GEORGE MEREI

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or consistent development. Each of our greater novelists stands only for himself; and none of them is so completely isolated as the master who has died so soon after paying a noble tribute to the last of his great companions.

How fast has brother followed brother From Sunshine to the Sunless land.

Of Swinburne we said that his death marked the end of an age of the romantic movement in English poetry. Meredith neither began nor ended any movement in the English novel. You cannot call him either a romantic or a realist, except by using one of those terms in some unusual sense. He is not a romantic, in that he never revolts or flinches from reality. He delights in things as they are, and his one aim is to express the essence of them. But he is not a realist, in that he never labors to convey any illusion of reality, never tries to tell a story as if he had experienced it all himself. He does not, like Tolstoy, find all facts significant and all people interesting. He is fastidious about both facts and people; and the aim of his whole process is to eliminate the ordinary, or, if he treats it at all, to treat it only as it appears to an ex-

In this he is like the great poets of the world, and particularly like Shakespeare, who has the same passion for extraordinary characters and for intense experience, and who, in the same way, introduces the ordinary, whether in characters or in events, only to a foil to the extraordinary. Indeed, Meredith is in his novels nearer to poetry than any other of our novelists; and that is the reason why he is constantly in difficulties with his form. For his tendency is not towards narrative poetry, but towards lyrical, and lyrical poetry interrupts the flow even of an epic or of a drama, and is quite incongruous with the process of a prose narrative. Scott also was a poet; but when he comes near to poetry in his novels it is narrative poetry, and only heightens instead of interrupting his story. But Meredith is one of those great men to be found in every art who are masters of their art but not content with its limitations. When he wrote poetry he was not content with the expression of emotion as his main purpose. He must reason as well, must make poetry do the work of prose without ever becoming prosaic. And in his stories he was not content only to tell a story or even to make the telling of it his chief aim. He wished also to express the emotion provoked by every situation with the personal intensity of a lyrical poet. Often when he does this, as in the famous "Diversion played on a penny whistle" in "Richard Feverel," the characters, seem to fade away, as they fade away in the orchestral interludes of Wagner's operas; and there remains only the poet speaking to us in a music freed from all circumstance of time and place.

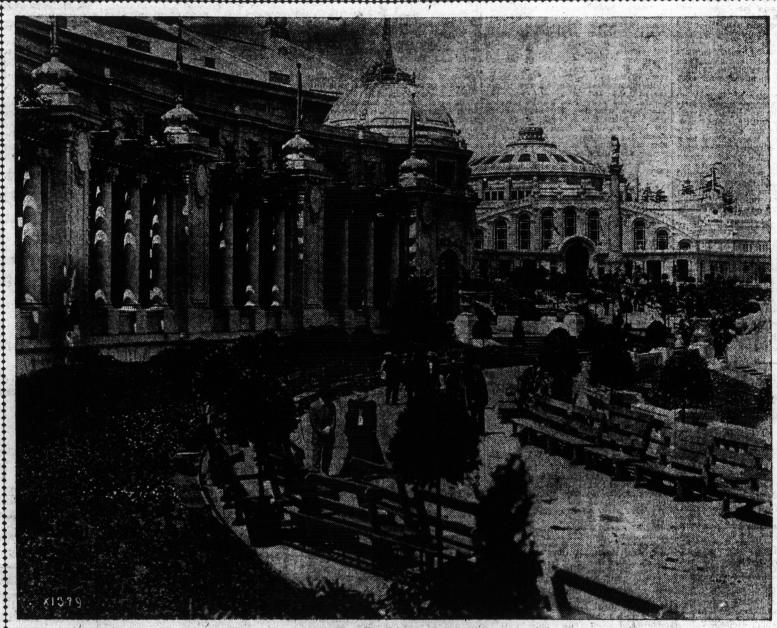
It is the same with his wit, which is as irrepressible as his poetry. The poetry comes when he wishes to make an emotional comment on his story: the wit when his comment is intellectual. And it is often just as abstract, just as free from all circumstance, as the poetry, even when he puts it into the mouth of one of his characters. In nearly all his novels there is some character whom we recognize as soon as he appears as the author's mouthpiece for intellectual comment. Mr. Bernard Shaw has the same trick, but his mouthpieces are often his heroes. They are godlike, knowing the secret of life and explaining it to the anger and bewilderment of the other characters. Meredith's mouthpieces are always subsidiary and often unpleasant; like the wise youth in "Richard Feverel." One feels that if one of his heroes had a turn for epigrams he could never be got to do anything except emit them. So Meredith would never make a hero more witty than he could help, for he likes his heroes to be either men of action or delightful youths whom too much cleverness would spoil. He himself was not in love with cleverness and never aimed at it. He could not help it. It was a trick with him, like stammering; and it was even an impediment to his speech.

No one can read any of his novels, except perhaps "Evan Harrington," without feeling that the writer is all the while fighting his way through impediments. He never, like some of his imitators, raises them so that he may set himself the task of climbing over them. He does not think much of these witty characters that he cannot do without. They have to be there because wit is his natural comment upon life, like poetry, and because he is as much a commentator as a creator. One feels that he chose the novel as his chief form of art not because he was a born story-teller, though he can tell stories magnificentily when he chooses, but because he needed a form loose enough to give employment to all the varied and conflicting activities of his mind. If he had had less genius, less power of speech, less understanding of men, he might have been an essavist. We cannot imagine a smaller Meredith a novelist at all. Without that prodigious energy all the various elements of his novels would fly apart. A lesser man could not have kept them together. and would have lost his story altogether in comment and rhapsody. As it is the story often stops, not from lack of driving power, but like a mill that has too much material poured into it. Meredith's very conception never takes the form of continuous narrative. We may conjecture that he saw a novel as a series of situations, much as Wagner saw an opera, and that his main difficulty was to jump from one situation to another with as little matter-of-

to turn back to see how a situation suddenly sprung on him has been contrived. And when he reaches a situation he exults in it and dwells upon it, conjuring up all the glories of heaven and earth to second the delight of his lovers, until the lovers themselves are lost in the splendour of that transfigured state of being. "Beau-

The English novel has never had any steady tions about, so impatient that he often hides it reality as a Shakespeare comedy; and Richamong coruscations of wit, and the reader has mond Roy reminds us of Shakespeare's characters in general, though not of any one of them in particular. And it is worth noting that this masterpiece consists altogether of variations upon one situation. Early in the book the relation between the father and son is explained. It begins in the very first chapter, and nearly every incident is only another example champ's Career" and "Richard Feverel" are, in of it. There is but little development; from

for the exercise of all his phantasy, as Don Giovanni is a pretext to Mozart for the musical expression of every emotion. He is the centre of a number of different situations which are linked together by the fact that he is the only begetter of them. And on him Meredith squanders all his powers of expression. He is described from a dozen points of view; and Squire Beltham's description, which is the most hostile, reminds one of the encounters between



At the A.-Y.-P. Exposition.-A View in the Cours of Honor.

their love passages, as near to opera as it is first to last the hero, as ordinary a man as any Falstaff and Prince Hal, for Beltham curses Roy possible for any prose narrative to be, and "Harry Richmond" ought to have made a libretto for Mozart. That, perhaps, is the novel which he wrote with most gusto, even if it is not the greatest of his works. There is more invention in it than in any other, and it is just far enough away from reality to provide easy opportunities for the exercise of all its author's gifts. It is almost as far from

to be found among Meredith's characters, strug- with some of his own prodigality. No one ever gles impotently among the complications pro- did talk like that; indeed, nothing in the book duced by his extraordinary father, and they has any resemblance to the routine of life; but only end with his father's characteristic and it is a state of being heightened, like the state of symbolic death.

No one but Meredith or Shakespeare could

being represented in a great opera, by the delight of its creator in describing it. We do not have produced a masterpiece with such a theme, expect to find this kind of delight in a novel, for no one else would have had the necessary or the virtuosity which is the invariable expresinvention. Richmond Roy is to him a pretext sion of it. We are used nowadays to novelists

Message to

By A.N. Christie

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, incline your ear, hear, and your Soul shall live."

This message is sent out to the men and women of Victoria who are hungering and thirsting for the living waters. It is a call to action, that the arm of the Lord may be revealed and all who hunger and thirst for spiritual life, are invited to meet together, for in unity there is power, and in numbers there is strength. He that hath no money is as welcome as he that hath abundance; the only qualification necessary is a desire for the things of the Spirit. "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you." (Hos. 10:12.)

Two thousand years ago a little group of men and women met in an upper room, all in accord, in far-away Galilee, waiting and expecting the promise of the Father. In due time their faith was rewarded, the arm of the Lord was revealed to them, and those men and women have shone as beacon lights through all the ages, because they were touched with the living fire, the true light of life. Jesus tells us that if we ask anything in His name, He will do it. Come, let us who believe, put this promise to the test, and in unity of heart and mind wait, with faith, for the fulfilment of the promise. The words of Tesus should be as vital today as in the days of the Apostles: then let our prayers ascend like a mightly torrent to open the gate of heaven, that the long promised blessing may descend, and the Holy Spirit be outpoured. We need above all things else the Spirit of God to make our souls live, we need the abundant life which Jesus has promised. Let us wait upon God with but one desire, asking, praying, fact explanation as possible. He is impatient demanding, that the latter rain descend just of the machinery necessary to bring his situa- now, that the Second Advent of the Spirit may

be outpoured to renew the earth with righteousyou, ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened to you: For everyone that asketh receiveth, and he that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask fish, will he give him a serpent? Or if he ask an egg will he give him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know him to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" (Luke 11:9:10.)

'Again, I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth, as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven, for where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Mat. 18:19:20.)

We desire the Spirit of God to lead us in this meeting, "and whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye." No particular individual shall be leader, it will be an open meeting, free to all who may desire to read, speak, pray or sing as they feel prompted, and each person must feel that success is due to their own individual effort.

Who will offer us a room or a hall for a place of meeting? It must be a free gift without money and without price, for no collection will be taken, our only giving will be a freewill offering of ourselves to God, that through us He may bless the earth; and God may raise up a prophet from among us who shall turn the hearts of many to the Lord; and the Lord whom we seek, may suddenly come to His temple, our waiting hearts, and so fulfill His

Faith is the substance of things hoped forthe evidence of things not seen. A large gather- the Colonist and evening papers.

ing of men and women anxious for the estabness. Hear the words of Jesus: "And I say unto lishment of God's Kingdom on earth, will be evidence of the reality of our faith in the promises of God. By faith the walls of Jerico fell down after they were compassed about seven days. "What more shall I say, for time would fail to tell of all the prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises." They all obtained a good report through faith, and yet they received not the fulfilment of the promises of the kingdom, but they died in faith seeing it afar off, and were persuaded of it. Let us tread the path of the patriarchs and prophets, knowing that in God's own time all will be fulfilled according to His word. It waits for us to reap what others have sown, yet they that sowed, and we that reap shall rejoice together when the restitution of all things shall come.

The time of the harvest is near, assemble yourselves, and come, gather yourselves together and let us pray that the Lord of the harvest will send us forth laborers into His harvest: without the fire from above we cannot hope to waken the heathen, at home or abroad; how can we preach unless we are sent? We must receive the baptism of Jesus before we can preach the kingdom of God with power: the baptism of the Holy Spirit and of fire. Let us meet with this desire, and make known our request to God, our presence will testify of our desire. Let us lav aside all differences of opinion, and come together in the spirit of the little child, that we may receive the promise, and enter into the kingdom.

If no one offers a building for our gathering we can meet beneath the dome of heaven, out in the free air and sunshine, in God's own temple. It remains with the people to appoint the time and place of meeting. Please do so through

who write like sad and patient men, who seem to be doing their best to bear up against the world they describe. Novels are written in prose, and many writers think that the chief virtue of prose is to be prosaic. Meredith, we may believe, only wrote prose novels because that happened to be the narrative form of his age. We can imagine how, if he had lived in the time of Elizabeth, he would have exulted in the poetic drama. No doubt his plays would have been loose in construction, but they could not have been looser than some of Shakespeare's, and he would surely have made a new thing of th Elizabethan fool. That drama would have suited him as well as any conceivable form could; he was not so well suited by the novel for there was nothing in it to restrain his richness of comment or to control and direct his invention. We may believe that if Shakespeare lived now and wrote novels-he could hardly write anything else-he would play just as many tricks with his narrative as Meredith played. Though he was a practical playwright, whose business was to make plays that would act, he could not avoid the obscurity that comes of rich and complicated processes of thought. Meredith, for the greater part of his life, was not a practical novelist—that is to say, his novels did not sell-and we cannot believe that he ever wrote them with the idea of selling them. In this, no doubt, he was right. But if like Shakespeare, he had had to write for an audience to whom poetry was one of the ordinary pleasures of life, it would have been a wholesome discipline for him. He had no such audience, and therefore he wrote to please himself, and to say whatever his story might suggest to his wonderful mind. Once again we may insist that he could tell a story magnificently. The duel in "Vittoria" is as fine and swift a piece of narrative as ever was written. Whenever he liked he could create living men and women, and he could set them acting as well as any novelist. But their action roused him at once to such intellectual activity that he would often cease to be a novelist in the midst

of it and become a poet or a wit.

Thus all his defects come from excess of power, excess of invention, emotion, and speculations. And he is sometimes obscure because he tries to be storyteller and poet and wit all simultaneously. The very structure of his sentences is often the result of this attempt, and he dazzles and bewilders like a juggler playing with three balls at once. It has been said that there is pedantry and affectation in his wit Affectation is an easy explanation of anything extraordinary; and it is a word as vague as it is offensive. Only a very little man would apply it to one so great as Meredith. Yet we may admit that his wit, like Shakespeare's, is not always happy. Sometimes he seems to have a fit of being witty and cannot leave off. He will take a theme, like the remark about Sir Willoughby Patterne's leg, and work it out as if he were composing a fugue on it, persisting even when all his invention is exhausted. But as all wit arises in the attempt to surmount some kind of difficulty, to say a rude thing politely, or an improper thing properly, so his wit arises usually in the attempt to say three different things at once; and he is forced to attempt this because, if he said all that he wanted to say at length, his novels would never come to an end. He is never difficult because his ideas are confused or vague or uncertain. He knew as well as Swinburne himself what he valued in life, and what life meant to him. At bottom his characters and his situations are usually quite simple. His complexity is only of process, of the attempt to tell a story, to express the emotions aroused by it, and to comment upon them, all at the same time. Like all great writers he is capable of piercing simplicity when he chooses, of "things extreme and scattering bright." And his simplicity tells the more, like Shakespeare's, because it is so rare, and because, when it comes, it is the result, not of pure emotion like a song of Schubert's, but of emotion for the moment mastering all the restless play of his intellect and forcing it into concord, as a great tune entering in a symphony will seem suddenly to master all the instruments that have just before been quarrelling and to sweep them altogether into its own impetus.

It must be confessed that his novels but seldom produce the illusion of reality, and then not for long at a time. But must we assume that the first business of a novel, any more than of a picture, is to convey the illusion of reality? Pictures vary infinitely in the extent of their illusion; and so no doubt may any kind of representative art, even prose narrative. If his novels are not like life itself, no more are the pictures of Tintoret. Life is too much heightened and explained in them to be like reality. We can always see the hand of the master and feel the power and strain of his process of creation. He shows us a god's manufactory of life rather than life itself, in which the god is for ever making new experiments and expressing with godlike energy his own delight in them. Meredith never, like Tolstoy, tells a story as if he, the teller of it, were a mere man. He seems to know what it all means better than any man could; and to all his characters he seems to impart his own divine energy and splendor of expression. Thus he acts upon us directly like music, which cannot convey any illusion, rather than indirectly through the illusion of reality, as all kinds of drama and narrative are supposed to do. But the fact remains that he does act upon us as only the greatest artists do, giving us a heightened sense of the glory of life and of the beauty and significance both of human laughter and of human tears.

The good ship Tees outl toria harbor on a june n aboard "one of whom I tination at her furthest lim district, including stops : Clayoquot. The Tees ca passengers and much freig ised a fair voyage by on gers who was en route t Alberni District, on tro fair voyage" indeed! He in the morning and get a keep in the centre of the b all right."

I awoke about I a.m. to of moans and groans from felt exclamations of distre pitching like a bucking bi rear up on one swell, and the trough of the sea and foam. The waves kept up like "AH-H WOOF. A heard a sufferer who darte say something that I fancie and judged we were "round other. The thought of "bre any alluring charms for me berth and tried to make n swinging in an old-fashione or boatswain or powder-mo in and said "Breakfast, sir brother. If I can hold on last night I shall do marvel the long swells subsided, the grew less fierce, and the Te comparatively smooth water sat down to eat I had an a

We touched at New Alb where I ventured to land, Richard J. Burde, the able e Pioneer; C. A. McNaugh secretary-treasurer of the of Trade; A. D. MacIntyre New Alberni Board of Trad house, Mr. C. M. Cooper citizens of New Alberni. her trip further north, I we not having had time to do catch a glimpse of the beaut possibilities of the justly trict. My trip there afterw

that for a separate article. We ploughed up the All into open sea water again, Tees began to "feel her oats the waves and lift her bow bounding billows. But I v weather without donating "Davy Jones locker," and we hove to at the wharf at I went ashore and was met landing by Dr. Melbourne the Clayoquot Developmen tainly one of the most hosp wore hair. The doctor to going launch across the b on a little island command view of salt water, and mo ests and receding shore-li village, or "ranche" to th study of the Siwash in his

The Clayoquot district developed resources. Min timber are the principal ad locality affords, and it wil the capitalist to explore an coal and other minerals abo siderable work has been do But the labor of bringing dividend-paying basis must depend on transportation. Wellington to Alberni Di be of immense advantage large portion of the Clay country, even though the the Alberni district. Agric quot country is still in th though such beautiful gard Grice, at Tofino Inlet, w flowers, vegetables and from can be done by intelligent by the way, is one of the Clayoquot district, and his ings were a perfect bower soms on the occasion of n

Close to Dr. Raynor's pital which he has charge started to afford an opporti medical attendance to mi pectors, Indians or anyone as well as nearby country surgical aid. The Doctor institution, and it is the miles around. I took a in his launch in and about of the main bay, and calle Jones, the secretary of the ment League. The Captain island where the hotel is there are several stores. trict is divided into a num as the mainland settlement very thriving community.

One of the main indus Indians is halibut fishing. village close to Doctor the inhabitants caught 21 but, ten tons and a half of quality. The possibilities industry at this point, w pack the cured fish in com curing plant, are so obvirequire discussion. The Clayoquot are too well-kr introduction, but they do in the season, and their st