

set aside the family, or rather merged it in the State. But here we have men to-day saying the State should decide who might marry. But only realize the social condition of Athens in Plato's time—the enslavement of women—and take the scope of his plan, and you will see he made for purity. We were talking the other day of party government. How deep Plato saw into the science of government is shown by this that he never fell into the classifications of later writers: Monarchy, Oligarchy, Democracy. As to a democracy or an oligarchy, he knew that they must act through a majority, and that the majority will depend on one. Call him what you please—conceal his power under forms and supposed checks—let him be President, or Prime Minister, or First Secretary of State—he is King. The notion so common in the modern democracy that a Government must justify itself—is always on its trial—never entered his head, for he knew that government rule is a divine function, by which due relation and subordination is secured, or ought to be secured. 'Order is heaven's first law.' He had no idea that an inch, a foot, and three feet are all equal. He assumed that there must be an ultimate supreme power in every society, and the only check he relied on was the moral law. He distributes his governors indeed into two bodies—the *Presbuteroi*. These the first and highest—the intellectual portion of the community—knowing *ta outa* (all truths); religious, physical, moral, metaphysical."

Glaucus: "What a fool he would be thought in modern times, when we have learned that ignorance is a great qualification."

McKnom: "The other *neoteroi*—the executive—guided by the wise and sacred *Presbuters*."

Helpsam: "Plato believed in the union between Church and State?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly; and I will show you that he anticipated the Church—prophesied, as it were. He saw in the nature of man the divine idea—the true plan, power, energy, commanding talents guided by reason, the *nous*. He thus had an ecclesiastical body. He calls the *Presbuteroi* priests in the *Timæus*, and allied with them another body inferior in spiritual things, superior in temporal. How was the relation between the governor and the governed to be enforced? This was done by the *phylakes*—the shepherds of the flock, the watch-dogs, the teachers, the kings (not tyrants)—who should devote themselves to the education of the subjects in goodness, virtue—aye, in holiness! This higher class was to be chosen from those who were most distinguished by a life of noble interest in all things; who had borne pain, endured affliction, resisted pleasure, tried more than gold in the fire (Lib. iii.), adhered to the instruction instilled into them in youth; men well ordered in all things."

"Why," said Irene, "that is very like Paul's epistle to Timothy."

McKnom: "And so it is. And it is clear to me that though Paul may not have been classically educated like the Greeks of his day, he had read Plato. He was brought up in a university city (Tarsus), but doubtless studied at a college or university under Judaic control. This is the period, at least, when elections are near, of picnics, and the politician and the statesman hasten to the platform, and all their lives they are in what Plato called the *polupragmosunê*, the whirl and hurry and bustle of political life. He, on the other hand, thought they should live lives of contemplations, that they should be fond of retirement. For the men of his society, especially the rulers, he would invent 'a fable.' It was this: That their life previously to entering it was a dream; that a hand was secretly fashioning them in the earth for whom, as mother and nurse, they must be prepared to fight, as also for their fellow-citizens. The object of the ruler was to be the common good, not to benefit eye, ear, hand, but the body as a whole. He relies on his governors, on their self-devotion for the welfare of the governed. 'We begot you,' says the law-giver to the governors, 'to be both rulers of kings, educated better and more perfectly than others, more able both to govern and to obey; and therefore in turn you must descend into the dwelling place of the others, and accustom yourself to that spectacle of darkness.'"

Hale: "Episcopacy was clearly borrowed from Plato."

McKnom: "Pardon me. The education was to be directed to the whole man—body, mind, moral character—by the operation of mind on mind, and what does Plato rely on? Coercion? Fascination? Authority? Knowledge? No. Love! In fact Plato held that without love we cannot teach or learn. He infers a God from the external world, and he also infers ministering spirits, and he believes that the mediation between God and man is carried on by these."

Irene: "Why, this is praying to saints and angels."

Marquette: "I was somewhat offended by a phrase used in Ottawa by Hale. We do not pray to saints and angels; we only ask them to pray for us."

McKnom: "Plato did no more. An idea which Cardinal Newman spoke of long before he left the Church of England, as though he had got it by inspiration, that there were secondary angels, neither wholly bad nor wholly good—*daimonia*—an angel for the English race—an angel for this or that movement—he may easily have derived from Plato."

Gwendolen: "Did he reason all this out?"

McKnom: "Undoubtedly, but why should he not have been inspired? Bear in mind, however, that he was familiar with Orientalism and the teachings of Pythagoras. He clearly believed there had been a revelation, and to

this belief we must attribute his reverence for hereditary forms of worship, and his belief that laws first emanated from God, and the opinion he held that society, far from progressing, had retrograded, had fallen; and he holds that things will get worse as the years go farther from the light, and pictures the last days much as Paul does in the third chapter of II. Timothy. The early days are days of light, of brightness, of glad heroic deeds, when the sons of God still walked the earth proclaiming the truth regarding Him. But tradition was now corrupt, and he had no revelation, so he found the truths relating to God in the immutable principles of the soul of man—Forethought, Wisdom, Goodness, Truth, Providence, Unchangeableness.

He could not, nor do I see how any man can, conceive power without supreme power, or a supreme power not perfectly good, nor power in matters except as an emanation of mind, as the greater must create the less. But he goes farther than logic, farther than a visible universe, to the divine in his own mind. 'Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God,' says Christ. I think the word is *katharoi*, and pure in heart means much more here than freedom from concupiscence. It means a heart free from every taint. The divine can only see the divine, just as a man must be an artist to adequately appreciate a great work of art. No man can fully enjoy a great poem unless he is a poet. 'Tell us,' says Glaucus, 'the road to the highest knowledge of all, the knowledge of that one true God, of whom the Sun is but the type, and the material world with all its host of ministering spirits, the creature and the shadow, to reach which is the end of all things.' 'Oh, beloved Glaucus,' cries Socrates, 'as yet you cannot follow me; were you able you should see the truth.' Compare this language with the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel."

Mrs. Ronan (a Regina lady): "I protest, sir, we might call this Plato of yours the evangelical philosopher."

McKnom: "That occurred to the early Christian fathers. Justin Martyn, Clement, Origen, Eusebius, Cyril of Alexandria thought they found the Trinity taught in his writings. They found, indeed, a Trinity, but not the Christian Trinity, and the same may be said of the *logos*—though the whole Gospel of John, especially the thirteenth and seventeenth chapters inclusive, have over them an atmosphere of a Divine Plato. But that Plato himself knew that his Republic in the then state of society was impracticable is clear. Now, ponder these words and remember the character of the apostles and early Christians: 'Whenever [you will find the words in the seventh book of the Republic] those men who are truly philosophers, whether in a body or even one of them, having become masters of a State, shall despise all its honours and interests, such as men now covet, shall deem them low and worthless, shall value deeply obedience to law, and the honour accruing from obedience, but above and beyond all shall value justice, and in order to this shall construct the frame work of their city, then this polity will become an accomplished fact.' He declares, however, that 'this is possible on no other condition than the union of absolute power with perfect wisdom in the same hands.' He describes in the sixth book the fearful corruption awaiting all men without such a city to receive them. That it is hard for any to be saved we all confess, but that in the whole period of the world's duration not one single man of all should ever be saved—saved, that is, from all sin—one would hesitate to say: 'Let such a man appear whether as the result of some 'strange coincidence,' or 'divine will,' or because of some mysterious cycle by which God dispenses to His creatures the richer gifts of a better spirit; give me this, says Plato, and the ideal polity of which I dream will become a reality. 'Whether such an event'—I am reading from the sixth book—'has ever taken place yet in the boundless course of past ages, or is now taking place in some barbarian region far from our sight, or will take place in the future I will not say, but that it is impossible who will dare aver?' What have we here?"

Irene: "A prophecy of Christ and the Christian Church."

McKnom: "And Plato adds with a sublime pathos: 'And if we may not see it upon earth, in heaven there is probably a model of this our city, where he, who would fain behold it, may see it, and where he may hope to dwell.'"

Hale: "It is clear that Plato's influence has been from the first a living power in Christianity."

McKnom: "He was a divine soul. And how would this great and good being, he imagined, begin to found his city? Gathering round him the few, in whom the hand of God had implanted the highest gifts of wisdom, understanding, virtue, power, and with these he would proceed to form a society entirely new."

Glaucus: "As if God intended man for such luxuries;" and the Professor laughed.

McKnom: "No joking just now, Professor. He would then proceed to divide the heads of the State into two parts, ecclesiastical and civil, and the details have suggested to the wisest of the Fathers of the Church that Plato was inspired." He paused. The day was growing towards evening. Watches were looked at.

"We can," said one of the party, "easily get in by supper time." As we drove home, the virgin prairie with kine and horses grazing, the wide fields of yellow grain looked very beautiful in the deep-gilding rays of the declining sun.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE OLD CHATEAU ST. LOUIS.

HAIL! beautiful shrine of nature, gay festooned
With woodland grandeur, where the fervid soul
May drink a draught from summers rippling bloom
Like sweet ambrosial odour mortalized!
Beyond the glaci's slopes as vantage ground
The picture groups—horizoned by the hills
Of dark Laval and Levis' frowning forts.
The river broadening into laughing lake,
Whose face the virgin blue of heaven reflects,
Breaks cadence with a kiss on Orleans Isle;
And laves the cheek of Eden grace and bloom
That blushes 'mid a thousand rural tints
In view of Montmorency's bridal wreath.
From Cap Rouge glades a fringe of forest runs
Now here, now there, along the fertile plain,
Where drowsy nature hums the sower's song
Or cheers the reaper in his harvest toils.
Bright emblems of Arcadian peace and joy,
That blink at commerce rushing through the streets.
The cowering hamlets, dotted o'er the glebe—
Sweet clustering gems that glimmer in the light—
Bespeak themselves the havens of a peace
That hovers, like an angel, in the air.
Near banks of velvet moss and waving fern
The river's silvery links steal through the groves
Where brooklets find their strength of woodland song,
Where laughing poplars quiz the solemn pines;
Then leap the waters in their hissing haste
The rocks of old Lorette, like headlong steed,
Till, weary grown with frolic's escapade,
Befooled with many a flake, they lave the holms,—
Now creeping through a silent salmon pool,
Now bubbling o'er the minnows in their play,
Now singing requiem near the old graveyard.
And still to charm the scene with varying light,
The contrast lies four hundred feet below,
Where dance in myriads sun-born sparkling gems
Around the summer's fleet at anchor near.
Nor far is heard the hum of noonday life
That seeks not hither from its toilsome gains,
Till sunset sends it climbing up the hill
To rest on threshold of the moon's fair realm,
On kiosked terrace or on esplanade.
The Chateau's faded splendour still remains
In Castle Haldimand; and when the tints
Of golden twilight bathe its weathered walls,
'Tis then a thousand voices fill the air
With gleeful sounds—gay citizens astrir
To breathe the soothing balm of eventide.
Whence comes the music near its open courts
As flit the shadows round its gables gaunt?
Whose ghosts are these that dismal flit around,
The lingering aspect of the olden time
When brilliant groups of knights and courtly dames
Rang gallery and garden with their cheer.
Within a flood of festive light—that glares,
A dazzling nucleus, 'mid encircling gloom,
Where earth below seems heaven for brilliant stars
That twinkle in the landscape and the glass
Of waters gleaming like a nether sky—
Two streams of gayety go tripping past.
Now here, now there, they time their gladsome pace
To music's strains that sweeten friendship's hour;
That mingle with the whispered tale of love,
Soft-breathed and coy in ear of blushing maid,
Or yet renewed to joy the matron's cares.
And is it here, on ground where living mirth
Its incense burns to scent the evening shades,
Where caste and kindred join the wreathing throng
To wile away the irksomeness of life?
Is't here we seek the spirits that sentry keep
To watch how human joys repeat themselves?
Yes, here it is where Haldimand still throws
Its silken shadows on the terrace lawn;
Here where is seen the river's rippling smile,
As Phoebus weaves his evening web of gold
Around the woodland setting of the scene!
The breeze makes grotto of the terrace-nooks
That sentinel the frowning rock; and here
Of choice, escaped awhile from commerce-cares,
The memory, cradled on the velvet charms
Of nature, hums its olden song, and plays
With history's fingers to assure its time.
'Tis vantage-ground; for here the Chateau stood,
To pioneer the prowess of New France,
Ere proclival pride had razed its walls.
Even here, the sepulchre of war's behest,
Seen through the telescope of time reversed,
Reads curious epitaph, as near converge
The weird perspective shadows of events
Which old St. Lawrence saw within his realms
When ancient things were at a second birth.
In eagle's eyry that defiance bade,
To cunning lurking in the glades around,
The hero of St. Croix, intrepid-borne,
Sought destiny beyond the seas, where realm
Was wilderness, a kingdom unsubdued.
In name of king, 'twas his to organize
The restlessness of man, and even seek
From craft alliance in the cause of peace;
'Twas his with threads of woe to weave a wreath
Of glory for the brow of France: alas!
To see disaster crown his many toils
When foreign foe beset his forest home.
And still his fame sounds sweet in Nature's song
On hill and dale around the river-lake;
For was it not the anthem his first
To hear, as solace of vice-regal cares,
Even his first to bless, as round him pressed
The dismal dawning of a fate severe
That since has been a halo round his name?
And as the years saw realised their hopes,
When regal pomp sought peace beyond the seas,
And palmier days grew sweet in courtesy,
The Chateau's walls arose to crown the cape,
Where stood the fort of Champlain's first defence.
For here it was there thronged the old noblesse,
To seek the fame the gay Versailles refused,
And shed the lustre of its court abroad.
Here courtiers proud and belted knights have paced
These battlements in dust beneath our feet;
Here held they in the halls high festival
Or council state, were pageantry anew
Reflection shone from Bourbon majesty.
And dare we not, within the corridors,
Catch lingering glimpse between of luxury's couch
Adorned with trappings of vice-regal sway;
Perchance behold the poet-painter's touch
Reveal a history our own in those
Whose prouder deeds shine golden in the past.
Beyond, within the chamber most remote,
Where, drooped with ample folds of red and gold,
The throne commands the seats of councillors,
Is seen uplift on Parian pedestal
The statue of the king who boldly sought
Renown through deeds his own; and as we scan
The rigid lines where lip meets nether lip,
We read the record of a spirit that rose
Above the flatteries of minionry,—
Ne'er trusting sceptre in another's hands
To guide the destiny of sovereign power
In France the New or Old, And yonder near