Art and the Art Gallery must be laid at the editor's door. Mr. Miller's notes on the painters are not of much value, and he writes lamentable English, managing to suggest in his finest phrase that among the arts practised in Otago was witchcraft: "The president became Dr. Clarke Hanan. . . ." Margaret Campbell on music is a good deal livelier than the other contributors. J. C. Reid, writing from Auckland, does not communicate much enthusiasm about letters in Otago; that is understandable; and at least his approach—his alone—is a critical one. Dr. H. D. Skinner is given one-and-a-half pages in which to write about Maori art in Otago, which is absurdly inadequate. But it was a mistake to drag in the subject at all, for it has no relation to the European arts of the period. Dr. Skinner does not state whether the ornaments and amulets to which he confines his attention (they are illustrated by four plates) belong to the European period; and he does not mention the cave paintings, a surprising omission.

The drama is ignored completely. A chapter on it ought to have taken the place of that on Maori art. Another matter which should at least have been touched on is the criticism of the arts, particularly of painting, music, and drama. The book, it must be said, has been very badly edited, and it contains too many misprints. But with all its defects, the plates alone make it worth having, and the paper is good, the print pleasantly clear.

LORD BEVERIDGE'S PARENTS

INDIA CALLED THEM. By Lord Beveridge. George Allen and Unwin.

BECAUSE that monumental and indispensable work gave to Englishmen "the pride of lives obscurely great," Henry Newbolt wrote some verses in praise of the *Dictionary of National Biography*. His phrase "obscurely great" is recalled by Lord Beveridge's biography of his father and mother, Henry and Annette Beveridge. You might read a library of books about India without coming upon the name of Henry Beveridge, who spent the best years of his life as a judge in Bengal. Had William his son, now Lord Beveridge, who is at present the guest of New Zealand, not written their story, it is pretty certain it would never have been told. No one could have done it so well, for he brought to the task not only literary skill but filial affection and understanding, and he had the fullest access to a large body of family documents.

It is the life-story of two remarkable people and a picture of their setting in India and middle-class England. It is a footnote to the history of British rule in India, written from an angle which historians cannot afford to neglect—the daily life, official and private, of an English civil servant and his wife. Our drama in India was not enacted entirely in the Council Chamber. Henry Beveridge went to India in the eighteenthies and served for over 30 years. Al-

ways a close observer of Indian life, he returned to India in his retirement as a student. He was 93 when he died. From the beginning he was liberal in his attitude to the Indian problem. He thought Britain should move more quickly than she was doing towards self-government. For his marriage ceremony in India, he insisted on going before the Indian registrar; to have tried to get a European specially appointed for the purpose would have been "an insult to the Bengali nation."

Like her husband, Annette Akroyd was brought up among books, and remained, also like him, an avid reader and student all her life. After receiving the highest education a woman could get in England in those days, she came under the influence of an Indian reformer, and went out on an educational mission to Indian women. She at once noticed and disapproved of the social gulf between Europeans and Indians, but her work in Calcutta brought her disillusionment, and she never went as far as Henry in respect to Indian emancipation. This and other differences between them make their married life all the more remarkable. They were both highly intellectual and scrupulously honest—and very human. In the staid setting of England theirs would be a charming and moving love story. Against the background of Indian social and public life, the daily domestic round and the duties of a judge, it is unique.

India was "burned into" Henry Beveridge, as it has been into so many Englishmen who have served her. He was one of the first candidates chosen by competitive examination and went out in the Mutiny year, so he was introduced to India at the beginning of a new era. It was a period of transition. Britain saw self-government as a goal indefinitely far off and Indian aspirations grew. It saddened Henry to observe the growth of Indian bitterness. Lord Beveridge says Henry and others worked "for a purpose which has not been accomplished." But with more wisdom than was shown, could it have been fully accomplished? In a measure every man's life is a failure, and so is every system of government and every administration of that system.

Lord Beveridge has written this biography with exceptional skill. The letters between husband and wife may be a little too intimate here and there for some tastes, but with this possible exception his discretion is as admirable as his easy arrangement of a crowded record and as his literary sense. Altogether this is an outstanding biography. —A.M.

FRENCH CULTURE

BULLETIN CRITIQUE DU LIVRE FRANÇAIS. 10 Rue Colbert, Paris (2e.)

THIS monthly survey is published by the Association for the Diffusion of French culture (*Pensée*), which I take to be a body equivalent in scope and purpose to the British Council. The *Bulletin*, now in its second year, consists of short reviews of the most important books and periodicals, in all departments from poetry to science and medicine, appearing to-day in France. It has some points of similarity to *The Times Literary Supplement*, but is a little more academic in tone. It provides an excellent means of keeping in touch with a literature which reflects the intellectual vitality of the French people still unsubdued by the heavy blows sustained by their country. The reviews have the enviable lucidity and assurance of the best French criticism.

—David Hall

Between you and him

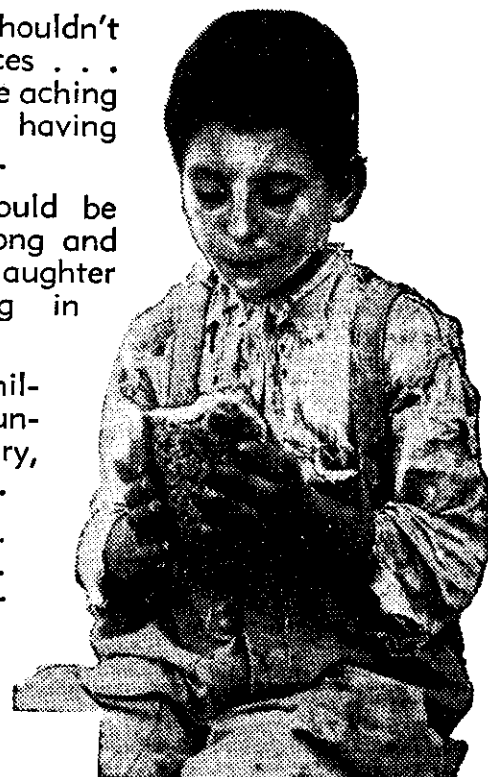
Little boys shouldn't have pinched faces . . . shouldn't know the aching misery of never having enough to eat . . .

Little boys should be as yours are, strong and chubby, with the laughter of life bubbling in them . . .

But millions of children in other countries are hungry, sick, homeless . . .

We have hearts.
We have money.

Let us give—
and give generously, for we are giving life.



Give a day



SAVE A CHILD

"Give a Day" means giving one day's effort, in terms of a day's pay or a day's profit—as much of it, or as much more, as your heart tells you—for the care of children in greatest need. Send it direct, or through your place of work, to the United Nations Appeal for Children—c/o your Mayor or County Chairman, or Dominion Headquarters, Box 650, Wellington.