

"To be the Potter in increasing measure
Is man's predestined part—
Co-worker with the Universe, and
treasure

Immortal of its heart;
Sharing its fortunes, physical, eternal,
Rising to highest goal,
To live on spirit-planes, august, supernal,
As comrades of the whole."

One wants to quote more and more from this truly wonderful poem, but space is not available. Sufficient be it then, in closing, to say that when one has caught its sublime, on-looking philosophy, one cannot but feel that the world, in spite of all its war and wretchedness, is not the weary wreck it seems, but rather the cradle from which, immortal souls, we shall all rise to such wonders of usefulness and power in the Universe that we shall give praise forever that we were created.

The remainder of the book is taken up with poems, not one of which is insignificant, and many of which rise to the high plane of "Love and the Universe." An interesting section is devoted to a series of monologues in which great characters of history are supposed to speak of themselves.—Abraham, Socrates, Alfred, Caesar, Copernicus, Galileo, Queen Elizabeth, Browning, Goethe, Wagner, and others.

Now just a word of Albert D. Watson himself. He grew up under the stars, on a farm in Peel County, Ontario, but is now a medical doctor in Toronto, who, quietly going his rounds, finds often, as he heals, inspiration for his poetry in the human contact inseparable from his work. He is also a scientist of note, and holds the honour of being President of two scientific bodies, The Royal Astronomical Society of Canada, and The Society of Psychical Research.

Travel Notes.

FROM HELEN'S DIARY.

Berne, Jan. 3, 1917.

It is a time-honored custom in Berne for the populace to gather in front of the Cathedral on New Year's Eve to welcome the coming year.

We—Miss Bennett, the Egyptian gentleman and I—joined the procession. The streets were as crowded as at mid-day. By 11.30 the Cathedral Square was packed solid with people as were also all the streets radiating from it. We managed to get damp seats on the edge of the fountain, which presented rather a queer appearance that night, as the high parts of it were profusely ornamented with small boys. How they managed to stick on their high, slippery perches was a mystery. But small boys seem to possess astonishingly prehensile qualities.

The night was dark and the sky of an inky blackness, and now and again there was a drizzle of rain.

There was no service in the Cathedral; the great building was all gloom save for a dim light high up in the bell-tower. Just before midnight there was a solemn hush—all eyes were turned upward to that dim light in the shadowy tower.

"One would suppose," said Miss Bennett, "that they expected to see the glad New Year alight in material form on the topmost pinnacle of the spire."

"The New Year he not very glad will be long," said the Egyptian.

Then the bells pealed forth—1917 had arrived, and poor old 1916 had departed—bowed with grief over the horrors he had witnessed.

The crowd continued to gaze upward until the bells had ceased their clangor. Then there was some whooping, cheering, and waving of hats and the crowd dispersed, the cafés filled, and the revels of the night began. We circulated around the streets for an hour or so to see what was doing. And we visited three restaurants for the same purpose. Gangs of men and boys were parading the streets shouting and playing squawky instruments. There were students in masquerade doing "stunts". Walking on the sidewalks was impossible owing to the crowd, so we joined the procession in the road. All the cafés were jammed to the doors, and the air inside was blue with smoke. It is customary for "celebrators" to spend the night going from one café to another. Between times they prowl around the streets singing—or trying to, and indulging in bacchanalian pranks. After several hours of this they are naturally woozy in the head and wobbly in the legs, and the noises they make are not conducive to the

quiet slumber of the good people who have gone to bed.

New Year's morning I was talking to a young Swiss fellow in the pharmacy. He had that hollow-eyed, haggard, day-after look, and his voice was a mere croak.

"Been singing all night?" I asked. He gave me a guilty look. "Oh," he said, "It's just a catarrh-throat I have."

"New Year's Eve catarrh, I suppose," I said.

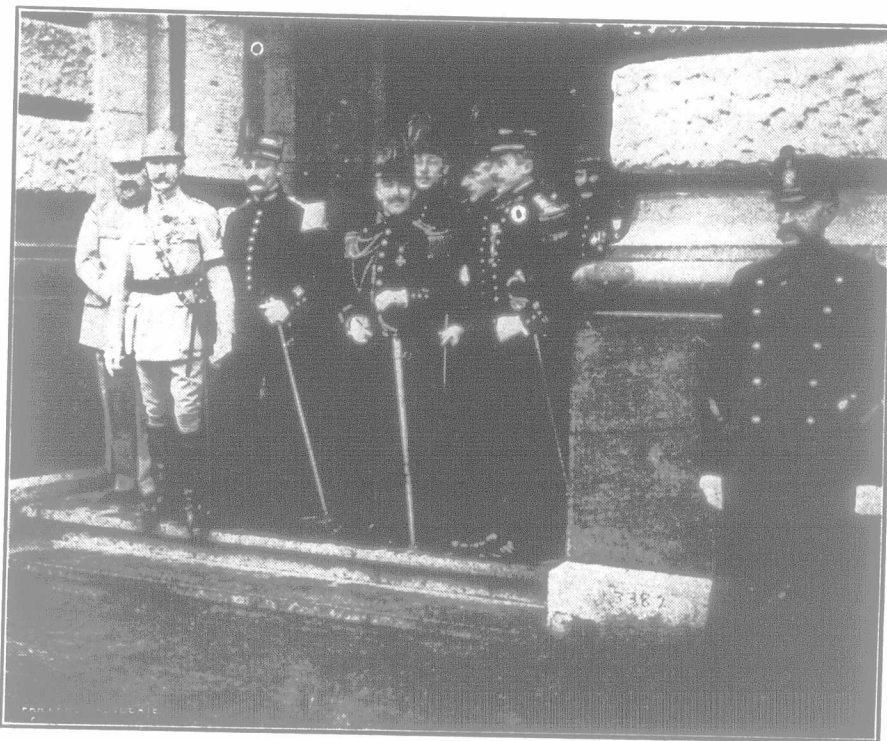
He grinned, but said nothing.

The most important function of New Year's Day in Berne was the official reception in the morning at the *Bundeshaus* to the foreign legations. All the foreign diplomats appeared in their most resplendent costumes to make their official call on the new President of the Republic.

As a street spectacle it was quite a gorgeous show. "Good as a circus," Uncle Ned said. Swiss soldiers lined off a space in front of the *Bundeshaus* and

There are 21 legations in Berne, almost double the number in any other capital. All the countries of the Allies are represented, except Montenegro; Germany and her allies are represented by five legations, and there are seven from the neutral countries. France being the oldest established legation in Berne took precedence at the reception, and with her went her allies: England, Russia, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Serbia, Roumania and Portugal—all glitteringly magnificent in gold lace and feathers and medals and swords and colored sashes, etc. Then came the neutrals: Spain, Holland, Sweden, United States, Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. And finally, the Central Powers: Germany, Austria, etc. The German diplomats were particularly striking, being big men, and wearing on their heads golden helmets surmounted by the German eagle.

Swiss officials arranged in long scarlet capes and cocked hats ushered the visitors



The Foreign Diplomats of the Allies Waiting for their Carriages at the Door of the *Bundeshaus*.



The sad Procession of "Evacues."

back of them was massed a crowd of spectators under dripping umbrellas. We viewed the scene from our windows.

In order to avoid unpleasant international complications, the Swiss authorities tactfully arranged the program so that the legations of the belligerent countries arrived at different hours, the neutrals being sandwiched in between.

In that way this sort of thing was avoided:



in, and Swiss soldiers rigid as statues, stood on either side of the entrance door.

Owing to the rain some of the exits and entrances were amusingly undignified, the diplomats displaying an economic tendency to protect their gold lace and fine feathers, by leaping across the pavement in any old way, carrying their beplumed hats upside down in their hands, or under their capes.

Miss Bennett didn't see the show. She said she was too tired to get up, and, anyway, she said, nothing in the world would induce her to stand out in the street for hours with her feet in a puddle of water, waiting to see a lot of men dressed up like popinjays get in and out of carriages—even if they were "foreign diplomats." Take any ordinary man, she said, with a straight spine and a bulging chest, string a few medals on him, put some dabs of color on his clothes, and some scraps of gold fringe and some glittering buttons, and a bright gash like a sweet-girl-graduate, and clap

on his head a three-cornered hat with some ostrich feathers, and call him a "foreign diplomat", and people will fall over one another trying to get near enough to see him.

Is she right, I wonder?

Jan. 17.

Again they come—the sad processions of haggard, pale-faced *evacues* from the invaded regions of Northern France. Twice a day they pass through Berne. In each convoy are about 500 people—a thousand a day. On the 21st December 1916, the 256th convoy of *evacues* passed through Switzerland. This month and next month, 50,000 more are coming. The convoys consist of women and children and old people, and of men who are ill or useless or demented. Many of the women have been obliged to leave their elder children behind them, as boys over twelve and young girls are not allowed to come.

The *evacues* enter Switzerland at Schaffhausen, a town on the German frontier. They go from Northern to Southern France in this roundabout way, because they are not allowed to pass through the fighting lines. The trip takes fifty hours. At Schaffhausen the Swiss Red Cross takes charge of them. Those too ill to travel further are sent to a hospital especially provided for them. An old lady of ninety years has been in the hospital five months.

One of the good Samaritans of Schaffhausen describes the appearance of these poor French people when they first arrive.

They descend from the train clutching in their hands all their worldly possessions. They cling together in groups—family groups, or groups from the same village. They seem dull, passive, subdued and shy; they look neither to the right nor the left as they pass along, but follow one another mechanically like a lot of docile sheep. For 27 terrible months they have lived in a place where the least resistance was useless, and they have lost the habit of showing their feelings. Even the little children are crushed, sad, dumb. In every face is written tragedy and fear.

They are conducted to a huge building where they are warmed and fed. They are provided with warm clothing sent by the French Government. At first they are dazed and unresponsive, but their attitude changes when they realize they are among friends. Soon they begin to smile—something they have not done for many a long day.

Questioned as to the life they had led in the devastated districts, they told many tragic tales. They told of the horrors of the first weeks of the invasion. The destruction of villages, the thefts, pillage, brutality of the German soldiers. Everything was taken from them. All the products of the fields were appropriated, and all the cattle commandeered. Nothing was left to the natives but the few vegetables in their little gardens. All the factories were idle except those used and controlled by the German army. There was no business done, all the shops were closed.

For two years these people have not tasted meat, and but for the food supplied by the Spanish-American Relief Society, they would have starved to death. Each person received about 300 grammes of bread a day, some rice and dry vegetables, cereals and lard, sometimes a little coffee and sugar, sometimes condensed milk for the children or the sick.

"What did you do all day?" They were asked.

"Nothing. We went for food. We cooked our meals. We went out a little, but by seven o'clock every one had to be indoors. When there were bombs falling we took refuge in the cellars. Once in a long time we received news from France through the Red Cross of Geneva or Frankfurt."

Passivity, inaction almost complete—such has been their life for over two years.

"We have existed," they said, "that is all."

The women asserted that the behavior of the German soldiers towards them had greatly improved; now, they say, the soldiers are well disciplined and treat the women decently. They say also that the German soldiers are weary of the war. Sometimes dialogues such as this occur:

"You are Germans now," say the soldiers.

"Never in the world," declare the French women. "It is you who are in