

When they had gone, Rectus expressed his wonder how such two ever came together.

Helpsam: "That is easily understood. Glaucus is a man of fine imagination. When he met Miss Heather she was slim, shapely, beautiful, *spirituelle*—to look at. She was one of the most modest, gentle girls I ever saw. Glaucus fell over head and ears in love with her; idealized her, thought her perfect; every word of that description of Eve he has just been reading, he could and would have applied to her. They married, and when their illusion went, I know Glaucus felt it. She has not the least sympathy with him, cannot appreciate him, is jealous of everyone and everything, but most of all of his books. She will walk into his study when he is at work, sit down on his knee, put her arms round his neck, and say: 'Here, put away them books—hang them! I never can have a moment with you.' You know what a noble fellow Glaucus is; he bears it well, and I believe he is fond of her too. After all, though utterly unintellectual, she is really a good woman and a first-rate housewife, aye, and for a fat woman, handsome."

Rectus: "Well, I hope he is happy. When a woman grows into an adipose mountain, it is hard for me to realize and reverence her sex."

Helpsam: "It is all a matter of taste. In Egypt they fatten a woman for marriage, and if she does not get fat the father will write to the betrothed and say he is very sorry the match cannot take place, as his daughter remains slim, though for three months she has been stuffed incorrigibly every minute with rice pellets and kept in a dark room."

Here Madame Lalage entered and handed the sage the newspapers, which she said had just arrived. The first article which struck McKnom was a leader in the *Rail* on the Canal Tolls question. As he was reading it, in walked Dr. Facile, and a heated discussion arose, the doctor denouncing the Government and our whole canal policy. He grew specially bitter respecting the Washington Treaty. Rectus took the other side, and McKnom expressed the independent views of an onlooker, who hugs the heresy that in every function of government the two great things to aim at are brains and a high sense of public honour.

Dr. Facile: "Our diplomacy ever since 1783 has been a farce, in which Canada has been treated by Great Britain much as Captain Absolute treats poor Acres in Sheridan's play."

Rectus: "I really do not see the relevance of your allusion, but we need not discuss a literary question. I say that the Washington Treaty of 1871 was the best thing that could have been done at that time."

Dr. Facile: "Why, Canada gave everything and got nothing; it was a humiliation and an injustice—but there it was, and should have been observed, but it was clearly violated by the discriminating rebate."

Rectus took the opposite view, stating the well-known arguments, and he and the doctor got pretty hot. At last McKnom said:—

"Don't let us introduce the passions of the platform here. It is when we take part in the negotiation of a treaty that the anomalous position of Canada is emphasized. Aristotle would not allow us the title of a State. The first criterion he would apply to a State is the end it pursues. The true end is a noble national life. All we can aim at is the bringing about of a condition in which this aim can be held in view. Were we an island, we should be in a position now to seek the true end, but, placed side by side with a not over scrupulous neighbour numbering 65,000,000, there are only two courses open to us: either to secure a fuller citizenship in the Empire and make a noble imperial citizenship our object, or else to so increase our numbers that we shall be able ourselves to discharge all the functions of a State. As there is a possibility, to say the least, of our being shut up to this last alternative, all apathy on the subject of immigration is treason to Canada. We have lost and are losing great opportunities. We have brought immigrants into the country and they have not remained, nay, a good many are not remaining to-day. They go to Winnipeg and then rush south."

Rectus: "But how are you to prevent this?"

McKnom: "That is the problem for the statesman or statesmen responsible to solve. The exhibition car of the C. P. R. in England is clearly a wise means of securing immigrants. The man impressed by the wonderful exhibits from the North-West and thereby would immigrate to Canada is not likely to go elsewhere. Inventiveness—resource—these are the things we need. We want, indeed, generally perfect justice in our political life."

Madame Lalage: "Ah! You are thinking of the Politics of Aristotle, whom you know I place above your great dreamer Plato."

McKnom: "Perhaps, but for Plato we should never have had the Politics. All citizens should be in fact, as they are in theory, free and equal. They should be educated in a manner which would fit them not only for obedience, but also for government, and for the second by means of the first. But the equality of citizens is not identity. They are unlike in their capacities, and in the necessary distinctions which nature makes between them should be found the ground for the difference in rights or duties. The State is more than an organism; it is a moral organism; and just as that man is more bestial than the beasts, who allows his lower nature to dominate his higher, so that State is in an abnormal, dangerous,

degraded condition, when, owing to the power of wealth or some still more sinister influence or influences, the intelligence of the nation is thrust from government, and what Aristotle calls 'sons of the earth' placed in control; and he shows that democracies and ochlocracies and tyrannies have a tendency to do this."

Helpsam: "But, sir, can you apply Aristotle's theories to any modern State? Is not one of the conditions of his ideal State that the citizens shall be free from the necessity of providing the means of life? Is not his ideal an aristocracy within circumscribed limits? It is doubtful if he would call the United States a great State, or give the great republic the title of a State at all."

McKnom: "You are quite right. He would certainly not consider the American people and their politics the exemplification of a great State, for he would not think his cherished end—a noble citizen life—even aimed at. Bigness is not greatness. It is true of the State as of a man that the only real greatness is moral and intellectual greatness, and of this kind of greatness the United States have as yet given no evidence whatever. With what scorn the sixty millions owning half a continent would have looked down on the Athenian Empire—on all ancient Greece! Yet I need not say they are not likely to ever accomplish for the world what the Greeks did."

Rectus: "I cannot agree with you. Their leisure class has in part come. But I believe a time is at hand when on this continent we shall surpass the past, surpass Europe and the East."

Dr. Facile: "By showing that the Federal principle and a wide suffrage are compatible with stability, they have conferred the greatest blessing that any State has yet conferred on man."

McKnom: "They are a vast mob of dollar-getters, and breeders of dollar-getters. Their aim is wealth, and when they become yet more populous you and your children will see the catastrophe."

Rectus: "But do you not think that wealth should have some influence in determining the distribution of political power?"

McKnom: "No; certainly not, in the higher sense; nor should a rich man have more votes than a poor man. If he gets more power than a poor man, it can be only on the ground of distributive justice. If the poor man is equal to the rich he has the same right to political power; if not, he has no such right. They are, however, unequal. But it is quite clear that any equality or inequality will not imply a claim to equal or unequal political power. If it did, a man who sang well, or played the fiddle well, might set up a claim superior to a man who has no ear for music. Suppose we have a number of fiddles to distribute to the best advantage, we should not give the best to a man merely because he was a millionaire, for wealth would not enable him to play better than other people. We should give the best fiddle to the man who could play the best, no matter how poor he was. For to the function, to the work to be performed, to the duty to be discharged, the wealth should contribute, that is, if it is to influence our decision, but it contributes nothing. Apply this same principle to politics. Wealth will not make a man a better judge of the person or party who should be supported; will not fit him to manage a department, will not enable him to devise a wise policy. It is quite just that a real inequality which contributes to the end of the State should be rewarded by a superior share of political power. But to show favour to an inequality irrelevant to the function is contrary to justice and contrary to the spirit of democracy and contrary to common sense. Justice supports claims based only on the equal or superior possession of intelligence and public virtue. Men are not equal in beauty, but inequality in beauty, or attractiveness constitutes no claim to inequality or political rights. Nobody would say a man should vote because he was handsome, and that an ugly man should be disfranchised; still less, that because a man pleased women he should be made a ruler of men, for pleasing a woman constitutes no part of the qualification—cannot contribute to the administrative function—and a people which would tolerate such a thing would be to that extent degraded."

Rectus: "But on what ground do you give a man the franchise? Must it not be because he contributes something to the State?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly."

Rectus: "But does not wealth constitute an element necessary to its existence?"

McKnom: "Certainly."

Rectus: "Then should not superior wealth entitle a man to increased voting power?"

McKnom: "No; because a wealthy man, if he have no vote, will still by reason of his wealth exercise in every community political influence, and the collective wealth of the mass of the people will be greater than that of the wealthy class; moreover, the judgment of the mass as regards certain things—poetry, for instance—or a man's capacity for rule is better than that of professed critics or men holding prominent positions. The mass of people feel a great man just as a woman does long before his male associates discover him. Therefore they not only have numbers, but they have a greater quantity of a quality, a quality vital to Government."

Rectus (laughingly): "I think your argument irrefragable as regards high political functions, but not as to the ultimate power, and you will admit your friend Aristotle is

against you. He believed in giving preponderance to the middle classes, and would have considered not only individual claims to equality, but these claims, as after all coming from a class, and, as you have just said, we must not enquire merely into the *quality* which an individual can put forward, but must take into account the *quantity*—the number of those who can allege a given claim, and surely the wealthy and the moderately wealthy have a greater quantity of political intelligence than the masses."

McKnom: "Aristotle was an aristocrat in politics and you are a Tory," and the old man laughed, and then, fixing his eyes piercingly on Rectus, said: "Is it always necessary to know how a thing is made in order to judge of it?"

Rectus: "But I thought you were dealing with principles he established and not with modern life."

McKnom was about to reply when back came Glaucus and his wife. The walk had given Mrs. Glaucus a fine colour, and her face looked handsome. She had some flowers in her hand, and she went and pinned a pansy in the buttonhole of McKnom, saying:—

"Let me decorate you, though I don't take much interest in your wise discussions, and here are wild raspberries I have plucked."

"Like," said Rectus laughing, "Eve, of whom Glaucus was reading when you first came in, on hospitable thoughts intent."

As I was away on the rocks I am indebted to my friend Helpsam for these notes.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE WIND-CHANT.

The Soul, the inner, immortal Ruler.—*Hindu Upanishad.*

"WITCH-LIKE, see it planets roll,
Hear it from the cradle call—
Nature?—Nature is the Soul;
That alone is aught and all.
Grieved or broken though the song,
The fount of music is elate,
For the Soul is ever strong,
For the Soul is ever great."

"For the Soul is ever great!"
Songless sat I by a grove,
Pines, like funeral priests of state,
Chanted solemn rites above.
Dark and glassy far below,
The River in his proud vale slept,
Eve with olive-shafted bow
Like a stealthy archer crept.

Why, O Masters, then I thought,
Is the mantle yours, of song?
Why with hours like this do not
Glorious strains to all belong?

Why all choosing, why all ban?
Why are lords, and why are slaves?
And the most of gentle man
Clift and harried to their graves?
Foiled and ruined, masses die
That one fair and noble be.
Why are all not Masters? Why
So unjust is Life's decree?

Why are poor and why are rich?
Why are slaves and why are lords?
Unto this the splendid niche;
Those caste damneth in their words.
Do not powers of evil reign?
Do not flashes' storms make dread?
Should not He of Life again
Bring the just peace of the dead?

Oft the Pines, like priests of state,
Have spoke the heavenly word to man;
So above me as I sate
Aeol voices chanting ran:
"For the Soul is ever great
For the Soul is ever strong;
In the murmur it can wait—
In the shortest sight see long.

"Not a yearning but is proof
Thou art yet its aim to own:
Thou the warp art and the woof,
Not the woof or warp alone.
Couldst thou drop the lead within
To the bottom of thyself,
All the World—and God—and Sin—
And Force—and Ages—were that Elf.

"With thy breathing goes all breath,
With thy striving goes all strife,
In thy being, deep as death,
Lies the largeness of all life.
The world is but thy deepest wish,
The phases thereof are thy dream;
They that hunt or plough or fish
Are of thee the out-turned seam.

"Helpless, thou hast every power,
In thee greatness perfect sleeps—