

"The same longing for an idle life, under pretence of refinement and aristocratic ideas, drives mothers to select the occupation of governess for their daughters. This at first blush sounds like a contradiction, for no more toilsome employment exists. The reason is, that even if they cannot play the lady, and have those two magic words, "no occupation," after their names—which are almost the same as those blessed words, "independent gentlemen," or "landed proprietor"—they at least long to escape from manual labour. To work at all is humiliating, to work with the hands is degrading. The same sentiment induces the peasants of Western and Central France to put forth inconceivable efforts to make one of their sons a priest. They have this vanity, if they have no other. It does not come purely from love of religion, nor is it simply in order to escape from military service; it is mainly to make their son a gentleman. Just so, among the middle class, a girl who is forced to be a teacher will not cease to be a lady. So the over-crowding of the profession is caused, and the number of the applicants is legion. In Paris, with 1,800 women teachers and about sixty vacancies a year, there have sometimes been as many as 8,000 applications. In the whole of France, in 22,313 schools carried on by women, more than 50,000 girls offered themselves for examination in 1885; half of these—27,792—passed; 2,000 obtained appointments. The remaining 25,000 (25,000 every year) will spend their youth in fruitlessly sighing for occupation. Thenceforth they have two reasons for not working with their hands: first, their prejudices; and secondly, their certificate. When one is officially certified as knowing so many fine subjects, it is impossible to sink to earning half a crown a day as a weaver. It is better to die heroically of hunger.

"These same middle-class women—who have a dread of work, and above all of manual work, and whose dread of it is stronger the lower they are on the middle-class ladder, and the nearer they consequently are to the working class, with whom they cannot bear to be confounded—are they really idle? On the contrary, they are hard workers, heroic and untiring. I beg you look at our little middle-class women under this new aspect. She does nothing in novels except amuse herself and flirt. In real life she does not flirt at all, she does not amuse herself at all, and she works from morning to night; but—and this is the important point in her eyes—she does not work for payment: she does not become a workwoman, she remains a middle-class woman, and, therefore, a lady; her honour is intact."

In regard to a great deal of this, very many Canadian mothers and daughters might cry, "*Peccavi*." That thrust about education touches us in a very sensitive spot, I think.

Thenceforward M. Simon passes on to consider the position of the working women, touching not inconsiderably upon their general character as regards what now-a-days goes by the name of "morals." With this we need have nothing to do. In his closing paragraphs, however, he approaches the borders of a subject which will one day claim—nay, I believe, is now beginning to claim—the most thoughtful consideration of the most thoughtful men: the attitude of women towards religion. Naturally, in his own country—where for years the Government has done much to, in M. Simon's phrase, "unchristianize France"—he considers this subject, the attitude of women towards religion, of all subjects touching women, the paramount one. His own views on the subject are firm and clear; but many of the readers of the article will, I doubt not, regret that this kindly and genial religious patriarch has seen fit to express those views only in two short paragraphs. It is a difficult subject and a delicate one. A subject, too, from which many divergent subjects spring, each in its turn difficult and delicate. Let me cull from M. Simon's closing paragraphs a few isolated sentences to show what his hopes and fears are with regard to the influence of religious women:—

"Whatever faith and whatever veneration we still have in France we owe to our women."

"If they were to let us men alone, we should have nothing but civil marriages and civil funerals; our women insist that religion should have part in both, and we obey their wish."

"It is they who tell children about God, and they are the first to advise the dying to think of Him."

"France remained Christian after 1793; it is still Christian after 1879, thanks to its noble women."

"Men dare not go too far in their opposition to religion, because when they return home they find themselves in the presence of their wives."

"If they (the Socialists and Jacobins who attempt to 'unchristianize France') did succeed, above all, if they went so far as to take away from our women the support of religion, then, I admit, we should have to bid farewell to morality."

It is not every day nor every month that we find such views expressed in such a manner on such a subject. When we do find them, it is worth while, I think, however differently we ourselves may regard the matter—it is worth while, I think, to ponder them in our heart. The French patriarch has told us many truths about France and the French women which are truths about Canada and Canadian women. One thing is encouraging: he speaks in an optimistic vein of France; much more, therefore, in an optimistic vein may it be spoken of Canada.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

HOPE is, indeed, very fallacious, and promises what it seldom gives; but its promises are more valuable than the gifts of fortune, and it seldom frustrates us without assuring us of recompensing the delay by a greater bounty.—*Dr. Johnson.*

VALE.

Speaker.—The "OLD YEAR."

You ask my name? Men call me the "Old Year."
Uncertain grow my steps; I've wandered here
How long? Perhaps you may remember. Fair
Was I, and young, when first I breathed this air;
Fresh morning's beauty dazzled; Fortune smiled;
And Hope my hapless heart too soon beguiled.

Golden were then my locks, though now so gray;
And rosy-red my cheeks, like buds in May;
No sombre cloud had yet obscured the sun.
The skies are changed. Life's course is nearly run.
Age yearns to counsel! Vainly warning give!
The soul learns best through living how to live!

Behold! we come to where our paths divide!
Cheerful companions have you by your side;
I solitary am—without a choice.
In the hereafter you shall hear my voice,
Sounding like some far distant village chimes;
Then may you sigh for the old happy times.

Hush! for I feel Death coursing through my veins!
Unto stern Destiny I yield the reins!
Where-to she leadeth I have never been;
She hath to show what man hath not yet seen.
Earth almost unto me hath closed the door;
Even the Gods cannot my youth restore!

When I shall buried be—and lying low,
You, pensively, will name me "Long Ago."
Adieu! I see, in the dim shadow-land,
Proudly approaching me, a stately band—
Procession infinite—the "Days of Yore!"
They beckon now—I go—forevermore!

1888.

GOWAN LEA.

ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

IN these days of doubt and pessimism it is cheering to study the life of anyone who is filled with a genuine enthusiasm for humanity, and who has given, ungrudgingly, time and thought for the elevation of his fellows. And when such a life is not that of a professedly religious teacher, but of a layman, formed intellectually amid the conflicting currents of opinion that ebb and flow in a great university, its inspirational force becomes all the greater, especially for that large class in whom the *zeitgeist* has left only the ruins of an inherited creed. Viewed in this aspect few lives of recent times have greater inspirational value than that of Arnold Toynbee. His life does not number many years, only thirty-one in all, and many of them years of weakness and pain. Yet how fruitful his life was is abundantly evidenced by the tender and enthusiastic admiration of those who knew him. Here is a tribute of one who knew him well: "No words can tell what we lose in losing our comrade and our guide. Deafened by the din of the importunate world and distracted by insatiable cravings within, few of us can ever listen to the voice of reason, lead our true life, or fulfil our proper destiny. How many soever our harassed and baffled years, how few soever the years of the wise and the brave, it is they who have lived, not we. Yet in the thought of such lives we find our strength. The memory of an Oxford student who freely gave up his life to help his fellow-citizens will long live in the hearts of all Oxford men, to silence a cynical despair and to shame an epicurean indifference."

Arnold Toynbee was born in 1852, and was, fitly as it proved, named after the great Dr. Arnold. He was originally intended for a military life, but delicate health made that career impossible, and he relinquished it for a quiet life to be devoted exclusively to the pursuit of truth. Here are the words in which this young knight-errant of truth utters his purpose: "I have no inclination to enter any profession. The small means at my disposal, and those which, without the expenditure of much time, I hope to be able to add to them, will be sufficient for my maintenance. I do not care to spend my life in acquiring material benefits which might have an evil, and, at any rate, could not have a good effect upon me. These ideas may appear ridiculous in one so young (he was nineteen), and of powers so immature, but they are not the result of mere ambition, or of an empty desire for fame in itself, or for the rewards with which it is accompanied. My sole, and so far as it can be so, unalloyed motive is the pursuit of truth; and for truth I feel I would willingly sacrifice prospects of the most dazzling renown. I do not even think myself capable of accomplishing any work of importance. If my labours merely serve to assist another in the great cause I shall be satisfied."

After spending some time at King's College, London, and later in private study, he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, at the age of twenty-one. Here he found himself in thoroughly congenial society. "Life here," he writes, "is very sweet and full of joy." He was not able to study hard. In the letter just quoted he says, "I am reading Aristotle's *Ethics*, and shall read *Thucydides* as well, and I hope a little political economy; that is all this term. With care I may be able to do this, but even this will require great care." Before he entered college he had been strongly attracted to the philosophy of history, but while there his mind received a bent toward political

economy and social science. It was not, however, the old political economy, the dismal science. That lacked the moral element, the element that could alone make the study attractive to young Toynbee. The new so-called historical school of political economy was just becoming known in England, and was winning the sympathies of young and ardent students. Arnold Toynbee became a disciple of this school, and was soon recognized as one of its most influential academic champions. The old political economy builds up a science upon human selfishness. The new economy says: Men do not in business, any more than in other departments of life, act entirely from selfish motives, and even if they did, it would be necessary to teach them something better. Hence the new school recognizes an ethical factor in political economy. As a writer of the school well puts it: "The dismal science is being humanized. Doctrines of selfishness and individualism are supplemented by conceptions of generosity and public spirit, which co-exist in human nature and modify economic action according to the stage of moral development which society has reached in the different nations." This school is now firmly established, not only in Germany, its birthplace, but also in England and in America. It is a matter for congratulation that, judging by his inaugural lecture, the newly appointed professor of political economy in University College belongs to this school.

One of the chief characteristics of the historical school is the effort it makes to study economic laws in their practical application. In this respect indeed it is simply following the trend of all modern scientific investigation. It does not doubt for a moment that there are great economic laws, but it judges that these will vary in their application according to the social and ethical advancement of a people. It is necessary therefore to study the actual social and ethical condition of a nation. Arnold Toynbee undertook to do this during his college vacation, in what was then a very original manner for an Oxford student. He took lodgings in an ordinary lodging house in the now notorious Whitechapel district of London, and there studied the actual condition and needs of the lower classes. His plan is now, thank heaven, no longer peculiar, as out of it has sprung Toynbee Hall, an institution of which a few words will be said presently. Toynbee did not go about Whitechapel merely as a philanthropic investigator or as a meditative student of social science, looking at men from above; he became a companion of the working men for the time being. He joined some of their clubs and took part in their discussions. In this way he learned to speak so that working men listened, and the joy he felt at this is thus simply and beautifully told: "I feel as if I had discovered a new power to do God's work with; though I am still doubtful, naturally, about it; it drains my energy, I must use it sparingly, but I hope always in God's service."

Toynbee graduated in 1878, but retained his connection with Oxford as a tutor of Balliol College. He devoted himself more heartily than ever to the study and discussion of economic questions. He sought to organize University men into a society for the study of scientific politics that they might have more influence on practical life. He took a deep interest in co-operative experiments and in all questions of social reform. And he never lost his interest in the working classes. In 1880 and 1881 he lectured to working men on a variety of economic questions with remarkable success. Sad to say it was his success in this direction that cut short his all too brief career. He found that the doctrines of Henry George were captivating the working men of England, and as he considered some of them as extravagant and fallacious he resolved to answer them. In January, 1883, he lectured to a strongly hostile audience in London on Progress and Poverty. This and subsequent efforts completely prostrated him. He was unable to sleep, inflammation of the brain supervened, and he died on the 9th of March, 1883.

Arnold Toynbee wrote no great books, performed no great deeds beyond the power of less able men, yet his life of earnest endeavour and consecration to truth has exerted an influence that will tell powerfully upon the present generation of university men. Friends have sought to perpetuate the spirit of his life in the vigorous activities of Toynbee Hall, London East. Toynbee Hall is a university colony in the most degraded quarter of England's capital. To describe what it is and what it does would require a paper for itself. Suffice it to say that it is a place where Oxford and Cambridge men spend part of their time in close contact with the lower classes of London, seeking to bring some of the influences of academic life to bear upon them. It aims at being an educational, social, and religious centre. Some of the best men of Oxford and Cambridge give encouragement and help. S. R. Gardiner, the great historian, has lectured there to an audience of working men. But it is not merely the working classes that are learning something in Toynbee Hall. The Oxford student and Cambridge don is learning still more. As one student significantly puts it, "We learn much! we unlearn more." No doubt of it. What if the students of University College were to begin a university settlement in St. John's Ward? Edinburgh, Boston, and New York either have or will soon have such settlements.

J. M. HUNTER.

If a man wants to disseminate his opinions or to criticize institutions let him do it where he has to appeal to facts and not to figments, where he is bound to substantiate his statements, and where he can draw no larger inferences from them than their nature warrants.—*Goldwin Smith.*