THE CONSERVATIVE

THE man who proclaims himself a Conservative is made to feel that he has confessed to a shameful thing. Under pressure of this calumny he has assumed many alien names. In England he calls himself a Unionist; in Canada a Coalitionist; in Quebec a Liberal; in Ontario a Farmer. For this the Conservatives have only themselves to blame, and the justice of the blame lies in an act of hypocrisy and cowardice. This act was committed in Canada when the Conservatives were officially designated by a master of political cynicism as Liberal-Conservatives.

It is quite true that a man is born either Conservative or Liberal. The one cannot become the other any more than he can "become" a Catholic, or a woman become a lady—without a change of heart. It is easy to deny the old faith: hard to adopt the new: easy by denial to become an anarchist in politics, an agnostic in religion, a democrat in manners. Conversion is rare.

The Conservative is a being with a definite frame of mind. He is tolerant of the old, suspicious of the new. In his pristine state he honoured the king, feared God, and was friendly to religion so long as it did not meddle too much with his private life. The world to him was a vast and complicated concern which he did not create, did not understand. If it could be improved at all, the improvement would be slow, and those who strove for improvement were only striving for change. Experiment was dangerous, and theory half false. He would risk a check but not a change. His main desire was to leave bad enough alone lest worse might follow. He had no faith whatever in legislative enactments. Legislation was one of those evils which must be endured, but it was a dangerous weapon. To him the Liberal was a gad-fly which stirred him from repose, but he was careful not to move too fast.

As a result of these two forces the world had gone well enough, especially the English world, and that was his main concern. Institutions grew up. He lived in their shelter. For a thousand years, in his person and estate, they protected him against disorder at home, against invasion from without. If there is any Conservative yet living, he might comfort himself with the reflexion that during the past five years these same institutions, although strained and wrenched, have stood against the world storm.

In Canada, also, such civilization as we have is a resultant of Conservative and Liberal pull and play. The two parties were once sincere and well defined. Now they are confused, not knowing friend from foe. They have lost even the remembrance of their principles. The only vestige left to the Liberals is in the name of their leader, whereby he vaunts his ancestry from a man who took up arms against his king. To the Conservative party nothing of conservatism remains. They lost their singleness of purpose, their purity of intention, their freedom of mind, when they shackled their party to an economic theory that one element of the community must be protected at the expense of the other elements. They were led into the wilderness by business interests. They confounded the high and disinterested ethics of politics, which is the love of men, with the low and interested ethics of business which is love of gain, and the root of all political evil. From this it was an easy progress to ensuring the permanency of fictitious enterprises, to guarantee the credit of gamblers, to enter into partnership with speculators, and assume full ownership when their adventures become bankrupt. In these vagaries the Liberals were concerned or consenting, and all political order was lost.

It is only when the cause is lost that the rôle of the prophet begins, and the prophet is always prone to consider himself as a voice crying in the wilderness. When his eyes are opened he may discover that even the dead bones can be made to move, can be brought to life, and made into a living force. The Conservative idea is silent and dispersed, but it is everywhere.

Any man who has now a roof over his head is *in esse* a Conservative. If he has a piece of land, he is *in posse* a Queen Anne Tory. The new Ontario party, if it only knew itself, is Conservative. It has not yet made the discovery. It is still engaged in destroying the old forms in which political truth is enshrined. The form and the idea are inseparable. A decent ceremonial it cannot away with. It is enamoured of the "frock coat." From that it is an easy descent to the tweed cap and the centrifugal whiskers. Then the United Farmers will have gone the way of the sockless Kansans.

Farmers everywhere are Conservative. They merely ask to be let alone. They have no delusions about political legislation or about political economy. Their theory of life is to take what they can get, be it much or little. The more they get the less they work. They do not love work for its own sake. If their products yield high prices, that is the fault of those who clamour for them. If any man objects to the high price of milk or bacon or eggs, the answer is ready: let him keep a cow, a pig, or a hen of his own. In that answer lies all economic and political truth. Upon it the political farmers of Ontario will succeed. Against it an alliance between the Farmer and Labour will break. Farmer-Labour is as fatal as Liberal-Conservative.

For forty years Canada has had government by a class, the class, namely, that was interested in factories. The factory was their only idea. So long as that was left intact they were willing to surrender all else, and pay any blackmail to Farmers and Labour alike. They lost all political principles and missed the very aim of life. One of themselves spoke the truth in the sordid expression: "a factory is not run for the glory of God." Neither did he know how true a thing he said nor how subversive it was. Another manufacturer of textile fabrics once laid down the policy: whatsoever you do, do all to the glory of God. In that lies sound economy,—also there is money in it. This class composed of "business men" has gone quite wild, but their adventure into the Balkans will be the last. Supplying your own money to

purchase your own goods is the feat of a fool. Using the money of another for the same purpose is the way of the swindler. These traders are not the people of Canada. The day of the "wizard" has gone by.

Canada can only be saved by the Conservative spirit, and that spirit in organized form exists only in Quebec, although even there it suffers by persecution from without and pressure from within. And this spirit which is inherent in the race is fostered by the family and by the Church. If government is to be by class, very well, Quebec is a class and will give conservative government. Old-fashioned persons yet designate the people of Quebec by the term "Canadians." The term is significant, and the mind of Quebec is worthy of notice. It will govern Canada, or Canada will not be governed at all.

When a French-Canadian uses the word "Ontario," he does not mean that great province which lies to the west of the Ottawa and north of the Lakes, inhabited by his fellow subjects: he means to indicate a frame of mind for which he has a great pity and that degree of toleration which goes with a profound compassion. Ontario has in his mind the same place that used to be accorded to Kansas in the mind of the United States, the breeding spot of queer and to him incomprehensible ideas. Many of his notions are, of course, quite wrong. He thinks that a man from Ontario is prohibited from taking alcohol because he is "trop faible," that is, of so feeble a mind and body that he would be affected in an unseemly way. If only he were privileged to sit for an evening with a man from Ontario on his too infrequent visits to Quebec, he would quickly learn his error in his depleted stores. As it is, he takes his moderate drink alone, and as he raises his glass, instead of the customary "Salut," or "Santé," he murmurs in sorrow, "Pauvre Ontario."

The divergence of thought between the two provinces begins with the child. Quebec believes in education. Ontario believes in schools. Up to a certain point there is common ground.

It would be a hard saying, that the public schools of Ontario are the worst in the world because they are the best of their kind, because in turn they have accomplished exactly what they set out to do, namely, in the words of their founder, to have all children of the same age doing the same thing at the same time. There are public schools of the Ontario kind in Quebec, but in Montreal at least they are monopolized by the Jews. Other Protestants are free to send their children to separate schools if only they pay the rates imposed and have enough means remaining to provide an education in schools of their choice.

It is a condition of life that the experience of parents shall be transmitted to their young. The she-wolf teaches wolfing to her pups, and the bird flying to her fledglings. Domestic animals alone are allowed to grow up in ignorance. Without traditions, without arts or crafts, the yoke of servitude is the more securely fastened upon them.

Within the time of the present generation the young of the human species has fallen to the level of the domestic animals. They are taught nothing. They are segregated from older persons from whom they might learn. They are immured in a building. To quiet their minds and quell their spirit they are given a series of tasks which are all one task—namely, to regard certain emblems fixedly. In time these black emblems upon a white page combine themselves into categories which are known as words; and these in turn are considered to be the same as things.

This task is performed under the eye of a master who has attained a certain mastery over words. He can read them and he can write them. If he can combine them into larger categories called sentences, he is then known as a professor; and if he contrives to convey any sense by this process of writing, he gives up the trade of teaching and takes to literature. It was not long before it was discovered that a grown man was wasting his time in such an occupation. Young women disclosed a special aptitude for the business,

and they soon gained complete control over the minds of the young. A teacher is now usually described as "she."

Quebec alone has protested with all her might. Quebec would have none of this "new education." Other Provinces complain, but endure, like the goat in the fable, eating the snake. He grinned as he eat, but he went on eating. The most intelligent province in Canada, which at the same time is the smallest, pays the least for public schools, because it is intelligent enough to appraise correctly the value of what it gets in return. Petitions against the system of compulsory public schools have been put forward in Quebec by men who signed their names with a mark, which all could understand, rather than with a series of marks which no one could read. Much humour has been expended upon the "anomaly" by those who fail to understand that it is precisely those who do not write and read, who are qualified to offer an opinion upon the negative value of the accomplishment.

There was a time when the young of the human species, especially the male, was of some value. From the age of three years he could do something. He could control domestic animals of the lesser breeds, since the opposing muscle in his thumb enabled him to hold a small stick. As he increased in stature he was assigned to more definite tasks. By doing them he learned to do them, and when he had attained to the age of seven years he was more than self-supporting. In those days a child was an asset. He was easier to rear, and he was more valuable, than many other animals. Also he had a value of much deeper kind, and account was made of his fitness for another world than this.

It was many years before the public mind became insensible to this new system of instruction. At first there was revolt on the part of all the young, and this revolt was shared by many of their parents. The most stringent laws were passed, and truancy, which was at first a struggle for freedom, came at length to be regarded as a crime, when the public conscience had been dulled by a generation of tyranny.

This system of immuring children in schools where they pass their time in learning to decipher symbols printed upon paper, is of very recent origin. Life had become intolerable as periods of peace increased in length; and hunting, no longer a necessity, ceased to be a sport. This activity of mind found an outlet in debauchery. The mind must be dulled. It was remembered that clerics, who were condemned to a sedentary life, dulled their minds to a point of endurance by the practice of reading books. Henceforth for all idle persons who were too feeble of physique or too sensitive in conscience to indulge in debauchery reading became the sovereign remedy against weariness of mind.

The ability to read soon became a sign to the world of ability to live in idleness. A class distinction was created; and all class distinctions are valid only in so far as they indicate the nicety of balance between idleness and a continued interest in life. Within our own time, when all class distinctions began to grow irksome, few could live without work; but all could learn to read and write. This was a proclamation of independence. It was observed that persons who were not in possession of these accomplishments must work with their hands. This discovery subdued the spirit. The desire to escape from manual labour then proved sufficiently strong to persuade the young to endure the misery of enslavement in a school.

Interested persons who lived by the system were found eager to ameliorate its hardships by persuading the victims that they were undergoing a process of "education." Under so honourable a cloak this meretricious system has worked havoc with the national life. It has seized upon young persons. It has retained them in its grasp for ten precious years. It has left them uneducated. It has prevented them from receiving any education whatever.

When the public conscience began to stir, the soothsayers declared that the system was not sufficiently rigid, that the years must be lengthened, and more money spent. We are now at such a climax, and the new "education" is the result.

It is the outcome of minds dulled by living immured for fifty years within school walls.

Soldiers look upon civilians as creators of recruits; schoolmasters look upon the populace as propagators of pupils. Both should remember that there is a point beyond which they will not succeed. Men, and women too, have it in their power to decline. In the industrial community the production of children does not now offer many attractions. This is not the moment—in the waste of war—to make the burden intolerable. A labouring man in Ontario will hesitate long, when his judgement is unclouded and his natural desire checked by strict sobriety, before he takes the chance of burdening his family with a girl who must be supported in the idleness of a school until her form is mature, or with a boy who is not permitted to earn for himself the necessary penny for shaving his beard. Nature is much more nicely balanced than those persons suspect, who deal habitually with the children of other men.

These formulators of education with their own eyes in their papers have failed to observe that the race has grown tired of reading, and has reverted to the older practice of looking at pictures. Even the newspapers designed for a wide circulation consist almost entirely of "cuts" and diagrams. Whilst reading was a novel accomplishment it captivated the race; but now like an outworn idol it is cast aside with ignominy.

To read French is a common accomplishment. To read a little of any language is easy. One who has not forgotten his Latin, and remembers the chance phrases of his Italian travel, can make some sense out of a Rumanian newspaper. Chinese characters and Egyptian hieroglyphics can be deciphered after a few lessons; but there is a great gulf between reading the signs in which a language is expressed and carrying on a conversation with one to whom the tongue is native. A person whose education in French is obtained in an Ontario public school or even at the University of Toronto finds a natural difficulty in understanding, and a still greater difficulty

in making himself understood by, a French-Canadian. He at once concludes that his interlocutor does not speak, or understand, good French. It is quite true that he does not speak good French; but Quebec French does not differ from French any more than Ontario English differs from English. A language grows as a plant grows, and if it is uncared for it will grow wild and ugly.

The speech of the complete victim of the Ontario public school is scarcely intelligible. He has a language of his own. The English-speaking child must learn it, if he would be understood; and he soon acquires two languages, the one he speaks at home and the one he speaks in school. After two years the home speech is lost, and parents and children find themselves speaking diverse tongues. This new English is not yet written because the existing characters cannot be tortured into an expression of the new sound. If one would write the word "cotton," for example, as it is pronounced after the new style, and employed the letters n-g-k-a-w-t-n,—that is the best that can be done.

The proposed intention of the public school is to give all pupils an equal opportunity: it succeeds in making them look alike and speak alike, in inflicting upon all the language of the most careless, the worst bred, the most illiterate. Any language is good in which thought can be expressed, but beautiful thought has a proneness towards a beautiful medium. Sound and sense are inseparable. One cannot be too sure: beautiful thought may be expressed in a series of squeals and groans: it has not yet been done. When Ontario derides Quebec for its "patois," let it turn a backward ear to its own young.

Quebec never succumbed to this desire for universal idleness. Her children are trained and educated in the callings of their fathers. They are to-day the best farmers in Canada. Their production is highest, and their land has lost none of its fertility. They are also the best craftsmen, and have never learned to rely upon the factory alone. They employ their spare time, and derive profit and enjoyment

from the work of their hands. Their homesteads are filled with implements of their own, and their fathers', making. Their houses are furnished with the honest products of the long winter evenings.

And yet the public men of Quebec have dominated Canada ever since the Union in virtue of their education. Every family is scrutinized. Every boy, however humble his origin, however narrow his means, is watched from his youth up. If he shows any aptitude for study, he is set in the way, and all careers are open,—medicine, law, the church. He has for teachers not women but men who have dedicated themselves to poverty and the service of God. His parents find their ambition satisfied when they have yielded a priest for the church or a daughter for contemplation. The whole family is ordered for the glory of God. That is honour enough. It is the secret of their strength.

It is only persons who are ignorant of history, that wonder at the silent might of Quebec. Race does mean something. The French always dominated the continent of Europe after they had expelled the English who were themselves in large part French. It was with this breed that Quebec was colonized, a breed as hard and intractable as the Puritans who made New England. The Puritans were dispersed. They lost their faith. The French kept their faith, and they endure.

The heroism, the beauty, the chivalry of these colonists is now a part of the romance of history. Men talk as if all this virtue returned overseas after the Capitulation. The exact contrary is the truth. It remains with us until this day. One sees it in some chance guide upon the northern lakes, in a chance workman who comes to exercise his craft in one's house, in the habitant who gives one shelter for the night. One who has any eyes to see will discover the veracity of that old regime upon the bench, in the church, in the legislatures, in the professions, in the editorial rooms even, as fine in mien and bearing as when their fathers followed

Cartier, Maisonneuve, Champlain. Not all the chivalry perished where sleep Montcalm and Wolfe beside her gate.

The fashion now is to proclaim that breeding counts for nothing. That talk fits very well the mongrel mouth. "C'est qu'ils étaient d'excellente race." That is the just phrase of M. Maurice Barrès; and M. Henri d'Arles adds that both the men and women were "sur le volet,"—on the sorting board of seeds. They had emigrated from France untouched by the corruption of the 18th Century, that came to a head at the Revolution, that is, if a series of six conspiracies operating at the same moment can be designated by so dignified a term.

The women who came were of equal quality, and it is the women who make a race. They were of the purest blood. Their deeds attest their birth. They were the war-orphaned daughters of the best families. Their education was undertaken by the king himself, and they went out into the wilderness under the highest auspices to make a dream come true. In the poignant words of M. d'Arles, "Ces héros et ces héroïnes cultivaient un grand rêve, celui de donner au Christ et à la France un empire, d'ouvrir tout un continent à la lumière de l'Evangile, de fonder sur nos rivages une race destinée à jouer en Amérique le rôle civilisateur que la France jouait en Europe; à l'ombre de ce rêve s'épanouissait un amour capable de tous les dévoûments et de tous les sacrifices, capable même de donner sa vie pour le triomphe de l'entreprise sacrée."

History like geology is going on before our eyes, and we do not so much as suspect the process. If one had observed since the beginning of time he would not now see much change. He would say the rivers and mountains were always there. In Canada the great historical event is the progress of the French race. From 65,000 persons at the Cession have sprung two millions and a half. The French population has doubled during the present generation. Two-thirds of the increase of population in all Canada, during the past twenty years, in spite of immigration, is due to the French. Now

that immigration has stopped they alone are providing for the increase. Those who call themselves the native born English are actually diminishing in numbers.

Relatively and absolutely there is more French spoken in Montreal than there was thirty years ago. More English people speak some kind of French; and the French are more insistent upon their own language being spoken whether they understand English or not. In shops and business offices French-speaking clerks are a necessity if customers would be attracted and held. Notices and receipts from companies must go out in the two languages. In the country whole districts that were once English are now French. To that excellent journalist, Robert Sellar, this is the tragedy of Quebec. The real tragedy would be that the farms abandoned by the English should remain abandoned until the lesser breeds of Europe should take them up. When a farmer takes to growing oats, house maids, lawyers, doctors, and professors for export to the cities his farm soon runs out. Ardent patriots may lament and rail: there is no defence against a population that doubles every forty years.

The French-Canadian, it is true, does not read much. In the act of reading there is no virtue. There may be harm. Somewhat depends upon the thing read. The typist in the car or the messenger boy in the street with eyes fixed upon the little page are not necessarily improved thereby. The less one reads the better that little is. In every house is literature of amazing excellence. It may be nothing more than a parochial paper; but one will find on the pages, it may be, a sonnet correct in form, deftly done, and of exquisite feeling. L'Abbé Roy publishes every month from Laval a Review which in material is as good as the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE; in scholarship, style, and passion much better. Many of the articles could not be improved by Bossuet or even by Pascal. They have been *couronné* by the French Academy: Canada is ignorant of them, and that ignorance is made the ground for a charge of illiteracy against Quebec.

The French have a peculiar aptitude for administration. They consider the man greater than the law. They introduce an element of humanity even into legal procedure. A French judge never forgets that he is *père de famille*. Subtle as any, he knows when to brush subtleties aside with one gesture of common sense. It may not be generally known that upon a referendum Quebec decided that it would continue to drink wine and beer. A case came before a judge. The argument was filled with percentages, volumes, and weights. The judge made a sudden ruling, that "wine is wine and beer is beer. As for champagne,"—he added an *obiter dicta*. He made as if to hold up a wide glass by a thin stem. Any one could see that it was a light wine, even sparkling in its lightness. That was the law as ordained by the people of Quebec. Other provinces might ordain differently.

The French politician is also above his politics. He is capable of an unexpected stroke. Montreal provides three-fourths of the revenue of the whole Province. It was coming to be the worst governed community in America through an alliance between the worst elements of the French and the worst elements among the Jews. The English did not care. Any one could govern so long as they grew rich. When this ample reservoir of revenue was seen to be in jeopardy Quebec came to the rescue of the city, and took away its municipal franchise. Montreal may vote as it please. Quebec collects the taxes and expends the revenue, with the result that Montreal is now the best managed community in Canada. Borrowing is at an end, and if Montreal does not pay, it can go without. Herein is a nice lesson in democracy. In the mad orgy of senseless public extravagance Quebec, of course, has taken care of itself. The St. Lawrence is the best fair-way in the world, and it is not for nothing that the Quebec bridge is in Quebec.

And yet not even Quebec is immune from economic forces. Quebec can vaccinate against the small-pox that comes from Toronto; can resist that Maccabean temper which is the peculiar heritage of the Methodists; and insist

that instruction in religion is equally important with vulgar fractions. Against internal dissolution the strife is not so sure. Quebec also is losing its disinterested leadership. With the growth of population, the increase of riches, and the extension of business, the most alert and powerful French minds are turning to commercial pursuits, abandoning retail for wholesale methods. There are no successors to Cartier, Chapleau, and Laurier. Such men are now the heads of corporations, the partners in large enterprise, the servants of business rather than leaders in politics.

Any writing about Quebec is the merest trifling, which does not take into account the influence of the Catholic Church towards a conservative view of life. Whatever may be the attitude of the Church towards what is called liberty of thought it has always been tolerant of liberty of conduct. The Church has rarely been puritan. It has learned by hard experience that the Church which takes into its hands the material or political sword will perish by the sword. The Protestant churches have not yet learned that lesson. All but the Church of Scotland in Canada are frankly political bodies, if one can judge by their preachings and their conduct. The principal person in the Congregational Church in Montreal recommended his people "to get into politics up to the neck." A Labour meeting is not complete without a Methodist minister on the platform. The joint presbytery of Ottawa and Montreal issued a manifesto directing their adherents how to vote at a general referendum. The Anglican Church with its genius for compromise went no further than to set aside a day of prayers for guidance; but there was a clear intimation to the Answerer of prayer what the answer should be.

The practice of politics by the Churches is always dangerous. It would be more dangerous still if it were not so stupid. The children of this world are much wiser than the children of the light. All churches are one Church. Their business is alone with the relation of the individual soul to God. Their objective is the kingdom of Heaven, and a forward movement towards a specified sum of money

does not bring them appreciably nearer the main goal. The house of many mansions, the heavenly temple;—not the kind of houses men live in here; not the wages men receive nor the hours they work, but the wages of sin, which is death;—these are the real concern of the Church, Catholic and Protestant alike. But the Protestant churches are now a frank democracy. As is usual the popular man is the choice for leader, and the popular man is just now the paid secretary, the wandering "evangelist," the "returned" man—returned from France or the Northern wilds. They "understand men." Against them there is little chance for the saint who remains in the sanctuary, and understands God. When I went into the Sanctuary I understood: those are the words of the Psalmist.

The Catholic spirit deals with sin, for all sin is one. The Puritan spirit concerns itself with sins, and it has a peculiar aptitude for venting its wrath and curse upon sins that are the less heinous. This spirit was the torment of the prophets, rending the garment and not the heart. The Puritan became "the Pharisee," "the hypocrite," and the great Apostle when he was bothered with a trivial question of aliment declared in anger that it was not that which entered into a man's mouth that defiled him but the evil that proceeded out of his mouth from an evil heart. Quebec cannot understand a religion that concerns itself with outward things. When a French-Canadian who is being examined for life insurance is asked the routine question about his habit in respect of alcohol he is known to reply, *Je ne suis pas hypocrite.*

Similarly in Quebec the people in virtue of their conservative spirit are content to allow to live forms of business by which business is carried on. They are tolerant enough of public ownership so long as the deficits are expended in their own province, but they do not consider private gain as a public wrong. Corporations are not harried and harassed. The street railways are the best in Canada, and electric light is the cheapest as well as the best, because the providers feel

themselves secure against clamour and confiscation. Public sympathy is with them and against senseless demands on the part of the agitators. Quebec is prosperous because capital is not wantonly assailed.

The real resources of Canada are in Quebec. They are not mines, fields, and forests, not men even—but women. We have been proclaiming our resources as a fisherman who sits upon a headland contemplating the sea and calculating the number of codfish swimming in the water. We erected a huge organization for producing immigrants. We built railways as a lure for aliens and enemies. The women of Quebec created a million Canadians in this generation alone. Marriage is marriage, and a calculated sterility is only a little less heinous than secret adultery. If marriage is nothing more than a legal contract, it can be dissolved by the law. Where marriage is a sacrament it can never be annulled. In Quebec divorce is impossible at a time when the other Provinces are setting up courts for that especial purpose.

The spirit of Quebec is an ancient brooding spirit, and has made of that Province a haven for good sense, political wisdom, and personal freedom. If this spirit is left undisturbed Quebec will become the last refuge of civilization upon this continent. But the things of the spirit come without observation. When Quebec becomes self-conscious the end is at hand. That was the fatal error into which the Germans fell. They were not content to wait. They would seize the kingdom by violence.

The disturbers of Quebec are of her own household. Agression; truculence; insistence upon rights, real or imaginary; the forcible imposition of alien ideas upon other communities will be met by aggression and force, as the Germans also discovered. Quebec would do well to impose her own spirit upon her own Nationalists. The threat "to raise the race cry" can be made once too often. Too much can be made of the sacrosanctity of their religion, their language, their laws. The French-Canadians have no legal preeminence in Canada, and they would do well to scrutinize

the documents in which their fancied security is to be found. For the instruction of these Nationalists an amplification of this theme may be of service.

From long custom we English in Canada accepted the situation in which we found ourselves. In Montreal we lived like aliens, taking only a spasmodic interest in the welfare of the city, content to grow rich and amuse ourselves. We developed a slight cynicism instead of municipal pride and national patriotism. We were as a rule conciliatory to the French, but conciliation in time passes into contempt on both sides. The French-Canadians came in time to look upon themselves as a community within a community. They persuaded themselves that they were in possession of certain rights and privileges which are denied to the rest of Canadians. They have proclaimed these rights and privileges so vociferously that we also have come to believe that they are founded upon treaty or other form of law. The fact is that a French-Canadian has exactly the same status as any other Canadian. He received no especial protection or privilege from any treaty, act, or law. He is entirely subject as we all are to the laws that have been passed by the Parliament; and the Parliaments are entirely free to alter those laws according to the will of the majority for the time being.

Believing himself secure from the authority of Parliament, he developed an authority of his own. Other Canadians acquiesced, both parties being unaware of the real situation. From this it was an easy step. To the English was assigned the status of a subject race. In Montreal this subjection was a reality until the municipal franchise was taken away.

The ultimate remedy for any body of men to whom equality in government is denied is force of arms. The Nationalists can in the long run hold us down only by that force; and we can only hold them down by the same means. The remedy against such an attempt on either side is to recognize that we all are equally subject to the same laws, and that those laws shall be made, and may be changed by the people as a whole. If the French-Canadian believes that

there is no power to change his real status, or the status he fancies he holds, then he is sure to neglect the value of opinion that may be formed of his conduct. Any man who thinks himself secure against public opinion is sure to become overbearing and truculent. But, in fact, the French-Canadian is quite misinformed about his status. It is unfair to him to allow him to remain in ignorance. As soon as other Canadians discover that the French-Canadian has no especial rights they will endeavour to take away from him the privileges he thinks he enjoys, and probably real rights which he shares in common with all other Canadians.

There is no authority in any treaty or agreement to confirm the opinion that the French-Canadians have a peculiar status. The fiction grew up by the sincerity with which they affirm their claims and by the general acquiescence of the rest of the community in pretensions which have no basis. The general impression is that by some "treaty of cession" those claims and pretensions are a reality. From every hustings we have heard the Nationalist proclaim the inviolability of his religion, his language, and his laws. It will be convenient to follow this order, and see what authority the documents yield for these claims. If then these claims are unreal, he should be told so, lest by following a delusion a worse thing may befall.

The documents in the case are—

1. Treaty of Utrecht, 1713.
2. The Capitulation of Quebec, 1759.
3. Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal, 1760.
4. Treaty of Paris, 1763.
5. Royal Proclamation, 1763.
6. Quebec Act, 1774.
7. Constitutional Act, 1791, with amendments.
8. Union Act, 1840, with amendments, 1848.
9. Confederation Act, 1867. These references are to be found in a volume entitled "Constitutional Documents of Canada," by William Houston, M.A., Toronto, Caswell & Co., 1891. From this book the historical summary also is drawn.

The articles dealing with the subject of Religion are as follows:—

1. Treaty of Utrecht, 1713. Section 12.—Those who are willing to remain there (in the said places and colonies), and to be subject to the Kingdom of Great Britain, are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion according to the usage of the Church of Rome, as far as the laws of Great Britain do allow the same.

2. Articles of the Capitulation of Quebec, 1759. Section 6.—The free exercise of the Roman religion is granted, likewise safeguards to all religious persons, as well as to the Bishop, who shall be at liberty to come and exercise, freely and with decency, the functions of his office, whenever he shall think proper, until the possession of Canada shall have been decided between their Britannic and most Christian Majesties.

3. Articles of the Capitulation of Montreal, 1760. Article 27.—The free exercise of the Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman religion shall subsist entire, in such manner that all classes and peoples of the towns and rural districts, places, and distant posts may continue to assemble in churches, and to frequent the sacraments as heretofore, without being molested in any manner, directly or indirectly. These people shall be obliged by the English Government to pay to the priests, who shall have the oversight of them, the tithes and all the dues they were accustomed to pay under the Government of His Most Christian Majesty.

This Article was "granted as to the free exercise of their religion; the obligation of paying the tithes to the priests will depend on the King's pleasure."

4. Treaty of Paris, 1763, Section 4.—His Britannic Majesty agrees on his side to grant the liberty of the Catholic religion to the inhabitants of Canada; he will consequently give the most precise and most effectual orders that his new Roman Catholic subjects may profess the worship of their religion, according to the rites of the Romish Church, as far as the laws of Great Britain permit.

5. Quebec Act, 1774, Section 5.—It is hereby declared, that His Majesty's subjects professing the religion of the Church of Rome, of and in the said Province of Quebec, may have, hold and enjoy the free exercise of the religion of the Church of Rome subject to the King's supremacy, and enjoy their accustomed dues and rights with respect to such persons only as shall profess the said religion.

After this time there is no reference to religion, as it became so well understood that all religions stood in the same category.

Nothing appears before the year 1840 upon the subject of language. All enactments since that time deal merely with the use of French in the legislatures, and in the printing of certain official documents.

1. The Union Act, 1840, Section XLI.—All writs and instruments whatsoever relating to the said Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly or either of them, and all returns to such writs and instruments, and all journals, entries, and written or printed proceedings of what nature soever of the said Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly and each of them respectively, and all written or printed proceedings and reports of committees of the said Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly respectively, shall be in the English language only, provided always that this enactment shall not be construed to prevent translated copies of any such documents being made, but no such copy shall be kept among the records of the Legislative Council or Legislative Assembly or be deemed in any case to have the force of an original record.

This Section (following Houston) appeared in the Draft Bill without the proviso, and when Mr. Charles Buller, who had, as Lord Durham's secretary, aided him in the preparation of his report, objected to the clause as "below the dignity of legislation on a great constitutional question," Lord John Russell explained that the intention was merely to require "the legal record of everything" to be in the English language. At the suggsetion of Sir C. Grey the proviso, which now

appears as part of the section, was added for the purpose of making it clear that there was no intention to prevent the use of translations of documents. It should be noted that neither the draft nor the section as finally passed assumed to forbid the use of the French language in debates. On the 19th June in the first session a series of "Rules" were adopted by the Legislative Assembly for the regulation of its own procedure. Rule 29 is as follows: "That copies of the Journals, translated into the French language, be laid on the table daily, for the use of the members; and also copies of Speeches from the Throne, Addresses, Messages, and Entries of other transactions and deliberations of the House, when asked for by any two members." Rule 38 thus enacts: "When a motion is seconded, it shall be read in English and French by the Speaker, if he is a master of the two languages; if not, the Speaker shall read in either of the two languages most familiar to him; and the reading of the other language shall be at the table by the Clerk or his Deputy, before debate." In the same session an Act (4 & 5 Vic. cap. 11) was passed to provide for the translation of the Union Act and of the Provincial Statutes into the French language, and their circulation among the French people. In the session 1844–45 the Legislative Assembly resolved (Journals, p. 84), that all bills and documents submitted to the House be printed in English and French, in equal proportions; but at the close of the same session the Speaker refused a motion written in French, on the ground that to receive it would be a violation of section XLI of the Union Act, and on an appeal to the House his decision was sustained.

2. The Union Act Amendment Act, 1848.—This was an Act to repeal so much of the Union Act of 1840 as relates to the use of the English language in Instruments relating to the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada.

The passing of this Act and removal of the restriction imposed on the use of the French language by the Union Act was announced on January 18th, 1849, in a speech from the

Throne, delivered by Lord Elgin. In the session of 1844–45 an address was adopted, praying for the repeal by the Imperial Parliament of "so much of the Union Act as enacts that all public records and documents shall be in English only." In a despatch dated Feb. 3rd, 1846, Mr. W. E. Gladstone acknowledges the receipt of the address. In Hansard's "Parliamentary Debates" of the Imperial Parliament there is a record of a speech by Lord Stanley deprecating the tendency the measure would probably have in raising up "a permanent barrier between two portions of the country, whose amalgamation was essential to the welfare of both." On the other hand Earl Grey uttered a plea for "the principle of allowing for their local concerns to be regulated according to the wishes and feelings of the people of Canada." He added that the measure had been recommended by "three successive Governors-General."

3. The Confederation Act, 1867, Section 133.—Either the English or the French language may be used by any person in the debates of the Houses of Parliament of Canada, and of the Houses of the Legislature of Quebec; and both those languages shall be used in the respective records and journals of those Houses; and either of those languages may be used by any person or in any pleading or process in or issuing from any Court of Canada established under this Act, and in or from all or any of the Courts of Quebec. The Acts of the Parliament of Canada and of the Legislature of Quebec shall be printed and published in both those languages.

The Parliament of Canada subsequently authorized the use of both languages in the Legislature of Manitoba, and in the Legislative Council of the North-West Territories. The Manitoba Legislature in 1890 abolished the use of the French language in its proceedings, and in the session of 1890 the Canadian House of Commons declared it "expedient and proper" that the Legislative Assembly of the North-West Territories should have, after next general election of the Assembly, the right to decide for itself the question of its continued use.

The form of Law which prevails in Quebec is governed by the following terms:—

1. Royal Proclamation under the Treaty of Paris dated October 7th, 1763.—We have given power under our great seal to the governors of our said colonies respectively to enact and constitute, with the advice of our said councils respectively, courts of judicature and public justice within our said councils within our said colonies for the hearing and determining all causes as well criminal as civil according to law and equity, and as near as may be, agreeable to the laws of England, with liberty to all persons who may think themselves aggrieved by the sentence of such courts in all civil cases to appeal under the usual limitations and restrictions to us in our Privy Council.

By the judgement of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield in the case of Campbell v. Hall, which has never been reversed, this Proclamation is declared to have been the Imperial Constitution of Canada during the years 1763–1774. In the latter year it was superseded by the Quebec Act.

2. Quebec Act, 1774, Section 8.—In all matters of controversy relative to property and civil rights, resort shall be had to the laws of Canada as the rule for the decision of the same; and all causes that shall hereafter be instituted in all of the courts of justice, to be appointed within and for the said Province by His Majesty, his heirs and successors, shall with respect to such property and rights be determined agreeably to the said laws and customs of Canada, until they shall be varied or altered by any Ordinance that shall from time to time be passed in the said Province.

5. The Exclusion of French Law from Upper Canada, 15th October, 1792.—This was the first Act of the first session of the first Parliament of Upper Canada, and is known as 32 George III, cap. 1. It was an amendment of the Quebec Act, 1774.

According to this Act "the authority of the said laws of Canada, and every part thereof, as forming a rule of decision in all matters of controversy relative to property and civil

rights, shall be annulled, made void, and abolished throughout this Province, and that the said laws, nor any part thereof as such, shall be in force or authority within the said Province, nor binding on any of the inhabitants thereof.

Section III.—And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that from and after the passing of this Act, in all matters of controversy relative to the property and civil rights, resort shall be had to the laws of England, as the rule for the decision of the same.

6. Confederation Act, 1867, Section 91.—Powers of the Parliament; *Criminal Law.* Section 92.—Exclusive Powers of Provincial Legislatures: *Property and Civil rights in the Province.*

It will appear from these citations that the "rights" of the French-Canadians differ in no respect from the rights of other persons in Canada, and that all rights are held in common under the authority of Parliament. If these facts were disseminated they would be fruitful in good results.

A few lines more and this unpleasant exhortation will be at an end. Quebec would do well to remember also that good sense and good morals do not exclude good manners, and good manners when they are not native must be learned. They are not sufficiently taught in the *Collèges.* They are not taught at all in our own schools. A mayor may be a good cigar maker, but a becoming modesty goes well with that humble trade, and would prevent him from frequenting high places where he is at a disadvantage, and sure to bring discredit upon his own. But that danger is inherent in all democracy, and anyone who likes may choose between Mr. Church of Toronto and Mr. Martin of Montreal. We expect better things of the French.

The Nationalists are not Quebec any more than Sinn Fein is Ireland; but the Nationalists in their utterances and publications are entirely too sympathetic towards Sinn Fein. Men are known by the company they keep. Sinn Fein is an open physical enemy: the Nationalists are merely intellectual. Those of us who have a personal loyalty to our king and deep

founded faith in our institutions will not be blamed if in a moment of passion we fail to make so nice a distinction. Both Sinn Fein and Nationalists should remind themselves from recent events that, as Professor Macnaughton observed, John Bull when he puts on his sea-boots is capable of a most devastating kick. Also, this is not the moment for irritating us with the fiction that it was we who began the war. It is enough for the present that we finished it.

Having said "war," let something more be said by one who was himself at Valcartier in 1914. In the beginning enlistment was voluntary. A man was free to go, free to stay. More men offered than could be accepted. There was a strong belief that no more were needed, and that hostilities might have ceased before the first Contingent arrived upon the field. The French-Canadians are not a martial people, and they hesitated about pressing forward into a place where they were not needed nor especially wanted. They did not consider the Minister of Militia the proper person to command and lead troops. They thought his proper place was in his office at Ottawa, and others have since come to the same conclusion. They knew he was what they call an "Orangeman," and they have the same prejudice against an "Orangeman" that other people have against a "Jesuit." They did not object very much to an "Orangeman" in the Speaker's chair at Ottawa; but an "Orangeman" on a black horse with a sword at his side reminded them too much of King William; and to them "Guillaume n'était qu'un usurpateur, et le spectacle de sa vie publique présente des scènes où tout respire la haine, la cruauté, la trahison et le mensonge." There are many others of the same opinion even in the highlands of Scotland where the memory of Glencoe yet endures. In spite of, or by reason of, his many virtues the Minister was not winsome of the French. He aroused their resentment and his retirement came too late to appease them. At the general election when compulsory service was the main issue, it is quite true, they voted against the Government, but not so unanimously as the electors in another Province whose

loyalty was never impugned thereby. Those who are inclined to disagree with the vote which these two Provinces cast would do well to remember how the offspring of those Provinces fought in the field.

Lay the young eagle in what nest you will, the cry and swoop of pinions overhead soon convinces him that he is an eagle still. Quebec is always Conservative, call its leaders what you may. It was Conservative under Mercier; under Laurier; it is Conservative under Gouin. Those who call themselves Conservative cannot govern Canada without Quebec. Without Quebec Canada cannot be governed at all. The Liberals and the Liberal-Conservatives have done their worst. Who now will gather together these scattered Conservative forces? There are only two, Sir Robert Borden and Sir Lomer Gouin. The hope of Canada is in them alone.

ANDREW MACPHAIL

THE OLD GODS

Old gods are dead; their broken shrines are lying
Profaned with blood and trampled to the ground;
I see lost beauty with each sunset dying,
I hear lost music in each echoing sound.
Old gods are dead; triumphant stands the scoffer
Beside old altars where our offerings lay,
False gods perhaps; but what have you to offer
Who batter down old temples in a day?
Old gods are dead; but still the sunset lingers,
The moonlight still its store of treasure yields,
Dawn touches darkness with its magic fingers,
And bluebirds wing their flight across green fields,
The sea-tides ebb and flow, stars shine above,
And human hearts still long for human love.

F. O. CALL

PLOUGHSHARES AND PRUNING HOOKS

WE have all of us heard, and many of us have spoken, of the new world to come after the war. Since the new world, like the old, must be built by human hearts, what is the change of heart on which the new world is to be founded, if founded at all? Many will tell us that the enquiry is futile: that you cannot change human nature. If that doctrine be true, civilization is bankrupt, spiritually as well as materially. But such a doctrine is valid only for those who will listen to it. The rest of us know that human nature depends on human choice and human will.

Our choice in the past was the choice of the private conscience. Our religious ideal was the salvation of the private soul. Our economic ideal was the success of the private initiative. Our political ideal was the development of the private freedom. If we had any wider loyalties, they were to our sect in religion, to our class in economics, to our nation in politics. We insisted on the separation of interests, and we allowed the separate interest to be the supreme judge of its cause and its actions. We insisted on rights rather than on duties; we exchanged morality for expedience; we exalted power rather than service; and so we created a world in which the aptest pupil of our common teaching set out to overwhelm us with the tyranny of a purpose that acknowledged no superior law. In our revolt against that tyranny we said that we repudiated all the doctrine on which it was founded; we dedicated ourselves to its opposite, the public conscience; and, under the supreme simplicity of that dedication, we won. It remains for us now to establish our conversion, and to make real the public conscience in the prosaic atmosphere of peace.

Never was it more necessary to have a knowledge of public affairs, and a creed founded on that knowledge and

dedicated to the new spirit. Every country concerned in the late war is now faced by common industrial, financial, and international problems which must be solved if they are not to wreck civilization. New words and phrases are in the air. Various groups of men ask each other for comprehension, and if the groups do not comprehend each other they will war with each other. To build our new city and tower whose top may reach unto heaven, we must understand one another's speech. If we are to build at all we must know what are our means to build with. We must contrive the peace in which we may be free to build, and our building must be for the earth at large.

We in this Dominion are as our neighbours. We are no longer the remote spectators of the problems of others in these matters. We must set our industrial house in order, must begin to concern ourselves with our finances, must realize that as a nation we are part of the world; and we can no longer put off the trouble of any of these things by a wave of the hand in the direction of our natural resources, and a petulant desire to be allowed to play alone in our own back yard. Natural resources will not save us without work, harmony, and thrift; and none of these will have their opportunity if we ignore the interdependence of domestic and foreign affairs.

We begin by finding ourselves united in at least one common bond, the painful bond of the high cost of living. Demagogues and superficial observers may relieve our bad temper by absurd travesties of the facts; commissions may entangle business in a mass of regulations and orders, and in doing so may disclose and perhaps check some undoubted abuses; but the high cost of living will continue to afflict us while production is insufficient, and expenditure, public and private, abnormal.

At the recent National Industrial Conference held at Ottawa all were agreed that there must be an increase in production. One of the speakers, however, in a spirit of unconquerable *naïveté*, suggested as a means that labour

suspend for a year at least its efforts to improve its position, and so devote its energy entirely to work. Hard work and honest work is indeed the principal duty of the hour, but except by the knout you cannot get hard work from workers with a grievance. High production depends mainly on contented labour. I do not say labour fed with pap and flattery. There is no production from that source. But with due allowance for the frailty of human nature and speaking in a broad way, contented labour has been achieved and can be achieved through democratic co-operation between employer and employed. A failure to achieve this must sooner or later lead to class warfare on such a scale that, whoever wins, our economic if not our national house will be in ruins.

This is a hard saying to incorrigible optimists, a dangerous saying to timid conservatives, but we are not so far from the nightmare of Winnipeg that we can afford to ignore the possibilities of our situation. Our Government was inclined for a while to ignore them, but it finally saw where events were tending and appointed the Committee on Industrial Relations whose work helped so largely in clearing the air. The reports given in by the Commissioners, and especially the majority report, deserve the closest attention of all Canadians who wish not only to prevent the menace of industrial and political anarchy, but also to further a real advance in social conditions.

The majority report advised among other things general legislation as to minimum wages, pointing out, however, the difference in position between women, children, and unskilled workers on the one hand, and those on the other who by reason of organization could secure suitable terms by agreement rather than by law. It asked for the legislative acceptance of the eight-hour day as a maximum. It recommended an enquiry into the merits of proportional representation so that Parliament might better reflect the country. It called for expert consideration of state insurance for unemployment, sickness, invalidity, and old age. This would doubtless bear

in mind the question as to whether industry itself, as will presently be suggested, might not shoulder the responsibility for at least part of such a programme. The report then asked the Government to take its share in preventing unemployment by so regulating public works as to tide over periods of depression; and to promote industrial peace by establishing a bureau to further industrial councils. Turning to the industrial world, it insisted on the need of establishing these councils, of paying a living wage, and of meeting the spirit of the times by recognizing the worker's right to organize and to bargain collectively. So far as the Government was an employer it was urged to give the lead in these policies.

Finally the report demanded the restoration of freedom of speech and the press. Strange that such a demand should have to be made by the appointed commission of a democratic Government! But if Canadians were to read their Official Gazette with its weekly list of forbidden journals, they might begin to wonder where their liberties were going, and when they authorized the policy of wholesale repression of ideas. The constitution is not going to be saved by driving our amateur Bolshevists into secret meetings incited by secret literature; and a constitution that must supervise our reading is not the sort that Canadians will care to preserve.

The majority commissioners also suggested the calling of a conference on these matters at which would be represented not only employers and employees, but also the various legislative authorities of the Dominion and to a certain extent the public at large. Accordingly, last September such a conference was assembled and the recommendations of the majority commissioners were laid before it. A careful reading of the report of its meetings makes it clear that the newspapers at the time gave no adequate idea of its importance and of the degree of frankness and harmony achieved at it. While two or three outstanding figures both on the side of the employed as well as on the side of the employer exhibited at the beginning a certain fractiousness, they gradually caught the general spirit and advanced noticeably in the direction of mutual understanding. At the same time the

two main parties made a real attempt to clarify the issues by a sincere statement of their views. Nearly all the committees brought in unanimous resolutions. True, the most important committee, that on the recognition of trade unions and collective bargaining, failed to come to an agreement, but the protagonists agreed that if they had had more time at their disposal they would have arrived at a common statement and policy.

To the onlooker, the employers would seem to be supporting a hopeless cause when they declared that "employers should not be required to negotiate except directly with their own employees or groups of their own employees." Collective bargaining on a wider scale than that is surely inevitable, and, as stated in the majority report of the Industrial Relations Commission, there does not seem to be any sound reason for refusing to let employees negotiate through any organ they may choose. But the employer is afraid of the unknown. He does not know what may be the ultimate radius or complexion of the collective body with which he is to bargain, and it is only fair to state that the heads of Trade Unionism have not made themselves clear on the subject. Possibly they do not themselves know. They are on this continent in the midst of a conflict as to the rival virtues of Craft as opposed to Industrial Unionism. When they have come to a conclusion it should be possible for two of the great parties to industry to decide on a meeting ground which will smooth out industrial relations not only to their mutual advantage but to the immense relief of that other important party, the general public.

More comfort can be got from the unanimous resolution in favour of the establishment of industrial councils. To any farseeing person this is the most hopeful proposal with which modern industry has concerned itself. The settlement of differences by the conference of permanent committees in the shop, in the particular industry, in groups of similar industries, and in industry as a whole, based on such organizations as each party to industry may choose as its representatives, is not only in harmony with our genius for give and take in

meeting round the table, but is the true alternative to a vast system of state regulation so repugnant to all of us. Matters for which legislation is now advocated, such as wages and hours, can be left to the determination of those most interested; and the state can keep within its proper sphere of protecting the general public. As forecasted by the Peace Treaty the same machinery can arrive at international standards which will safeguard the ideals arrived at by industrial agreements in each nation.

In harmony with the principle of industrial agreements as opposed to legislative interference, mention should also be made of a proposal now being considered in Canada which is the reasonable alternative to state unemployment insurance. It is suggested that a business lay by, as its first fixed annual charge, a fund to be held in trust for periods of depression. The business in such periods would endeavour to carry on with shorter hours, and the difference in wage would be met out of the fund. The employees would remain ready to work at their posts in full measure when depression ceased, and would enjoy that security which is so much more desired by them than any scheme of profit-sharing.

Security of employment, a share in the control of the conditions under which they work, a recognition of their right to bargain through those instruments the need of which a long experience has taught them, these, with the development of industrial councils, are far more likely to promote increased production than a dreary insistence upon outworn points of view which can only lead to warfare and disaster.

High production is one of our greatest needs, but not less great is the need for public and private thrift. What Canadian can read with patience the speech from the throne at the close of our last Parliamentary Session? "By rigid adherence to thrift and saving we can face the coming years of reconstruction and adjustment with hopeful confidence." This from the Government that sprang upon an unsuspecting people on the top of prodigious commitments, an expenditure the limit of which no one of us can compute! This and the

pious prayer, "that Almighty God may incline our minds to sane and prudent counsels!"

Those who had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Meighen at the Montreal Canadian Club admired his dexterity, his courage, and his brains, but they learned very little of what the country is to face, and they got no explanation of the haste with which the Grand Trunk Bill was proceeded with.

He took refuge in rhetoric. "What else could we do? What alternative does the Opposition propose?" And what sort of opportunity did the cabinet give for any counter-proposal? When Mr. Meighen stated that the Government had long ago told us its intentions, he forgot that the disclosure was of the sketchiest and that the people were attending to the far more important matters of the war and its aftermath. And one point all his dexterity can never meet. A Parliamentary Session was summoned for one outstanding purpose and one only. On the eve of its adjournment, after the leader of the Government had stated that its work was disposed of, it was called upon without warning to consider something entirely new and of the greatest proportions of any peace legislation this country has ever faced. I am not saying that the Government should have consulted the people before it proceeded. That is not the theory of responsible government. But no Government short of the most overwhelming necessity in a time of crisis has any right to bring on a piece of capital legislation involving an expenditure greater than our public debt before the war, and a basic principle that all should have had due time to consider, when that legislation has not been announced in the Governor-General's speech. In acting as it did, the Government made a flagrant onslaught on the very Constitution itself, and Canadians will be less than men if they forgive it.

Meanwhile, whatever our indignation, our preacher of thrift has involved us; and it is carrying the same freedom into its borrowings which apparently have unlimited objectives. While the Government is indulging in an orgy of borrowing, how can the cost of living come down? And where are we going to find ourselves when we realize that we are

living on paper? Rumours have come from Government quarters of a further loan next year. It is really time the Government paid its way and found its means by taxation. Taxation may hurt but it will hurt less than a decade of black Fridays, and the country must demand an early and searching enquiry into the state of our finances and into the means, by increase of income tax or otherwise, whereby we may meet public expenditure from public income.

A vast public expenditure for interest and sinking fund has inevitably been caused by the war. A further huge expenditure has been added by the Government's late performance. Other expenditure still will be needed for proper measures of reconstruction as well as for ordinary administration. And here, even if selfishness be our guide, we must realize that our freedom to meet those expenditures and our freedom for internal reform is conditioned by our international risks and must be protected by our co-operation in reducing those risks and the cost of our mutual insurance. In the long run foreign affairs cannot be separated from internal affairs, and Canadians can no longer ignore this. The debate on the Peace Treaty showed that many of our members of Parliament know, and care, very little for our external relations, imperial or international. If the Government shamed us at the end of the Session the Opposition did not greatly honour us at its beginning. This one argued that we had no interest; that one that we had no standing. This one demanded that we take an independent attitude. That one maintained that we had no right to it. Extraordinarily little time was expended in discussion of the immense international issues at stake. With some happy exceptions the general enquiry was—what have we to do with the matter? Yet surely the prime lesson of the war was that no nation can live unto itself, that when the body suffers, all the members suffer, that we have obligations to civilization and must contribute our part in protecting it. Our record in the war can have no meaning if we continue to be patient with any narrower stand.

A distinguished Senator, Mr. McLennan, has been urging

a simplification of the machinery of government. Such a proposal would certainly give the Government time for statesmanship. A general staff on policy could then consider what ought to be done by guidance, legislation, or diplomatic agreement, to improve those industrial, financial and international conditions which now hamper instead of helping the fundamental aims of social life. The Opposition, free from the troubles of Government, could make a similar contribution by appointing Committees which would work out consistent and coherent policies upon the same subjects. But neither Government nor Opposition, it seems, have time or inclination for leadership. They prefer to be houses of refuge for mutually conflicting sectional clamours to be reconciled by alternate sops. Unless some prodigious change is to come in official politics, the Commonwealth must turn elsewhere for help in the great business of beating swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning hooks, of making the pruning as vigorous as the ploughing, and the ploughing as happy as it must be vigorous.

Is it too much for us to look forward to the growth of a devoted band of instructed men who will see the world of politics, national and international, as one, to be judged and governed by the same principles of probity, service, and co-operation; who will preach the class subordinate to the commonwealth, the commonwealth to mankind, and mankind to something far more important than itself; who will challenge every policy or want of policy in the name of certain absolutes to which democracy itself must bow or perish?

These men would have an immense respect for facts, but no fear of them. They would not be prigs, or pedants, or mere fault-finders, or doctrinaires; but they would have the courage that comes from a knowledge of what is and what can be, the driving-force that comes from an ideal of what ought to be; and bound together by the discipline of single-mindedness they could turn the politics of this country from a thing of shreds and patches into the noblest business of practical men.

WARWICK CHIPMAN

THE FARMER IN POLITICS

THE dramatic seizure of power in Ontario by the farmers is the most important political development in Canada since Confederation. It is our first experiment in government by a class instead of government by party. It may not, in fact it almost certainly will not, be our last. The beginning leads far back into the past. There has always been a farmer party in Canada or at least the nucleus of one. The rural part of the population has been suspicious, and justly so, of a system which imposed an almost unbroken succession of city members, mostly lawyers, upon them. There have been tangible causes for discontent, notably the inability to get satisfactory legislation to allow co-operative efforts in selling and buying. This has rankled for long.

The farmers have been ardent politicians; they have fought the good fight of party politics and kept the faith their fathers swore by; but through it all, they have had a suspicion that as a class they were being deceived. It was due to this that the Patrons of Industry became a power. The insurgency then proved futile because of faulty leadership; and the desire of the farmers for class representation waned. But the desire, the suspicion, were always there; all that was needed was a Cause to increase agrarian discontent. The war supplied the cause.

Conscription unquestionably was the direct cause of the overthrow of the Hearst Government. The farmers of Ontario never forgave what they believed to be their direct betrayal in the matter of military service. The firm refusal that the huge delegation met with at Ottawa when the demand for exemption was presented to the Union Cabinet increased the resentment. From that time the strength of the U.F.O. grew and the idea of a direct bid for power developed. Daylight saving added a little to the sum total of the farmer's

dislike for the kind of government he was getting, and the Boards of Commerce with their threats of the curtailment of prices was the last straw. The farmers of Ontario were resolute to "get" the first government that offered itself.

Sir William Hearst was unfortunate enough, or short-sighted enough, to go to the people at this juncture. On the face of things he had good reason to anticipate a favourable reception. He had one very strong link with the farmer vote in that he had put prohibition into effect. Neither had he been directly concerned with Conscription, Daylight Saving, or the high-cost-of-living enquiry. All these were Dominion measures for which Sir Robert Borden would in due course have to answer. But Sir William did not understand that the farmers of Ontario had made up their minds they were in future going to govern themselves. There were weather signals out, but few of the political mariners read them aright. Certainly Sir William failed to see them and he was sadly chagrined when the squall caught him.

There can be no doubt that the farmers are in earnest. Figures are not yet available, but it is certain that a majority of the farmers of Ontario voted for U.F.O. candidates. If a vote were taken to-day the number would be enormously increased, for the result was a surprise even to the most sanguine, and the success of the movement has brought over all the doubters. There can be no doubt either that the Ontario election has had an effect in all other provinces. The farmer movement has received an impetus almost incalculable.

Any analysis of the motives behind the farmer uprising is bound to prove confusing. It looks on the surface to be a distinctly radical movement, a smashing of precedent; and yet the farmer is at bottom far from radical. He has always been a believer in a sound constitution, and while he has stood out for reform it has always been the slow and sure variety that he has favoured. It is apparent already that the new Government is determined to get back to the old principles of administration, for the pronouncement

against commission government is clearly indicative of an impatience with new-fangled methods. And yet on the other hand, the desire of the farmers to convert themselves into a nation-wide People's Party is evidence of a conviction that no return to the old party system is thinkable. It is perhaps safest to assume that the election was an eruption of impatience against a type of government that was getting less representative all the time by a class that considered itself the greatest sufferer from the official inertia.

As to what they want, and what they will do, now that power has come into their hands, the farmers themselves are in doubt. It is the belief of all those who have watched the movement closely with any degree of sympathy that the Drury Government will not be a class government. It is believed that Mr. Drury and his followers will honestly endeavour to give the province the kind of administration and leadership that will advance the interests of the country at large. They will look after agricultural interests, and in so doing may work less than justice to others. It is the best guess of those who know something of the purpose behind the government that they will not do anything sweepingly radical or egregiously unfair. How they will manage to travel in double harness with their labour confreres, who have a distinctly more radical objective, will prove the most interesting phase of the experiment.

The cabinet that Mr. Drury has gathered about him is an interesting one. It is made up entirely of untried and untested men. The premier-elect is a brave man to essay the government of the province with a group of cabinet ministers gathered from the farms and factories, and entirely lacking in parliamentary as well as executive experience. But the decision to summon his portfolio holders from the plow and the forge is fitting as well as dramatic: if we are to try class administration, let us have class administration unadulterated so that we may know it for what it is.

Mr. Drury himself, with his wide brow and prognathous jaw, is a picturesque figure. He is honest, able, unquestion-

ably a thinker, in less degree perhaps a doer, a man of ideals, determined, a little lazy, a Cincinnatus, whose voice has been a compelling one from behind the plow; but some of his effectiveness may be lost when he sits behind a mahogany desk in Queen's Park. In other words, Mr. Drury himself is somewhat of an unknown quantity, but he may develop into a great leader. He seems to have selected the best men available from among his followers. Manning Doherty, the Minister of Agriculture, is a forceful and polished figure, the very personification of the new farmer. He is modern in everything he does. He is brilliant, a good speaker, a man of wide interests and diverse experience, an ex-newspaperman and ex-professor, a graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College and, more important than all, the possessor of some real ideas for the improvement of agriculture.

It was perhaps fitting that the man who won the first U.F.O. seat in a bye-election in January, 1917, should be blessed with the name of Beniah Bowman; for was it not Beniah who conquered the lionlike men of Moab, and also slew a lion in time of snow? At any rate, Beniah Bowman was one of the first three named for cabinet rank, his portfolio being Forests and Lands, and so perhaps some day it may be written of him as of the man for whom he was named: "These things did Beniah, the son of Jehoiada, and had the name among three mighty men."

Frank C. Biggs, who will assume the portfolio of Public Works, has a bull-dog cast of countenance and a bull-dog frame of mind. He is a determined thinker, a determined doer and a man of exceeding thrift. As a member of a government pledged to economy he should be quite at home. Grant of Carleton, who is to be Minister of Education, is a picturesque figure with his snow-white hair, and he has one quality which alone should make him successful in politics—the capacity for saying little or nothing. W. E. Raney, the one importation, will probably make a good Attorney-General. He is best known to the public for his anti-racing activities, but in legal circles he ranks high. W. F. Nickle would

probably have been a more popular choice as his opposition to the bestowal of titles had won friends for him. On the whole, Mr. Drury has shown discrimination and restraint in his cabinet-making and it is quite within the bounds of probability that these law-makers from the fields in conjunction with their Labour colleagues will give Ontario a sensible government.

It is to be expected that the new Government will practise a close economy. No farmer has ever seen anything attractive in the reckless spending of money, even Government money. The penny will at last come into its own as an object of interest. To the credit of Mr. Drury and his following it looks as if economy like charity will begin at home. There is talk of a careful revision downward in sessional indemnities. It is possible that the cabinet ministers instead of accepting cabinet pay plus sessional indemnity, plus this and plus that, will take only their salaries as ministers. The prerogatives of members may also be looked into. If this is done it will be highly significant of what is to come. Imagine what men capable of cutting off their own sources of income will do when it comes to the consideration of departmental estimates.

As for the wider phase of the situation, it seems reasonably probable that we may have a farmer Government at Ottawa next. There is agreement in a large section of the press that if Sir Robert Borden appealed to the people to-day, the chances would be at least even that the next premier —he or some other—would be the leader of amalgamated farmer interests. It is argued that Ontario would return at least as many farmer members as in the provincial election, and that the prairie provinces would be solidly agrarian. This, with a scattering support from Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, and British Columbia, would leave the farmers with the greatest group strength in the new House. But the Dominion election will not come until 1923, and much can happen in that time. Canada is entering on the most interesting and perhaps crucial stage of her political history.

T. B. COSTAIN

RAILWAYS AND GOVERNMENT

THE acquisition by the Canadian Government of the Grand Trunk Railway was the natural conclusion of a process which began on the day when the first guarantee was attached by a Canadian Government to the bond issue of a projected railway. By that action, and by the long series of Government guarantees which followed it, the Provincial and Federal authorities of Canada took upon themselves in an ever increasing degree a responsibility which has no connexion with the business of Government but belongs wholly to the sphere of private enterprise.

The result in the long run has been to transfer to the Government the ownership and conduct of an immense mass of property, and this process of transfer has taken place gradually and insidiously without any definite decision on the part of the people of Canada that such transfer was desirable. Each stage in the process has been represented as a necessary and inevitable consequence of some previous stage, and by tracing back the line of cause and effect we find that the Dominion Government is to-day the possessor of eleven thousand miles of railway for no better reason than that about the year 1900 it consented to write its name upon the back of the obligation of some seemingly insignificant railway undertaking in the full confidence, common to all endorsers, that this endorsement would never lead to any financial or material consequence to itself.

The business of railroading, both in construction and in operation, is one which requires the exercise of very great wisdom on the part of those who adventure their money in it. The possibilities of error and of serious losses are very great, and it is not unreasonable that the rewards for good judgement and successful management should be correspondingly great. There is, however, only one way of ensuring that the

capital invested in the railway business will be expended and the resulting property managed in the most efficient manner. That way is to allow the investor to take the risks of his own enterprise, to suffer the losses due to his own errors, and to reap the rewards due to his own good judgement and good management. This method was conscientiously followed in the early days of railroad construction in Canada. The owners of both the Grand Trunk Railway and the Canadian Pacific Railway put their money into the construction of those properties with the perfect understanding that if they were wisely designed and well managed the resultant profits would accrue to the shareholders, and that if they were ill designed and badly managed the shareholders would bear the resultant losses. It is true that neither enterprise relied wholly upon the income from operation to provide a profit upon the whole cost of the railway. The Canadian Pacific Railway stipulated for a return consisting not only in the receipts from traffic, but also in the enhanced valuation of a vast area of lands granted to it in consideration of the construction of the line. The Grand Trunk Railway stipulated that the cost of the line to its owners should be reduced by means of liberal cash subsidies. In neither case, however, was the principle of the investor's responsibility for the success or failure of the enterprise infringed in any way.

About the end of the Nineteenth Century, thanks to the conspicuous success of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and the less conspicuous, but substantial, success of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Canadian people began to lose sight of the element of risk in railway investment and came to the conclusion that in a country so highly endowed by nature as Canada any railway line, no matter how well or ill it might be designed, was assured of a reasonable profit. Population was flocking into the country; production was increasing; the existing transportation agencies were prospering. The community, or at least the more vocal element of it, became imbued with the idea that in such a country as ours, and with so intelligent a population as ours, it was only necessary to

deposit ties, and rails, and sidings, and stations upon the surface of the earth and a crop of traffic would spring up as readily as a crop of wheat would spring up in a sown wheat field. If this were the case, it was argued, it was absurd to leave the task of providing railways to the suspicious, unenterprising and over-cautious purveyors of private capital and private credit.

The State could provide credit far more cheaply than any private person—an interesting discovery which had just been made in these parts of the world and was rapidly turning the heads of many Provincial Governments—why should not the State provide the credit upon which to secure the capital necessary for the construction of all the new railways for which the country was clamouring? There could be no possible risk about it. Was not the Canadian Pacific Railway earning what most people believed to be 10 per cent upon its actual cost? And Canadian Provincial Governments could secure money for half of that rate, or less. The British capitalist, with his foolish timidity and lack of confidence in the unlimited resources of the vast Dominion, might hesitate to provide money at his own risk, even with the prospect of 10 per cent, but he would be delighted to lend money upon the credit of the Provinces, or the Dominion, at two or three per cent. The cost to the Dominion and the Provinces would be limited to the expense of printing the guarantee upon the bonds of the Railway Company. The whole problem of railway development in Canada was to be solved by the manufacture of a few rubber stamps.

In all of this the advocates of the guarantee system entirely lost sight of the fact that by relieving the investor of the necessity of providing good judgement and good management, upon pain of losing his capital if he failed to do so, they were eliminating the qualities of good judgement and good management from the enterprise which they endorsed. If the man who puts his money into an enterprise does not weigh the prospect of its future success before doing so, nobody else will. The Government which guaranteed the

safety of the whole mass of capital engaged in this new enterprise relieved the investors of the responsibility of using their own judgement, but did not, and could not, take their places and supply that quality themselves. As soon as railways began to be financed without any consideration by the investor of the prospects of their future success, they began to be built without any consideration of these prospects by anybody at all. Neither a Legislature nor a Government is properly qualified for the task of framing a sound judgement as to the earning capacity of any projected railway. Even if they had the necessary competence in railway science, their judgement would still be vitiated by the special interests of the constituencies which they represent. A constituency which feels that it needs a railway and thinks that it can secure that railway by the use of the credit of the entire Province, or the entire Dominion, is not likely to concern itself for one instant about the question whether such a railway will earn enough to justify the investment. Indeed, it would show a lack of local pride, and faith in the destiny of one's own community, to exhibit even a moment's hesitation upon such grounds.

The whole of the Canadian Northern system, and the whole of the transcontinental appendages to the original Grand Trunk system, were paid for with money raised, not upon the credit of the enterprise, but upon the credit of either the Dominion Government or the Provincial Government. There was not even a "margin" in the speculative sense to ensure that some portion at least of the necessary money would be provided by persons who had considered the prospects of the railway and had convinced themselves that it would succeed. If the cost of a line was $50,000 a mile, the credit of the country provided the $50,000. Even at the time when the planning and construction of these lines were going on Canadians were well aware that no private investors could have been induced to put money into them for the sake of the prospective return. This statement is true, not only of the National Transcontinental, with its extraordinary trajectory through the remotest and most unpromising portions of

the country, but also of the greater part of the system of the Canadian Northern.

As a business enterprise that system must be treated as a whole, and as a whole, in its present design, it could never have secured the support of sufficient capital to cut down the trees along the right-of-way if the responsibilities for that capital had not been assumed by various Government authorities. Many people no doubt held that it did not greatly matter whether the lines paid or not, since if they incurred a loss it would be borne by the community, and the community would benefit by the extension of transit facilities. There were, it is true, certain stockholders who would have benefited had the roads been a success, and it may have been felt that these stockholders had an adequate incentive to see that the roads were properly designed and economically constructed. But in the case of the Canadian Northern, at least, the stockholders were identical with the contractors for the construction of the road. They may well have felt that their interest in the future profits of the enterprise was somewhat remote and shadowy, while their interest as contractors in the largest possible extension of its lines was immediate and extremely tangible. Moreover, since the whole cost of the road was being defrayed upon the credit of the State they can have had little to say about the location of any portion of the line, since the politicians who provided the credit would naturally desire to have the line constructed in such a way as to satisfy the demands of their own constituents, and their decision would in almost all cases be final.

The man who takes a mortgage upon any species of property must, if he is a sensible man, be prepared for the possibility of having to take over that property in satisfaction of the debt. The smaller the margin between the amount of the mortgage and the cost of the property, the greater is the likelihood of his having to foreclose. And the mortgage on the railways under discussion was a mortgage for the whole cost of the property with no margin whatever for the protection of the mortgage-holder. The most surprising thing about

the taking over of the Canadian Northern and the appendages to the Grand Trunk is that it was deferred so long. The reason, of course, is to be found in the extreme reluctance of the politicians to assume the responsibility of a definite adoption of the policy of public ownership of railways. It is one thing to render a certain result inevitable and quite another thing to accept that result when it comes to pass. The politicians made Government ownership inevitable when they provided public credit for the whole cost of a private enterprise. All that they have done since then has been to boggle and hesitate over the acceptance of the consequences of their own acts.

Canada now possesses a system of transportation divided into two sections, one of them owned by a powerful and efficient corporation and constructed entirely by funds provided by the stockholders of that corporation, in addition to certain problematical assets granted to the corporation by the people of Canada, and the other owned by the people of Canada and acquired by what is virtually, though not technically, a series of foreclosures. It appears improbable that this system of transportation can be permanent. Competition between a private corporation and a Government, in a business in which the Government must necessarily possess and exercise large regulative powers, is not very likely to result in either justice or efficiency. Admitting that in all other respects the two railway systems can be operated upon an even footing, there still remains the question of the natural expansion which each must undergo if it is to maintain its position against the other. The expansion of a railway into new territory can only be performed under the express sanction of the Government and by the raising of additional capital to pay for the necessary plant. How can a Government hold an impartial scale between its own railway system and that of a private corporation when called upon to settle the question of allotting new territory to one or the other, and how can a private corporation, with only its own resources and credit to draw upon, and with the whole force of a Government arrayed

in competition against it, go into the money market and secure funds upon terms as advantageous as those which the Government itself can secure?

There are, it is true, very important factors working in the other direction in favour of the private corporation. These are the factors of efficiency in design and in management, of freedom from interference by special interests, and of management with a sole eye to the best financial results. In all these respects the national railway must be notably inferior to the privately-owned system, but in a country such as Canada, in which nothing is stationary, and everything is in a state of more or less rapid growth, the determining element of success or failure in railway operation will be found in the long run to lie in the capacity for expansion and the ability to direct that expansion along the most suitable lines. For the moment, owing to the setback afforded to the increase of population and production by the War, this capacity for expansion may not be greatly in demand. Canada may be over-supplied with railways, even of the branch-line traffic-originating type, and the C.P.R. in particular, with its magnificent system of feeders, may not experience for many years the need to branch out much further into unoccupied territory. But eventually the need may be felt, both by the Canadian Pacific and by the Government-owned system, and when that day arrives it is almost impossible to conceive of a Canadian Government endowed with such an intense instinct for fair play as to allow the Canadian Pacific its proper share of the best and most attractive territory still intact. If in that day the power of expansion and ability to exploit new territory should prove to be more important than mere efficiency in operation, the owners of the Canadian Pacific may have to choose between seeing their system throttled by confinement within its ancient limits and giving it up to the all-powerful authority which stands behind its rival.

This, however, is merely what may be expected to happen if Government ownership succeeds in maintaining itself in one-half of the Canadian transportation system through a

long period of years without incurring such condemnation from the people for its wastefulness and inefficiency as will cause it to relax its hold upon the lines which it has now acquired. A more probable contingency is that long before private ownership has been throttled by the special privileges enjoyed by Government ownership, Government ownership itself will have fallen into disrepute and the properties upon which it now prevails will have been made over by some more or less equitable bargain to private interests, either in alliance with or in competition with the existing private system.

The point which we are endeavoring to establish in these paragraphs is that the present phase of public ownership extended only to the weakest and worst designed portion of the railway system of Canada, and leaving the best designed portion to private hands, cannot possibly be considered as a permanency. When and in what direction the country will withdraw from it is too early yet to tell, but that it will withdraw from it seems about as certain as that it never deliberately decided to enter upon it.

There are still an immense number of people in Canada who are under the impression that public ownership has not had a trial in this country. They fail to realize the fact, already stated in the opening paragraphs of this article, that it is actually public ownership which has brought the Canadian railway situation to its present pass. The Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk Pacific, and the National Transcontinental were never privately-owned roads in any proper sense of that word. They were never designed for private profit. They were designed by politicians, whose right to design them arose out of the fact that they were providing the whole sum of money necessary for their construction, and providing it upon the credit of the people of Canada. So far as their design and construction are concerned, these roads were under public ownership from the day when the first tie was laid. They were left under private management just long enough to demonstrate that owing to the nature of their design and construction no private operator could

expect to make money out of them, and as soon as that fact was definitely ascertained they passed under public ownership as regards not only their original design and construction but also their operating management.

The losses resulting from defects in their design and construction are now a matter of the past. They cannot be recovered by any process of financing known to the mind of man. The money that was lost is the money of the people of Canada. Much of it, it is true, was originally the money of the people of certain provinces of Canada, but since these provinces were unable to bear the staggering burden of the loss, it was considered advisable for the Dominion, with its greater financial resources, to step in and assume the entire sum. It pays to-day the annual interest upon that sum and will pay, as they successively come due, the instalments of the principal, and it will never receive from the treasuries of the railways concerned anything more than an insignificant fraction of what it will have to pay out. If the country escapes with an annual loss of 50 million dollars, merely for interest upon the capital unwisely adventured in these politician-made railways, it will be doing about as well as can be expected.

So much, therefore, may be written off and dismissed from the mind. It may be impossible to avoid crying over spilt milk, but it is highly desirable not to waste time in useless efforts to gather it up again after it has become unfit for consumption. The whole question now before the people of Canada is, how they may make the most efficient use of the properties which they have unwillingly acquired. It seems probable that wisdom on this subject will only be derived from experience, the experience of our own losses and deficiencies, and not those of any other people. It would be a pity, however, if any portion of the experience which we have already obtained should lose its value by reason of not being understood, and hence the necessity for dwelling upon the real cause of the unwisdom and extravagance shown in

the designing and construction of what is now the Government Railway System of Canada regarded as a whole.

Now that Canada is the owner of the larger part of the railway system within her territory, with a considerable portion beyond it, every patriotic Canadian must join in the wish of President Beatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway, that public ownership may be as successful as, in this country, it is capable of being. The cost of its failure can fall on no one but ourselves. But to this wish must be appended an even more earnest wish, nay, a demand, that whatever degree of success or failure may be attained, it shall be frankly and intelligibly communicated to the people of Canada, the shareholders of the property. Lack of frank and intelligible accounting is perhaps the worst vice of government departments. They will spend a dollar upon the certification of the fact that fifteen cents has been properly expended and vouched for under Regulation X37291; they will not spend a cent to ascertain whether fifteen million dollars thus expended and vouched for is capital or current, productive or non-productive, wise or foolish. It is fatally easy for a Government department, or an "independent" commission enjoying the use of Government credit, to obtain money.

Your private corporation, once its original capital is expended, cannot obtain a cent except out of surplus income or by the sale of securities made valuable by the prospect of surplus income. Its shareholders do not have to put up, and will not put up, a single additional dollar on any other terms. Your government department can obtain all that it needs without securing or expecting any surplus income, or even stating what deficit it has. No government undertaking in Canada ever presents an intelligible balance-sheet. The Intercolonial Railway is represented in the blue-books as having no charges on account of capital, yet there has been spent on it at various times 126 millions of public money, exclusive of unearned interest, and a very large proportion of that sum was spent not for genuine new assets but for replacements and renewals, properly chargeable to current account. The Post Office,

which is supposed to be a money-making business and a fine example of government efficiency, is not charged with a cent of interest on the millions of dollars of buildings and plant which it uses all over Canada. The Ontario Hydro-Electric, pointed out by its admirers as an ideal example of public ownership efficiency, has never rendered a proper accounting from the day of its inception. The Canadian National Railway issues a weekly statement of its gross income but does not say a word about its operating cost.

If the people of Canada are intelligent enough to own 11,000 miles of railway, they are intelligent enough to be told the real results of their operation. If they can get the information, it should not take them long to decide whether or not they are qualified to run the railway. If they are, if the railway is as efficiently run as it would be by a private corporation, they have only to continue as they have begun, and to maintain the same watchfulness over their property as private shareholders would over theirs. If they are not, there is still a way of escape. The national railways can be leased to a corporation on a rental providing a certain return for ordinarily efficient management and giving the nation a substantial share of any further profits. Such a lease would doubtless imply that private profits are not immoral; but even Canada may eventually realize that private profits are at least as moral as public losses.

B. K. SANDWELL

MARY TIRED

Through the starred Judean night
She went, in travail of the Light.
With the earliest hush, she saw
God beside her in the straw.
One small taper glimmered clear,
Drowsing Joseph nodded near.
All the glooms were rosed with wings.
She that felt the Spirit's kiss
Wearied of the bright abyss;
She was tired of heavenly things.
There between the day and night
These she counted for delight:

Baby kids that butted hard
In the shadowy stable-yard,
Silken doves that dipped and preened
Where the crumbling well-curb greened,
Sparrows in the vine, and small
Sapphired flies upon the wall,
So lovely they seemed musical.
In the roof a swallow built.
All the new-born airs were spilt
Out of cups the morning made,
Of a glory and a shade.
These her solemn eyelids felt,
While unseen the seraphs knelt.
Then a young mouse, sleek and bold,
Rustling in the winnowed gold,
To her shadow crept, and curled
Near the Ransom of the World.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

THE INTERPRETER

II

IT was Christmas Eve, midnight, the year 1915. Last rounds had been made. The day's work was over, but all were awake. Faint gleams of light shone through cracks in the flimsy shelters, and there were sounds of hushed laughter.

A tall blue shadow crossed the parade ground. It was the Interpreter. His name was Troncy. He had been a teacher of English in a school near Paris, and so was qualified for his task. He was a venerable figure with a sad, contemplative face, and a splendid beard which was yet brown. "Christmas," he said, and with a gesture conveyed a sense of delicate irony.

A sudden star flamed white in the east over Kemmel hill. A machine gun tapped out some cryptic message. Flares burst upwards. The eastern horizon was at once a curtain of flickering light, pierced by flashes of flame. The guns were at work once more.

A darker shadow emerged from the Convent. The Sisters in procession were creeping along the wall to enter the chapel. The Mother was in advance. She paused to say a friendly, humorous word. The nuns were alarmed in the noise and light. "You are safe, my sisters," she assured them, and added, "It is marvellous." She corrected herself. "No, it is miraculous. We have been safe for a year, and will be to the end. Saint Antoine is our immediate protector." The gloomy procession moved on and entered the little doorway in the dark. The Interpreter put a friendly hand within my arm, and we fell in at the rear. Men in groups were feeling their way towards the place where the Christmas service was about to begin.

Inside in the gloom seven candles in seven candlesticks were set upon an ornate table. Beyond them the coloured glass of a window glowed faintly from the battle flares. At

the left a huddle of kneeling nuns made a mass of shadow. Behind them were the pallid faces of children, orphaned refugees. A few civilians, soldiers of the colour of the earth, and officers at the right front with a touch of scarlet completed the auditors.

From a door at the right of the altar an old man in a black gown came out. His figure was familiar. He was the last of the civilians, and in Canada would have been called the Curé. He lived in a brick house. His sustenance seemed to have been drawn from a flock of hens, and he came every day for such crumbs as fell from the Army table for their food. He was frail as the flame of a candle, and he cast himself down upon a bench by the sacristy door. Next came the ministrant wearing a lace and embroidered garment over uniform. It did not conceal his field boots and spurs. He was an army chaplain, Captain Guay. A soldier attended him.

The people stood up, then knelt down. From the foot of the altar the Chaplain said: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, I will go unto the altar of God, to God who giveth joy to my youth. In the loft at the back was a small choir of girls, and they sang the psalm that begins: Judge me, O God, and distinguish my cause from the nation that is not holy. For Thou, O God, art my strength. Send forth Thy light and Thy truth: they have led me and brought me to Thy holy mount and into Thy tabernacle. Hope thou in God, for I will yet praise Him.

The Chaplain joining his hands and bowing down confessed: I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed through my fault. This he repeated three times, and his attendant replied: May Almighty God have mercy upon you, forgive you your sins, and bring you unto life everlasting. The attendant made a similar confession, and the Chaplain repeated the prayer for forgiveness, for pardon, for absolution and remission of sin. Then in quick succession one heard: Thou shalt turn again, O God, and quicken us: Thy people

shall rejoice in Thee: Show us Thy mercy, O Lord: And grant us Thy salvation: O Lord, hear my prayer: And let my cry come unto Thee: The Lord be with you: And with thy spirit.

The Chaplain going up to the altar, and saying: Let us pray: continued: Take away from us our iniquities we beseech Thee, O Lord: that we may be worthy to enter with pure minds into the Holy of Holies. Bowing over the altar, he kissed it, and again implored forgiveness of all his sins.

From the choir out of the darkness in childish voices —one a lovely soprano—broke the music of "Lord have mercy," repeated nine times; and then the angelic hymn, "Glory to God in the Highest." It really was like Christmas.

The Interpreter in the outset gave me his little book, and in it I found these things written in order. But at this point the Chaplain turned over the leaves of his book, and I could not find the place. The Interpreter came to my help, and I observed that the service differs somewhat for each day, as I have heard it does in the Anglican Church. This was the service for Christmas. The Chaplain read: The Lord said to me, Thou art my Son: This day have I begotten Thee. The choir responded: Wherefore the heathen trembled and the people imagined vain things.

Part of an Epistle was read. My book was in French, and there was no reference to chapter and verse. It was one of those powerful injunctions to relinquish iniquity and the desires of the flesh for a life of justice, temperance, and piety by faith in Christ and in virtue of His sacrifice. With great solemnity the Bible was borne from one end of the altar to the other, that the Gospel might be read. All the people stood up. The Gospel was from the second of Luke to the end of the 14th verse which concludes: Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Before the reading of the Gospel the Chaplain prayed in preparation: Cleanse my heart and my lips, O Almighty God, and vouchsafe through Thy gracious mercy, so as to purify me that I may worthily proclaim Thy holy Gospel, through Jesus Christ our Lord. May the Lord be in my heart and

on my lips. When the reading was finished the Chaplain prayed again: By the truth of the Gospel may our sins be blotted out. The child with the soprano voice sang the Creed which is called "Nicene," and the Chaplain with all the people sat down. The text was precisely that used in the Anglican Church,—not the Apostle's Creed, to be found in the books of the Church of Scotland, and containing the phrase "descended into hell." When the singing was at an end a Sergeant arose from his place and gathered up a collection of coins in his cap.

Here I made an important discovery. The Interpreter exercised a spirit of detachment. He showed no especial interest in what the Chaplain was doing or saying. He seemed to regard the occasion as one designed for his own private devotion, and he prayed without ceasing in his own tongue. The Chaplain used the Latin and it did not seem incongruous, considering the One whom he desired should hear. The Interpreter knew what the Chaplain was saying, because the words in the two languages were printed side by side on the same page of the book, and he had read them from his youth up.

This accounted for the extreme devotion of all the people. They were at their own service. As the Chaplain came to his place at the altar the Interpreter murmured: I will draw near to Thy altar, O my God, there to gain new strength and vigour to my soul. Grant me that grace which comforts me when the remembrance of my sins afflicts and casts me down—that grace which lets me know there is an everlasting refuge in Thy goodness. When the Chaplain went to the Book the Interpreter continued his devotions in the words: Grant, O Lord, we may be truly prepared for the offering of this great sacrifice to Thee this day; and because our sins alone can render us displeasing to Thee, therefore we call aloud to Thee for mercy. As the "Glory" was being sung he continued privately: Glory be to God on high, and peace on earth to men of good will. We praise Thee; we bless Thee; we adore Thee; we glorify Thee; we give Thee thanks.

He seemed to be much better occupied than by an attempt to join with the choir in the public singing of this or of any lesser hymn. And so he continued to the end in prayer of a heavenly beauty, which any one may discover for himself who is sufficiently curious, for the little book may be had in English at the cost of a few cents.

The second part of the service now began with the preparation and sanctification of the bread and wine for the sacrament. The Chaplain took from a little cupboard in front of him a silver cup and a plate covered with a white cloth. He poured some wine and water into the cup, saying: Grant that by the mystery of this water and wine we may be made partakers of His divine nature who vouchsafed to become partaker of our human nature, namely Jesus Christ our Lord Thy Son. Raising the cup, he said: We offer unto Thee, O Lord, the Cup of Salvation, beseeching Thy clemency, that it may ascend for our salvation and for that of the whole world. Bowing down, he said: Accept us, O Lord, in the spirit of humility and contrition of heart. He blessed the bread and wine in the words: Come, O Almighty and Eternal God the Sanctifier, and bless this Sacrifice prepared for the glory of Thy holy name.

As he washed his hands he repeated the 25th Psalm from the sixth verse. Turning to the people, he said: Pray, my brethren, that my sacrifice and yours may be acceptable to God the Father Almighty. Ministrant and people then prayed in silence. The moment was one of great solemnity. It was now about half an hour after midnight. The alarm had become general along the whole front. Two six-inch naval guns on the left and four nine-inch guns from a bluff beyond the church were at work all through the service. The twelve-inch gun in the hollow at the right announced itself. The candles shuddered in their sockets, and one was extinguished by the shock. The old Curé arose from his bench and relighted it. The Chaplain continued to read: It is truly meet, just, right, and available to salvation, that

we should always give thanks to Thee, O holy Lord, Father Almighty, Eternal God.

The soldier in attendance rang a silver bell three times. All the people knelt. The Chaplain said: Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory. Hosanna in the highest. Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord, Hosanna in the highest.

A still deeper solemnity settled down upon the worshippers. After prayer in a low voice the Chaplain made a commemoration of the living: Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants, men and women, And of all here present whose faith and devotion are known to Thee for whom we offer, or who offer, up to Thee this Sacrifice of praise for the redemption of their souls, for the hope of their salvation. Spreading his hands over the oblation, he continued: We therefore beseech Thee, O Lord, graciously to accept this oblation of our servitude, and to dispose our days in Thy peace, and rank us in the number of Thine elect, which oblation do Thou, O God, vouchsafe in all respects to bless, approve, ratify, and accept; that it may be made for us the Body and Blood of Thy most beloved Son Jesus Christ our Lord.

Then he quoted from the famous chapter in *Corinthians*, confirmatory of the earlier Gospel account, what has ever been the warrant for all Christians in celebrating this rite: Take, and eat ye all of this. For this is my body. The silver bell was rung. The Chaplain continued his recital: In like manner also he took the cup, saying: This cup is the eternal testament in my blood. As often as ye do these things, ye shall do them in remembrance of Me. Whereupon the silver bell was rung.

The spirit of devotion deepened. The worshippers really did believe what they had heard. They believed that Jesus meant what He said, that the bread was His Body and the contents of the cup His Blood. Nor were the dead forgotten: Be mindful of Thy servants, who are gone before us with the sign of faith, and rest in the sleep of peace.

Then followed the Lord's Prayer, with a development of the theme: Deliver us from evil. The Chaplain took from the plate a piece of bread as thin as a wafer. He broke it, and put a morsel in the cup. The choir sang in Latin three times: Lamb of God, who takest away the sin of the world, have mercy upon us. After prayers of singular elevation the Chaplain asked absolution for the people: May Almighty God have mercy upon you, and forgive you your sins, and bring you unto life everlasting. Then he received the Sacrament. With a few words of thanksgiving the service was over.

The choir sang God Save the King with formal precision, and then burst into the rippling gaiety of their own National Anthem. The nuns and the orphans departed. The men filed out. The officers went last—to the mess room. It was now one o'clock, Christmas morning, and the guns had grown quiet.

STAFF-OFFICER

THE FALLEN

Were every snowy peak of thy great West
A gravestone white, each prairie flower a wreath,
How could they mark that mighty couch of death,
Oh, Canada, where all thy fallen rest.
How memory folds within thy mother-breast
Those fateful years, fraught with the frenzied breath
Of hell, when havoc stalked the seas beneath,
And caves of earth, and all the clouds' wild crest.

It was for thee that last dread trail they trod,
Where drew French slopes and Flemish fens the storm;
How breathes the soul of Cambrai's crimson sod,
And where wild Ypres rolled back the Eagle-swarm;
Where Vimy Ridge rears high his shattered head,
Immortal with the deeds of thy great dead.

DUDLEY H. ANDERSON

IN LAURENTIA

Laurentia's hills are wide and long,
Her Summer songs are sweet;
But may I sing another song
Of times whose praise is meet?

Autumn

i

Where calm has tricked the wind, a nook
With Autumn leaves a-heap
In tranquil shade—tree-tribute paid
The wind-sprites there asleep.
Sprites they who haunt these Ancient Hills,
Guard they the forest's strength:
Who gnarl the roots, make stiff the trunks
That greet the sky full length.

Where gentle breezes skirt the lee,
A rock—a smiling glade;
A carpet there is spread aflame
Unruffled in the shade.
Upon the massive face the moss
Holds place in softest hue.
Sun-fleck'd the leaves wind-garnered there;
Sky-dapples flicker, too.

Where earth hugs stone a hollowed place
Casts backward. Here a sprite
May sleep in peace—the leafy mound
Before bars out the light . . .
O nook, so sweet in cools and shades,
With greens and crimsoned gold.
Meet resting-place for mountain sprites
Of power and spells untold.

But comes a day when damps are here,
The wood stands blear and bleak.
Blow sterner winds that do not freeze,
But dry on trees the reek.
From South the breeze, with mists abroad—
The tear-like drip, the sob:
The sleeping sprites are filled with pain,
For crimsoned gold a-daub.

Sere now the leaves and scowls the rock;
A blinking flash mid-air.
A water-fowl's croak—the leader swerves—
A blue-jay's note of fear.
And sullen rumbles roll—a crash!
Thrust down a bayonet of fire.
And hardwoods bare and evergreens seethe
In a pall of tempestuous ire.

When Winter has garbed Laurentia's hills,
The sprites a debt re-pay:
To trees a toll; as North winds hiss
The soft South Wind they slay.
They deck the forest, grim and grey,
Faëry-clad in rime-spun mist.
Stand well-acquit the mountain sprites
When sunrise ends their tryst.

March

ii

At eve the trees in March-mist breeze
Stand gaunt, nor leaf to see.
Birch, maple, and beech the sprites beseech:
"Give gauds and garb to me."
A stately pine, damp needles a-shine,
The spruce, more gravely green,
Take heed: they pray in creeping grey,
The rime—its sparkling sheen.

March nights, the sprite makes riot in might—
The time of toll to trees.
And keeps a tryst in murky mist—
The Storm King stirs his lees.
Dance swift these nights the mountain sprites
As swirls the North Wind's breath;
The mist falls dead beneath the tread,
Its damps go pale as death.

Bleak-black falls night. As if in fright,
The gloom-wrapt trees—so still.
A moaning dull, and then the lull
Before the tempest's shrill.
A mist-filled gust—the frosty dust
Whirls fierce in glade and dell.
Shrieks then the blast, as if were massed
The wailing sprites of hell!

Spell-weaving sprites throng now the heights.
(Full toll this night to trees.)
March hares, in fright, go mad the night.
(Laurentia's magic seize!)
Oho, the hoar! The Wind's North roar
That sweeps from hill to hill . . .
The trees stand bright with prisms alight;
Morn breaks in massive still.

O flame-lit trees, what gems are these,
What diamonds and rubies you wear!
Your garb—the old—green, crimson-gold
Must yield to new so fair.
The vale's wide space, the hills' far face,
The beech, the spruce, the pine,
The maple and birch bear never a smirch—
The snows are sparkling wine.

March sun has kissed the wraith-o'-mist—
The shimmering draperies dark.
The moon that night cast beams of light
To dance on clean-laved bark.
And mountain sprites, who shun the lights,
Which rob their spells of power,
Deep, deep in snow, where is no glow,
And void the trysting bower.

B. A. MACNAB

PERCHANCE

Perchance, a vision sweet we all may find,
When we have cast aside the body's thrall,
That mind, unfettered, can commune with mind,
And haste respondent to a voiceless call.

But here we see the fleshpots ever nigh,
And carnal snares our yielding wills immesh.
Noble ambitions slain or bleeding lie
Dragged down and vanquished by the ravening flesh.

Yet, fellow pilgrims, we may hope to gain
(Though thorns and briars rise where flowers were planned),
Along the paths of failure and of pain,
The hidden entrance to a happier land.

LEWIS WHARTON

LE TRAITÉ DE PAIX

L'OPINION française au sujet du traité de paix peut très nettement se résumer ainsi: soulagement, soulagement incontestable dans la majorité de la nation, de voir la guerre définitivement terminée, et terminée par une paix victorieuse, qui réalise quelques-unes des plus chères espérances de la France;—mais satisfaction complète, sans réserve ? Non.

On pourra objecter—(et on l'a fait)—:"Que faut-il donc à ces Français ? Ils sont insatiables ! Le traité de paix leur rend l'Alsace et la Lorraine; il leur donne l'exploitation du charbon de la vallée de la Sarre; il leur promet une indemnité de réparation considérable de la part de l'Allemagne; il leur assure l'alliance des deux plus grandes puissances du monde, l'Angleterre et les Etats-Unis. Que leur faut-il de plus ? La rive gauche du Rhin ? mais c'est de l'impérialisme !"

Ce reproche d'impérialisme, c'est de Berlin qu'il est issu. Avant l'armistice, et surtout depuis l'armistice, on le trouvait chaque jour dans les radios de propagande de Nauen. Et l'accusation a fait son chemin, non-seulement dans une partie de l'opinion des pays alliés, mais aussi parmi les éléments les plus avancés de l'extrême-gauche française. Est-elle justifiée ? Certainement non.

Il n'y a pas d'impérialisme français. Et si les Français les plus clairvoyants n'ont cessé de réclamer—non pas l'annexion—mais l'occupation et la neutralisation de la rive gauche du Rhin, ce n'est pas par désir de conquête: c'est afin de réaliser le plus important des buts de guerre de la France: la sécurité.

Pourquoi en effet les Français se sont-il battus ? C'était sans doute parce qu'ils étaient attaqués et qu'ils avaient à défendre leur sol, leur honneur, leur liberté. C'était aussi avec l'espoir, l'ardent désir de reconquérir les provinces

perdues en soixante-dix. Mais surtout—et l'on peut invoquer le témoignage de tous ceux qui ont assisté à la mobilisation,—si les Français ont répondu à l'appel aux armes avec un élan si unanime et si enthousiaste, c'est qu'ils voulaient se délivrer une fois pour toutes de la menace qui pesait sur eux depuis quarante-trois ans, la menace de l'est qui paralysait leur politique intérieure et extérieure, qui entravait leur développement économique, qui les forçait à maintenir une armée permanente, à dépenser des millions chaque année pour le budget de la guerre, à prélever ce terrible impôt du sang des trois ans de service militaire, et qui enfin, durant les dernières années, était devenue si immédiate et si arrogante que l'horreur inconnue d'une guerre lui paraissait encore préférable. Voilà pourquoi les Français ont si résolument couru aux armes: pour obtenir la sécurité d'une paix définitive. L'ont-ils obtenue ? Non.

Cependant, ils ont été vainqueurs. La France et ses Alliés ont remporté une victoire complète. On sait ce que cette victoire a coûté aux Français: 1,500,000 morts, 2,000,000 blessés, 1,700,000 mutilés, une dette extérieure d'une quarantaine de milliards, des dommages directs, que M. Marin évalue à 96 milliards, sans compter 23 milliards de dommages indirects (de sorte que l'indemnité allemande,—si elle est payée—passera entièrement en France à la restauration du sol, tandis que les Alliés pourront consacrer leur part à la restauration de leur crédit). Profondément atteinte dans son sang, dans sa vie économique et financière, voilà le prix que la France a payé pour la victoire.

Et la victoire a été absolue. L'Allemagne a été réduite à merci, incapable de résister, prête à accepter les conditions dictées par les vainqueurs. Et cependant la condition essentielle, cette sécurité établie sur des garanties solides, la France ne l'a pas obtenue.

Il faut connaître l'historique de cette question. Jusqu'au milieu du mois de mars 1919, les représentants de la France au Congrès de la paix étaient fermement résolus à exiger comme minimum de garanties "la frontière militaire du Rhin,"

c'est-à-dire l'occupation perpétuelle de la rive gauche, ainsi que de six têtes de pont et la garde des principales voies de communication. C'est ce qui résulte d'un mémoire en date du 25 février 1919, où l'on retrouve l'inspiration lucide et sage du Maréchal Foch, et dont les représentants français avaient adopté les conclusions, sans réserve.

Mais vers le 15 mars, les représentants de la France changeaient d'attitude. Voici ce qui s'était passé. Les représentants des Etats-Unis et de la Grande-Bretagne leur avaient posé le dilemme suivant: ou bien vous aurez ce que vous demandez—rive gauche du Rhin et têtes de ponts,—mais vous les occuperez *seuls*, sans alliés dans le monde; ou bien vous renoncerez à vos exigences, et nous vous offrons en échange, comme garanties, l'alliance de l'Angleterre et des Etats-Unis. Les représentants français avaient à choisir: ils auraient voulu l'un *et* l'autre—garanties militaires et alliances; —on leur donnait à choisir l'un *ou* l'autre. Ils choisirent l'alliance. Et les raisons de leur choix ont été si bien exposées par M. Tardieu à la Chambre des Députés qu'il est difficile de penser que ce choix eût pu être différent.

Ils ont sans doute fait pour le mieux. Et de leur côté, les Alliés—Angleterre et Amérique—sont liés à la France par un pacte qui ne saurait être à la merci d'un revirement politique. Ils sont engagés d'*honneur*. Pour obtenir ce pacte, la France a renoncé à des garanties réelles, tangibles, territoriales. Y trouvera-t-elle la même sécurité ?

Plusieurs hypothèses sont à considérer. D'abord, le Sénat américain peut ne pas ratifier le traité de paix: en ce cas, que reste-t-il à la France, en échange des garanties auxquelles elle a renoncé ? Rien. En second lieu, la politique intérieure, les questions sociales peuvent amener des changements radicaux dans les gouvernements américains et britanniques; l'Angleterre, il est vrai, en 1914, en dépit des tendances de certains politiciens, s'est levée d'un magnifique élan, dès que son honneur a été en jeu: et les Dominions, le Canada en tête, l'ont splendidement suivie; mais si un jour le Labor Party prenait le pouvoir, se croirait-il lié par les engagements

de M. Lloyd George ? La France pourrait-elle compter sur l'alliance promise ? C'est tout au moins douteux.

Enfin, même si l'Angleterre et les Etats-Unis restent fidèles à leur parole, combien de temps leur faudra-t-il pour la tenir ? Supposons que l'Allemagne, voulant sa revanche, la prépare en secret, en dépit de la surveillance—plus ou moins illusoire—des commissions interalliées. Supposons que la France, confiante en ses alliances, ait démobilisé son armée et cessé d'entretenir son armement. Quand l'attaque allemande se déclenchera, avant que la France ait pu s'organiser, avant que les armées anglaises,—et surtout américaines—aient eu le temps d'arriver, l'est et le nord de la France—*que ne protegera pas la barriere du Rhin*—seront de nouveau occupés, dévastés, ruinés.

Or, tout bon gouvernement doit envisager les hypothèses les plus sombres. La France doit être prête pour le pire. Et elle le sera. Elle maintiendra son service militaire. Elle gardera ses munitions, ses armements. Elle entretiendra, en dépit de ses terribles dettes, de ses immenses dépenses de reconstruction, les millions de son budget de guerre. En un mot, tout en conservant à ses alliés sa reconnaissance et sa confiance, tout en plaçant en leur parole l'espoir de sa sécurité et de son avenir, elle prendra la meilleure des garanties: elle comptera sur elle-même.

C'est en ce sens qu'il faut comprendre la conclusion du magistral rapport de M. Barthou sur le traité de paix: la France et ses alliés ont gagné la guerre; mais l'effort n'est pas fini: il reste à la France "à gagner la paix."

René du Roure

LONDON: THEN AND NOW

ONLY one brief bewildering year since the summer of 1918. And to-day we have a new England clad in festal attire, as holiday maker garmented in her best, blazing with bunting and excess of light. Yet for all the garlands her brow is puckered, and her smile perplexed. She stands again at the parting of the ways, and who shall say the paths are not more difficult, more tangled and obscure than those she trod in 1914? Fissures have opened at her feet, and pontoon bridges are being thrown over deep and dangerous waters in place of solid stone.

Once there was war in Flanders and peace at home when hearts beat as one and wills united for a single purpose. Now there is peace in Flanders, and disruption at our doors, flags waving and festooning which only throw into greater relief the pervading gloom. Scarlet banners stream, yet they disclose dark stone behind. But this in turn is but a fleeting epoch. Whole terraces of London's sombre dwellings with the added dinginess of four years' accumulation are now exulting in the orgy of white paint in which the city has indulged. Dazzling in the summer sunshine their bravery seems a mockery as I walk past them, ankle deep in waste paper and droppings, for the street cleaners have struck, and the glass shelves of bread-shops are empty, as bakers also have laid down their tools. The accustomed bobby is not by his appointed corner and in certain districts trains have ceased to run. Truly the new world, that world of Peace, appears to be still-born. To avoid pessimism we must look ahead and think constructively, know this for the predicted transitional epoch which it is, and feel that we have only placed our feet as yet upon those stepping stones which lead to better things. We have fallen somewhat from that high estate, of which the poet wrote, "And Nobleness walks within our ways again, and we have come into our heritage."

A dignity and grandeur clung about the old metropolis in her martial cloak, that seems absent somehow from the white garments of Peace. To-day streets are jostling with gay well-dressed throngs eager for amusement, processions have followed processions and one holiday succeeds another while prices mount and soar and industry gropes along a still uncertain way. Traffic roars and rumbles once again in pristine thunder. Shops blatantly proclaim their wares by vivid gaslight. Night glares like day and people no longer go softly and speak low. The grim, set grey, dogged and hungry London is no more. No queues stand shivering at the grocer shops. No kite balloons, on watch for Gothas, rear and swing their bulbous forms against dull skies. No more convalescents in bright blue groups stretch in the diluted sunshine of the parks, like great beds of cornflowers on the green. The storklike silhouettes of the wounded no longer loom indistinctly through the clammy mist, projecting themselves along at their uneven gait in large felt slippers and vermilion ties. Not again through Night's dark fingers, unspoilt by artificial gems, shall we behold the proud moon's undisputed sway above the ancient town. What glamour was thrown over the old, cold stones, with what magic were they invested as the orange orb swung upwards, slowly freeing itself from a cloak of purple vapour, and behind Big silent Ben then stood, like two lonely watchers of the sky. Yet with what forebodings we gazed on its revealing splendour, turning our eyes to the horizon for the birth of comforting clouds, to hide its beauty. For how often the shattering blast of the maroons would crash into the palpitating stillness, bursting the dreams of peace into terrible realities. Then voices rushed together, a swift scurrying of feet was heard, motor horns and the jarring of wheels. Buses rocked and lunged under an unnatural weight, hearts beat quickly and eyes scanned anxiously the sky, that brilliant highway of the Gotha. Then sound was sucked from the deserted streets, they fell into a breathless swoon, there was a lull along them, first in history, a throbbing emptiness, intense,

expectant, from the signals to the first far tiny whirrings of the enemy. It was the whispering of Death, for rarely did those birds of ill escape before some home was mourning. For hours sometimes our brave defenders battled in the sky. Shrapnel rattled on the roofs, and machine guns tore along the terrace mounted upon lorries; giant searchlights crossed their flashing swords above us, while panes of glass vibrated with the trembling thunder of the guns. When a bomb dropped it was unmistakable. Windows were heavily curtained to prevent the shrapnel flying in.

Then the booming became more distant, and silence would ensue, broken by a horse's hoofs on the macadam starting homewards. The city cleared her throat. Casements opened cautiously and creaking. A head popped out here and there. Servant girls began to giggle as they crept from murky areas, groping with lanterns for fallen fragments. The rumble of the Underground was heard again, and crying of tiny children exhausted with fright and loss of sleep. A footstep or two hastening homewards awakened echoes down the empty street with the "All Clear" bugling from fast flying bicyclists. And in the centre of the roadway, imperturbable as ever, bobby besieged with anxious and insatiable inquiries!

But on clouded moonless nights, perhaps veiled with the additional obscurity of fog, the atmosphere bore all the similitude to a shroud, unescapable and sinister. When Hyde Park was a mysterious dark forest inhabited by will o' the wisps, streets became black tunnels, lit at rare intervals by high, heavily shaded beads of light, like an imperfect necklace. The little traffic that there was crept quietly, more by intuition than by sight. It was marvelous that it went at all. Steps shuffled and hesitated. Feet stumbled at the kerb. Phantoms passed and repassed seeming surreptitiously like gnomes and denizens of an under world, visible momentarily under a faint lamp's glow and swallowed up the next as by the folds of an enormous curtain. Shapes, huge in the obscurity, detached themselves from universal shadow like

darkness moving upon darkness, and behind them and around us, surmounting the malignant gloom and pervading every word and deed and feeling, loomed the omnipresent, dominating thought of war.

No one who was in London at the time, and especially those whose work took them among soldiers, will, I think, ever forget that spring of 1918, when we were literally fighting with our backs to the wall. Germany had staked everything on her last throw for Amiens and the Channel Ports, and through a couple of months at least, the word danger held more than an ordinary significance for us all. The man in the street looked serious and spoke gravely; very little was said by those whose nearest and dearest were in the holocaust, faces were preoccupied and still and lined with deep anxiety. Subdued knots of people gathered around the bulletins, and on the tops of buses and behind counters one heard the situation discussed in sober tones, and whether the enemy casualties were really so much greater than our own. The formal, restrained news that filtered a passage through only deepened our gravity and suspense: between the lines could be dimly imagined something of the sufferings and endurances of the men in this the fourth year of unceasing struggle, with its bitter toll of our bravest and our best. It was the realization of this, perhaps, which made it not unnatural that eyes were turned with yearning towards America, to whose cooperation we had looked forward for so long, and the very magnitude of whose preparations had rendered her as yet not wholly ready. And so, another hundred thousand English lives went down, and England, ever relying on herself alone, bore the brunt of that stupendous onslaught, Germany's greatest, most desperate blow, retiring it is true, tired-out, handicapped by inferior numbers, but fighting for every inch—damaged, torn, suffering, battered and retreating to her reserves over mile after mile of that dearly won territory bought in 1917 at the cost of unlimited blood and treasure. Straining every nerve, bleeding at every pore, sword in hand, back to the wall, one yet never heard the whisper of defeat.

I do not think it entered into anyone's imagination, though the price we were paying for victory was apparent to all. Newspapers were opened breathlessly every morning and read with beating hearts. When would it end, we wondered. Where would the line be drawn? Our immortal legions were being pressed still closer to the Motherland with just a strip of sea between, and yet at times so near in sympathy, it seemed that we too shared the battlefield. Here and there a line or two in the papers suggested some incredible exploit, some heroic sacrifice that stood out among so many unrecorded, who gave their all unquestioningly—rearguards holding up the gigantic tide of slaughter, before they in their turn were smothered and overwhelmed.

A winter of increasing air raids had shaken the nerves of many older people, weakened by the strain of waiting and watching through four long years of warfare. They and many thousands of little children were sent into the country to the west, and London was a strange place to those who knew her. Night stretched above us as an inky desert where enormous caverns opened and luminous swift rivers ran as the searchlights intensified the surrounding darkness. The atmosphere seemed charged with electricity, war was written on the very clouds which overhung the metropolis with an oppressive gloom. The lessened traffic in the streets, the shortage of conveyances, the silence of all church bells and public clocks, cessation of fountains in the squares, the black, blinded windows of private dwellings, and old men doing constabulary work at unaccustomed corners—alike contributed to the realization of London as the great heart of an empire, throbbing with mighty effort under heavy pressure of untoward event, the blood racing through her arteries and pouring itself out in every quarter of the globe.

Hospital, canteen and camp were pulses that quickened in the fever of emotion which stirred the soul of the country to its very depths. The column of casualties in the newspapers mounted ever higher and higher to the top of the page, then started below to climb on a second pillar—and a third,

as the terrible weeks crawled by. It was like watching a thermometer in oppressive heat. The majority of those in the small hotel where I was staying suffered personal loss, here a son, there a husband, now a brother or a cousin. A widow who had opened a letter at breakfast that day and read to us how her son described it all—"topping—and perfectly safe, mother dear"—she had smiled forgivingly at this—now learnt at evening that her young bird man had "gone west." "Missing" was the dread message that came to a gentle little lady who rarely spoke, at a table near to mine. Her son had gone back to recover some guns, she heard. And that was the end. Another had been last seen among a little group of six signalling through the smoke like a brave beacon flickering in a tempest—then he fell under the oncoming hordes. He was the only son of a maid below stairs, whose life was passed in grey and monotonous labour in the place of a sturdier predecessor now making munitions. I would meet her toiling up five stories with her scuttles of coal, and she would stop on the landing to tell me of "her boy." She had been expecting him on leave for a year and so keen was her yearning—"If he'd only get wounded, loike, I might see 'im in Horspital," she would say. But she was never to see him again, and in a vacant room beside mine that night on the pretence of going in to draw the blinds she stopped, and I heard, almost inaudibly, a desolate weeping.

Thirty thousand odd troops left England for France every day for a while. We had no incoming soldiers at the canteens, as all leave was stopped, and none returned. A Motor Transport Volunteer told me that the hardest thing he had ever had to do was the meeting of certain drafts returning on leave, with the news that orders had been cancelled—they must go back immediately.

All realized the gravity of the situation. But to wait, as English soldiers did, a year or more for that priceless two weeks of home and freedom, to have their feet already on Blighty, under their native skies—and then to turn—back to weariness, to discomfort, to discipline—that must indeed have seemed the last drop in a long and bitter draught.

At times, behind closed eyes, I seem to see again something of the spirit that animated us in those tremendous days. It is three a.m. and cold winds play wildly around the canteen, where we are serving tea behind a narrow counter. Trainloads of troops are being rushed to France, small homeward drafts arrive on "special leave." The station resounds to tramping feet and hoarse voices, as in they come, crowding together like pack animals, stooping under monstrous burdens, very tired, very dazed, and stamping, benumbed with cramp and cold. Caps are pushed back from dishevelled heads, overcoats are stained and rumpled, boots caked with mud, and faces worn, eager, hungry, anxious and appealing. All resolves into one seething, coagulate mass of khaki from which sunburnt hands protrude, grasping a cup ere it is barely filled. It seems, so alike are they, it must be the same men who, night after night and week after week, hundreds following upon the feet of hundreds, come in touch with us for a brief second, and then vanish as they came, disappearing in the maw of some insatiable demon who is never satisfied. I see arms with two, three and four wounded stripes on them, and looking up I meet a bright smile and an appreciative glance from those who know us, and have been waiting patiently for their cup of unsweetened tea, in a long shivering weary queue which reaches from our hands to the doorway and out beyond. There are the same youngsters who laugh their way through everything, make the same little jokes and are amazed at nothing, carrying it off with a sort of studied cheerfulness not always natural, but made obligatory, a matter of good form, a way of "bridging the ditch" peculiar to soldiers on active service. There are the same veterans, war-wearied, stoical and silent, who wait their turn imperturbably, resting on their rifles, with eyes that stare straight in front of them out of faces weather-beaten into hardened masks like sun-dried clay.

And there are others whom I love, whose eyes seek for an answering sympathy, whose mouths are sensitive and cheeks a little sunk, who redden with pleasure at a small

attention, some special word addressed to them which restores in a flash something of their long-lost and precious individuality. They then feel a loosening of the fabric in which they are mingled, a sudden consciousness of self, a momentary detachment from that indistinguishable blending of human entities, diverse, irregular, multifarious and resisting, which composes the Great Mosaic that is called an Army. They are the ones that think, perhaps grieve, and pity, who yearn in secret for their liberty, to whom the yoke of discipline is irksome, who pine for beauty in art and life and volunteered to fight not so much from love of adventure or contempt of danger, as from clear perception of necessity. Of such stuff were our Soldier Poets made, and it seemed to me I met the eyes of many a potential Rupert Brooke. Men of this calibre often drifted together like water finding its own level, common interests and a mutual sympathy drew them into groups which not infrequently became the nucleus of regiments such as the Artists' Rifles.

It is a moot point whether in modern warfare the aesthetic and imaginative suffer a greater hardship through their keener susceptibilities than do those of a more balanced and practical turn of mind. Deprivation of leisure and of beauty; sordid environment, or the sight of mutilation inflict suffering upon a nervous and highly strung temperament unexperienced by those of coarser fibre. Yet again, they are compensated through their imagination. It is the sunlight that suffuses the dark temple, revealing to them its inner mysteries, something of its symbolism. It gilds the commonplace, solaces the inward eye when ugly surroundings draw a dark blind down upon the vision. Where the ordinary man sees only vile stretches of unutterable monotony, the poet perceives a symbol. He paints it with colours created by his own vivid fancies, looks beyond it to the ultimate purpose, and piercing the wall of cloud, discovers the glory. The artist resents any encroachment on his individuality. The necessary sacrifice of this to some extent is, to him, not the least of war's hardships. To others again, its rediscovery must be at times a painful process.

Much of the prevalent unrest is due to enormous numbers of men having been projected violently, in spite of its apparent dilatoriness, from army into civil life. They are thrown suddenly upon their own resources, their career depends on their initiative which has become cramped during its sojourn in the trenches. The brain opens slowly and creaks upon its hinges. In actual and open warfare, thought instantaneously translates into action. But there are many long months before and after, of exacting manual work and rigid discipline. Early hours and fatiguing duties conduce to sleep, not mental effort. The officer does the thinking and the man is more or less relieved of responsibility. He has been treated as a mischievous kitten by the War Office, and as a sort of Teddy Bear by the high-society entertainer. But with the shedding of the uniform, reappears the individuality. Once more he finds himself an ordinary, rational thinking human being. There are no more concerts, no more drives, no more Red Tape, no restraint. No longer a petted convalescent, he must take his chance along with others. It is a bit bewildering. He finds a family growing up around him and no house in which to put them. Prices are soaring. He discovers that people are pretty nearly as selfish as when he started out, leaving everything behind him, to find his soul—and the enemy's—expecting through his victory to return to a better world than the one he helped to save. Labour unrest is about as natural a concomitant of the great war as it was expected by the very people who, forgetting this, turn their backs upon it now, in panic.

Each successive generation believes it is establishing a precedent. In reality it is only retelling an old story. Every war has been followed by a period of nervous reaction, lassitude, outbreaks of violence, rioting, and high prices. As the recent conflict was so much vaster than any preceding it, so also must its succeeding period be of greater stress and anxiety and of longer duration. It has cut a huge swathe into our national life, undermining financial stability and halting enterprise. There is lack of concentration and loss

of initiative. Too much holiday-making has induced a haphazard way of thinking, a dislike of responsibilities. This, however, is but partial and transient, and natural enough in its way. We are groping and struggling, each for himself, trying to readjust ourselves to the new order of things, infinitely more difficult than during the war itself, when everyone had his allotted task and a definite object.

The word Reconstruction, of which one hears so much, conveys to many but a notion of some gigantic temple, nebulous and empty as yet, waiting for busy, earnest hands to bring their gifts and fill its interior. Theories there are in plenty. Ideas pour in from every side, and though great projects are being set in motion, there is a hampering vagueness abroad, deterrent to the eager and anxious woman worker. Her activities have been enormously developed, her imagination stimulated, her superfluous energy, almost volcanic, seeks wide outlets. To her the present period of uncertainty and speedy demobilization is trying, inasmuch as public opinion resents any further encroachments upon man's domain. She must wait with patience to perceive what is to be her share in the reconstruction programme.

Hospitals often became centres, during the war, of a sympathetic sociability that knocked aside many artificial obstacles to mutual understanding between different grades of society. Human nature at bottom is much the same, irrespective of caste. Women of all ranks became V.A.D. workers, and as such shed a refining influence upon the lives of men with whom they would never otherwise have come in contact. They were also brought face to face with unsuspected quality in the masses who, in their turn, beheld, not the arrogant, self-seeking and luxurious "upper class" depicted in penny dreadfuls, but beings capable of as hard work and self-sacrifice as themselves, and subject to equal bereavements and calamities. The result of this has been a reciprocity of goodwill and a broader, more cordial understanding between classes, of incalculable benefit to the community at large. In instances too numerous for recapitulation, I have heard

from soldiers' wives or dependents the strongest possible admiration expressed for the "ladies" in the war. They are often alluded to with wonder mixed with affectionate gratitude. "My son says it's the 'ladies' as has been wonderful—just wonderful," remarked the little wife of a cottager in a remote country part where I was staying. "He says to see 'em scrubbin' is a sight, and in 'orspital up North, 'e was lonely, and the lady who was mindin' 'im, paid for his wife to come up and see 'im from Devon, and twice too. Now that's what I calls Christian."

Gently-bred women who took up farm work and field labour, at first encountered not a little conservative opposition from farmers, which gradually gave place to a rising appreciation and gratitude as their extreme aptitude became apparent. But from farmers' wives they obtained an almost universal wondering admiration and respect. Each learnt something mutually beneficial from the other. Many of the city-bred are remaining on the land and turning their activities to dairy-work and gardening. English women were always active, and war dug new and greater channels for their energies. They resemble the Russian in that they often seem to think and move quicker than their opposite sex. The great novel has yet to be produced which will depict the modern English woman as she really is, and has been intensified by the war. Why will our novelists still persist in portraying the objectionable heroine who only emphasizes the failings and none of the attractions of her counterpart in real life? Originality is pleasing, but the exceptional is not always more interesting than the average. Frequently it is simply tiresome, and sometimes extremely silly. When one encounters a splendid type between the pages, more often than not she is represented as American or Russian. It is regrettable when one considers the fascinating material lying at one's right hand, and that French opinion of English womanhood is often based on the misrepresentation of them in our current novels, with their exaggeration of attributes and over-emphasis on passing symptoms.

The old-fashioned type may still, perhaps, occasionally be encountered among country-bred girls and in out of the way places. She was retiring and apologetic, especially in the presence of the male members of the family. She adored her brothers and utterly spoiled them, everything being made subservient to their education. Neglectful of her appearance, her beautiful hair was usually untidy and crowned by an enormous floppy hat. She was characterized by a vague sweetness and gentle manners, a fresh complexion and a desire to please, which, however, did not altogether distract attention from her very badly cut clothes. A decided predilection was shown for long scarves and chain bracelets, and one might meet her shopping in the morning in ballroom slippers. Always well-read, her habit of self-effacement, however, induced a universal agreement to opinions expressed in conversation. There was a certain refinement and femininity about her not discoverable in either French or American women of the same class, nevertheless.

Another type, now extinct, but observable in the England of eight or ten years ago, was most frequently seen in country towns, but also along the streets of London and at railway stations. This woman wore a large flat cloth disc upon her head, usually of green tweed, and in shape like a bath-bun. Her hair was drawn back into a knob like a broken door-bell incased in a net upon the nape of her neck, which was encircled by the high stiff collar of a blouse whose shoulder seams were cut so as not to admit the possibility of her being described as "broad-shouldered." Her naturally small waist was confined by a tight broad strip of belting from which a long greenish-gray skirt flowed to the ground behind, to perform the ostensible function of gathering every available microbe into her under garments. Large badly made shoes covered her slender feet, she had a high colour and her expression displayed unique indifference to outside comment. This last is characteristic of the nation at all times. They have a capacity for minding their own business. The "transatlantic stare" is here not, fortunately, considered good form. In

London even to-day one occasionally encounters oddities who have no counterpart elsewhere and yet provoke no comment. I once met an apparition on Regent Street in broad daylight strolling along in bare feet and sandals whose sole garment appeared to be a cunningly draped rich Paisley shawl and whose well-coiffed hair was surmounted by a man's felt hat! But with the exception of my own head swerved round to "stare," I did not observe her attracting any particular attention.

The new type of young English woman is as self-assertive and independent as the American formerly was alone supposed to be. In many respects they have exchanged characteristics. The American is stouter and more deliberate in speech and action. The English woman thinks and speaks with astonishing rapidity, and is without a rival in the use of high superlatives upon occasions which excite her admiration or disgust. She is more impetuous and highly strung, more impatient of restraint, less tolerant, and perhaps her judgements are less kindly. The American is more strictly humorous, less witty and satirical and more apt to make allowances. There is keen rivalry among English girls due to the enormous preponderance of their sex. Fully alive to their possibilities, life has become for many a great adventure; emulative and emotional they are seekers after romance and as full of passion and imagination as most women of Latin races are portrayed to be. Full of a nervous strength and astonishing virility considering her slight frame, the English woman preserves a girlishness past middle age that is the envy of continental matrons. Perhaps it is her versatility which prevents her from becoming set, and her unexpectedness that makes her interesting. She is better informed than the average American or Canadian, and less domestic, perhaps not so well-balanced, and impulsive. In many respects she is the antithesis of her opposite sex.

The dowdiness which characterized the average English woman of some years ago, and particularly noticeable when accompanied by her well-groomed husband, is now a thing

of the past. To-day she is perhaps the smartest apparelled woman in the world, combining the style of the American and elegance of the French in one person together with that delicacy of feature and little air of distinction peculiarly her own. Her tastes are individual, reflecting something of her personality, she is not a slavish follower of fashion, nor do her clothes obtrude themselves on notice, but are made to serve as an artistic background for her beauty. Her gaze does not wander over her visitor's apparel during conversation, striving to appraise its approximate value in dollars and cents, an all too prevalent though wholly unconscious characteristic of provincial Canada and further South. One thing which strikes the stranger now, as heretofore, is the large proportion of well-shaped mouths utterly disfigured by neglected teeth. This fact is constantly forced upon one's notice, not only among crowds, in the streets and on buses, but among the well-dressed and well-to-do. It was deplorably noticeable among the soldiers who passed through the canteens. I wondered how some masticated their food at all. People over here do not seem to visit their dentist to see that no trouble has commenced, but wait until they are driven to him by acute necessity.

Walk down Piccadilly or Bond Street of a morning and one is struck by the easy walk and graceful carriage both of men and women one meets. They have a proud bearing oblivious of the passer-by. Truly it is a patrician race. There is refinement of contour not observable among other nations, a classic profile, and a complexion for which one looks in vain elsewhere. Thinness is a fashionable cult among both sexes. They have a positive horror of gaining weight. Among the lower classes it is largely due to excessive tea-drinking, also to climate. They shiver in insufficiently warmed houses, through the greater portion of the year. Among villagers there is not always that well nourished appearance, in spite of the fresh clear skins, not that robustness which the leisurely environment and neat orderliness might lead one to expect. There are vast improvements yet

to be made in regard to drainage and sanitation. Too many weedy youths and fragile children are observable, either inadequately clad or insufficiently accommodated members of immense families often reared in ancient, cramped and insanitary dwellings. How frequently I was struck with this lack of breadth among the soldiers, a lack of space in his upbringing, noticeable when he mingled with colonials. He looked sometimes as if he had but half a chance, in spite of his better features and address. Over-crowding has been responsible for child neglect and infant mortality in the past. Happily, that drunkenness and poverty which formerly disfigured the streets of the large towns, have almost disappeared in the wake of fictitious prosperity following on the war.

The atmosphere of semi-stagnation which previously enveloped many rural communities has now given place to bustle and activity. Houses are gradually being built and more land brought under cultivation in spite of the huge depletion of able-bodied men. Old men awakened from drowsy inertia, school boys and young girls at new and interesting occupations, at least seem busy, active and content.

The English are a sentimental race. Their surprising inconsistency appears to foreigners as hypocritical. On the surface they are cold and prudent. But the freedom of the proletariat provokes general astonishment. The shameless lovemaking in London parks alone has excited the amazed indignation of both French and Americans who have witnessed it.

That they are fond of animals is a sure observation. England is a paradise for animals, such is her consideration of our lesser brethren. In no other country are they the objects of so much forethought and respect. Laws are framed for their well-being and protection, and societies again for the enforcement of those laws. A dog is resident in nearly every home, and during the rationing period shared the coupons with the family. His wishes are consulted and his inclinations are forestalled. He is alluded to with a greater tenderness than that evinced by most English people when speaking

of their relations. He may lead a dissipated life and no one questions his behaviour. The largest variety may seat himself immediately in front of a small fire in a chilly apartment absorbing the insufficient heat entirely within his immense compass—while human beings gathered round merely cough and draw their mantles closer.

The feline variety is elevated into a superior animal and commands an almost Egyptian reverence. She does not resolve into a streak of fur when you bend to stroke her, as on Canadian doorsteps where the habits of the family, moving bi-annually into each other's houses, produce an uncertain temper and nomadic instincts, but archly waves a tail in greeting. She sticks like a soft burr to the centre of a busy roadway, if so be that the sun is there, in preference to a damp area, taking her *otium cum dignitate*, unconcerned by passing traffic. She is not mistaken. The carts go "round her." She reaches ample proportions in this country and has a matronly appearance due no doubt to regular meals and careful attention. If you are about at 7.00 a.m. you will find a cat on every threshold inspecting the weather and protecting the milk-can. She wears a solemn air of proprietorship on these occasions when the milk is deposited and the household asleep, an aspect of beneficent serenity and unruffled composure proper to an existence unmarred by alarums and ignominious flights.

In the days before the war, nowhere else could be observed more magnificent horses than in England, from the race courses to the dock yards of Liverpool. The heavy-fetlocked "drays" were a special feature at the ports of embarkation. The recruitment of the fittest varieties during the last three or four years left us with a C.3 equine population. Old "dug-outs" made their appearance with drivers to correspond both of a strictly rationed aspect, and with the depletion of the taxis ancient four-wheelers came into their own; quaint, obsolete vehicles here and there flitted along the streets, bearing traces of their long slumber in antiquated coach-houses.

Horses are not struck, yelled at, and whip-menaced as on the Continent, because of a real understanding which exists between man and beast. They are driven properly and repay care with affection. Where one searches at long length for a drinking-trough in Paris, London provides a multitude, not alone for horses, but lesser ones for dogs as well, in all sorts of unexpected corners. I was driving one summer in the Isle of Wight behind an excessively well-nourished animal of lethargic temperament. At the top of every slight ascent a placard announced the fact that "this is a hill;" otherwise I suppose we might have missed it. After proceeding at a snail's pace for at least ten minutes I poked my sunshade into the small boy with the reins and tried to awaken his dormant sense of speed.

"Can't you hurry there, what *is* the matter?"

He turned sleepily. "No, m'am—it's the 'ill."

"Hill, *what* hill?" we asked impatiently looking around us and perceiving no declivity. No answer. After further crawling we came to a standstill. Then the horse's ears projected from torpor and the urchin gathered the reins.

"Cawn't 'urry an 'orse down 'ill, m'am," he threw reproachfully over his shoulder, "it strains em!" which left us open-mouthed, still searching the apparently even landscape for "the 'ill."

In countries like Spain and Italy the beast of burden deserves his appellation. He is often worked to his utmost capacity on the narrowest possible margin of hay, to be cast aside as old junk when no further remuneration can be extracted from his services. But in England a man takes a pride in his animal, often treating him as he might a weaker human being, and I wish that a town-dwelling French-Canadian could take a leaf out of his book. Sailors frequently arrived in the canteens with pets, which they had transported from remote latitudes. Mongooses, snakes, parrots, monkeys, and kittens. I suppose they slept with them in their bunks. We all remember the depths of perjury to which the soldier sunk when concealing the whereabouts of his mascot, or a beloved puppy which was to accompany him to France.

Generalisations are not only misleading but dangerous in these days of newly awakened consciousness, in as much as they are apt to be taken at more than their face value by those who are re-discovering their own characteristics and seeking to epitomize their neighbour's in a hasty epigram. Strangers arriving in England of late, after a brief survey, are prone to hasty judgements as ill-considered as they often are mistaken. The old country takes a deal of knowing. You must dig through the strata to find the true mineral. It does not sparkle on the surface. You must sink your shafts and listen.

One sensational act will fill a newspaper, be it the suicide of a cocaine victim, or the inability of an aristocratic colonel to pay his debts, while a thousand unselfish deeds or a scientific discovery go unrecorded. One's attention through the perversity of the press is perpetually focussed upon the bizarre, the noxious, morbid, and abnormal. Two pages of a penny pictorial are absorbed with the portraits of co-respondents in divorce. Another dilates upon the Roman magnificence of present-day entertainments, and emphasizes a fabulous sum spent upon some fashionable wedding, and from another one might suppose that hotels existed for the sole purpose of profiteering, and that the girlhood of England consisted of flappers who spent the greater part of their time upon the streets. All stimulating to Bolshevism. We see ourselves exaggerated as in a distorted mirror. That there is an element, a tiny seed of truth under the wildest rumour cannot be gainsaid. But that which appertains to a class is not attributable to a nation. It is more often international. We all know of the minority who danced their way through the war, who bought luxuries in defiance, who hoarded, to whom danger brought only a pleasurable excitement, and whose war-babies were their Pekinese. They were found equally in London, Paris, Berlin, and New York. They are the escaping gas in the volcanic upheaval, the vapours from subterranean readjustments. Enormous changes have swept over England like a tidal wave engulfing many old customs and characteristics and leaving others amongst strange debris, floating on

the surface uncharted and undefinable, transient maybe, but apparent enough to all but the most unobservant. From history we learn that war is succeeded by a wave of crime. Nevertheless, we need not fasten our eyes in a sort of helpless fascination upon its present-day recurrence, but watch for what succeeding steadier waters bring.

Already one sees beneficent results affecting large masses of the community, perhaps not universal, yet indefinably widespread exempting the lowest class and the most wealthy; within the solid middle stratum is observable an enormous wakening of intelligence, a disintegration of artificial barriers, less insularity, a better knowledge of geography and politics, a stimulation of interest in world-wide affairs and a livelier sense not exactly of patriotism, but of nationality.

Accuse an Englishman of patriotism and he will ironically repudiate it. He will asseverate the country is hopeless, the outlook appalling, and the Government insane. To rail at his superiors, to ridicule the administration, to criticise and upbraid is his inalienable right. He instinctively regards them as the appurtenances of free speech, and is never so gloriously content as in the exercise of this his undisputed privilege. His patriotism is inarticulate. It is not visible upon a waving flag, nor on his tongue. It is simply packed up in his kit, and carried into action.

He makes but an indifferent advocate on his own behalf, owing to an ingrained dislike of explanations, so that his motives not infrequently are misconstrued and his altruism suspected. He does not expatiate upon the necessity of an action should its reasons appear sufficient to himself. Propaganda which his soul abhors equally with poison gas was neglected and postponed until its adoption became obligatory in self-defence. This habitual reserve it is that invests dark or inferior races with a certain awe in their regard; not of his performance so much as of his inherent and voiceless capabilities wherein they recognize superiority. The knowledge of power existent, though withheld, is not without attraction, and he is respected as a being of mysterious potentialities. There is a meticulousness about the jurisdiction of French and

Germans that is resented by the black races, whereas the vagaries of their work and play are more or less ignored, certainly freer from interruption under the good-humoured tolerance of the English.

The female worker is altering the basis of social economy, and in the elation of new-found and proved capacities, is asserting an independence which threatens to impair the security of the very superstructure she is endeavouring to raise. Domestic service has become the least popular of avocations, and it is this fact coupled with insufficient housing accommodation that is going to alter the whole surface aspect of England during the next decade. Houses are being forsaken for the greater convenience of living in apartments and flats, which again have a direct bearing upon the reduction of population. However, we are promised quality if not quantity in the ensuing generation under the ægis of the new Ministry of Health! Restaurant entertaining is becoming more prevalent and many large homes are broken up owing to loss of members on active service, and immense hitherto little developed estates have come under the auctioneer's hammer. Large tracts of land are being split up into small holdings for soldier farmers in the hope that agriculture, so dangerously neglected before the war, may recover some of its ancient popularity, and also as a deterrent to a too extensive emigration.

Socialism in England is like the action of the sea upon its coasts, in places receding to so great a distance that its influence is imperceptible, and on others encroaching to such an extent that many an old landmark has disappeared. But it can never overwhelm a country where the aristocratic traditions are as strong and deep-rooted, as they are untyrannical. This is the true democracy, not the dead level of socialism where the reduction of emulation and competition would produce a gradual inertia, and with stagnation—death. Biologically considered, strict socialism is impossible. There is, if not a sweet, at least a sane, reasonableness in the English nature that rejects it.

I. L. Mudge

TURGENEV, THE SEER

TURGENEV is a novelist to whom present world events should bring a revival. With Russia the unknown quantity in the problem of reconstruction everything that throws light on her character and possibilities is of interest. We find any number of articles, illuminating and otherwise, about Russia in the current magazines and newspapers, but the cumulative effect they produce on the ordinary reader's mind is one of confusion and utter perplexity. They seem like tales from another planet or another age—tales of vast, brutal, fanatical barbarism, of iconoclastic idealism and sheer helplessness. What does it all mean? How can such a condition of affairs exist in the twentieth century? What trend of events, what movements of thought lie behind it in the past? Such histories as exist seem to explain very little. In history are set down the broad generalities of a nation's life —customs, laws, wars—and generalities do not seem to make real the situation. What we require is to study the psychology of the nation, to be brought into contact with the concrete manifestations of the nation's life in the actions and emotions of individual men and women; and with such an idea in mind we immediately think of Turgenev's tense and beautiful tales. To study a work of art for anything but æsthetic enjoyment may appear obnoxious to artistic devotees; but so important in the construction of his novels is their social and political background, and so valuable is this phase of his work in helping us to understand the psychology of Russia, that it appears to me we might, without leaving ourselves open to the charge of being completely exoteric, blow the dust from our volumes of Turgenev and read them for their historical significance.

Within the last few years Turgenev, like Tennyson, has fallen somewhat out of fashion. The time is passed when he

might have been called the most popular of Russian novelists. The fastidious purity of his art, the *naïveté* of his realism, the shyness he exhibits towards the unpleasant phases of life make his productions of a sort not sufficiently pungent to suit our modern taste. We prefer something with more of the tang of crude reality. Turgenev's productions, which have been compared to etchings in delicacy and suggestiveness of effect, have been displaced by Tolstoi's comprehensive canvases and the lurid colourings of the later realists.

Despite the old-fashioned flavour of daintiness which attaches to his art, there are qualities in it of such permanent value that he should be well worth reviving—qualities, indeed, that are too often wanting in the work of his compatriots. The fault of most Russian art is its formlessness and unrestraint; but Turgenev in his artistic creation always showed a nice sense of form, a refined æsthetic taste, and a classic tendency to self-control. Later Russian novelists, moreover, seem to have felt a fascination in the study of the abnormal. Dostoivesky, Gorky, Tchekov, Andrev, have all put into their books characters afflicted with mental or moral abnormality. This pathologic tendency did not show itself in Turgenev. Some of his characters are, to be sure, remarkable, unique, but they are not psychiatric. Unlike Tolstoi, again, who gave up writing about life to live in the spirit of his belief, Turgenev held himself aloof from the activities of his time. The income from his private estate made it unnecessary for him to engage in any business; part of his time was spent away from Russia; he had few personal interests, no wife nor family, few beliefs, and no fervent social or moral propaganda to preach. His interest in life was that of the artist, the keen and cultured observer. Yet with the people, even with the common moujik, he showed the greatest sympathy. It is always clear, despite his aloofness from the activities of his countrymen, and his critical attitude towards their efforts, that the subject nearest his heart was Russia and the Russians. In short Turgenev displayed a wide humanity, a sanity and balance of judgement, a precision and delicacy of workman-

ship, and an artistic reserve which are unusual in the work of Russian novelists; these qualities will always place him amongst the foremost novelists of the world.

For the reader of to-day, however, there should be a special interest in Turgenev's novels because of the fact that they analyze a most important period of Russian history. The revolution in the spring of 1917 was described in the press as if it had been caused over night by German agents and the want of bread—as if the plant which matured so suddenly in the eyes of the world had been without root in the past of the nation; but such a view is, of course, unjustifiable. There is little doubt that the actual rising of the mob in Petrograd was partly the result of food shortage; and German intrigue, insidious there as elsewhere, may have helped to create the resulting confusion; but the train of thought which made possible the work of the mob and the later dominance of the Bolsheviki was not so superficial.

To discover the real springs of the revolution, both social and political, we must go back further than the few days immediately preceding the *coup d'état*. Revolution had been simmering for years in the empire of the Czar, held under only by police, secret service agents, cannons, and Cossacks. It we wish to fix on the beginning of the movement for governmental reform and national resurrection we must go back to the liberalism which reached Russia from the western European nations about the middle of the last century, that liberalism which was the recrudescence of the ideas of the French Revolution. For a time the democratic desire for liberty, which had overthrown the Bourbon monarchy and had caused the reconstruction of the whole system of government in the French state, had been curbed by Napoleonic imperialism, and later crushed by the high-handed settlement of the Congress of Vienna. In 1848, however, it found expression once more in a ferment of popular protest and insurrection, which began in France and swept over the whole of Europe with barricades and bloodshed, Chartist processions and the downfall of old-world

statesmen. Russia, through her remote position and the repressive tendencies of her government, had always lived apart from the other nations; but the desire for liberty and progress, increased by the shock of disillusionment resulting from the Crimean War, affected even her. Like a wave losing itself on the surface of the sea this movement passed over the vast empire of the Czar. The depths of Russian life were not stirred by it, but it reached many educated men of liberal tendencies and brought about several needed reforms. The freeing of the serfs and the creation of the zemtsvos belong to this period. Russia, however, was not ripe for democracy and the hopes of the liberal-minded were for a time disappointed; but most of the currents of thought which have since influenced Russian life sprang from that time; and for those who wish to understand the present situation the period is full of interesting suggestion.

This was the period so carefully analyzed and depicted by Turgenev. In his series of six novels beginning with "Rudin" and ending with "Virgin Soil," he deliberately portrayed what appeared to him to be the significant features of the period between 1840 and 1870. The lesser novelist, who makes his field of study the social and political life of a nation, makes the mistake of writing in the form of a novel what is in reality a pamphlet—of merely covering the medicinal pill of theory with an adventitious coating of romance. Turgenev's method was more searching and positive. He aimed at revealing the real source of national events in the psychology of national types of character. From amongst the men and women of his time he chose such as exemplified its significant tendencies; and he showed these acting and reacting on the mass of undeveloped Russia. This task he performed so well that his novels stand unique as an intimate record of the most formative period of Russian history. With the spaciousness and perspicuity of the acute philosopher and the minute care of the artist he has analyzed the mind of the nation in adolescence, and has disclosed coming into life those traits which make its character and bring about its destiny. For that

reason the reader of to-day, puzzling over the meaning of events in that empire whose politics are so confounded, will find his novels of peculiar interest.

For the most part Turgenev's novels deal with the better classes of society—the landowners and government officials and the intelligentsia. For want of a parliamentary battle-ground, where rival parties could fight out their differences of opinion, social gatherings, students' societies, the salon of the popular woman became the scene of the country's political struggles. It was of such scenes that Turgenev wrote in his novels. As we read them we see the movement of the nation's political thought just as we see it in Canada in the battles and conquests of political parties. To such a scene we are introduced in "Rudin," the first novel of the six.

Turgenev here described the country home of Marya Mihaelovna, the widow of a government official, where the brightest intellects of the neighbourhood gathered—the liberal-minded country gentleman, the *dilettante*, playing the latest etude of Thalberg, the melancholy cynic, who was "railing from morning to night, sometimes very aptly, sometimes rather stupidly, but always with gusto." Marya Mihaelovna herself, a woman without extraordinary intellectual acquirements but with great tact and social aplomb, was the presiding spirit of the little circle. About her the conversation moved; she drew out this one, reproved the other, and on the whole played the part of hostess with considerable skill.

The story opens with the request of an excellent baron who was "interested in literature—or more strictly speaking in political economy"—to read for her approval an essay that he had just written. On the appointed evening she gathered her coterie about her to receive the baron; but unfortunately the worthy man was ill and in his stead was forced to send a young fellow named Rudin.

The character of Rudin is a favourite type in Russian literature. He was a man of high enthusiasm but few deeds, of strong intellect but weak will, of great faith producing no

works—in short a Hamlet. He had not the animal exuberance of the "happy warrior;" but was essentially speculative, self-conscious, over reflective—his ideas of value based on ratiocination rather than on emotion and instinct. His actions proceeded from theory, not from impulse, and most of his theories were borrowed. It would seem as if the sources of life and action within his mind were dry. Yet despite his ineffectiveness we are forced to love him for his idealistic enthusiasm, and to look on him not as a despicable character but as one to awaken almost tragic pity.

"'Rudin has character, genius!'" cried Bassistoff.

"'Genius, very likely he has!' replied Lezhnov, 'but as for character . . . That's just his misfortune, that there's no character in him . . .'"

The whole story turns on Rudin's peculiar nature. When he came amongst the group of intellectuals gathered at Marya Mihaelovna's, he at first carried all before him. Pigasov, who had previously held sway and had given vent to his bitter paradoxes without let or hindrance, he quickly drove from the field, outwitted and disgraced; and in a brief time he made himself the centre of interest.

"Rudin seemed uncertain at first, and not disposed to speak out freely; his words did not come readily, but at last he grew warm and began to speak. In a quarter of an hour his voice was the only sound in the room. All were crowding in a circle about him."

This was Rudin's purple night. Set on fire by his glowing words Natalya, the daughter of the house, fell in love with him; and he on his side persuaded himself that he was in love with her. But his conquest was short-lived. The weakness of his character quickly showed itself. The girl's mother, a practical woman with her daughter's interests in mind, objected to the marriage. Natalya expected that the man of her heart, this iconoclastic hero who was so full of new ideas and telling words, would not be dismayed by any such petty conventional obstacle as a parent's objection, but that if necessary he would take her away with him clandestinely.

She was ready for even that eventuality—but what did Rudin do? Nothing . . . As far as he could see there was nothing to do. With proper melancholy but scarcely a protest he submitted; the girl's dream was broken, and she told him bitterly that their love had been a mistake.

A few days later Rudin left this small section of Russian society as suddenly as he came, and his name became only a rumor. What effect did he, the first of the enthusiastic reformers of the period, have on the lives of these ordinary Russian people? Even before he left they had tired of his eloquence, and had become disgusted at his tactlessness, his weakness of will and his want of the common human emotions. Only Natalya for a time remembered and regretted, not Rudin but her dream of Rudin; yet even her heart was at length healed by a more suitable marriage; and one young student, Bassistoff, had caught the spark of enthusiasm in the spirit of the new ideas. The others without exception went on exactly as before.

In Rudin we see the true type of early Russian reformers —devoted, unpractical, eloquent, visionary, filled with a diluted form of Western ideas, but without the strength of will to grasp circumstances and mould them to their will; and their effect upon the life of their time was like the effect of a passing gust of wind which stirs the leaves for a moment and is gone. Enthusiastic, futile, without the supporting sense of public sympathy, they were men without friends and in a sense without a country.

In an epilogue, Rudin is seen dying upon the barricades of Paris in the wild July insurrection:

"On a sultry afternoon on the 26th of July, 1848, in Paris, when the revolution of the *ateliers nationaux* had already been almost suppressed, a line battalion was taking a barricade in one of the alleys of the Faubourg St. Antoine. A few gunshots had already broken it; its surviving defenders abandoned it, and were only thinking of their own safety, when suddenly on the very top of the barricade, on the frame of an overturned omnibus, appeared a tall man in an old

overcoat, with a red sash, and a straw hat on his gray dishevelled head. In one hand he held a red flag, in the other a blunt, curved sabre, and as he scrambled up he shouted something in a shrill strained voice, waving his flag and sabre. A Vincennes tirailleur took aim at him—fired. The tall man dropped the flag, and like a sack he toppled over face downwards, as though he were falling at someone's feet. The bullet had passed through his heart.

"'*Tien*!' said one of the escaping revolutionists to another, '*on vient de tuer le Polonais.*'

"'*Bigre*!' answered the other, and both ran into the cellar of a house, the shutters of which were closed, and its walls streaked with traces of powder and shot.

"This 'Polonais' was Dmitri Rudin."

Poor enthusiastic Rudin, histrionic devotee of a vision which did not perish. He died in distant Paris—a subject fit at the same time for laughter and tears, pity and hate.

The story in the next novel, "A House of Gentlefolk," is given a definite date, 1842. It is, like indeed all Turgenev's novels, a love story—perhaps the most touching of all. In it he describes a family of noblemen together with their friends —landowners, leading their quiet life apart from all the disturbances of politics and revolutionary ideas. The hero, Lavretsky, is one of those Russians who has returned from abroad mellowed but not spoiled by contact with the more advanced nations of the West. Turgenev said that Lavretsky in his outlook on life was of all the characters in his books most like himself—liberal, appreciative of the advancement of other nations, but full of love for Russia and averse to iconoclasm and violence. In the course of the story, on the contrary, is described that Russian who returned from his travels overflowing with superficial notions for immediate reform of everything, the traveller who had observed, indeed, all that is unessential, but had missed the real forces underlying modern democracy.

"Ivan Petrovitch returned to Russia an Anglomaniac. Short hair, starched frills, a pea-green, long-skirted coat with

a number of little collars; a sour expression of countenance, something truculent and at the same time careless in his demeanour, an utterance through the teeth, an abrupt wooden laugh, an absence of smile, a habit of conversation only on political or politico-economic subjects, a passion for underdone roast beef and port wine—everything in him breathed, so to speak, of Great Britain.

"He came to his estate filled with a burning passion for innovation. He was going to set everything right in no time, and this is what he did:

". . . a few changes were made in the house, and the hangers-on and parasites were put to immediate flight. Among their numbers suffered two old women, the one blind, the other paralyzed, and also a worn-out major of the Ochakov days, who, on account of his great voracity, was fed upon nothing but black bread and lentils. An order was given also not to receive any of the former visitors; they were replaced by a distant neighbour, a certain blond and scrofulous baron, an exceedingly well brought up and remarkably dull man. New furniture was sent from Moscow; spittoons, bells and wash-hand basins were introduced; the breakfast was served in a novel fashion, foreign wines replaced the old national spirits and liquors; new liveries were given to the servants, and to the family coat-of-arms was added the motto, *In recto virtus.*"

The only thing that remained unaltered was the feudal rent and labour required by ancient custom from the peasants by their lord. This if anything became heavier to provide for the land owner's converted notions of propriety; and the serfs were forbidden the old privilege of approaching their master directly with their troubles.

After "A House of Gentlefolk" comes a story with the suggestive title "On the Eve." It is dated 1853, just a year before the Crimean War, when Russia was still under the dark rule of Nicholas I. Upon his coming to the throne Czar Nicholas had been greeted by the December insurrection of 1825, when the military had been ordered to disperse the mob

with cannon and grape-shot; and he had never forgotten the threat. Such a thing he resolved should never occur again during his reign. To his mind the ideas which were behind it threatened the submersion of true government and society; they were the product of a decadent civilization—symptoms of the fevered dream of national morbidity. For several hundred years the Russian people had lived under the rule of the czars with docility and contentment—what need was there for change? To keep Russia uncontaminated by any wild notions about constitutional reform, about government by the uneducated mobs instead of by properly constituted authority, in short about liberty, he pursued a policy of most thorough repression. No student could go abroad without a special permit from the government; the universities must limit their attendance to three hundred each; the press was rigidly censored and all books coming into the country were subjected to thorough examination so that any unorthodox views on religion, science or politics could be carefully expunged; even the mails were not inviolate, for a government official's prying eye might read the most private letter. In a word the Czar made every effort to prevent a ray of light from penetrating the gross darkness of Holy Russia.

No time in Russian history appears more hopeless; and yet no period was more filled with sanguine expectations, vague and inarticulate to be sure, but ready to be turned to definite purpose. Strong men might have accomplished much. The country needed her Garibaldi, her George Washington, her Cromwell. In his novel Turgenev incarnated the spirit of hope and patriotic enthusiasm in the form of Elena, the chief figure in the book; and we find him looking over his countrymen to discover one who could capture her pure aspiring heart and lead her out to great things. It is young Russia in want of the strong man. And who is he? He is not Bersenev, the scholar and dreamer; nor Shubin, the mercurial and childish artist; but he is the foreigner, Insarov. Unlike Rudin, the Russian enthusiast, Insarov is a man of few words but strong action. He is a Bulgarian patriot who

has fled for a time from his country; and he has but one idea—the liberation of his beloved Bulgaria from the frightful dominion of the Turk. Turgenev has looked amongst his countrymen for a man to lead Russia out of the slough, but he has looked in vain, and is forced merely to point significantly to a foreign character.

Uvar Ivanovitch, one of the most striking figures in any of the novels, the great, sleepy, inarticulate Slav, the ponderous Russian Bear, was typical of the untouched life of Russia. He was not a revolutionary, an Anglomaniac, a glib student with a smattering of foreign knowledge. He was Russia itself. Was there any hope in him?

The novel closes with a letter written by Shubin, the artist, to this great, silent, undeveloped Russian.

"'Do you remember,' Shubin writes, 'what you said to me that night when poor Elena's marriage was made known, when I was sitting on your bed talking to you? Do you remember I asked you, "Will there ever be men among us?" and you answered "There will be!" O primeval force! And now from here "in my poetic distance," I will ask you again: "What do you say, Uvar Ivanovitch, will there be?"'

"Uvar Ivanovitch flourished his fingers and fixed his enigmatical stare into the far distance."

In his novel, "Fathers and Children," Turgenev caught at its birth the aspect of that new cult to which he gave the name "Nihilists." The term became notorious later when the followers of the doctrine took to political insurrection and terrorism; but as Turgenev used the epithet it applied merely to an intellectual tendency—the tendency to complete reaction against existing ideas and institutions. To the lovers of the past it seemed like a desire for complete negation. The Nihilists approved of nothing, accepted nothing:

"Pavel Petrovitch raised his hands in horror.

"'I don't understand you, after that. You insult the Russian people. I don't understand how it is possible not to acknowledge principles, rules! By virtue of what do you act then?'

" 'I've told you already, uncle, that we don't accept any authorities,' put in Arkady.

" 'We act by virtue of what we recognize as beneficial,' observed Bazarov. 'At the present time, negation is the most beneficial of all—and we deny——'

" 'Everything?'

" 'Everything!'

" 'What? not only art and poetry . . . but even . . . horrible to say . . . .'

" 'Everything,' repeated Bazarov, with indescribable composure."

To these young intellectuals society seemed to be so full of humbug, hypocrisy, superstition, incompetency, injustice, that it was worthy only of destruction. They were the young liberals of the sixties. With the Crimean War the old faith in the sacred destiny of Holy Russia had vanished; that cultured liberalism which followed the war and the resultant contact with the west—that enlightenment which made so much of its high sounding watchwords of "aristocracy, liberalism, progress, principles," and on the other hand showed such incompetency and such subservience to the authorities had proved equally vapid; and the intelligent youth of the country, with that theoretic thoroughness so characteristic of the Slav, was prone to cast everything from its respect. Towards the older generation of romantic liberals and pompous adherents of tradition these young iconoclasts looked with scorn and a good deal of cynicism.

"At that instant, the long-drawn notes of a violoncello floated out to them from the house. Some one was playing Schubert's *Expectation* with much feeling, though with an untrained hand, and the melody flowed with honey sweetness through the air.

" 'What's that?' cried Bazarov in amazement.

" 'It's my father.'

" 'Your father plays the violoncello?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And how old is your father?'

" 'Forty-four.'

"Bazarov suddenly burst into roars of laughter.

" 'What are you laughing at?'

" 'Upon my word, a man of forty-four, a *paterfamilias* in this out-of-the-way district, playing the violoncello!' "

Arkady's father, moreover, kept a mistress in his house —a harmless, pleasant woman, incapable of wrecking any man's life; while his uncle, Peter Paulovitch, lived in a world of pompous sadness because his life had years before been blighted by a woman!

What a delightfully romantic atmosphere these elderly souls inhabited!—a softened kind of Byronism, freed of all wildness and bravado. And with their poetic self-indulgence how completely ineffectual they were! With all their high sounding words how incompetent in handling the affairs of life!

" 'I have looked at your father's establishment,' Bazarov began again. 'The cattle are inferior, the horses are broken down; the buildings aren't up to much, and the workmen look confirmed loafers; while the superintendent is either a fool, or a knave, I haven't quite found out which yet.' "

Like ancient devotees who fled from the world to find salvation in the performance of rigorous monastic rites, these Nihilists cast aside all the traditions of the fathers and gave themselves up to the natural sciences. Bazarov found even the love of his simple, old-fashioned parents an impediment to his work. Despite the fact that they longed to see him and that he in his own way returned their love, he spent very little time at home; but wandered about where he could carry on his scientific researches without interruption. It was in his work that he found himself. To his mind there was soundness and reality at least in the unimaginative natural sciences. It was in terms of such investigations that life had meaning for him. When he fell in love he extolled his mistress by praising her beauties as a subject for the dissecting table; and we feel that his end was poetically just when he died as the result of an accident in his experimental work.

"Fathers and Children" did not meet with favour in Russia. The old conservative party had always looked on Turgenev with suspicion, and they took this new book as a further insult. The party of reform, on the other hand, among whom he had previously met with approval, were greatly chagrined at what they felt was not a picture but a caricature of themselves. Even his best friends quarrelled with Turgenev over the character of Bazarov. The crudeness, the egotism, the lack of tact and human feeling displayed by this first Nihilist, together with his failure to produce any constructive policy, seemed to them to make an unfair portrait of the enthusiasts of progress. With one accord they poured out their criticisms on the novelist; while he on his side felt vexed at what he considered a want of understanding. In a spirit of bitter disillusionment he wrote his next novel, "Smoke."

Turgenev was living at Baden when he wrote "Smoke," and he looked at his countrymen as if with the unsympathetic eyes of a foreigner. He at any rate drew no veil over their faults. With a clearness of vision which is quite unlike the blindness of love he indicated their inherent weaknesses of character. It is as if he said, "You have considered my Bazarov a caricature? Nonsense! You are not so good as he. Look. In this book I shall reveal your real natures!"

Most of the characters in the story are in the intelligentsia class. It is difficult for us to understand this class in Russia, for none like it exists here, where education is at least nominally universal and every man and woman possesses a modicum of politics. In Russia, education was the exception and any views on economics or politics were looked on by the authorities as a crime. The nation was made up of two parts —the governed mass of the people and the governing bureaucracy with the Czar at its head. As a result of such a condition of affairs there grew up a small class of progressive intellectuals for whom there seemed to be no place in the system of national life. Since only those most devoted to progress had the courage to risk death or Siberia, they were enthusiasts of the

most ardent sort, caring little for personal comfort, wealth or position, and giving their whole energy to the cause of national regeneration. Many of them were men and women of the highest courage and devotion—men and women for whom we can have only the greatest respect; but, as in every movement against existing institutions, especially in Russia, there were fanatics and impractical visionaries. As a class, moreover, they were addicted to the characteristic Russian vice of oratory. They bandied about borrowed ideas, mere abstract words and the names of notables; and they engaged in endless wordy discussions, beginning nowhere and ending in nothing. As in Rudin's case they were as a rule out of touch with the deeper national feeling, and many of them showed too great a subservience to foreigners and foreign ideas. These were the characteristics of the intelligentsia which so disheartened Turgenev that he almost despaired of any good ever coming out of Russia.

Most of the men and women gathered at Baden could be classed as intelligentsia—many of them political exiles. Cast into relief by a foreign background, they offered the novelist an excellent opportunity for psychological study. He did not let the opportunity pass; but in his novel caught their indisputable imperfections as in the glare of the lime-light. The chapter of "Smoke" in which he described a gathering of intellectuals is one of the most withering strictures in all fiction. Such a "building of the tower of Babel," such a feast of words, such pretentious vacuity, such posing! It was a great outpouring of words which accomplished no purpose. The effect left on the mind of a reader upon reading the chapter is like that of a wild, unmeaning dream that would tax a psychoanalyst to interpret. Music, science, history, politics—every phase of thought was raved about indiscriminately.

"There was an outburst all of a sudden from Voroshilov; in a single breath, almost choking himself, he mentioned Draper, Virchow, Shelgunov, Bichat, Helmholz, Star, St. Raymund, Johann Muller the physiologist, and Johann Muller

the historian—obviously confounding them—Taine, Renan, Shtchapov; and then Thomas Nash, Peele, Greene . . ." Turgenev himself has given us the right epithet to describe this confused, ineffectual concourse of words; it is mere "smoke."

"Virgin Soil," the last novel of the series, contains Turgenev's final word upon the prospects of his country. It is less bitter than "Smoke" and perhaps for that reason fairer to the Russia of his time. The book opens with "an extract from a Farmer's note book," which serves as a text for the whole story: "To turn over virgin soil it is necessary to use a deep plough going well into the earth, not a surface plough gliding lightly over the top."

This is the idea of the novel—Russia was virgin soil, uncultivated, undeveloped, overgrown with the rank weeds of mediæval oppression. The work of transformation could not be accomplished in a day or a year by the visionary propaganda of a few intelligents, let the fire of patriotism burn never so brightly in their hearts. It was a work that must be like a process of nature, slow and thorough.

In the story the efforts of the young intelligents at arousing the peasantry came to nothing. The peasant would not take their propaganda seriously. Nejdanov, the chief character of the book, attempted to harangue a crowd of men gathered in a village, with the result that they poked fun at him, laughed at his burning seriousness, and finally led him into a tavern for a drink. One draught, however, of the coarse vodka went to his head and he started to shout at the top of his voice. A confused drunken scene followed, and that was all.

If not from these enthusiasts where then would come the rebirth of the nation? The plough of reform must dig deep into the life of the nation, not skimming lightly over the top, but turning up the rich earth that lies buried beneath the surface of the national life. There is a character in the story, a certain hard-working, stolid, conscientious, practical man named Solomin, who did the work that lay before him

and left the talking to others. This was the kind of man, Turgenev believed, that would bring about the national regeneration—not one Solomin, but many working steadily through the length and breadth of the country.

"'And what is Solomin doing?' Mashurina asked.

"'Solomin!' Paklin exclaimed. 'He's a clever chap! turned out well too. He's left the old factory and taken all the best men with him . . . They say he has a small factory of his own now, somewhere near Perm, run on co-operative lines. He's all right! he'll stick at anything he undertakes. Got some grit in him! His strength lies in the fact that he doesn't attempt to cure all the social ills with one blow. What a rum set we are to be sure, we Russians! We sit down quietly and wait for something or some one to come along and cure us all at once; heal all our wounds, pull out all our diseases, like a bad tooth. But who or what is to work this magic spell, Darwinism, the land, Archbishop Perepentiev, a foreign war, we don't know and don't care. But we must have our tooth pulled out for us! It's nothing but mere idleness, sluggishness, want of thinking. Solomin, on the other hand, is different; he doesn't go in for pulling teeth—he knows what he's about!'"

In these six tales, then, was given Turgenev's diagnosis of his country's disease. Other books of his bore on the question—especially the "Sportsman's Sketches"—but they add little to what is contained in this complete chronological series of novels.

The diagnosis, I believe, was in the main correct. There is missing, to be sure, any suggestion of the stirring defiance of heroic agitators like the famous Bakunin—a point which was made by Waliszewski in his criticism of Turgenev. We feel, besides, a lack of emphasis on the great forces of undeveloped peasant life: the robust mass of primeval emotions with their simplicity and strength; the moujik's religious fervour, his superstition, prejudice, cunning and insensibility to ideas; in short the breath of the steppes and the blind life moving there. Possibly, also, we find too little insistence on the

tyrannical obscurantism of the bureaucracy—an insistence which it would have been dangerous for Turgenev to indulge in. These points granted, however, we cannot but admit the great historical value of the novels. Kropotkin assures us that they are fundamentally true to fact, and he, if anyone, should know. Consequently it is safe to say that we have in the novels a true picture of the workings of that iconoclastic leaven which is at present causing such a ferment in Russia.

The leaven of discontent in America gave rise to a strong declaration of independence and the birth of a new nation; in France to a complete rebuilding of the national governmental system; in England to a slow development "from precedent to precedent;" but in Russia what? The eloquent efforts of a few visionaries to introduce a Utopian communism are lost in a great welter of mere lawlessness and brutality.

Why has the leaven not worked in Russia as in other countries? That is the question which Turgenev's novels help us to answer. The reason is evident when we understand something of the psychology of the nation and of those men in whom the leaven was first implanted—the Rudins, Bazarovs, Nejdanovs—and we agree with Turgenev that the work of reconstruction can be accomplished not in a day, but must go on slowly, steadily, proceeding from the heart of the Russian people. Little sign is yet apparent of constructive statesmanship, but possibly the enigmatic gaze of Uvar Ivanovitch is not fixed on the too far distant future.

ADRIAN MACDONALD

Ὁ Ἔρως

[ALEXANDER R. RHANGABE]

Ἰδὲ, ὦ φίλη μου, τὸ πᾶν διακοσμῶν ὁ πλάσας,
Τὴν γῆν μας κατεσκέυασεν ἀπό δακρύων ζύμην,
Εἰς δάκρυα τὴν ἡδονὴν, εἰς δάκρυα τὴν φήμην,
Εἰς δάκρυα συνέμιξε τὰς ἀπολαύσεις πάσας.

Περᾶ μ'ἀγῶνας ὁ θνητὸς ἠπείρους καὶ θαλάσσας.
Περᾶ καὶ δὲν κατέλιπεν οὐδ' ἴχνος οὐδὲ μνήμην.
Δακρύων πρὸς τὴν ἄναυδον προστρέχει ἐπιστήμην,
Καὶ πρὶν σπουδάσῃ τὴν ζωὴν, ἀπέθανε γηράσας.

Οἱ πόθοι του ἀμφίβολοι εἰς μαῦρον πλέουν χάος.
Ἐλπίζει, κ'αἱ 'ελπίδες του μαραίνονται ἀκαίρως.
Σκιὰς διώκει πτερωτὰς, πλὴν φεύγουν ἀεννάως.

Ἑνὸς δὲ μόνου πρὸς αὐτὸν εἰρηνικοῦ ἀστέρος,
Ἕρπει ἀκτις ἐλλάμπουσα διὰ τοῦ σκότους πράως,
Ἓν μόνον τὸν παραμυθεῖ μειδίαμα,—ὁ Ἔρως.

LOVE

Lo, my beloved, the One who fashion lent
To all the world our earth from tears did raise;
Mid tears delight, mid tears he mingled praise,
And with tears blended he each heart's content.
Contending, men cross sea and continent;
Aye, cross and leave no memory or trace.
Through tears men seek on Science mute to gaze
And die grey-grown, yet know not what Life meant.

Man's yearnings dim adown dark Chaos sail.
He harbours hopes, but they untimely fail.
He seeks winged shadows that from him e'er move.
Yet, to his view, the rays of one still star
Down gleam, borne gently through the gloom afar;
One smile alone assuages him : 'tis Love.

SKULI JOHNSON