

ancient and modern, was child's play to him; he read it like English. Hebrew on his lips was a living language still. French and Italian, Spanish and German, he made no account of, any more than Latin; and he could make his way with Turkish and Arabic. He was equally versed in classical and patristic authors, and pursued his researches into many wide fields of historical, archaeological, and philosophical study. It was a marvel the man did not break down before, as break down at last he did.

His children delight to tell of the pleasant excursions amid historic scenes on which they accompanied their father, to Chios, to Ephesus, and to Patmos, whence he brought back cotton seeds from the cave of the Apocalypse. He explored Patmos thoroughly, and found there a very ancient and complete manuscript of Diodorus Siculus. He travelled on horseback all over Asia Minor, without pistol or weapon of any kind, and was never molested, although many other explorers were captured by brigands and held to ransom. He had many kind friends in Smyrna. One was Dr. Hyde Clarke, the well-known archaeologist and philologist, who wrote a glowing testimonial in his behalf when applying for the sub-chair of classics in McGill College, which was virtually filled before his documents were sent in, and filled by a failure. Another was Mr. Wood, the excavator of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, for whom Mr. Coull discovered the missing foot of a valuable statue. Prior to his African days, H. M. Stanley made a tour into the interior of Asia Minor, and Mr. Coull was his guide. Many learned Frenchmen and Germans, such as Renan and Adler, gladly availed themselves of his superior knowledge of the country. His house was always full of distinguished guests. Principal Tulloch was there, and Professor Mitchell, of St. Andrew's, and Dr. Norman MacLeod, of the Barony in Glasgow, into whose den he was ever after most cordially welcomed. Many a time has Mr. Coull proposed to the writer a trip in Asia Minor, to which no one would have more gladly agreed, but alas! what prospects does Canada hold out to any professional man to take a trip anywhere, save to lordly bank managers and people of that kind, who, apart from their business A. B. C., have, as a rule, but slim accomplishments?

Mr. Coull was sent home by the doctors, and, for a time, was engaged in literary work, chiefly translating, by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church of Scotland. He lost the Hebrew chair at Aberdeen by one vote. The wonder is he got so many, for, of all the retiring men in the world, he bore the palm. Then he became assistant to Dr. Leishman, of Govan. In 1873, for the cause of health, he came to Nova Scotia. He was to have gone to Fredericton, N. B., but Dr. Grant sent him to New Glasgow, instead of into his true place, a college. He was buried there, and worse buried in the unappreciative cotton-spinning and paper-making Valleyfield, P. Q., and finally extinguished in the rural parish of St. Sylvester. The simple rustics could not appreciate the pale-faced, high-souled scholar, who gave them thoughts too lofty for their narrow souls, and who yet tended them with all a pastor's kindly sympathy. A twopenny-halfpenny sciolist who would kiss the babies was more to their liking. Oh, the pity of it! Yet he never murmured or complained, but was abundant in labours that the rawest lad who ever went out of a college was as fit for as he. Not that he was altogether unappreciated, even by the most humble members of his flocks. His memory is fragrant in New Glasgow; in St. Sylvester he was greatly beloved; and never were there sincerer mourners than those who wept over his remains at Valleyfield. Mr. Anderson says: "Of how much we all here will miss Coull I shall say nothing. To our children his arrival was always an event of deep interest, and little could be done until man and horse were made thoroughly comfortable. But I had no intention of singing his praises." That is true. The children loved him, and that is a good certificate of character for any man. A giant in learning, he was as simple as a child. Mr. Anderson also says: "I had always felt that a country charge was not the place for Coull, and many a time did the late Dr. Weir and I ponder together over the problem how could he be transferred to a chair in Morrin College. Dr. Weir would at any time have given up his Hebrew classes to Coull, whom he was always prepared to own was infinitely better fitted than himself to teach these classes, but then Morrin's poverty was the barrier." After Dr. Weir's death, Mr. Coull was appointed lecturer in Hebrew, and, during the session of 1891-92, was the idol of the students, and taught a class of Quebec ministers anxious to profit by his abundant stores of knowledge. At Christmas he went home to St. Sylvester to prepare new lectures, to preach, to visit, to care for the sick and the dying; in the midst of which the malady fell upon him. The news of his appointment as professor in full in the chair of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis came when he was unconscious, the one desire of his life, but he never knew it; and on the 3rd of February, one more of Canada's great but unappreciated blessings was removed to a sphere in which modest worth is acknowledged, duty and labours are crowned, and heartfelt piety receives its meed of immortal glory. No man more thoroughly improved life, but in him the Presbyterian Church of Canada and Canada's literary institutions wilfully squandered it. Canada will not see a Coull again for many a long year, and does not deserve to. Our so-called patrons of learning are a disgrace to any land, slaves of selfish expediency, purblind judges of outward appearance, too deficient in culture themselves often to estimate it aright in others, and too jealous of their own factitious reputations to suffer even an inoffensive rival

near the throne. Let this state of things go on, and our fate will be:—

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
No single volume paramount, no code,  
No master spirit, no determined road;  
But equally a want of books and men.

### THE CRITIC.

WHAT the novel has been for the last fifty years it is just possible that fifty years hence the drama will be—the most notable feature, because the most vigorous growth, of contemporary literature. Not that the novel—or, to be quite safe, the short story—will ever be wholly ousted from the field. That is impossible so long as magazines continue to multiply or readers demand a new book. But from the very length of time that the novel has maintained its sway arises the eagerness for change, and it is just possible that this change will show itself in the realm of drama. Already there is a shaking among the dry bones.

Dry bones surely we may call the majority of the productions that, with here and there an exception, for many years now have occupied the boards. If the materialism that some critics assert is the mark of modern literature is anywhere visible, it is on the stage. Materialism could hardly go farther when we see plays recommended to the public for their unsurpassed mechanical effects, and an important member of the management is the director of the electrical apparatus, when the glory of a startling *mise en scène* is in steel filings or exploding steamboats, to say nothing of heroes snatched from circular saws and heroines bound to leather belting. Not that such things may not be quite legitimate, but there is a danger lest realism should outrun art and sensationalism poetry.

However, there is a shaking among the dry bones. Irving, bowing to nineteenth century exactness and scenic splendour, has given us "Henry VIII.," thus going back to history. Maeterlinck is feeling his way—also with topics of days gone by. Oscar Wilde has come to the front, but with modern topics in accentuated form. Ibsen has long been experimenting, also with modern topics, or rather with modern problems, in still more accentuated form. The lyrical drama, too, has within recent years wonderfully revived; in its serious aspects in Wagner, in its lighter aspects in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan, and in both the modern spirit, the spirit of introspective psychological analysis, is either deliberately avoided, or treated in jest. Much talk there is also on such subjects as a literary drama as distinct from stage plays, as the establishment of a *théâtre libre*, as the didactic functions of theatrical representations. Lastly the Laureate has produced a play which has been acted and criticized. Is there not a significance in all this? Yes, we are probably just now witnessing the birth of what in time may be the most prominent feature of twentieth century literature.

There are perhaps two ways in which modern drama may develop. On the one hand it may accept the modern spirit and seek to represent it in more intensely dramatic and artistic form than it has yet been represented. It may accept the habit of analysis and introspection and give us complicated psychological and sociological problems in terse and epigrammatic phraseology. It may deal but little with incident or action, and give us in their place mental, social, and even religious complications which shall stimulate the reason rather than the emotions and take little or no thought of the imagination. It may substitute personal idiosyncracies for traditional virtues and vices. In such a type there will be no such thing as a heavy villain, much less a doughty hero. Murder and sudden death will be accidents intended to intensify the effect of intricate situations rather than integral factors about which plots will centre. Perhaps even love and hate and jealousy will be given subordinate place. Domestic intrigues would probably abound, though what part they would play in the plot it is difficult to say. Perhaps it is on these lines that Henrik Ibsen is working. In Sardou there are signs of it, but Ibsen is more radical than Sardou. To mention Ibsen, however, is to raise controversy.

On the other hand, modern drama may develop along diametrically opposite lines; may start with a rebellion against the modern spirit, and end by seeking to divert man by taking him out of himself rather than by showing him himself as he deems himself to be. It may altogether avoid all problems; may shut its eyes entirely to introspection and analysis, and revert to simple and unsophisticated humanity. It may cease to treat man as an individual labelled with this or that creed, or this or that phase of scepticism, and view him simply as a creature who loves and hates and hopes, and who eats and drinks and sings. It may once again hold the mirror up to nature, and believe that nature is to be found rather in the core of the heart than in the many outer coverings with which modern convention has enwrapped it. It may give us beauty and poetry where the other gives us dark sayings and epigrams. It may stir the emotions and excite the imagination, rather than tickle the senses or stimulate the intellect. Something of this we see in "The Foresters." "The Foresters" surely was no haphazard choice of the Laureate's. To no other man living was the choice of subject so open. Tennyson would have received patient hearing and lenient criticism whatever his subject. But he has chosen to transport us to those green-robed senators of mighty woods, the tall oaks of Sherwood Forest, beneath whose boughs of old simple Maid Marian and unsophisticated Robin Hood tell their

love. Surely there was deliberate and set purpose in such choice. It would be strange if England's octogenarian poet made the first move in the new direction; yet it is quite within the bounds of possibility. Not that "The Foresters" is a great play; quite the contrary. It may not outlast its first courteous reception. What is significant is that Tennyson, in the midst of the realism, the materialism, and the pessimism so conspicuous on the modern stage, should make choice of a subject replete with their direct antagonists.

But it is an inexhaustible topic, this of the trend of the drama, and doubtless concerning it there will be as many divergent opinions as there are critics, and the only safe prophecy is that we shall see what we shall see. But that fifty years hence something new and good will be seen in the drama is more than probable.

[All Rights reserved.]

### TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER I.

The Friends—The Knapsacks—The Queen's Wharf—The Northern Railway—Belle Ewart—The Susan Thomas, Captain and Crew—Musical Performance—The Sly Dog—Misunderstanding—Kempfeldt Bay.

EUGENE CORISTINE and Farquhar Wilkinson were youngish bachelors and fellow members of the Victoria and Albert Literary Society. Thither, on Wednesday evenings, when respectable church-members were wending their way to weekly service, they hastened regularly, to meet with a band of like-minded young men, and spend a literary hour or two. In various degrees of fluency they debated the questions of the day; they read essays with a wide range of style and topic; they gave readings from popular authors, and contributed airy creations in prose and in verse to the Society's manuscript magazine. Wilkinson, the older and more sedate of the two, who wore a tightly-buttoned blue frock coat and an eyeglass, was a schoolmaster, pretty well up in the Toronto Public Schools. Coristine was a lawyer in full practice, but his name did not appear on the card of the firm which profited by his services. He was taller than his friend, more jauntily dressed, and was of a more mercurial temperament than the schoolmaster, for whom, however, he entertained a profound respect. Different as they were, they were linked together by an ardent love of literature, especially poetry, by scientific pursuits, Coristine as a botanist, and Wilkinson as a dabbler in geology, and by a firm determination to resist, or rather to shun, the allurements of female society. Many lady teachers wielded the pointer in rooms not far removed from those in which Mr. Wilkinson held sway, but he did not condescend to be on terms even of bowing acquaintance with any one of them. There were several young lady typewriters of respectable city connections in the offices of Messrs. Tylor, Woodruff and White, but the young Irish lawyer passed them by without a glance. These bachelors were of the opinion that women were bringing the dignity of law and education to the dogs.

It was a Wednesday evening in the beginning of July, and the heat was still great in the city. Few people ventured out to the evening services, and fewer still found their way to the Victoria and Albert hall; in fact, there was not a quorum, and, as the constitution stated that, in such a case, the meeting should be adjourned, it was adjourned accordingly. Coristine lit a cigar in the porch, and Wilkinson, who did not smoke, but said he liked the odour of good tobacco, took his arm for a walk along the well-lit streets. They agreed that it was time to be out of town. Coristine said: "Let us go together; I'll see one of the old duffers and get a fortnight's leave." Wilkinson had his holidays, so he eagerly answered: "Done! but where shall we go? Oh, not to any female fashion resort." At this Coristine put on the best misanthropic air he could call up, with a cigar between his lips, and then, as if struck by a happy thought, dug his elbow into his companion's side and ejaculated: "Some quiet country place where there's good fishing." Wilkinson demurred, for he was no fisherman. The sound of a military band stopped the conversation. It came into sight, the bandmen with torches in their headgear, and, after it, surrounded and accompanied by all the small boys and shop-girls in the town, came the Royals, in heavy marching order. The friends stood in a shop doorway until the crowd passed by, and then, just as soon as a voice could be distinctly heard, the schoolmaster clapped his companion on the shoulder and cried, "Eureka!" Coristine thought the music had been too much for his usually staid and deliberate friend. "Well, old Archimedes, and what is it you've found? Not any new geometrical problems, I hope." "Listen to me," said the dominie, in a tone of accustomed authority, and the lawyer listened.

"You've heard Napoleon or somebody else say that every soldier of France carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack?"

"Never heard the gentleman in my life, and don't believe it, either."

"Well, well, never mind about that; but I got my idea out of a knapsack."

"Now, what's the use of your saying that, when it myself knows that you haven't got such a thing to bless yourself with?"