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A VOICE FROM THE EAST

THERE are certain writers and talkers in Canada, who call themselves Nationalists. There are others who prefer the more ambiguous term of Nativists. The number of them is not great—by no means so great as the sound they produce or the volume of their pamphlets would appear to imply. In the mass of their contradictory utterances the one common note which they yield in unison is pitched to the high tone—"Canada a Nation."

Not content with the status of Canada as an integral part of the British Empire; unwilling to wait until the faint lines are obliterated, which still mark off "the colonial possessions" from each other, and from the "Islands across the Sea," and all will become one; they would hasten their dream that Canada shall have a distinct place amongst the nations of the world, enjoying all complete rights and privileges of "nationhood," such as those which have fallen to the lot of Guatemala or Peru.

In that day their spirits will no longer be irked by the rankling suggestion that England guarantees the inviolability of their coasts; that it is to a British consul a castaway Canadian seaman must apply for relief in his distress; or a Canadian seal-hunter for deliverance from a Russian prison. They will attend to these matters themselves and enforce their rights, not by an appeal to the brutal power of a flying squadron but in virtue of the sheer force and beauty of their national character. If the German Kaiser should lift up his fist they will send a Muskoka mosquito to bite it. If his high stomach is not reduced, and he laughs out the old song: "*C'est une puce qui m'a piqué*," then a surtax of 33 per cent. will be levied upon German goods entering Canada. If the impossible should happen, and he should not be persuaded to abandon his recalcitrancy by these

heroic measures, then the master-stroke of diplomacy will be delivered against him—a preference will be offered to England and to the United States in the markets of the Canadian nation.

But they have not foreseen the contingency that Germany or that great congeries of communities, the United States, might call to their minds the unhappy situation of the fish which got themselves into the frying-pan, or the still more desperate case of the eel who was recommended to stew himself in his own grease. Nations are not so disinterested and so sincere as these naïve young men pretend to believe.

There are many difficulties in the way of these nation-builders. They have not yet decided where their capital will be, whether in Quebec or in Winnipeg, They have not told us in what language their deliberations are to be carried on, or what power shall be employed to put a Nationalist in prison, who smites a minister in the face, or breaks his cane, as he is leaving the precincts of the house of assemblage. They have not even discussed the question whether they shall have as their titular head a King or a Stork. The form of constitution which they shall adopt is a comparatively simple affair—there are so many excellent ones in the world to choose from, and it is as easy for a nation to adopt a constitution as it is for a parricide to adopt a father.

A nation is forged on an anvil with the fire of war, not in the muddled minds of amiable enthusiasts. A nation is not a process of thought, but the result of inexorable circumstances which are not amenable to human control. A nation which will endure creates itself, as slow as a glacier and as ungovernably as the course of the world.

The people of the United States made an attempt at nation-building, *de novo*, under conditions the most favourable for success. They had a new world to operate in, the resources of a virgin continent at their command, the isolation of two oceans, an Asia on one side, whose existence was so far away and so nebulous that it exerted no influence; and on the other side a Europe which was so preoccupied with its own affairs

that it took no notice of the new experiment for nearly a hundred years. And yet, events marched inevitably to an armed, internal conflict which lasted four years and cost the treasure of a million lives.

In our own slight experience of forty years we have had two armed rebellions, and as late as 1896 the federal government found itself at an *impasse* in its attempt to coerce Manitoba, from which there were only two methods of escape—retreat or war. If the Remedial Bill had passed, imposing upon Manitoba a measure of legislation which that province declared it would never accept, the government of Canada would have been reduced to a position of utter absurdity, depending upon force which it could not exercise, and consequently compelled to acknowledge the futility of its decrees.

And yet this nativist talk is not without a certain danger. It raises the question : Native of what? That was the hard question which General Lee had to face. He answered that he was a native not of the United States but of Virginia; and he put his hand to his sword. When a middle-aged man goes amongst his very own people, he realizes afresh that he is not a native of Canada but of his own province. Dust we are; but it is the dust of the place where our fathers lie buried of which we are formed. It is hard for a man who has been born in Prince Edward Island, we shall say, to look upon the plains of Saskatchewan and the mountains of British Columbia as being equally precious with his own red soil and green fields. He has heard of the St. Lawrence; but to him the Orwell and the Hillsbourough, rivers of the Island, are better than all the waters of Canada.

He has not yet forgotten to refer to Ontario and Quebec, that is, when he has occasion to speak of them at all, by the old name "Canada." There is significance in that. He has not yet learned to think in new terms. The soft word "Laurier" is hard to his tongue. I have heard it pronounced as if it were written "Larriat." His native speech may have been Gaelic, and he has some faint suspicion which he cannot wholly discredit that the English language and

the French, too, are making great progress in Canada, as well as in other parts of the world. Also, he has been led to infer from his reading of the Montreal *Witness* that "Lower Canada" is largely inhabited by "Romans."

If he were compelled to visit those far-away provinces where strange tongues are spoken and a strange form of religion practised, he would be obliged to travel by a railway which would bear him through a country in which the few ships designed for the defence of its coasts are described as a *marine de guerre* and utterly contemned, where young men who have never smelled the ocean undertake to give instruction in "sea causes," employing a language which he does not understand. If he should feel like visiting his fatherland he would employ the sea, which is to him the natural medium for transport. To come to the point, England —by which he may mean Scotland—is nearer to him in miles than Calgary, Edmonton, or Vancouver, and in affection than is Drummond-Arthabaskaville.

Canada exists for him merely because it is a part of England. If it were not for that, the very name of it would be utterly meaningless, much more so than the "States," where many of his people sought refuge from the early hardships which the confederation of the colonies imposed upon them.

But he bore, and still bears, these hardships cheerfully, and, as some may think, a little stupidly, merely because he had, and still has, a sure instinct that it is for the good of the whole. He will bear them so long only as he is convinced that it is for the good of the whole Empire, and not merely to produce a set of conditions in which the propaganda of the "Nativists" and "Nationalists" can flourish.

Only dreams and memories last. His ideal may be thin and pale, but he is resolved to keep it inviolate. England in his mind, somehow, has come to mean a power which makes for justice between man and man, for the freedom of men to govern themselves, for curbing the violent and protecting the weak, and Canada is seen, through the same

eyes, as a part of England for carrying out that work in the world.

If it were not for this capacity for idealizing, Canada would appear to him as a power outside himself, which prevents him from selling his produce in the United States, which makes him pay a fine if he buys his goods where he can buy them cheapest and best, which lays a paralysing hand upon his shipping by sea and by land, an insatiable maw which demands his money to build railways to frozen seas, canals which end in a field, and bridges which fall before they are finished.

And lest it might be thought that this is the language of political rhetoric, fit for the mouth of a spokesman for a deputation sent to Ottawa for the purpose of securing "better terms," I shall set forth one or two specific instances, merely to illustrate the nature of these burdens, which are borne so resolutely because it is believed that by bearing them the general good is served, and not to enter a formal bill of complaint. A complete catalogue of these grievances has already been prepared by Mr. J. A. Mathieson. They have been summarized by Mr. C. F. Deacon. They are continually insisted on by Mr. McCready, that faithful Guardian of the public interest.

At the time of confederation, Prince Edward Island had a population which was doubling every thirty years. In the last twenty years for which we have returns, it has actually decreased by 5,632 persons, and the capital city in the same time has added only 595 citizens to its number. In one day in September, 1908, five per cent. of the adult male population left the Island. At Confederation there was practically no public debt; now it amounts to three quarters of a million dollars. The customs and excise tax was then $3.10 per person. The following year it was raised to $5.05, and last year it was $11.70. By an elaborate calculation Mr. Deacon arrives at the conclusion that this little province pays three million dollars a year and receives in return $758,181; but Mr. McCready has demonstrated

that even much of this is not fairly chargeable to the account of the Island.

These are classic examples. I shall offer one more, which will appeal to the intelligence of a Canadian manufacturer. A shipper cannot obtain a through bill of lading to inland stations on the Prince Edward Island Railway. He must pay three "short-haul rates." It costs only two or three times as much to send goods by rail from Montreal to Charlottetown, 700 miles, as it costs to send it 20 miles beyond that point. That means commercial isolation and industrial death.

If a man is obliged to spend his life in hewing wood and drawing water, it matters a great deal whom he is serving, whether one for whom he has a life-long affection or one to whom he is bound merely by contractual ties. This province is not alone in the belief that it is suffering from the bonds of confederation. From British Columbia also comes the cry for "better terms;" from Manitoba the demand that its boundaries be enlarged, since Quebec has had added to its territory an area equal to a new province.

Even if these provincial grievances are more imaginary than real, it does not matter, for my argument, that Canada can exist at all only within the compass of the British Empire, and have a fuller existence according as it is drawn closer therein. When these little "Nationalists" get beyond the stage of talk about a new status, they must appeal to the provinces to decide what that status shall be. The confederation of the colonies was an easy task in comparison. We all know how difficult a task it was, and the force of cajolery and intimidation which was required to carry it through. The weight of England was on the side of confederation. Upon whose side, let these "Nativists" ask themselves, would that weight be, if even one little province were to declare that it could no more be wrested from its place in the Empire than could the county of Kent.

The only danger—and it is a very real one—in all this "nativist" talk and writing is that it may afford aid and

comfort to those political theorists who occasionally gain control of affairs in England. If they hear enough talk about " cutting the painter," it will afford them an excuse for a slash with the knife. This figurative language, in which sea-terms are employed, is well understood by those who live by the sea. They have witnessed the gyrations of a new-launched craft. They have seen a ship without steerage-way caught in the tide, helpless in spite of rudder and sail. They are well aware that a derelict is in danger of mutiny within and of pirates from without. This nautical language is useful in calling to the minds of sea-faring men the fate of a ship suddenly left at the mercy of wind and waves, and caught in the bight of an island or upon the lee shore—we shall say—of the United States.

THE EDITOR

MILITARISM

THE word "militarism" is incessantly used at present; and many people seem to think that the word is an argument. Do we spend six millions a year on the militia when a former government spent only one? It is militarism. Do we propose to aid in the naval defence of the Empire? It is militarism. Does Great Britain propose to spend several additional millions on her navy? Militarism. Does some one argue for universal training? Militarism again. Let it be proposed to teach little boys to march, and let it be proposed to rank the whole manhood of a nation in armed camps: the same word is used. I need hardly urge in the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE that the use of the one word in so many connexions is hardly intelligent. Neither need I press the point that reiterating a word is not argument. But the habit of lumping everything relating to arms in the one condemnation is so inveterate, and I believe so dangerous to the public welfare of Canada, that I am emboldened to discuss the subject with some deliberation.

First, a necessary word on the fact which underlies the subject. War is an existing fact in the world; our whole discussion must be coloured by our attitude to it. We are constantly assured that war is the worst evil which afflicts the world; that war is the worst thing which can befall a nation; and when the preachers of this doctrine wish to be especially picturesque, they quote General Sherman's declaration, that "War is hell." Having had a glimpse of war, I have a deep sense of its seriousness, and a strong desire to see my country preserved from it. But I like to look at these general statements steadily and seriously. I wish to put two or three considerations.

I take first almost any district of Western Africa within the sphere of British activity. Prior to the advent of the

white man, this region is held in the grasp of fetish worship of a peculiarly cruel character. On the border of every village is the crucifixion tree, which seldom lacks for victims languishing to death. At every turn human life is sacrificed, usually by torture. The slave trade adds its quota of horrors. Life and liberty are hideously insecure. Do I exaggerate? When Benin was captured, the place so reeked with human blood that the working parties which cleaned the town were almost constantly nauseated. The white man comes. Perhaps there is a war, a short and sharp struggle in which twelve-pounder, maxim, and rifle assert once again their superiority to the Dane gun and the poisoned arrow. Then crucifixions, fetish sacrifices, slave trade, tribal warfare, and the other dismal horrors cease. Life and property become secure; murder ceases to be a daily public amusement and becomes the furtive crime which it is elsewhere in the world; the natives' own law is enforced and gradually improved. Industry is given an opportunity to develop, and in time steamboat and railway open the country to trade. I ask, was that war in which the shell and the bullet crushed the ju-ju warriors the worst thing that could have happened that negro population?

I turn to a very different scene. In 1861, the American people had to choose between war and a splitting of the United States. That splitting would have meant the continuance in slavery of eight million negroes; it also would have meant that the American people would have been separated into two countries, sufficiently alike in blood and language to ensure inextricable association, sufficiently different in social organization and political objects to ensure perpetual jealousy, suspicion, and ill-will. War meant the welding of the American people into one nation, the extinction of the danger of paralysing jealousies, the freeing of eight million slaves, the establishment of a common social organization. Were the Americans wrong in preferring war?

South Africa is obviously designed by nature to be a single state. The sub-continent was parcelled out among

four or five white communities. Racial jealousy and ill-will prevailed to an extent almost incredible. The Boer named the worst ox in his team "Englishman," and the English Afrikanders undervalued the Boer. Everyone knew that confederation was the crying need of South Africa. The Mother Country urged it for twenty years. The leading spirits of South Africa desired it. But racial jealousies, and still more the rivalry of two opposing theories of nationhood and government—Dutch exclusiveness, English inclusiveness—kept disunion alive. War came. One race, and, what is more important, that race's theory of government, conquered. Within seven years after the war the union of the sub-continent had been effected, amid displays of mutual respect and regard which have astonished the world. I am told by those who have been lately in South Africa that there now is substantial good feeling between Briton and Boer, except on the part of certain portions of the community which hated, but did not fight. Here is a case of hatred persisting during peace and good-will succeeding war. Was the war the worst thing which could have befallen South Africa?

These three instances lead me to put forward my own view. War simply is one of several evils which afflict or may afflict a nation; on the whole not the worst evil; and sometimes a highly necessary evil. I fully expect to have the agreement of many Canadians when I assert that intemperance does more harm to a country than war. Again, I claim the assent of another portion of our people when I say that poverty is a worse evil than war. It is probable that a great many Germans deliberately attribute their country's growth in wealth to the series of wars which engaged it from 1864 to 1870; and that they do not grudge the price. Of course, I do not suggest that the prevalence of war would diminish the consumption of strong drink, or would ordinarily allay the evils of poverty; I no more hold that than I would suggest that hard drinking would cure the gambling habit.

I also must make a distinction between evils for which the medical profession may afford an analogy. I can conceive

no circumstances which would lead me to desire an attack of typhoid. There are many circumstances under which I should welcome the incision of the surgeon's knife. I can find another analogy in the history of our own country. In 1866 Canada was given the choice between poverty and absorption into the United States. She chose the former, though it is a grievous evil, and chose rightly; for a nation resembles a woman in this, that neither can sell her honour for a bit of bread. In that case the endurance of the poverty caused by a collapse of our trade was a necessary evil which our fathers were obliged to undergo.

Apart from those more general considerations, there is the plain and simple fact that war may be forced on us. We should abolish capital punishment if the murderers only would begin. In 1812, the conduct of the Canadian people was absolutely inoffensive; yet they were assailed. In part the whole Anglo-American war was a by-product of the colossal Napoleonic struggle. In part the invasion of Canada was a by-product of the Anglo-American maritime quarrel. In part the attack on our forefathers was the result of a desire to annex our country. What could our forefathers have done to evade the war?

I put forward another consideration. Is the aversion to war of which we hear a great deal wholly due to humane feeling; or is some portion of it due to a mere desire to continue to make money? I do not wish to undervalue the making of money, which is a distinct duty and perfectly laudable if we keep it duly subordinated; but it must be subordinated to the moral and spiritual sides of our life. Canada could have made more money by acquiescing in the American invasion of 1812. Great Britain has definitely declared that she will help to maintain Belgium as an independent country. If Belgium were to be seized by Germany, several consequences would ensue; one would be that the Belgians would undergo that imponderable but dreadful calamity, the loss of independence and national individuality; the lot of the individual Belgians probably would be less

agreeable; and Great Britain's good friend, France, would suffer an enormous disadvantage. Would Great Britain do well if, simply to preserve the continuance of her active trade, she broke her word, deserted the Belgians and the French, and acquiesced?

This, then, is my foundation: a disposition to look upon war as a fact of human life, which persists, which is exceedingly serious, which it is right to avoid if avoidance be possible and honourable, but which it may be necessary to face. I now pass to a second consideration. If it be necessary for the state to engage in war, who should prosecute that war? On whose shoulders should the work of the actual fighting fall? I think that few will disagree with me when I urge that it is good politics for a state to arrange that those persons who cause a war should bear the brunt of it. The modern state on the whole is ruled by its electors; except in some countries which possess a strong governing class and an efficient bureaucratic administration, statesmen are far more occupied in following the voters than in leading them. Broad lines of policy usually are sanctioned by the electorate, and sometimes are forced by the electorate upon the government. Sometimes a given line of policy leads to war; an old instance is the insistence of the populace upon the Anglo-Spanish war of 1736, with which Jenkins's Ear is associated, and a later example is the Paris mob of 1870 with its shouts of "à Berlin." It would seem a good arrangement so to organize the state that every man who casts a ballot should know that if his country goes to war as a result of the election in hand, either he personally or some member of his family will be called upon to leave his ordinary occupation and go a-fighting. It is my judgement that it is those who know least about war who are loudest in clamour for it. I have gone through one war fever, and recollect very distinctly that ninety-nine Canadians out of every hundred who cheered for the South African war did their shouting without the remotest idea that they themselves would do any of the fighting. I still cherish a half-

angry suspicion that the majority of the cheerers were secretly pleased at the prospect of reading in their newspapers exciting accounts of the killing of Boer farmers and British soldiers. There is something rather contemptible about vicarious war; few people admire Carthage. The city dwellers who accept the conveniences of life as automatic gifts from Providence, to whom war will not mean personal hardships and danger, to whom it will not even mean the absence of water from their taps, the failure of the electric light at the switch, the disappearance of the milkman from his morning round, are prone to become infected with the excitement which comes with strained international relations. The prospect of having to parade in heavy marching order, if war came about, would sober a good many people.

Now comes a third consideration. Going to war means preparation for war. For a very long time it has been the fact that no country can hope to succeed in war unless it has made some kind of preparation in time of peace. Warships must be built, their officers and men must be trained in advance of the war in which they are to be employed. Armies must have some measure of organization in advance of hostilities, several centuries having gone by since armies raised *ad hoc* were of any value; and weapons and munitions must be provided in peace time. Once we admit that, under certain circumstances, it is just and laudable for a state to engage in war, we are forced to admit that a certain amount of preparation in peace time is just and laudable. Otherwise we commit ourselves to the doctrine that it is right to fight, but wrong to win.

At this point I turn aside to what really is a side issue, but a side issue of great practical importance: is, or is not, preparation for war invariably harmful to the individual citizens on whom the duty devolves? Our interest must lie in our own case. For Canadians preparation, if pushed to the full extent deemed necessary or advisable by our military advisers, would have two phases. One would be the training of schoolboys in drill, rifle shooting, and march-

ing. The other would be the improvement of our present militia system: possibly an increase in numbers, certainly an improvement in training and organization. I am in a position to speak positively when I say that this is all that our professional soldiers desire, and that no idea exists of the establishment of anything more than a militia force. That is the proposal before Canadians, that is the type of military preparation which I shall discuss. What effect would training of this sort have upon the individual man who undergoes it?

Every one will agree that military training conduces to physical improvement. The ordinary man who undergoes a period of drill emerges stronger, straighter, often quicker and more alert. The more depressed his social position, the greater the gain in health, in erectness of carriage, in neatness, in the care of his person, in manners. Obviously, the nation gains by any addition to the health, strength, and general fitness of its subjects. Again, a moderate amount of strictly military training results, for many men, in positive mental improvement. Precision, promptness, a sense of duty, the power of working in concert, the habit of accepting instructions from authorized persons, a dozen traits which make men more effective industrial units, come from a moderate experience of drill. I say *moderate* advisedly; of course, if you keep a soldier drilling for ten or twelve years, he specializes, and like any other specialist is of little use in other walks of life.

Next, are the moral effects of military training bad? Before you hasten to answer in the affirmative, answer this question: How does it come that the Royal Military College is one of the very best schools in Canada? How does it come that it gives to its graduates a type of moral training which is highly approved in business and industrial life? Passing on from this specific example, I note that the military spirit includes among its ingredients courage, discipline, duty, devotion to the service of one's country rather than one's self, a desire for glory as distinguished from the ambition to

amass wealth, a high standard of honour, decision, determination, and patience under hardships. "Against such there is no law."

But I shall be told that military life and war brutalize the soldier; that the fine qualities I have enumerated are accompanied by a hardness, a savagery, which cancels their value in a modern civilization. I could raise the objection that these defects would have no time to develop in the very slight time which the ordinary Canadian will ever devote to military training. But I will not; I take stronger ground and express my strong doubts of the truth of the whole charge. So far as my own slight experience goes, the soldier is fully as humane as the civilian. If I may cite my own case, the experience of a few months' campaigning made me more, not less, sensitive to the great issues of life and death. In the actual conduct of warfare, professional soldiers are more humane than amateurs. I have heard colonial soldiers decry the practice of granting quarter in the heat of an assault—the British regular in South Africa was conspicuous for an almost foolish generosity in action. Both the Peninsular War and the American Civil War afford instances which go to show that as soldiers gain in experience of battle they grow averse to needless shedding of blood, such as the purposeless shooting of sentries.

Leaving this side issue, there is the very practical aspect of the case that war is a possibility and may prove unavoidable. The only way to avoid defeat is to prepare. We must consider not only the attitude of the state but our own personal attitude. Shall we face the possibility best by schooling ourselves to shrink from war, by dreading it as an unspeakable calamity, so that we should enter it unnerved, terrified, and ready to flinch? or by looking at it soberly, resolutely in the face, not desiring it, not fearing it? We must remember that there is now extant a Literature of Cowardice; that one of the recognized forms of American magazine story is the portrayal of a man in fear, so handled as to make his lack of courage seem normal, interesting, pardonable, and even

laudable. Shall we yield to that influence, or shall we hold to the older creed, that courage is to a man what chastity is to a woman—the one indispensable virtue?

I have brought my argument down to the point where I must discuss the methods of preparation. It is with regard to preparation that the word "militarism" is so constantly used. But what is militarism? Few words, to repeat, are more frequently used in Canada; and few more incorrectly. It does mean a certain definite social condition. It does not mean certain lines of policy to which it is constantly applied.

First, what it is. The word carries secondary meanings not germane to our purpose; I am discussing it as a political word, as describing a political or social condition in a country. In that sense, militarism means the political condition characterized by the predominance of a professional military class in government or administration.

Secondly, what it is not. Militarism does not mean the willingness of a state to resort to war to obtain an imperative national object unobtainable otherwise. It does not mean taking steps to be reasonably prepared for war. It does not mean taking the possibility of war into our political calculations, or bestowing upon that possibility an amount of our attention proportionate to the possibility.

I shall labour this negative definition for a moment. Was it militarism for Scotland to fight to preserve her national independence when it was threatened by the English kings? Was it militarism for Joan of Arc to head the French in their war of independence? Was it militarism for the English of Elizabeth's age to fight their way into the West Indian trade, to assist the Dutch rebels, and to defeat the Armada? Or for the English of Cromwell's time to challenge the Dutch command of the sea? Or for Great Britain to resist Napoleon? Or for North and South to fight to the death, the one for the right to independence, the other for the maintenance of the Union? Or for our Canadian forefathers to fight in 1812? These examples need only be given to obtain

the answer I desire. A state has certain great objects, the paramount one being its independence, to obtain which it will go to war. Willingness to fight for an adequate object is not militarism.

I advance a step further, and assert that militarism does not reside in the proportion of a nation's resources, which are devoted to ensuring its success in war. During the decade from 1894 to 1904 a very large proportion of the revenues of Japan went into military preparation; when the inevitable and necessary war came, it was found that these preparations had not been excessive; the country barely achieved the success which was necessary to its continuance as a power. Again, during the fiscal year 1910-11, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland will spend £68,000,000, or $326,000,000, or $7.25 a head, for naval and military purposes; while during the same year the German empire will spend for the same purposes 868,000,000 marks, or $213,000,000, or not much more than $3 a head. Is Britain the more and Germany the less militarist of the two nations? Military preparation is much like fire insurance; the greater the danger, the heavier the insurance carried, and what is proper for one man to pay would be extravagance for another. It is impossible to select a stated percentage of a country's revenue and lay down the principle that to spend more is militarism and to spend less is not militarism.

I return to my positive definition. Militarism is not a question of the amount of the attention which a country pays to its military problems, but of the spirit in which it approaches them. If a country handles its military problems adequately because the interest of the whole people is to have them so handled, and because the people and their civilian rulers recognize that fact—then the charge of militarism does not hold good. But if a country is governed or administered in accordance with the wishes and interests of its professional soldiers—if the wishes and interests of this special class are consulted before those of the mass of the people—then militarism reigns.

Conditions in Europe in the eighteenth century were favourable to the establishment of a rather simple form of militarism. The military art had reached a stage which gave almost overwhelming advantages to the regular, professional soldier as against the militiaman or hastily trained soldier. The governing factor was the infantry musket, which was at a stage of development which made it excessively slow and clumsy in the hands of partially trained men, and surprisingly effective when used by long-service soldiers. It is doubtful whether an untrained man could load and fire the old flintlock more than once or twice a minute; a soldier after two or three years of incessant practice in the manual of arms could fire seven, eight, or even nine shots a minute, and a line of well-trained infantry could maintain a steady and rapid succession of volleys. The battle of the Plains of Abraham is an example of the terrible effectiveness of the short-range musketry volleys of the eighteenth century. A line of militia opposed to a line of regulars would be crushed before it could fire its second or third volley. Also of importance was the short range, which enabled cavalry to approach infantry so closely as to impose on the foot soldiers the greatest closeness and exactitude of drill; many a battle was lost by a fault in drill leaving a gap in the line of battle through which the hostile cavalry galloped. An armed populace, a militia force, could hope to oppose regulars only under special conditions; in a wooded region like America, or in mountains like those of Switzerland. The regular soldier, thus supreme, was enlisted for the whole of his effective working life. He often was not a native of the country under whose colours he fought; the Prussian army is a notorious example of this. His interests were centred in his regiment, which became a species of tribe; they were diverse from that of the civil population which paid his wages. It was established that a country could maintain in time of peace a standing army equal to one per cent. of the total population. The mass of the manhood of the country was untrained to arms, and could not resist

this standing army, which was separated from it by the bond of discipline, by lack of common interests, sometimes by nativity. The political effect was that a monarch who had the army under his control was independent of the mass of the people and could hope to crush any but the most serious rebellions. It followed that the army must be a leading interest of such a monarch. It was very likely to follow that the really influential class in the country would be the corps of officers. If—as commonly happened—the aristocracy of the country furnished the officers, the effect was that the influential, the governing, class of the country was composed of professional soldiers. The natural result was that the interests of this one class were the paramount care of the administration of the state.

Two inventions, or sets of inventions, have destroyed the basis upon which militarism of this kind rested. Firearms have been improved until they have reached a point where the soldier can acquire the necessary manual dexterity more rapidly than he can the discipline which still is essential; six months of careful training suffices to instruct him sufficiently in drill and shooting to attain the necessary standard, but not to imbue him with the moral qualities needed for the stern work which he may have to perform. The linking of short service and a system of reserves, a triumph of organization, went as a complement to this advance in weapons. The modern army consists of vast numbers of soldiers who have received a short training and who are called from civil life for the purposes of the war in hand. The German army in peace comprises about 600,000 officers and men; at the outbreak of war the numbers would rise to 1,760,000, so that nearly 1,200,000 Germans, or about two per cent. of the entire population, would be withdrawn from the occupations of civil life. Back of these are another million and a half, or two and a half per cent., who have some training, who are organized, and who might be called upon. And back of these again are yet another three-quarters of a million men, also trained and organized, who constitute

an ultimate reserve. Altogether Germany has available for use in a war about four million trained men, or between six and seven per cent. of her entire population; or twelve per cent. of her entire male population; or between twenty-five and thirty per cent. of her male population of an age to bear arms. Putting it in another way, there are about twelve million electors in the empire, of whom nearly one-third are trained, organized, and liable to be called upon to fight.

Does this constitute militarism? Before we hasten to answer in the affirmative let us note certain considerations. In the eighteenth century the civil population was unarmed, was untrained, and was helpless; to-day in continental Europe the civil population is trained to arms. To-day the government trusts for its actual fighting to the civilians who pay its taxes and cast their votes on election day. The efficient male population of a European state can handle a rifle, can shoot straight, can drill, can march. Moreover, a large proportion of the voters in Germany are trained men. At the last election for the Reichstag the German electors voted for the continuance of a policy which may mean war. Nearly half of those who voted did so with the full knowledge that war would mean personal service for them. Obviously, the new system makes frivolous wars impossible. Indeed, even in countries which do not possess parliamentary institutions, the new system, by relying on the entire manhood of a country, makes it necessary for a war to be popular to issue in success. The primary cause of Russia's defeat in her struggle with Japan was that her people took no interest in the issue. The contrast is very strong between the modern system and the old days, when the frame of mind of the taxpaying masses was a minor consideration. No; the modern military system has armed the people, and must pay the price of seeing the importance of the people greatly enhanced.

And yet, militarism does reside in the German system. In that arming of the people it has made great concessions,

but by a triumph of subtle ingenuity it has retained its hold. The mass of the modern European army is the civil population of the country, trained, organized, and embodied when needed. But there is an army within the army; and the core of the system is as professional as ever. Germany maintains a standing army of rather more than 100,000 men; 24,000 officers and 80,000 non-commissioned officers. These men are soldiers by profession; their interests are wholly military. They are the leaders. For practical purposes, when that great mass of soldiers now to be numbered by the million, is called into the field, the entire leadership will be in the hands of professional soldiers. True, there will be reserve officers, and some of the non-commissioned officers will be drawn from the reserves, but these will occupy the less important posts. Speaking generally, the leadership, even of minute detachments, is held firmly in professional hands. The populace is trained to arms, but is not trained to leadership. And we need no long instruction in this age upon the need for leadership and organization. The army, in short, is in the hands of professional soldiers. We must add to this fact the interweaving of the officer class and the aristocracy; we must add the interweaving of the officer class with the civil administration, which in some European countries, notably Germany, has long had semi-military characteristics; we must add a social system which has provided the country with an immensely strong governing and administering class, which is in the closest relations with this body of professional soldiers; and when we have taken everything into consideration we see that, despite the training of the populace to arms, despite the fact that the elector who casts his vote knows he may be called upon to support his country's policy with rifle in hand and knapsack on back, nevertheless in the actual management of the country the professional soldier has enormous practical influence. That is militarism.

I turn to an adjacent European country, to Switzerland. Here also the civil population is trained to arms. The country

has a population of 3,300,000. The number of voters is about 775,000; the number of men of military age and physically fit must be substantially smaller. The country's armed and organized force in time of war would be 280,000, while there would be available for subsidiary military purposes, as pioneers, medical corps, drivers, grooms, guides, carriers, signallers, workshop artificers, storemen, bakers, butchers, office assistants, clerks, cyclists, etc. about 260,000 more. Thus " the armed men are in the ratio of one to every eleven souls, and the total available number of men who would fight or work for their country in time of war are in the ratio of about one to six souls of the population." Virtually the entire effective manhood of the nation is at the service of the military authorities. The training is even more universal than is the case in Germany.

Is this militarism? I need not repeat the considerations as to the training of the populace, which I have already advanced. There is a further consideration of the utmost importance. In Switzerland the leadership is in non-professional hands. A while ago, the officer commanding one of the four army corps into which the Field Army is divided was a lawyer in good practice. To the Swiss colonel, major, captain, active service means, not professional advancement, but the same interruption to his ordinary occupations that it does to the privates under his orders. Thus, in Switzerland, the armed force is wholly under the control of the civil power. Thus we have universal training, exact and minute organization, careful preparation. More than that: the Swiss spend upon their army a rather larger proportion of their revenue than do the Germans upon their army. Yet in Switzerland there is no militarism. This is a case in which militarism is avoided by a peculiarity in the organization of the army itself.

The history of England affords us two examples which point very neatly another phase of the distinction. In the seventeenth century the civil war between the king and the parliament caused the formation of a regular, profes-

sional army, and this body after dethroning the one turned upon the other and sent it packing. For several years England was governed by professional soldiers uncontrolled by the civil power; and did not like it. It is to be noted that this army was small, probably not greatly in excess of 30,000. That was militarism. Little over a century later, we find Great Britain employing regular, professional soldiers in numbers which, considering the circumstance, were enormous. In 1762 she had on foot land forces amounting to 215,000, at the time the population of Great Britain and Ireland probably did not exceed nine or ten millions; of these forces many were German, utterly remote from the people whose taxes paid them; others had been raised in Ireland, and presumably did not share in distinctively English susceptibilities and prejudices; others were seasoned regulars, practically serving for life, habituated to look upon the regiment as their only home, and probably regarding the civilian interest with aversion rather than sympathy. Yet this great and purely professional force was increased or diminished, sent hither or thither, as it suited the entirely civilian government of Great Britain. This is the more noticeable as the government was compelled to make large use of the soldiery for the maintenance of internal tranquillity, the present police force not having come into existence; it is odd to read of dragoons being used against smugglers and of regular soldiers being sent to restrain Gloucestershire farmers from growing tobacco. The reason for the contrast is that during the century English administrators, always organized upon an essentially civilian basis, had learned the art of using the soldier as the instrument of civilian policy. Since the Restoration the English professional soldier has scrupulously and honourably kept his place as the technical adviser of statesmen, as the right arm of the civil power. Thus in the history of the one realm we see a small army, and militarism; and a very large army, and no militarism. The Seven Years' War was prosecuted because the civil policy of Great Britain demanded it: not because

the waging of it gratified professional soldiers. Here we have a case of militarism avoided by a peculiarity, not in the organization of the army, but in the administration of the country.

These examples at once prove and illustrate my contention. Our present political circumstances, however, call for a further remark. The armed force which may be dangerous to the liberties of a country is armed force on land. A standing army which is at the disposal of a ruler can nearly always coerce the mass of the population; if that ruler wishes to subvert free institutions, and if the army will obey him, those free institutions are in danger. Now a navy is free from this objection. Napoleon's whiff of grapeshot was fired from army cannons, not from the guns of a warship. The navy bore little part in the struggle between Charles I and his parliament. Chartism was overawed by the army, not by the navy. A naval force is strangely unable to bring pressure upon the land which maintains it. Its huge strength fails the moment it turns it upon the country whose flag it flies. In organizing a national army it behooves a country to make sure that the command will rest securely with the civil power, and that the force of its armaments will be exerted only when the interests of the whole people demand it; the thing can be done, as England has proved in one way and Switzerland in another way; but we must take care to do it. But in organizing a navy we are absolutely secure from dangers of this kind. Again, naval officers never are very numerous, tend to live somewhat separated from the rest of their fellow-citizens, and have no facilities for exerting a professional interest upon the decisions of state. They are bound in any state to be what British professional soldiers are, the technical servants, not the masters of, the government. There is one respect in which undue demands may be made by a navy upon the government: it may demand too much money. This, when we look at it steadily, is a mercantile rather than a military danger. The demand for a bigger

navy, for more ships, will derive its effectiveness from ship builders, not from seamen. It is to be classed with requests for bounties and with influences making for heavy expenditures. The way to meet it is by purifying our civil government.

I have completed my task. The air is filled in Canada with shoutings of this word "militarism." I submit that it is not militarism for Canada to prepare to defend herself. It is not militarism for her to spend money on her armed forces. It is not militarism for her to establish a navy. It would not be militarism for her to decide to help the Mother Country in military or naval matters. It would not be militarism for her to take part in world-wide politics, which are based upon latent appeals to organized force. Any one of these courses may be wrong or it may be right: but it is not militarism. It would be militarism if the government which directs our policy were permeated with a professional military element so that at every turn the tendency would be to shape policy in the interests of a professional military caste. There is as much likelihood of that in Canada as there is of the establishment of a titled landed aristocracy.

C. Frederick Hamilton

THE HAGUE AWARD

THE differences arising out of the varying interpretations of Art. 1. of the Treaty of 1818, framed to determine the liberties which were to be enjoyed under it by Americans in fishing in North Atlantic waters, were submitted in June 1910 to the determination of the Hague Arbitration Tribunal, and resulted, after an exhaustive hearing, in an award which has been accepted with all evidence of apparent satisfaction by both sides. It seems to have achieved the feat of pleasing everybody.

The Treaty, or Convention, concluded at London on October 20th, 1818, granted to "the inhabitants" of the United States the liberty of fishing for ever in common with British subjects, on

(a) The south-west coast of Newfoundland, from Ramea Islandwards to Cape Ray, with the further concession of landing and drying their catch on the unsettled portions of the coast.

(b) The west coast of Newfoundland, from Cape Ray north-west to Cape Norman, but without the concession of landing and drying their catch anywhere on this coast. The French had already been conceded this liberty there.

(c) The shores of the Magdalen Islands, but without the right to land and dry their catch.

(d) The bays, coasts, harbours, and creeks of Labrador from Mount Joli, opposite Anticosti, eastwards through Belle Isle Strait, and northwards indefinitely, with the landing and drying privileges as on the south-west coast of Newfoundland, while the Americans on their part renounced any liberties as to fishing, previously exercised by them elsewhere in British North American waters, and bound themselves not to enter the non-treaty waters in future "for any purpose whatever" except wood, water, shelter, or repairs.

This treaty was designed to end the embroilments constantly occurring between the rival fishermen in those days, though it is needless to say now that it not alone failed utterly in this, but also provoked more friction as the years went by. Nearly every clause in the compact contained a debatable issue, and this "fishery question" was a cause of difficulty down to the present time. It was a large factor in the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854-1866; in the Washington Treaty of 1871-1885; in the abortive Chamberlain-Bayard Treaty of 1888; in successive futile "pilgrimages to Washington" by Canadian statesmen in more recent times, and in the negotiating with Newfoundland of the Bond-Blaine Convention of 1890, and the Bond-Hay Convention of 1902. Finally, it provoked the legislative and diplomatic war between Newfoundland and the United States, which began in 1905, involved the imperial government in the unpleasant task of overriding colonial enactments, and finally compelled the reference of the whole vexatious problem to the Hague Tribunal as a last resort.

At the Imperial Conference of 1907, Newfoundland, which had been in the forefront of the struggle against alleged American aggression, agreed to arbitration, and Canada, though her fishery relations with the United States were then more cordial, undertook to join with her in this reference. Great Britain, as one signatory power to the Convention of 1818, concluded an agreement, in January, 1908, with the United States, the other signatory power, to refer the problem to the Hague Tribunal for solution. Sixteen months were consumed in the preparation of the respective cases, by eminent lawyers representing the several parties to the proceedings, and the Tribunal met on June 1st, to hear oral arguments and to render a decision.

Great Britain was represented, as the agent or solicitor charged with the conduct of her case, by the Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice for Canada, while the counsel were Sir W. S. Robson, Attorney-General, Sir R. B. Finlay, ex-Attorney-General, and Sir Erle Richards, all of England;

Messrs. J. S. Ewart, G. W. Shepley, and A. S. Tilley of Canada; and Sir E. P. Morris, Prime Minister, Sir J. S. Winter, ex-Premier, and the Hon. D. Morison, Minister of Justice of Newfoundland. The agent for the United States was Mr. Chandler P. Anderson, and the counsel were Senator Elihu Root, ex-Senator G. W. Turner; and Messrs. Elder, Warren, Scott, and Lansing.

A Court of Arbitration under the Hague Conference statutes is created by choosing five "impartial jurists of repute," not of the Alaskan variety, from the roster of international nominees to the Permanent Court of Arbitration. In this way, each party to the dispute names one "national" member, that is, one of its own subjects, and each also chooses a second nominee from some foreign country not interested, even indirectly, in the dispute; while the two nations mutually agree on the fifth member of the Tribunal, who is also to be its president. Thus Great Britain chose Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Chief Justice of Canada; and America chose the Hon. George Grey of the Delaware District Circuit Court, as their "national" members of the Tribunal. The former chose Johnkeer Lohman of the Dutch Senate, and the latter Dr. Luis Drago of the Argentine Parliament, as their "extra national" nominees, and both agreed upon Prof. Heinrich Lammasch of Austria as the president of the Tribunal. The selections appear to have been admirable ones, and the choice of Prof. Lammasch as president, was admittedlyirreproachable. This description of him, copied from the September *Review of Reviews* is emphatically endorsed by some of the leading counsel engaged in the case: "Lammasch commands the respect and admiration of every one, speaks the most perfect English and is perfectly at home with Latin, French, German, and Spanish; seems to have read the laws of all countries, and digested and arranged them in his eminently judicial mind. Is the essence of courtesy and of quiet speech, but he is always on the point. Everybody at the arbitration admires Lammasch as a profound lawyer and great judge."

The instrument of submission on which the arbitration was founded comprised seven questions which may be briefly summarized thus:

(1) *Regulations.* Were Americans fishing in treaty waters bound by such fishery ordinances as Canada or Newfoundland might enact from time to time?

(2) *Inhabitants.* Could American vessels so fishing employ "non-inhabitants" of the United States among their crews?

(3) *Customs Obligatious.* Were such American vessels obliged to enter and clear at Custom Houses in Canada or Newfoundland?

(4) *Coastwise Assessments.* Need such American vessels pay light or harbour dues to the Canadian or Newfoundland authorities?

(5) *Territorial waters.* Did the territorial waters follow the sinuosities of the coast, or stretch seawards beyond a line drawn from headland to headland?

(6) *Coasts or Inlets.* Were Americans fishing on the western shore of Newfoundland restricted to the outer coast, or were they free to the inlets also, as on Labrador?

(7) *Commercial Privileges.* Could American fishing vessels, enjoying specific treaty liberties, also enjoy the ordinary commercial privileges of trading crafts?

The proceedings at the Hague in this trial were the longest drawn-out in modern arbitrations. The printed "cases," "counter-cases," and "arguments" comprised eight volumes, aggregating nearly 4,000 pages. The oral addresses of the eight counsel who spoke, totalled some 2,500,000 words, and over 1,100 exhibits were put in. The sessions began on June 1st, and lasted till August 12th, and all records were broken by the opening speeches of Messrs. Finlay and Turner, who occupied a fortnight each.

The decision of the arbitrators was filed on September 7th, and its most notable feature was that it was virtually unanimous on all points. It is quite true that Dr. Drago dissented from his colleagues in their decision as to ques-

tion 5; but his objection was rather an argument to the effect that the Tribunal should go further and specifically delimit certain bays to which the "headland" theory as to territorial or geographical bays should apply.

The award, summarized, was as follows: American fishing vessels are bound to conform to all reasonable fishery regulations enforced by Canada or Newfoundland, and a subsidiary Tribunal is created to determine the reasonableness thereof; these vessels may employ "non-inhabitants" of the United States among their crews, but such persons enjoy no immunity thereby; these vessels must enter and clear at customhouses when humanly possible so to do; they need not, however, pay light or harbour dues unless such are collected from Canadian or Newfoundland fishing vessels; the "headland" principle is to apply to bays and inlets on the non-treaty coasts, and thus excludes American fishing vessels from entering the principal bays of Maritime Canada or Newfoundland; American vessels can, however, fish in the inlets on the west coast of Newfoundland, but such vessels cannot exercise fishing liberties and commercial privileges in the same voyage.

The first cabled epitomes of the result represented the Americans as winning on five counts out of seven, with the British as gainers of questions one and five only; but this view was based on a misapprehension of the issues; and a more accurate statement would be that Britain gained substantially on every point except question six, and on that she had no hope of winning. It related to the Americans fishing in the inlets at Bay of Islands, and as Britain and Newfoundland had acquiesced for nearly ninety years in such fishing there, it could hardly be expected that the Tribunal would reverse this practice now.

Otherwise, however, all the honours lay with Britain. That she or her colonies interested should not enforce unjust or discriminatory regulations against American fishermen, which would nullify the value of the liberties conceded them by treaty, is obviously proper. As a matter of fact, every

fishery ordinance put into effect by Canada or Newfoundland is enforced against their own fishermen also as fully as against the Americans; so it is unlikely that the subsidiary Tribunal to pass upon these laws will declare any of them unreasonable. The regulations which the Americans have questioned heretofore are those forbidding Sunday fishing and the use of purse-seines. As Sabbath observance commends itself in this age, and as purse-seines are so destructive that their use was forbidden on the New England coast for some years, it is unlikely that these regulations will be overruled by any impartial Tribunal. It may be taken as certain, therefore, that the existing rules will be endorsed in the main, and that the American fishermen will continue liable to them.

Similarly, while the practice is so universal for all countries to employ "non-inhabitants" in their merchant shipping that the Tribunal would not negative it in this connexion, it added a clause justifying Newfoundland's contention that American vessels could not entice her fisherfolk to go outside her territorial waters, join these vessels there, and then return within her jurisdiction and defy her to interfere with them. The obligation imposed upon American fishing vessels to report at customhouses, where humanly possible, is only what is essential in order to maintain sovereign authority by the countries in whose waters these fishermen are operating, while their exemption from light dues when colonial vessels are exempt seems quite reasonable. The decision that the "headland" principle shall rule with regard to bays, merely incorporates into this award the precise terms of the abortive Chamberlain-Bayard Treaty of 1888, rejected by the Republican United States Senate because concluded by a Democratic Cabinet; the permission to the Americans to fish in Bay of Islands is merely the validating of a custom of ninety years' standing; and the ruling that American vessels cannot pose as fishers and traders in the same voyage is but the embodiment of common sense.

The effect of the award, then, so far as Canada is concerned, is to exclude the American fishermen entirely from

the bays and the coast-wise waters of the Maritime Provinces, save in the Magdalen Islands and Canadian Labrador, the result of which will be to hamper them seriously in the prosecution of the mackerel fishery on the Atlantic seaboard, while they will be restricted elsewhere to the carrying on of their industry under Canada's " reasonable " regulations.

The situation as regards Newfoundland requires more explanation. From virtually all of Newfoundland's seaboard, except the west coast, they are shut out, yet entry there is most essential to them, to secure bait for their cod fishing on the Grand Banks, and this they are denied. On the west coast they can, however, fish unrestrained. The only product they seek there is herring, and that during the last three months of the year. But to conduct this industry profitably requires large crews and outfits, which the small schooners they use could not carry from New England's ports. Therefore, the practice has been for them to buy cargoes from the coastfolk, under permits granted by the colonial government; and latterly they hired local fishermen beyond territorial waters. The award forbids this in future, denies them trading privileges, and apart entirely from " reasonable" or other regulations, Newfoundland is now accorded such a mastery in her own waters as will leave the American fishermen under her control, when she desires to limit them to their treaty rights, as interpreted by the Tribunal.

It is probable that the recent settlement of the dispute will be followed by some effort on the part of the statesmen of the countries concerned to prevent a repetition of the unfriendly conditions that have existed regarding these North Atlantic fisheries for so long. Too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the fact that the harmonious working out of this arbitration represents the most decided onward step towards an Anglo-American accord in the history of the two nations. It must be remembered that in every previous instance of an arbitration between them, the decision has been marked by bitter dissatisfaction on one side or another. The Maine boundary and the Oregon boundary are cases in

point. In the Alabama arbitration the British commissioner refused to sign the award, and protested against it; in the Halifax fishery award of 1877, the American representative did the same; when the Paris Tribunal in 1894 decided the Behring Sea sealing dispute it was against the bitterly expressed resistance of the American members; and the story of the refusal of Messrs. Jetté and Aylesworth to sign the Alaskan boundary award in 1903 is too familiar to Canadians to need more than the briefest reference.

It is, therefore, a welcome change and one that augurs well for the future, that there should be a unanimous award by the International Tribunal that has decided this fishery dispute. It is matter for congratulation and should prove a valuable precedent that such sturdy exemplars of national spirit as Judges Fitzpatrick and Grey were able to find a common ground for a decision in this dispute; that the press and people of both nations should so fully recognize the honesty and good faith of these judges, and their distinguished associates; that the award itself has been received without a line of captious criticism from the newspapers of the whole English-speaking world; and that nobody has thought of impugning the uprightness or wisdom of the officials.

When one recalls the tone of Canadian comment upon the Alaskan award, or the condemnation by colonial newspapers of the "supineness" of British diplomacy as lately as two years ago, in regard to this very fishery dispute, one cannot escape the conviction that a great reform has been effected, and a new era in Anglo-American relations opened up by the submission of this matter to the judicial impartiality of the International Supreme Court.

P. T. McGrath

RECIPROCITY WITH THE UNITED STATES

GROWTH and expansion in the United States and Canada have operated to produce two exactly diverse trends in public opinion on the subject of reciprocity. Since 1892, in Canada, sentiment in its favour has steadily declined, until now it is at its lowest ebb; since that period it has grown in the United States and now is, in administrative circles and in the country generally, at the highest point yet reached.

I propose in this article to point out briefly the considerations which have prompted the change on the part of our neighbours and the reasons why Canada declines to be interested in their proposals.

The population of the United States is now 90,000,000 and is growing rapidly, both by natural increase and immigration. In fifty years it will probably be 200,000,000. They have had vast natural resources, and few people have been more wasteful of them. In some of these it already feels the pangs of hunger, and in all it is facing a not very remote period when the transition must be made from a condition of adequate supply to one of pressing want, in which it will have to scour the world for necessaries. The area of free lands is practically exhausted; its virgin lands have declined in productiveness. It still possesses considerable areas to be reclaimed, or irrigated, but both operations are costly and tedious. In the meantime, mouths are added by millions each year, and extravagant living shows no signs of curbing its extravagances. Think what a call would be made on the resources of that country if to-morrow 100,000,000 people were suddenly set down within its borders. The call is intrinsically no less though it be distributed over fifty years. And that it will come and must be met is inevitable.

If the United States had another virgin west equal in area and quality to the one now virtually filled, the problem would be easy of solution, for a time at least. But it has not. North of the 49th parallel of latitude, however, is such a country, rich in virgin resources. There are vast stretches of fertile lands, still mostly unoccupied, and ready at slight cost for the farmer's hand, where 100,000,000 people can be comfortably maintained. There are vast resources of timber on both ocean slopes, and stretching away towards the borders of the frigid zone, vast resources of coal and iron and copper and precious metals, vast expanses of lake, river, and ocean inlets stocked with the best food fishes, immense fur and game preserves, and withal a magnificently watered country, with water power everywhere and a climate that breeds a healthy and hardy race of people. Time was when it seemed not improbable that this great land might come to be included within the circle of the United States, and thus afford it the desired expansion. This dream has been dispelled. The passing of the illusion was accompanied by some bad temper, some open threats, and some general misgivings. But thanks to better acquaintance, and the rapid growth and consolidation of Canada and the development of its national sentiment, the dream is now generally confessed, and the conviction as generally accepted that henceforth there will be two distinct nationalities north of the borders of Mexico, living and developing in friendly contact and rivalry.

Now, the United States is disposed to reason in this way. Granted that there is now, and will long be, a national boundary along the great rivers and lakes and the 49th parallel north, much may still be accomplished by us, and anyway something must be done. It is still possible for us virtually to exploit this great half-continent, and make it, if not a component part, yet a most valuable annex to our country. Give us access to its resources and its markets, and our propinquity, our capital, and our enterprise will guarantee that, though under another flag, its wells of prosperity will be for our

drawing. Its rapidly increasing millions may be supplied in the main by our industries, its great natural resources may be drawn upon for our supplies of raw material; then the grist would be for our mills, the wages for our workmen, and the bulk of the profits for our upbuilding. We may tap this great country at essential points and draw off, on short lines of railway, an inestimable and ever increasing freight for our great transport systems, and immense business for our great seaports. The shadow of an Imperial British Preference which to-day looms ominously large and threatens the otherwise clear sky of our foreign trade may thus be dissipated, and a formidable menace removed from our commercial pathway. Then there are always contingencies. Give us twenty-five years of such intimate contact and intercourse, and we shall so lay our lines and strengthen our affiliations, commercial and otherwise, that it will be increasingly difficult for Canada to change her fiscal policy and cast loose from our influence. Thus shall we practically guarantee ourselves against the chances of British imperialism and hold in leash a mettlesome and potent rising nationality. In the chapter of incidents, if one comes this way, we stand to profit thereby. Now, from a United States point of view, we in Canada cannot object to such forecasting. It is neither hostile nor unfriendly. It is part of the peaceful warfare of commerce and progress, waged on business plans, and directed with foresight and sagacity. And in it, diffused and all permeating, is the aggressive spirit of nationality, which often effects, by these peaceful methods, results not possible to brute force.

The question is: Do we in Canada welcome such a destiny or look we for another? Our reply it seems to me is something like this. Thank you very much, Uncle Sam, but really we have other ideals and other plans into neither of which would your proposed *modus operandi* very well fit. The root of the whole matter is that we are in character and temperament not *pro* United States nor yet cosmopolitan, but national and imperial. Sprung from British stock,

nurtured in British traditions, protected by British power and loyal to British institutions, we have simply grown that way, and see no reason for being remodelled to another national fashion,—either with or without our co-operation. This is not materially altered by the fact that one of our large provinces is overwhelmingly French in extraction. Quebec is absolutely loyal to Canada and true to the British crown which guarantees her people the rights and liberties they prize. Then we have in a way pioneered our country out of its original vastness, and wildness, and unexplored conditions, into a great, wide, pleasant, well-known land, furnished its sea-line with ports and harbours, opened its interior vastnesses by an admirable system of land transport, built up a great industrial system whose wheels turn ceaselessly, converted millions of acres of its soil into richly producing fields, opened up its mines and forest reserves and dotted the whole country with hamlets, villages, towns, and cities. We possess now nearly 8,000,000 people, have a foreign commerce of $690,000,000, and an immense and rapidly growing interprovincial trade. We feel the pride of possession—this country is ours, the work of our hands, the product of our brains, the child of our sacrifices, our solicitudes, and our prayers. You will quite understand, Uncle Sam, why we are minded to stay with it, to guide its present and fashion its future course. We hate the idea of absorption as much as we do that of extinction, for we have red blood in our veins and feel the impulses of a great life throbbing within us. Whilst we welcome all hardy and sane people to a share in our heritage and co-operation in our development—their capital, their brains, and their sturdy moral fibre—we want them to assimilate, not to work apart; to coalesce, not to remain segregated; to become one with us in aim and effort for the upbuilding of a Canadian nationality. And we want their effort as far as possible to begin, continue, and end in this country. In fine, we want citizens not foreign partners, union not division, a common and not a divided national aim. You can never make us over into states of the United

States. British and Canadian we are, and such we are minded to remain.

We have planned our development on our own lines and have spent already many hundreds of millions of our substance thereon. We propose in the main to do our own transport and reap the economic and national results therefrom. So you will observe that our great sheltered Atlantic approach is buoyed and lighted with scrupulous care, that we are equipping our seaports, deepening our St. Lawrence, building our canals, and thus extending our Gulf line of navigation into the very heart of our country. So far this has cost us some $200,000,000, and before it is finished we shall spend at least $200,000,000 more. We have by the co-operation of government and private capital constructed and projected a vast east and west system of railway transport. The Intercolonial, with its branches, connects Charlottetown, St. John, and Halifax with Montreal, and comprises 1720 miles of first class road. It has cost us to date $100,000,000 and is owned and operated by the government. The Grand Trunk, whilst it has a terminal at Portland and Chicago, is yet, with its seaport connexions at Quebec and Montreal, mainly a system of east and west transport through Quebec and Ontario, comprising about 3,600 miles of road. The Canadian Pacific system operates 11,000 miles, joins the Atlantic ports of Halifax, St. John, Quebec, and Montreal with Vancouver and Victoria on the Pacific, crossing the Rockies by two passes, and paralleling its main line by numerous others which make a network over the prairies from the United States boundary on the south to Edmonton on the north. To this system the government has contributed $65,000,000 in cash and large subsidies in land and money. The Canadian Northern system operates 3,700 miles of road, distributed from Cape Breton to Edmonton, and is now pushing through the Rockies on its way to New Westminster, Vancouver, and the Western Pacific ports. The Grand Trunk Pacific, now under construction, is to run from New Brunswick tide water to Prince Rupert on the Pacific, a

distance of 3,600 miles. The government is spending $200,000,000 on this system, partly in cash subsidy, and partly in construction which it leases to the company. All these great systems run their mains east and west, most of their branches are long parallels to the mains and these are connected by cross lines. In all these at least $1,000,000,000 have been invested, a generous portion of which has been provided by the Canadian government. This year a long contemplated and much discussed route *via* Hudson's Bay has been begun, and involves the construction of 450 miles of railway from the Central West to Nelson or Churchill, which will cost probably $20,000,000. This will be the most northerly line of transport in Canada, and reach, with steamship connexions, the ports of Europe by the shortest sea voyage. Each of these systems of railway has its steamship connexions with foreign ports in Asia, Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, and Europe. In yearly subsidies to these lines Canada pays about $2,000,000.

What think you all this enormous expenditure of capital and energy means? It simply emphasizes the Canadian idea and embodies the Canadian plan. These are east and west highways of commerce and intercourse. We have strained every nerve in this immense work, we have built them to carry East and West borne products, and we are now bound to secure the freight and passengers for which we built them, and to see that they are not diverted therefrom. Otherwise we should have been foolish builders. This is why your plan of tapping our country and drawing off trade to your east and west lines and to your seaports does not suit us. That is why we prefer that our agricultural, forest, and mineral resources, should be wrought up as much as possible in our country, and interchanged between our own provinces and people, and why we prefer that what we export and import shall follow our own lines of transport and enter at and depart from our own seaports. That is why we do not sympathize with the present attempts to rush reciprocity arrangements, behind which and out of

which so many consequences may come to the birth. It appears very much like a twin sister of the Unrestricted Reciprocity propaganda of 1891, and we don't like the relationship.

Then, again, there is the industrial question. Canada began with a low tariff—15 to 17½ per cent. Under it her industries made little progress. The competition from the accumulated skill and capital of the United States industries, their great capacity, varied output, possibility of specialization, and their entrenched position in a highly protected and populous home market proved altogether too much for our young and poorly equipped industries. In 1878 we adopted the principle of protection, and under the Conservative régime maintained it until 1896. In that year the Liberals gained power. Though for 18 years the sworn enemies of protection and the fierce advocates of Free Trade, Continental Union, and Unrestricted Reciprocity, they failed to carry their theories into action. They found the sentiment of the country set, they straightway repudiated their election pledges, and have maintained the protective system ever since. Under this, Canadian industrialism has made great strides, and Canada great progress, though be it remembered that the degree of protection has been moderate, and the average rate on dutiable imports during the whole period has been only 28 per cent.

Aforetime Canadians set much store by reciprocity with the United States. The old treaty was, on the whole, beneficial to both countries. But the United States denounced it in 1866. Canada desired a renewal of the old or the negotiation of a new one. Year after year her ministers and agents sought diligently therefor, year after year their proposals were declined. The Dingley Bill and the McKinley Bill were our answers, and they were sharp ones. The tariff-makers seemed adepts in scenting any ingress by Canadian products and quick to bar it by high or prohibitive rates. Their tariff grew to an average of 45 per cent. on dutiable imports, whilst ours was but 28 to 30 per cent. The

Payne-Aldrich measure gave little or no relief, and embodied some new and annoying provisions, singling out certain Canadian products for retaliatory duties, seemingly designed to punish Canada for desiring to conserve certain of her diminishing natural resources. In addition, it contained a penal clause, general, it is true, but which, considering Canada's comparative tariff treatment of the United States, seemed unjust and even brutal in its application to her. Let me state the case. Canada imposed an average duty of 28 per cent. on all dutiable articles coming from the United States, whilst the United States imposed an average of 42 per cent. on Canadian products. Canada gave, in 1909, the United States a free list of $91,000,000 and bought in all from her $180,000,000 worth. The United States gave Canada a free list of but $33,000,000 and bought from her only $80,000,000 worth. Yet against so good a trade neighbour the United States imposed a penalty, in addition to the already high duty, of *one-quarter the value of every commodity* imported from Canada, if it appeared that Canada, as the result of a mutual treaty with any other country, allowed entrance to any goods therefrom at a less rate than from the United States. Please note that the United States has always contended that mutual treaties between herself and another country, in which each gives the other a *quid pro quo*, do not impose on her the necessity of compensating a third power. Now Canada made, in 1910, a limited treaty with France, in which a mutual *quid pro quo* was the consideration. Thereupon President Taft advised Canada that she must, before March 31st, 1910, compensate the United States for alleged discrimination, or on that date every Canadian product entering his country would be mulcted in one-quarter of its value in addition to the duty. France had purchased certain tariff reductions from Canada and paid for them. The United States demanded the benefit of these from Canada without paying for them. They were few in number and insignificant in effect, yet compensation must be made or upon a dutiable export from Canada

of $50,000,000 worth of products a fine of $12,500,000 would be exacted in addition to the regular duty. Canada thought this unjust, and so it was, yet to prevent the total disorganization of the large trade concerned, her ministers made concessions, submitted to a yearly loss of $250,000 revenue, and the forced entrance of a list of United States products at from 2½ to 5 per cent. below her general tariff. Thus has Canada fared fiscally at the hands of United States legislators.

But during all this time two influences have been at work. The growth of our own industries and the expansion of our trade have rendered reciprocity less and less desirable, and the curt, not to say unfriendly, treatment by the United States of all our advances has strengthened our purpose to go our own road and let reciprocity severely alone. We now doubt its benefits and we rather suspect the late repentance of its old time opponents across the border. Our tariff has built up our industries. Capital has come in from Europe and America, and made large investments thereunder. Very many industries have been transferred bodily from the United States, and every day they are coming. Our skill and capacity are increasing steadily, our output is growing in variety and volume with our increase of population, subsidiary employments are grouping themselves about our industrial centres, transport is adjusting itself to the necessities of distribution, interprovincial trade is growing by leaps and bounds, and a full tide of immigration is setting in, and notably from among some of the best agricultural classes of the United States itself.

The tariff has consolidated our nationality, and we are not oblivious of its influence in this respect, and of its necessity in such a country as ours and at this particular stage of its development. To unite provinces so widely separated and of such varying wants and capabilities, the blood of trade and intercommunication must be rich and flow freely and widely. The arteries and veins we have liberally provided, and now we must fill them with the

invigorating fluid of traffic and keep it circulating. To us it appears folly to do anything whereby one single ton less of products would be made in Canada or carried over our lines of transport, or one single pound less of our own natural resources be developed for the benefit of Canada and within our own borders. That is, we have adopted a moderate protection to build up and consolidate our country; it has filled that mission so far, and we see no reason at present for taking any step that would weaken its influence. The argument of its advocates in the United States is that reciprocity with Canada would enlarge their markets for manufactured goods, provide them with enlarged grists for their mills, enlarged stores of raw material to be worked up by their capital and labour, and enlarged business for their transport systems and seaport centres. The profits and national upbuilding would inure to the United States. But we are desirous of upbuilding Canada and see no reason why Canadian factories and operatives should not do the manufacturing, Canadian mills the grinding, Canadian labour and capital work up our raw resources, Canadian transport systems do the carrying, and Canadian seaports the business, and in this way retain and attract population and secure the profits. If the reciprocity be confined to natural products only, we say, first that we now find ready and remunerative markets for all we raise, both at home and in that great ultimate market for our and your supplies, Great Britain, and secondly, that such has been the depletion of your great national resources and such are the demands of your growing population, that you must come to us more and more for what you need. It therefore remains for yourselves to say whether you will buy them over a high tariff of your own creation, or will take down your own tariff walls and pay less. Either way it is all one to Canada, as it appears that you must have them and pay her reasonable price therefor.

There is a further consideration. Canada has awakened to the importance of conserving her virgin stores of natural

resources. With a small population, these bulk large in comparison and seem inexhaustible. But the history of the United States has shown her that reckless exploitation and rapidly growing population quickly turn the vast surplus into a rapidly vanishing asset. She is determined that, if possible, that story shall not be repeated in her future, that her timber and fisheries, her economic resources and franchises shall be husbanded for the future millions who are to dwell within her borders. Economically administered they will suffice therefor. True, if they were rapidly exploited for a time there would be a merry warfare of destruction, and some present profits would accrue to the exploiters, but the discount would be ruinous, and nationally we are pondering seriously over the pregnant question, "What would it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" A nation has just as much right, and surely an equal duty, to defend its resources from commercial rapine and plunder as to repeal invaders of its soil. The resources of a country constitute a trust held by its present administrators as trustees for the future generations. They are justified in limiting the present generation to a reasonable usage of them, they are bound to retain the estate as far as possible intact and to hand it over unimpaired. To this end they are justified also in refusing facilities to those not of the nation. The commercialism of our own country and the world-demands, even though tempered by restrictions, will be hard enough to control, and against these our natural resources will be difficult of defence. But the problem would be all the more difficult if we were to open them to the invited and treaty-favoured exploitation of your 90,000,000 of people. We shall no doubt soon have to place curbs on the export of some or all of these, as well as to apply rigid rules of user to our own people, and to supplement these by wise methods of re-invigoration, of restocking, and of afforestation. We can better enforce such measures untrammelled by treaty obligations and unmenaced by alternatives of treaty denunciation.

Finally, we are enamoured of the idea of British imperial

trade connexions. The idea is not new but of late years has assumed more definite body and form. Nationhood, race ties, and loyalty to British institutions, are its sources. The desire to consolidate and preserve the Empire of which we form a part is strong with us. Without consolidation, preservation is problematical, and in the natural interests and links of inter-imperial trade and development we think we see the essential factors of imperial consolidation and permanence. The Empire embraces all climates, every variety of product, all races of people, and an enormous, unfilled, undeveloped but rich territory, pregnant, with vast possibilities. It offers scope for the energy and enterprise of its most progressive partners, and unrivalled opportunities for the uplifting and improvement of its more backward ones. It is, of all empires, the most inclusive and self-sustaining, and is so distributed as to furnish the greatest incentives and opportunities for sea commerce as well as for land production. The past stirs us, its present is brimful of interest and action, and its future full of large promise. During the last twenty years the minds of its statesmen and business men, of its thinkers and dreamers, have been drawn towards this ideal. Practical realization has been begun, by various co-operative steps, on the lines of ocean transport, postal and electric cable communication, and commerce and defence, wherein the Mother Country and the Over-Sea Dominions have joined in counsel and finance to further the inter-imperial projects undertaken, for the good of all. So we now have common steamship subsidies, guaranteed loans, cables built and operated in common, partial preference in trade, standardized army systems, and mutually co-operating units in the Imperial Navy. Already the idea is accepted by the Over-Seas Dominions. Gradually the masses of Great Britain are being imbued with it, and soon we believe it will become universal. Then, whilst each great division will be absolutely self-governed as to its local affairs, around all will be thrown the bonds of organized empire, and between all will subsist an intercourse, commercial and social, which will be more intimate and family-like than that between them and even

friendly foreign powers. We in Canada are averse to involving ourselves in any trade obligations or entanglements which would in the slightest degree militate against the early and complete realization of this ideal. With all friendliness to all others we wish to retain the imperial firesides for the family, and the imperial estate for their especial benefit. As citizens we welcome any of your people who are minded to cast in their lot with us; as guests you will always be sure of a warm hospitality, but as partners we are not at present anxious for a bargain.

Would you then veto all attempts to improve trade relations between Canada and the United States? By no means. My aim has been to make clear to readers the Canadian view as I hold it, and as I believe it is held by the majority of our people. If there are no illusions there will be fewer errors. Granted that you fully realize that we are bent on developing a nationality absolutely independent of you politically, on maintaining as a means thereto a fiscal system under which we may develop to the utmost our industries and our resources for our own strengthening and upbuilding, and that no scheme of reciprocity which interferes therewith is desirable; that understood, we welcome the fullest trade and intercourse consistent therewith. We owe you much, we admire your enterprise and your wonderful growth, and sympathize with the efforts you are making to grow rightly and develop the best forces of a great democracy. We covet your virtues and try to avoid your faults, individual, municipal, and national. If we can make easier channels for trade between the two countries, consistently with the above conditions, we will be glad to co-operate. Meanwhile, as a neighbourly beginning, could you not give our products tariff entrance to your market at the same rates which we accord to yours in our markets? You are bigger, older, richer, more skilled, and more populous. What competition should you fear on a basis of equivalent tariffs? If you were to do this it would be an earnest of good feeling and might dispose us to further converse.

G. E. Foster

TRUE IMPERIALISM

THERE are many among us who say that they dislike the word "imperial," and all its derivatives, because of its associations. They think that it implies subjection. Even in the sounding phrase "Dominions over seas" they persuade themselves that they hear the rattle of chains and slavery. Purple is not their colour. Perhaps they know too much Latin—or too little. But in dealing with problems of empire it is not words that count. We must get down below the words to the realities that underlie them, to the facts as they are and to the conditions that we should like to see realized. For we are face to face with a stage in our imperial history that will probably be recognized twenty years from now as having been the most important and the most critical in all our political development. What do we want to work for? What aims ought we to endeavour to carry out? If we are agreed in the main on what we want, we need not waste time over words.

We seem to be pretty fully agreed as to what we do not want. We have no wish to be annexed to the United States on the one hand, and on the other we have very little thought of trying to set up for ourselves. There remains therefore some form of what—with apologies for the insufficiency of language to express our great and glowing thoughts—we may call the imperial connexion. When we get to this point in the consideration of possible alternatives, some of us are inclined to call a halt, and to cry, "Let well alone!" But it is becoming increasingly doubtful if that will end the matter. Unless we are content to drift and take chances, it is not clear that we can go on as we are. In Imperial Conferences and such like gatherings, matters of high policy are under adjustment which have an important bearing on our national status: even as regards

Great Britain herself the whole political constitution, since the late King's death, has been and still is literally in the melting-pot. If we cannot stand still, it is obvious that we must go forward: and the question at once arises, along what road?

Now that we have prevailed on the Englishman to abate his patronage of us poor "colonists," and to understand that he does not "own Canada," and that we are to be treated like pawns on a chess-board, may we not turn to some of our own doughty champions and ask for a little more of the spirit of sweet reasonableness? Some of them harp on our mere colonial status, and our political semi-servitude, in a way that makes one incline to think they rather like having a grievance, and would be sorry to get redress. They speak of our subordination to a Parliament in London where we have no representation, though we may be pretty sure that if representation could be offered to-morrow they would feel like running away from the offer. They profess to believe that the British ideal is one dominant state with a group of subordinate units clustered round it in deferential pose, instead of a free and equal alliance among partners. They will even look on the Union Jack as a badge of servitude: one of them is reported to have taken offence at the spectacle of the "Niobe" coming into port with the British flag flying at her mainmast, in spite of the fact that she is Canadian property! To ordinary persons surely that is the most reasonable thing in the world. The substitution of the letters H. M. C. S. for H. M. S. might in themselves be made the text of a discourse. Are they not symbolical of that wonderful feature of the British constitution, so often eulogized by after-dinner orators, which has always enabled it to adapt itself progressively to the changing conditions to which it has to be applied? And why this constant differentiation between what is British and what is Canadian? "His Majesty's Canadian Ship,"—surely that is good enough for most of us, including even those who say they would like to have nothing except the

golden link of the Crown to keep us together. Of course it will not suit the independents—including the young Canadian professor who recently disappeared from one of our Universities, and just when we were trying to get up some sympathy for him on the ground of the shocking treatment he said he had received from what he called the "British section" of the staff, had to admit that among other offences he had appended the following note to a student's essay: "I am not for one [willing to have a King in London]: this is a democratic country."

There is a good deal of loose thinking about, and I am not sure that it is entirely on the side of those who were described in the last issue of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE as the "complacent souls who talk wisely of Canadian nationality and imperialism in the same sentence, nay, in the same breath." Why not? It is clearly understood, I think, among us all that no scheme of empire will be acceptable that fails to take account of national status. Of course, I am aware that the real native-born Canadian is the truest type of all, but why is he rubbing it in so hard? What ails him at "British?" Are we not all in the business together? When I am told that it is the British nationality that is to be exalted by imperialism, that Canadians cannot be imperial unless they forfeit nationhood and bow the knee to British ascendency, and that no man can belong to both the Canadian and the British nationalities at the same time, I feel that there must be a verbal juggle somewhere. The Quebec problem may be left out of account for the present. If it is merely a question of words, let me oppose to what I am quoting Mr. Kipling's well-known phrase the "new nations within the Empire." Is there anything wrong with that? Or if we want to have it put more explicitly, let us take what Mr. Balfour said to the Imperial Press Conference (10th June, 1909): "Remember that no statesmen have ever had before them the task which lies before the statesmen of Great Britain and the self-governing colonies. No other Empire has ever been based upon the foundation

upon which ours is and must be based—namely, the common action of different members, none of them subordinate, all of them equal, but in their very equality ready to co-operate for a single object. No political theorist has ever contemplated, so far as I know, that problem in the past. It has never been accomplished or begun to be accomplished at any period of the world's history. It is our business to see that this great experiment shall in our hands succeed."

These words might be paralleled from the utterances of more than one political leader on the other side of the Atlantic. They are alive over there to the importance of the issue that has to be faced. And it will not be their fault if the need for some new formula is not clearly put to the partner nations. The British genius for political organization has not exhausted itself yet. Look at what has been accomplished in South Africa. The constitution of the South African Union was drawn up and agreed to by the contracting parties after earnest consideration had been given by experienced and practical men to the important question of the functions of government. What should be reserved to the central authority, and what entrusted to local legislatures? The working of the system, in the face of great difficulties, one of which is the existence of a huge native population, will continue to be watched with the greatest interest. Our empire problem is of course a different one, but perhaps something may be learned in regard to it even from this South African Union. At the least it is encouraging—so encouraging that it was not long, I think, after its consummation that a Canadian speaker before the British Empire Club in London (Mr. Willison of Toronto) seemed ready boldly to face the problem of instituting an Imperial Council, containing representatives from Canada and the other British Dominions. "In that way," he is reported to have said, "Great Britain might gain strength from overseas; in that way the colonies might gain wisdom and prudence and steadiness from contact with world affairs,

and from common responsibility for the dignity, the power, and the security of our great Imperial Commonwealth."

In the meantime the great thing is to go on cherishing in our hearts and developing where it is wanting the sentiment of community of interest. Political experiments do not thrive in uncongenial soil. And we must be thankful for considerable progress made in the past. If we are sometimes inclined to think that things might go faster, let us have patience. Canada's attitude to the various Imperial Conferences, for instance, has never been quite so enthusiastic as some of us would have liked to see. But recent events in Quebec have shed a lurid light on the difficulties by which Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues must have felt genuinely embarrassed. Even in the west the Premier received a petition praying that nothing more be done about the navy "at least" till such time as Canada had representation. I liked those little words, "at least." It seemed as if they might mean "or for a good long time after." That is what they mean in Quebec, though the Nationalist (Provincialist)? leader protests that he will accept the verdict of the whole Canadian people, even if in the end it should pronounce against him. Quebec is ready to shed the last drop of its blood in defence of Crown and Empire *in Canada*, but is not interested in what might happen to either outside its borders! This reminds one of how one of our Cabinet ministers at Ottawa deprecated the addition of any Canadian ships to the imperial navy if they were liable to be taken away to the other side of the globe and never seen again! The world is bigger now than it was then, but were such battles as those of the Nile and Trafalgar Bay fought within sight of British shores?

We are told by those who may be called the "little Canadians" that our first, probably our only duty, to the Empire is to go on building up our own country—developing its harbours and canals, improving its transportation system, strengthening its defences and continuing to make ourselves responsible for its general administration. The

awkward feature of the present political situation is that what has been advocated in these terms by certain ministers at Ottawa is exactly what has carried Mr. Bourassa to victory at the polls. But is this really a generous attitude to the troubles and perplexities of the country that has made a free gift to Canadians, to be dealt with as they might see fit, of what she won for them on the North American continent? And even as a matter of business, is it altogether safe to assume that national growth is assured for Canada, quite apart from the element of imperial security? I always like to fortify myself by the words of others, and this is what was written quite recently by the Professor of History at Toronto (Mr. Wrong): "it is to her (Great Britain) that we owe our vast territory, to her we owe our present security in the face of what might otherwise be an imminent danger; and our people ought to be told this over and over again until they see what it really means."

Political education along such lines as these is nowhere more indispensable than in the province of Quebec. Making all possible allowance for the strong colouring of excited rhetoricians, it is obvious that the sectionalism that is now rampant in our midst derives its strength mainly from misrepresentation and ignorance. Both these factors are at work when, for instance, a speaker asks his audience why England should expect ships and service from Canada any more than France from Belgium, or why the English-Canadian should want to do anything for England that the French-Canadian would refuse to do for France. Since the Arthabaska election Mr. Bourassa has protested too much. It was he who, writing in the *Monthly Review*, for October 1902, said that "the French-Canadian does not feel that he has any duty to perform to the Empire," and in the interval he has been doing his very best to strengthen this sentiment in the hearts of his compatriots. In the contest which has just been ended it availed the Laurier government little or nothing that its head has always been careful to say he is 'not an imperialist." If the word can be rescued from the

degradation to which it has been subjected by those who insist that every imperialist is what they call a "jingoist," perhaps Sir Wilfrid Laurier will not be so much afraid of it in the future. There are imperialists who are men of peace. But meanwhile Mr. Bourassa managed to mix the Premier up in the minds of the electors with the imaginary persons who are supposed to have been plotting to tear the youth of Quebec from their mother's arms and make food for cannon! His formula of "taxation without representation" is another bogey that must be made to stand and deliver. It is like the "republic *versus* monarchy" view that did us so much harm in the United States and elsewhere, at the outbreak of the South African War. When people had time to think and to learn the facts, they became aware that it was not a case of kingship against democracy, but a case of a selfish oligarchy against constitutional government. Unless we are to adopt the referendum as a regular instrument of administration, the next general election will be the time to pronounce a verdict on the naval policy of the Cabinet. As things are, this policy cannot be spoken of as a hole-and-corner affair, carried out without reference to the people's representatives. It is the outcome of Imperial Conferences held in London, in which the Dominion government took a voluntary part. The situation as regards imperial defence was fully disclosed to them, and various alternatives were carefully discussed. On returning to Ottawa, the Canadian delegates reported to the Cabinet and to Parliament, and the Navy Law is the result. One does not need to be a partisan supporter of that Law to hold that, within the practice of the constitution, the representatives of the people have been consulted, and that the formula of taxation without representation does not as yet apply.

At the same time, it must be admitted that behind all current political discussion the Navy Law looms large, and that it is likely it will hold the field till the next general election. And behind the Navy Law is what is called the

German peril. Here it does not suffice to say, in words which I regret to say I once heard a distinguished Canadian use in addressing one of our Canadian Clubs: "Germany? What is Germany to us? Why, we could dump Germany down in the middle of one of our great lakes, and it would hardly make a respectable ripple." That sort of talk does not meet the situation. Who can say what the future has in store for us? I am not one of those who believe that Germany is deliberately preparing to attack England—that is to say the Empire. But I say that she is strengthening her position at sea so as to be able to deal with any situation that may develop. On land she has within recent years held up both France and Russia, not by declaring war, but by pointing to the big stick. And Canadians must not deceive themselves any more than Australians. The next great war—if there is to be one, which Heaven forefend!—will place the whole Empire in jeopardy, not Great Britain alone. It will be what is always referred to—very significantly, I think—in all the Blue-books relating to the Imperial Conference as a "war in defence of the Empire."

So let Canadians put out of their heads the idea that what they are asked to do is to "help the old country." The issue is a larger one than that. Our own welfare is bound up with the continued existence of the British Empire. The existing situation was accurately described the other day by Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, in the course of a lecture given at Birmingham University: "So long as this country could maintain undisputed command of the sea, it was possible to wait in case of need for the aid of the overseas Dominions, but recent events had shown—what was pointed out by Sir Michael Hicks Beach in 1904—that this country ought not to be called upon to attempt to provide from its own resources for the naval defence of the whole Empire, and that in a great naval war there might be no time to call up the ultimate or potential reserves of men and money from all corners of the earth." If anything were to happen to

the British flag elsewhere, the Nationalists of Quebec would not need to make good their generous promise that they will shed their last drop of blood in defending it *on the North American Continent.* What they need to learn is that the Empire cannot be run on the principle of limited liability. We are trying to develop in Canada a truer sense of nationalism than it is possible for any one section of our people by itself to cultivate. But national consciousness is not everything, unless it be accompanied by the sense of national responsibility. Our obvious duty at present as a nation, and our interest too, is not to cherish separate interests and to go on insisting only on our separate rights. We must co-operate in all the great interests of the Empire, the chiefest of which is, of course, the preservation of peace. No one of us is worthy of our imperial heritage if we persist in looking to ourselves alone.

Expression has been given by more than one writer and speaker in recent years to the wish that we may produce in time a man, or a body of men, who will do for the Empire what Alexander Hamilton did for the United States, when after the War of Independence he induced them to sink their differences and join hands in the effort to work out a common constitution. Hamilton's English biographer, Mr. Frederick S. Oliver of London, whom many of us in Canada are proud to claim as a friend, closes his fascinating volume in words with which I may very fitly conclude my present argument: "The meaning of Empire to a free people is not a stunting and overshadowing growth but a proud and willing subordination. Its aim is the security of a great inheritance, and while it will augment the resources and the power of every member of the union, it will also touch each separate state and private citizen with a firmer courage and a finer diginity."

If the great problem of imperial unity is the reconciliation of the spirit of nationality with the idea of a United Empire, that is the line along which we ought to look for a solution.

W. PETERSON

THE TRIUMPH OF FALL

TO England belongs the sweet promise of Springtide, to Canada the triumph of Fall. Not the spell of May is more luring than her magic of mist and of gold, nor the scent of the primrose more haunting than the smell of her smoky woods. Spring comes and passes this land in a night, and ere her resurrecting power is fully quickened in us, her strength is drugged by summer's languorous warmth. But the call of Autumn endures, resistless as "the old Spring fret."

Sudden and unlooked for as the fall of leaf, comes the signal which draws us to the woods to watch the seasons change. We sleep one night with the calm of Summer stars in our thoughts, and lo, when we awake there is a new influence over the earth, a new red upon the vine. A large restlessness fills our veins and the blood goes rushing through with a madness that is half joy and half regret. From the North and from the West sounds the summons, and blessed is he who hearing can obey it, for there only will he find peace.

Queen of the latter months, October stands all clad in her royal robes. She breaks the rule of Summer in a night, and when in her turn she must give way to Winter's sway, she yields, not as one vanquished to a conqueror, but as a sovereign to a lawful heir. Summer lingered late this year, but the cold rains of early September drove her to take trembling shelter in leafy nooks, and when the warm sun wooed her forth, she found a new power was reigning in her stead. So she flew, flew far to the South, with birds and blossoms gathered in her train, and so quickly did she go, that some of her flowers and green leaves were forgotten and left to alien care. Thus, although it is Autumn, roses still bloom in the garden, and the flaming red of the sumach is backed by vivid green.

The carnival of flowers is over, the pageant of leaves has begun. Here and there a few bright blossoms may recall the glory of the late Summer, but it is the splendour of the foliage which draws our eyes and intoxicates us with a new delight. Plants we have passed by a dozen times, as we looked for flowers, are changed by a wizard's touch, and the strawberry leaf rivals its fruit in the richness of its red. The vines are the first to turn. They feel the influence of change almost before it comes, and their sensitive leaves flush deepest scarlet at the thrill from a new power. Then follow the sumachs and the softer maples, the more fickle, susceptible trees, until one by one a whole forest is transmuted and glows with the colours of fire.

A wondrous transformation has taken place and a new order is established in the woods,—an order in which the first of the trees have become last and the elm yields in its grace to the flame of the sumach bush. The maples are dull this year and the sturdy green of the oak is only splashed with crimson drops; but the sumach has absorbed all the colours of the forest, and varies from bronze and vermilion to shades that are almost pink. Against it the broad yellow leaf of the basswood is pale as a summer moon, and the Lombardy poplars show an unyielding, conservative green. For it is not beauty or symmetry of form that wins in the pageant of leaves, but colour piled upon colour, till the world itself runs riot with orange, and red, and gold.

Nor is it a luxuriance only of colour, for with it goes an abandon of feeling which pervades the whole life of the woods. The constraining laws of growth and maturity have slackened their hold and there is a strange new freedom in the air, the freedom of a long work done. All through the Spring and Summer, ever since the first blood-root appeared, the woods have thrilled with a sense of life, of life bringing forth more life, of life striving against unseen forces to some unknown perfection. Now this has suddenly ceased and in its place there is the consciousness of rest, completion, and play.

The whole atmosphere is replete with this mood of relaxation, elusive and subtle, yet as insistent as the soft mist which rises from the ground, more felt than seen. Even the animals seem affected by it. The little gray squirrels are more tempted to play hide-and-seek among the fallen leaves than to spend the sunny hours hoarding nuts for the winter's use, and the few late birds are too lazy to trill more than a few reminiscent notes. Man, himself, is not exempt. The restlessness, which drives him from city walls, is gone once the woods are reached, and a great tranquillity falls on him, a large brooding content. A gentle dreaminess possesses his soul, a sudden desire to leave things where they belong, and at the same time the primeval lust which always comes to man in Autumn, to hunt and kill, to chase the deer through thickets and follow ducks to the lake. Nor is this mingling of sensations strange. We kill for food, and because of the animal instinct within us, but the new civilized wish to pull plants for possession's sake is gone. Flowers we are content to linger by and love as they stand, if not with the keen exultant rapture of Spring, with at least as deep a joy, and perhaps a clearer comprehension of their relation to the world about. A new tolerance has grown up within us, a generous understanding towards things we have not liked, which shows itself even in our gardening. Noxious weeds, against which we have waged unceasing war all summer, now grow side by side with our most precious plants, for will not Winter soon wrap them both in the self-same robe? We have become too lazy, too indifferent, perhaps too wise to contend with what nature gives, and besides, nothing matters now, neither flower nor weed in this mist of colour and incense and the light of that golden sky. All we want is to laze in the sunshine, to crunch the falling leaves beneath our feet and feel the flavour of nuts upon our tongues.

The sense of taste has become, all at once, intensified and sharp; and, like children, we are seized with a great longing to put everything we see into our mouths. Nothing is

passed by, not even leaves or bits of wood. We have become rivals of the squirrels in our search for nuts, and the wild grapes leave us "purple-mouthed" like those who drink of wine. Why not? Taste is the dominant sense of Autumn as smell is of the Spring, and one is as delicately diffusive and stimulating to the imagination as the other. Is not the answer to all our Spring questionings now within our mouths, the reason for that which delighted us as smell in Spring and sight in Summer? The sweet odours of the blossom, its high colouring, were they not for the making and perfecting of the fruit which we eat? And as we crush the white, hard apple with our teeth, the perfume and soft pink of the blossom live again and we are made happy with perfect, sensuous bliss.

O, golden, misty Autumn days! What matter if within the shade a growing chill warns us that sunny hours are passing and cold and frost must come? The very shortness and nearness of the end makes the time more sweet, and the joy of wood life has sunken too deep within our hearts to admit of dread. Why should we fear when all the forest is lightsome and at ease? See how those death-tinted leaves glisten in the sunlight, and with what careless defiance they swirl into the air and frolic with the breeze ere they fall to the ground, their brief life done. The very wind that tears them from their branches plays with them before he destroys, and the sun which dries their strength draws from them an incense which fills the woods with balm. The leaves meet their destiny in a triumph of yellow and red; it is only silly men who profess belief in immortality that deck their dead with black. The clouds that circle the setting sun are rosy with radiance and light. The colours that mark the dying months are the brightest of the year; and the old earth herself lies down with her gorgeous cloak of conquest about her to wait till winter strips it from her and replaces it with a robe of purest white. Why should we then mourn for Summer's death when in nature the colours of victory are for the end, not for the beginning, of life?

Even the latter weeks, in the dreary November month, have a grace and beauty peculiarly their own. The days of death and decay men call them; rather are they not the time of eternal hope, the season of long distances and far off visions? In Spring, our eyes are drawn to that which lies beneath our feet, the hepatica and the budding leaf; in Summer, a growth of verdant beauty bars our sight; it is only when the leaves are stripped and the nearer loveliness fades that we see the far off plains and the blue hills beyond. The world is revealed to us anew in all the wonder of her new form. Beauty of line and contour arrest our attention with glad surprise, and the earth colours, the browny reds and silver grays of soil and stones, stand out in distinct contrast and harmony beneath a clear, dull sky. Great patches of purple appear on cloud and land at close of day, while the pink of evening shines through an intertwining of bared branches as if through open lace. Like burnished copper gleam some of the dead leaves in the sunset glow, and the knots of the birch are as black as coal against the ghastly white of its bark.

Now is the time when the man, who plans unto himself gardens, can judge whether the quality of his work be false or true. In the uncompromising serenity of November light, not a detail of the earth's surface escapes the eye, and form and outline become of supreme importance. A bed of bushes, which has been hidden by its own foliage, shows the grace of its curve, and a swaying young poplar, hitherto undistinguished from an undergrowth of green, stands clear out against the horizon, and by the sheer humour and audacity of its position, makes the whole character and meaning of a bank. The architecture of the land is exposed, and what is true of man-made grounds is far more a fact of the great world, where nature herself is the architect and the seasons' gardener. Vistas we have never known open out on every side, and mountains, plains, and valleys stretch before us with a majesty of sweep never dreamed of in the leafy months. Lakes and rivers, on the banks of which

the trees have lost their foliage, now show more clearly the beauty of their shore-line, while white upon the Northern hills lies the road which leads the hunter to his game.

The things which are perishable have passed away, and only that which is elemental remains. Earth lies bared unto heaven, and the lights and shadows that play upon her surface are not of terrestrial birth, but are the reflections of every mood of sky and cloud. A sense of great distance and space is about us, and as our eyes are lifted from what is near to that which is far away, a feeling of vastness descends on us from the serene austerity of clear, gray sky. The very transparent haze, that reveals distant objects with such acuteness, separates us from them by an almost invisible veil. Even the sun itself seems to belong less to earth than at other times, and sets with a vaster remoteness unknown to warmer months.

In Spring, it is a lover who kisses the blushing hills with wistful regret, loth to leave his mistress even for a few short hours; in Summer, a king departs in royal splendour and commands the world to sleep till his return. But the Sun of Autumn is a god belonging to regions that are very far away. For a short day he shines upon us, then goes to his own, and as the clouds open to receive him, a glory not of earth streams through the rift. Blues, so true and deep that they awe us by their purity, and greens which have caught a tone from the celestial blue, now appear over the hills, while a cold, bright gold with no glow of terrestrial dross binds the upper air with shining bands of light. The Sun god has gone to his Valhalla, and when with straining eyes we have watched the heavenly colours close about him, the chill of evening strikes our hearts and leaves us desolate and alone. No warmth of twilight or twitter of birds cheers us in the cold silence,—nothing but the far-stretching horizon and infinite, darkening space. Then, as if in answer to our loneliness, there steals over the clouds a faint mystic pink which gradually envelops the earth, and by a sudden divine magic makes us one with the sky above. No longer are

we bereft and separate. From out the intense West comes a sense of cosmic oneness which satisfies all our yearnings, and quiets our hearts with a harmony never felt in the sensuous thrill of Spring. Change and cold, earth and sky, our own selves, are forgotten in this universal mystery, and ere the light has died in the West, and the white Moon risen in the East, there has fallen on us an infinite peace.

This, then, is the final triumph of Fall, the unveiling of eternal realities hid by the verdure of time. "Autumn wins you best by its mute appeal to sympathy in its decay," is only a passing cry. Its stronger claim is made by power, the conquest over decay and death of elemental beauty and truth.

EILEEN B. THOMPSON

DIVORCE IN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES: A CONTRAST

A FLOOD of light has been thrown on the perennial problem, "Is Marriage a Failure," by the issue, last year, of the Statistics on Marriage and Divorce in the United States from 1867 to 1906. After the excellent manner of government publications in that country, the two large volumes of statistics do not appear in their naked complexity, but are decked out with instructive introductions and with valuable summaries of the law of other countries.

Speculative writers on marriage and divorce will find here some solid facts to serve as a basis for their theories. During the forty years, 1867-1906, it appears that no less than 1,274,341 divorces have been granted in the United States, and that the number of divorces is increasing about three times as fast as the population.

In 1905 the population was little more than double that of 1870, while there were six times as many divorces. In 1906 there were 72,062 divorces out of a population of 83,941,510. The rate varies greatly in different parts of the country. For example, in the state of New York, it is only 23 per 100,000 of the population, whereas in Washington it is 184. It may be said without serious inaccuracy that divorces are, proportionately, about four times as common in the West as they are in the East, but the rate of increase in the East is somewhat quicker. Very earnest attempts have been made by the investigators to determine the proportion between the marriages celebrated in the United States and the divorces granted there. It is difficult to obtain this figure, because, in many cases, the record of the divorce does not specify, as it certainly should do, the place where the marriage was celebrated.

But it is fairly well established that of such marriages, one out of twelve, or, on the most conservative estimate, one

out of sixteen, ends in divorce. Calculations for five years, of which 1905 was the median year, give 11.9 marriages to one divorce. With the exception of Japan, no other civilized country can show anything like this frequency of divorce. In the five-year period, of which 1900 is the median year, there were, proportionately, about twelve times as many divorces in the United States as in the United Kingdom, three times as many as in France, and five times as many as in Germany. No doubt the census officials have used every means to obtain such a degree of accuracy as is possible, and we must take their conclusions, for present purposes, as final. Divorce, as an institution, has its headquarters in the United States, and, as might be supposed, the kind of divorce which finds favour there is by no means the old fashioned separation from bed and board, which breaks up the home without allowing the parties to remarry.

Such "limited divorces," as they are often called in America, form less than one per cent. of the total number. As already stated, the rate of increase in some of the Eastern States, which for a long time lagged far behind the rest, is now strikingly rapid.

The compilers have given us maps showing by dark shading the increase in divorces. With a touch of emotion foreign to the usual cold-blooded style of statisticians, they say "divorce is thus represented as if it were a dark cloud gradually gathering over the country."

Contrary to what might be expected, there is little evidence to show that the divorce rate is much higher in the large cities than in the country, as a whole, nor does it appear that the coloured part of the population contributes more than its fair share to the total.

In regard to the variation of rate among different classes of the community, the figures can only be taken as a very rough estimate. In the United States, as in every other country, there is a class of people at the bottom of the social scale whose marital arrangements are extra-legal. They esemble the angels which are in Heaven in that they neither

marry nor are given in marriage, but there the resemblance ceases. For them divorce is superfluous. Above this class there is another in which the union between the sexes is usually ratified by marriage, but is dissolved without ceremony by the parties leaving each other. If either of them wants to marry again, the risk of a prosecution for bigamy is preferred to the expense of obtaining a divorce. The number of people who are, so to speak, below the divorce level, cannot be estimated, but it is unquestionably a considerable fraction of the population, though probably a smaller one in the United States than in most countries.

Coming up the ranks of those who resort to legal forms both for the inception and for the voluntary dissolution of marriage, we find that actors, musicians, commercial travellers, telegraph operators and medical men, are among the people most addicted to divorce, while farmers, blacksmiths, draymen, cabmen, clergymen, and agricultural labourers come near the bottom of the list.

Divorce is, no doubt, common among the idle and fashionable rich, but the proportion of these to the whole ninety millions is almost inconsiderable. Such a fierce light beats upon this little band, and their errors are advertised so widely by the newspapers and the novelists, that we are apt to forget their statistical unimportance.

Interesting attempts have been made to discover at what stage of matrimony there is most risk of divorce. It is moderately consoling to find that persons who have been married for twenty years are seldom divorced, and that if the husband and wife can manage to live together even for four years the risk of divorce becomes much less. The stormy years are the first four, during which the divorce rate steadily rises, but after that the matrimonial vessel passes into smoother waters and the divorce rate gradually declines.

The frequency of divorce in the United States is a phenomenon so striking and so important that it may well excite interest among all students of human affairs. In

the early colonial days divorces were rare and in many states were only to be obtained, as in the greater part of Canada to-day, by an Act of the legislature.

In the colony of New York, Chancellor Kent says that for a hundred years before the Revolution no divorce had been granted. One state still preserves its pristine virtue. In South Carolina there is still no divorce. The forces operating against divorce are strong, active, and well-organised. Something like one in seven of the whole population may be taken as the strength of the Roman Catholic Church, and that Church has consistently refused to sanction the divorce of any of its members. The Episcopal Church regards divorce with hardly less horror, and, though some of the other religious bodies oppose it less vehemently, it is safe to say that divorce, at least for any cause but one, finds little favour with the great religious organizations of the country.

Latterly the tide of immigration to America has been running most strongly from Southern and Eastern Europe. A large proportion of the newcomers are Roman Catholics or Jews, and divorce is not common among the Jews, and is very rare among the Roman Catholics. The fact that the city rate of divorce is not much higher, is due, probably, in no small degree, to the large influx into the towns of people whose religious traditions restrain them from seeking divorces.

The Roman Catholic Church has a hold upon its members far stronger than that which most of the other Churches can exert, and it succeeds, to a great extent, in preventing its adherents from applying to the divorce courts. The other churches keep back, no doubt, a certain number of their members; but, relatively to the mass of the population, the efforts of the Churches are powerless to stay the advancing tide of divorce.

The causes of the increased frequency of divorce are, no doubt, varied and complex. Anything like a complete analysis of them would require a far greater knowledge of

American society than any to which I can pretend. But some of the causes are surely as plain as a pike-staff. Certain features of American life are so familiar and so obvious that the mere traveller can see them as plainly, and perhaps even more plainly, than those who have grown up amongst them. To a great extent these causes arise out of the conditions of modern society in general. Their operation may be observed just as well in England, France, or Germany, as in America. It is merely that the modern spirit has more completely penetrated all classes in the United States. In England and in Germany large sections of the population are hardly touched by the spirit of change. They lie out of the movement, and are still regulated by the social traditions and conventions of the last generation.

In the United States, on the other hand, there is a much greater diffusion of similar ideas through the whole mass of the people. This is due partly to the exceptional fluidity of the population, and the constant movement from one part of the country to another, partly to the extension of secondary education to sections of the population which in most countries would not go beyond the primary schools, partly to the general reading of newspapers which carry the opinions of one place into another, and partly, also, to the universal reluctance to be bound by the chains of the past. In no other country is there such confidence in the future and in the power of the people to shape institutions so as to make them fit altered conditions. It is, of course, a radical mistake to regard the Americans, as German writers especially are inclined to do, as mere materialists with no eye for anything but the "main chance." Side by side with the worship of success there is everywhere in the United States a vague idealism which looks forward to a state of society nobler and purer than the actual. It is this idealism which makes it possible for many sincere and serious students of American life to regard the prevalence of divorce without any feeling of apprehension. To them it is a sign of progress indicative of the striving of the people to remould the whole

institution of the family, and to make marriage itself a higher and better thing in America than it has been in Europe.

But before considering the causes of this remarkable rise in the divorce rate, it will be interesting to contrast the Canadian figures. During the same forty years, from 1867 to 1906 inclusive, in which the various states of the union have dissolved 1,274,341 marriages, Canada has been slowly compiling the beggarly total of 431 divorces. Distributed by provinces they are: Ontario, 70; Quebec, 25; Nova Scotia, 136; New Brunswick, 83; Manitoba, 6; North-West Territories, 7; British Columbia, 104.

The population of Canada in 1867 stood to that of the United States about as one to twelve, and that ratio has not greatly varied down to the present time, when Canada has seven and a half millions to the ninety millions in the republic. Taking this proportion as roughly accurate, if in the United States divorces had been granted on the same scale as in Canada, they would have been twelve times as numerous, that is to say they would have amounted to 3,972 instead of 1,274,341. In other words, divorce is in the United States, proportionately to the population, more than 320 times as common as in Canada. Startling as is this contrast, it seems likely to become still greater in the future. For the rate of increase of divorces is much faster in the United States than it is with us. It is, however, brought out very clearly by the Canadian figures that divorce is more common in the provinces which have divorce courts than in those where divorce can be obtained only by an Act of the Parliament of Canada.

We may leave Quebec, for the moment, out of consideration, because its large Roman Catholic population places it in a peculiar position. But, except for the greater convenience and economy of judicial divorce as compared with divorce by legislative enactment, I do not know how to account for the fact that Nova Scotia, with less than a quarter of the population of Ontario, has, within the last forty years,

dissolved just about twice as many marriages. The courts can grant divorces in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia. The population of these four provinces on March 31st, 1910, is estimated by the census officials at 1,382,411 out of 7,489,781 for the whole Dominion, that is, the four provinces had considerably less than one-fifth of the whole population. Yet in the forty years they have granted 323 divorces as against 111 parliamentary divorces among the other four-fifths of the people. British Columbia, which at the same date had an estimated population of 321,733, and during the earlier years of the period had a very small population indeed, has, notwithstanding, almost one-quarter of all the divorces obtained in Canada. It is hardly fair to include Prince Edward Island in the list of provinces whose courts grant divorce. It had a divorce court established by an Act of 1835, the powers of which were not taken away when the island joined the confederation. But in that favoured island the opportunity of divorce has not been sufficient to shake the virtue of the inhabitants. The premier has been good enough to inform me that no divorces have, as a matter of fact, been granted since confederation, nor, so far as can be ascertained, for many years previous to that date. In this respect Prince Edward Island has a position which is unique. The greater frequency of divorce in the Maritime Provinces, excluding this island, and in British Columbia, does not arise from any multiplication of the grounds of divorce. It is true that in Nova Scotia divorce may be obtained for cruelty. But husbands there are gentle, or wives submissive. For one of the most experienced judges in that province tells me that there is scarcely a case in which divorce is sought upon any other ground than adultery. In fact, as regards the grounds of divorce, British Columbia is less liberal than the parliament of Canada. For in British Columbia, where the English law of divorce is in operation, the adultery of the husband is not a sufficient ground. The wife who seeks a divorce must prove in addition either cruelty or

desertion. Yet, in that province, if anywhere in Canada, the tendency to resort to divorce makes itself manifest. Possibly this is to be ascribed to the conditions of Western life, among people building up a new society, and less hampered than others by the traditions of the past. Perhaps, also, something may be due to contiguity with the American states on the Pacific slope. It almost seems as if there were something in the air of the Pacific which stimulates to divorce. The Canadian figures as they stand show that in the provinces where divorce can be obtained from the courts, it is, approximately, fifteen times as common as in the provinces in which an application to the legislature is the only means of obtaining relief. But this proportion is very misleading, because it takes no account of religion as a factor. It is certain that if there were a divorce court in Quebec, very few of the Roman Catholics who form the immense majority of the population would avail themselves of it. Among the non-Roman Catholics in Quebec and Ontario, as well as in the newer provinces which have no divorce courts, it is probably true that the expense of parliamentary divorce keeps down the number. But, after making every possible allowance for this cause, the fact is clear that divorce in the United States is immensely more popular than in Canada. The great mass of Canadians still cling to the ancient view of marriage as a permanent and indissoluble union. The seventy or eighty divorces a year among a population of seven and a half millions are almost a negligible quantity. Divorce is looked upon as an altogether exceptional remedy, only to be resorted to in the most extreme cases. But in a country where one marriage out of twelve is dissolved by the courts, it is inevitable that a different theory of marriage should begin to take shape. Professor Lichtenberger of the University of Pennsylvania, the author of a recent monograph entitled "Divorce, a Study in Social Causation," published as one of the Studies in History and Economics by the Press of Columbia University, is a capable exponent of what may be considered the modern view. He

looks forward with confidence and hope to the time when marriage can be terminated at will by either party.

In his view, when there is no longer any affection between the husband and the wife it is better that they should part. "Coercive maintenance of voluntary marriage where all natural ties have been severed is coming to be regarded with the same degree of abhorrence as we now look upon coercive marriage in the past, whether by wife stealing or wife purchase or the later forms of *manus* or husband ownership. The dissolution of such loveless marriages is regarded as less immoral than their continuance." . . . . (p. 219.) . "When the husband comes to realize that the only power by which he is to retain his wife is that by which he won her, he is not likely to assert an authority and assume an attitude repugnant to her, but will continue to pay deference to her wishes and concede to her the responsibility for her own personality. When the wife, in turn, realizes that she may not call upon legal aid to retain her husband's affection, she will endeavour to maintain the qualities which made her attractive to him before marriage." When "the qualities which made her attractive" were her physical charms, this is, certainly, a counsel of perfection. "Spiritual ties are stronger than legal. Thrown upon these resources, there will be the largest possible opportunity for the realization of the social ideal: a permanent monogamous union, a motherhood of choice and a parenthood of affection." (p. 223.)

I shall refer again, later, to Professor Lichtenberger's book. The divorce statistics seem to show that this view of marriage is adopted, in practice, by a vast number of people, though perhaps it is not generally stated so explicitly. It is a view which, by no possible means, can be made to harmonize with that of the Roman Catholic Church.

No chapter in the history of the law is more interesting than that which deals with the long struggle between the Church and the State for the control of marriage. Before the Reformation, when the law of marriage was administered

by the ecclesiastical courts, marriage was in theory absolutely indissoluble. But the ingenuity of the canon lawyers enabled them occasionally to find a way of escape by an indirect method. The marriage could not be dissolved, it is true, but it could be annulled on proof that some legal impediment had prevented it from the first from being valid. And these impediments were numerous and curious. Such cases as that of Roger Donington, whose marriage was pronounced null, because, before its date, he had misconducted himself with a third cousin of his future wife; or another well-known case in which the marriage was annulled because the husband had stood god-father to his wife's cousin, illustrate the possibilities of escape from an uncongenial marriage, and do not increase our respect for the canon law. But after all, such a way out of a marriage was altogether rare, and depended upon some happy or unhappy accident. It is hardly to be supposed that husbands had the foresight to lay the foundation for a suit of nullity by taking care that some such impediment should exist. At the Reformation one of the points upon which Luther strongly insisted was that the law of marriage and divorce ought to be taken away from the ecclesiastical authorities and made subject to the temporal power. "For marriage is an external and temporal matter, like wife, child, house and yard. . . . . and Christ does not in this matter lay down or order anything as a lawyer or governor in worldly things, but merely as a preacher instructs the conscience, in order that one should not make use of the law of divorce for incontinence and one's own self-will against God's commandment." But Luther was very far from advocating that marriage should be dissoluble at will, and he might have expressed himself still more guardedly if he had foreseen how far the reaction against the Roman Catholic theory of marriage was to go. It is, of course, not yet the case that, as matter of legal theory, marriage is in any of the states dissoluble at will. But this doctrine is advocated by modern writers like Mr. Lichtenberger, and it is a safe inference, from the divorce statistics,

to say that it has already enlisted the support, tacit if not expressed, of a large number of people.

It is not necessary for my purpose to explain with fulness the grounds of divorce in the different states of the union. Mr. Robert Newton Crane, an American lawyer, who gave evidence recently in London, before the Royal Commission on Divorce, gave a succinct account of them which is thus reported in the *Weekly Times*: "Each of the forty-six states and each of the four territories made and administered its own laws on the subject. There was only one state, South Carolina, where divorce was not permitted, and only one state, New York, where adultery must be proved before a decree could be obtained. In some of the states 'outrages rendering life together insupportable,' 'indignities rendering condition intolerable,' 'personal abuse or conduct rendering life burdensome,' and 'treatment endangering health or reason,' were specified statutory grounds for divorce. In 35 states habitual drunkenness was a cause for divorce, while in a very large majority of the states conviction of felony was a ground. In five states conviction of felony prior to marriage and unknown to the other party, and in one of the states the fact that the spouse was a fugitive from justice, were sufficient causes. Insanity in various degrees was a cause in nine states, vagrancy in two states, and neglect to provide for the wife and children of the marriage in 19 states. In Louisiana, 'public defamation of one party by the other;' in Florida, 'violent temper,' and in Kentucky, 'violent and ungovernable temper,' were causes. In Kentucky, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts the joining of a religious sect or society which believed, or professed to believe, that the relation between husband and wife was void or unlawful, was a ground for divorce. Despite the widespread belief in England to the contrary, in no state was 'incompatibility of temperament' a cause for divorce, with the possible exception of the state of Washington. In two at least of the states divorce operated automatically in case of a sentence to imprisonment for

life. Forty years ago 40 per cent. of all the divorces were granted for adultery, but at the present time only 15 per cent. were for that cause. Divorce was much more frequent in those states in which it was granted for less serious offences, for while in the state of New York, where adultery alone was a cause, the average rate was only 23 per 100,000 of the population; in Washington, where there were 11 different grounds for divorce, the average rate was 184. On a rough calculation there were upwards of 1000 judges in the United States who had authority to construe the divorce laws and to dissolve marriages. The cost of divorce in America was practically a matter of attorney's fees, as the costs payable to the State were merely nominal.

"It was a matter of common experience that in very many instances the charges alleged in the petition were not in fact the true grounds, while the existence of some form or some degree of mutual arrangement in a majority of the actions for divorce in the United States might be taken for granted. The statistics showed that of nearly a million divorces only about 15 per cent. were defended, and probably in some of these cases the defence was hardly more than a formality. As the result of nearly 40 years observation, he was of opinion that the frequency of divorce in the United States, and the growing indifference to the duty and obligation of marriage were primarily due to the fact that marriage in America was defined by statute to be merely a civil contract, and that no form of solemnizing the ceremony was provided or required. His experience convinced him that the welfare and happiness of society required a middle course between the divorce law of America and the difficulty of obtaining a decree dissolving marriage in England. In America there were too many causes for divorce, while in England there were too few."

In regard to Mr. Crane's explanation of the frequency of divorce, I suspect that the report is too condensed to do him justice. There is no doubt that the doctrine of marriage as a sacrament as taught by the Roman Catholic and by

the Episcopal Churches must impress the spouses with the solemnity of their undertaking. Faithful adherents of these Churches who believe that they commit a grievous sin if they seek to dissolve their union are restrained by the fear of the consequences of such a sin, if by no other consideration. But no legislation prescribing a form of marriage could inspire with any such fear those who had never been taught to regard marriage as a sacrament. For them—and they form the vast majority,—we must rely on other sanctions than these. People of common sense and right feeling, whatever may be their religious views, look upon marriage as the most sacred engagement into which a man and a woman can enter. Those who are so foolish or heartless as not to realize this are hardly likely to be greatly affected by the particular mode of celebration.

We cannot expect statistics of collusive divorces, but it is matter of common knowledge that, as Mr. Crane puts it, "in very many instances the charges alleged in the petition are not the true grounds." When both parties wish to be free, it is not generally very difficult to find a ground which will serve the turn. If the parties reside in a state where the law is somewhat strict, it may be necessary for the petitioner to take up a residence for a short time in a state where more liberal views prevail, but this is not an insurmountable difficulty. The two interesting questions which can only be glanced at here are: first, Why should divorce be so much more common in the United States than elsewhere? and, second, Is it a good or a bad thing for the community that marriage should be so easily dissolved?

As to the causes there can be in the nature of things no final analysis. For an interesting discussion of some of them I may refer to the accounts of Professors Willcox and Lichtenberger. They do not lay so much stress as I should be disposed to do upon the causes which I have numbered 5 and 6. Among the causes we must certainly include the following list, which by no means claims to be exhaus-

tive: 1. Indifference to tradition; 2. popularization of law; 3. greater economic independence of women; 4. nervous irritability; 5. impatience of restraint; 6. the spoiling of children, and, particularly, of daughters; and 7. extravagance.

Respect for the practices and ideas of the past is far less strong in the United States than it is in Canada or in Europe, and with this goes a confident feeling that the most venerable institutions may need overhauling. Professor Willcox argues with force that the popularization of law has much to do with increased divorce. And it is very likely true that the knowledge of legal rights, and—what is equally important—the money to pay for enforcing them, are more widely diffused than in Europe.

Another important cause is the relatively greater ease with which a woman can earn her own living. In many countries wives bear the ills they have, partly because if they divorced their husbands, starvation would stare them in the face. Payment of alimony is difficult to enforce when the husband has money, and impossible when he has none. As a matter of fact, the American figures shew that payment of alimony was only ordered in about one case out of eleven. In many cases, no doubt, it was not asked for, because the wife knew the decree would be worthless. But a woman of fair health and intelligence has a better chance than in Europe of supporting herself in reasonable comfort by her own exertions. Of all the causes of divorce, perhaps the greatest is the nervous irritability which results from leading a life at high pressure.

Closely connected with this is the impatience of restraint, which is so conspicuous a mark of the age. The same spirit which, carried to the extreme length, is manifested in lynchings and murders finds a milder expression in the intolerance of control in the family. Children in many cases do not know the meaning of discipline, are taught to pay little regard to the opinions of their elders, and are indulged in every desire. Now, of all human relations, marriage is the one

which makes the most constant demands on self-control, good temper, and willingness to give and take. A young woman brought up to think that nothing ought to stand in the way of the gratification of her caprices is pretty sure to find it irksome to have to consult the wishes and convenience of a husband. And it is significant that two-thirds of the divorces are at the instance of the wife. All writers on the subject agree that the movement towards what is called vaguely, the "emancipation of woman" has something to do with the prevalence of divorce. One can well believe, indeed, that the "emancipated" woman should be restive in matrimony. The jealous vindication of rights leaves insufficient time for the performance of duties. And divorce must appeal strongly to those ardent spirits who have been "emancipated" to the point of thinking that housework is degrading serfdom, and maternity the most deplorable accident that can befall an innocent woman. Far be it from me to suggest that any but a small minority of married women in the United States are either "spoiled" daughters, or have reached this high degree of emancipation. But it is this minority which in part accounts for the divorces. There are millions of American wives capable, industrious, sober minded, for whom divorce has merely a speculative interest.

Lastly, among the causes of divorce must surely be counted the widespread extravagance both of husbands and wives, which keeps the family under continual pressure. In how many households has not the perpetual irritation and strain of making both ends meet culminated in a settled dissatisfaction with the married life which finds its expression in divorce?

Is the prevalence of divorce altogether an evil? On this fundamental question there is a wide divergence of opinion. An unhappy marriage is a state so wretched that only the strongest grounds, religious, ethical or social, can justify holding the parties together against their will.

Point de milieu: l'hymen et ses liens
Sont les plus grands ou de maux ou de biens.

Where there are no children the question is to some extent simplified. So far as statistics are available, it would seem that in about three out of five of the divorces there are no children. The present state of things is viewed by different observers with very different eyes. Mr. Walter George Smith of Philadelphia, the President of the Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, expresses the view of many thoughtful Americans when he says, "if not checked, the tendency towards a freer and freer system of divorce must result in the destruction of the family, upon which, it is a truism to say, the state has been built."

On the other hand, many writers of the younger school, such as Professor Lichtenberger, see no ground for alarm. Increased divorce, like increasing insanity and crime, is a part of the movement. Some social wreckage must strew the path of progress. "The increase of divorces on the application of women," he says, "does not at all indicate that family conditions are worse than they were forty years ago. On the contrary, it indicates the growth of a healthy moral sentiment. With the acquisition of new rights and immunities, women have chosen to exercise them to obtain relief from abuses to which they were formerly indifferent, or from which they could not formerly escape, and the divorce rate to that extent becomes the index to the growing freedom, intelligence, and morality of American women." (p. 188.)

An optimism so robust compels admiration. But does Professor Lichtenberger reckon with our poor human nature? Is it safe to allow two young people to enter upon marriage with the knowledge that, if they change their minds, there will be no great difficulty in being off with the old love and perhaps on with the new? Under the old régime many of the marriages which in the long run turned out the happiest were not without their seasons of storm and stress. If an easy way out had been practicable it might have been taken. The knowledge that the union was permanent and that the common life must be made at least tolerable, was a great restraint on self-will and bad temper. It is all very well

to say that " coercion whether on the part of Church or State, which compels one person to live with another person of the opposite sex in repugnant, conjugal relations does violence to all the higher ethical instincts of the soul." (p. 199.) But it implies no little naïveté, taking men and women as they are and not as they ought to be, to expect conjugal constancy without some such coercion. If a love which is not free as air is harmful to the soul, it would seem to be almost a duty on the part of married persons to give way to their passing fancies for others.

Of the facts which emerge in this controversy none is to me more puzzling than to find among women the most impassioned advocate of marriage dissoluble at will. Students of the history of marriage are well aware that, among many peoples and at many periods of the world's history, marriages have been free enough, but it has generally been supposed that the position of women was inferior then to what it is now. It is strange indeed to find women looking back to these times as the golden age in the history of the sex.

We gratefully acknowledge that to these strange beings we owe most of the savour of living. But the secret of their mental processes continues to elude us. To us it would seem that the transition from promiscuity, through polygamy, to monogamy indicated a steady progress in the recognition of the independent rights of woman. And yet, all around us we find women whose intelligence we respect, who want to put back the hands of the clock.

Nobody disputes the fact that permanent monogamy has many risks, but, on the whole, does it not offer to women the best chance to secure happiness? Is not any legal relaxation of the bond a step back to a lower state of society? The gifts and talents of most women, when all is said, form but a scanty equipment for any profession except that of a wife. If by nature, training, and temperament they are adapted for this occupation at twenty: if they have spent ten or twenty years in its active practice, to what new career can they turn with any prospects of success? The wife who has freed her-

self from one marriage may marry again, but in this career the advantages of age and experience are not overwhelming, and if she has to discover a way of earning her livelihood she has a hard struggle before her. Her youth is gone; she has, in all probability, no special knowledge of a kind which can be turned to pecuniary account, and she has to compete with her sisters who have not consumed the best years of their lives in wedlock.

Uncounted ages have gone to make man recognize legalized monogamy as the key-stone of the arch on which our society is built, and we are now gravely advised, on the highest ethical grounds, to go back to the simple manners of the savage.

If people were all high-minded and reasonable, "free" marriages might indicate a higher state of morals than exists to-day. But the race has far to travel before this has been achieved. For my part, I am not sorry that Canada still clings to more conservative ideas. It may be as well to see how the new theories work out elsewhere.

F. P. WALTON

POLITICAL PARTIES IN GERMANY

IT is never an easy task to discuss adequately in an article written for a foreign periodical any particular aspect of the social or political life of a nation. The sphere of what is commonly understood now-a-days under the term "political" is tolerably well defined and circumscribed; but the individual happenings within this sphere repose, for their complete understanding, on a comprehensive knowledge of the various branches of national activity. "Politics" is so intimately bound up with this larger unity that any attempt to isolate it is foredoomed to produce nothing but fragmentary and unsatisfactory results. Moreover, the state of affairs which we find existing in our own day is the product of the past, and its explanation is within a sealed book for all those unacquainted with the history of the past. A knowledge of the history, as well as of the literature of Germany, is, therefore, indispensable before anyone is qualified to express an opinion on its political parties. Many phenomena which at first appear to us strange, are seen, in this wider aspect, to correspond to peculiarities of the German genius or to be the necessary evolution of earlier social and political conditions of the country—that is to say, in either case they are seen to be not exceptional but perfectly intelligible. Many of the demands of the landed aristocracy seem, at first sight, preposterous; but a glance at rural conditions and land legislation prevailing as late as the middle of the nineteenth century, although it does not compel us to excuse the arrogance these demands involve, at least enables those who have reflected on the power of tradition to understand how natural they are. Again, we are at first astounded at the anti-national cosmopolitanism of social democracy in Germany; in other countries this objectionable feature is far less evident. Let us hear, however, what Fichte has to say about patriotism : "Let

them, those earth-born souls who recognize their fatherland in the clod, the river, and the mountain, remain citizens of the sunken state; they preserve what they desired and what makes them happy; but the mind that feels its kinship with the sun will be irresistibly attracted to where is light and justice. In this sentiment of cosmopolitanism we may entirely console ourselves concerning the destinies of nations, both we and our posterity, till the end of time." It is true that Fichte later abjured this anti-national attitude; but his words, above quoted, represent a wide-spread feeling in his time and a frame of mind which may be called eminently German. A further explanation of this particular feature of socialism may be found in the fact that those who gave to the movement its peculiar bent were compelled to live as exiles in foreign lands; under such circumstances their doctrines can scarcely be expected to have a strong patriotic bias, and the present German Emperor's designation of socialists as *vaterlandslose Gesellen* is not altogether inappropriate. Further, who can fail to see in the attachment of this party to its "principles"—the word occurs over and over again in every party discussion—the same national characteristic as makes of nearly every great German author a theoretician?

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely to show that it is not chance that rules the sphere of politics and that the law of evolution has operated here as relentlessly as elsewhere. But I must content myself with the accomplishment of a far easier task than the genetic explanation of all the political phenomena of Germany; I shall, in the sequel, limit myself to a simple consideration of political parties, as if these could live and move and have their being in a world of their own, outside of which is empty space.

The heading "Political Parties in Germany" is somewhat ambitious and may be misleading. The terminus "Germany" denotes a confederation of twenty-six states, each of which is in certain respects independent, and many of which manage their internal affairs by means of Parliaments of their own. It is not my intention to deal with the parties

in these provincial Parliaments; their character varies greatly according to their geographical situation, and their inclusion in a short article would only obscure the salient features, which are the only ones that concern us here. I shall also leave out of account the Federal Council, which although now of smaller importance, still possesses its peculiar functions, and must be accounted an instrument of government. The assembly that alone interests us here is the German Imperial Parliament, the Reichstag. We have thus to consider only the period from 1871, when the first Reichstag met, to the present time. In reality, real political party feeling can hardly be said to be much older than the existence of the Reichstag. It is true that Bavaria had its provincial Parliament in 1818; and Würtemberg in 1820; but up to the revolutionary year of 1848, which aroused in the masses a certain amount of political animation, the system of government was patriarchal to an almost incomprehensible degree. Can we imagine the following words to have been pronounced by a British monarch towards the middle of last century? "I feel myself constrained to make the solemn declaration that no power on earth shall ever succeed in moving me to transform the natural relation between prince and people—a relation which, by reason of its intrinsic truth, is such a tower of strength—into a conventional, constitutional relation; and that I shall never concede that between God in Heaven and this land a written sheet of paper shall intervene, like a secondary Providence, to govern us with its paragraphs and to replace the ancient and sacred fidelity." They were pronounced, nevertheless, by Friedrich Wilhelm IV of Prussia on the occasion of his summoning a special Parliament in 1847. Compare with these words the following utterance of the present Kaiser in Königsberg on August 26 of this year: "And so shall I follow the path these mighty dead [referring to his ancestors] have trodden, just as my grandfather has done. Considering myself the instrument of Heaven, disregarding the views and opinions of the day, I shall go my way, mindful only of the welfare and peaceful development

of our country." For long after this date the apathy of the masses towards things political was the despair of those whose dream was even then a strong, united Germany. The period of reaction following the revolutions of 1848 and 1849 only intensified this apathy. The advent to the regency in 1858 of him who was destined subsequently to become the first Kaiser, marks the beginning of greater keenness; the rapid succession of Prussian victories up to 1866, with the consequent creation of the North German Federation, prevented it from flagging; and the foundation of the German Empire in 1871 is a guarantee of its perpetuity. This absence of long tradition is an important factor when we come to seek for the causes of the defective political education in Germany, which have been so frequently commented upon both by natives and foreigners.

When we approach the consideration of parties in the Reichstag, we are immediately confronted with a situation strange and perplexing to one whose notions of political parties have received their peculiar bias from a comparatively exclusive acquaintance with the political history of England and her colonies—I refer to the bewildering multiplicity of factions. We have been accustomed to accept, without questioning, the principle that " every child that is born into this world alive is either a little Liberal or else a little Conservative." There is no such simplicity of division in a German Parliament; in the present Reichstag there are no less than eight distinct factions; and even this abundant selection is not sufficient to comprise all the members; there are still a few independents who belong to no party at all. We have the factions forming the Right, those forming the Centre, and those forming the Left. The Right (Conservative) comprises: (1) German Conservatives, (2) Imperial Conservatives and (3) Anti-Semites plus Farmers' League. The Centre comprises: (1) the Centre proper and (2) Poles, Alsatians, Guelphs (Hanover) and the Bavarian Farmers' League. The Left comprises: (1) National Liberals, (2) Progressives. The Social Democracy are extreme Left; as we shall see presently, they cannot be regarded as a parliamentary party so long as

Parliament means what it means at present. The German Conservatives were the old Prussian Conservatives; they were somewhat slow in recognizing the fact of the Empire; they did not at first extend a cordial welcome to the new members from the South; they had a shrewd suspicion that the South was haunted by spirits of Liberalism, and uncanny ideas imported from France. The Imperial Conservatives contain the more moderate elements in the party; they early admitted the fact of the Empire; their tendencies are less chauvinist than those of the German Conservatives. The Anti-Semites and Farmers' League are of more recent date; they first attained importance in the early nineties. We understand the adherence of the Anti-Semites to the Conservatives, if we consider that the Jews are essentially a commercial class, and, as such, belong naturally to the Liberals; the Anti-Semites would just as naturally be Conservative. The Poles, Alsatians, Guelphs, and Bavarian Farmers' League have, as the names sufficiently indicate, particularist and provincial interests to represent; their denominational character determines their adherence to the Centre. The National Liberals come nearest the Conservatives; they were the most important party when the various states had to be welded together to form a nation; it was among Liberals that the idea of a unified German nation originated; they elaborated, long before 1870, the constitution which, with their assistance, was adopted by Bismarck, with but few modifications. The Progressives represent what comes nearest to the English conception of Liberalism—in the Reichstag they are verging on the Social Democrats.

It would be easy to find a certain justification for this detailed subdivision of parties in the nature of the political conviction of the individual citizen. One might say that a consistent dualism reflects a very crude and primitive conception of the human intellect, involving, as it does, a simple yea or nay to most intricate questions which do not admit of this easy solution. It might be argued, and it has indeed been argued, that the complexity of division does greater

justice to the discussion of complex problems. These arguments might easily be refuted by sane reasoning; they are best answered, however, by the actual conduct of debate in the British Parliament, or rather are shown to be half-truths. On the other hand, the history of the Reichstag reveals great disadvantages attendant on this system. The most obvious is probably the opportunity it affords of playing off one party against another, and thus, by a dexterous manipulation of parties, of perpetuating the supreme control of an absolute authority, centred in one individual, or in an autocratically appointed government. The number of possible permutations and combinations among the parties is very great; in practice only few combinations have been effected, but sufficient to assist greatly the imperial chancellor—even if the clauses limiting the constitutional nature of government did not exist—to eliminate all effective parliamentary control. A glance at the various blocks by means of which Bismarck carried on the work of government will suffice to show this. As I have indicated, the Liberals were the strongest party in the years immediately following the creation of the Empire; this was the party of intellect, and intellect was necessary to the formulation and adoption of the fundamental principles of the constitution; intellect was necessary to determine the relation between Church and State. That was the time when such questions were being debated; that was the time when free trade was generally accepted by all except the more extreme Conservatives. Later, Bismarck changed his policy. He had established the Empire on a solid basis; the debates on questions of broad principles were ended; he had exchanged his free-trade convictions against a policy of protection. His old allies refused to follow him; government by means of Liberals thus became impossible. His next step was to make friends with his ancient foes, the Roman Catholics, and to contrive a union between Centre and Conservative, since neither party had an absolute majority when taken by itself. By means of this block, he was able to carry his policy of protective tariffs. It may be remarked, *en passant*, that the

grouping of parties effected by Bismarck—Right + Centre versus Left—has been the predominant form for the past quarter of a century; and it appears to possess sufficient vitality to weather a few more storms. A temporary breach was made by Bülow in 1906, when he united the moderate elements of Right and Left, eliminating the Centre. This block was terminated, as will be remembered, last year, when a section of the Conservatives rejected the Finance-Reform measures proposed by the chancellor.

Just as parliamentary control is greatly impaired by the power this multi-party system places in the hands of the chancellor and the government—members of which, by the way, are, in Germany, not responsible to Parliament—in the same way it is further nullified by the fact that the key to most situations is placed in the hands of a party whose principles, or lack of principles, permit it to turn Right or Left as occasion commands. In the Reichstag this favoured position is occupied by the Centre. Disregarding for a moment the subdivisions of the two natural groups, and considering them as entities, the last general election giving an absolute majority to any group was that of 1874, when the Liberals occupied altogether 202 seats, three more than a bare majority. The Conservatives have never had an absolute majority; nor has the Centre; neither, in fact, has ever had a third of the total number of seats. Yet the whole of the legislation since the middle of the seventies has been Conservative-Clerical; and within these two parties the decision has usually rested with the Centre, because the latter could at any moment threaten to abandon the Right and join with the Left. Such a situation is surely not conducive to parliamentary control, when majorities have to be obtained by these devices. The difficulties the Reichstag has had to encounter in the past, be it said by the way, might serve as a warning to those who would consent to take the assistance of the Nationalists to further probable legislation in the next Conservative government in Britain. A consideration of the parties in the Reichstag, from the point of view of their multiplicity, forces

one to the conclusion that a duality such as maintains in the British Parliament is far superior to any plurality.

When we proceed in our examination of political parties in Germany, taking them in other aspects than that dealt with above, we find further flaws of even greater magnitude and of more sinister influence than those already indicated. When we read in German newspapers of the tactics employed on various sides in electoral campaigns, we cannot help deploring the effect protection has had upon the political life of the nation. It is not my business here either to advocate or condemn the policy of free trade or of protection. I am not speaking of these opposite policies in their economic aspect, nor do I wish to assert that the influence of protection must necessarily be so pernicious, even politically, as it has been in Germany, and that more judicious legislation might not have averted much of the evil. I simply wish to state, and one can do so without fear of contradiction, that in the particular case of Germany, protection as a policy has, in very large measure, contributed to the destruction of a party life based upon the broad principles of consideration for the national welfare, and has substituted for it a party life based upon the conflicts of interests among groups of individuals. Not a single party in the Reichstag at the present time stands in immediate relation to its particular section of the electorate; there are intermediary organizations to assist in every case, and these organizations, with the exception of the Centre, of which I shall speak directly, are based exclusively on a community of interests. The Farmers' League and the Bavarian Farmers' League agitate for the protection of agricultural interests and prevent, as far as possible, the election of any Liberal candidate. It is not necessary to give a detailed account of their electoral tactics; I may simply state that this summer several cases have come to my notice in which individuals, suspected of voting Liberal, suffered severe financial loss owing to a rigorous boycott having been proclaimed against them by the local branches of the agricultural organizations. The many organizations standing between the

Socialist electorate and its representatives in the Reichstag are not peculiar to Germany; we can assume that everybody is acquainted with them. Until last year the Liberals had stood in an exceptional position in this respect; now they have their Hansabund, originating as an organized opposition to the Farmers' League, and entering at once on its activity as the auxiliary of the industrial classes. We have, in this way, a system of class representation of the worst kind—the distinction is not between opulence and poverty, nor between intellect and stupidity, as manifested in an enlightened desire to advance, or on the other hand a nervous hesitation to try any new experiment—each class belongs to that party which advocates its own peculiar interests in Parliament. Agriculturalists are, almost without exception, Conservative, since the main item in the Conservative programme is the protection of the national agriculture by means of high import duties on all the produce of the soil. Those whose interests demand high prices of manufactured articles, are, as a matter of course, Liberal. And lastly, the working classes, who do not sell but have everything to buy, and who are, at least immediately, interested in cheapness all round, belong to that party which agitates for the removal of import duties, particularly on articles of food.

There are two parties in the Reichstag which possess for us a special interest, since Parliaments in English-speaking countries have nothing similar to show; and because the one has had an influential past, the other has a future of unlimited possibilities—I refer to the Centre and the Social Democrats, and I shall speak of each of these parties at some length.

We have just seen that the termini Conservative, Liberal and Socialist have come to possess a purely economic connotation—the Centre alone is free from this reproach. It includes members, who, but for the special consideration which determines their adherence to the Centre, might belong to any one of the other groups. In the electorate of this faction the aristocrat votes side by side with the farm-labourer, the industrial capitalist side by side with the meanest artisan.

From the German point of view the Centre thus reveals the spectacle of a Parliament within a Parliament; Conservative, Liberal, Socialist, all are there. Questions coming up for discussion have to undergo, within the Centre, the same criticism, and be thrashed out in the same way as in full Parliament, before the leaders of the faction express themselves at all in the Reichstag. Not economic interests but creed decides who shall belong here. The leaders of the Centre are vigorous in protesting against the designation "sectarian" —it requires all the dexterous dialectic of a Jesuit to give their protest any reality. The fact remains that, by its origin, by its present constitution, and by its policy, the Centre is a Roman Catholic party. (1) As is well known, it issued as a compact body from the struggle Bismarck undertook in order to curb the power of Roman Catholicism in Germany; it was composed of the old Prussian Roman Catholics to which were added the Roman Catholics of the South German States, Bavaria, Würtemberg and Baden. The ultramontane representatives of other essentially Roman Catholic districts, like Poland, Alsatia and Lorraine, do not formally belong to the Centre, but usually vote along with it. (2) It represents seven-ninths of the Roman Catholic population of Germany; the other two-ninths are divided among the various groups, Socialism claiming a large number. (3) And lastly, as far as its policy is concerned, this has always aimed at extorting concessions in the interests of Roman Catholicism. The Centre press has supported the agitation against Germany in Poland, in Alsatia, and in Lorraine. It is impossible to regard it as anything but the agent of a foreign power—the Papacy—a foreign power which in 1870 was acting in collusion with France to prevent the unification of Germany under the hegemony of Prussia; which, in 1875, in an Encyclical addressed to the whole Roman Catholic world pronounced the Prussian ecclesiastical legislation invalid and which in another Encyclical issued this year calumniated Protestant princes and people in Germany in the most opprobrious terms—accusing of immorality men whose names are held by the enlightened of

every nation in highest reverence, the Reformers such as Luther, Melanchthon, etc.

The Centre is the party whose numbers fluctuate least; the last five general elections have given 106, 96, 102, 100, 104, as totals of Centre members. The constancy of this faction is somewhat analogous to the constancy of the tremendous organization it supports—the Roman Catholic Church—and springs from a like source. An outsider finds it hard to comprehend the incessant canvassing done by the priesthood on behalf of their political representatives; the powers of earth and heaven and hell are summoned to assist. Not only do the churches re-echo glowing eulogies of Roman Catholic candidates and violent diatribes against their Protestant adversaries, but also the activity of priests in their house to house visitations is continually directed to the same ends. High taxation causes considerable readjustment among the Protestant groups; it leaves the Centre unmoved. A wave of military enthusiasm invigorates the Right and enervates the Left; the Centre can regard these operations with the complacency of a disinterested onlooker. While the other groups are perpetually struggling amongst themselves to annex this or that constituency, the Centre can survey its dominions, and with the assurance of a Polycrates, say: "Behold, these are my subjects!"

The most useful contributions of the Centre to political life in Germany are, in the first place, its creating, by its own propaganda, an interest in politics among classes of the population which otherwise would have remained indifferent to this side of national activity; in the long run it may find, like the magician's apprentice, that it has in this way conjured up spirits which it cannot lay; the ultimate issue of the interest it has created may be far different from that anticipated. In the second place, its greatest usefulness lies in its social legislation. In this it has gone along, in the main, with the Conservatives. The conception of the functions of the state by these two parties is, on many essential points, identical. In both cases it is somewhat patriarchal, and the

legislation proceeding from the convictions of both is a kind of state socialism, with the difference that Conservatism would make this state socialism more bureaucratic, whilst the Centre inclines more to democracy; the latter, too, is far less tainted with the chauvinistic principles that form the worst feature of the ultra-Conservatives, descendants of the Prussian Junker.

We will now consider the extreme wing of the Left—the Social Democrats. In the Reichstag this is a purely revolutionary party; no Socialist member will consent to positive co-operation in the work of government. In the provincial Parliaments of the South German States a distinct relaxation of party discipline has been noticeable in recent years; and in Baden the parties on the Left have combined, and the Socialists have voted supply along with the Liberals. The party at large has pronounced its anathema on this action of its southern allies in terms confined to proletariat organs. The question has been discussed whether these revisionists shall continue to be regarded as members of the party, or whether it is not better to sacrifice them in order to present a united front; it stands among the agenda for the forthcoming party conference in Magdeburg, this September. This and similar phenomena in the Parliaments of Würtemberg, Bavaria and Hessen may be only of transitory significance; but it is the opinion of many impartial and shrewd observers of the political situation that there is a growing disposition to abandon somewhat of the rigour of principle which has hitherto regulated party action. Men like Bebel, who have grown old in the old ideas, still rule in the North; let these once die out, the succeeding generation will probably be less unreasonable. Meanwhile, a most unscrupulous agitation is being carried on everywhere among the proletariat; effusions of the most diaphanous sophistry fill the columns of Socialist newspapers; distortions of facts prejudice all sane reasoning; detailed and crudely worded descriptions of immorality among the wealthier and more leisured classes are calculated to foster the idea that virtue exists nowhere but in a workman's cottage and also generate a morbid curiosity in illiterate minds. One of

their most cherished principles is that materialism is the only justified view of life; whatever is noble and beautiful and serves to embellish existence is ridiculed—their bark is here worse than their bite; their adoration for the martyrs to their own cause is a pleasant refutation of their own principles in this respect. Nevertheless, the preaching of such doctrines spreads most ominous discontent among those who are dependent for their ideas on such perversions. Another view which is always being impressed on the proletariat is that it forms the only class in the community whose existence is justified; this and the preceding principle condition each other mutually. Thirdly, we have it constantly dinned into our ears that the interests of the proletariat in every country are identical. From these three fundamental tenets we can deduce the formulation of their particular maxims; the construction of their party programme, and their tactics in the Reichstag. They refuse positive co-operation in the work of government, because government is based upon the assumption of class distinction; only in legislation directly affecting the working class do they occasionally abandon their attitude of negation—frequently, even here, they abstain from voting, because the working class is regarded as only one class among many. Their cosmopolitanism is the logical outcome of their views concerning the identity of interests among the proletariat of every nation, and this dictates their policy in military and naval matters. They clamour for an understanding with England regarding naval armaments, their ideal being the abolition of the fleet. In regard to the land army, they are less consistent, or rather more reasonable; they demand a militia after the style of the Swiss militia.

A distinctively Socialist movement in Germany is of more recent date than in other countries of Europe, particularly in France—many of the fundamental ideas of Lassalle, Marx, and Engels were derived from French and English writers, and the intelligence of the power of proletariat organizations is essentially English. Sporadic attempts to establish a better order of things by revolutionary methods

have occurred in Germany, but on the whole Socialism has gone the way of peace. From its inception, it has possessed excellent political organizations, recognizing that it must direct its efforts towards capturing political power, and recognizing that it could not hope to gain economic power until later. Thus Bebel in 1891, in Erfurt, said: "We are not in a position to set up the sovereignty of the working class on the basis of economic power; we must resort to the opposite means. In the first instance we must gain the political power and utilize this in order to attain the economic power by means of the expropriation of the propertied classes. When once political power is in our hands, the rest will follow as a matter of course." Towards this end the efforts of Socialism have been directed with remarkable constancy, and this explains largely why such virulent agitation has been so free from physical violence. The career of the party has been one of steady and persistent growth. In the first Reichstag of 1871, it had only one deputy; three years later it had nine—and with only temporary declines it increased to 81 in 1903. The elections of 1907 saw a tremendous fall; only 43 Socialist members were returned—the decrease being due to the nature of the issues in that year, the carrying on of the war in German Africa. These *Hottentottenwahlen*, as Socialists call them, are thus a poor indication of the strength of the party.

It is interesting to speculate what will be the probable issue of the next general elections. To have any solid basis for our forecast we must be acquainted with a few more facts about the composition of the Reichstag. The basis for framing constituencies was the census of 1867. At first the Parliament of the North German Federation was formed in 1868; one deputy was chosen for each 100,000 of the population—constituencies were formed on this numerical basis. This gave a total of 297 deputies. On the formation of the Empire, the Parliament of the North German Federation was increased by a hundred members, chosen to represent the South German States of the newly acquired provinces of Alsatia and Lorraine. This produced a total of 397; and this number has not been

added to since 1871. Provision was made for increasing the membership of the Reichstag with the increase in population of the Empire; but no use has been made of this provision. The constituencies as defined in the North in 1868 and in the South in 1871 remain as at first; but since that date the character of the population has entirely changed—from being essentially agricultural, as in 1867, it has become essentially industrial. The population of the country districts has not varied greatly: but urban districts have now, in many cases, three and four times the number of inhabitants they had 40 years ago. Rural constituencies will have, therefore, approximately the same or only slightly more voters than in 1867; borough constituencies, on the other hand, have sometimes five or six times their original number. This implies that agricultural interests at present receive an undue representation in Parliament, as compared with the interests of industrial and commercial classes. From what I have said above, one may at once infer that this implies an undue proportion of Conservatives in the Reichstag. Now those who have voted Conservative in the past, will probably vote Conservative also in the future; to transform a Conservative into a Liberal constituency is therefore no easy matter. At the present time, however, many National Liberal members advocate high duties on produce of agriculture, especially if their constituency is fairly equally divided between agriculture and industry; so that a number of smaller land-holders will vote National Liberal if they find the screw imposed by the Conservative clerical block presses too severely.

It is certain that discontent is rife in Germany at present; this discontent is largely the product of high prices, especially on articles of food; and these high prices are largely the result of the financial legislation of the present block. The Socialist and Left-Liberal organs never weary of comparing prices in England and Germany, and this comparison is indeed calculated to cause dissatisfaction. Meat is in Berlin over 30% dearer than in London; bread and flour are, if anything worse, although here the comparison is more difficult on account of the different qualities consumed; clothes are 25%

dearer in Germany than in England; house rents are higher. While the cost of the prime necessaries of life is higher, wages are lower and hours of work are longer. This comparison neglects the fact that Germany always was inferior to England in the standard of comfort, looked at from this point of view; of course, prices were once lower in Germany than in England; but then wages were lower; and if we compare the relation between cost of living and wages in times past and now, we get a different result. The Socialist party will certainly make many gains, because their organs place only the black side of the situation to men's view; these gains will be made mostly at the expense of Liberalism. If nothing unforeseen occurs to prejudice Socialist agitation between now and the next general elections, we may expect to see approximately 100 Social-Democrats in the Reichstag—perhaps even 110. The Centre will remain about as it stands; the Conservatives may be expected to lose 25 to 30 seats. The Socialists and the Centre will thus, if combined, have an absolute majority; and there is a decided possibility of their combining. Such an eventuality would place the government in an akward position, and no one can foretell what change that might introduce into German policy. Although this possibility exists, it is not a probability. The Centre would be very untrue to its professions if it consented to work with a party whose materialist ideal is so opposed to Christianity; the Socialists would be equally inconsistent if they united with a party recognizing the absolute authority of one individual. Centre + Conservative will have, as before, an absolute majority, and will probably continue their present policy; paying perhaps a little more attention to suggestions received from the Left than they have done in the past.

To show at a glance the vicissitudes of parties in the Reichstag from its beginning to the last general elections, I shall reproduce two tables drawn up by Friedrich Naumann, member of the Reichstag, from whose works on politics I have received several suggestions in writing this article. The first table shows the number of representatives of each party; the second gives, in thousands, the numbers of electors.

TABLE I.

	German Conservatives	Imperial Party (Free Conservatives)	Anti-Semites and Farmers' League	Centre	Poles, Alsatians, Guelphs, Bavarian Farmers' League	National Liberals	Left Liberals	Social-Democrats	Members of no party
1871	54	38	..	58	21	150	47	1	28
1874	21	33	..	91	33	152	50	9	8
1877	40	38	..	93	28	127	48	12	11
1878	59	56	..	93	35	98	34	9	13
1881	50	28	..	98	43	45	114	12	7
1884	78	28	..	99	42	50	74	24	2
1887	80	41	1	98	32	99	32	11	3
1890	73	20	5	106	37	42	76	35	3
1893	72	28	16	96	37	53	48	44	3
1898	56	23	24	102	33	47	50	56	6
1903	52	20	18	100	31	50	36	81	9
1907	60	25	27	104	28	56	50	43	4

TABLE 2.

The last column gives the percentage of the total electorate abstaining from election. The decrease in the percentage of abstainers shows the increasing interest in politics, of which I have spoken. Note the enormous superiority in numbers possessed by the Social Democrats over the electors of any other party.

	German Conservatives	Imperial Party (Free Conservatives)	Anti-Semites and Farmers' League	Centre	Poles, Alsatians, Guelphs, Bavarian Farmers' League	National Liberals	Left Liberals	Social-Democrats	Abstainers from election
1871	536	347	..	718	278	1479	399	102	49
1874	353	391	..	1439	471	1492	497	352	38.7
1877	523	424	..	1344	451	1446	448	493	39.4
1878	742	790	..	1317	353	1296	457	424	36.6
1881	812	382	..	1477	434	614	1200	312	43.7
1884	861	388	..	1282	465	997	1112	550	39.4
1887	1147	736	12	1516	566	1678	1062	763	22.5
1890	895	482	48	1342	460	1178	1308	1427	28.4
1893	1038	438	335	1469	446	997	1092	1787	27.8
1898	859	344	535	1455	460	971	863	2107	31.9
1903	914	371	476	1876	541	1325	874	3011	23.9
1907	1069	481	500	2145	745	1716	1311	3259	15.3

E. W. PATCHETT

TO HORACE

Horace ! poet of my boyhood,
Poet of my manhood's years;
Master—for each mood and moment—
Of the song that charms or cheers,
As when in the parched summer
Some Bandusian fountain greets the ears.

Monumental brass may perish,
Pyramids may pass away,
With the years' unnumber'd progress
Slowly changing to decay:
Thou endurest, and enduring
Growest still to more than regal sway.

In thy brief melodious numbers
All the Italian landscape glows;
Tivoli's enchanted precincts,
Old Soracte's shining snows,
While through broad and peaceful meadows
Liris with his stilly waters flows.

Thine the Sapphic's silvern sweetness,
Soft as tinklings from the fold:
But a more majestic music
From Alcæan stanzas rolled,
Like a golden harp, repeateth
Words whose worth is more desired than gold.

Thine the voice whose clarion accents
Taught the patriot how to die;
Thine the magic gift to utter
Friendship's most pathetic cry:
When was everlasting slumber
Soothed by such a mournful lullaby?

Lo! I see a glorious legion
Blazon time's unending scroll:
Cato the undaunted, Paulus,
Lavish of his mighty soul:
Each a great and steadfast Roman,
Each a part of one heroic whole.

Hark! I hear the voice of Honour
Sounding like a trumpet call:
Who is this that at her bidding
Dares the foreign foeman's thrall?
Regulus, the soldier-martyr,
He, the embodied spirit of them all.

Like a fire amidst the pine woods,
Honest toil and noble rage,
Scorn of wealth and love of duty
Flash and glow through every page;
May each coming generation
Learn, and spread thy light from age to age.

Horace! poet of my childhood,
Poet of my latest day,
From the far Canadian highlands
I would here, adoring, lay
One poor wreath of fading maple
On a shrine that never can decay.

R. E. Macnaghten

THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP SEA

THE DEVIL is passing out of fashion. After a long and honourable career he has fallen into an ungrateful oblivion. His existence has become shadowy, his outline attenuated, and his personality displeasing to a complacent generation. So he stands now leaning on the handle of his three-pronged oyster fork and looking into the ashes of his smothered fire. Theology will have none of him. Genial clergy of ample girth, stuffed with the buttered toast of a rectory tea, are preaching him out of existence. The fires of his material hell are replaced by the steam heat of moral torture. This even the most sensitive of sinners faces with equanimity. So the Devil's old dwelling is dismantled and stands by the roadside with a sign-board bearing the legend, "Museum of Moral Torment, These Premises to Let." In front of it, in place of the dancing imp of earlier ages, is a poor make-believe thing, a jack-o-lantern on a stick, with a turnip head and candle eyes, labelled "Demon of Moral Repentance, Guaranteed Worse than Actual Fire." The poor thing grins in its very harmlessness

Now that the Devil is passing away an unappreciative generation fails to realize the high social function that he once performed. There he stood for ages a simple and workable basis of human morality; an admirable first-hand reason for being good, which needed no ulterior explanation. The rude peasant of the Middle Ages, the illiterate artisan of the shop, and the long-haired hind of the fields, had no need to speculate upon the problem of existence and the tangled skein of moral enquiry. The Devil took all that off their hands. He had either to "be good" or else he "got the fork," just as in our time the unsuccessful comedian of amateur night in the vaudeville houses "gets the hook." Humanity, with the Devil to prod it from behind, moved

steadily upwards on the path of moral development. Then having attained a certain elevation, it turned upon its tracks, denied that there had been any Devil, rubbed itself for a moment by way of investigation, said that there had been no prodding, and then fell to wandering about on the hill-tops without any fixed idea of goal or direction.

In other words, with the disappearance of the Devil there still remains unsolved the problem of conduct, and behind it the riddle of the universe. How are we getting along without the Devil? How are we managing to be good without the fork? What is happening to our conception of goodness itself?

To begin with, let me disclaim any intention of writing of morality from the point of view of the technical, or professional, moral philosopher. Such a person would settle the whole question by a few references to pragmatism, transcendentalism, and esoteric synthesis,—leaving his auditors angry but unable to retaliate. This attitude, I am happy to say, I am quite unable to adopt. I do not know what pragmatism is, and I do not care. I know the word transcendental only in connexion with advertisements for "gents furnishings." If Kant, or Schopenhauer, or Anheuser Busch have already settled these questions, I cannot help it.

In any case, it is my opinion that now-a-days we are overridden in the specialties, each in his own department of learning, with his tags, and label, and his pigeon-hole category of proper names, precluding all discussion by ordinary people. No man may speak fittingly of the soul without spending at least six weeks in a theological college; morality is the province of the moral philosopher who is prepared to pelt the intruder back over the fence with a shower of German commentaries. Ignorance, in its wooden shoes, shuffles around the portico of the temple of learning, stumbling among the litter of terminology. The broad field of human wisdom has been cut into a multitude of little professorial rabbit warrens. In each of these a specialist burrows deep, scratching out a shower of terminology, head down in an

unlovely attitude which places an interlocutor at a grotesque conversational disadvantage.

May I digress a minute to show what I mean by the inconvenience of modern learning? This happened at a summer boarding house where I spent a portion of the season of rest, in company with a certain number of ordinary, ignorant people like myself. We got on well together. In the evenings on the verandah we talked of nature and of its beauties, of the stars and why they were so far away,—we didn't know their names, thank God,—and such like simple topics of conversation.

Sometimes under the influence of a double-shotted sentimentalism sprung from huckleberry pie and doughnuts, we even spoke of the larger issues of life, and exchanged opinions on immortality. We used no technical terms. We knew none. The talk was harmless and happy. Then there came among us a faded man in a coat that had been black before it turned green, who was a Ph.D. of Oberlin College. The first night he sat on the verandah, somebody said how beautiful the sunset was. Then the man from Oberlin spoke up and said: "Yes, one could almost fancy it a pre-Raphaelite conception with the same chiaroscuro in the atmosphere." There was a pause. That ended all nature study for almost an hour. Later in the evening, some one who had been reading a novel said in simple language that he was sick of having the hero always come out on top. "Ah," said the man from Oberlin, "but doesn't that precisely correspond with Nitch's idea (he meant, I suppose, Nietzsche, but he pronounced it to rhyme with 'bitch') of the dominance of man over fate?" Mr. Hezekiah Smith who kept the resort looked round admiringly and said, "Aint he a *terr*?" He certainly was. While the man from Oberlin stayed with us, elevating conversation was at an end, and a self-conscious ignorance hung upon the verandah like a fog.

However, let us get back to the Devil. Let us notice in the first place that because we have kicked out the Devil

as an absurd and ridiculous superstition, unworthy of a scientific age, we have by no means eliminated the supernatural and the super-rational from the current thought of our time. I suppose there never was an age more riddled with superstition, more credulous, more drunkenly addicted to thaumaturgy than the present. The Devil in his palmiest days was nothing to it. In despite of our vaunted material common-sense, there is a perfect craving abroad for belief in something beyond the compass of the believable.

It shows itself in every age and class. Simpering Seventeen gets its fortune told on a weighing machine, and shudders with luxurious horror at the prospective villany of the Dark Man who is to cross her life. Senile Seventy gravely sits on a wooden bench at a wonder-working meeting, waiting for a gentleman in a "Tuxedo" jacket to call up the soul of Napoleon Bonaparte, and ask its opinion of Mr. Taft. Here you have a small tenement, let us say, on South Clark St., Chicago. What is it? It is the home of Nadir the Nameless, the great Hindoo astrologer. Who are in the front room? Clients waiting for a revelation of the future. Where is Nadir? He is behind a heavily draped curtain, worked with Indian serpents. By the waiting clients Nadir is understood to be in consultation with the twin fates, Isis and Osiris. In reality Nadir is frying potatoes. Presently he will come out from behind the curtain and announce that Osiris has spoken (that is, the potatoes are now finished and on the back of the stove) and that he is prepared to reveal hidden treasure at 40 cents a revelation. Marvellous, is it not, this Hindoo astrology business? And any one can be a Nadir the Nameless, who cares to stain his face blue with thimbleberry juice, wrap a red turban round his forehead, and cut the rate of revelation to 35 cents. Such is the credulity of the age which has repudiated the Devil as too difficult of belief.

We have, it is true, moved far away from the Devil; but are we after all so much better off? or do we, in respect of the future, contain within ourselves the promise of better

things. I suppose that most of us would have the general idea that there never was an age which displayed so high a standard of morality, or at least of ordinary human decency, as our own. We look back with a shudder to the blood-stained history of our ancestors; the fires of Smithfield with the poor martyr writhing about his post, frenzied and hysterical in the flames; the underground cell where the poor remnant of humanity turned its haggard face to the torch of the entering gaoler; the mad-house itself with its gibbering occupants converted into a show for the idle fools of London. We may well look back on it all and say that, at least, we are better than we were. The history of our little human race would make but sorry reading were not its every page imprinted with the fact that human ingenuity has invented no torment too great for human fortitude to bear.

In general decency—sympathy—we have undoubtedly progressed. Our courts of law have forgotten the use of the thumbkins and boot; we do not press a criminal under "weights greater than he can bear" in order to induce him to plead; nor flog to ribbands the bleeding back of the malefactor dragged at the cart's tail through the thoroughfares of a crowded city. Our public, objectionable though it is, as it fights its way to its ball games, breathes peanuts and peppermint upon the offended atmosphere, and shrieks aloud its chronic and collective hysteria, is at all events better than the leering oafs of the Elizabethan century, who put hard-boiled eggs in their pockets and sat around upon the grass waiting for the "burning" to begin.

But when we have admitted that we are better than we were as far as the *facts* of our moral conduct go, we may well ask as to the principles upon which our conduct is based. In past ages there was the authoritative moral code as a guide—thou shalt and thou shalt not—and behind it the pains, and the penalties, and the three-pronged oyster fork. Under that influence, humanity, or a large part of it, slowly and painfully acquired the moral habit. At present it goes on,

as far as its actions are concerned, with the momentum of the old beliefs.

But when we turn from the actions on the surface to the ideas underneath, we find in our time a strange confusion of beliefs out of which is presently to be made the New Morality. Let us look at some of the varied ideas manifested in the cross sections of the moral tendencies of our time.

Here we have first of all the creed and cult of self-development. It arrogates to itself the title of New Thought, but contains in reality nothing but the Old Selfishness. According to this particular outlook the goal of morality is found in fully developing one's self. Be large, says the votary of this creed, be high, be broad. He gives a shilling to a starving man, not that the man may be fed but that he himself may be a shilling-giver. He cultivates sympathy with the destitute for the sake of being sympathetic. The whole of his virtue and his creed of conduct runs to a cheap and easy egomania in which his blind passion for himself causes him to use external people and things as mere reactions upon his own personality. The immoral little toad swells itself to the bursting point in its desire to be a moral ox.

In its more ecstatic form, this creed expresses itself in a sort of general feeling of "uplift," or the desire for internal moral expansion. The votary is haunted by the idea of his own elevation. He wants to get into touch with nature, to swim in the Greater Being, "to tune himself," harmonize himself, and generally to perform on himself as on a sort of moral accordion. He gets himself somehow mixed up with natural objects, with the sadness of autumn, falls with the leaves and drips with the dew. Were it not for the complacent self-sufficiency which he induces, his refined morality might easily verge into simple idiocy. Yet, odd though it may seem, this creed of self-development struts about with its head high as one of the chief moral factors which have replaced the authoritative dogma of the older time.

The vague and hysterical desire to "uplift" one's self merely for exaltation's sake is about as effective an engine of moral progress as the effort to lift one's self in the air by a terrific hitching up of the breeches.

The same creed has its physical side. It parades the Body, with a capital B, as also a thing that must be developed; and this, not for any ulterior thing that may be effected by it but presumably as an end in itself. The Monk or the Good Man of the older day despised the body as a thing that must learn to know its betters. He spiked it down with a hair shirt to teach it the virtue of submission. He was of course very wrong and very objectionable. But one doubts if he was much worse than his modern successor who joys consciously in the operation of his pores and his glands, and the correct rhythmical contraction of his abdominal muscles, as if he constituted simply a sort of superior sewerage system.

I once knew a man called Juggins who exemplified this point of view. He used to ride a bicycle every day to train his muscles and to clear his brain. He looked at all the scenery that he passed to develop his taste for scenery. He gave to the poor to develop his sympathy with poverty. He read the Bible regularly in order to cultivate the faculty of reading the Bible, and visited picture galleries with painful assiduity in order to give himself a feeling for art. He passed through life with a strained and haunted expression waiting for clarity of intellect, greatness of soul, and a passion for art to descend upon him like a flock of doves. He is now dead. He died presumably in order to cultivate the sense of being a corpse.

No doubt, in the general scheme or purpose of things the cult of self-development and the botheration about the Body may, through the actions which it induces, be working for a good end. It plays a part, no doubt, in whatever is to be the general evolution of morality.

And there, in that very word evolution, we are brought face to face with another of the wide-spread creeds of our

day, which seek to replace the older. This one is not so much a guide to conduct as a theory, and a particularly cheap and easy one, of a general meaning and movement of morality. The person of this persuasion is willing to explain everything in terms of its having been once something else and being about to pass into something further still. Evolution, as the natural scientists know it, is a plain and straightforward matter, not so much a theory as a view of a succession of facts taken in organic relation. It assumes no purposes whatever. It is not—if I may be allowed a professor's luxury of using a word which will not be understood—in any degree teleological.

The social philosopher who adopts the evolutionary theory of morals is generally one who is quite in the dark as to the true conception of evolution itself. He understands from Darwin, Huxley, and other great writers whom he has not read, that the animals have been fashioned into their present shape by a long process of twisting, contortion, and selection, at once laborious and deserving. The giraffe lengthened its neck by conscientious stretching; the frog webbed its feet by perpetual swimming; and the bird broke out in feathers by unremitting flying. " Nature " by weeding out the short giraffe, the inadequate frog, and the top-heavy bird encouraged by selection the ones most " fit to survive." Hence the origin of species, the differentiation of organs—hence, in fact, everything.

Here, too, when the theory is taken over and mis-translated from pure science to the humanities, is found the explanation of all our social and moral growth. Each of our religious customs is like the giraffe's neck. A manifestation such as the growth of Christianity is regarded as if humanity broke out into a new social organism, in the same way as the ascending amœba breaks out into a stomach. With this view of human relations, nothing in the past is said to be either good or bad. Everything is a movement. Cannibalism is a sort of apprenticeship in meat-eating. The institution of slavery is seen as an evolutionary stage

towards free citizenship, and "Uncle Tom's" overseer is no longer a nigger-driver but a social force tending towards the survival of the Booker Washington type of negro.

With his brain saturated with the chloroform of this social dogma, the moral philosopher ceases to be able to condemn anything at all, measures all things with a centimetre scale of his little doctrine, and finds them all of the same length. Whereupon he presently desists from thought altogether, calls everything bad or good an evolution, and falls asleep with his hands folded upon his stomach murmuring "survival of the fittest."

Any body who will look at the thing candidly, will see that the evolutionary explanation of morals is meaningless, and presupposes the existence of the very thing it ought to prove. It starts from a misconception of the biological doctrine. Biology has nothing to say as to what ought to survive and what ought not to survive, it merely speaks of what does survive. The burdock easily kills the violet, and the Canadian skunk lingers where the humming-bird has died. In biology the test of fitness to survive is the fact of survival itself—nothing else. To apply this doctrine to the moral field brings out grotesque results. The successful burglar ought to be presented by society with a nickle-plated "jimmy," and the starving cripple left to die in the ditch. Everything—any phase of movement or religion—which succeeds, is right. Anything which does not is wrong. Everything which is, is right; everything which was, is right; everything which will be, is right. All we have to do is to sit still and watch it come. This is moral evolution.

On such a basis, we might expect to find, as the general outcome of the new moral code now in the making, the simple worship of success. This is exactly what is happening. The morality which the Devil with his oyster fork was commissioned to inculcate was essentially altruistic. Things were to be done for other people. The new ideas, if you combine them in a sort of moral amalgam—to develop one's self, to evolve, to measure things by their success—

weigh on the other side of the scale. So it comes about that the scale begins to turn and the new morality shows signs of exalting the old fashioned Badness in place of the discredited Goodness. Hence we find saturating our contemporary literature the new worship of the Strong Man, the easy pardon of the Unscrupulous, the Apotheosis of the Jungle, and the Deification of the Detective. Force, brute force, is what we now turn to as the moral ideal, and Mastery and Success as the sole tests of excellence. The nation cuddles its multi-millionaires, cinematographs itself silly with the pictures of its prize fighters, and even casts an eye of slantwise admiration through the bars of its penitentiaries. Beside these things the simple Good Man of the older dispensation, with his worn alpaca coat and his obvious inefficiency, is nowhere.

Truly, if we go far enough with it, the Devil may come to his own again, and more than his own, not merely as Head Stoker but as what is called an End in Himself.

I knew a little man called Bliggs. He worked in a railroad office, a simple, dusty, little man, harmless at home and out of it till he read of Napoleon and heard of the thing called a Superman. Then somebody told him of Nitch, and he read as much Nitch as he could understand. The thing went to his head. Morals were no longer for him. He used to go home from the office and be a Superman by the hour, curse if his dinner was late, and strut the length of his little home with a silly irritation which he mistook for moral enfranchisement. Presently he took to being a Superman in business hours, and the railroad dismissed him. They know nothing of Nitch in such crude places. It has often seemed to me that Bliggs typified much of the present moral movement.

Our poor Devil then is gone. We cannot have him back for the whistling. For generations, as yet unlearned in social philosophy, he played a useful part—a dual part in a way, for it was his function to illustrate at once the pleasures and the penalties of life. Merriment in the scheme

of things was his, and for those drawn too far in pleasure and merriment, retribution and the oyster fork.

I can see him before me now, his long, eager face and deep-set, brown eyes, pathetic with the failure of ages—carrying with him his pack of cards, his amber flask, and his little fiddle. Let but the door of the cottage stand open upon a winter night, and the Devil would blow in, offering his flask and fiddle, or rattling his box of dice.

So with his twin incentives of pain and pleasure he coaxed and prodded humanity on its path, till it reached the point where it repudiated him, called itself a Superman, and headed straight for the cliff over which is the deep sea. *Quo vadimus?*

STEPHEN LEACOCK

THE LOVE STORY OF MISS JANE WELSH

ONE can imagine Mrs. Carlyle's astonishment, could she, in her later years, by some prophetic glance into the future have learned that she too had won for herself a permanent place in English Literature. It is true that in her earlier days she had dreamed of literary achievement. It was this ambition that led to her intimacy with Carlyle; under his direction she for some years diligently pursued studies which were designed to be preparatory to authorship. But after marriage, she was content to subordinate her ambitions to his; the serious business of her life was to provide, as far as lay in her power, that *his* genius might find expression unhampered by cares and annoyances, to which through temperament and circumstances he was particularly exposed. But, not improbably, the feeling that she had sacrificed the possibilities of her own endowment, may have been an element in that sense of pathos which she, as time rolled on, was wont to regard her own life and destiny. And yet (could she but have known it!) she had, by her letters written without a thought of publication, won a higher place in literature than—as one may safely assume—she could have attained by any attempt in essay, fiction, or poetry such as she contemplated in her earlier days. She has certainly won fame in the sense in which she desired it: "Something that is somehow to extend my being beyond the narrow limits of time and place which fate has assigned to it;—to bring my heart into contact with hearts that Nature has cast in the same mould, and enable me to hold communion with beings formed to love me and be loved by me in return, even while I am divided from them by distance or death itself."[2]

1 The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh: Edited by Alexander Carlyle, M.A. London: John Lane, 1909.

2 Letter to T. Carlyle, Jan. 23rd, 1823.

There are no letters in the language which so uniformly maintain the interest of the reader by their vivacity, their humour, their vivid revelation of the character of the writer, and their representation of human nature in general. These letters may not reach the power and eloquence of those by Carlyle himself,—to such qualities they make no pretention; on the other hand, they are not burdened by the monotony of tone, the repetition of theme, the endless preaching, which detract from the interest as well of Carlyle's letters as of his more pretentious works.

The latest addition in print to the correspondence of Mrs. Carlyle, her letters in "The Love Letters of Thomas Carlyle and Jane Welsh," may not have all the attractions of the previously published letters written when her pen had become more facile and the world with which she mingled more varied and distinguished. But the personality revealed in these youthful utterances is more winning than that of the mature woman, who did not escape untouched by the bitterness and disillusionment of wider experience. Then, these volumes contain—what all the world loves—a love story,—and a love story with plot as complete, and situation and development as interesting as any which a writer of fiction could frame. Here we see how this uncouth son of genius, with the stamp of his peasant upbringing upon him and with his uncompromising indifference to the social graces, won the love of a fastidious and elegant beauty belonging to a class—in her estimation and that of her circle—widely separated from his. Carlyle, like Shakespeare's heroes, fell in love at first sight; and hopeless as his passion seemed at the outset by reason of the avowed feelings of the lady, the social gulf which divided them, and the gloomy prospects of his own worldly fortunes, he never wavered; with a native shrewdness, that was perhaps unconscious, he adopted and doggedly persisted in the course most likely to bring the matter to a happy issue. The lady's part of the story, if not so dramatic, is altogether more subtle and interesting,—a development such as would

suit the pen of some keenly analytic novelist. By a series of minute and almost unconscious changes, a literary friendship grew into a passion as genuine and beautiful as any pictured in romance.

Jane Welsh was well qualified to figure in a love story. Her changeful moods, her vivacity, archness, grace and wit, and an added spice of what, with Carlyle himself for our authority, we may call deviltry, give her some kinship with Cleopatra, or rather with Rosalind. Nor did she lack external attractions although (as one may easily see from the familiar reproductions of her portrait at the age of twenty-five) she was not regularly beautiful. It is admitted that not perfection of feature, but animation and play of expression is the most potent element in charm. "She was the most beautiful starry-looking creature that could be imagined," said some one who knew her in her youth. Her figure was slender, its motions characterized by airiness and grace. Her eyes were particularly lovely, full at once of fire and softness, and capable, like her whole countenance, of swift and varied change in expression. A profusion of dark hair, she knew how to arrange to advantage; and, finally, she dressed with admirable taste. One can understand that there may have been some substantial basis for the statement that "every man who spoke to her for five minutes felt impelled to make her an offer of marriage." At any rate indications are abundant that she was very attractive to the other sex. In a letter to her bosom friend, Eliza Stoddart, she gives a list of her admirers: George Rennie, James Ailken, Robert MacTurk, James Baird, Bobby Angus. This list, though made as early as her twentieth year, is not exhaustive; Edward Irving, who seems to have touched her heart more deeply than any of these, is not mentioned. By the time of her marriage in her twenty-fifth year, there were many others; the editor of the "Love Letters" enumerates the Artillery Boy, the Steamboat Colonel, the artist Benjamin B., Dr. Fyffe, the Boy Dugald G., the Stammering Englishman,

her second cousin at Leeds, and Captain Bailey the Lancer. Although, presumably, in the greater number of these cases her own feelings were not involved, she seems to have been rather susceptible to tender impressions, and was probably—as the reader of the "Love Letters" is likely to infer—Carlyle in the "The Reminiscences" notwithstanding, something of a coquette. Some of these love affairs cost her much trouble and annoyance; at times, some pricks of conscience. In one case she is seriously alarmed lest a rejected suitor may come to an untimely end,— whether by his own hand or by a broken heart does not appear. A more ludicrous case—though sufficiently unpleasant at the time—was that of Dugald G. This episode occurred in 1824, when she was virtually, if not actually, engaged to Carlyle, and to him she writes an account of the matter which we will quote in her own words, though much abbreviated, as an example of her lively style:—

"The Devil put it into my head to go to the Musselburgh Races. It was the Devil, too, who tempted me to go on horseback, by which means I drew a multitude of eyes upon me. Oh! the folly of men! If I had written a book or made the most delicious pudding in the world, they would not have admired me half as much as for this idle display of my horsemanship and pretty riding-dress. Can you believe it? One young gentleman fell in love with me in good earnest—thro' my veil too (Lord help his simplicity!). During the time which we spent together at the watering-place, he quite won my Mother's heart; so that she invited him and his Sister to visit us on our return to Haddington.

"What I had foreseen and dreaded came to pass: the first time that I was left alone with him out came a matrimonial proposition in due form. In my life I never felt such difficulty in giving a refusal; not that I had the smallest disposition in the world to consent. O dear no! My new lover has neither the fire of Lord Byron, nor the wit of Mr. Terrot; and in point of elegance he cannot be compared with my Steamboat Colonel. But then he has fair silky

locks, the sweetest eyes in nature, a voice like music, and a heart so warm and true and so wholly, wholly, mine. All which had such a softening effect upon me that I could not bring myself to say I did not love him. I preferred telling him a lie of any magnitude to wounding him with cruel words. Besides my Mother had told me that the handsomest way of refusing a man was to say that I was already engaged. Fortunately the distress which this declaration threw him into saved me from further questioning. I should have found it rather troublesome at the moment to have furnished my beau-ideal with a name. Poor youth, he threw himself down on the sofa beside me, and wept and sobbed like a child. I called him 'dear Dugald' to pacify him, and kissed his forehead at least half a dozen times (was not that good of me?); but he would not be comforted; he lay in bed and cried all the rest of the day. My mother sat and cried beside him; and his sister and I cried in another apartment."

Later on he took to his bed where "he lay for three days and nights without sleep and almost without sustenance, crying his lovely eyes out. In above a week, by skilful treatment, we brought him to a more reasonable state of mind. Then came your letter which made matters worse than ever. It seems I turned pale when it was delivered to me (I always do when I get a letter which I have been looking for), and then I blushed (the most natural thing on earth, for I noticed Mr. G. staring at me); from which aspect he concluded like a sensible young man, that this must be a letter from his favoured rival." Hereupon he faints and has "spasms which lasted nearly an hour." She winds up; "the poor Boy is not ungenerous, he is only weak. He saw the distress he was occasioning us, and was sorry for it. Since that evening he has struggled manfully with his grief; and with such success, that he left us to-day almost the same as before the unlucky affair took place—only that he looks more thoughtful, more manly, as if in a few days he had lived years."

It is our purpose here, however, leaving these minor episodes, to follow the chief and most interesting of her love affairs—that with Carlyle. The main outlines of the story are already familiar in Carlyle's "Life"; but these two volumes of "Love Letters" for the first time unfold its course in all detail, and enable us to correct Froude's numerous misrepresentations. Though some letters are missing—more of those written by Miss Welsh than by Carlyle—the first letter, addressed by the latter to the former, dated June 4th, 1821, a few days after becoming acquainted with her, and the last, written on the eve of their marriage in October, 1826, together with 174 intervening epistles, are here printed. Making allowance for missing letters and for periods when the correspondents were able to meet, we might reckon an average of four letters a month—ample material for the full exhibition of their mutual relations.

Jane Baillie Welsh, only child of a physician of Haddington, a small town not far from Edinburgh, was born July 14th, 1801. In 1819 her father died, leaving a sufficient provision for the maintenance of his widow and daughter in the position to which they had been accustomed. They mingled on an equality with the best society which their neighbourhood afforded: the people of the town, the smaller gentry, and the farmers of the surrounding country. Dr. Welsh was a man of superior character and intelligence, profoundly loved and reverenced by his daughter. So much cannot be said of the mother. Carlyle characterizes her in the "Reminiscences": "She was of a most generous, honourable and affectionate turn of mind; had consummate skill in administering a household; a goodish well-tending intellect—something of real drollery in it, from which my Jeannie, I thought, might have inherited that beautiful lambency and brilliancy of soft, genial humour, which illuminated her perceptions and discoursings so often to a singular degree, like pure, soft morning radiance falling upon a perfect picture, true to facts. Indeed, I once said, 'Your Mother, my dear, has narrowly missed being a woman of

genius.' Which doubtless was reported by-and-by in a quizzical manner, and received with pleasure. For the rest, Mrs. W. was far too sensitive; her beauty, too, had brought flatteries, conceits perhaps; she was very variable of humour, flew off or on upon slight reasons, and, as already said, was not easy to live with for one wiser than herself, though very easy for one more foolish, if especially a touch of hypocrisy and perfect admiration were superadded." Jane inherited a good many of her mother's characteristics, but she added to them, from her father's side, intellectual power, clear insight, and common sense in no ordinary degree. As Carlyle hints in the passage quoted, mother and daughter, though at heart deeply attached, did not get on well together. Miss Welsh had therefore another qualification which (as Dr. Macphail has pointed out) belongs to heroines, she lacked that sympathy and guidance which a mother ought to give.

Jane Welsh's education was not of the conventional type; she went to school with the boys, and showed herself capable, in more ways than one, of holding her own against them; she studied Latin—a rare thing for girls in those days—and dreamed of literary distinction. Dr. Welsh favoured her intellectual bent, and when she was about eleven years old, employed young Edward Irving—by and by to be the most popular preacher in London—as her tutor. Irving remained in Haddington for some two years only, but kept up his acquaintance with the family, and it was through him that his intimate friend Carlyle was introduced to the Welshs. This was in May, 1821. Carlyle was then an unknown young man of twenty-six, painfully earning a livelihood by hack-work in Edinburgh; it was thought he might be helpful to Miss Welsh in her German studies and other literary endeavours. During the two or three days of this pleasant visit of the young men to Haddington—all the pleasanter to Carlyle by contrast with the isolation and gloom of his life in Edinburgh—Carlyle fell deeply in love. Within four days after the conclusion of the visit, he took occasion to write to Miss Welsh in regard to her studies, and allowed

the letter to reveal with sufficient clearness the state of his feelings. This revelation Miss Welsh ignored, responded in the most formal fashion—in short snubbed her admirer. Before the close of the year, however, while on a visit to Edinburgh, she must have seen a good deal of Carlyle in his character of literary mentor, and a friendship developed sufficiently intimate to lead her, though conscious of her mother's disapproval, to enter into a clandestine correspondence with him. One gathers from her letter of December 29th, that Carlyle had again trespassed on the domains of sentiment. Again she repelled his advances, but she had perceived—girl though she was—that she had to do with no ordinary man. "Oh, Mr. Carlyle," she writes, "if you wish me to admire—to love you [admiration and love is with her the same feeling] use as you ought your precious time and the noble powers that God has given you, and waste no hours or thoughts on *me*." In January, she writes: "Now, Sir, once for all I beg you to understand that I dislike, as much as my Mother disapproves, your somewhat too ardent expressions of Friendship towards me; and that if you cannot write to me as to a man who feels a deep interest in your welfare, who admires your talents, respects your virtues, and for the sake of these has often—perhaps too often, overlooked your faults;—if you cannot write to me as if—as if you were married, you need never waste ink and paper on me more." She concludes the letter in words which make one think that, perhaps in her bearing towards him at Edinburgh, there had been something of coquetry. "If you think me more prudent, or rather more rational, than formerly, resolve the difficulty thus: *Now* I am using the language of my own heart; *then* I was learning yours. Here, I am Jane Welsh; in Edinburgh I was Mr. Carlyle's pupil."

In these days Jane was enthusiastically perusing Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloise," and she writes to Miss Stoddart:[1]

1 The letters addressed to Miss Stoddart referred to in this article are to be found in "Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle." London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

"One serious bad consequence will result to you from reading 'Héloise'—at least, if your soul strings are screwed up to the same key as mine. You will never marry: Alas, I told you I should die a virgin, if I reached twenty *in vain.* Even so will it prove. This Book, this fatal Book, has given me an idea of love so *pure* (yes, you may laugh! but I repeat it), so pure, so constant, so disinterested, so exalted, that no love the men of this world can offer will ever fill up the picture my imagination has drawn with the help of Rousseau. No lover will Jane Welsh find like St. Preux, no husband like Wolmar (I don't mean to insinuate *I should like both ;*) and to no man will she ever give her heart and pretty hand, who bears to these no resemblance." A little later in the same letter she says: "I have just had a letter from Thomas Carlyle; he too speaks of coming. He is something liker to St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has *his* talents, *his* vast and cultivated mind, *his* vivid imagination, *his* independence of soul, and *his* high-souled principles of honour. But then—oh these *buts!* St. Preux never kicked the fire irons, nor made puddings in his teacup. Want of elegance—want of elegance Rousseau says is a defect which no woman can overlook."

Whatever her attitude in Edinburgh, she had no serious idea of entangling herself with Carlyle; and when he suggested a second visit to Haddington, she intimated that such visit was desired neither by her mother nor herself, and warned him if he came he should repent of it. He did come in February. "Mr. Carlyle was with us two days," she writes to Miss Stoddart, "during the greater part of which I read German with him. It is a noble language. I am getting on famously. He scratched the fender dreadfully. I must have a pair of carpet-shoes and handcuffs prepared for him the next time. His tongue only should be left at liberty: his other members are most fantastically awkward." His reception, however, was anything but warm, and the visit almost led to a complete rupture; but Miss Welsh's need of help in her German brought about a re-establishment of their former relations.

There were causes besides the lack of social graces which made Carlyle's addresses distasteful to Miss Welsh at this time. She was not wholly heart-free. What Carlyle calls the "most serious-looking" of her love affairs, that with George Rennie, was just reaching a conclusion. She had known him from childhood, they became engaged, and he proved faithless. It was the "most serious-looking," presumably, because of an actual engagement; the allusions in her letters would not lead one to suppose that her feelings were very deeply involved. Pique, a sense of hurt pride, and a sort of romantic regret are, if one may judge by indications, the strongest feelings which the crisis begat. "O wretch!" she writes to Miss Stoddart in the letter last quoted, "I wish I could hate him but I cannot; I despise him but I do not hate him; and when Friday comes, I always think how neatly I used to be dressed, and sometimes I give my hair an additional brush and put on a clean frill, just from habit. Oh! the devil take him: he has wasted all the affections of my poor heart, and now there is not a vestige of a flirt about me; but I will vex that renegade heart of his yet." A twelve month later, in a letter to Miss Stoddart, she makes the following reference to the same gentleman: "I am going to forget him immediately. I could have done so long ago, but for one little action that has made a strange impression on my senses. My spur required to be shifted from my left foot to my right; and you cannot think with what inimitable grace this small manœuvre was accomplished. Whenever his idea occurs to me, I fancy him with one knee on the earth, his horse's bridle flung across his arm, his hands employed in fastening the spur, and his eloquent eyes fixed assuredly *not* on what he was doing. Dear Bess, is it not very extraordinary that a philosopher, as I am or pretend to be, should be so taken with an attitude? However I *will* forget him."

Plainly, what drew Jane Welsh towards George Rennie and what drew her towards Thomas Carlyle, indicate two different sides of her character. In these earlier days at

least, she prized much that Carlyle neither cared for nor possessed. The graceful and charming, the gay and more frivolous sides of life were by no means indifferent to her. Yet they could not satisfy her. She craved intellectual stimulus and effort. In her letters both to Carlyle and Miss Stoddart, she recurs to the fact that she cannot accept the ordinary life of women—whether that of the fashionable lady or of the housewife. Further, her intellectual needs and ambitions were consecrated by that which was most sacred to her,—the memory of her father's character and influence. For this side of her nature she found understanding and sympathy in Carlyle alone. She writes to him, November 11th, 1822: "Our meeting forms a memorable epoch in my history; for my acquaintance with you has from its very commencement powerfully influenced my character and life. When you saw me for the first time I was wretched beyond description; grief at the loss of the only being I ever loved with my whole soul had weakened my body and mind; distractions of various kinds had relaxed my habits of industry; I had no counsellor that could direct me; the pole-star of my life was lost, and the world looked a dreary blank. Without plan, hope, or aim, I had lived two years when my good Angel sent you hither. I had never heard the language of talent and genius but from my Father's lips; I had thought that I should never hear it more. You spoke like him; your eloquence awoke in my soul the slumbering admirations and ambitions that *his* first kindled there. I wept to think the mind he had cultivated with such anxious, unremitting pains, was running to desolation; and I returned with renewed strength and ardour to the life that he had destined me to lead. . . . . You see I am not insensible to the value of your friendship, or likely to throw it away, tho' you have sometimes charged me with inconstancy and caprice."

This advantage which Carlyle had, he pushed, whether with conscious ulterior purpose or not, to the utmost; until she became irrevocably his, he used all his influence to

stimulate her intellectual activity and encourage her literary ambition. The more she busied herself with these matters, the more was she driven into intimate relations with him. Yet, while the pretext and main substance of his letters might be literary counsel, he continually introduced expressions of ardent attachment. When she objected, he submitted, as far as *expression* went; but claimed the liberty to love her in silence and without hope. No sooner was she appeased by his submission, than the terms of endearment and protests of devotion would reappear; he was like some indefatigable besieger, warily retreating when attacked, but again assuming the offensive, seizing every unguarded moment to make an advance or effect a lodgment. Again, an element of concealment in the correspondence—for Mrs. Welsh did not like Carlyle and had doubtless her forebodings as to the outcome of the friendship—was likely to give a confidential character to the relations between the young people, highly favourable to Carlyle's wishes.

No reader can fail to be struck by an interesting peculiarity of Miss Welsh's letters, present even in the earliest of this series. One would suppose that she, desiring to repress Carlyle's feelings, would have rigidly confined her pen to those intellectual concerns which were the origin of their friendship. On the contrary, she introduces the very topics which a designing damsel might have employed to tease or to animate an admirer. Miss Jane Welsh was a sensible and discerning young woman; what effect did she suppose such a passage as the following would naturally have in a letter written by a lady of twenty-one to a gentleman of twenty-six, her professed lover? She writes in July, 1822: "But I am really not to blame for this second idle fit: for several days I had a headache; and then I was annoyed by a most prosaic W.S. [Writer to the Signet], who intimated to me by post that tho' he had spent five years without beholding the light of my countenance, he could not exist any longer without seeing me always. I was under the necessity of delivering my opinion of his project;

and that occupied more time than you, who are not plagued with those things, can imagine." Shall we not call the following coquetry, or, at best, an overflow of youthful spirits and a love of mischief, rather inconsiderate of the feelings of her correspondent? "From Glasgow to Fort William I lay on the deck of the steamboat, praying to be again on *terra firma*, and heedless of the magnificent scenery through which we passed. Everything is ordered for the best: had I been at all comfortable I should assuredly have fallen in love—deeply, hopelessly in love with a handsome fascinating Colonel of the Guards, who held an umbrella over me four-and-twenty hours. You will wonder how I escaped when I tell you this charming stranger is intimately acquainted with Lord Byron and enjoyed the friendship of our own De Stael. I never saw his like: he is all heart and soul; with the look of a prince and the manners of a courtier. I could have wept at parting with him, but I could not get at my handkerchief without unbuttoning my Boat-cloak, and that was inconvenient." (Sept. 24th, 1822.)

In truth, as the reader follows the correspondence of 1822, indications gather that Miss Welsh, unconsciously to herself, was developing a warmer feeling towards Carlyle. The thought of love—much more the thought of marriage—was still remote; but, drawn by her craving for intellectual companionship, flattered by the admiration of a man whose greatness was ever growing more apparent to her, and pleased with the power she wielded over him, she permitted herself a line of conduct which could only strengthen his feelings and was likely to involve her own. Space does not permit the quotation of more than a single passage to illustrate:—

"I have news for you that will, I hope, please you as much as it did me: my Mother wonders you do not think of coming out!!!—Now, do you not see the fruit of my restrictions? Had you come sooner on your own invitation or mine, you would have found nothing but cold looks, and I should have been kept on thorns until you left me: and

now I am formally desired to invite you here, in case it may be that you are standing on ceremony. And come when you like, Dear, you are sure of a hearty welcome. You cannot think how glad I am, for I make myself sure of your coming immediately,—no, not immediately,—for my cousin will not be gone for a week. But do write soon and tell what day you will come. . . . . God bless you, my dear friend. And believe me ever—yours affectionately, Jane B. Welsh." (Jan. 23rd 1823.)

This visit—the first meeting of the two since that inauspicious visit of the preceding spring (see p. 635 above)—took place to the satisfaction of all. "The kind hospitality of your mother," writes Carlyle, "the affection and friendship of my own Jane are delightful to look back upon." Carlyle, who was now a tutor in the Buller family, spent the summer at their country house in the Highlands; thence he wrote on July 1st, 1823: "May God reward you, my dearest, for what you have been to me! It may be that we shall yet be a happiness to one another; that we shall live thro' this earthly pilgrimage united in the noblest pursuits, in the bonds of true love, one heart, one soul, one fortune; and go down to other times inseparable after life as in it: it may be that we must part and see each other no more: but still we shall remember one another with affection and respect, and regard these dreams of our youth as among the fairest portions of our history."

Significant as this passage is of the closeness of their intimacy, it yet clearly shows that Jane had in no wise committed herself to any engagement. And playful as is the tone of the following, we may infer that the lady had at least some dreams for the future in which Carlyle had no part. The extract is from a letter to Miss Stoddart written two weeks later than the one by Carlyle just quoted; it is noteworthy that she narrates the same incident to Carlyle himself using much of the same language.[1]

1 See letter to Carlyle July 21st, 1823.

"I spent two days in Dumfries on my way back, and these two days were more interesting than the three hundred and sixty-five preceding ones. Who do you think was there at the selfsame time? My own gallant artist! Benjamin B. himself! I fancied him still inhaling the atmosphere of Goethe, when I learned he was within a stonecast of the spot I sat on! But I did not see him!!! or rather I did not speak with him; for I actually saw him on the opposite bank of the river! Let any human being conceive a more tantalizing situation! Saw him—and durst not make any effort to attract his notice, though, had my will alone been consulted in the matter, to have met him, '*eyes to eyes* and *soul to soul*,' I would have swam—ay, swam across, at the risk of being dosed with water-gruel for a month to come. Oh, this everlasting etiquette! how many and how ungrateful are the sacrifices it requires! Providence has surely some curious design respecting this youth and me! It was on my birthday we parted a year ago; it was on my birthday we met or (but for that confounded river) should have met again. And there are many strange coincidences in our histories besides. Something *must* come out of all this! And yet it was strange in Providence, after bringing us together from such a distance, to leave us on the opposite banks of a river!"

But whatever the vagaries of Miss Welsh's fancy, her utterances to Carlyle grew ever franker and more tender. On August 19th, 1823, she writes, with an emphasis due doubtless to the uncongenial character of her surroundings, (she humorously dates her letter from "Hell"): "Oh, you have no notion how great a blessing our correspondence is to me! When I am vexed, I write grievances to you; and the assurance I have that your next letter will bring me consolation, already consoles me. And then, when your letter comes—when it repeats to me that one in the world loves me—will love me ever, ever—and tells me more boldly than Hope, that my future may yet be glorious and happy, there is no obstacle I do not feel prepared to meet

and conquer. I owe you much! feelings and sentiments that ennoble my character, that give dignity, interest, and enjoyment to my life. In return, I can only love you, and *that* I do from the bottom of my heart. . . . . When shall the world know your worth as I do . . . . . *You* are *not satisfied* living thus, bowing a haughty genius to the paltry necessity of making provision for your daily wants, stifling the fire of an ambitious soul with hard-learned lessons of humility; or expending it in idle longings and vague colourless schemes. The wheel of your destiny *must* turn, I have heard you say so, and you have power to turn it—giant power. But when shall the effort be made? . . . . Oh! that I had heard a nation repeat your name! You may call it mistaken ambition, a weak dependence on the opinion of others—you may call it what you will, but I *will* wish you *famous* as long as there is room for such a wish."

Not unnaturally Carlyle thought that his time had at length come, and his reply is an outpouring of rapturous devotion: "The only thing I know is that you are the most delightful, enthusiastic, contemptuous, affectionate, sarcastic, capricious, warm-hearted, lofty-minded, half-devil, half-angel of a woman that ever ruled over the heart of a man; that I will love you, must love you, whatever betide, till the last moment of my existence; and that if we both act rightly our lot may be the happiest of a thousand mortal lots. So let us cling to one another (if you dare when thus forewarned) for ever and ever."

But, alas! it was all a misconception; Jane hastens to explain she loves him only as a sister:—

"My God, what have I said or done to mislead you into an error so destructive to the confidence that exists betwixt us, so dangerous to the peace of both? In my treatment of you, I have indeed disregarded all maxims of womanly prudence; have shaken myself free from the shackles of etiquette. I have loved and admired you for your noble qualities, and for the extraordinary affection you have shown me; and I have told you so without reserve

or disguise; but not till our repeated quarrels had produced an explanation betwixt us, which I foolishly believed would guarantee my future conduct from all possibility of misconstruction. I have been to blame . . . . . My friend, I love you. I repeat it, though I find the expression a rash one. All the best feelings of my nature are concerned in loving you. But were you my Brother I would love you the same; were I married to another I would love you the same. And is this sentiment so calm, so delightful, but so unimpassioned, enough to recompense the freedom of my heart, enough to reconcile me to the existence of a married woman, the hopes and wishes and ambitions of which are all so different from mine, the cares and occupations of which are my disgust! Oh no! Your Friend I will be, your truest, most devoted Friend, while I breathe the breath of life; but your Wife! Never, never! not though you were as rich as Crœsus, as honoured and as renowned as you yet shall be."

One may well doubt whether Miss Welsh was fully aware of the nature of her own sentiments; one cannot doubt that she was fully conscious of those drawbacks noted at the beginning of their acquaintance, which, in her estimation, put Carlyle as a husband out of court. She was always able to see things in the light of common sense; she was not one whose vision was blurred by sentiment, or who was carried off her feet by emotion. She might act—as she subsequently did—on the dictates of the heart; but she was perfectly conscious of what she was doing, and of the price she was paying.

Carlyle, perhaps with a shrewd perception of the real strength of his position, betrayed no anger at this sudden rebuff: "You have put our concerns *on the very footing where I wished them to stand.* So be of good cheer for no harm is done. . . . . Thus it stands: You love me as a sister, and will not wed; I love you in all possible senses of the word and will not wed."

In November he again visited Haddington, and was well received by Mrs. Welsh. The relations between mother

and daughter became unusually cordial, and the latter felt it incumbent on her to show her letters from Carlyle; so she warns him to be careful in regard to his expression of his feelings. As regards this admonition, Carlyle was rather careless, and one wonders what Mrs. Welsh thought of his occasional protestations of devotion and his terms of endearment.

February, 1824, marks the turning-point in the relations between the pair. They were both in Edinburgh; they met frequently; and, though even yet Miss Welsh would not contemplate marriage, they were evidently from this date on the footing of lovers. There is no statement to this effect in the letters, as perhaps there was none between the parties concerned; but Jane no longer addresses Carlyle as "My dear Friend," but as "Dearest"; the conclusions of her letters are similarly significant, and above all there are references to the giving and taking of kisses (to deceive Mamma, they were called shillings in the letters), which are conclusive on this point.

Our readers may suppose that matters between Miss Welsh and Carlyle having attained this development, the love story is well at an end. Not so; we have only covered the first of the two volumes of "Love Letters," and there were yet many fluctuations in feeling and circumstances before the drama might end happily in marriage.

At the time which we have now reached in our story, Carlyle was at length beginning to make some headway in literature. His "Schiller" was appearing in *Frazer's Magazine*, and its success suggested its publication in book form. In addition, his translation of "Wilhelm Meister" was ready for the press. Then, too, the Bullers were going south. For many reasons it seemed expedient that Carlyle should see something of the world. Early in the summer of 1824, he sailed for London. There was now some prospect that Carlyle might emerge from his obscurity, and this would please Miss Welsh. She hoped also some smaller results from his expedition. "Have you got rid," she writes after

his arrival in England, "of that infamous accent of yours? Remember I can never enjoy your society to the full until you do. My poor ears are in a fever every time they hear it. Why do you speak Annandale? Why are you not as elegant as Colonel Alex?[1] My beau-ideal would then be found." Perhaps it is with the object of quickening Carlyle's progress towards elegance, that she describes (Sept. 17th, 1824) at great length, a new acquaintance, Captain Baillie of the Lancers. "I could not but admire his figure, so gracefully noble, his handsome countenance—the handsomest I ever saw or fancied—his brilliancy, native elegance, and courtly polish; but I was magnanimously resolved not to suffer myself to be caught by a dazzling exterior; and his internal qualities I esteemed at a very low rate. . . . . Now don't you think I deserved to fall seriously in love with him as a punishment of my sauciness? I believe nothing but his want of genius could have saved me; for in the month we have lived together I have found him more and more amiable every day." In his reply to this letter Carlyle—giving a Roland for her Oliver—enlarges on the charms of Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick. Miss Welsh's reception of this laudatory description manifests a very different state of heart from that calm, sisterly affection which she had claimed as hers in the previous year: "I congratulate you on your present situation. With such a picture of domestic felicity before your eyes, and this 'singular and very pleasing creature' to charm away the blue-devils, you can hardly fail to be as happy as the day is long. Miss Kitty Kirkpatrick—Lord, what an ugly name! 'Good Kitty.' Oh, pretty, dear delightful Kitty! I am not a bit jealous of her, not I indeed—Hindoo Princess tho' she be! Only you may as well never let me hear you mention her name again." And when Carlyle suggests the possibility of Miss Welsh's marrying some fine gentleman—a clear indication that there was as yet no formal engagement—she waxes indignant: "A fashionable wife! Oh! never will I be anything so heartless! I

1 This is the "Steamboat Colonel."

have pictured for myself a far higher destiny than this—Will it ever be more than a picture? Shall I ever have the wish of my heart fulfilled? A 'sweet home' calmly embosomed in some romantic vale; with wealth enough to realize my ideal of elegant comfort; with books, statues, paintings and all things suitable to a tasteful, intellectual manner of life; with the friendship and society of a few, whose conversation would improve the faculties of my head and heart; and with *One* to be the polar star of my being—one warm-hearted, high-minded, *dearest* Friend, whose sublime genius would shed an ennobling influence all around him; whose graceful and splendid qualities would inspire a love that should be the heart and soul of my life! Such happiness is possible; and alas! it is next to impossible to assemble the circumstances which compose it. But *nil desperandum*—my motto is hope."

In these days, Carlyle also had his dream of a congenial retirement—a more practical and less exacting vision. He thought that he might rent a farm in his native land, which his brother might work for him, whilst he himself would there find the conditions most favourable for his health and the carrying out of his literary designs. In January, 1825, he asks Miss Welsh to share this projected home with him. Again he meets a rebuff; but it will be noticed that, while she still professes only a calm affection, the obstacles are external. No longer do we hear the emphatic: "Never, never, though you were as rich as Crœsus and as honoured as you shall be." "I love you," she writes January 13th, 1825, "but I am not *in love* with you; that is to say my love is not a passion which overclouds my judgment, and absorbs all my regard for myself and others. It is a simple, honest, serene affection, made up of admiration and sympathy, and better perhaps to found domestic enjoyment on than any other." Accordingly, she continues, she sees the proposal in a perfectly prosaic light; she sees that it involves the sacrifice of things which her habits and position in society have rendered second nature to her. "And now let me

ask you, have you any *certain* livelihood to maintain me in the manner I have been used to live in? My fixed place in the rank of society I have been born and bred in? No! You have projects for attaining both, capabilities for attaining both, and much more. But as yet you have *not* attained them. . . . . Think of something else then, apply your industry to carry it into effect, your talents to gild over the inequality of our births, and then—we will talk of marrying. If all this were realised, I *think* I should have good sense enough to abate something of my romantic ideal, and to content myself with stopping short on this side of idolatry—at all events I will marry no one else. This is all the promise I can or will make. A positive engagement to marry a certain person at a certain time, at all haps and hazards, I have always considered the most ridiculous thing on earth."

The two letters which follow in the series should be read *in extenso* for the light they shed upon the characters of the writers. Hitherto Carlyle's correspondence presents him as submissive to every wish and whim of the loved one. Of assertion of himself as against her, there is no hint. But from this time on, the parts tend to shift ; it is the man who is to dominate, the woman who is to adapt herself to his needs. In Carlyle's reply to the last quoted letter, a new note enters the correspondence. Hitherto we have had the rapturous expression of admiration and devotion; now we begin to perceive that though his love is ardent and sincere, it is the love of a man who feels that his own aims are of supreme importance, and who takes it as a matter of course that all connected with him should govern themselves accordingly. He accepts Miss Welsh's decision as right *from her point of view*, but as really mistaken—the result of principles and ideals inferior to his own. Until she rises to his higher plane, they must in some measure stand apart. Nor does he propose to bate a jot of the scheme of life which he has laid down. In Miss Welsh's answer there is an incisive criticism and clear-cut thinking which,

for some readers at least, will seem to stand out in pleasing contrast to that vague poetical jargon with which Carlyle in his letters—as so often in his works—seems to becloud his meaning even to himself. Miss Welsh's letter (Jan. 29th, 1825) read at length gives a characteristic impression of the solidity and grasp of her mind, but here space permits us only to quote one or two specific points: "My heart is capable (I feel it is) of a love to which *no* deprivation would be a sacrifice—a love which could overleap that reverence for opinion with which education and weakness have begirt my sex, would bear down all the restraints which *duty* and *expediency* might throw in the way, and carry every thought and feeling of my being impetuously along with it. But the all-perfect mortal who could inspire me with a love so extravagant, is nowhere to be found, exists nowhere but in the romance of my own imagination! . . . . . Nor was it wholly with a view to an improvement in your external circumstances, that I have made their fulfilment a condition to our union, but also with a view to some improvement in my sentiments towards you which might be brought about in the meantime. In withholding this motive, in my former letter, I was guilty of a false and ill-timed reserve. My tenderness for your feelings betrayed me into an insincerity which is not natural to me. I thought that the most decided objection to your circumstances would pain you less than the least objection to yourself; and, accordingly, let my denial to be grounded wholly on the former, while in truth it is, in some measure, grounded on both. . . . . One loves you (as Madame de Staël says of Necker) in proportion to the ideas and sentiments which are in one's self; according as my mind enlarges and my heart improves, I become capable of comprehending the goodness and greatness which are in you, and my affection for you increases. Not many months ago I would have said it was impossible that I should ever be your wife; at present I consider this the most probable destiny for me."

The development of her feeling towards Carlyle contem-

plated by Miss Welsh in the passage just quoted, actually took place; and before her marriage the intensity of love depicted in the opening sentences of the quotation was wholly or at least in large measure, realized.

Meanwhile, after these explanations, the correspondence resumed its more normal tone. In the spring, Carlyle returned to Scotland, and notwithstanding Miss Welsh's reiterated objections, proceded to install himself in a farm not far from his father's home. His arrangements having been completed, he paid, in April, a prolonged visit to Haddington. In the familiar and easy intercourse of daily life, love waxed apace. The lady writes, immediately after the close of the visit: "In this half hour and more I have been trying to express to you some of the hundred things that are in my heart; and I can find *no words*, at least none but such as seem cold and inadequate to what I feel. Well! no matter! You know already that I love you with all my soul; that I am sad, *very* sad at parting with you; and shall not be otherwise than sad till we meet again. And knowing this, you may easily imagine all that I *would* and *cannot* say." Her attitude towards marriage was quite changed from what it had been a few months before; she writes on July 3rd: "In the meantime, Dearest, will you please to recollect that two hundred a year is not to be gained by hoeing cabbages; and that it would be scarce advisable to set up housekeeping on less; and that I am heartily sick of my existence in this miserable Haddington. What a cold lover you are that need to be reminded of this! and what must I be that *deign* to remind you of it?" But the full intensity of her feelings does not appear until a curious episode threatened—as Miss Welsh at least thought—a serious breach with Carlyle.

Mrs. Montague, a friend of all three persons involved, was aware of the relations that existed between Miss Welsh and Carlyle and also of a relation that had once existed between Miss Welsh and Irving. She wrote urging Miss Welsh not to conceal the latter fact from the man that she was to marry: "Believe me, my love, I owe many peaceful

days and nights to a similar disclosure." Miss Welsh was profoundly moved by the appeal, and wrote, in great disturbance of mind, to Carlyle (July 24th, 1825): "I thought to write to you from this place with joy; I write with shame and tears. . . . . I have deceived you—I whose truth and frankness you have so often praised, have deceived my bosom friend! I told you that I did not care for Edward Irving; took pains to make you believe this. It was false: I loved him—must I say it—*once* passionately loved him. Would to Heaven that this were all! it might not perhaps lower me much in your opinion; for he is no unworthy man. And if I showed weakness in loving one whom I knew to be engaged to another, I made amends in persuading him to marry that other and preserve his honour from reproach. But I have concealed and disguised the truth; and for this I have no excuse; none, at least, that would bear a moment's scrutiny. Woe to me then, if your reason be my judge and not your love! I cannot even plead the merit of a *voluntary* disclosure as a claim to your forgiveness."

Unfortunately there was delay in the mails, and Carlyle's reply did not reach her until long after it was due. Her anxiety was wrought up to the highest pitch. She writes, July 30th: "Mr. Carlyle, do you mean to kill me? Is it just of you to keep me so long in doubt? Your displeasure I have merited, perhaps your scorn, but surely not this horrible silence. . . . . Had I but strength I would come to you this very day; and when I held you in my arms and you saw my tears, you would forget everything but the love I bear you. O, I do love you, my own Friend, above the whole Earth: no human being was ever half so dear to me—none, none: and will you break my heart? . . . . . Be your answer what it may, I will love and venerate you to the last. You may be no longer mine, but I will be yours in life, in death, through all eternity!"

One cannot but be struck by the absolute silence which Miss Welsh had maintained in regard to this love passage between herself and Irving—Irving who was Carlyle's most

intimate friend, and about whom they have so often spoken in their letters. Allusions are plentiful enough to her other love affairs with George Rennie and the rest. She was at no pains to conceal her relations to these persons, from Carlyle. Why the difference in the case of Irving? Quite evidently because this had been a genuine passion ; her heart had been deeply involved. On the other hand, one must emphasize the fact that Froude's view of the importance of the part played by this matter in the relations of Carlyle and his wife, is shown by this series of letters to be absolutely groundless. Her love for Irving was already a thing of the past when Carlyle first met her. It belonged to a time within the years 1818-1821, as the editor of the "Love Letters" demonstrates in the Appendix. One can scarcely imagine Jane Welsh, except when very young, falling in love with Irving. It is true, what attracted her to him was, in some measure, what attracted her to Carlyle. He was in some sense a man of genius—in any case a man of intellectual ability and serious aim, and, as such, an outstanding figure in the circle of her acquaintance. But there were certain defects in him—a ponderous affectation, a religious unctuosity, a lack of sense, that would expose him specially to Miss Welsh's unfavourable comment, with her sense of humour, her keen judgement, and her small sympathy with religious fervour.

One judges that this *contre-temps* revealed to Miss Welsh, as it certainly reveals to the reader, the strength of her love for Carlyle, and the change which a few months had wrought in her heart. Carlyle received the confession as became a sensible man, gave no indication of considering it a matter of importance, and all things resumed their former course. Carlyle's mother was now keeping house for him, and in September, 1825, Jane paid an extended visit to the Carlyles. For the first time she became acquainted with his family and their manner of life. The impressions were mutually favourable, and the kindliest feelings begotten among the persons concerned. One of the attractive

characteristics of these letters of Miss Welsh which we have been following, is that they are so little like ordinary *love* letters. The reiteration of certain familiar sentiments which constitute the bulk of most love-letters, is apt to pall on an outsider. Such a strain has hitherto been wholly absent from Miss Welsh's letters, but it now begins to appear. She writes immediately after the conclusion of the visit: "Oh, what a sad heart is mine this night! And yours too, I know is sad; and I cannot comfort you, cannot kiss away the gloom from your brow! Miles of distance are already betwixt us; and when we shall meet again, and where, and how, God only knows. But, dearest Love, what would I give to have you here—within my arms for one, one moment," etc. And then in the postscript: "Day is returned but I shall not see you! No one is waiting for me in the breakfast parlour with glad, kind looks! Alas, alas! the Sabbath weeks are past and gone! Write on Wednesday: I shall not enjoy one happy moment till then. I am yours, oh, that you knew how wholly yours." When Captain Baillie, on whose charms she had dilated with such enthusiasm when Carlyle was in London, reappears on the scene, she sees him with quite other eyes: "He is, if possible, more Adonis-like, witty and elegant than ever. Such an air! such a voice! such a profusion of little dogs! I wish, in my heart, he were returned to the place whence he came; for I will confess to you, dear Friend, that you have not the slightest cause to be jealous! Jealous! Oh mercy! when I compare this fine gentleman with the *man* I love, what is he after all? A mere painted butterfly. . . . . while he—my own—is like the royal eagle," etc., etc. More emphatic of her feelings still is the following: "Often you used to tell me, in the days of my *insanity*, that there was something better than fame, something more exquisite still; then I understood not what you meant, and laughed at the notion of anything being better than fame. But it is far otherwise with me now; for now I know that the deep blessedness of two souls which live in and for each other, is best of all that heaven and earth can bestow. This blessedness is *ours!*"

It is evident that our story is complete; the course of Miss Welsh's love has attained its zenith. The remaining letters are largely occupied with practical questions of ways and means that might enable the pair to marry, of a suitable dwelling, of arrangements needful for her mother's happiness. Over these we will not linger. On September 17th, 1826, they were married in her maternal grandfather's house at Templand, and immediately set forth to their first home at Comely Bank, on the outskirts of Edinburgh.

W. J. ALEXANDER

THE NURSE

A fading light, then darkness rushing deep,
A mighty tide unfathom'd, shoreless, black:
Then lightnings lurid, thund'ring roars that crack
And split my deafened ears—the parching sweep
Of scorching wind from off the flaming steep
Of peaks of fire—a blizzard from a pack
Of Polar ice—of sense a scudding wrack—
A yawning gulf—a fear—a prayer—a leap.

A firm, strong hand reached quickly out to save,
A voice of hope, low, calm, assuring, sweet,
Commanding Death to seal an empty grave,
Who hence departs on slow and sullen feet:
A sleep of peace, a dream of life's new grace—
A waking sigh—a look—a smiling face.

S. C. SWIFT

VENICE

THE ideal way to approach Italy,—is it to pierce the Simplon and arrive forthwith in Milan, to be stunned by the clatter of its streets and dazzled by the too insistent splendour of its spires, and thence to seek a refuge among the quieter delights of Venice; or shall one land in Naples when frost still binds the outer world, and move northward with the nightingale and the budding spring; or choose the highway of the Middle Ages following the valley windings of the Austrian Tyrol until the Etsch (cacophonous yet lovely river) becomes the Adige, and leads one to where Verona lies in the curve of its arm? However you may arrive, and whatsoever the season of the year, quarrel not with the fate that has brought you at last to Italy. Tourist-ridden, beggar-infested, her frescoes crumbling from her walls, you cannot spoil her utterly, and scarred as she is and disfigured with modern improvements, her face still haunts one's dreams, and more compellingly, perhaps, in all the plaintiveness of her waning beauty. Thus Venice, for one who bears a stout heart, need breed no disillusionment.

> "In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more
> And silent rows the songless Gondolier,"

sang Byron, and Ruskin snarls his scorn in many a famous diatribe to which the small fry of the sentimental army pipe in plaintive chorus. And one does, perforce, reconstruct in one's mind another Venice where, instead of Florian's tea-tables, the gallants and richly-robed priests of Gentile Bellini's picture occupy San Marco Square, and the Doge's fleet sails in from the Lido with rare spoil of Tyre and Baalbec in its holds, destined by those devout and splendid pirates for the adornment of their church,—pillars of ruddy porphyry, green marble, and spotted serpentine, slabs of

yellow jasper and lucent chalcedony for the walls, and brought by one knows not what miracle in those tiny craft—vast columns, whose unbroken shafts sustain the arches of the nave.

But all these things are a pleasant dream of the mind, and the Venice of to-day is a place where the cleanliness and modern comfort of the new civilization are paid for at the necessary cost of the lost glamour of the old. When, however, we have faced the worst and reckoned up the sum of such sentimental losses in this precious corner of the Italian world; when we have gazed on the latest fat-paunched statue of His late Majesty, Emanuel the First, and have committed the Philistinism of swelling by a penny the revenues of the canal steamers, the residue is pure enjoyment, and incidentally, I may observe that if we have not enough imagination to gloss over the defects which our imagination has some share in creating, we should, at least, have charity enough to concede his convenience and his patriotic enthusiasms to the modern Italian whose city we invade.

It is superfluous to state that the Piazza and Piazzetta of St. Mark's have a unique charm to which association and beauty are in equal measure contributory. One's early visits do not reveal their full significance, the eye is so drawn to the dazzling lodestone which forms the eastern boundary of the greater square. Part of the charm of the general effect lies, no doubt, in the fact that the long colonnaded buildings which enclose it on three sides have just the stately Renaissance monotony requisite to serve as a foil to the bewildering variety of the Byzantine-Gothic church. Standing by the Nuova Fabbrica, you will see, moreover, that the enclosure is far from being geometrically precise, broadening very perceptibly towards the east, and that the church itself does not lie with mathematical exactitude in the projection of the medial axis, having the slightest possible suggestion of a northerly inclination. Trifling things these may seem, but they have a not negligible share in one's general impressions. I am not certain

that the sentiment which restored the campanile was justified. Had I known the real campanile, mellowed with age and enriched with centuries of association, had I, above all, sailing in from Trieste or Ancona seen it but once, grandly breaking the profile of the town to which it gave dignity and accent, I should have felt that a note, nay a chord, had fallen from the harmony of Venice with its ruin. As it is, I find it difficult to reconcile myself with its ponderous shaft, and resent the way that its mass encroaches on the free space of the square and obscures the glimpse into the Piazzetta and the charming angle of the Doge's Palace. Leopardi's standard masts, with their exquisitely wrought bronze bases, have all the symmetry and lightness that the eye demands. By their side, and obscuring even the smallest portion of St. Mark's, I would not be content with less than the finest of Lombard towers, and more beautiful ones than the present campanile I have seen in many a quiet market-town of Tuscany.

Much ink has been expended in the vain effort to describe the church. An exquisite literary sensation may be derived from the emulous ardour of Ruskin's leaping words; but the finest among the literary descriptions which I know are, at the best, a literary pattern, a mere mosaic of words, and when you come from the written page to the living reality, you are in a realm of beauty of a wholly different order. The wise Goethe made merely a pregnant remark about the four bronze horses above the central arch, and gave over the task of interpretation to the eye and the imagination of the individual beholder. She is, indeed, the spoiled child of the ages, whom the succeeding centuries have conspired to render beautiful, and the failures, themselves, are only faults of good intention. The temper in which such structures as St. Mark's were wrought, is described by one of the oldest Fathers, St. Gregory of Nyssa, in words that must have inspired many a pious builder of the olden time: "Whoso cometh unto some spot like this, where there is a monument of the just and a holy relic, his

soul is gladdened by the magnificence of what he beholds, seeing a house as God's temple elaborated most gloriously, both in the magnitude of the structure, and the beauty of the surrounding ornament. There the artificer has fashioned wood into the shape of animals; and the stone-cutter has polished the slabs to the smoothness of silver; and the painter has introduced the flowers of his art, depicting and imaging the constancy of the martyrs, their resistance, their torments, the savage forms of their tyrants, their outrages, the blazing furnaces, and the most blessed end of the champion; the representation of Christ in human form presiding over the contest—all these things, as it were, in a book gifted with speech; shaping forms by means of colours, has he cunningly discoursed to us of the martyr's struggles, has made this temple glorious as some brilliant fertile mead. For the silent tracing on the walls has the art to discourse, and to aid most powerfully. And he, who has arranged the mosaics, has made this pavement, on which we tread, equal to a history."

Of a beauty less intricate, yet scarcely less fascinating in its triumph over structural anomalies, is the adjacent Palace of the Doges. Gothic we may call it for want of a name, but even in this land, which the lover of northern Gothic finds so disconcerting, the building is unique and charms by the isolation of its beauty. The western and southern façades have, as their base, lengthy colonnades, whose barely pointed arches suggest the persisting influence of the Byzantine type so common in the older Venice. Above these colonnades runs, in the second tier, what may be described as a continuous loggia, with a delicately wrought balustrade at its base. An effect of lightness is gained by the increased number and diminished mass of the columns, and of lightness combined with richness by the beautiful tracing in perforated quatrefoil design, which is supported by the cusped arches of the colonnade. A matter of some marvel it is, that this tracery of the second story, which gives the effect of lightness that I have described, has still

strength enough, without the aid of any discharging arch above it, to support a sheer mass of wall as high or even higher than the two superimposed colonnades in combination. The wall is presumably of brick encrusted with soft-hued marbles, pink and grey in their general effect, cut, perhaps unwisely to resemble bricks, and set in an alternating design throughout the two façades. The windows are few, slightly arched, and without tracery, the two central windows of either façade being more elaborated with balconies and symbolical sculpture. Ruskin has ingeniously defended the irregular way in which the two windows at the east of the sea façade have been inserted. A like effect of irregularity is obtained by the disposition of the small windows, chiefly quatrefoils within circles, beneath the roof. The insignificant cornice is surmounted by a parapet of a kind common enough in Venice but peculiar to that place.

Such, in a rude way, is the design of this much discussed building. The inner court is the meeting-place of an interesting medley of Gothic and Renaissance elements, which seem to belong to another building and need not concern us here. Discussion has chiefly centred on the noticeable shortness of the columns of the lower arcade by relation to the colonnade of the second tier, on their Doric absence of base, and on the structural anomaly of having an almost unrelieved mass of wall supported on a double tier of arches, reversing thus the accepted architectural canon that the lower portions of a building should suggest solidity, and that weight should diminish with height. As to the shortness of the columns of the base, it has been held, I know not with what justification, that the level of the ground has altered in the course of centuries, which would absolve the builders from a fault in the original design. It is a curious fact to note that in most of the good paintings of this palace, the artists have taken the law into their own hands by heightening the lower arcade, and diminishing the relative proportions of the second colonnade and superincumbent wall. The opinion must not be lightly held of such an authority

on Gothic as Street, who wrote: "There is something quite chilling in the great waste of plain, unbroken wall coming above the extreme richness of the arcades which support it; and, moreover, this placing of the richer work below and the plainer above is so contrary, not only to all ordinary canons of architecture, but just as much to the ordinary practice of the Venetians, that I feel sure" . . and he here proceeds to argue that the upper wall was not in the original design. Great buildings, we must conclude, like genius, are a law unto themselves, and infringement of academic canons in both cases may add a piquant relish to one's delight. Chilling is not a term that can be applied to this building on even the grayest of winter days, and an epithet radiant enough to describe it will be sought in vain by one who drifts towards it from the Lido when the sun is dropping low to the west behind Santa Maria della Salute. Then its veined marbles take the colour as tenderly as a cloud.

The diligent visitor will not exhaust his interest with the study of these two unique and beautiful buildings. Any bend of a canal may bring a fresh surprise in this city which, in Street's words, is "remarkable as containing work of all periods from its early Christian foundations to the eighteenth century, and perhaps the best of each period, and for these reasons is architecturally the most interesting city in Europe." The side canals harbour the most interesting churches, but the Grand Canal, in the fine sweep of its curves, holds all the examples which are requisite to make one familiar with the domestic architecture of the place, from the Byzantine palaces of ancient date and unnamed builders through the early Gothic and the later Gothic, which received its impulse and its character from the Doge's Palace, down to the vast, imposing yet, in the last analysis, monotonous structures reared by the Lombardi, Sanmichele and Sansovino. The old two-storied Byzantine palaces have lost something of their character by the addition of one or two stories, so that, curiously enough, the most consistent specimen of Byzantine Romanesque extant in Venice is the entirely

reconstructed Fondaco de Turchi, the present Museo Correr, of whose façade not one of the ancient stones remains. But the palace of the older type before which your gondola will rest most contentedly is surely the Loredan, despite its two additional stories and unpleasing Renaissance balcony. The true Byzantine curve of the stilted arch is there, and in the decorative effect of the finely curved capitals, the statuettes, and inserted marbles, we discover a source of perpetual delight. The dominant tone of the canal, however, if one leaves out of consideration the many unhappy houses which have no architecture, is Gothic, and Gothic with that constant Saracenic tinge betrayed in the ogee arch which bespeaks the centuries long commerce of Venice with the East. It is merely by the compulsion of traditional usage that I apply the term Gothic to any Italian structure, ecclesiastical or domestic. The houses termed Gothic have pointed windows of their own peculiar kind, and the churches termed Gothic have arches that show some affinity with the ogive of the north. But with that in church and dwelling the resemblance ends, and it is only the laziness of our terminology which consents to the employing of the same name for types so diverse.

The great rhetoricians of the past century were all hostile to the Renaissance movement in architecture, and only reluctantly conciliatory with respect to its achievements in art. So travellers, coming to Italy as I did, possessed of a literary rather than a technical knowledge of architecture, find an initial difficulty in escaping from prepossessions instilled by the virulent rhetoric of Hugo and Ruskin. A phrase such as the latter's, " foul torrent of the Renaissance," dies hard in the minds of his votaries, and ten minutes, if one can endure that space of time, before the tomb of Doge Valier in San Giovanni e Paolo, or of Doge Pesaro in the Frari, go far to confirm the prejudice. The Verrochio-Leopardi statue of Colleoni prepares one for the magnificent achievement of Renaissance sculpture, but it is reserved for Florence to confirm one's knowledge that the Renaissance in carving

and building is not a tame and degenerate revival of classic form, but a movement in art, which, while legitimately renewing old traditions, is at once vital and original. It still remains a matter of surprise to me that the Renaissance artists, who in their sculpture exhibit such nervous sensitiveness of line, should display in their buildings qualities, above all, of massive strength, buildings which by courtesy we may call refined, but where delicate craftsmanship is revealed only in the moulding of a cornice, or in the finely-wrought sockets of the torch-holders which relieve the grim walls of palaces such as the Strozzi and Riccardi in Florence, or their somewhat gentler reflection, the Piccolomini of Siena. Venice, if we make exception of the justly admired Libreria Vecchia by Sansovino, has no such impressive monuments to show as these. If mere bulk implied magnificence, some half-dozen of her Renaissance palaces would take high rank, but this would be too facile a victory, and the Grimani alone, a work of the Veronese Sanmichele, has unassailed merits, combining in the highest degree refinement and strength. The Corner Cà Grande, which Vasari described as "the most splendid residence in Italy," has no such claims upon our admiration, though Ruskin falls too far short of praise in calling it "one of the coldest and worst buildings of the central Renaissance."

Venice, in her prime, combined remarkable receptivity with an equally remarkable originality. The peculiar exigencies to which the art of building was subject in this water-threaded area, constitute a concrete reason for the enforced originality of her architecture. Her buildings are Byzantine, Gothic and Renaissance if you will, but all of these in her own peculiar kind. And so it is, too, with her painting. Once caught in the strong current of art that set in from the mainland, her painters diverted the flow of the stream into channels of their own contriving, and thus in the course of one brief generation dominated the inspiration which they had received. They seem to have undergone no painful apprenticeship. In no locality where art has

flourished, is there such a surprising dearth of primitives. To think of Venetian art is to conjure up the names of consummate masters of the craft of painting—Titian, Tintoret, Veronese. There is no Duccio or Giotto to point the way, and John Bellini, whose work already has that appearance of finality which suggests a long line of ancestors coping painfully with rudimentary difficulties, was hardly himself of the second generation.

The paralysis of pictorial art in Venice, until so relatively late a period, has been variously explained where one explanation suffices. Painting, in early times, was never an independent pastime, but was, like the first Italian sculpture, strictly subordinated to architecture. Churches existed, and new churches, in the heat of Franciscan and Dominican enthusiasm, were built with vast spaces of unadorned walls, and the instinct of devotion and beauty alike demanded that these spaces should be sumptuously adorned with representations so lovely that the eye of the beholder should be gladdened, and so clear in their purport that even the untutored might read their meaning. Fresco decoration supplied this need in Central Italy, and to provide it the artistic instincts of the race were stimulated to the utmost. In Venice, and one must include with Venice the neighbour islands of Murano and Torcello, the moist salt air forbade the use of fresco, so the damp-defying mosaics of the East supplied the want. I do not desire to argue the point here, whether mosaic, or fresco, or painted glass, is the most effective decoration for churches. Many will share my opinion that nothing more sumptuous than the mosaic walls of Ravenna or Palermo can be conceived, but no enthusiasm for mosaic can blind one to the fact that upon painting it must exert a petrifying influence. Its attitudes, for all their grave sacerdotal dignity, are enforcedly conventional, and the line is frozen in its flow. Moreover, mosaic is singularly unadaptable to anything save the depiction of sacred themes, and the time arrived in the history of Venice when the city fathers demanded that some pictorial

record should perpetuate their civic splendours to future generations. Lacking capable artists of their own, they sent abroad to Verona and Umbria for men to decorate the Ducal Palace, and Vittore Pisano and Gentile di Fabriano answered the summons. The genealogy of Venetian art from this point, about 1420, is easily traced. Jacopo Bellini was Fabriano's assistant until the latter's death in 1427. His two sons, Gentile and Giovanni, having given unmistakeable signs of talent, were sent to study art in Padua, where the Giotto tradition of a hundred years had not yet died out, and where the great Donatello had recently arrived bringing a newer and more vital impulse, which was nothing less than the finished sense of formal beauty which inspired the great masters of the Florentine Renaissance. In this atmosphere, the younger Bellini developed his genius, and the same conditions inspired one technically greater than he, his friend and brother-in-law, Mantegna. John Bellini, in his ninety years of life, saw the more splendid, romantic, and also more worldly, art of Giorgione and Titian develop. Titian's hundred years lead us far down into the careers of Tintoret and Veronese, and Tintoret witnessed the decline and death of Venetian art. Marvellous the fertility of a city which, in a hundred and fifty years, names five such leaders!

No handbook of æsthetics can explain for me the exhilaration I feel before the simply subtle compositions of Giovanni Bellini. To say that they have charm is merely to rank their work with the hundred other pictures before which one spends an agreeable half-hour, while these, once seen, make perpetual pleasant music in the mind. Pictures without number stand between me and them,—Botticelli Madonnas with their wistful girlish faces, the bodiless ecstasies of the monk Angelico, the Mary Mothers of Raphael, serene in self-conscious beauty; but since not all the superimposed wealth of Florence and Rome has made bankrupt this quiet old Venetian painter, I am curious to examine the peculiar titles he bears to our regard. The handbooks of art with

their attribution of æsthetic pleasures to an excitation of the vaso-motor system fail us here, and we must seek some less cryptic explanation of our pleasure in Bellini's work.

One reason of our delight is, I take it, that Bellini appeared at the happy juncture when art had achieved control of its methods without having made the further fatal advance into sophistry. He had, therefore, the devoutness of the primitives without their crudeness, the values of the later masters without their insincerity. There is one time only in the history of the race when sacred pictures can be painted, as there is one time only in the history of the race when epic poems can be written. And for each of these facts one reason suffices. In both cases there must be a background of poets and painters striving for expression, and then, the vehicle having been perfected, the master comes who gives to these naïve imaginings enduring substance. Thus Giotto and Duccio are too early, Titian, Tintoret and Veronese too late, the first from insufficiency, the latter from surplusage of technical mastery to reach, yet not exceed, the limits of sacred art. A certain Coronation of the Virgin by Angelico in San Marco Monastery has in its fulness the tender ecstasy that becomes a sacred theme, and Tintoret, with his Paradise "Sphere within Sphere involved" and his stupendous Crucifixion, cannot take rank with Angelico as a religious painter. I do not claim for Bellini parity with Angelico in the field of sacred art, but temporally he bears the same relation to its development in the north as Angelico to its evolution in Central Italy, and a kindred devotional impulse marks the work of either master. And the rapid process of secularization which we note in Angelico's following, gave even a less discreet pagan tinge to the religious art of Titian, Tintoret, and Veronese.

Bellini was happy, therefore, in the time of his living, which permitted him to combine mastery of artistic method with the completest sincerity of expression. He has never been credited with inaugurating daring innovations in his art. He gave no impulse to realism like Masaccio, and viewed

with positive disfavour the romantic paganism which Giorgione created. But before Giorgione and Titian, he had learned to think in colour, and in his maturer work we may discern the unobtrusive presence of many qualities which the following generation emphasized with somewhat too vehement insistence, a delicate handling of light and shade which becomes the violent chiaroscuro of Tintoret, a discreet pyramidal arrangement of his figures which develops into the monotonous triangulation of Fra Bartolommeo, and a subdued yet sufficient gorgeousness of detail which waxes into the ceremonial riot of Veronese.

I think that I like best Bellini's Madonna and Saints in San Zaccaria. The Frari Madonna is, perhaps, the more general favourite, thanks in part to the charming *espièglerie*, hardly surpassed by Carpaccio, of the music-playing cherubs. The virgin, herself, is superbly done, one of those regal-throated matrons of Venice with flower-like tenderness of feature, at once woman yet unmistakeably divine, whom Bellini re-creates with subtle change from picture to picture. She is equally beautiful in San Zaccaria, and necessarily, to draw one's eyes from the radiant Saint Lucy who stands beside her. Here, too, the grouping of the figures is more satisfactory, and (but this is a small matter) one perforce admires the artifice whereby the supporting pillars of the throne alcove reproduce the actual columns of the church: evidence, at least, that the picture is in its proper place, and not, like Titian's Assumption, wrenched from its original dim setting into the too gaudy light of a public gallery.

A famous Bellini picture, with no Virgin to recommend it, hangs in the Church of San Giovanni Crisostomo. A work of his advanced years, it has lost nothing of the freshness of his early inspiration, and it exhibits a colour scheme of surprising originality and daring. The scarlet-robed Jerome, against a sunset sky and ruddy mountain background, does not suggest Bellini in the telling. But nothing of violence is in the picture, which radiates the peacefulness of a calm diviner than this earth knows. Painting, we are

told, is to be valued proportionately to its capability of suggesting motion. How are we to value, therefore, pictures from which all restlessness is absent, whose serene figures are bound in such a spell of quiet that the enchanted silences of the Grecian Urn seem clamorous by comparison? Keats has sought to represent the eternal rest of art, the immutability it confers upon the too swiftly flowing things of this life. But although all is changeless there, the potentialities of change are present, the priests and the people are coming to the sacrifice, and the doomed heifer is lowing at the skies. With Bellini the stillness is unbroken, or the imagination hears only the low note from the muted strings of some angelic instrument. That hermit we see against the sunset sky can never turn the pages of the book he contemplates, and if a suggestion of movement is present in certain of the other pictures, an out-stretched arm or a caressing gesture, as of the Virgin dancing the baby foot in her hand, it serves only to humanize, it cannot trouble the unwavering calm.

PELHAM EDGAR

THE LIMITATIONS OF MUSIC

AMONG the numerous changes and developments in musical art during the last fifteen or twenty years none are more striking than those investing it with additional powers and claiming for it psychological achievements until now deemed impossible. New forms and processes of composition, too often forced and extravagant, together with the various transformations the art has undergone and the accessories with which it is overburdened to-day, have caused a revolution, which, if confirmed and its principles established, must ere long convert music into something quite different from what it has hitherto been. On all sides, from the ill-informed newspaper critic to the accomplished essayist and reviewer, we hear the same familiar tune with the same familiar metaphysical coda. In their respective provinces, the programmist and psychologist vie with one another in support of the new propaganda, the one discovering in music capabilities heretofore supposed to be inherent in language alone, the other, a capacity to give well-defined, intelligent expression to mental suggestions and reflections; while a third invader, by the advocacy of a further fractional division of the intervals of the present musical scale, attacks the very foundation of the art; all bidding fair to transform a beneficent gift for the expression of the most intimate human emotions into an abstruse, complex science.

The tendency, therefore, is not so much to develop accepted tenets and canons, as to create and substitute new ones. With due allowance for the opposition that innovations invariably meet with, and readily admitting that progress in music, as in everything else, must and should be expected, there are those who perceive in the present aggressions the ultimate destruction of those principles upon which the art they love has been developed, and who ques-

tion whether the abandonment of what they consider its legitimate aims and limitations, can ever realize lasting results. Such abandonment, they say, may indeed create another art, but can the new one successfully fill the place of the one it has supplanted? Such is the dilemma that confronts even the most tolerant and liberal minded onlooker.

Without attempting to discuss all these points, it must suffice at this time to glance at a few of the features presented by the more radical participants in the new movement. Programmists and psychologists have been mentioned in this connexion, and it may be not without interest to investigate a little closely the methods of these two forces.

In order the better to appreciate such an investigation, some preliminary remarks as to the general character of music seem to be necessary; and in order to make these as brief and intelligible as possible, yet without claiming that the formula embraces all there is in music, the generally recognized proposition that music is the language of the emotions as speech is the language of the intellect, may be accepted as a sufficiently established basis for the purpose of the present writing.

Assuming, then, that music is the language of the emotions, it follows that there is an emotional as well as an intellectual language. But given a language there must be thought behind it, else there can be no intelligent expression. Consequently, there are distinct emotional thoughts, just as there are distinct intelligent thoughts. All thoughts, as we know, have a common origin. Simply stated, they are the culmination of mental activities. Their character can only be known by their utterance or expression, and the medium of their utterance helps us to determine this character. A distinctive characteristic of the intellectual thought is, that it can be expressed through many different mediums; an equally distinctive characteristic of the musical thought is, that it can be expressed only

through one particular medium. The poet expresses a certain thought by means of words; the painter expresses the same thought by means of brush and canvas; the sculptor by chisel and marble; the pantomimist by posture, gesture, or grimace; but the musical thought can be expressed only through musical sounds. Neither poet, painter, sculptor, nor pantomimist can express it; musical sounds, and musical sounds alone, can give it utterance.

After hearing Mendelssohn play one of his "Songs without Words," some one asked, "What did you mean by that? What would it be if expressed in words?" "You forget," Mendelssohn replied, "that music and language are two entirely different things. It was because my idea could not be expressed in words that I expressed it in music."

A very general misconception manifests itself in the above question. Comparatively few persons appear able to grasp the idea of an abstract musical thought—a thought or idea of a distinct, peculiar order, the result of a mental impulse arousing emotions capable of being expressed only in one arbitrary way. Consequently the enjoyment of music, or even the conception of it, is too frequently not complete until it has been transmuted, or in some way transformed into words, or the language of the intellect. At this point, however, one of the principal characteristics of the art has to be considered; namely, its indefiniteness,—a feature with which what follows will be chiefly concerned.

Despite all that may be said to the contrary, music deals, in the main, with generalities, or, as Victor Cousin puts it, "While it expresses everything, it expresses nothing in particular." Although it is true that certain emotions can be communicated both by words and by music, it is also true that there is so wide, so fundamental a divergence in the manner of the two communications, that their oneness or resemblance is scarcely, if at all, recognizable. The poet's way is not the musician's way. By a single word the poet instantly presents to the mind the image of a particular thing, producing a distinct impression and appealing

to certain and distinct emotions. But music speaks no single word. As every one knows, the sadness induced by reading a pathetic poem is attributable to the fact that clearly defined ideas have been suggested by the language employed. But the sadness induced by music comes in quite another way. Under its influence our emotions are moved, not by positive, specific images, such as language can awaken, but by the very opposite of these—by a vague, indeterminate and wholly indefinable agency existing nowhere outside its own domain. We feel its power, and laugh or cry as it may direct, but if asked to convey a definite impression of the image or the idea that has so affected us, we are forced to confess that it was no image, and if an idea, one without substance or form—an elusive, nebulous something, possessing no describable quality.

It must not be inferred from this, however, that musical ideas, as such, are vague, formless creations. On the contrary, a musical conception is as real and distinct to the musician as the poet's thought to the poet, or the philosopher's thought to the philosopher, and can be expressed with as much clearness and accuracy as a scientific truth can be expressed in words. In its own dialect, however, and in no other; because it so far exceeds the limits of speech, that it can only be known through the language of music itself. "Where human speech ends, musical utterance begins," said Richard Wagner, and Mendelssohn, who had little desire to discuss the ethics of his art, did not hesitate to declare that it is because of its super-definiteness, rather than its indefiniteness, that music cannot be expressed in language. Its intensity and fulness wholly transcend the capabilities of language, in fact, lie so far outside it, that the latter is but a clumsy drag and incubus upon the more ethereal and essential utterance demanded by its unique characteristics.

A full examination of the subject, including, as it must, the two great divisions of music, vocal and instrumental, obviously cannot be more than hastily touched upon in

this article. It may be said, however, that much of the misconception concerning the capabilities of the art is traceable to that innocent and most popular style of composition, the song, from which, more than from any other, the great masses of the people derive their knowledge of music. In the song they hear objects described, incidents related, sentiments expressed, and without reflection they attribute to the music the ability to indicate these various sentiments. It is just here that much of the confusion of ideas alluded to arises. For a moment's consideration shows conclusively that the chief sentiments produced or suggested by the song, or, indeed, by any vocal music, can scarcely be called musical thoughts or sentiments at all. They are the thoughts associated with language—moral, religious, patriotic, sentimental, or humourous, as the case may be. They are clear, precise, well-defined, because appealing to the listener's intelligence through words. For this reason the union of music and words affords a most effective and delightful means of musical enjoyment, and, in the case of sacred music, offers opportunities for some of the highest and noblest forms of musical expression. And this, because the most exalted and impressive ideas are clearly set before us in words, and the music is made to contribute in addition an emotional element of its own, which, in the language of Mr. Sydney Colvin, "vastly heightens the effect of the words upon the feelings, without in the least helping to elucidate them for the understanding."

As a test of the importance of this added element, let the words of any familiar piece of music be first read aloud, and then let them be properly sung to the music to which they belong: we shall then realize the tremendous effect possible to this reinforcing element—an element which, to quote again from Mr. Colvin, "lets loose that torrent of entrancing emotion which it pours along the heart—emotion latent and undivined until the spell of the sound begins."

Turning now to instrumental music, we find the conditions entirely changed. Those well-defined sentiments or

ideas common to vocal music are no longer present. The musician is now alone with his art. With no medium of communication except sound at his command, he appeals directly to our imagination and our emotions, creating his own subjects by the spontaneous activity of his mind. In thus addressing the imagination, he may be thought to resemble the poet, but the resemblance will not hold, because in the poet's work there is a decided material factor—something unknown to the musician, but the very foundation of the poet's efforts.

Writing on this subject, Dr. W. H. Hadow, of Oxford, in his book "Studies in Modern Music," says, in effect, that although we may not accept the definition which declares poetry to be a criticism of life, we may invert the phrase and hold life to be, on one side, a criticism of poetry. Life brings experience, and experience is our test of the truthfulness of the poet's delineations, just as it is the test of the possibilities of his situations and magical combinations. "No doubt," he continues, "Shakespeare did not draw his characters from life, but life has to supply us with the facts through which alone we can recognize the character as human. Even seers like Shelley and Blake, whose thought is farthest removed from our every-day, prosaic world, were yet compelled to weave their imagery from the rainbow, and the storm-cloud, and the leaping flame. Take away from poetry the material facts of nature and life, and there would be nothing left but melodious nonsense."

It will be seen, therefore, that the ways of the poet and the musician lie far apart. While the varying phases and phenomena of nature are almost indispensable to the poet, the musician, except in a casual, indirect measure, can have nothing to do with them. Neither can he concern himself with distinct, specific mental attitudes and convictions. Unaided by suggestion of some kind, he can no more express envy, hatred, pride, jealousy, revenge, and certain other states of the mind, than he can suggest a generous act or a noble life. Although his appeals are

to the imagination and the emotions, they are always general, never particular. His portrayals of grief may move us to tears, and his lively strains occasion ecstatic delight, yet, beyond grief or joy in the abstract, no precise interpretation of the music is possible.

Similar results must follow any attempts to depict natural objects. Take, for example, musical descriptions of the sea, upon which great stress is sometimes laid, what are they, at best, but imitations?—imitations, too, by no means so striking that they can be unfailingly recognized. If the title of a composition be given in a programme as "The Sea," undoubtedly it may be possible to discern, in the music, something that suggests the peaceful tranquillity of the ocean at rest, or the roar of the waves, the pounding of the heavy surf, and the general commotion of a storm. But if, instead, the title be announced as a portrayal of the vicissitudes of human love, all the peacefulness and gentle flow, all the storm and passion of the *same music*, will suggest the varying course of love quite as readily and faithfully as it suggested the sea. The truth is, music is so subtle and elusive, that the imagination can give it any form it may choose.

It was to overcome, in a measure, this inability of music to convey a definite idea that the programme was introduced to aid in the understanding of instrumental compositions. So sensitive to influence is the imagination that a motto, a title, a verse, in short, a suggestion of any kind respecting the subject of an instrumental composition, instantly inclines the mind in any required direction. Such suggestion the programme supplies. Notwithstanding the lack of agreement in the definition of the term, it may be explained in a general way, that programme music is a composition in which the composer announces beforehand the thought, emotion, or object he has endeavoured to awaken or depict; choosing as his thesis, generally, the concrete embodiment of his subject in an incident, verse, poem or some similar form of expression.

Although there can be no objection to such a proceeding, its advantages are not fully acknowledged by all composers, so romantic a writer as Schumann affirming that, while a title might help to appreciation by stimulating thought and the fancy, and could neither improve poor music nor mar good, yet music that required it must be in a sorry case. Since Schumann's time, however, especially in these latter days, the phrase has been so broadened as to include interpretations other than those of the composer. Some critics do not hesitate to offer to their readers an "explanation" of a sonata or a symphony, which is simply a gratuitous presentation of their own individual conception of the inner meaning of the work. It is evident that, according to his peculiar idiosyncrasy, the programmist can thus invest the music with whatever fancies he may desire, and read into it meanings undreamed of by the composer. A case in point is a review of Beethoven's so-called, "Moonlight" Sonata, which appeared in a leading periodical not very long ago. In this review, the writer interprets the entire sonata as the expression of Beethoven's hopeless passion for one of those high-born ladies under whose spell the great composer was constantly falling, discovering in the different passages the varying emotions by which he was moved—one denoting hope, another despair, still another a determination to abandon all further thought of the object of his devotion, and others again depicting the harrowing sensations with which he beheld the fair one at a ball, dancing with a more favoured suitor! It is not difficult to imagine the style of programme this remarkable reviewer would supply should occasion require it.

Turning from such fantastic absurdities to the more rational conjectures of trusted writers, it will be seen that even these have their difficulties. When, some eighteen months ago, Sir Edward Elgar produced his symphony, it was fully commented upon in the London press. The diverse opinions respecting the "meaning" of the music are worthy of notice in this connexion.

"Of programme to this symphony there is none, and as far as any indication is concerned, its subject is as great a mystery as the theme on which his famous Enigma Variations are based: nevertheless, the music—as music always will, programme or no programme—tells its own tale; and though its interpretation may vary in detail, the reading of it in its broad issue is that of a life story of struggle, passion, and triumph. If this be so, or even if it is intended to portray something entirely different, the seriousness of the view taken is clear at every point. . . . . The end is clearly attained, and that the end is one of triumph and mastery, the music well expresses."

"The call of the ideal represented by a note melody, which opens the work in a manner suggestive of Schubert's Symphony in C, is answered by all the wiles of the world, the flesh and the devil. . . . . Bewildering siren-calls summon the hero to destruction, and through all sounds the dark and sinister theme of sin."

"Although this symphony has no programme, it has a poetic basis, the composer suggesting the seriousness of life, its pleasures, joys and sorrows, and where this idea is borne in mind, the beautiful passages in the four movements become additionally interesting."

Taking in their order these three of nearly a dozen excerpts that might be cited, the writer in the *Morning Post* may reasonably be asked: What, then, is the need of a programme, if the music "always tells its own tale?" And further, if this fact is so assured, why the implied doubt in the words, "If this be so?" And why, notwithstanding this doubt, the very confident assertion that the story is "that of a life of struggle, passion and triumph?" Under the circumstances, would not a little more elasticity of expression modify somewhat one's perplexity when confronted with the conflicting interpretation of his contemporary critic? For oddly enough, the writer in the *Daily Graphic* discovers in the symphony "the call of the ideal," "answered by the wiles of the world, the flesh and the devil,"

and "bewildering siren-calls summoning the hero to destruction," all of which appears to be a very considerable advance upon the more moderate divination of his fellow-critic.

The *Daily Chronicle* is more guarded. To his mind the music suggests "the seriousness of life; its pleasures, joys, and sorrows;" and although this might be said of almost any serious composition, no one can object to the writer's very mild proposition that "with this view borne in mind," the music will be listened to with added interest. But, agreeable as it might be, how can we know for a certainty that this "view" was the one in the mind of the composer? And, since guessing is in order, why not assume that this seemingly enigmatical composer, with no thought of a "story" in his mind, feeling within him the stirrings of those impulses known only to the musician, impulses awakening emotions so far alien from all other emotions that they are unutterable save in one peculiar way, turned, as he was forced to do, to the only possible medium of their expression—musical sounds? Although these impulses and their consequent emotions transcend the power of language, they are, nevertheless, human, having their origin in a human breast, and necessarily tinged with the experiences inseparable from human life; yet they ever remain the same—vague, mysterious, indefinable. At times, dark, melancholy and depressing, at others bright, joyous, intoxicating, they are still *themselves;* presentative rather than representative; not other ideas in musical form, but musical ideas presented and presentable only in their own unalterable form. It is impossible to find in them an actual resemblance to anything else in the world. Before they are expressed, they may be classed with those general mental activities we call thoughts, but once they take precise shape, they instantly become unique, individual creations, standing by themselves, apart and isolated. Not only are they unlike any other known thing, but it is impossible to conceive even of anything that could resemble them. Appealing,

as they do, to the imagination, it is possible to invest them with many different characters, but inasmuch as these characters are as various as the personalities from whom they spring, it is evident that their truthfulness may be questioned. As proof of this, we may turn to one more opinion respecting Sir Edward Elgar's Symphony. In marked contrast to the speculations already quoted, the frank avowal of a writer, in the *Daily Mail*, is most refreshing: "Elgar, himself, has given no indication of a programme, and I, for my part, prefer to drink in the beauties of the music without troubling about a problematical explanation. The exquisite adagio, for instance, ... would lose much if yoked to any sort of a 'story.' It is a woven texture of sound, across the warp and woof of which are shot magic gleams of tone colour worked by a master mind."

But is not this rank heterodoxy? Here is a critic, in this age of symbolism and metaphysical speculation, who listens for the first time to a new symphony, yet, indifferent alike to analytic or synthetic process, educes from the hearing not so much as a psychic suggestion or a philosophic principle. Surely there is degeneracy in this! For what does it all mean? Nothing less than the unalloyed enjoyment of music for its own sake, with no care for the particular page from Schopenhauer or Nietzsche, no concern for the special verse from Verlaine or Beaudelaire that is struggling for utterance. Unheeded also are the "life conflict, passion, and triumph," the "bewildering siren-calls," the "dark and sinister themes of sin." In their stead, only the satisfying strains of pure, absolute music, flooding the soul of the listener with entrancing imagery, and kindling emotions as variable as the strains he hears, yet remaining ever the unknown and the unknowable. Who, then, but a misguided pervert could thus deliberately abandon the alluring groves of psychological hypotheses for paths so narrow and unfrequented as these?

In discussing the common desire to give a name to the various manifestations of music—to discover what they "mean," Mr. W. J. Apthorp, in one of his essays, observes:

"It is but one phase of the prevailing modern tendency to look upon music as a largely representative art, instead of as chiefly a presentative one. And this point of view is, after all, not unnatural. This strong feeling for the representative power of music has swept over the musical world as in great tidal waves, more than once in the history of the art, and has brought with it a corresponding contempt for the art's more plastic and purely presentative side. Music is so suggestive, so stimulative to the imagination; its emotional quality and force and variety of movement seem so exactly to fit the pictures we see in our mind's eye, in spite of ourselves, while hearing it, that these pictures are but the outcome of our own stimulated imagination, and have not been actually projected upon our mental retina by the music itself. We are so bound up in the visible and tangible world in which we live; our ordinary emotions are so inextricably interwoven with the hopes, fears and aspirations of our daily life, that, whenever we find ourselves face to face with anything so saturated with emotion as music, we cannot well help trying to express its emotion over again to ourselves in terms of our visible, tangible, or emotional environment."

From a more general standpoint, Victor Cousin, the eminent French philosopher, thus particularizes some of the characteristics of music, among them, its close relations with the imagination: "The peculiar power of music is to open to the imagination a limitless career; to lend itself with astonishing facility to all the moods of each individual; to arouse or calm with the sounds of the simplest melody, our accustomed sentiments, our favourite affections. . . . . Music pays for the immense power that has been given it; it awakens more than any other art the sentiment of the Infinite, because it is vague, obscure, indeterminate in its effects. It is just the opposite to sculpture, which bears less towards the Infinite because everything in it is fixed with the last degree of precision. Such is the force and at the same time the feebleness of music, that it

expresses everything and expresses nothing in particular. Sculpture, on the contrary, gives rise to no reverie, for it clearly represents such a thing and not such another. . . . . The domain of music is sentiment, but even then its power is more profound than extensive, and if it expresses certain sentiments with an incomparable force, it expresses but a very small number of them. By way of association, it can awaken them all, but directly it produces very few of them, and the simplest and most elementary, too—sadness and joy, with their thousand shades. Ask music to express magnanimity, virtuous resolution, and other sentiments of this kind, and it will be as incapable of doing it as of painting a lake or a mountain. It goes about it as it can; it employs the slow, the rapid, the loud, the soft, but imagination has to do the rest, and imagination does only what it pleases."

It will be observed that the number of sentiments capable of musical expression are here limited to two, but the tendency of to-day is to claim for the art the expression of practically all of them. As has already been indicated, the imagination, if prepared in advance by suggestion of some kind, will descry in the music almost any desired sentiment. It will particularize where the composer has only generalized; thus accounting for the programmist's frequent discoveries of psychological subtleties in a composition, never once thought of in the writing.

It is not pretended that there is no legitimate representative music. What is here deprecated is the undue predominance and ascendency now given it. Indeed, absolute music, music *per se*, is being so generally ignored, that it seems as if it must necessarily soon disappear, so often is the ideal forced to give place to the real or actual, and, however subjective the composition may be to the composer, its purely musical significance metamorphosed into something that is not musical. Mr. Apthorp leniently excuses this transmuting habit on the grounds of its naturalness and the pleasure it affords, yet at the same time he

asserts that the more it is indulged the greater becomes the contempt for what is surely the most idealistic and captivating feature of the art. In all seriousness then, can there be a more deplorable decadence than such a contempt? To dethrone music, wrest it from its ethereal realms to become the slave, the humble exponent of fixed and tangible sentiments, whether poetic or metaphysical, is to rob it of its most potent, most cherished attributes. As we have seen, when allied to noble and inspiring verse, while it intensifies its sentiment, it often transcends it as an emotional agency. But it is not in such exhibitions that it reaches its fullest exaltation. *Its indefiniteness is its triumph.* The moment we bend and subordinate it to a story, a material fact, a philosophic principle, that moment we take from it its unrivalled freedom and unique individuality, and deprive it of its chief and most valuable essential, namely, its indefinable spirituality; and it is in its spirituality that it reveals its sublimest manifestations.

Did the present occasion permit, much might be said respecting the peculiar methods of the two most radical of modern composers, Richard Strauss and Claude Debussy. A hasty reference, however, must suffice just now. Endowed with genius of an order, it may be, never before exemplified in musical art, these two musicians have centred upon themselves the attention of the entire musical world. As was to be expected, differing estimates and opinions regarding the ultimate influence and results of their writings prevail; one class of disputants holding that, notwithstanding the undoubted abilities displayed, so venturesome and reckless are the new developments, so independent of tradition, so scornful of much that has hitherto been deemed the best in music, that it is impossible to consider them as more than passing flashes of inspiration destined only to play their part in the great procession of mundane events, and then disappear. On the other hand, it is claimed that, even admitting imperfections, these departures from the recognized principles formerly prevailing are the probable or,

perhaps, certain beginnings of a new art. Mr. Ernest Newman, an English critic of note, asks if Debussy's works may not be "the first stammerings of an art that has not yet fully mastered the language it would speak."

Mr. W. J. Henderson, well-known, both at home and abroad, as a thoughtful writer, speaking of Richard Strauss, says: "It is too soon to say that Strauss will influence the future. He may leave us nothing but certain purely mechanical improvements in orchestral technics. Even these will have their value. Yet all recent attempts at progress in music have been in the direction of more definite expression, and Strauss may be only a stepping-stone in an advance towards the blissful epoch whose hearers will display as much imagination as its composers, that transcendent condition in which genius understands genius."

August Spanuth holds that, "Richard Strauss may be a monstrous phenomenon, yet he embodies the domineering spirit of modern music," and he asks: "Is there a future left for instrumental music outside of the descriptive, pictorial, illustrative, suggestive and philosophizing music of to-day?" while Strauss himself puts the question: "Why cannot music express philosophy? Metaphysics and music are sisters."

Amid these various suggestions and speculations, should not the one rational inquiry be: Are all these new and extraordinary discoveries and inventions based upon the great fundamental principles of order and sincerity? No lasting art can be founded upon caprice and eccentricity. The classics are with us to remain. Strive as we may to evade them, they will always continue to be the standard by which artistic achievement will be judged. Undoubtedly, they have not spoken the last word in music, but there can be no enduring developments apart from the sober and orderly methods that have made them what they are. As Hauptmann says, they are not classic because they are old; they are old because they are classic; and few will disagree with Mr. Chesterton that, although they may be forgotten, they can never be dethroned.

Mr. Newman, in comparing the greatest minds in music, like Bach, Beethoven, and Wagner, with what he designates the smaller minds, like Debussy, says the difference exists because "a Debussy is self-centred, visionary, and fantastic, while the others just exhibit normal human nature transfigured by genius . . . . . The bigger men go out to meet life with both hands opened wide; a Debussy rather superciliously bolts and bars his door and admits only so much of life within his house as is coloured the way he would have coloured it himself, could he have been the maker of it."

It should be borne in mind that a change of position is not necessarily an advance. When, therefore, Richard Strauss chooses as the basic principle of his orchestration, "individualism of instruments," or, as it has been fitly named, "the pure anarchy of the entire apparatus": when he so far departs from recognized artistic canons as to exalt learned but discordant ugliness into an honourable prominence in his compositions—so much so that one of his most enthusiastic admirers exultantly proclaims that he has made dissonance king, may we not reasonably ask: Is this bettering Bach, and Mozart, and Beethoven? The extraordinary genius of Strauss and Debussy cannot be denied, nor can the charm of much of their music be easily forgotten; but, when, breaking with the past, and forsaking the fair fields in which they were wont to roam, they wander afar over ugly, barren wastes, who, remembering their superior gifts and former splendid efforts, can accept with indifference such desertion of the noblest in their art? In their alienation from those great ones who have preceded them, may they not some day realize the truth of Mr. Newman's words: "To do much building, you need the help of other men: if you disdainfully reject their bricks and refuse to build with any but those of your own making, you will find in a very little time that the substance of these becomes thin, and the pattern monotonous."

JOSEPH GOULD

THE NEW THEOLOGY

THE task which I propose for myself is this: to disclose the nature of the thing which is called the New Theology, for the sake of establishing the sharp distinction which exists between it and the old. And yet in the employment of the term "new" is involved an assumption which cannot be allowed to pass without scrutiny.

Theology is an attempt to give an account of experiences which come to men in the course of their lives. Science is nothing more than that. Accordingly, theology is a science, less exact than some it may be, and more exact than others; but it is the most vital of all sciences, since there is nothing which so closely concerns men as God. And I trust that, for the moment, I may be permitted merely to mention that holy name without being put to the question as to all that is implied by the term. Professor MacBride, who is one of the straitest sect of the Scientists, has felt constrained to declare that our relation to the Great Power enormously transcends in importance the structure of molecules, the causes of radio-activity, or even the laws of heredity, matters which science has taken for its very own.

Science, including theology, is merely an attempt to co-ordinate successive perceptions of actual things. All science is one. All theology is one; and there cannot be a new theology any more than there can be a new science. There may, however, be different modes of investigation, pursuit by various paths, and alternative accounts of the results observed.

But a science there must be, and a theology there must be. The man who has a consumption of the lungs and attributes it to excessive breathing of fresh air, the man who has ruptured the fibres of a muscle and attributes the acci-

dent to a fairy dart, or assigns the malignant influence of an evil spirit as the cause of an internal pain, creates for himself a pathology. His theory of disease may be incomplete or inaccurate. It is none the less a science, since it expresses the highest knowledge of which he is possessed. Similarly, in the employment of the word " God " there is, as Newman says, an implied theory of God, a theology.

A man, who reflects upon the matter at all, inevitably arrives at the conclusion that he is merely a part of a whole which lies outside the region of his immediate knowledge. This very reflection and consciousness implies a theory of that which lies beyond, of the future in this life, and, in normal cases, of a life which may follow that. The lowest savage, by a process of feeling rather than of reflection, perceives that there is a power not himself, which profoundly modifies, even when it does not entirely govern, his life. He has witnessed the destruction of his means of sustenance, his cattle and his crops, by an agency which he could not control, by those mysterious powers which employ the wind, the sea, and the lightning as their weapons against a puny and helpless race of men. Humanity, to him, was a Caliban in Prospero's power; and it there was a moment of sunshine and of calm, it was only a temporary cessation of the torment.

No price was too great to offer for relief,—the choicest of the flock, the first fruits of the earth, or that most precious of all offerings, the eldest born of the family. Sacrifice was the expression of fear, and in the end came to be so closely identified with religion that the real significance of religion was lost. To the savage, as well as to the Hebrew, fear is the beginning of wisdom, and sacrifice the central idea of their theology.

The wrath of God was aroused by the sin of men and could only be averted by sacrifice. The Jews had their own method of dealing with sin, in which they employed rams, goats, turtle-doves, and young pigeons. Or, they bound this burden, under which humanity lies, upon the

back of a goat and drove the beast into the wilderness. But these trivial devices, which might do very well for a pastoral people, were too transparent for men of the intelligence of Isaiah. He repudiated the idea entirely, and declared that for the atonement of sin, not sacrifice is required, not the blood of goats, but mercy, loving-kindness, and righteousness.

But even as late as the time of Paul, this idea persisted in the Jewish mind, that forgiveness could come only through sacrifice; and for that condition of universal sin, which he postulated with so much labour, nothing less than a universal sacrifice would suffice, namely, the sacrifice of the Messiah of God, whom by many proofs he identified with Jesus. By this supreme sacrifice, the law was at once fulfilled and destroyed, since the necessity for any lesser sacrifice was obviated for ever. And sacrifice yet remains as the central idea in all theology which is entitled to be known as Christian. This scarlet thread runs through every system of Christian doctrine, no matter under what guise it presents itself.

Paul provided a theory of the death of Jesus which brought that event into harmony with the sacrificial idea. At the same time, he freed it from the gross conception that the sacrifice was given to an angry God to turn away his wrath, or to a devil in order that he might release his hold. It was love alone which impelled God to sacrifice His Son, to certify to men that a complete act of propitiation had taken place of which they might fully avail themselves. The cross then became the symbol of God's love.

If Paul had not appeared when the hearts of men burned within them, we should now be employing the words which Anatole France in "*Le Procurateur de Judée*" puts into the mouth of Pilate: "Jesus? I do not recall the name." The scepticism of Philopatris would be ours: "And to me it seems that you have fallen asleep upon a white rock in a parish of dreams, and have dreamt all this in a moment while it was night."

In so far as the theologians of Jerusalem could understand, they had repelled the attack of Jesus upon their position. They had every reason to believe that the sect of the Nazarenes would disappear, as the sect of the Baptists was already beginning to disappear in the chaos of Jewish aspiration; and in the light of after-events we cannot affirm that the expectation was without warrant. The Baptist had been described as more than a prophet, as greatest among them that are born of woman. He, like Jesus, had set himself up against the organized system by which the scribes had kept the people in bondage. He demanded individual repentance and not priestly intercession for the remission of sins. By this direct approach to God, he made the office of the hierarchy of no effect; and yet all the direct result of his work that remained was a small community of pious Jews, which lived in asceticism for a brief period and vanished into the cold void of history. As a matter of fact, Jewish Christianity, untouched by the Greek spirit, fared little better. It never obtained a footing in Asiatic soil. The church at Antioch was the only one of considerable size in Syria, and it was largely Gentile. The country districts and villages were unmoved by the new doctrine, and the Christianity of Palestine finally perished in the catastrophe of Jerusalem.

Whether or not we like the Hebrew idea of the atonement for sin by sacrifice and the elaborate contrivance by which Paul supported it, Christianity was rescued for us by the genius of Paul and of his companions, many of whom are unknown even as to their names; and it has been preserved to us ever since by the various theological developments by which it has been systematically buttressed.

To critics skulking on the outskirts of literature, and knowing little about theology and less about God, it is only too congenial a task launching their clumsy shafts against phantoms. Ignorant of history, they are unaware that the doctrine of the three-one and the one-three was of vital importance when the one-God idea was struggling with

Polytheism; that the tenets of Arius were opposed, because, if they had prevailed, the Pantheon would again have been introduced into the official religion of the Empire; that an acceptance of Gnosticism would have dissipated into abstract thought the person of Jesus; and that in the contest against Monotheism it was a question of order against anarchy.

The value of the various theories of God was incalculable in the times in which they prevailed. Especially was the doctrine of the Trinity important, for men had trusted so long in a multiplicity of gods, that it was asking too much of them to put their faith in one. They were offered a Trinity as a compromise; and Monotheism was appeased by the suggestion that three in reality means one. The struggle against Gnosticism was in reality an attempt to save the humanity of Jesus from those who would make of him a process of thought. By gathering itself together, opposing, cursing, persecuting those who would destroy it, the mediæval papacy with all its abstract imperfections maintained the very existence of a religious organization. In exactly the same spirit, the Pastoral and Johannine Epistles were directed against heretical teachers, such as those at Colossae, who boasted of their Jewish circumcision, their Greek philosophy, and ascetic practices.

I should hesitate, however, to affirm that any system of theology with which we are acquainted expresses exactly and absolutely the infinite mind of God. "*Pour savoir ce qu'il est, il peut être Dieu même;*" and I do not suppose that any school of theologians think us so simple-minded as to believe that they have fulfilled that hard condition.

As men grow, they outgrow their system, but the human need for the system remains. More especially must those feeble and imperfectly developed natures, which constitute the bulk of humanity, have a theology to lean upon. Possibly those who have eaten of the tree of knowledge, and are become as gods, can do without. Those who have followed the recent controversy upon the subject will be inclined to lay some stress upon the testimony of George

Tyrrel, who was an immediate sufferer from an organized theological system, and yet declared that religion, without at least an implicit theology, is like a man without a brain, a bundle of sentiments, and blind impulses, and senseless contortions.

By means of theology, the collective spirit is brought to bear upon the individual, and it preserves the reflections of past generations upon their religious experience. But when it becomes cold in religious temperament, it not only puts forward the common and collective spirit as a more complete manifestation of the divine than the spirit of the individual, but it fails to see that this communized and collective spirit which unifies all religious experience is not final. It puts forward the ideas and institutions of a particular age as a changeless and infallible rule.

No system of theology has ever won attention which did not recognize that all previous systems had arisen as a product and expression of the experience and need of the time; and that itself is vital only in so far as it reflects the life in which it lives. Accordingly, theology is not a catalogue of obsolete abstractions, or a successful endeavour on the part of men to bewilder themselves methodically, —*s'égarer avec méthode*, as Michelet says; or, as Berkeley puts it, an attempt to find their way in a cloud of dust which they themselves had raised. It is an attempt to find out the meaning of life. When the soul has no concern for its own existence, and men do not care whether life has any meaning or not, they will not care for theology either.

I think that most persons are in agreement that no age or race can contrive a theology which will be adequate for the next age or another race. We may now go so far as to say that no man can contrive a theology which will be entirely adequate for any other man. Each one, according to his experience, must make a theology for himself, which will be a thing living and changing day by day, as his experience enlarges and his knowledge grows.

Nor can religion do without a church, and a church

cannot endure without a theology. There are two ways by which men have striven to find God: by magic, divination, sorcery, superstition, rites, and ceremonies; and experimentally in the heart. The former is the way of the ecclesiastic: the latter is the way of Jesus. And yet one must not say that these two methods are mutually contradictory or even entirely distinct. The celebration of certain rites arouses a genuine religious emotion in the minds of persons to whom they are utterly meaningless; and a religious atmosphere is created which in turn influences persons to whom those rites are superstitious.

A church is, in one sense, a habitation for men, and in another sense which completes the idea, a repository for religion, a means of carrying out God's work in the world by the perfecting of the individual. It is an edifice constructed by human hands. Like all works of finite intelligence, it is subject to time and chance. Every system of human contrivance has in itself the seeds of decay. Death goes hand in hand with life, and it is merely a question of time which shall prevail.

The prophet and the priest are inevitable enemies; and yet, without the priest the prophet ends as a voice crying in the wilderness. It is the strangest paradox of history that religion loses itself without the church, and its fineness is always destroyed within. The priest slays the prophet and betrays the church; yet he maintains its existence until the saint is ready to redeem it. When religion is driven from the hearts of men, its only refuge is the church until the time comes, as it inevitably does, for it to burst forth like a water-spring long pent up. When we realize that it is one function of the priest to slay the prophet, we can regard with more equanimity the methods which he adopts. Occasionally a mistake is made, but the priests are always willing to make what amends they can by building a handsome sepulchre.

Last of all, in Christianity there is the frank assumption that its theory of God has come down by a process of reve-

lation direct from heaven, which is contained in certain writings done in the dialect of that family of the Semites which attained the height of its greatness in Lower Asia; in four Gospels which were written in Greek by Greeks for Greeks; and in certain Epistles which were written chiefly by Hebrews and probably in part by Greeks. Like all Semitic faiths, Christianity is based upon revelation, for the Jews never believed anything which they could understand.

The theology of Christianity, which for the sake of convenience I shall describe as the "Old," takes its stand within the mind of God. In the "New Theology" the enquiry has been transferred from the mind of God to the minds of men. It aims at being scientific, observing facts, and making deductions. Its exponents perceive that religious experience is a fact, that emotions are produced by it, and that conduct is influenced by them. They have observed that conversion is a reality, as real as any other human experience; that prayer and public devotion have their fruits in patience, pureness, long-suffering, kindness, and unfeigned love. For these effects they predicate a cause. Then they proceed to investigate the nature of it. From these effects as witnessed by their operation within the individual, certain deductions are made as to the source from which they come, and theories are created about the manner in which those influences are propagated.

The earliest of these new theologians was Schleiermacher. He demonstrated that Christian faith does not consist in doctrinal propositions which arise from intellectual reflections upon the subject, but is "a condition of devout feeling, a fact of inward experience, an object which may be observed and described."

I think we may agree with this simple statement of doctrine without committing ourselves to its further implications, and the more we agree, the less new will this theology sound. It is worth remarking, however, that, whilst this condition may be "observed and described," no one can describe an experience which he himself has

not experienced; and it does not necessarily follow that, even if a man should undergo such an experience, he would have either the desire or the capacity to give an account which would be satisfactory to himself or intelligible to others.

All theologies have been constructed out of religious experience, and none can be created unless the spirit of religion inspires. And yet, in turn, the letter kills the spirit, the priest betrays the church, and the theologian slays the saint. The centre of Paul's theology was personal religious experience. Also, to those noble heathen, the Stoics, personal salvation was the prime concern, and their ethical conception of moral duties was built upon that.

The essential thing, to both Paul and the Stoics, was that inward change by which, through the exercise of the will, a man undergoes a complete and radical conversion, wrests himself from the power of sin, and puts himself on the side of God, with a new light in the eyes and fresh courage in the heart. It was to this experience Luther appealed. That is, also, the meaning of Wesley's doctrine of grace, by which the will is renewed and faith aroused. It is the meaning, too, of assurance of justification, which is the knowledge that all inner discord is at an end through the attainment of peace in God, joy in Him and love to all men. Erasmus describes this experience in a word: "The sum of religion is peace."

Paul's theology can be understood only if it is read in that light which shined round about him as he journeyed from Jerusalem to Damascus. It is merely an attempt to elucidate the mystery. Jesus was content merely to live. But, for the sake of appealing to the Jewish mind, Paul was willing to reinforce the account of his experiences with objective proofs, with theories, and texts, conceptions and conclusions drawn from the Hebrew scriptures, with the result that he has supplied us with a soteriology which, whether we accept it or not, is beyond intelligible comprehension as a whole.

The new theologians, also taking their stand upon per-

sonal experience, have gone further, and volunteer to supply a scientific nomenclature and paraphernalia for the sake of appealing to the modern mind, with the result that their investigation into the operation of influences, which are assumed to come from without, has in reality materialized into a spiritualized psychology conducted in a spiritual laboratory. Instead of Spinoza's *cognitio Dei intuitiva*, they offer us " proof " of the sure existence of God; but search for abstract proof in the realm of religion, begins in doubt and ends in despair. " Fear God " has made many men religious and happy: " proofs " of the existence of God have made many men atheists.

The Jews remained unconvinced by the historical method of Paul, and we shall not be convinced by the scientific methods of the new theologians, because they have gone too far. They " prove " too much. Paul set out to convert his fellow-rabbis by telling them of the supreme thing which God had done for his soul. He ended up by employing the weapons of haggadic allegory, rabbinical evasion, subterfuge, and quibble. The new theologians, so soon as they became starved, in religious temperament, ended up by pressing mathematics into the service of their new and scientific theology. In the " Hibbert Journal " Professor Keyser holds, " that recent developments of mathematical science, as furnishing direct insight into the Positive nature of the Infinite, are of the greatest importance to theology." But on account of natural incapacity or lack of opportunity, not all persons are versed in the higher mathematics. Many of us are in the situation of that unhappy Wampanoag truth-seeker, who complained that he could not understand the nature of the Trinity because he was not skilled in the deeper parts of the arithmetic; and it does seem unjust that we should, on account of our ignorance of mathematics, be debarred from a saving knowledge of the living and true God. This scientific method finds its last expression in the " Gifford Lectures," which are part of an attempt to determine the status of God for a given period, to construct a kind of theo-

logical ephemeris, in much the same way as the astronomers construct, for the mariner, a table of calculated positions and motions of the heavenly bodies, from day to day, or at regular intervals.

Within the limits of human experience, the new theologians have observed and classified; but I do not think they have made any clearer the mystery of personal religious experience, that miracle which is fresh every time it occurs, by which the individual escapes from the domination of transitory things. "Not, surely, of deliberate effort of thought," says George Gissing, "does a man grow wise. The truths of life are discovered by us at moments unforeseen. Some gracious influence descends upon the soul, touching it to an emotion which, we know not how, the mind transmutes into thought. This can only happen in a calm of the senses, a surrender of the whole being to a passionless contemplation."

"I understood when I went into the sanctuary of God," is the way in which the Hebrew psalmist described the method of search by which the mystery may be solved, and a meaning obtained, which is missed in the clear light and frigid atmosphere of reason. There is a great saying of Joubert's: "It is not hard to know God, provided we do not force ourselves to define him." A greater than either has said that God may not only be known; He may be seen by the simple device of purity of heart. Not even the most scientific theologian can find God by any other method.

It may well be that the present condition of bewilderment is due to the discovery, not yet made fully conscious to us, that the Hebrew idea in Christianity is alien to our race; for we must constantly remind ourselves that we are not of Israel, but of the Gentiles. God is in heaven, therefore all is right with the world. That is the conception which we have borrowed from the Jews, to replace the older idea in which our race was nourished, that God is on earth; and religion a manifestation of an inward light, not of a great light which came down from heaven.

This scientific theology, at its best, is in reality a revival of the method of Buddha, who declared that he had found a way which, if a man would follow, leads to serenity and peace. Come and see, he said, what God hath done for my soul; but our new theologians are prone to weary us by telling at second-hand what happened in some other person's soul, and how it came about. I question if they appreciate what an entire reversal of Christianity this experimental method is, reasoning from the known to the unknown, instead of from the unknowable to the known, taking a stand within the experience, instead of arguing downward from a postulate. Also, I question, deeply, if one, who has experienced this inward change, is concerned in the slightest as to the minutia of the process by which it came about: "*Le coeur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.*" It is the heart which judges.

In so far as the New Theology attempts, with mortal foot, to pass beyond the gates of human experience, to convert religion into terms of logic, to apprehend the divine nature by any device of the human intellect, it merely signifies its surrender to the materialistic idea that a "scientific" spirit broods over the universe, and that men, by searching, can find out God.

Yet, I think that most persons are agreed that the foundations of Semitic theology are shaken, and that it is time to stop the erection of any further superstructure upon it, —that, in short, the things which can be shaken should give place to that which will endure. Indeed, the material for a New Theology—which, after all, will not be new, for it is as old as the race from which we are sprung,—is ready at hand. It only requires a new saint to embody the spirit of religion, and a new theologian to provide a gnosis.

But in the meantime, shall our theologians be content to sit with folded hands? By no means. It is their business to create out of individual experiences, their own included, a systematized theory of God as a working formula for the church, which preserves and transmits to posterity the

record of God's dealing with men. The first lesson they must learn is not to take their business too seriously. The next lesson they must learn is to take it seriously enough. They must strive, with all their might, to find out God, and at the same time be fully convinced that they cannot formularize the idea within the limits of any dogma.

It is the business of theology to help people in their efforts to believe what they have always believed, by making the transference of thought to new ideas so easy, that they do not become aware that the old is entirely replaced by the new, as a good bee-keeper would transfer his swarm to a new hive, when the old had become overcrowded or infected. In this, the theologians of our generation have failed us. They have allowed the people to scatter in the highway, which is not a favourite resort for the spirit of religion; or, like obdurate mariners, they held their course too long and cast away the ship. The history of religion must take account of the continuity of human experience. Christianity, itself, is merely a phase of human life, and the various forms under which we see it are merely phases of Christianity. This is a business with which religious men of the second class—those who are not really poets and creators—may profitably occupy themselves, to establish the identity of the new with the old, and the unity of the present with the past, to bring present knowledge into harmony with old surmise, and bind the ages, each to each, in piety.

It is a work of necessity, and not of piety alone, to save the old theology by transforming its meaning into terms agreeable to the modern mind. Theology must be rewritten continually, and that in terms of poetry. A new symbolism must be created. But how shall this be done? The unknown author of the Epistle to the Hebrews has shown us the way. The burden of his song is that the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, which had shined in men's hearts, is contained in earthen vessels. These might perish, but the treasure remained. The old, for him, had passed away. The mystical powers of a hereditary priesthood

had become too vague and shadowy. A meticulous observance of the Jewish law no longer sufficed for the needs of the spirit. He required a stronger "consolation," and fled, for refuge, to lay hold upon the new hope which was set before him. Yet he does not fail to bear in pious remembrance that God had spoken at sundry previous times, and in divers manners.

I shall offer one further illustration of what may be done, by an allegorical method of exegesis, to bridge the gulf; namely, the new reading by Kant, as interpreted by Pfleiderer, of the old conception of justification by atonement. The problem, which presses itself upon men, is to transform an evil disposition into a good one, to awaken in the mind the idea of moral perfection by contemplation of it as expressed in the person of Jesus. But the real object of religious faith, he explains, is not necessarily an historical Jesus, but a humanity so well pleasing to God that we may conceive of it as having come down from heaven. He who believes in this idea and lets it govern his life has then a rightness of disposition, in virtue of which the minor imperfections of humanity may be considered accidental and transitory. In the daily suffering of self-discipline, obedience and patience, the new man suffers vicariously for the old. This exegesis avoids the idea of one who, by process of substitution, suffers for all, an event which cannot occur in the sphere of our morality.

Our theologians must remember that the clumsy weapon which Paul forged for the destruction of the two giants, Judaism and Gnosticism, is ineffectual against the nimble enemy of to-day. In lesser matters, also, the situation is changed. He had definite situations to deal with, and his argument is chiefly of historical importance. There is now no question of eating meat which has been offered to idols, and afterwards finds its way into the markets. If such food were procurable upon favourable terms, we should enjoy it, without much fear of the demons who were assumed to have entered into it. The matter of the circumcision does not trouble us. We have solved to our satis-

faction the problem of women speaking in church, and they have decided for themselves the clothing which they shall wear. Our views of marriage and divorce are fixed. The payment of our ministers is, in many instances, established by law, and in all by custom. There is some order in our church services. We do not anticipate, daily, the Parousia in the red morning or the golden evening. We are not looking continually that the door of heaven may open and the last trumpet sound. We do not expect that those of us who are now living will be caught up into glory. We are sure that we will descend into the grave, as our fathers have descended.

These circumstances no longer exist, but others of equal importance have come into existence, and upon these our theologians must make up their minds. They must decide whether they will accept the statement of an unknown Semitic writer upon the origin of created beings, and the burden of sin which we lie under, or the general teaching of science, that the depravity of men is due, not to a fall from primitive purity, but to their late emergence from the ape. They must interpret for us the meaning of this, that the further back we go, the more impure the race appears, and that a true type of the primitive man is not to be found in that pair "of noble shape, God-like, erect and tall, with native honour clad in native majesty, the lords of all," which the great Puritan poet describes with such an appearance of reality.

When all theological systems have been reduced to a condition of fluidity, and flux, and continuous flowing, a Universal Church will formulate itself, and men will be drawn unto it for the sheer enjoyment of losing themselves in the Infinite, for the comfort which there is in God. By the contemplation of heavenly things, the transitory and perishable will seem of less importance than they now appear to be; and social problems will be solved by neglecting them.

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