

her sway on the mainland as well as beyond the seas; and to make her political influence felt in those states which it would have been unwise and perhaps impossible to draw within the borders of her empire. The full achievement of this ideal would have meant the union of all the Greeks, a union held together by the power of Athens, but having a natural support in a common religion, common traditions, common customs, and a common language." The greatest fault of Pericles as a statesman consisted in his inability to see that personal government in the long run is injurious to a nation; for it impairs the capacity of the people for self government and on the death of the chief leaves them helpless and inexperienced. Though Cleon's imperialism was of an essentially narrower and more selfish type than this ideal one, nevertheless it was his ambition to rule the state as Pericles had ruled it.

With regard to their treatment of allies "Cleon seems to have taken fully to heart the maxim of Pericles to keep the allies 'well in hand.'" It was under his influence that the Assembly vented its indignation against Mitylene, by dooming the whole people to slaughter, and when men began, in a cooler moment, to realize the inhumanity of their action and to question its policy, it was Cleon who deprecated any appeal to the irrelevant considerations of humanity and pity." On the other hand, though Pericles' policy admitted of no inhumanity—for to the student of the history of civilization his humanity is an important feature of his character—still, as Abbott says, "he considered it expedient for the allies, aye, and for all Hellas, that Athens should be beautiful; that her festivals should be splendid, that she should be the home of art and literature; the abode of freedom and culture; the Hellas of Hellas," and for this purpose the money of the allies was freely used for the adornment and fortification of Athens. "We may look on these measures as the arts of a demagogue who seeks by spending the public money to secure the public favor, or we may say that Pericles was able to gratify his passion for art at the expense of the Athenians and their allies. Neither of these views is altogether untenable, and both are far from including the truth. Pericles undoubtedly was, if we please to say it, a demagogue and a connoisseur, but he was something more. Looking on the whole evidence before us with impartial eyes, we cannot refuse to acknowledge that he cherished aspirations worthy of a great statesman." He sincerely desired that every Athenian should owe to his city the blessing of an education in all that was beautiful and the opportunity of a happy and useful life, and to this end he was probably justified in using every available means.

(To be concluded in next issue.)

A SUMMER FAMONG THE FINNS.

"Come to Wapella." Such was the telegram which I received, ordering me west to spend the holidays teaching. I went to Wapella, and there received further instructions to go to New Finland, where I would find my school. The name was suggestive enough, and a few inquiries confirmed my surmise that I was to spend the summer in a colony of Russians, as I then regarded the Finns. It was the "Finn Colony" school; I had no return ticket.

How to get out to my school was my first difficulty—sixteen miles over the unbroken prairie. However, luck came my way, a farmer driving me out within five or six miles of the place. I wanted Herman Huhtala, but the

Finns speak little English. I called at a house. I said: "Herman Huhtala." He said: "Herman Huhtala," and pointed; he drew a map on the ground. I couldn't understand. He went in for his cap, and taking the lead, I followed along an ancient buffalo path through bluff and slough. We made that trip in the darkness and in perfect silence.

On reaching Herman Huhtala's home we walked right in (Finlanders never rap at the door), and roused the good man from his sleep. Herman was my head trustee. "Teacher?" "Yes." "Good;" and his good wife made some coffee—real coffee—Finlanders know how. Next morning Mr. Huhtala showed me my school—a neat log building—and my shack, for I was to be a bachelor for the summer. The shack was log, too, 8x10 feet, with a stove in one corner and a straw bunk in the other. Branded on the door in large black letters were the words,

"The Hermitage."

"Who enters here leaves hope behind."

Some poor devil had been there before me. The table was made of the bottom of a prune box, and its legs were of the most primitive kind. Such as the shanty was, I took possession. There were other occupants, but I was occupant-in-chief. A brown wren had built her nest on the pantry shelf, and remained my companion during the summer. That "silence is golden" is not a belief firmly held by wrens. So I learned. Some little field mice played games on the floor at night. One, bolder than the rest, climbed up in bed and began to whittle away my hair. I stopped him, not feeling that I had any to spare. How they would scamper when a sliding reptile crossed the floor.

On the day following my arrival in the colony I opened school. Imagine thirty "white-haired" Finns, all chattering away in a language certainly not English, whatever else it might be. My work consisted largely in teaching English. To begin with, I held up some object, say, my hand; I said, "hand," and the little Finns said "hant." I held up a pointer, and Wiggie Hilberk—there was a twinkle in his eye—said: "Gat, not goot." One day I put my hand solemnly on the head of a neat little maiden and said, "porcupine," and the class shouted "borkubin," and the older pupils joined in the fun. They evidently knew the English word for "tuta" was not "porcupine."

The Finn children are easily taught, and intelligent—in fact, they are well taught at home, each father and mother being a teacher. They are clean and more truthful even than Canadian children. There are no thieves among them. All summer they came into my shack as they wished; my books, pens, knife, etc., were on the table, and yet I never missed a single article. They are by no means Russian, but are the equals of our Canadian children, as their parents are the equals of Canadians. Our country need not fear "degeneration" from the influx of foreigners, if they are all of the Finn stamp.

I had "to go out" (the colony is in a large poplar forest) after my trunk. Wikki Wylymaki, the postmaster, gave me his horse and "democrat" to make the trip. The trail wound round, and especially through, many a slough. I came to one larger than the rest; an unfortunate farmer was stuck fast in the centre with a load of lumber. My horse entered the water and was swimming through fairly well, when "snap," a cross-bar broke, and I was left "Amid the Melancholy main." There was no help for it; I undressed, waded out, and