

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

BOOKS OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"Gervase," by Mabel Dearmer: Macmillan Publishing Co., Toronto.

Mrs. Dearmer has made of her hero an admirable character study in spite of his hidebound religious principles. She has conscientiously shown how prenatal influences and early environment are the strongest factors in forming the character of a man and that in spite of his later desires and efforts of will he can never shake off his natural proclivities, but must be governed by them largely from infancy to old age. Gervase Alleyn, however, was no priggish saint; his animal tendencies were as strong as his spiritual ones, and the result of such an admixture means a strenuous career to the possessor. The plot hinges on the fact that he falls in love with his deceased wife's sister, but as his first wife had left him more to her than wife-in-name, there was no legitimate reason why he could not have married the woman of his choice, except for the force of example. It was impossible to let the world know the true facts relating to the separation, and he was convinced that he would be looked upon as an outcast by the church, besides establishing a sinful precedent which many others would be glad to follow. However, he was ready to sacrifice his conscience for the sake of love, though she was confessedly irreligious. She had been educated in a convent, which perhaps accounts for her inclinations, as we all know the old adage relating to "minister's sons." She and Gervase had played together as children, but had not seen one another for years, when she returned home just as Gervase was about to leave for Oxford, and the two met. In the course of the conversation the following dialogue takes place. Gervase had told her that he cannot understand where she learned to be so frank, and Kate enlightened him.

"You haven't been in a convent for six years."

"But—I thought they taught you just the opposite in convents."

"They do. They teach you meekness and holy custody of the eyes. But I wouldn't be taught. I was a rebel from the first. I hate rules and laws and petty footing little sins. And oh, blessed Mary and all the Saints how I hate convents."

Gervase was a little surprised at the vehemence—not much, for the sunshine had got into his blood and he still basked in it. "But how did you avoid it—the atmosphere I mean?"

"I used to make up my mind every day that, whatever happened to me, I wouldn't be religious. I used to say at my prayers, 'O God, if there is a God—save me from being religious, because I just can't stand it.' Then I had a friend, Mabel Pike, an American girl whose people live in a flat in Paris. I used to stay with her sometimes in the holidays. The Pikes hated what you call 'the atmosphere,' and Mabel only went to the convent because she was poor like me. I didn't really have a bad time there you know. Some of the girls liked me and I liked some of the nuns."

"Poor nuns!"

"Oh, I wasn't really bad to them, you know. I wouldn't have hurt their darling old feelings for the world. I used to make them bouquets sometimes."

"Bouquets?"

"Spiritual bouquets. You make a bouquet up of little paper flowers, and around the stalk of every flower you roll a bit of paper with one good deed you have done for the sake of your particular nun written upon it; it must be something difficult you know—saying an extra rosary, or getting up early in the morning, or giving money in charity, or something of that sort. When you have made your bouquet you give it to your nun, and then she loves you and prays for you especially."

"Are you a Roman Catholic?"

The girl shook her head.

"O no, mother said I was never to forget that I was a Protestant. She did not want me to go to mass or keep novenas, or things of that sort. But I always did, you know, and I think it is just as silly to be a Protestant as a Roman Catholic. I am not anything."

When the trouble begins and Gervase, influenced by his old tutor who is such an ascetic, monkish sort of a person that we can imagine him lighting the fires for the heretics had he lived a hundred or so years ago, and away from the magnetism of Kate's presence, writes her a letter telling her that he can never see her again, this is the reply he receives and, being a human being, though narrowed by orthodoxy he goes to her at once.

"My love," writes Kate, "I think you have broken my heart. But I must see you again. I can bring you no comfort, for I am distraught by the agony of this parting. If it had been death I could have borne it better, because then we should have been at least of one mind."

"As it is I cannot see why we are separated. A marriage which is right in other countries for men of the same faith as ourselves cannot be a sin in this country. God is one God. Is it some tribal deity you worship, who only rules in England and through the Bishops of the Church of England, or the great God of all men and all religions? You talk of His law: where is His law? Is it in Leviticus, or in the councils of your little branch of His Church or in your own heart? Were we Jews or Roman Catholics, this law would not divide us

And what is this sacrament of marriage after all? It seems to me it covers a multitude of sins, and through it women may be sold into marriage as much as they were ever sold into slavery. Yet no one cries out at that."

"I cannot understand. Because some words were spoken over you and Miriam, you tell me we must never see each other again. It sounds to me like madness. O, my love, come to me, to say goodbye at least. Gervase, you owe me that, for I have loved you all my life, as much as any woman ever loved a man since the world was made. Come directly you get this tomorrow."

And though Gervase goes to Kate with his mind firmly made up that the meeting must be their last, man proposes and woman disposes.

"O, love, love, and can you go?" The time has come to say goodbye, and Kate's tears were mingled now with breathy, sobbing laughter, which held no mirth but rather a terrified joy.

For one brief second that far-off world of past resolutions and past promises loomed dimly; and mechanically obedient to his partner he undid the clinging arms.

"I must."

It was only for a second. Kate leant against the wall where she had fallen helplessly. Her limbs seemed lifeless, her arms down-drooping, with the tired hands a little turned. She drew him to her with an inexorable witchcraft. All romance was there in that throbbing yet quiescent woman's figure—legend, song, the sound of armies and the scent of field-flowers. She was the sun of the world to him, the poetry, the music and the magic of the earth.

"Ah, Gervase, and can you go?" She raised beseeching lids and her eyes were dim. And so "Night fell at King's Stratton, but its squire did not return."

And yet in the end it is Kate who insists that their happiness must end, and after months have passed in an agony of indecision to her, she makes up her mind, and sends him from her.

"I can never be your wife according to your Church's law," she tells him, "and that of your own conscience. You can never break away from the traditions of your Church; isn't it better to break away from what in your heart of hearts you believe to be a sin? But," she went on with difficulty, "Don't think that you have—what was your word—wronged me. I see things so differently. My training has been so different." And so they part, and it is Kate who stands as the best type of heroism in the book.

SOME NEW PUBLICATIONS BY MACMILLAN & CO.

Charles Major's New Novel

A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg, Charles Major's latest novel, is published (October 6). The scene of the story is laid in the court of the father of Frederick the Great. In the strange wooing of Princess Wilhelmina and in the self-sacrifice of the Margrave of Schwedt Mr. Major has found a romantic theme admirably adapted to his talent. Admirers of Dorothy Vernon and When Knighthood Was in Flower will find in this new romance of love and adventure the same spirit and dash that made the earlier novels so popular.

The Book of Christmas

The first sign of the approach of Christmas is the publication (October 6) by The Macmillan Company of The Book of Christmas. This charming little volume is both in spirit and in form a return to an older fashion. It suggests in its general appearance an improvement upon the Christmas annual which was so familiar to our fathers and grandfathers. In spirit it suggests the simpler and more wholesome Christmas which they celebrated, and for which Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie pleads so earnestly in the introduction which he has contributed. The text of the book, comprising the best things that have been written about Christmas, its customs, beliefs, spirit and sport, is accompanied by a large number of striking decorative drawings, the work of George Wharton Edwards. There are, in addition, reproductions of a number of celebrated pictures by great masters, ancient and modern. The cover, designed by Mr. Edwards, is in keeping with the artistic excellence of his work and every detail shows the care bestowed upon the manufacture of the book.

Versailles Through New Eyes

A thorough study from a new point of view of the life of Versailles under the "Grand Monarque" has been made by Ernest F. Henderson in A Lady of the Old Regime. The lady is the sister-in-law of Louis XIV., a woman, who for forty years, was an inmate of his palace and studied him and his court with remarkable powers, not only of observation, but of expression. The letters which she has left form the most important portion of the book, but Dr. Henderson has supplemented the picture which they present with information derived from all the other available sources. There has been so much written about Versailles that at first sight it would seem that nothing new can be said. Dr. Henderson, however, has succeeded in approaching the subject, the interest of which never seems to flag, from an altogether new standpoint.

Mr. Riis' Old Home

The quaintness and charm of old Denmark stand out in a vivid light in The Old Town, the latest work by Jacob A. Riis. Readers of

Mr. Riis' earlier works do not need to be told that The Old Town is Ribe, the ancient capital of the Danish King Waldemar and the birthplace of the author. Ribe is rich in historical associations, but it is with the human side of the city that Mr. Riis deals almost exclusively. He has always been noted for the broad sympathy which he gives to the pleasures and sorrows of those about him. This trait was never more noticeable than now, when he is writing of his own boyhood and of scenes and people that are no less dear to him because his fortune has taken him far from them. It is a very fascinating picture that Mr. Riis gives of the city that for many years has stood more or less apart from the rush of the modern world, and the reader does not wonder that the author's eyes should turn back to the wind-swept plain by the North Sea. The whole spirit of the book has been caught with striking success by W. T. Benda in the sixty pictures which he contributes. Altogether, this is one of the most original and attractive books of description and reminiscence that has appeared for several years.

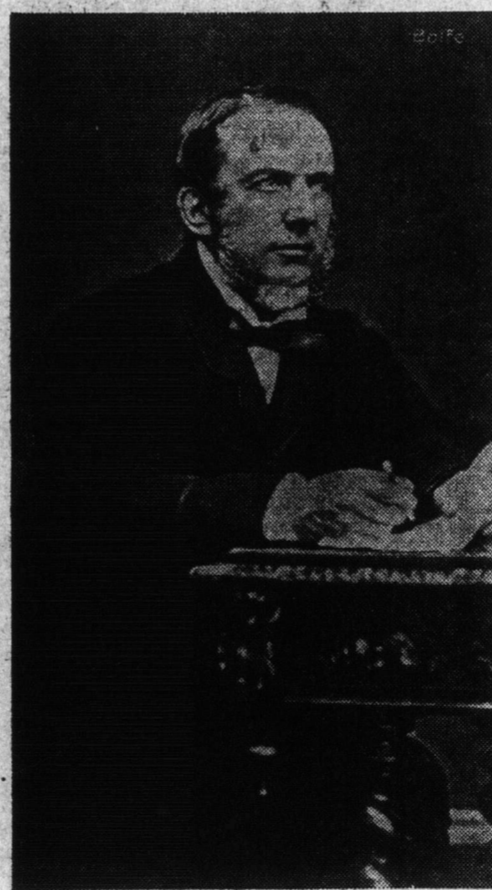
Plays as Literature

Richard Burton calls attention to the significance of the growing tendency to publish in book form plays of more than temporary importance. To him this means the recognition of practical dramatic writing as literature, and he finds an excellent example of his theory in the publication of The Melting Pot by Israel Zangwill. "It is in every way," he says, "a good thing that a play so vital as one listens to it in a theatre should be offered in book form so that we may study it, whether as students of the drama, or simply intelligent play-goers. Every drama worth while should make this double appeal."

"The Melting Pot stands the test, too, because it is a piece of literature as well as a sterling melodrama with a nobly patriotic theme to carry it. It is more than a stage product; something to read and place in one's library. This is no surprise, for we have long had a right to expect literary work of a high quality from the writer."

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE

Michael William Balfé was born at Limerick, Ireland, in 1808. He early displayed musical ability, but was in no sense a prodigy.



His instruction was superficial, and at the age of 16 he was a pianist of no notable accomplishment, and a violinist, who was hardly even of second rank. He sang well, his voice being a pleasing baritone of no great volume. He made his debut at Drury Lane, in Der Freischütz, in 1825, and in the following year a wealthy family became interested in him and took him to Rome. In the following year, that is when he was 18, he composed a ballet, which was produced at Milan. He appeared in opera in Paris in the same year, only to find himself hopelessly out-classed by a group of artists of whom Mme. Sontag was easily the chief, and he returned to Italy, where he appeared in opera with small success, and composed many works that have been forgotten. He returned to England in 1835 and produced his opera, "The Siege of Rochelle," which met with tremendous success. He became the most popular composer of his day, and he turned out work in lavish fashion. The only one of his operas, "The Siege of Rochelle," which met with success, is the "Bohemian Girl," which was written in 1844. Balfé's success depended upon his ability to write music of a light and almost trivial character, easily rendered and easily remembered. He had little creative genius and only a poor comprehension of music as an art, for his best works are artistically crude. Yet he was undoubtedly the most successful of all British composers up to his time. He died in 1870.

It is harder to resist vices and passions than to toil in bodily labors.

MR. LE QUEUX' MUCH-TALKED-OF NOVEL

William Le Queux has written rather a remarkable book, from the preface of which we quote:

If England Knew

No sane person can deny that England is in grave danger of invasion by Germany at a date not far distant.

This very serious fact I endeavored to place vividly before the public in my recent forecast, "The Invasion of 1910," the publication of which, in Germany and in England, aroused a storm of indignation against me.

The government, it will be remembered, endeavored to suppress its publication, because it contained many serious truths, which it was deemed best should be withheld from the public, and on its publication—in defiance of the statements in the House of Commons, and the pressure brought upon me by the Prime Minister—I was denounced as a pan-monger.

But have not certain of my warnings already been fulfilled?

I have no desire to create undue alarm. I am an Englishman, and, I hope, a patriot. What I have written in this present volume in the form of fiction is based upon serious facts within my own personal knowledge.

That German spies are actively at work in Great Britain is well known to the authorities. The number of agents of the German Secret Police at this moment working in our midst on behalf of the Intelligence Department in Berlin are believed to be over five thousand. To each agent—known as a "fixed-post"—is allotted the task of discovering some secret, or of nothing in a certain district every detail which may be of advantage to the invader when he lands. This "fixed-agent" is, in turn, controlled by a traveling agent, who visits him regularly, allots the work, collects his reports, and makes monthly payments, the usual stipend varying from £10 to £30 per month, according to the social position of the spy, and the work in which he or she may be engaged.

The spies themselves are not always German. They are often Belgians, Swedes, or Frenchmen employed in various trades and professions, and each being known in the Bureau of Secret Police by a number only, their monthly information being docketed under that particular number. Every six months an "inspection" is held, and monetary rewards made to those whose success has been most noteworthy.

The whole brigade of spies in England is controlled by a well-known member of the German Secret Police in London, from whom the traveling agents take their orders, and in turn transmit them to the "fixed-posts," who are scattered up and down the country.

As I write, I have before me a file of amazing documents, which plainly show the feverish activity with which this advance guard of our enemy is working to secure for their employers the most detailed information. These documents have already been placed before the Minister of War, who returned them without comment!

He is aware of the truth, and cannot deny it in face of these incriminating statements.

It is often said that the Germans do not require to pursue any system of espionage in England when they can purchase our Ordnance maps at a shilling each. But do these Ordnance maps show the number of horses and carts in a district, the stores of food and forage, the best way in which to destroy bridges, the lines of telegraph and telephone, and the places with which they communicate, and such-like matters of vital importance to the invader? Facts such as these, and many others, are being daily conveyed by spies in their carefully prepared reports to Berlin, as well as the secrets of every detail of our armament, our defenses, and our newest inventions.

During the last twelve months, aided by a well-known detective officer, I have made personal inquiry into the presence and work of these spies, an inquiry which has entailed a great amount of traveling, much watchfulness, and often considerable discomfort, for I have felt that, in the circumstances, some system of contra-espionage should be established, as has been done in France.

I have refrained from giving actual names and dates, for obvious reasons, and have therefore been compelled, even at risk of being again denounced as a scare-monger, to present the facts in the form of fiction—fiction which, I trust, will point its own patriotic moral.

Colonel Mark Lockwood, Member for Epping, sounded a very serious warning note in the middle of 1908 when he asked questions of the Minister for War, and afterwards of the Prime Minister, respecting the presence of German spies in Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex, and elsewhere. He pointed out that for the past two years these individuals, working upon a carefully prepared plan, had been sketching, photographing, and carefully making notes throughout the whole of East Anglia.

With true, he declared that this organized system of espionage was for one reason alone, namely in preparation for a sudden raid upon our shores, for "the Day"—as it is known in Germany—the Day of the Invasion of England.

The replies given by His Majesty's Ministers were colorless, though they both actually confessed themselves unable to deal with the situation! Under our existing law it seems that a foreign spy is free to go hither and thither, and plot the downfall of England,

while we, ostrich-like, bury our head in the sand at the sign of approaching danger.

The day has passed when one Englishman was worth ten foreigners. Modern science in warfare has altered all that. All the rifle clubs in England could not stop one German battalion, because the German battalion is trained and disciplined in the art of war, while our rifle clubs are neither disciplined nor trained. Were every able-bodied man in the kingdom to join a rifle club we should be no nearer the problem of beating the German invaders if once they landed, than if the spectators in all the football matches held in Britain mobilized against a foreign foe. The Territorial idea is a delusion. Seaside camps for a fortnight a year are picnics, not soldiering. The art of navigation, the science of engineering, or the trade of carpentering cannot be learned in fourteen days annually—neither can the art of war.

In response, we have held up to us the strength of our Navy. But is it really what it is represented by our rulers to an already deluded public?

Only as recently as March 29, 1909, Sir Edward Grey, replying to Mr. Balfour's vote of censure in the House of Commons, was compelled to admit that—

"A new situation is created by the German programme. When it is completed, Germany, a great country close to our own shores, will have a fleet of thirty-three Dreadnoughts, and that fleet will be the most powerful which the world has ever yet seen. It imposes upon us the necessity of rebuilding the whole of our fleet. That is the situation."

Germany is our friend—for the moment. But Prince Buelow now admits that the Kaiser's telegram to President Kruger was no personal whim, but the outcome of national policy!

What may happen tomorrow?

WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

If the incidents related in the story are founded upon fact, and we conclude they must be, then we shall hope that all German spies may, in reality, be outwitted as successfully as those in the book.

Spies of the Kaiser, by William Le Queux: Macmillan Pub. Co., Toronto, Canada.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

Thomas A. Kempis

A sketch of the life of this monk has been given in these pages. He was born in the Province of Cologne about 1380, and died in 1471, in the 92nd year of his age.

Surely a humble husbandman that serveth God is better than a proud philosopher that, neglecting himself laboureth to understand the course of the heavens.

How much the more thou knowest, and how much the better thou understandest, so much the more grievously shalt thou therefore be judged, unless thy life be also more holy.

If thou shouldst see another openly commit sin, or some heinous offence, yet oughtest thou not to esteem the better of thyself; for thou knowest not how long thou shalt be able to remain in good estate.

All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it; and no knowledge of ours is without some darkness.

A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning; yet learning is not to be blamed, nor the mere knowledge of anything whatsoever to be disliked, it being good in itself and ordained by God; but a good conscience and a virtuous life are always to be preferred before it.

Glory not in wealth if thou have it, nor in friends because potent; but in God who giveth all things, and above all desireth to give thee himself.

If it be lawful and expedient that thou speak, speak those things which may edify.

An evil custom and neglect of our own good doth give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, with things which appertain nothing to our charge.

No man is so perfect and holy, but he hath sometimes temptations; and altogether without them we cannot be.

Nevertheless temptations are often very profitable to us, though they be troublesome and grievous; for in them is a man humbled, purified and instructed.

Fire trieth iron and temptation a just man.

For God weigheth more with how much love a man worketh, than how much he doeth. He doeth much that loveth much.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

No man securely doth command, but that he hath learned readily to obey.

HISTO

For more than a hundred years ago, Nootka Sound has had a place in the operations of the early explorers, very readily explained, but the force of the approach to it is safe refuge which it afforded to the sailors. The navigator of the century who ventured in the Pacific Northwest had nothing to do when Juan Perez, in 1791, made known to the world that there was a safe haven, it was other sailors should follow. From that date till 1811, the romance of the sea, of the sailor, of the explorer, of the fur trade in furs." How observations of the first voyage of the map, which was to illustrate his voyage of the continental coast line is broken as far north as the 60th. Capt. Meares published a which bears this legend: "The interior part of North America, the very great probability of the Hudson's Bay to the Strait of Juan de Fuca and sweep easterly, northerly, until it emerged into the ocean. Eastward of this the map bears the words: 'The yet further eastward the water Nootka Sound is shown by the Nootka Sound.' By the way, Capt. Barkley, who was with us on Vancouver Island in 1787.

Friendly Cove, two pictures given in the preceding pages at the entrance of the Sound, call for the West Coast steamer general store here and a Residence. The latter is in charge of who enjoys deservedly the reputation of his people. In both the be noticed on the right a sketch of Nootka of today there is a little valley is the piece of Capt. Meares bought in 1791, quinnas for two pistols. Here built, and this little spot is supposed should be ceded to the satisfaction of her claims on the

The principle industry of the Nootka marble quarries situated on an excellent harbor of the Sound. A marble mine here, and during the past years of monumental work, large blue marble slabs have been sold to dealers in Vancouver and Seattle. A Doric column of marble was manufactured for the Dominion government for a station at Seattle. This was Brussels, and after exhibiting returned to Ottawa to be permanent exhibits in the A turned shaft and die slab have also been purchased by the Government for the During the past autumn been core-drilling in deep variegated blue and white, using for this purpose a The cores have been polished show the quality and beauty of the marble, which has been properly accessible to all. There are other marble quarries in the vicinity.

The shore line of the Sound runs in an easterly direction from Gold River. From Gold River a trail runs through place higher than 750 feet any railway passing from Vancouver Island will, grade, necessarily pass within Nootka Sound. Another extends north about 10 miles where one of the most important in British Columbia is found known as the Head Bay by Lieut. Governor Dunsin. west an arm extends also called "Tahsis Canal," a navigable channel passing through the Sound.

The scenery of Nootka Sound is the most beautiful of the numerous rivers and fresh water streams of the Sound. The Sound is covered with timber, suitable for export is found on the Estevan limestone, marble, iron and exist in sufficient quantity for the establishment of a port itself is so excellent, from the ocean and so deep in the race for the territorial railway.

The mountains shown in the range from 2,500 to 4,000 feet.