

we have imposed upon ourselves a bondage of the mind which Germany, enslaved and contemptible as she was politically, shook off long ago; the bondage denounced by John Stuart Mill in his noble little book on liberty. And now this bondage is dreadfully in the way, even in our politics, as we show by our helplessness in dealing with the Irish question. In the least of our concerns and in the greatest, in society, in matters political, military, religious, we are paying the penalty of that dread of a free play of the mind which has grown upon us with our political development, and which led Matthew Arnold to call the British constitution, "with its compromises, its love of facts, its horror of theory, its studied avoidance of clear thoughts . . . a colossal machine for the manufacture of Philistines!"

But, thanks largely to the Germans, we have, during the thirty years or so which have passed over us since Matthew Arnold wrote those words, made strides in the direction of intellectual freedom. Science is pretty free in England now, but, so late as the year 1869, Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin, stated publicly that an English scientist could not always publish the results of his researches without danger both to his usefulness and his social comfort. And within the past twelve months or so, Mr. Gladstone and Professor Huxley have made themselves pre-eminently funny in the eyes of continental Europe by belabouring each other, in the *Nineteenth Century*, about what the latter of these two eminent men called "the bedevilment of the Gadarene pigs."

But in theology we are by no means free, and the result is deplorable. Some years ago an Anglican clergyman said to me: "Three-fourths of the current theology is bosh," and, being a muscular as well as an honest little Christian, he emphasized his words by punching the palm of his left hand with his right fist, and repeating—"is bosh, is bosh." Not so long ago another Anglican clergyman said to me: "We have to read the German theologians, but we're afraid of them." Now, that parson is a slave, afraid of the truth which alone can make him free; for, were he sure he had it, he would not fear the German theologians. Successor to the Apostles as he calls himself, he fears to obey the Apostolic injunction to "prove all things," which the Apostle held to be a necessary preliminary to "holding fast that which is good." What he cares about is, not truth, but the perpetuation of his own system, be it true or otherwise. He cannot grasp the German faith that no one truth can possibly be dangerous to any other truth. He is like the parson who said of the "Essays and Reviews" that they might be true, but that it was not expedient for clergymen to tell truths of such kinds. Hear what Dean Stanley said to this parson: "Is truth, then, for the laity and falsehood for the clergy? Is truth tolerable everywhere save in the mouth of a minister of the God of truth? Shall falsehood, banished everywhere else in the cultured world, find an honoured refuge within the walls of the sanctuary?" But Dean Stanley was learned in all the wisdom of Germany, and knew how Lessing had written on scriptural subjects nearly a hundred years before Colenso and the essayists and reviewers. He knew how the Germans love to seek after truth for its own sake, without regard to ulterior things. He knew the spirit pervading Lessing's writings, which drew forth Madame de Staël's apt remark that that great man "*poursuivait partout la vérité, comme un chasseur qui trouve encore plus de plaisir dans la course que dans le but.*" He probably knew Lessing's own saying, which would seem to have escaped the gifted Frenchwoman, that were the Almighty to offer him in one hand truth, and in the other hand the free search after truth, he would choose the latter. And this spirit of Lessing has made itself felt even in our theology since the writing of the "Essays and Reviews," so much so that theology and common sense seem as though they might one day come together. They can never be said to have married in haste, so they are all the less likely to repent at leisure.

Coming down from science and theology (I separate the two advisedly, I think) to the things of every day life, we are still governed much too absolutely by the mass of custom, precedent and habit of thought, or rather of no thought, which has come down to us from the past. Mephistopheles told the student that law is in no age suited to the needs of that age, but comes down, like an inherited disease, from some age to which it may have been suited. This is unfortunately true of other things than law. Of course it does not do to disregard custom and prescription, but, like the Sabbath, they were made for man, not man for them. Pig-headed adherence to them constitutes what the Germans called "Philistinism"—an expression everywhere current for many years past. Now, contrast the spirit of Philistinism with the spirit of Goethe, of whom Matthew Arnold said: "When he is told such a thing must be so; that there is immense authority and custom in favour of its being so; that it has been held to be so for a thousand years, he answers, with Olympian politeness, 'But is it so? Is it so to me?'"

A very funny illustration of the Philistine principle is afforded by the history of the "beard movement" in England. Nearly forty years ago Englishmen began to think it would be nice to have beards and moustaches. Up to that time only one Englishman not of the sons of Israel had dared to discard the razor. This brave man was a Mr. Munz, M.P. for Birmingham, and the solitary bearded Englishman was as great a curiosity as a full-grown male gorilla. But now Englishmen began, with one consent,

to want to have beards. Foreigners, who knew no better, thought they only needed to stop shaving. Not at all. Brown would rather have used his razor on his jugular vein than not have used it on his chin, until he was quite sure that Jones and Robinson thought it right to have beards too. So for about two years the newspapers teemed with articles headed "The Beard Movement"; and at last, when the time was ripe, the chins all grew stubbly at the same time and the beards reached maturity on or about the same day.

This ultra-conservative habit of mind, this determination not to move at all unless altogether, has done good service in politics. It has ensured a kind of unscientific adherence to the principle of evolution and the survival of the fittest. But this habit of thought, or rather of not thinking, can be carried too far, even in politics, and becomes disastrous when carried elsewhere. We may see its results to-day in London, where Germans are very fast displacing their native competitors in many walks of life, and are expressing a determination to go on doing so. "There are still a deuce of a lot of Englishmen in London," said a German there, as a good joke, showing the intentions of his countrymen to us-ward. One would think the last straw was laid on the English camel's back when a German opened a boxing school in London. This was a bearding of the now bearded British lion in his den which might well have put him on his mettle. No doubt the German boxing master taps his man's claret, darkens his daylight, walks into his bread-basket, rattles his ivories and counters him on the kissing trap, just as Molière's fencing-master killed his man—*par raison démonstrative*.

The Germans, in fact, are men who have, to a greater extent than any others, thrown off the tyranny of that intellectual mortmain which so doggedly stands in the way of better things, and who prefer to be governed, in matters of the mind at least, by their own living wits rather than by the dead hand of their fathers. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," is a saying which should work both ways. To load to-day with the evil of yesterday is no wiser than to load it with the evil of to-morrow. To get rid of the evils bequeathed from all the yesterdays is perhaps our greatest and toughest problem, and one calling for the best and freest use of our intellects. It will be remembered that, when Dante had passed through the dread portal, beneath the inscription:

All hope abandon,
Ye who enter in,

his guide said to him:—

"Thou shalt behold the people dolorous, who have foregone the good of intellect"; not who have "not held the Catholic faith" nor "thus thought of the Trinity." I don't pretend to know anything about the consequences hereafter of foregoing the good of intellect, but history is one long and dismal record of them here below, and quite justifies the great Florentine in regarding the belittlement of the intellect given for our guidance as the blackest ingratitude and grossest insult to its divine giver, and as including all other sin. And in belittling, insulting and persecuting the human intellect, the Christian churches have much to answer for.

One leading object of German literature and German education is the development of the critical faculty, the faculty which enables us to deal with questions on their merits alone. Since the days when Lessing set it a-going, the development of this faculty has progressed increasingly, and now all departments of literature show its presence. It is apparent everywhere, from its stupendous exhibition in *Faust*, where the colossal intellect of Goethe brings it to bear upon some of the deepest problems that can engage the mind of man, to the novels of Freitag, Heyse and Ebers. Everywhere we find the same freedom from prescription and prejudice.

Another distinguishing feature of German literature is the vast scope of the attainments of individual authors. A great German seldom limits himself to one line. Kant is best known as a metaphysician, yet he was mathematician enough to predicate the existence of the planet Uranus, afterwards discovered by Herschel. Goethe is best known as one of the five greatest poets of all lands and all ages, yet he was also an evolutionist before Darwin, a geologist and mineralogist, an anatomist discovering the intermaxillary bone in man, a great critic in literature and a great connoisseur in art and, with all these things, a Minister of State planning and directing beneficent public works. Such a vast scope on the part of authors makes their books endlessly suggestive, and stimulates the reader to enquiry in a hundred directions. Best of all, we find in German books so many ways of looking at things that our minds arrive at length at the grand tolerance of universality.

"The Germans," said Madame de Staël, "are as it were the scouts of the army of the human mind; they venture upon new ways, they essay unknown methods. How can we help being curious to know what they have to say on their return from their excursions into the infinite?"

Ottawa.

THE commonest man, who has his ounce of sense and feeling, is conscious of the difference between a lovely, delicate woman and a coarse one. Even a dog feels a difference in her presence.—*George Eliot.*

CRAIGELLACHIE.

At Craigellachie, in the Eagle Pass, a little station where now only occasional stops are made, were united the two ends of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the last spike driven November 7, 1885.

In the quiet mountain Pass where Lake Victor sleeps,
Where no rush of storm is heard, where no torrent leaps,
Lonely still Craigellachie pensive vigil keeps.

Bound in walls of adamant, clasped in giant woods,
Soothed by silent solitude, lulled by peaceful floods,
Tranquil dim Craigellachie knows no change of moods.

Thus Craigellachie to-day: but, one wondrous morn,
Rapturous echoes woke and rose from the silence torn,
When, of Patience and of Toil, great Success was born.

Then with skill's triumphant hymn all the passes rang—
Then, to music nobler far than the trumpet's clang,
Victory over time and space conquering legions sang.

Then were faith and labour crowned, for the work was done,
Leapt the pulse thro' which the life of the land should run,
Forged the link that evermore binds two seas in one.

Withered now Craigellachie sees her laurels lie;
Scarce a thought is given her as the world whirls by;
Dead the glory of that hour—as all glories die.

But to lone Craigellachie safe within the past
Lives her one exultant hour; and while time shall last
As her one great memory she shall hold it fast.

Kingston.

ANNIE ROTHWELL.

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TWO KNAPSACKS:

A NOVEL OF CANADIAN SUMMER LIFE.

BY J. CAWDOR BELL.

CHAPTER II—(Continued).

SENTIMENT had received a rude shock. It met with a second when Coristine remarked "I'm hungry." Still, he kept on for another mile or so, when the travellers sighted a little brook of clear water rippling over stones. A short distance to the left of the road it was shaded by trees and tall bushes, not too close together, but presenting, here and there, little patches of grass and the leaves of woodland flowers. Selecting one of these patches, they unstrapped their knapsacks, and extracted from them a sufficiency of biscuits and cheese for luncheon. Then one of the packs, as they had irreverently been called, was turned over to make a table. The biscuits and cheese were moistened with small portions from the contents of the flasks, diluted with the cool water of the brook. The meal ended, Wilkinson took to nibbling ginger snaps and reading Wordsworth. The day was hot, so that a passing cloud which came over the face of the sun was grateful, but it was grateful to beast as well as to man, for immediately a swarm of mosquitoes and other flies came forth to do battle with the reposing pedestrians. Coristine's pipe kept them from attacking him in force, but Wilkinson got all the more in consequence. He struck savagely at them with Wordsworth, anathematized them in choice but not profane language, and, at last, rose to his feet, switching his pocket handkerchief fiercely about his head. Coristine picked up the deserted Wordsworth, and laughed till the smoke of his pipe choked him and the tears came into his eyes.

"I see no cause for levity in the sufferings of a fellow creature," said the schoolmaster, curtly.

"Wilks, my darling boy, it's not you I'm laughing at; it's that old omadhaun of a Wordsworth. Hark to this, now:—

He said, 'Tis now the hour of deepest noon.
At this still season of repose and peace,
This hour, when all things which are not at rest
Are cheerful; while this multitude of flies
Is filling all the air with melody;
Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?"

O Wilks, but this beats cock-fighting; 'Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' Sorra a bit do I know, barring it's the multitude of flies. O Wordy, Wordy, bard of Rydal Mount, it's sick with laughing you'll be making me. All things not at rest are cheerful. Dad, if he means the flies, they're cheerful enough, but if it's my dear friend, Farquhar Wilkinson, it's a mistake the old gentleman is making. See, this is more like it, at the very beginning of 'The Excursion':—

Nor could my weak arm disperse
The host of insects gathering round my face,
And ever with me as I paced along.

That's you, Wilks, you to a dot. What a grand thing poetic instinct is, that looks away seventy years into the future and across the Atlantic Ocean, to find a humble admirer in the wilds of Canada, and tell how he looked among the flies. 'Why should a tear be in an old man's eye?' O, holy Moses, that's the finest line I've sighted in a dog's age. Cheer up, old man, and wipe that tear away, for I see the clouds have rolled by, Jenny."

"Man, clod, profaner of the shrine of poesy, cease your ignorant cackle," cried the irate dominie. Silently they bathed faces and hands in the brook, donned their knapsacks, and took to the road once more.