

Literature Music Art

(By N. DE BERTRAND LUGRIN)

THE LESSONS OF THE CENTURIES

To the student of history, one who views the progress of the world through the light afforded by the making of great epochs rather than the scanty and unsatisfactory information gleaned from the study of the reigns of kings, there is one fact very evident, and that is that over-civilization has been the cause of the overthrow of all the great nations of the world's progress or retrogression unless we take into consideration events from the very dawn of history. In the light of the great age of our planet, and the hundreds of centuries during which man has had dominion over the brute creation, the few thousand years of which we have any adequate knowledge of his doings are a comparatively small number.

Several times in the history of the world a barbarous people have swept down upon thickly settled and civilized countries, and in spite of all absence of methodical or uniform training, in spite of utter lack of discipline, they have proved terrible antagonists, driving enormous armies of well-drilled soldiers before them, assailing so-called impregnable fortifications, laying waste cities and farmlands, leaving everywhere death and blood behind them, until finally they have become the acknowledged conquerors of the countries they invaded, and, from having enjoyed the fruit of civilization, the vanquished nations have been plunged again into the darkness consequent upon the rule of the barbarians, and all the past progress towards enlightenment has served to brighten that darkness not at all.

For one of the first of the many instances in ancient history of such victories we have only to read the familiar account of the fall of Babylon, that wonderful city of biblical fame, of five and forty miles in length, and with walls so strong and wide that six chariots could be drawn abreast upon them.

China, the oldest country in the world, whose history begins at a period to which no prudent historian can give a date, affords another illustration of the triumph of a semi-savage people over a comparatively civilized country. Genghis Khan was the name of one of the greatest conquerors the world has ever seen. It was he who established Mongolian rule in China.

For still another record in this series of the overthrow of civilization, we may refer to the fall of the Roman Empire. Never in the annals of time had there been a civilization to equal that which flourished during the Roman supremacy, never in the annals of time was there an overthrow more terrible nor more complete than that accomplished by the down-sweep from the North of the hosts of Goths and Vandals and Huns, when the whole of enlightened Europe was forced to acknowledge the barbarians the masters, when again the black shadow of savage ignorance was upon all people, and remained upon them until Christianity forced a ray of light into the darkness.

Nearly two thousand years have elapsed since the last triumph of barbarism over civilization, and we can look back now with unprejudiced eyes and unbiased judgment, to endeavor to learn, if possible, the reason for a victory of ignorance over knowledge, which to us in the light of all ethical teaching seems little short of an impossibility.

Babylon was a wonderful city, beautiful as the dream of a poet. Her natural surroundings were lovely beyond description; her palaces and their wonderful hanging gardens more marvellous even than the magnificent dwellings of the caliphs in the long-dead but famous city of Bagdad. The delights of her architecture should have proved an incentive to worthy living; her scenic environment an inspiration to noble deeds. But it was not so. History has told us of the wickedness within her brazen gates, of the licentiousness of her luxury-loving potentates, of the depravity of all her people. Babylon was only a whitened sepulchre full of the sin which is worse than death. And so the hosts of Cyrus, a semi-savage people, who knew no luxury, and none of the refinements of civilized life, who lived in the open and loved Nature as a mother, whose mad, glad blood, coursing in riotous health through their veins, spurred them to action swift, powerful, irresistible, swept down upon Babylon the fair, and their lust for victory was not satiated until the country of their invasion was black with the smoke of her burning palaces, and her streets red with the blood of her people.

The Mongols, "brave men," came from the North. The mountain fastnesses had been their home for generations. They despised all civilization as effeminate, and cultivated only those arts which pertained to warfare and the chase. Their physical strength was indomitable, inspiring them to deeds of daring, and firing them with utter fearlessness of bodily harm. All civilized China fell prey to their onslaughts under Genghis Khan and was forced to acknowledge Mongolian supremacy.

The savage German tribes who conquered the Roman Empire, were a people of wonderful strength, physically and morally. Of the Norsemen we are told that so hardy were they that one of their principal pastimes was sliding down the glaciers, half-naked, upon their shields. A race of giants were they, injured to all manner of hardships, and of great physical courage. Hating the limitations of cities, they built none and destroyed all of those in

a land where living was such a delight. Driven away again and again by the Romans, they gathered together in countless numbers, and swept down upon Europe, wiping out the civilization of centuries, a civilization, however, that had become corrupt, fostered by a people grown weak as a result of evil and licentious living.

These three instances are only chosen out of the many examples that history affords us of similar triumphs of barbarism over civilization. The question confronts us awaiting our answer: "What condition of men and men's affairs made such victories possible? We have on the one hand a people weakened, physically and morally, from the effects of unnatural living, their mental ability of an exceptional order, but proving of no use whatever when it came to a question of physical endeavor, their very incapacity rendering them something less than fearless, though they fought with a courage ever so great. Upon the other hand, we have a race fresh from the hands of nature, superbly endowed with strength of limb and sinew, from the very perfection of their health incapable of contemplating or accepting defeat. In a word, it was the warfare of health against disease, and it is owing to the fact that the barbarians conquered and infused their own life-giving blood into the sick peoples of the over-civilized world that the European nations have so fit a race of men today.

History is of no use unless we can derive from it some knowledge which shall enable us from the contemplation of the past to better our own present conditions. One of the first lessons that we learn from the centuries gone by is that unless a nation can preserve a more or less perfect standard of physical health, no matter what her other attainments, she will be unable to grapple successfully with a powerful foe of lesser mental endowments but of greater physical strength.

The time has come to us in America to face the same sort of problem which of old confronted Babylon, China and the Roman Empire. A foreign people, hundreds of millions of them, are knocking at our gates. Like the Goths, the Vandals and the Huns, they come peaceably enough, attracted by our wide pleasant lands, seeking to make new homes for themselves in this country of unlimited richness and fertility. They are an inferior race, these foreigners, we like to tell ourselves. They know comparatively little of the ease, the delights, the refinements of civilization. They are unenlightened as to true religion. They have made little or no progress in the sciences or the arts. We can quite well afford to despise them perhaps. So men of affairs decline to consider the problem seriously and lay it upon the table for future discussion. Meantime the menace of the barbarians, which threatened the civilizations of old, hovers above us in what we are pleased to think is the security of our cities. Woman, the illogical, intuitive half of mankind, wonders why she awakens in the night with a sudden smothered cry and throws her arm protectively about her babe. Is it that, that the mothers of the generations to come feel the instinct even now to shelter those who shall be born to struggle? Or is the struggle nearer and shall the children of today see and feel the horror, the suffering, the despair, that lie behind the threatening menace?

If the hundreds of millions of Chinese, Japanese and Hindus know little of the delights of civilization, they know little of the enormous amount of suffering it entails upon the vast majority. They know nothing of the over-crowding of the great cities where sunlight and fresh air can only be had by the comparative few, where labor is sickeningly scarce, and where the great, gaunt army of the unemployed increases every hour. If they are unenlightened as to true religion, they at least cannot be embittered by the knowledge of the constant dissensions among the so-called religious bodies, nothing of the bigotry, the jealousy, the insincerity of many of those in authority, nothing of the pitiful need of Christian charity in places under the very shadow of the Church itself, a need that, because it goes unsupplied, entails the starvation of all moral health. If they have made little or no progress in our arts and sciences, history tells us that centuries ago the Chinese had achieved scientific results in medicine and the mechanical arts of which we today are totally ignorant, to our great disadvantage. We may despise these foreigners as we will, and yet if we compare them physically with ourselves they do not suffer by the comparison. It would be utterly impossible for a white man to live, given the same conditions under which the yellow races flourish. The majority of these latter can thrive on a handful of rice a day. They can travel on foot for days in weather that would mean prostration of a white man in a few hours. They know little or nothing of the luxury that effeminates and their religion makes a warrior's death a blessing to be desired. They may be an inferior people, but there are many millions of them, and they have a national health standard that we cannot hope even in the efforts of generations to attain. In the light of the tragedies of the past can we afford to set aside the problem they have set us to solve?

The first lesson for a people to learn is that they must maintain a good national health standard at any cost. What matter if the population of our cities grows but slowly? Over-crowding means the lack of all essential, God-given elements that make life worth living, and we have unlimited acres of indescribable loveliness, where there is ample

room for each man to get his share of wind and rain and sunlight and the breath of flowers. Over-crowding means perpetual hurry, painful competition, lack of spiritual inspiration, incapacity for true enjoyment. Over-crowding means vice, disease, poverty and death. Given health, we can battle gloriously against the greatest odds. Given health, with the help of God, we can take our stand against the threatening millions and preserve our country for our children and our children's children.

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK REVIEWED

"The Bride of the Mistletoe"—Mr. James Lane Allen.

Between the publication of Mr. James Lane Allen's last book and his new story we are told seven years have elapsed. Now with all due credit to the author for his undoubted talent, we cannot help being convinced after reading his recent effort, that he had either better not have waited at all, or else waited another seven years, before giving a book to the public. Apart from the bits of poetic description throughout the pages, the story to the mind of the average reader has no merit whatever. It might appeal to persons of a hypochondriacal turn of mind, but it is a matter of congratulation that most of us are normal and take a fairly sane view of life, knowing that we cannot hope to realize the fond dreams and ideals of youth, but not working ourselves into a frenzy of bitterness over the fact. We accept, on the contrary, the many good and blessed compensations for lost illusions and make little or no complaint. Mr. Lane has delineated two most absurd characters in the man and wife who are the hero and heroine of his tragic-comedy. One has no patience with the woman who seems on the verge of hysterics from the moment she first appears upon the scene, and as for the man, he is not an inspiring type of character to say the least, though just what Mr. Lane has tried to make of him it is hard to say. He seems a cross between the essentially modern and the repulsively primitive.

The action of the book is supposed to take place during a couple of days, Christmas and the afternoon before. In the opening chapter we are introduced to the hero, one Frederick, as he sits at his desk deep in the study of forestry, and with a small book beside the larger one, which small volume deals with "primitive nature worship" and belongs to the class of those that are kept under lock and key by the libraries which possess them as unsafe reading for "unsane minds." Whatever this mysterious book may be, the story shows us quite plainly that Frederick should be considered as belonging in the category of irresponsible, for it has certainly had a very bad effect upon him. We are given a lengthy description of the man's personal appearance, which is enough to antagonize anyone in the first place, a whole page being scarcely sufficient to describe his beard. Then the wife enters the room heralded by a knock, "regretful but positive." We would like to know the sort of knock that could combine these two qualities—the excessive use of adjectives in the book is very wearisome. The husband is invited by the wife to go for a walk; in fact the matter seems to have been pre-arranged between them—a sort of institution with them ever since their marriage; but for fourteen pages the woman tries to persuade Frederick to leave his absorbing studies, during which time she gives him quite clearly to understand that she is jealous of his work, and has during the past year become convinced that she is only an incident in his life. As they are middle-aged people and have spent half a lifetime together, she lets the year count for a great deal, particularly as he has been using all his leisure during that time to write a book for her, in response to a wish that she had expressed the Christmas before. Finally she "held up his hat for him between her arms, making an arch for him to come and stand under."

"It is getting late," she said in nearly the same tone of quiet warning with which she had spoken before. "There is no time to lose."

"He sprang up without glancing behind him at his desk with its interrupted work, and came over and placed himself under the arch of her arms, looking at her reverently."

"But his hands did not take hold, his arms hung down at his sides—the hands that were life, the arms that were love."

"She let her eyes wander over his clipped tawny hair and pass downward over his features to the well-remembered mouth under his moustache. Then closing her quivering lips quickly, she dropped the hat softly on his head and walked toward the door."

Later on when the Tree has been decorated, the children asleep and the house quiet, the wife and husband prepare to spend the remainder of the evening in celebrating Christmas Eve, which is also their wedding anniversary, in their own way. It must be very late and they are all tired, but Frederick goes to his room, where he gets into his evening clothes, while his wife awaits him in the drawing-room dressed in a décolleté gown.

Her husband brings to her the work of the year. His gift to her. It is a MS. tied with ribbons and twined with holly and sprigs of cedar. At this period of the story we have become so weary by the endless detail that we feel almost as much resentment at being expected to take an interest in

the MS. as the wife herself must have felt. But Frederick does not spare us. His wife had expressed a desire to know the meaning of the Christmas tree, and in his "Wandering Tale" the husband endeavors to explain it to her. The chapter dealing with the origin of the Christmas festivities is of interest from an historical standpoint, but the story turns on the husband's description of the manner in which the mistletoe was used in the old Druidical worship. This is not pleasant reading, and by the time he has finished, his wife, instead of realizing that he has gone a little mad on the subject of Forest Memories, and making some allowance for him, is quite ill with self-pity, which renders her wholly unreasonable. A terrible night of mental suffering follows for the poor woman, while Frederick in love with a phantom of the past, a phantom which belonged to the old Druid temples, and she believes that she henceforth can hold no place in his life.

"The dawn found her sitting in the darkest corner of the room, and there it brightened about her desolately. The moment drew near when she must awake him, the ordeal of their meeting must be over before the children rushed downstairs or the servants knocked."

"She had plaited her hair in two heavy braids, and down each braid the grey told its story through away from brow and temples, so that the contour of her head—one of nature's noblest—was seen in its simplicity. She had put on a plain nightdress, and her face and shoulders rising out of this, had the austerity of marble—exempt not from ruin, but exempt from lesser mutilation."

"Then she approached the bed—a new, pitiful fear in her eyes—the look of the rejected. 'A Merry Christmas!' She tried to summon the words to her lips and to have them ready."

"Tears, not for life's faults, but for life where there are no faults. They looked in each other's arms—trying to save each other on Nature's vast, lonely, tossing, uncaring sea."

The story is dedicated to "One Who Knows." Our sympathy goes out to whoever that may be.

Mr. Allen has a large number of readers on both sides of the Atlantic, but we venture to say that had this book been his first, he would have had no encouragement to write a second. A more illogical, pointless and hopeless story it would be hard to find. The Macmillan Co., Toronto, Canada.

WITH THE PHILOSOPHERS

David Hume

Thomas Huxley, who was one of Hume's most sincere admirers, thus writes in his preface to the book on the life of the latter:

"If it is your desire to discourse fluently and learnedly about philosophical questions, begin with the Ionians and work steadily through to the latest new speculative treatise. If you have a good memory and a fair knowledge of Greek, Latin, French and German, edge of Greek, Latin, French and German, three or four years spent in this way should enable you to attain your object. If, on the contrary, you are animated by the much rarer desire for real knowledge; if you want to get a clear conception of the deepest problems set before the intellect of man, there is no need, so far as I can see, for you to go beyond the limits of the English tongue. Indeed, if you are pressed for time, three English authors will suffice, namely, Berkeley, Hume and Hobbes."

David Hume was born in Edinburgh on the 25th of April, 1711, in a very modest farmhouse on the banks of the Whitadder, or White water. His parents were of good Scottish descent, and his mother a very keen-witted, determined woman, of great self-reliance and independence, whose characteristics David seems to have inherited. The lad's philosophic tendency was apparent at a very early age, as can be evidenced by one of his letters written when he was sixteen, and of which the following is an extract:

"The perfectly wise man who outbraves fortune is much greater than the husbandman who slips by her; and indeed this pastoral and saturnian happiness I have in a great measure came at just now. I live like a king, pretty much by myself, neither full of action, nor perturbation. This state, however, I can foresee is not to be relied upon. My peace of mind is not sufficiently confirmed by philosophy to withstand the blows of fortune. This greatness and elevation of soul is only to be found in study and contemplation. This alone can teach us to look down on human accidents."

Hume first undertook the study of law, but with indifferent success, for at the age of 21 we find him engaged in commerce, in which pursuit he met with little short of failure. Two years later he left England for France, and at La Fleche, in the College of Jesuits, at which Descartes had received his education, Hume passed the greater part of three years in the study of philosophy, and while here he composed his first work, the "Treatise of Human Nature."

Huxley tells us that "by honorable effort the boy's noble ideal of life became the man's reality at forty. Hume had the happiness of finding that he had not wasted his youth in the pursuit of illusions, but that the solid certainty of waking bliss lay before him in the free play of his powers in their appropriate spheres." Hume's works met with a wel-

come reception. His history of Great Britain brought him fame. He was more favorably known in France even than in England, being a great favorite at the French capital, and courted and fêted by nobles and great ladies. In fact to the day of his death he cherished an antipathy towards Englishmen in general, as they "cared nothing about literature, disliked Scotchmen, were insensible to the merits of David Hume, and passionately admired Lord Chatham, whom Hume detested."

Hume died in 1776, and shortly before the last wrote these words in conclusion of "My Own Life":

"I now reckon upon a speedy dissolution. I have suffered very little pain from my disorder—and have never suffered a moment's abatement of spirits; in so much that were I to name the period of my life which I should most choose to pass over again, I might be tempted to point to this later period. I possess the same ardor as ever in study and the same gaiety in company."

To conclude historically with my own character, I am, or rather was (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which embodies me the more to speak of my sentiments) I was, I say, a man of mild dispositions, of command of temper, of an open, social and cheerful humor, capable of attachment, but little susceptible to enmity, and of great moderation in all my passions.

My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained."

"What we call a mind is nothing but a heap or collection of different perceptions, united together by certain relations, and supposed, though falsely, to be endowed with a perfect simplicity and identity."

"'Tis not our body we perceive when we regard our limbs and members, but certain impressions which enter by the senses; so that the ascribing a real and corporeal existence to these impressions, or to their objects, is an act of the mind as difficult to explain as that (the external existence of the objects) which we examine at present."

"No truth to me appears more evident than that the beasts are endowed with thought and reason as well as man. The arguments in this case are so obvious that they never escape the most stupid and ignorant."

"There is not to be found in all history any miracle attested by a sufficient number of men, of such unquestioned goodness, education and learning, as to secure us against all delusion in themselves; of such undoubted integrity, as to place them beyond all suspicion of design to deceive others; or such credit and reputation in the eye of mankind as to have a great deal to lose in case of their being detected in any falsehood; and at the same time attesting facts, performed in such a public manner, and in, so celebrated a part of the world, as to render the detection unavoidable; all which circumstances are requisite to give us a full assurance of the testimony of men."

"The whole frame of Nature bespeaks an Intelligent Author; and no rational inquirer can, after serious reflection, suspend his belief one moment with regard to the primary principles of genuine Theism and Religion."

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

It is said on good authority that a gentleman whose name is widely known to the public has intimated his willingness to provide a sum of £300,000 for the endowment of National Opera in this country. Certain preliminaries are under consideration, and it is impossible, at present, to make any further statement.—London Times.

JULIAN STORY WEDS MRS. BOHLEN.

Julian Story, the artist recently divorced by Mme. Emma Eames, married last Wednesday Mrs. Elaine Bohlen, a Philadelphia woman, in the office of the Registrar, at Marblebone. Only a few friends were present as witnesses. Mr. Story explained that the privacy of the wedding was caused by the fact that his affairs have had, in his opinion, too much publicity recently.

The Strand Magazine for June contains an Overseas Supplement in which Agnes Deans Cameron has the leading article, "Where Wheat Wins," illustrated by some excellent photographs typical of the farming pursuits of the Far West. In view of the appalling ignorance displayed by the general British public in regard to the colonies, Canada in particular, and as the Strand is very widely read by all classes of English people, the addition of this permanent feature must prove of great benefit as well as interest.

"I understand the Neweds are having trouble," remarked the spinster boarder. "Some people take her part, and some others side with him." "And I suppose," growled the scanty-haired bachelor at the end of the table, "there are a few eccentric people who mind their own business."

RUN How to Train Yo

When walking in the country through the woods, or even taking a five or ten mile compass, a small boy or a puppy, perhaps, a happy companion. Their claim to be considered companions is based on a good of characteristics: both are inquisitive, frankly interested in and all new surroundings, and both you, offer you such a wealth without any reserve, as to av innermost mind a consciousness worthiness of being thus id should you fail to win their make you cognizant of the fact frankness which you cannot regretfully, from respecting. But "but" in order that their may be pleasure unalloyed, must be amenable to reason as in other words, both boy and dog should be trained.

The first thing to teach the low you, whether on horseback driving. Nearly every young accompanying his owner when it may be taken for granted that fed by no hand but your own; fore have already learnt to co your call or whistle.

The next thing to be imprinted mind is that, when you take him stay with you and not return. personally conducted excursion orbit on his own account. She a propensity in these directions couple him to another dog who and this is the better plan, you out on a leash, which should not ten yards long and is better, must, however, be as light as with an adequate breaking-strain a constant and essential factor tional process.

Take the dog then on a leash feel the restraint as little as him now and then to "come to same time enforcing the command of the leash. In a short time learnt the meaning of this command obey without any tension on must then be taught to remain released by permission to "lie forward." If he is difficult, flick of the dogwhip about a foot his nose when he pulls at the useful, but he must not be frigid exhibition of anger. He should kept at heel for a length of prove irksome, nor should he be interested or investigating something enticing smell; the object should cate obedience unconsciously to enforce it as an unconditional.

Should he lose you and be usually the case, on the doors return home, his welcome should repulsed in tones of reproach; the offence is well treated by and pretending to go out with

When this lesson is learnt, it is unwise to teach more than a time, he should be taught to sit or rather to carry and fetch. He will find his hereditary tendency meet you half way; I never saw from a Newfoundland to a terrier not delight in carrying something object to start him with is a folded up as if for the mail, both ends with a piece of string very important quality in giving good mouth, and if it is lost, will be during tuition, it should not be given at once after the dog get over his first spirits, run off some of his energy down a little before giving him. When once he has it you must carefully.

The added dignity of respect keep him steady for some time while other attractions will divert him from his burden, and he put it down and forget about it once he recalled and made to should this be found impossible replaced in his mouth; should hold it, a piece of string pass paper lengthwise and tied over in front of the collar will enforce, but, when once he has taken the first opportunity should be him of it with much petting at

Many dogs, when they have something to carry, are very it up, and this is a tendency promptly nipped in the bud, prove very difficult to combat. your choice of a paper instead usual stick will prove an invader former cannot be gripped with latter, nor does it tend to the ing with jaw fixed and teeth the burden. The command should never be supplemented this only tends to confirm of make the dog disobedient to t

The most powerful dog m open his jaws, releasing what if only the proper method be hand over the jaw just in fro with the fingers on one side on the other, squeeze the jaw that the upper lip is pressed molar teeth on either side, thi