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VOL. II

No. 3

# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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JANUARY, 1895

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# QUEEN'S QUARTERLY,

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## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY.

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1895.

No. 3.

All articles intended for publication, books for review, exchanges,—and all correspondence relating thereto—should be addressed to the editors, Box A, Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE GREAT NORTH-  
WEST.

## I.—IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION.

THE Great North-West, as a name at least, commonly surrounded with a halo of superlatives, has been familiar enough to most Canadians for a considerable time. Yet there are probably few names so familiar which convey so imperfect an idea of what they represent. Before going out to see something of the territories for myself, I found that, in my own case, I had developed two quite distinct, and in some measure conflicting ideas answering to the name North-West. The one, corresponding to the great North-West with the retinue of superlatives, was obtained by reading Government pamphlets and settler's guides, C. P. R. literature of a similar type, and articles on the territories and the railroad, in various Canadian and English periodicals, from the pens of a number of enthusiastic writers who are the chief ornaments of the Canadian school of patriots. The other, a much narrower, more localized and much less splendid, but withal more human idea, was derived mainly from conversations with persons who had lived in widely different parts of the North-West, and who, while tolerably well satisfied with their lot, were not rendered arrogant by unusual good fortune.

During the past summer, being invited to give a course of University Extension lectures on Political Science in southern Alberta, I gladly availed myself of the opportunity which I expected this would give me of meeting and discussing the terri-

torial questions of the day with some of the more intelligent residents of an important division of the North-West. My expectations were not disappointed; but much of the information which I gathered from many sources was quite novel and unlooked for.

After completing the Extension course, I continued my observations in other parts of the territory, sharing the life and enjoying the hospitality of the farmers and ranchers, coursing over the prairies and foot-hills on sturdy broncos, and getting as closely as possible into touch with the life and ideas of the settlers. When three months of such varied experiences had passed, I found most of my old ideas of the North-West, and of Alberta in particular, quite revolutionized.

It is altogether impossible to express in one general statement the very varied and often incongruous elements which make up the physical conditions or the economic and social life of the territories at the present time. In old countries, and the older parts of our own country, from the fact that the great body of the people is native and homogeneous, there are found certain well defined characteristics of social and business life. These make up that stable order of relations into which new comers are introduced and to which they soon adjust themselves, even though in doing so their influence may be apparent. In the territories, however, society is in process of formation—a most interesting process to observe. What the permanent characteristic features will be is at present somewhat uncertain. The constituent elements come from widely differing physical, social and business surroundings, and there mingle together with perhaps no dominant type to steady or give direction to the new formation. Some of the present, and perhaps permanent consequences of this condition I may attempt to present in a future article; here I wish to deal with some more general questions which affect the very foundations of the country's future, those, namely, relating to immigration and transportation.

First, with regard to the settlement of the country. Does it not seem strange that in spite of the abnormal efforts put forth by the Government and its immigration agents, not to mention the labours of the C.P.R., the colonization companies, and the Canadian school of patriots,—all setting forth the wonderful resources

of the North-West territories,—these regions should yet fill up so slowly? The last census shows that all the territories together contain but little more than one-third the population of Toronto city.

After indulging for a time in immigration literature, listening to a few immigration orations, including the after-dinner efforts of the High Commissioner, and reading an article or two by Mr. Hopkins or Mr. Parkin for instance, the conviction is inevitable that the North-West territories, stand at the head of the timber, mineral, agricultural and grazing countries of the world, and are, in other qualities also, capable of satisfying the fondest dreams of any immigrant. Plain prose is scarcely adequate to express either the present condition or the future prospects of the country. A widely circulated government publication was issued first in 1884 and again in 1888 as a settler's guide to Alberta, the modest object of which, according to the compiler, is "to lay before the intending emigrant plain facts gleaned from practical and reliable sources." In this the poets are frequently called upon to supplement the prose efforts of the compiler, in order to give an adequate expression to the plain facts.

Thus Alberta's greatness is fitly introduced by these fine lines from Tennyson:—

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,  
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;  
Saw the heavens fill with commerce argosies of magic sails,  
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales."

And if any one should think that this is rather too lofty a perch to take in a guide to settlers, concerned with nothing but plain facts, let him look at the nature of the facts and he will see that the plainness of the fact need not exclude a certain regal quality quite worthy of such language. Thus "when we begin to consider the great and varied resources of this western country—its immense forests of magnificent timber, its inexhaustible coal fields, its mines of gold, silver, lead and iron, its agricultural productiveness, its great adaptability to the raising of horses, cattle and sheep—it does not need a strong imagination to group the gigantic nature of the commerce which, before many years, will be centred here."

We learn, too, from those writers and lecturers who undertake to make a comparison between our North-West and the

North-Western States, that Providence has carefully and wisely located the choicest resources and advantages to the north of the forty-ninth parallel. A most favoured nation this! Even in the narrower range of Alberta "there seems to be every natural condition happily and purposely blended to make Alberta one day the richest province of the Dominion. Where else in Canada will one find such a lavish wealth of natural resources? Where such a climate—healthful, energizing, joyous beyond compare? Providence, the bountiful hand of nature could scarcely have done more for a country." Surely no one can deny that "a country with such advantages, should not remain long unsettled." Elsewhere a sort of warning is given to 'come early and avoid the jam,' for "those who are in at the start are those whose opportunities will be best to thrive with the country and share in the great wealth that nature has spread out and invited a world to come and participate in." Nor does the writer of this standard guide to the country confine himself to mere glittering generalities; he gives the prospective immigrant to understand that in this "veritable land of Goshen" he may obtain 120 bushels of oats and 60 bushels of wheat or barley per acre, and so many roots and vegetables that he candidly confesses himself afraid to give the figures lest the plainness of his facts should be questioned.

Here, then, is a land containing exactly those forms of wealth which are most eagerly desired, and for which men are continually searching the globe. Throughout Europe and the eastern parts of Canada and the United States,—as we are assured by many,—cruel and grasping monopolists have seized upon what few natural resources are there to be found, and are steadily refusing to allow tens of thousands of eager workers to have access to them. Here in Alberta, however, is open to all comers such an overwhelming amount of natural resource that "one is amazed at the tremendous possibilities" which it offers. Few may claim that they have not had this gospel presented to them, for, during the recent period of the great exodus from Europe and from the eastern parts of Canada and the United States, our government agents have spared neither prose nor verse nor any form of literature, save only that of fiction from which they claim to have abstained, in spreading abroad the good news. In this

they have been ably assisted by the C. P. R. and other agencies. And yet the very classes who are most anxious for these riches and for this access to nature pay little heed to these generous offers of great opportunities, but pass on to what anyone having read up these facts must admit to be very inferior localities. One Minister of the Interior after another tackles this astonishing problem, and each one promises a more spirited immigration policy than the last, only to find that the more spirited the policy, the more poetic and tempting the offers, and the plainer the facts presented, the more slowly does the country develop. And all the while the grim Sir Richard is prodding up the Ministry, standing with the official prospectus of the North-West at the time of building the C. P. R. in one hand, and immigration returns, census reports and exodus calculations in the other, desiring information as to the location of those millions who were ere this to have occupied the great plains of the West.

But why pursue the question further along this line? There is evidently no hope of reaching a solution from the official side, but only certainty of getting deeper into confusion. Let us turn to the country itself and see what is to be learned on the ground.

In the first place we find that in some of the districts on which much poetry and praise have been lavished, there are deserted houses and fields once cultivated now returned to weeds. From some of these very places letters were written, by request of the compiler, which now appear in the guide to settlers, encouraging the intending immigrant with reports of progress which are most satisfactory. Further, when one begins to enquire of the most prosperous and practical ranchers about the statements contained in this immigrant literature, one is apt to be met with a very broad smile and to be given to understand that this sort of thing is intended for the weaker brethren. But, coming to the more serious side of the matter, it is held by many that nothing has done more to prevent the normal development of the territory than the circulation of that sort of literature. Several of those who have written letters for the Government or the C.P.R. are really prosperous settlers, but few of these are dependent on ranching or farming. In most of the publications the letters

given are mainly from merchants and other middle men, real estate and other agents, government officials of various grades, including immigrant agents, money-lenders, local preachers and even occasional travellers. Now, of course, most of these persons are directly interested in simply getting people to come into their neighbourhood in order that they may make profits out of them in one form or another. There is one piece of really good advice which is pretty generally given by such persons and which is quite characteristic. They wish the world to understand that the territory is very abundantly supplied with persons of their special callings, while the kind of settlers required in unlimited numbers must be willing to make their living from nature, and not through their fellows, must be sober, industrious and hard-working, and, if possible, supplied with some reserve fund in cash. This is very excellent advice, but there is a sense in which such virtue is its own reward, for the advice is in perfect harmony with the interests of the writers.

There are others, however, having a say in the matter, whose immediate interests, at least, do not coincide with such advice. The immigrant agent, advocates of a spirited immigration policy and persons, of whatever political party, who estimate national greatness by the census lists, gladly welcome all comers. They believe thoroughly in the natural equality of all men, and, acting on this belief, despise no one as an immigrant who can be set down to their credit as an addition to the population. As a consequence many people are found in the territories who are wholly unfit for the life and work of a new country. Of the incapables there are two classes. There are those, in the first place, of whom little more need be said in this connection than that they are specimens of humanity. Some of these receive periodic remittances from Europe, chiefly from Britain, and some do not. In the second place, there are those of considerable education and refinement, and not without parts, but who have grown up in the highly specialized and organized economic life of the modern English city, and, when transferred to the prairie or foot-hills, are almost as helpless as a limb severed from the body. They know little of what it means to provide the greater part of their living for themselves, and still less of how to make a living out of ranching alone. They have come out expecting to

do some work of course,—though not very much in so rich a country,—but mainly to enjoy the charm and freedom of nature, to ride horses, to indulge in field sports and, quite generally, to enjoy all those beautiful, poetic and aristocratic privileges promised them by the honey-tongued immigrant agent and the reliable settler's guide. Afterwards, when the failure which was inevitable has overtaken them, how bitterly they deplore their lot, and how they rail against the Government and its base deceivers. To meet with some such families in their prairie homes, is an interesting though saddening experience. There we are likely to find a combination of wretched surroundings, ill-furnished and poverty-stricken shacks, yet with here and there a remnant from the happier estate of the past, such as an odd piece or two of fine old English table ware in china or silver, a few dragging ghosts of garments that once in their original brightness had probably shone in far off social gatherings, or perhaps a room ornament or two, looking most incongruous amid their present surroundings. Still, in the midst of these unpromising circumstances one may find people of charming manners and most enjoyable conversation. One cannot but feel that it was a shame to have lured such people out into the wilderness to make shipwreck of their lives. But failures of many kinds are too common there to attract much attention or excite much pity. If, however, they begin to give vent to their hardships in print and to accuse the Government or the Railroad of deception, they are styled "chronic kickers," and attempts are made to smother them out. They are abused as thriftless and incapable; and most of them certainly are when set out on the prairie. Why, then, encourage such people to come to the country by giving such an exaggerated and misleading account of it as to cause them to suppose that it is very easy to make a living and even to grow rich there?

The fact is that the immigration literature circulated with regard to Alberta and other parts of the North-West, is grossly deceptive and, instead of being beneficial to the country, is proving its most serious drawback. The writers have protested over much and are not believed by the wise but only by the foolish. Although some parts of the country are really well supplied with natural resources, yet only a limited number can be made available during the early stages of the

country's growth. There is a natural sequence in the development of a country's wealth, and, if the primary resources and advantages are defective, the existence of the secondary ones in great abundance is of little avail. But the immigrant agents and the immigration literature give their victims to understand that everything will be in full blast in a few years, and that no time is to be lost in getting into place in order to share in the vast riches which are about to be unfolded. On the one hand the advantages are greatly over-rated, on the other the disadvantages and hardships which are to be faced are almost ignored. Resources which exist only in limited quantities, or in limited sections, or are available only with great difficulty, are so described as to give the idea that they are freely available by nearly every settler in the country. Thus the idea is given that coal may be had for almost nothing, and so it may in many places, but as a rule little else that is desirable may be had just there, and so the settlers find that to make a living they must dwell ten, twenty, fifty or a hundred miles from available coal supplies. With roads to make, mining to pay for, and the coal to haul even short distances, it is commonly found to be worth more than it is in Ontario, and, except from regular mines, such as at Lethbridge or Banff, the quality is medium or under. In places within ten miles of open coal mines I have found coal selling for twice and even three times what it sells for in Ontario. But with all its coal resources, which are evidently quite extensive, the great majority of settlers in Alberta still use wood for burning and often draw it very long distances.

It is perhaps natural to speak solemnly of the vast power lying dormant in Alberta coal mines. But there is no more power lying unused in coal fields in the neighbourhood of the Alberta settlers, than is going to waste in water privileges in the neighbourhood of the Ontario settlers, and the one resource is likely to be made available for the settlers at about the same stage of development as the other. Again, in the case of wood and timber, a glowing statement is made with regard to the abundance of wood for building and other purposes, and then a list is given of the various woods which grow in the territory. But not one in ten is worth mentioning, except for its botanical interest, and the only good one for lumber is the Douglas fir which is confined to the

mountains, chiefly on the British Columbia side whence the greater part of the lumber comes, and of course it is quite expensive. It is quite true also that much of the soil in Alberta, especially along the foot-hills, is of the finest quality. I certainly never saw better. But along with this important advantage, must be taken the special disadvantages which unfortunately accompany it, such as frost in the foot-hills and drouth on the plain, hail storms in summer and fire in harvest. The fire in dry seasons is a terrible scourge both in the mountains among the timber, and over the foot-hills and plains where it destroys crops and hay. The prairie grasses are rich in quality, but do not grow high and are thin on the soil, there being no continuous turf such as is produced here in the east and in Europe from root spreading grasses. The prairie grasses perpetuate themselves by seeding. When, therefore, the pasture is cut too closely, or eaten too bare, the grass begins to thin out and the weeds to take its place; hence the number of stock that can be permanently kept on a given area is very much less than in eastern Canada, the proportion being about one to ten. Sheep are still more destructive on the western pastures, and these animals, which were at first looked upon as certain to be a great source of wealth, are now excluded by law from the ranching districts of southern Alberta.

It is already evident that ranching alone will support a very limited population, and without irrigation it is now practically admitted that the southern half of Alberta and most of Assiniboia will be very uncertain farming districts. Alberta lends itself admirably to a system of irrigation in the neighbourhood of the larger rivers, and Government engineers are now at work on the surveys. The smaller streams are already used by ranchers in the upper foot-hills to water their hay fields, but in dry weather they never reach the plains. Assiniboia, however, is not adapted for irrigation and those who settle there must trust to Providence. As to whether even cheap irrigation will pay in Alberta, will depend more on cost of transportation for the products than on anything else. The mineral resources and their development afford no safe grounds for prediction; but, judging from the latest geological maps, the only promising region is on the British Columbia side of the mountains. However, the

kind of immigrant who comes to work there must have plenty of capital and will probably not reach the country in the train of an immigrant agent or with a settler's guide in his hand. The swelling descriptions of the mineral resources are evidently intended for the edification of agricultural settlers, not for the instruction of miners and capitalists; but the former will do well to look to what may be produced, and what markets may be obtained for it, in the time which may elapse between their arrival in the territory and the development of a special local market through the working up of the mineral resources.

There seems to be a good farming district around Edmonton in the north, and for the present this has taken the place of southern Alberta as the El Dorado of the territories. Quite a number of settlers have been going in there for the past two or three years, some from Europe, some from the United States, and some from other parts of the territories whose weaknesses have been discovered, and whose reputations are gone. At present round Edmonton, as formerly round Calgary, the influx of new settlers gives a local market which more than absorbs all that the first comers can produce. Hence prices are high and the most glowing reports of prosperity are wafted back for the encouragement of others. But in-as-much-as this is a grain growing and not a ranching district,—there being too much snow for ranching—when production increases and the immigration boom is over, a distant market must be found for the grain. Now no market at present in sight, with existing freight rates and the low price of wheat, is capable of returning even the thriftiest farmer more than a bare living. The people in Edmonton who have an eye to the future recognize this and are already looking for salvation from a railroad to run from Edmonton through the Yellowhead pass, across British Columbia, over the strait to the upper end of Vancouver Island, and down to Victoria. Victoria's interest in the venture is to obtain revenge on Vancouver for being made the terminus of the C. P. R. Great confidence is expressed that this scheme will afford a solution of the difficulty which threatens. But even if the new road can afford to carry grain and other farm produce cheaper than the C. P. R. does now, and will do so if it can afford it, it remains to be seen whether prices will be much

better on the Pacific coast, which at present sends surplus grain to Europe. However, the Edmonton people also look for great local markets through the development of mineral resources. The proportion in this scheme of the substance of things hoped for to the substance of things evident is dangerously large at present. But of course the West is above all things else the land of promise.

In any case, however, it takes no long acquaintance with western conditions to see that no second-rate class of immigrants will permanently succeed there. Main strength and awkwardness, or mere hard work, counts for much less, while foresight and judgement count for much more in the west than here in the east. But the class of persons most indispensable for the west is precisely the class which will not respond to present immigration methods. They will rather be repelled by them. The best settlers in the territories now have not gone there through the present immigration machinery. Some of them went there in the well selected detachments which constituted the first body of mounted police. Others came in from the States to the south, guided by their own enterprise; others came from Ontario and the Eastern provinces in like manner, and still others from Britain. The latter in some cases were partially influenced by the government guides to the country, though they seem to have also made inquiries in other quarters. Quite a number, I found, had come out to the country to see it for themselves, intending to return if it did not suit them. The majority of the best arrivals of late have come through the letters and reports sent to them by friends. This is by far the most effective and satisfactory method of colonization, and is the one which has supplied the best immigrants and the most capital to the United States. The Canadian exodus is only one phase of this. The prosperous settler is the best immigrant agent, and the unprosperous one is sure to give the country a bad name.

Since my return from Alberta I had the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the resources of the North-West by an immigrant agent of the C. P. R., who was about to depart on a regular winter tour of immigration work in the United States. I listened with considerable interest to his descriptions of the very sections from which I had just returned. There was not very much in the lecture that one could say was positively untrue, but there

was just about as little that one could say was positively true. It might be true enough, for instance, to say that there is a great deal of soil in Alaska which is admirably adapted for the growing of oranges ; but if that statement is made in connection with a lecture describing Alaska as a desirable field for settlers, the idea conveyed is absolutely false. The lecture in question was quite a study in effects produced by a little well-placed exaggeration, the effective use of half truths, and the prominence given to advantages when the modifying disadvantages are carefully ignored. Add to this a lofty moral and patriotic tone and the general impression produced was of a very misleading character. I was strongly tempted to give the gentleman my opinion of his lecture then and there.

Now when the agent of a railroad from Canada goes into any of the States, where population is not overcrowded, and where there is a settled form of society and industry, with all the permanent relations of property and other ties which that involves, one can understand fairly well what element in the population is likely to be influenced by the marvellous tales of wealth and plenty to be had by picking up and following him. The industrious, shrewd, thrifty, enterprising and self-reliant are not likely to be caught by any such chaff, nor to be ready to move at a few months notice. But the thriftless, unstable, mortgage-eaten and poverty-stricken elements, willing enough to have prosperity thrust upon them but without capacity to achieve it for themselves, listen to the tale with that perennial freshness of interest characteristic of the class. Having few anchors to lift they are soon organized and on the road. The type is well known in some parts of the territories, and many specimens are not at all uninteresting to meet and chat with, or watch as they journey along with their gipsy-looking outfits seeking a location. But when one regards them as the material with which to lay the foundations of a nation, the outlook is not at all promising.

In addition to the present immigration policy being dishonest and injurious to the country in the long run it is lowering to the dignity of the Government of a self-respecting people to go a-begging for citizens in any other country, and organizing agencies for national proselytism. If our country can afford good homes for settlers, it will be sufficient to state plainly, adequately and honestly

its true condition, its advantages and disadvantages, so that the inquiring immigrant may know what is to be had, and what must be done to get it, and whether, therefore, it is likely to answer his needs and capacities. Settlers coming in under these conditions will respect the Government, will work heartily and will be the most legitimate, efficient and reliable immigrant agents.

There is still one all-important consideration with reference to the settlement of the North-West, which requires notice, and that is the means and cost of transportation. It matters not now-a-days how rich the resources of a country may be, if the cost of taking the products to market and of obtaining the other necessities and comforts of life, as well as the means of carrying on the production, in return, does not leave a normal profit or remuneration for one's labour or ability, that country will not be freely or rapidly settled nor its resources developed. Now at the present time the freight rates for the North-West settlers are so high, and the prices for grain, horses, vegetables and other products so low that the settlers in many districts cannot do more than make the barest living. This of course quite stops intelligent immigration to localities which would otherwise support a large and flourishing community. The abnormal nature of the freight rates in the western territories will be indicated from the following statement better than by rows of figures. Mr. David A. Wells, in his *Recent Economic Changes*, has calculated from the statistics furnished by Poor's "Manual," that all the wealth earned by the people of the United States in one year would not pay the cost of transportation for a year, had it to be performed by horse-power alone. And yet, in Alberta at least, so high are the freight rates on the C. P. R., that the old system, of freighting with horses and wagons has revived in direct competition with the railroad, and is reported to be a profitable enterprise. At the same time the C. P. R. is the great competitor of the American trans-continental railroads in carrying English and American goods. In passenger rates it is much the same. American, English and Eastern Canadian tourists are carried at very reasonable rates in the most elegant cars, and are given unlimited stop-over privileges, while the settlers in their local travel, are charged five cents per mile, whatever the distance, for a very common service, and are given no reduction on return tickets.

Thus the settlers in their own land are treated as aliens, by the railroad which has been so heavily subsidized by the people of Canada, and for which they are burdened to-day, in the supposed interests of the North-West, but which turns out to be in the special interest of the foreigner. But, according to Sir Wm. Van Horne, the C. P. R. cannot afford to serve the territories at cheaper rates and make profits; and indeed if it did not secure as much as possible of the American and English traffic at whatever rates are going, it would not be able to serve the territories as cheaply as it does. Now that may be largely true. But, if it is, the greater part of the North-West is doomed to remain uninhabited for an indefinite period. What Sir William's statement means to the settler is simply this: If you come to the Northwest or remain in it, your produce must be subject to something like horse-power freight rates, so also your goods imported. If, however, you will go and settle in the Western States, the C. P. R. will carry out your produce and carry in your goods at cut-rate prices which will cause the American Pacific Railroads to serve you at the same rates, even though they pass into the hands of receivers or pay no dividends.

Now the liberality of the people of Canada has enabled the C. P. R. to do this, and their liberality may be used to any extent, through the Department of the Interior, to divert or attract immigration to the North West, but it will not stay there, unless it is too ignorant or poverty-stricken to get out again. Sir Richard Cartwright will never lack for exodus figures, nor Mr. Wilfred Laurier for eager listeners among the few settlers who remain, or are in transit, in the territories, when he tells them they might be better off.

If Sir Wm. Van Horne had any real confidence in the future of the North West, he is too shrewd a Yankee not to see that his present policy is a penny-wise and pound-foolish one, in trying to extract paying rates from settlements in their infancy, thus preventing their development. If, however, he sees that the future of the North West is very uncertain, or very future, his present policy is quite rational from a purely selfish point of view. His dependence must be mainly on non-Canadian trade in freight and passengers, and having the settlers of the North-

West at his mercy, he may tax them all the traffic will bear, which means up to horse-power competition. At the same time it will be his policy to lure as many immigrants as possible into the territories and to get the Government to assist him, not being too particular as to inducements provided they induce.

Learning these things I have ceased to wonder why the North-West does not fill up more rapidly.

A. SHORTT.

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#### ON UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

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But speaking broadly, we may say that the formative process of thought is arrested as soon as a candidate sits down to an examination on literature, or even studies with a view to it. Second-hand generalisations and stereotyped judgments are put on paper. . . . . The popular conception of a teacher's office is, some one has said, to help a candidate to play with a straight bat the most artful twisters of an examiner; and there is no doubt that the dominance of the examination system has tended to create a wrong conception of the teacher even in Universities whose function is recognized to be other than that of an examining Board. An Oxford undergraduate, a Scholar of his College, was about to go in for his final examination. He went to his tutor to talk over with him a difficult metaphysical problem. The tutor discussed it on various sides, but produced no definite solution. The pupil at last told him plainly that this was not what he wanted. "What I want is the examination answer to the question; give it me in a precise form." "I really can't," was the reply; "it is a point on which nobody can speak dogmatically. Honestly, I don't know." "Come now, Mr. —," said the other, "but you are *paid* to know." Yes, paid to know, and to put our knowledge in cheap and handy form for ready use and distribution,—that is the theory of those who regard University teaching as a commercial industry, and a University Degree as a "hall-mark" which ought to be easily purchased with the minimum expenditure of intellectual effort.

PROF. BUTCHER. *Some Aspects of the Greek Genius,*

## PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.

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THE problems of government in Canada are those incident to political institutions essentially democratic in character. A Canadian does not need to be a very old man in order to remember the time when it was generally supposed that the copy we had made in this country of British institutions was an effectual safeguard against the evils of democracy. We looked across the border; and, according as our thoughts reverted more naturally to Scripture or to the classic poets, we would either thank God that we were not as those republicans or murmur after Lucretius,

“*Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis  
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem.*”

This mood of self-gratulation has not wholly passed away even yet; but later political speculation, confirmed by not a little practical experience, has taught us that the essentials of democracy may lurk under forms of government professedly non-democratic, and may even work more wide-spread mischief owing to their not being recognized in their true character. The readers of Sir Henry Maine's well known work on “*Popular Government*” will remember that, in one most important respect, he finds the English system of government more democratic than that of the United States. In the latter country most elaborate precautions have been taken against any sudden or ill-advised change in the law of the constitution; whereas in England a constitutional change requires no more formality, no more discussion, no more delay than the passing of any ordinary act of Parliament.

What is the essential principle of democracy? Professor Sidgwick, of Cambridge, discussing this question, says that the fundamental principle of democracy is that government should repose on the active consent of the governed; and this principle he says he accepts. He adds, however, that the advocates of democracy generally put forward explicitly or implicitly another principle which he does not accept, namely, “that any one self-supporting and law-abiding citizen is, on the average, as well

qualified as another for the work of government." It seems to me that there is yet another principle widely held in democratic communities, which constitutes a still more serious corruption of that true democratic principle which Professor Sidgwick accepts; and that is, that the powers of the government should be locally exercised by representatives of the dominant party in the interest of that party.

If it be a part of democratic doctrine that the will of the majority should be able to find swift expression in legislation, then few countries are, in this respect, so little democratic as the United States, while few, if any, are more democratic than Great Britain and her colonies. It would probably be held, however, by thoughtful believers in democracy that the true democratic principle is not infringed by mere checks upon hasty legislation, so long as those checks have the approval of the people at large, and so long as there is no exercise of veto power by a non-popular or anti-popular chamber. The representative of democracy might say: "We know we are but human, and therefore liable to error; and we do not object to having the legislative projects we put forward from time to time referred back to us for further consideration, provided the powers that do this are constitutional powers, and are themselves popular in their origin. What we could not stand would be to have an individual or a chamber representative, not of the nation, but only of a limited class within the nation, sitting in judgment on the mandates of the people." If we look at the matter closely, the essential idea of democracy will be found to involve no more than the fundamental principle which Professor Sidgwick says he accepts, "that government should rest on the active consent of the citizens." A system of government embodying and consistently applying this principle, free from contamination by such illegitimate adjunct principles as are mentioned above, may, in a useful sense, be described as "pure" democracy; while one which drags in the latter, and gives them equal authority with the true principle on which they are foisted as corollaries, may be designated as "impure" democracy.

The most advanced ideal of government, if we adopt these definitions, is therefore "pure" democracy; but the ideal does not exist in concrete shape: what we find actually existing is "impure" democracy. Probably the government of Great Bri-

tain makes as near an approach to pure democracy, in the sense defined, as is now to be seen in the world; that is to say, it is the system of government in which the fewest false accretions attach themselves to the true principle, "that government should rest on the active consent of the citizens." It is evident that, in some states of society, government cannot rest on the active consent of the citizens; it *must* assume a tyrannical or, under improved conditions, a monarchical form, owing to the fact that the mass of the citizens would not otherwise be disposed to submit to any political control. Monarchy, therefore, in so far as it implies the control by one of an unwilling many, has its proper place in communities that have not yet developed a sufficient amount of internal cohesion to fit them for free institutions in the full sense. Of course, as in England, the form of monarchy may be retained, long after its coercive function has ceased. It then becomes a kind of historic adornment to an essentially democratic state, and by keeping the people in touch with their past may serve a very useful purpose. It may, and in all probability does, serve the further purpose of symbolising in an efficient manner the unity of the state, and bringing home to the mind of jarring factions the conviction that there are paramount and permanent national interests which in their restless strife they must be careful not to touch. The maxim that the King can do no wrong is but another way of saying, that while individual men may err, and parties adopt wrong politics, the State as a permanent organization has no responsibility for such divagations, but remains the un-failing source of good to its subjects, the true creator of their liberties and protector of their civilization.

If we consider the position of Canada, we shall find that it has many points of natural and, so to speak, historical advantage. To be closely bound by political and social ties to a country enjoying so high a type of political liberty as England is no small advantage in itself. To England we look, or at least may look and should look, for our examples of statesmanship. The ideals that rule English public life ought to be, and to some extent doubtless are, influential here. It is to English public opinion—the most honest that exists in the world—that we are most interested in commending ourselves and our methods. The relations existing between Canada and the Mother Country are honorable

to both. The writer of these pages has met intelligent and fairly educated Americans, who were surprised to learn that Canada did not pay taxes to England, and who had some difficulty in understanding what the relations between the two countries could be, if Canada was not, in some way, made tributary to England's wealth and greatness. It is to our advantage, again, that we have adopted the strong English system of cabinet government, instead of the weaker system, existing amongst our neighbors, of government by committees of the legislature.

To turn to another class of considerations, our population, as compared with that of the United States, is more homogeneous in character. Such foreign elements as we possess exist in assimilable quantity, and are not inaccessible to the ordinary currents of public opinion. The French-Canadian question does not, after all is said and done, present any serious hindrances to our political development. Our fellow-citizens of French origin know they have to live with us, and we know that we have to live with them; and all that is wanted to make things run smoothly is a spirit of equity and, if possible, of common patriotism on both sides. It might indeed be plausibly argued that the present division of our population into two widely-differing elements, one certainly predominant in numbers and influence, but the other large enough and important enough to be able to stand firmly on its rights, is favorable to the development of political intelligence, and especially of that spirit of moderation which is the chief safeguard of political institutions and of national life.

The character of our climate may fairly be reckoned a further point in our favor. It is a climate which tends to produce a hardy, industrious, energetic and resourceful race. The Canadian summer is genial and bounteous; the Canadian winter is bracing and not to be trifled with. A more salubrious climate, on the whole, is probably nowhere to be found, nor a healthier or more vigorous race. These facts are not without their political significance; for, if we want the best political results, we should have the best natural conditions and the best human material to begin with. Without flattering ourselves unduly, we may say that in both respects we have as good as the best.

Assuming the foregoing facts as data, we may proceed to enquire what the actual direction of our political development has

been and is, and what are the immediate prospects before us. If we go back sixty or even fifty years in the history of Canada, we shall find its government still, to a large extent, in the aristocratic stage. Sixty years ago, what is now known as "responsible government" had not yet been conceded. There was a system of popular representation; yet in many ways the people were governed in the old-fashioned sense by administrators who assumed to know what was good for them better than they did themselves. The situation is well described in Sir Francis Bond Head's "Narrative," which shows in a very instructive manner how popular personal government may be when characterized by fearlessness and disinterestedness. The forces of democracy, however, were advancing like a rising tide; and in what seemed the very hour of his triumph the unbending champion of conservatism was obliged to make way for a more pliant successor. The full establishment of responsible government did not at once dispel the idea that, in the matter of appointments to the public service, a Governor might act upon his own convictions of what was best without consulting his Ministers. The last Governor to maintain this position was Sir Charles Metcalfe. What he plainly saw was that the reason his Ministers wanted to be consulted was in order that they might use the "patronage" to strengthen their political position; and to his straightforward mind it seemed an abuse that appointments should be used for such a purpose. To be sure, he was imposing severer conditions on his Ministers in Canada than had, for many a long year, been imposed upon Ministers in the Mother Country; but he doubtless perceived that the political exercise of patronage in a country like Canada was very much more serious in its effect on the balance of parties than in a country like England. Be this as it may, the position was practically untenable, and we do not hear of its having been taken up by any of his successors.

But how the spirit of democracy has ripened since that time! Not the spirit of pure democracy, but of impure democracy—the spirit which says that one man is about as good as another for a legislative or administrative position, that every smallest exercise of executive power is to be availed of for party purposes, that the expenditure of public money is as much as possible to have a similar destination, and that throughout the country the repre-

representatives of the dominant party are to be converted into little present deities for the purveying of government favour to their several localities. Can it be denied by any serious man, be he conservative or liberal, that this is the spirit that rules to-day? If any man does deny it, it can only be because he is not in touch with public affairs, and does not know the facts.

The idea that one man is about as good as another for any legislative or administrative position antedates, it must be admitted, the great democratic development of modern days. Monarchies have on the whole done more to shelter incompetency in office, and even on the field of battle, to the deadly peril of the national interests, than democracies. Monarchies, too, have systematically created sinecures to an extent that democracies have not ventured on doing. When we think of the Grand Monarque and his beggarly courtiers rioting on the taxes of a starving nation, we feel that a day of vengeance had to come; and when we think of the useless pensions which formerly loaded down the Civil List in England, we have reason to congratulate the Mother Land on the good fortune which enabled her to avoid a revolution once or twice impending. Speaking of the reign of William the Third, Hallam says: "A system of infamous speculation among the officers of government came to light in this reign through the inquisitive spirit of Parliament; not that the nation was worse and more corrupt than under the Stuarts, but that a profligacy, which had been engendered and flourished under their administration was now dragged to light and punishment. Long sessions of Parliament and a vigilant party spirit exposed the evil, and have finally in a great measure removed it." As lately as the beginning of the reign of the present sovereign considerable resistance was made to a proposal for the appointment of a committee to enquire into the pension list; and, when finally the committee was granted, the member of Parliament, Mr. Harvey, who had been foremost in urging its appointment, was excluded from it, because he had announced his intention to make public the evidence obtained.

There is a difference to be noted, however, between the view taken of these things under a monarchical and under a democratic regime respectively. Under a monarchy, the money taken to reward favorites or pay party tools is more or less recognized as

stolen, and efforts are made to conceal the iniquity. Under a democracy the idea is that it is the people's money voted by the representatives of the people, and spent by the men whom those representatives keep in power. Ergo, there can be no stealing about it; and a sufficient answer to any criticism as to the way in which it is spent is that the people are willing to have it so. The late Sir John Macdonald is credited with having said that, if the people were bribed, it was with their own money; as if that settled the whole question, and completely established the innocence, if not the excellence, of the practice. The hollowness of the sophism is, however, visible at a glance. It is never *the people* that are bribed: it is *sections* of the people, who, if they conduct themselves well politically, get an undue share of the money of the *whole people*. You can never bribe a man with what is absolutely his own money; not even the genius of the late chieftain would have been equal to that. Under the system in question men can be appointed to important offices who have no qualification for them, and no intention whatever to fulfil, or attempt to fulfil, the duties supposed to appertain to them. To all intents and purposes they are appointed to sinecures, and the duties which they are nominally paid for performing are discharged by subordinates. The real purpose which such men serve is either to exercise a watchful care over party interests in their localities, or to furnish shining examples of what a party in power can do for those who render, or have rendered, it service. These are the prize-winners in the great lottery of politics, and their success is expected to have a powerful influence in disposing others to take their chances on the same side.

Sometime the prize-winner is not, taking everything into account, so great a prize-winner as appears at first sight. He may have impoverished himself through politics, and an office is given to reward him for his "sacrifices" for the party. Would it not be much better, however—seeing the people approve of such things—to take a parliamentary vote to reward Mr. So and So for his sacrifices for such and such a party, instead of putting him into an office the duties of which he will never fulfil and where he more or less interferes with the full authority and responsibility of the real executive officer? It would certainly cost the country much less in the end; and possibly, by making the people

more distinctly realise that party battles were being fought with public money, would evoke a condemnation of the principle. "There is no act," says John Stuart Mill, "which more imperatively requires to be performed under a strong sense of individual responsibility than the nomination to employments. The experience of every person conversant with public affairs bears out the assertion that there is scarcely any act respecting which the conscience of the average man is less sensitive." If the conscience of the average man is so lacking in sensitiveness what shall be said of the conscience of the "local committee"? But imagine talking about the conscience of a local committee! Were ever terms more mutually contradictory, more utterly exclusive of one another, ever brought into conjunction? Yet it is the local committee that generally has the decisive word in any question of local patronage.

There was a great political convention held in the capital of the Dominion about a year and a half ago, in which a number of important questions were discussed, and a party platform was constructed. The time was eminently seasonable, one would have thought, for the declaration of sound principles in regard to appointments to public office and the general exercise of ministerial responsibility in the expenditure of public money, because the convention followed upon the lamentable exposures of the sessions of 1891 and 1892—exposures which had led the government of the day to promise a thorough investigation and, as far as might be necessary, reorganization of the Dominion civil service. Yet, strange to say, the convention in question, though deploring in general terms "the gross corruption in the management and expenditure of public moneys which has for years past existed under the rule of the Conservative party," had no distinct word to say on the subject of the abuse of patronage or the necessity for a divorce between the public service and party politics. This silence was the more remarkable inasmuch as certain independent journals had called attention to this question, as one in regard to which the convention should certainly not lose the opportunity of placing itself on record.

England for many years past has had an entirely non-political civil service. The permanent civil service cannot to-day be used by any minister for the purpose of augmenting in the very

smallest degree his political influence. First appointments are given strictly and solely to those persons who are certified by the Civil Service Commissioners as having gained the highest stand in an open competitive examination. As regards promotion, that is governed by seniority, other things being equal or nearly so ; but when other things are not equal merit determines the choice. Were any Member of Parliament to attempt to interfere in a question of promotion, his intrusion would be resented as a gross impertinence. In the United States, a steady advance is being made towards a similar system. Some years ago (1883) a large part of the Civil Service was placed under the control of a Commission, and from time to time other portions of it have been placed on the same footing. Quite lately, as the New York "Nation" of November the 8th informs us, President Cleveland "has made a wholesale extension of the competitive system," and has thus brought within its operation "all the minor offices in the departments now omitted, all of the employees in Custom-houses where they number as many as twenty, 1,500 of the 2,300 places now excepted in the postal service," and has put a stop to a flagrant abuse which before existed, by which a person appointed, as a matter of patronage, to an "excepted" place could be transferred to one not excepted, so as to create another vacancy in the former place.

What are we going to do about it in Canada? There is our democratic neighbor dealing blow after blow at the spoils system, and across the ocean we see the Mother Country rejoicing in a public service absolutely free from all taint of political interference, while we content ourselves with a Civil Service law which simply prescribes a very elementary qualifying examination, as a condition of eligibility, and then hands over all appointments to the politicians and their committees. Worse than that, we do not even rigorously exclude political influence from the higher walks of the service, when promotions are in question. To their honour be it spoken, many Members of Parliament are too high-minded and honorable to wish to force their favorites over the heads of other men ; but that such abstinence is not general may be judged from the fact that experienced officers may be heard declaring that the only escape from a political interference, which would throw everything into confusion, is to follow absolutely the rule of seniority, even when it involves promoting a decidedly in-

ferior man to a position the duties properly belonging to which he will never be able in any adequate manner to fulfil. Personally I do not accept this position; on the contrary it seems to me that, for reasons which could be stated, had I space at my disposal, the distinct recognition of superior merit as a ground for promotion, would, even as things are, help to ward off, rather than invite, political interference. The question, however, is: How long is Canada going to remain democratic in this unworthy sense? How long will it be before the people of this country arrive at the common sense conclusion that, if they want efficient service in return for their very liberal outlay upon the civil list, they must see to it that the civil service is not allowed to be a preserve for party politicians.

It is not appointments only that furnish grist to the political mill. The most minute expenditure of public money must be conducted into the right political channel or there will be trouble. "Idem sentire de republica," or, in plainer English, to vote the right ticket, is a test that is imposed no less on the glazier who replaces a broken pane, and the grocer who provides a bar of soap for a public office, than on the recipients of more important favors. How much of envy and jealousy is bred throughout the country by the sharp line of distinction thus drawn between those who may, and those who may not, look for government patronage, is not only easy to imagine, but is probably familiarly known to most readers of these pages. A still worse result is the connection established in so many minds between the exercise of the franchise and personal profit. The life of the average Member of Parliament is certainly not in all respects a happy one. He is, if he belongs to the party in power, the channel of government favors to his locality; and this may be flattering to his pride and self-importance; but, on the other hand, he is never able to meet half the demands made upon him, and thus stands in jeopardy every hour of losing the votes of the patriots whom he fails to satisfy. Another and very grave aspect of the matter is that departmental action is seriously weakened, as well as obstructed, through the necessity, now generally recognized, of consulting the wishes and interests of local politicians. The powers of the executive are supposed to be wielded for the benefit of the whole country; yet how is it possible under our present system that

they should not be made to a great extent partisan in their operation? A member of the popular branch of the Dominion Legislature was, not so long ago, heard expounding his view of the theory of government. "If," said he, "I had a son who cheeked me, do you think I would go out of my way to do anything for him? Not much. Well, what claim can an Opposition constituency have upon the government for public buildings or anything else the government has it in its power to bestow?" This gentleman spoke with the air of one uttering a truth everlasting enough for Thomas Carlyle himself. He evidently felt that he had got down to the bed-rock of political philosophy. But if such is the state of mind of a man of position and influence, what is likely to be that of the average elector?

"But is not the credit of Canada good?" it may be asked. Yes, the credit of Canada is good; and that shows that we have among our public men, some who are laboring to keep in check tendencies, which, if unchecked, would ruin the financial standing of the country and seriously imperil its political future. That much firmness and skill and watchfulness must be exercised by certain members of the executive in the public interest cannot be doubted; otherwise, things would be worse than they are. But why struggle with a defective system when a little resolution might put an end to it? Why allow ourselves to be outstripped in controlling the abuses of patronage by the democratic nation to the south? If we admire England and are proud of our connection with it, why not import English ideas of Civil Service organization, so far as they are applicable to this country? Are Canadians so morally inferior a race that they cannot do without a "spoils system,"—that their whole interest in politics would die out if considerations of gain did not stimulate them to political activity? It would certainly be painful to any true patriot to have to adopt that conclusion. The American revolutionary statesman, Alexander Hamilton, is said to have expressed the opinion that when corruption ceased in England, the British constitution would fall to pieces. Possibly, the gentleman who likened an opposition constituency to a cheeky son might entertain similar apprehensions as to the result of the disappearance of corruption in Canada; but as corruption has practically been brought to an end in England, and as the British Constitution survives, the rest of

us may be allowed to cherish better hopes. What is wanted in Canada is a change in public opinion. Nothing has been more discouraging hitherto than the lack of interest on the part of the average citizen in any suggestions for the purification of our politics ; but, judging by the increase in the number and influence of the independent journals, and the somewhat higher tone of political discussion, as compared with, say, twenty years ago, in the more important party journals, there is some reason to hope that the times are ripening for an onward and upward movement in our political life. That movement must find a voice, it must find a leader. Who among the statesmen of the day has confidence enough in himself and faith enough in the people of Canada to place himself at its head ? Or must a new man arise before the new time can be born ?

W. D. LE SUEUR.

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FROM LANDER.

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Will mortals never know each other's station  
Without the herald ? O abomination !  
Milton, even Milton, rankt with living men !  
Over the highest Alps of mind he marches,  
And far below him spring the baseless arches  
Of Iris, colouring dimly lake and fen.

## MODERN LYRIC POETRY IN GERMANY.

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“GERMAN Lyric Poetry since the Death of Goethe,” is the title of a volume of poems lately published in Leipzig, under the supervision of Maximilian Bern. The lyrical poetry of this period, which spreads over a space of sixty years, should be sufficiently represented by the 234 poets whose names appear within the covers of this *Deutsche Lyrik*. The number of contributors might seem somewhat excessive, even when judged by the comprehensive rule which the editor has laid down for his own guidance. “Many authors whom I might have passed over, have found a place in this volume, because I have discovered in one or other of their poems, the faithful expression of some characteristic thought of our times which would otherwise have been lacking to this collection.” But the system of selection has one marked advantage to the foreign student of German literature, for he is thus enabled to take a pretty complete survey of the lyric poetry of modern Germany. “No critic,” says the editor, “will ever bring forward against me the reproach that in my book the strong have thrust out the weak, as too often happens in life in the struggle for existence.” A generous principle of selection, truly, but we shall not quarrel with it, since it affords so good an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the poems of authors which might have been omitted from an anthology of a more exclusive character. The ground has been partly covered already by Dr. Buchheim, in his delightful “*Deutsche Lyrik*,” now familiar to most English students, but as this collection illustrates the whole development of German Lyric poetry from the days of Luther to the present time, the space devoted to the poets of our own time is necessarily limited, and includes only the best examples. For a further acquaintance with this portion of German literature, the present volume is, as we have seen, admirably adapted.

The present century has witnessed a rapid development in the lyric poetry of Germany, the source of which, as of many other branches of literature, may be traced back to Goethe. It is not proposed in this paper to give a full account of the history of

German lyrical poetry, but to glance at the work of those poets who have contributed most to its growth and present development.

The very name of lyrical poetry carries us back at once to Goethe as the representative lyric poet of modern Germany. Until his day, if we except the songs of the Minnesingers, the wandering lyric poets of the 12th and 13th centuries, we can scarcely allow that Germany possessed any lyric poetry of so decided a stamp, that it can be criticized as a whole. Some really fine lyrics were produced at every period during the last three hundred years in Germany, but they were hardly sufficiently numerous or important to be ranked as a class apart. The main part of German poetry, with the exception of the ballad, was made up of the *Volkslied* and *Kirchlied*. The latter of these, which may be said to have been grafted on the former, during the religious movement of the Reformation, retained much of the simplicity and directness of the *Volkslied*. Poems of nature and of life in the modern sense of the term there were none. The fleeting poetical enthusiasm which found vent in patriotic songs during the Thirty Years' War, soon died away and was succeeded by a period of comparative silence and depression which continued through the greater part of the 18th century, and such poetry as was put forth was generally characterized by the coldness and conventionality which marked our own poets of that period.

With Goethe commences a new era in the history of lyrical poetry. The efforts of the Gottinger Hainbund, which included among its members such names as Klopstock, Burger, Claudius and others, though extending considerably the range of poetic subjects were too much marked with affectation and unreality to effect a radical change.

In Goethe all the necessary conditions of success for the production of lyric poetry were fulfilled. He had emancipated himself completely from the fetters of the classical and sentimental school, and his poems are characterized by a freedom and spontaneity hitherto unknown, coupled with unbounded facility of expression. In him, the modern spirit which seeks to interpret the world of Nature and life first truly finds expression. The unusually long period of Goethe's literary activity contributed greatly to the permanent effect of his influence. For upwards of sixty

years he was writing and publishing, a literary record which few men have possessed. In many respects his share in the poetical movement was identical with that of Wordsworth, in the similar change which took place in England at the beginning of this century. But though Goethe led the way, he was not alone in the new path. The time of his fullest power was singularly rich in lyric poets. Among these the name of Schiller is naturally one of the first to occur to the mind in connection with the development of German lyric poetry. And yet it is not in this branch of literature that Schiller's influence was most felt in Germany. He was one of the first to greet Goethe as the master and leader of the new school,

" Du selbst, der uns von falschem Regelzwange  
Zur Wahrheit und Natur zuruckgefuhrt,"

Still, Schiller did not exactly follow Goethe's lead. Beautiful as many of his lyric poems are, they miss the spontaneity and freedom of Goethe's verse. He was not so completely freed as the latter from the classic school, which had till then reigned supreme, and the metaphysical tone of his mind pervades much of his poetry, and detracts from the simplicity which is one of the distinguishing marks of the purely lyric poem. But Schiller has his own special note, and one of great beauty and sweetness. It is clearly perceptible in "Die Ideale," "Hoffnung," "Die Worte des Glaubens," and many other poems, a constant striving after all that is highest, and a steadfast faith in the ultimate realization of his lofty ideals. It is a different strain from Goethe's, perhaps in some sense a nobler one. Four other famous poets of this period must be mentioned. Their names are Korner, Muller, Uhland and Ruckert. Of these the first two died young. They are best known, Korner by his patriotic poems, Muller by his exquisite *Frühlingslieder* and *Reisenbilder*. Both Uhland and Ruckert lived well on into the second half of the present century, and thus form a connecting link between Goethe and the lyric poets of our own time. Much of Uhland's poetry has been excellently translated and is familiar to English readers. As with that of Muller, his poetry is overflowing with an intense love of Nature which he has embodied in a beautiful series of Spring Songs. The passionate and sympathetic appreciation of Nature which

was first developed in Goethe, and which is in general very marked in German poetry, finds full expression in these two poets. It almost seems as if they had left nothing unsaid of the beauties of Spring and Spring Life.

Ruckert's poetry, which is largely represented in the present volume, is not nearly so well known out of Germany as it deserves to be. Many of his finest lyrics were not published till after his death in 1872, and he may consequently be properly ranked among the modern poets. A great Oriental scholar, he was for many years professor of Eastern languages at Erlangeu University, and much of his poetry shows the influence of his Oriental studies. He introduced many new forms of verse from this source, particularly the Persian ghazel, which has since been frequently employed by Platen, Geibel, and others with success. But his truest and tenderest poems are those called forth by some event which wrought on the sensitive and affectionate nature of the poet, as in the series of sonnets called the "Agnes Todten Feier," which were written in memory of Agnes Muller, a young girl to whom Ruckert was much attached, and who died suddenly during his absence from home. These poems were written at the age of twenty-four, and are described by a contemporary, as "perhaps the most tender of all his poems." The passionate affection displayed in them appears again in the beautiful "Songs on the Death of Children," which were written in the winter of 1833 and 1834. In that year the poet lost two children, a little son and daughter, from scarlet fever, a sorrow from which his loving and tender nature never recovered. These poems were found among his papers after his death, and have since been published. Apart from the beauty of their poetic form, there is something extremely genuine and spontaneous about all this series. Much of the simplicity and unrestrained feeling of the original is lost in translation, but the following sonnet may serve as a specimen :

In summer 'twas my comfort with fair flowers  
 To deck the grave where ye were laid, my own.  
 Once more ye seemed to bloom for me alone  
 As the buds opened under sun and showers.  
 But now a wintry sky above me lowers,  
 The flowers of spring are frozen all and gone ;

The tender dreams which solaced me have flown,  
 And verse alone can soothe my lonely hours.  
 The children of my joy and of my weeping,  
 They are not buried in the cold dark earth ;  
 Deep in my heart I hold them in safe keeping,  
 And songs of peace, roses of fairer birth  
 Brighten my grief with rays of heavenly worth.  
 For lilies these I lay where they are sleeping.

Ruckert's muse was vigorous to the last. In 1863 he wrote by request twelve patriotic songs during the war in Schleswig-Holstein, full of fire and national feeling. Although, as in "Travelling Companions" which is given below, much of Ruckert's poetry is tinged with sadness, there is no trace of the morbid melancholy common to much of the poetry of the period. His nature was essentially genial and kindly, and he felt most keenly the breaks which Time inevitably made among his friends.

Where the dark ways of Fate  
 Oft cross and blend,  
 Where each in his own path  
 Seeks his own end.

Hope not that he who now  
 Walks by thy side  
 Will linger should his path  
 From thine divide.

At times more closely drawn  
 Heart touches heart,  
 A little space—and then  
 Again must part.

Though now beside thee, one  
 Thy path may share,  
 Dream not, the journey's end  
 Will find him there.

The parting hour will come,  
 The paths divide  
 Ere evening shadows veil  
 The mountain side.

The second poet whose influence is most distinctly felt in modern German poetry is undoubtedly Heinrich Heine. He possesses more than any other modern poet of Goethe's spirit, and is also the originator of those short epigrammatic poems, since become so popular, in which the application of poetical ideas to modern life is the main feature. Generally very short, his lyrics have a special and indescribable charm of their own. The poet's fancy is a law to itself both in words and rhythm, but both rhythm and words are in exquisite harmony with each other, and his poetry is full of delightful surprises which heighten its charm. Subjective as Heine's poems are, his quick sympathy and profound knowledge of human nature render them the expression of universal rather than individual thought. Few poets have had more imitators. It is impossible to take up a volume of German poetry without speedily coming upon something that recalls Heine's peculiar style, and yet few poets are more difficult of imitation. The rapid transition from irony to pathos, from humour to melancholy, are too often found without the magic charm that blends them into harmony in Heine's verse, and the effect is often abrupt and disjointed. There is an individual flavour about his poetry which is specially his own, a charm so elusive and intangible that it is almost impossible to overtake it. For this reason it is particularly difficult to translate into a foreign language. It seems to defy all ordinary rules of translation, and to those who know the poem in the original, it is doubtful if any rendering can fairly represent it. It is difficult to choose a specimen where each poem differs so much from its neighbour, but the three given below may serve as examples of Heine's lyrics, when due allowance has been made for what was left behind with their native dress.

“ On a rock in the cold bleak Northland  
 A pine tree stands alone,  
 He sleeps—and the ice and snow-flakes  
 O'er his branches their pall have thrown.

But dreams float through his frozen slumbers,  
 Of a distant southern land,  
 Where silent and lone—a palm tree  
 Lifts her crest 'mid the burning sand.”

The next example is full of a subdued bitterness which is very common in Heine's poems.

“Hast thou forgot that once within thy heart  
I reigned a king, and claimed a royal part?  
Thy heart so sweet, so false, so frail a thing—  
No flower again so sweet, so false, shall spring.

Hast thou forgot the love, the bitterness  
Which in my heart together wont to press;  
I know not which was greater—Love or Woe  
But both, ah! both were great—thus much I know.”

The last is in the mocking vein now more associated with Heine's poems than perhaps any other style.

“Thou lovest me not, thou lovest me not,  
This thought brings never a care,  
When I gaze in thy face, beloved,  
My heart is as light as air.

Thou hatest me dear, right heartily,  
Those red lips the truth have told—  
Give me one kiss from that wayward mouth,  
My child, I shall be consoled.

The difficulties of translation are unending. A successful translation must be to a certain extent as much an inspiration as the original poem; it is, as Martin Luther put it, “the peculiar grace and gift of God”; and the translation must produce in great measure the same effect on the reader as the original poem, or it has no right to exist. In translation from the German into English, one chief difficulty to the translator occurs more in poems of sentiment and feeling than in any other. The German nature tolerates an expression of sentiment which in the original is neither exaggerated, nor unreal, but which it is extremely difficult to reproduce in English without becoming both. The English equivalent can often not be found at all in a close rendering of the German. Strangely enough, this difficulty less frequently arises in Italian poetry, which has often a restraint and severity of expression that seems almost foreign to the language. Another difficulty not uncommon in the translation of German poetry is that there is undeniably a tendency to slip into the common-

place. Matthew Arnold in his essay on Celtic literature has dwelt on this tendency, as a defect to which the German genius is naturally prone, and we find much German poetry marred to our mind by this peculiarity. Against this, too, the translator must be on his guard, because this tendency is likely to become accentuated during the transition to another language.

Lenau, who was a contemporary of Heine, was a man of a very different stamp. Though possessed of much beauty and tenderness, his poems are characterized by an excessive melancholy, the result partly of the sombre and despondent state of mind which was natural to him, partly of an unhappy love affair which tinged the whole of his life. He was by birth a Hungarian, though educated in Germany, and many of his poems are vivid pictures of the Hungarian country familiar to him in childhood. Lenau's poetry has much in common with that of Emmanuel Geibel, but the despondent element which is so marked in the former is lacking in Geibel's work. His poetry is extremely popular in Germany. It is invariably sweet and melodious, and generally deeply tinged with religious feeling, if at times somewhat lacking in force.

With Freiligrath and Herwegh, both of whom contributed largely to the lyric poetry of this period, another note is struck. They were among the first to make poetry the channel of their political views. The patriotic poems of both were among their finest efforts, and coming as they did at a time of much political agitation, were received with the wildest enthusiasm. To these names may be added that of Anastasius Grun, as the Graf von Auersperg chose to be called in his adopted country. The translation subjoined of Herwegh's "Walk at Midnight," though but imperfectly reproducing the force and fire of the original, may yet give some idea of this famous poem.

" My spirit passes in the silent night  
 Through each deserted street and quiet lane,  
 Astir an hour ago with laughter light,  
 Or passionate weeping—now comes rest again.  
 The air is parched and drooping like a flower,  
 The revellers' foaming cup has ceased to gleam.  
 And care has vanished with the sunset hour,  
 The world is weary,—let it rest and dream,

How all my hate and passion die away  
 As the day closes soft with sun or showers  
 And the moon sheds her reconciling ray  
 Although it fall but on fast dying flowers.  
 Light as a breath, unresting as a star  
 My spirit roams through shade and pallid gleam,  
 And clear and open as its own thoughts are  
 Lie the dim workings of each secret dream.

My shadow glides behind me like a spy—  
 I pause before a prison's guarded door  
 Or Fatherland, thy son loved faithfully,  
 And for that faithful love he paid full sore.  
 He sleeps—nor knows that all his hopes have past.  
 He dreams perchance of his old forest stream—  
 He dreams he holds the victor's crown at last,  
 O God of freedom, leave to him, his dream.

Stately before me, under watch and ward  
 A palace towers—I pass the curtains' sheen  
 And see one who in sleep still grasps his sword,  
 One with sin marred and terror-stricken mien,  
 Haggard his face and yellow as his crown—  
 All decked for flight his coursers' trappings gleam—  
 He tumbles headlong, and the earth breaks down,  
 O God of justice—leave him to his dream.

The little cabin by the lonely stream,—  
 Hunger and innocence have here their place  
 Yet the poor peasant has his God-sent dream  
 Which all the long day's misery shall efface,  
 For every seed from Morpheus' hand that falls  
 Shall a fair harvest field before him gleam,  
 The narrow hut shall stretch to palace walls  
 God of the needy—let the poor man dream.

At the last house, before the bench of stone  
 With words of blessing on my lips I pause ;  
 I love thee, dearest, but not thee alone,  
 Thou wilt not grudge my love in freedom's cause.

Butterflies hover round thy slumbers light,  
 For me the rush of steeds, the battle's stream,  
 Thine is the dove's wing, mine the eagle's flight ;  
 O God of love—still let my loved one dream.  
 O star ! whose light, like joy, through clouds must break  
 O night ! close wrapped in thy dark veil of blue,  
 Let not the sorrowful earth too soon awake,  
 Our sad and toil-worn hearts again to view.  
 The earliest sunbeam shines on falling tears,  
 And Freedom's sword by day unsheathed must gleam  
 The arm of Tyranny once more uprears.  
 O God of sleep and waking, let us dream."

We come now to the more distinctly modern section of German lyric poets, who are most largely represented in the Anthology before us, and perhaps least known to English readers. We do not find here any poet of surpassing excellence, although many possess in no small degree that sympathetic faculty of appreciation and capacity of expression which Goethe declares to be the two essential qualities of a true poet. In the absence of the social and political agitation which reacted on the poets of the first half of this century, we find an atmosphere less intense and perhaps less inspiring, which doubtless has its influence on the present generation of poets. The fire of patriotic feeling has died away, the intense and overwhelming *Weltschmerz* which lay heavy on the hearts of the preceding generation has given place, to a large extent, to a tone of indifference and scepticism equally characteristic. There is a large preponderance of "*vers de société*," of short epigrammatic poems in the manner of Heine. Many of these are very sweet and graceful. Among them are the poems of Marie von Eschenbach, Gottschall, Lingg, Hopfen and others. Of the two poems given below the first is by Marie von Eschenbach.

"A little song—how comes it then,  
 It finds its way to the hearts of men ?  
 What lies within it ? prithee tell.

A little quaint refrain is there,  
 A little story—a little air,  
 And somebody's soul as well."

In this, as in the next poem by Hans Hopfen, there is the suggestion of a deeper thought than lies on the surface.

“ Eager heart, let the question rest  
 What shall the spring-time bring?  
 Green grass springing—song bird's nest  
 Violets blossoming.

Love of woman and pain of heart  
 Springing at Spring's behest.  
 Joy its measure, and sin its part—  
 Heart—let the question rest.

There is a touch of sadness in these lines which seems inseparable in the poet's mind from the thought of Spring. It is almost invariably found from Uhland downwards, in all the poems dealing with Spring and Spring life.

The short poem given below by Julius Sturm is in a different strain to the preceding examples. It is a lineal descendant of the Mahrchen which still delight the hearts of the German people and their children, and represents a class of verse which is too characteristic and popular to be omitted. It might be the voice of Hans Andersen who speaks.

“ To the white goose spoke the gray goose with a confidential mien,

‘ Let us go and walk together on that sward so smooth and green.  
 It would certainly refresh us both to taste the tender grass,  
 And so in pleasant company a pleasant hour we'll pass.’

‘ No,’ said the white goose, coldly, ‘ I fear I must decline,  
 I only walk by day with geese in the same set as mine.  
 Familiarity with you would hurt my reputation ;  
 I am a goose, 'tis true, but one of very different station.’ ”

And in the “ Pipe and Drum ” of Alexis Aar we have a specimen of yet another very popular class of poetry.

“ I hear the sound of piping and drumming,  
 Lock up the bread, mother, soldiers are coming.  
 Peace and rest at their step take wing,  
 Sorrow and trouble are all they bring.  
 Ready, no doubt, to deal foemen a blow,  
 But friends oft the weight of their strong arm know,

Methinks they fancy the whole world's treasure  
Is at their service, to do them pleasure.

I hear the sound of piping and drumming,  
Lock up thy heart, maiden, soldiers are coming.  
Proudly they march in war's array,  
By kiss and promise they win their way.  
Well can the soldier flatter and wile,  
Luring the heart with many a guile ;  
But if thou trust him, then woe betide,  
Thou wilt be his plaything, but not his bride.

I hear the sound of piping and drumming,  
Hold back the young men, soldiers are coming ;  
The old still love the gay sight full well,  
How shall the young heart resist the spell ?  
See how they follow the marching line,  
How their eyes flash as the weapons shine.  
Maiden, thy bridegroom, Mother, thy son !  
The soldiers enticed him, and he is gone.

The touch of pathos in this vigorous little poem is very effective in the German. Alas, that so much is lost in translation ! The translator cannot hope to do more than give a fair idea of these poems. Like all poetry they must be read in the original to be appreciated.

Many other names might be mentioned who have done and are doing good work in the kingdom of poetry including Sturm, Aar, Von Rohrscheidt and others. Among these, the name of Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, is perhaps better known than any other, both as novelist and poet. There is a halo of romance about the life of this poet queen, but her poetical work cannot rank very high. Her lyric poems are something in the style of Heine, but they lack the delicacy and lightness which is the very essence of his poems, and the subject and metre are apt to be commonplace. The following example may serve as a fair specimen of her lyrical poems. It is called the "Shoemaker's Song".

" Here is a piece of leather,—  
In my hand I hold the last,  
But over the edge a little foot  
Is forever gliding past.

## QUEEN'S QUARTERLY.

Oh! what a dainty little foot,  
 Perfect from heel to toe!  
 And in the shoe I'm making  
 To the next dance 'twill go.

It will scarcely touch the floor,  
 As it skims across the ground,  
 With a thousand dainty footsteps,  
 Admired by all around.

For the first dance will all aspire,  
 And fear lest she decline;  
 And think, 'Oh, that the little foot,  
 And the little maid were mine.'

Now, that all this may come about,  
 My utmost here I do,  
 And, like a fool, despairing press  
 To my heart the empty shoe."

As might be expected from the aim of the editor, a wide range of subjects is included in these poems. The well-worn themes of love, war, and wine, all touched and transmuted, however, by the modern spirit, are here. The philosophy, science, and art of the present day have left their traces; the tone of thought has become deeper and more complex in harmony with the age. Nature in her manifold manifestations is still one of the most favourite themes, and the love of Nature, which has been one chief source of inspiration throughout the century, often finds very sweet and tender expression in these modern lyrics. The comfort and healing power to be found in her presence is beautifully expressed in "the Refuge," by Frankl, and in "In the Forest," by Bowitsch. Of the latter a translation is given.

Lonely I pass through the forest,  
 And the song of birds  
 Floats through the branches above me  
 Like Love's sweet words.

Lonely I pass through the forest,  
 And the breath of flowers  
 Greets me like Love's caresses  
 In morning hours.

Lonely I pass through the forest,  
And the flowing stream  
Weaves song and ripple and perfume,  
Into my dream.

And I find the hopes I buried  
In the grave of yore,  
The joy of youth, and the sweetness  
In the woods once more."

We pass over with regret many other names whose poems deserve some notice, but lack of space forbids. On the whole as we glance over the long list of those who have their place in the German "Dichter Wald," the review is an encouraging one. If most of the poetry now produced cannot be included among the highest efforts of the imagination, it has at any rate many of the elements of true poetry. Simplicity, spontaneity, love of Nature, love of man, all find expression, if not always in the noblest form, still in genuine and melodious fashion, and where these are present, we are justified in looking for a fuller development of the poetic art. But wide-spread as the love of poetry is among the German people, there is no one who can be pointed out as pre-eminently the representative poet of his age. The conditions are apparently favourable, the materials lie ready to hand, but the poet who is to leave the mark of his own individuality indelibly impressed on his age has not yet arisen. We wait his advent.

LOIS SAUNDERS.

## THE EDUCATION OF THE CLERGY.

*Mr. President, Honored Fathers and Brethren :*

A STRANGE sense of intellectual weakness, brokenness and incapacity, sometimes takes hold upon a man. That is in no small degree my experience to-night. I look at our subject, the Education of our Ministry, for that surely is pre-eminently our subject, and I cannot shake off the consciousness that a subject of such vast importance, a subject which affects so greatly the life, the usefulness, the destiny, of our ministry, our membership, our adherents, in a word, a subject with which the best interests of our church are directly interwoven, a subject which indirectly affects all churches, organizations and institutions in our land, can receive but scant justice from me. I but stand at the threshold of the temple of knowledge, or, at best, have had but a glimpse at the rich treasures which may be found within, a glimpse which reveals ignorance and stimulates desire without even in an ordinary degree satisfying aspiration. Still I will, as Carlyle would say, in God's name attempt to introduce the subject.

Viewed from any standpoint our subject is vast. And there are so many standpoints from which it may be viewed. I venture to say that of all many-sided subjects Education, human education, the right development of man's complex nature, the teaching that nature to see what is best, the inspiring that nature to do what is best, has the greatest number of sides. It includes whatever we do for ourselves and whatever others do for us for the express purpose of bringing us somewhat nearer to the perfection of our complex nature. But it includes more. In its widest acceptance it comprehends all the indirect effects produced on our faculties and character. Laws, forms of government, modes of social life, and even climate, have all a powerful though in a great degree imperceptible influence in the education of man. In this broad sense, whatever helps to shape the human being, to make him what he is or to prevent him from being what he is not, is part of his education. Education, then,

is the developing or perfecting of all the root-principles of man's nature, together with the correction of all wrong tendencies. It reveals to the man gradually as it develops what he really is, nor can it be said to have completed its work till it inspires his being to make the best of all his powers for God's glory and human good. It is not the possession of knowledge, except in so far as knowledge makes the man wiser, better, more profound in his thinking, more discriminating in his judgment, more far-reaching in his insight, more comprehensive, disinterested and humanity-embracing in his purposes and plans. A man may know much and yet know little and be less. He may have an accurate knowledge of what are regarded as historical, theological, or scientific facts, while he has never asked the question, are these facts, and if so why so, and if not why not? His education has yet to be begun. Here I have a great quarrel with what I will call the cram system, and with what I will call the mere mechanical system of education, which I fear are all too prevalent. In the one a student tries by skimming the surface of a subject, spending on it a few short weeks, or even a few short days, to make a pass and be called educated. In the other, the ill-guided or misguided student is led to think that education consists in what may be called getting up authors for examination. A most serious blunder. A man may know that certain kings lived and died, that certain empires rose, flourished, faded, crumbled, or were burned in their own ashes, while he has utterly failed to grasp the why, and how of success or failures in the case of individuals or of nations. We may have a correct knowledge of facts and yet be utterly ignorant of the great lessons which these facts are designed to teach. What is needed is not that a man should be an itinerant encyclopedia, but that he should be able to think correctly and rightly, that he should have his mind stored with—or better yet—swayed by great ideas, ideas that are above mere bread and butter for self. I would have his mind stored with great ideas, not as you would store odds and ends in a garret, not as you would store wheat in a bin, not even as you would store well assorted and labelled manuscripts in pigeon-holes whence you can secure them at will. I would have the ideas penetrate and dominate and pos-

sess the man until the ideas are the man and the man is the ideas.

Education, then, is the developing of man's powers systematically and harmoniously. Thus they shall, so to speak, understand each other and work together for the completest realization of the individual, and they shall see that it is accomplished by working for the completest realization of the human brotherhood. But to my subject, the education of the ministry. It should be liberal, liberal in the sense of being broad. It is incapable of exact and permanent definition. As humanity, intellectually, morally and spiritually presses toward a higher height, the boundaries of a liberal education become extended. What would have been regarded as a liberal education in Canada one hundred years ago would not be so regarded to-day. Indeed, men's views of liberal education change with the cycles of the suns. In this age of rapid transition men's views of liberal education in some of its aspects might also be said to change with the seasons, while, of course, there has ever been and will forever be in liberal education elements which change not. Time was when to be ignorant of a quantity in Homer would have caused a man who regarded himself educated to blush crimson. But that same man could not perhaps have solved the simplest problem in social science. To-day a man may be almost totally ignorant of Greek and yet be regarded as a liberally educated man. Perhaps we have swung to the opposite extreme. Be that as it may, no man can now claim to be educated who is ignorant of himself, of the laws of nature, of his real relation to men and to God, of the social problems which like slumbering volcanoes often terrify the heart and threaten the very life of civilized society. Perhaps we might provisionally define a liberal education as the acquisition, the evolution or the development of a power of thought, a keenness of insight, a depth and purity of feeling and a nobility of purpose considerably in advance of the average of our times; together with a reliable knowledge of all those sciences, material, mental and moral, which bear directly on human life and destiny. Such an education we crave for our ministry. Remember, it is the real development, the real culture, the real knowledge I advocate.

Strange as it may appear, some good men seem afraid that

the broadest, deepest, most thorough mental development would not be best for the ministry. They mean well, but they do not see far. They seem to think that if the human mind should be developed to its highest and should then be permitted with perfect freedom to pursue its investigations it might find out or seem to itself to find out things that would greatly weaken it. It might lose faith in God, in the immortality of the human soul, in future rewards and punishments. Such a fear but makes manifest the latent doubt which possesses the minds of those who cherish it. God is. The soul is immortal. Rewards and righteous retribution are eternal. The more thorough the development of the human mind and the more patient, honest and thorough the scrutiny the more clearly will be seen the eternal, indestructible rock foundations on which these fundamental beliefs of our holy religion rest. There is much truth, and much profound knowledge, together with a healthful sprinkling of irony in the words of James Russell Lowell, "I take great comfort in God. I think that He is considerably amused with us sometimes, but that He loves us on the whole, and would not let us get at the match-box so carelessly as He does, unless He knew that the frame of His universe was fire-proof. How many times have I not seen the fire engines of church and state, clanging and lumbering along to put out a false alarm. "And when the sky is cloudy what a glare can be cast by a burning shanty!" The Church especially since the Reformation has become accustomed to such false alarms and shanty fires, and so she is ceasing to cry for the Atlantic to extinguish a brush heap. Far otherwise, the heart of the Church is beginning to believe the words of Gerald Massey,

"There is no pathway man has ever trod  
By faith or seeking life, but ends in God."

In this respect we are in true apostolic succession. The ancient Church encouraged the study of heathen literature, a literature which in a darker period of the Church's life she learned without discrimination or with very little discrimination to regard as profane. She is now slowly learning to do the thought of the ages justice. Some of the early fathers slept with a copy of one of the Greek poets under their pillow. Tertullian allowed Christian boys to attend public schools under pagan masters. Origen

made the study of Greek poets and moralists preparatory to that of higher Christian truth. Clement taught that philosophy was the testament or dispensation given to the Greeks, the Schoolmaster to bring them to Christ as the Mosaic law was designed to bring the Jews. His teaching in this regard, history tells us, was generally accepted. Indeed, to this day the traveller finds portrayed on the walls of the porticoes of Eastern Churches, the figures of Homer, the great Greek poet, Thucydides, the Greek historian, and Pythagoras and Plato, both seekers after God in the realms of philosophy as pioneers preparing the way for Christianity. And why should it be otherwise? Does not the imperfect prepare the way for the more perfect, does not the dawn prepare for the sun's clear shining. Development continuous and forever seems to be God's method of perfecting our world. We at any rate have nothing to fear but everything to hope from the most thorough investigation. For interest is truth and truth will prevail. I know there are some who hold that ignorance is the best soil for devotion. Within the last year it was said in a Methodist Class-meeting that a minister does not need to know A from B or 2 from 3. He needs but to be filled with the Holy Ghost. Far be it from me to minify in the slightest degree the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. May we have it in greater abundance. Scholarship can never take its place. If substituted for it scholarship would be a cold, lifeless, powerless failure, but scholarship, a thoroughly developed manhood can be hallowed, consecrated, made useful by the baptism of the Divine Spirit to a degree that ignorance has not been and as I think will not in the nature of things be. As we would expect, the man who made the statement I have given you was himself ignorant. What little theological teaching he had received he needed largely to unlearn. We have but to review past history to become convinced that while ignorance has ever been good soil for bigotry, good soil for spiritual pride, good soil for intolerance, good soil for superstition and persecution, it has never been good soil for the most unselfish and philanthropic Christian spirit. Indeed, wherever nations have crumbled to the dust or been burned in their own ashes, and wherever individuals have made the worst or failed to make the best of life it has been largely owing to lack of knowledge. Without development man is but the veriest shadow

of what he might be. You can place on your hand two little seeds, one the seed of the mighty oak tree, another the seed of the beautiful garden flower. You have on your hand in germ, in possibility, in potentiality, the oak tree and the beautiful flower. Throw them on the barren rock—no oak tree—no flower. Place them in unpropitious environment, a dwarf oak—a puny, sickly, ill-developed flower. They scarcely give you a hint of what they might have been. Just so man. Leave him completely uneducated—he is near the lower animals. Educate but his intellect, and you have a fine, clear, cold, hard, selfish thinking machine. Put him to the school of Christ, teach him that the highest life is completely unselfish, and you have a being a little lower than the angels, who can under human limitations think God's thoughts after Him and who will under human limitations perform God's acts of kindness, mercy and love. I need not quote that oft-repeated sentence, "Knowledge is power;" so is sentiment, so is emotion, so is enthusiasm, emotion intensified, but never more so, never as much so as when they are sanctified through the truth received by the intellect or by the man as a thinking being. After all there is no little truth in the words, "Mind, mind alone, is light and hope and life and power." Mind, cultured mind, developed mind, has done much through the centuries. Walk into one of our great manufactories, see steam hammers shaping many shafts and anchors, walk into a telegraph office and transmit your thoughts to another soul in another hemisphere almost instantaneously, stand by the telephone and speak to your friend hundreds of miles away with as great ease as though he were in the next room, and then tell me is not your mind-culture giving power over nature for human good. Every man will soon be our next-door neighbor, the earth a point, and yet a point on which the increasing millions of the human family can under more exalting conditions live. Nor is it alone along lines of material discovery and material invention that mind is manifesting its beneficent influence. Alongside of that and, perhaps, facilitated by that, have originated world-embracing plans for human betterment or for highest human well-being. The rights of humanity are being considered with a view to their adoption as a part of the creed by which we live. Human brotherhood is writing itself in characters of living light and loving heat on the hearts of earth's

best. All this is finding expression in self-denying effort for human good. But alongside all this we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that intellectual force is frequently perverted, that while the most unselfish plan the best for others, the selfish plan the mean best, which is the worst for self, and through mind-development crush and curse others to secure it. We live in an age of vast possibilities for good or evil, and the man of *God* has entrusted to his heart and brain, to his whole being, the duty of guiding and inspiring all toward the best.

Thou hast a brave calling, and therewith we charge thee :

Thy brow bear this frontlet, thy finger this seal,

This think thou, and feel,

"I am set for the life of the Great Commonweal."

That which God hath begun

To fulfil in His Son,

His high purpose to gather together in one

All things both in earth and in heaven, be that

Too thy purpose ; thereat

Work thou with thy God, in the sight of the sun

Till thy work shall be done.

Thy articulate word

Be the breath of His mouth, be the stroke of His sword,

To strengthen or slay,

In the strife of thy day,

The good or the evil that girds for the fray.

God grant thee His benison, guide thee and prosper,

As only He may !

The minister's work is the broadest, the most far-reaching, and requires a deeper insight and a purer feeling than the work of any other. He stands in some sense between men and God. He is in a very special sense *God's man* in the world. He stands between man and man with all their seemingly conflicting interests, and is expected in God's name to show them that way out. He cannot afford to be ignorant of the social problems which press themselves on society's heart for solution. If he is, then he is weak. No man can do more to bind together the atoms of human society which often through ignorance of their real good repel each other than the Christian minister. He stands between

the rich and poor, and shows that it is the interest of both to be and act as brethren. Then there are intellectual problems which trouble men's minds. This is an age of investigation. This is an age of criticism. Nothing can escape criticism. Nothing should desire to escape it. A fundamental principle of Protestant Christianity is the right of private judgment. Men are using their judgment or their intellectual or reasoning powers as perhaps at no other time in the Church's history. Sometimes they find themselves in the cloud-land of doubt. Can we traverse the ground with them; will we do it patiently, rationally, sympathetically? Then we have helped a human brother. Will we fling a cruel epithet at them, such as black-hearted infidel? Then we have lost an opportunity for doing good, and have perhaps confirmed a soul in unbelief. That is the great need on the intellectual side. Then there is a problem with which we have to grapple on the lower side; it is the thorough training of those who have little knowledge and much feeling, and are in danger of grossest self-deception. One of our wisest ministers, preaching to the graduating class of one of our Colleges in 1882, said, "We have seen whole Conferences blighted, burned over with a fanaticism the flames of which were fed by ignorance." In such cases our work is to light up the brain, to awake thought, and withal to inspire a nobler feeling than any possessed before. I have often asked myself, why we have in our Church so many who have more zeal than knowledge? The answer has invariably been, were we better trained as ministers such a condition of things would be largely transformed for good. The minister needs to be a man who can touch the pulse of the world's thought at the right time and in the right direction for the world's good. He is to stimulate and guide its thinking. He must have been trained to think himself. The minister needs to be a man who can exorcise passion, pride, envy, hate and selfishness from human hearts. He needs in our sin-cursed world to inspire a love that will never die. He needs to have that heart-culture himself. The minister needs to be thoroughly conversant with the world's deepest thinking and deepest feeling. Otherwise there comes a time when men say he cannot help them, and turn to sources called secular, saying that the sources supposed to be sacred have failed. A sad calamity that, a very sad calamity when men turn

away from those who are called of God, because they regard them as not qualified to give the needed help. I would, then, reiterate the fact that knowledge is power. It is power to the nation, it is power to the Church, it is power to the individual. Power has ever fallen, power is now falling, power will forever fall into the hands of those who have brains that can think and hearts that can feel for the rest. They have developed their latent powers, they have utilized the grand heritage of truth bequeathed to them by the upward struggle of the ages. They know how to place the human mind in the right attitude toward truth, hence power has fallen into their hands. This has been always so. It is, I think, so now in a greater degree than at any other period of history. The world is recognizing the aristocracy of thought. The men who have the deepest insight rule the world. The world could get along without some of its crowned heads, some of its Members of Parliament, who are supposed to make its laws, but the world could not without great hurt lose one of its seers. The Church needs to-day, the world needs to-day, thoroughly developed men everywhere. The interests of the race demand most thoroughly developed men in our Christian pulpits. Toward this thorough development college training *should* be, and when things *are* as they *ought* to be *will* be, helpful. Contact with living, thinking men who are themselves in most hearty sympathy with the main stream of the world's intellectual life, contact with men who have reached intellectual and spiritual waters to swim in and are not afraid to try the ocean under the guiding eye of their God, contact with living and thinking men who, I will not say know everything; but who do know the subjects they teach and who can impart their knowledge, must be very helpful to the student. Again, in the college he is freed from work and has access to a library. And not least among the advantages of college life is contact with other minds which are hungering after knowledge. Every young minister should have the privilege of a college course. Every student should set before himself not a petty intellectual fastidiousness, not what some one has called "a fine ladyism of the intellect." These grow most luxuriantly on the thin and artificial soil of minds at once vain and second-rate. College life should ring the death-knell of all such fastidious littleness, and at the same time ring the birth-peal of a nobler, manlier, train of thought.

“Greatly begin; though thou have time  
But for a line, be that sublime—  
Not failure but low aim is crime.”

There are men who go to college and who are not educated. There are men who get degrees without going to college who are not educated men. There are men who go not to college and get no degrees who are educated. They all become known. They cannot hide what they are, or, as the case may be, what they are not. You can tell almost at a glance the thoroughly developed man. His equilibrium of nature, his complete self-control, his breadth of view, his depth of insight, his honesty of purpose, his purity of motive, his freedom from superstition, his freedom from prejudice, his toleration, his broad philanthropy, his patience, his self-denial, his hope,—all these shine out with a bright yet a mild and tender radiance which marks him as a man who has reached the mountain top of spiritual life, whose brow is bathed in eternal light and whose heart is hallowed by eternal love. Such a man deserves to become a leader of men, and he will. God has so ordered it. What we crave for our pulpits, then, is men who are *great* with truest eminence, *strong* with divinest power, *wise* with deepest knowledge, free with broadest liberty; men who will fill nobly the place assigned them by endeavoring to place the present a little in advance of the past, and by laying a foundation for a future in advance of the present. May such men in our Church throughout become a thousand-fold more than they are, and then God will bless us as He has promised. But if we are to have these things in a degree worthy of what we call the Great Methodist Church, there must be educational missionary work done heartily, conscientiously and continuously in every circuit and station until all our people are possessed by a sympathy for our Educational Institutions, based on love begotten of and guided by light. Such a sympathy cannot fail to manifest itself in a general systematic liberality which will make our Church a more potent factor in shaping the destiny of our land. In many departments of Christian toil Methodism has taken no second place. As an evangelizing agency she has been greatly blessed by God. On the great missionary question her heart has been

found sympathetic and her purse open. She has led the way for a century and a half in the great temperance movement. One does not feel like finding fault with her; she has done so much so nobly. But yet, in the matter of liberal culture in the pulpit and pew, we long for the time when she can with honest self-respect point to theologians, scientists, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, who are known beyond the village spire. It should be the ambition of Methodism to have men of world-wide reputation in every department of thought and action. If she is to accomplish this, then she will do well to regard the past as but her beginning lessons only, she will do well to survey with single eye the broad field of opportunity beckoning grandly before her, she will do well to make herself familiar with the conditions of broadest and most permanent success, she will do well to "Give rein to the strength of her heart, the fire of her dreams, and prepare a nobler and higher example of what she can plan and can dare." May the time soon come when both ministers and laymen in Methodism will regard it as at least a part of pure religion to consecrate some of their wealth to the purpose of making the higher education of the ministry a possibility. No money so invested can be lost.

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There has befallen literature of late years a grievous, even an irreparable blow. It has lost the *salon*. There are no longer *grandes dames de par le monde*, who attract to their drawing-rooms the leaders and the lesser lights of literature; there are no longer, so far as I know, any places at all, even any clubs, which are recognized centres of literature; there are no longer any houses where one will be sure to find great talkers, and to hear them talking all night long. There are no longer any great talkers—that is to say, many men there are who talk well, but there are no Sydney Smiths or Macaulays, and in houses where the Sydney Smith of the day would go for his talk; he would not be encouraged to talk much after midnight.

Fifty years ago there were two houses which, each in its own way, were recognised centres of literature. Every man of letters went to Gore House, which was open to all; and every man of letters who could get there went to Holland House.

WALTER BESANT.—*Fifty Years Ago.*

## DANTÈ AND MEDIEVAL THOUGHT.

### IV.—THE FORM AND CONTENT OF THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

THE Theology and Politics of Dante, of which we have now obtained some idea, do not express his deepest conception of life. His Theology, although it is no mere transcript of the system of doctrine current in his day, is yet little more than an intelligent reading and combination of Aquinas and the mystics; while his Politics, which is more independent and original, is mainly the clear statement of a dead ideal. But the presentation, under the poet's form of eternity, of human life in all its types is living down to its minutest fibre. Here Dante is in his own special realm, and in it he moves with the assured tread of a master. The framework in which his pictures are presented is traditional; but under the form of the three kingdoms of the future world—Hell, Purgatory and Paradise—we are brought face to face with living men and women, as they play their parts in the world of our own experience, dashing themselves against the eternal laws of the universe, painfully struggling with the temptations of the flesh, or moving forward joyously and freely in the higher life. Before we go on to a closer consideration of Dante's great work, it will be necessary to say a few words about the form in which he embodies his ideas.

We have not gone very far in the *Divine Comedy* before we feel that the author has cast his thought into a mould which is strange and unfamiliar to us. The very first words of the poem bring this home to us.

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura.

(In the middle of the pathway of our life I found myself in a dark wood.)

What is this middle or central point of human life? In the *Convito* (iv. 2, 3) Dante tells us that the life of every creature may be imaged as an arch, and that in a normal being the ascent and descent of the arch should be precisely equal. Aristotle had a perception of this truth when he spoke of Youth as an increase

of life. In man the top of the arch is at the thirty-fifth year. This seems to be shown by the fact that our Lord "was a perfectly natural man, who willed to die at the age of thirty-four, because it was not meet that the Divine should have place in the descending segment." Dante no doubt has also in his mind the words of the Psalmist: "The days of our years are three-score years and ten."

We have in this passage another instance of the Scholastic method of settling a question of natural history by an appeal to the authority of Aristotle and of Scripture, and by a forced and unnatural interpretation of their words. My main object, however, in citing this passage is not to illustrate the artificial character of Dante's exegesis, of which we have already had various instances, but to draw attention to the peculiar fascination which the symmetry of numbers exercised over his mind. All his writings are full of it. In the *Vita Nuova*, for example, he tells us that he first met Beatrice at the beginning of his ninth year; at a later period, after an illness of nine days, the thought of her death came to him on the ninth day; she died on the ninth day of the ninth month, "computing by the Syrian method," and in that year of our Lord "when the perfect number ten was nine times completed in that century." The number nine was friendly to her, because the nine heavens were in conjunction at her birth, and she was herself the number nine, "that is, a miracle the root of which is the wonderful Trinity." The whole external structure of the *Divine Comedy* is determined by this symmetry of numbers. Written in *terza rima*, "the whole number of cantos is one hundred, the perfect number ten multiplied into itself; but if we count the first canto of the *Inferno* as a Prelude, which it really is, each part will consist of thirty-three cantos, making nine in all, and so the favorite mystic numbers reappear."\* Again, there are nine circles in the *Inferno*, nine terraces in the *Purgatorio*, and nine spheres in the *Paradiso*.

Not merely in numbers, but in spatial or geometrical relations, Dante finds everywhere a perfect symmetry of parts. This will be best seen by looking at his picture of the physical structure of the universe. Precisely in the centre stands the earth, forever

\*Longfellow's Dante, I., p. 116.

fixed and immovable, enveloped by a series of concentric spheres which constitute the heavens. The world as a whole is thus definitely limited in extent. On the northern hemisphere of the earth dry land predominates, while the southern hemisphere is covered with sea, with the exception of the Mount of Purgatory. As the earth is the centre of the world, so the centre of the northern hemisphere is the Mount of Jerusalem, where "the Man who was born and lived without sin was consumed," and precisely opposite to it in the southern hemisphere is the Mount of Purgatory. Hell Dante figures as an inverted cone, the apex of which is at the centre of the earth. Around its mouth lies a broad plain, beneath which are nine circles gradually narrowing in circumference. The Mount of Purgatory is also conical, and over its base lie nine terraces, while on its summit is located the Earthly Paradise. Beyond the circumambient air are the nine successive heavenly spheres: the seven spheres of the planets—the Moon, Mercury, Venus, Mars, the Sun, (conceived by Dante as a planet), Jupiter and Saturn; then the sphere of the Fixed Stars; and, lastly the *Primum Mobile*, enveloping and as it were closing in all the others,—“the royal mantle of all the rolls of the universe.” The Empyrean is not material and spatial, but an inextended centre of light and love, the special abode of the Primal Reason.

This outline of Dante's cosmography is enough to show how strongly his mind is dominated by the idea of the geometrical or architectural symmetry of the universe. This idea evidently springs from the conviction that the orderly arrangement of parts must be the product of the formative activity of the divine reason. Like the Pythagoreans the medieval mind seemed to see in the balance and proportion of parts the hidden operation of a formative principle. And no doubt the instinct is sound, though it snatches at a superficial and external harmony, instead of seeking for the deeper mathematical harmony which modern science has shown to be involved in the laws of nature. With wonderful art Dante employs the fanciful symmetry which he seems to detect in the "great cathedral of immensity" to bring his luxuriant material into order, and to suggest the correspondence of the three states of consciousness symbolized by Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. In this way his passion for precision and definiteness

is satisfied ; and it is one of the evidences of his remarkable constructive faculty that he is able in the *Inferno* to be geometrically precise without sacrificing the complex material which he had to work into the structure of his poem.

The cosmography of Dante is the product of distinct points of view. It is partly based upon the science of his day. When he maintains that the earth is spherical, and that the southern hemisphere is covered with water and therefore uninhabited ; when he adopts the Ptolemaic system of astronomy with its cycles and epicycles ; and when he attributes the movement of the heavens to the action of the *primum mobile* : in all these cases his method, though not his results, is scientific, being based upon observation and induction. But he passes without a break to a totally new order of ideas when he seeks to determine physical facts by the authority of the Church and of Scripture. Now his question is, not what are the facts, but what must the facts be ? Jerusalem is the central point on the earth's surface, because there the event happened which is the central fact in the history of man ; and if further proof were required, does not the prophet Ezekiel say : " This is Jerusalem : I have set it in the midst the nations ? " I have said that Dante is scientific in his method when he affirms the whole southern hemisphere to be covered with water ; at any rate he is here unscientific only because he goes beyond what known facts warrant ; but when he adds that Ulysses and his companions were engulfed in the waters of the ocean, because in sailing beyond the Pillars of Hercules they were impiously seeking to penetrate the hidden mysteries of the future life, he falls back upon the arbitrary restrictions of the Church. Again, when he seeks to explain the movements of the heavenly spheres by the impulse of the *primum mobile*, his explanation, though it is no doubt erroneous, is not contrary to the method of science ; but when he accounts for these movements by the nine orders of angels traditional since Dionysius the Areopagite, he substitutes a theological for a scientific explanation. Similarly, when he adds to the Ptolemaic system the Empyrean, he does so on the express principle that it is maintained in the Catholic system of doctrine. When, however, the Church has not laid down any explicit doctrine, Dante like other medieval thinkers feels free to employ his own faculty of invention. Thus, though the

Church had affirmed that the local abode of souls after death is Hell, Purgatory or Paradise, it had not fixed the precise locality of these realms, and hence the poet gives them the form best adapted to his general scheme. Tradition placed Hell and Purgatory in the bowels of the earth as contiguous abodes; Dante with much more significance makes Purgatory a mountain, to indicate the slow and laborious effort of purification, and places it in the free air with the stars overhead to suggest hope and aspiration. Tradition located the Earthly Paradise in various remote places, but always on the surface of the earth; while Dante with finer feeling transfers it to the summit of the Purgatorial Mount in full view of the Heavenly Paradise. In thus giving free play to his imagination, but always within the limits of the general doctrine of the Church, Dante illustrates a marked characteristic of medieval thought. The schoolmen were by no means agreed in their manner of conceiving the doctrines of the Church; it was enough that they observed their larger outlines and respected the principle of authority. So Dante always accepts the doctrines which have been distinctly formulated, but he does not scruple to give the rein to his own invention where the Church has made no authoritative decision.

The same union of science and dogma which the Cosmography of Dante illustrates is shown in his manner of viewing the processes of nature. One of the most remarkable instances of that union is given in Buonconte of Montefeltro's account of his own death. "I am Buonconte: Giovanna [his wife] nor anyone else cares for me; wherefore I go among these spirits with downcast brow." Flying through the night after the battle of Campaldino with a wound in his throat, he falls by the shore of the Archiano; but, folding his arms on his breast in the form of the cross, with his last breath he calls on the name of Mary. The Angel of God received his spirit, but He of Hell was allowed to work his will on the mortal part. Then follows a description of the formation of rain which is as precise as a scientific manual, without ceasing to be poetic. A moist vapour gathered in the air: "that Evil Will, who ever uses his intelligence for evil, came and set vapour and wind in motion. As evening fell, over the valley from Pratomagno to the great ridge of the Appenines was spread a thick vapour, and the heavens were overcast with cloud, and the preg-

nant air converted into water." The rain fell, and saturating the earth flowed forth in rills, which converged into great streams that rushed towards the "royal river," the Archiano. Swollen and impetuous, the Archiano overflowed its banks, and, seizing the body of Buonconte, whirled it into the Arno, loosening the crossed arms, rolling it along the banks and over the bed of the river and finally "wrapping it round with its spoils."

Without dwelling upon the poetic perfection of this passage, with its pathetic "Giovanna nor anyone else cares for me," we must note the peculiar combination of scientific accuracy and medieval theology which it exhibits. The description of the formation of rain by condensation and of the subsequent phenomena is written by one who possessed the "scientific imagination" in its highest form; but, interwoven with it, is the medieval conception of the untameable forces of nature as manifestations of diabolic malice. The outer phenomenon is apprehended with absolute precision, but behind it is the agency of the Evil Will which is hostile to man. Nor is this a solitary case: there is not in Dante, so far as I know, any instance in which the harsh or terrible forces of nature are conceived as divine. The sublime aspects of nature are always regarded by the medieval mind as simply hostile to man; they are never, as in modern poetry, conceived as kindred to the human soul. The absolute opposition of evil and good is applied even within the sphere of physical nature.

The truth is that Dante, though he fixes with unerring precision upon the characteristic feature of a sensible object and has the power of bringing it visibly before us, does not regard nature as the manifestation of the divine, but at the most as a symbol of the wisdom of the divine Artificer. God is not in nature but beyond it. The conception of nature as containing within it the divine Presence is foreign to his as to all medieval minds. And this explains the fact to which Ruskin calls attention, that he never confuses the visible object with that of which it is the symbol. The shades waiting by the shores of Acheron, when they are struck by the oar of Charon, drop into the boat "like the dry leaves of Autumn," but the leaves are leaves, and the shades shades. Wordsworth has the same power of literal accuracy in describing a natural object, as when he speaks of the star-like

shadow thrown by the wayside flower, but unlike Dante the flower is for him besides an expression of the universal life which is immanent in all things. The true region of Dante is the human soul with its terrible gift of freedom to will the evil and the awful issues which hang upon its choice. We must therefore leave these external matters and seek to get a closer view of the destiny of man.

No poet who ever lived has the same power as Dante of making us feel the insignificance of all external distinctions as compared with the one eternal distinction of a good or bad will. As if to enforce this truth in the most impressive way Dante puts into the *Inferno* men who occupied the highest positions in church and state; nay, men for whom his sympathy and admiration are so intense that he almost weeps tears of blood for them. Popes, cardinals, princes, statesmen, even his own beloved teacher, are inexorably consigned to the punishment which an impartial judgment of their character demands. For Dante is not merely a poet, but a prophet of the Lord, who must deliver the message with which he is inspired, even when his own heart is wrung with anguish. His judgments, as he believes, are based upon immutable principles, and he can do no otherwise. He places before us pictures of the naked soul, stripped of all disguise, and standing out in the translucent light of the eternal world. Thus to assume the office of judge was a terrible responsibility, as Dante well knew; and, even supported as he believed himself to be by the authority of an infallible church, we cannot wonder that the "the poem to which heaven and earth had put their hands" had "made him lean for many years." What, then, is the central principle by which Dante estimates human character; in other words, what is Evil, and what are its degrees?

The formal answer to this question is given by Dante himself in the seventeenth canto of the *Purgatorio* (91-139). He begins by drawing a distinction between the immediate or natural desires and those desires which belong to man because he has reason, or, in other words, because he is capable of forming ideals. The natural desires—such as the appetite for food, pleasure in visible objects, etc.—are simply innocent or instinctive. Dante, therefore, does not like the Neo-platonists regard these desires as evil. No doubt it is implied in his conception of the

contemplative life that the highest reach of holiness is to 'scorn delights,' even those which are innocent, in view of a higher good ; but here, where his mind is fixed upon the everyday life of ordinary humanity, he has nothing to say against the uncorrupted pleasures of sense. His main interest, however, is not in these, but in the life of man as a social being, who in virtue of his reason is capable of making the common good his end, or of standing apart in isolation and seeking his own good. Now, no man, he says, can really separate himself from God. This is a deep and penetrative remark the full force of which most exponents of Dante do not seem to have seen. I do not think that we are misconstruing the essence of Dante's teaching, when I say that he is here affirming the fundamental identity of the human and divine nature. In his deepest being man is ever seeking after God. As Dante elsewhere says, when he wills the evil, he is misled by the semblance of goodness which throws over it a seductive charm. So far as man comprehends his own nature as it really is, he must follow what is good. In this sense "virtue is knowledge." Containing within himself the principle which in its perfection constitutes the eternal nature of God, man can never reach true satisfaction so long as he does violence to his ineradicable love for goodness. Now, the divine principle which thus constitutes the very essence of man's rational nature is a love for his fellows. Deep within the soul of man, and even unconsciously to himself, is working the principle of self-realization by identification with others. Man can never be at unity with himself until he has made the universal good his end. But, if this is his true life, obviously he must be in contradiction with himself so long as he imagines that his own good may be found in self-seeking or unsociality. The effort to realize an individual, isolated or unsocial self is the root of all evil. The worst form of evil will therefore consist in the deliberate and conscious effort to realize a separate self. He who makes himself the centre of all his actions is denying the very essence of his being, and striking a fatal blow at the social or true self. Now, what is the extreme form of the universal self? Dante, in his classification of the various forms of evil follows the arrangement of Bonaventura, as Mr. Davidson has recently shown ; and Bonaventura, as we have seen in the passage already quoted, arranges

the mortal or soul-destroying sins in this order: Pride, Envy, Anger, Unconcern, Avarice, Gluttony, Incontinence. But of course Dante only makes this classification his starting-point, seeking to interpret it in the light of his own experience, as illuminated by the central idea of unsociality or selfishness as the source and origin of all evil. Hence he tells us that while man cannot really hate God, he can hate his neighbour, and that from such hatred all sin originates. The first three sins—Pride, Envy and Anger—are in their several degree forms of the evil will which seeks one's own good by consciously turning against the universal good. Pride, he says, is the animating principle of the man whose end in life is, not to aid his fellow man, but to humiliate him and frustrate all his efforts. "From this cause fell the angels." Absolute self-assertion is the very idealism of evil. If it could succeed in its aim, the individual would be alone in the universe, or at least all other beings would be ministers of his sublime Egoism. The perfect type of unlimited pride is therefore Satan, whom Dante appropriately places at the lowest point in the kingdom of evil. His human imitators, in their all-devouring Egoism, strike at all forms of social organization—the family, the civil community, the state, the church, the whole human race. For this reason Dante places in the lowest circle of Hell the traitors, whose deeds spring from Pride, as thus conceived. In the mouths of Satan, the incarnation of this vice, he places Brutus and Cassius, who betrayed the Empire, and Judas Iscariot, who betrayed the divine Head of the Church. Dante's principle of classification therefore demands that Pride, the unlimited affirmation of Egoism, or, what is the same thing, the absolute negation of sociality, should be regarded as the worst form of moral depravity. Dante's conception of sin is thus the logical complement of his theory of Society, as set forth in the *De Monarchia* and elsewhere. "It was an essential part of his moral system," as Mr. Symonds says, \* "to estimate the heinousness of evil not by a personal, but by a social standard." Envy, the next form of evil, is the sin of "the man who dreads the loss of power, grace, honour and fame by the elevation of another, and therefore grows so bad that he loves the opposite." The envious man, as Dante conceives of him, does

\*Introduction to the Study of Dante, p. 137.

not seek to destroy the very foundation of social order, but he undermines it while ostensibly admitting its principle. Pretending to respect the principle of justice, which is the basis of society, he deprives others of their due by fraud. The traitor would sacrifice the very principle upon which society rests, the fraudulent man only prevents the just administration of that principle. Envy is therefore a less heinous sin than Pride; for even if it succeeds it is only partial in its effect, and therefore does not destroy the belief in the inviolable principles of law and justice. The third sin in order is Anger, which does not attack the institutions of society, but exercises violence against individuals. The man who gives way to this sin does not pretend that others have no rights; he recognizes their rights, but he allows his passionate hatred to overmaster his sense of justice. When it bears its legitimate fruits, Anger issues in all those crimes of violence which frankly set law at defiance without denying its validity. It thus seems to Dante less fatal in its effects than treachery or fraud, both of which strike at the social order itself, the one openly and the other secretly.

These three sins are all evil in the object at which they aim. But there are other sins which spring not from desire for an end which is itself evil, but from defect or excess. The first of these is Unconcern or Indifference, which forms a sort of middle-term between Pride, Envy and Anger, and the sins of Avarice, Intemperance and Lust. The type of character which Dante has in his mind when he speaks of Unconcern is that which has no enthusiasm for the public good. The indolent, self-indulgent man cannot be aroused from the selfish desire for his own ease and comfort; he has no enthusiasm for great public ends, but, sunk in apathy, prefers to "cultivate his garden." We might almost say that Dante is thinking of the ordinary unideaed Philistine, whom all social reformers and ardent spirits of every kind know to be least accessible to the enthusiasm of humanity. To a man like Dante, full of ideas and burning with social fervour, this class was naturally regarded as offering a more obstinate resistance to the triumph of righteousness than the avaricious, the intemperate or the incontinent. These err by the very intensity with which they seek an object that in itself is good. The production of wealth is not evil, except when the

whole energy of the soul is concentrated upon it, to the exclusion of wider ends. And even when desire is thus limited, the active industry which it implies indirectly aids society. Nevertheless, the avaricious man is sinful, because his passion for wealth blinds him to the real end for which wealth exists. Intemperance, again, is excessive desire for physical well-being. The natural desire for the satisfaction of the bodily wants is not evil, but when that satisfaction is made the sole object it defeats its own end, and revenges itself in the diseases which intemperance brings in its train. Lastly, incontinence is the excess which leads to the abolition of that rational limit which society has embodied in the institution of the family. In characterizing the last two groups of sin as proceeding from defect or excess in pursuit of an object in itself good, Dante's formulæ are manifestly inadequate to the expression of his thought. He really conceals, under the Aristotelian Category of the "mean" the much deeper view, that all unspiritualized desire is in conflict with the essentially social nature of man. If we interpret his doctrine in this way, as indeed his concrete picture of the souls who represent these sins demands, we shall see that he is really carrying out his fundamental idea that all sin springs from Egoism, or the violation of the organic unity of society. Thus the indolent man fails to give his energy to the true end of man, the promotion of the social good, because he selfishly prefers his own ease and comfort; the avaricious man, by his narrow concentration on a single interest, loses sympathy for the wider interests which are essential to the complete life of man, and thus empties wealth of its ideal meaning as the means to higher ends; the intemperate man unfits himself for the proper discharge of his function in society; and the incontinent man strikes a blow at the sacred institution of the family. Of all this Dante is well aware, and even his conception of avarice, intemperance and incontinence as the excess of what in itself is good, shows how far removed he was from the ascetic view of the natural desires as essentially evil and therefore demanding extinction. Had he followed out the idea which he thus virtually affirms, that the natural desires are not to be annihilated but spiritualized, he would have been led to see that the monastic vows of poverty, celibacy and obedience are inconsistent with that social conception of life

upon which his classification of the seven mortal sins rests; and that the distinction of the contemplative and the active life, as devoted respectively to the service of God and the service of man, is incompatible with his own express assertion that man may hate his neighbor but cannot hate God. This is one of the many instances in which the real thought of Dante carries him beyond the artificial distinctions which he borrowed from his scholastic teachers. At the same time we must not suppose for a moment that Dante had any consciousness that in ostensibly defending the medieval creed he was in reality building its sepulchre. The spirit of the modern world spoke through him, but it hid its transforming power in an obsolete vesture which he did not himself see to be ready to fall away. We can see that he was pouring new wine into old bottles, but he was himself all unconscious of what he was really doing.

So far we have dealt only with the abstract principle upon which Dante bases his classification of the seven deadly sins, and we must now see a little more clearly how, with this principle in his mind, he constructs his crowded gallery of living types of human character. The *Inferno* of Dante is a pictorial representation of the various forms of evil of which the human soul is capable. The principle of evil, at first hardly perceptible, gradually betrays its hideousness more and more explicitly, until at last it is revealed in all its horror as the absolute negation of God. This evil principle, as we must remember, is in fundamental contradiction to the principle of goodness, which constitutes the very essence of man as a rational being. So long therefore as it is operative, the sinner is in hell, because he cannot violate the very law of his nature without being in disharmony with himself. But, because the mainspring of all his conscious activity is the effort to find his true self in an egoistic isolation from others, he persists in his evil, and brings on himself the punishment of that 'unhappy consciousness' which is but the reflection of the contradiction between his true and his false self. The punishments of the *Inferno* are therefore symbols of the spiritual state of the unrepentant sinner, the recoil upon him of that law of society which is the law of his own nature. The soul that sins, and refuses to confess its sinfulness, must view the universe as in a conspiracy against it. This spiritual death is Hell, and

this Hell is eternal, because it is based upon the eternal nature of man himself. It is of course true that Dante accepted the traditional doctrine of Hell as the eternal punishment in the future life of those who had died unrepentant, but we have his own authority for saying that his poem is also a picture of the state of souls in this life; and therefore we are not forcing an alien interpretation upon him when we thus regard his *Inferno* as a symbol of the inner state of the unrepentant sinner.

The *Inferno* opens with an allegory which, like other allegories in the poem, has been the "happy hunting-ground" of the textual critic. Dante finds himself in a wild and savage forest, having lost his way, but after struggling forward he sees a high mountain which is illuminated by the beams of the rising sun. His resolve to climb to its summit is frustrated first by a panther, then by a lion, and last of all by a wolf. Threatened with death he gives up his enterprise, when Virgil appears and tells him that he has been commissioned by Beatrice to guide him through the unseen world.

Of the main idea embodied in this allegory there can be no doubt. The wild and savage forest is the miserable state into which the world has been brought from the confusion of the papal and imperial power. In the *Paradiso* Dante draws a dark picture of the moral savagery and depravity of his contemporaries. "O covetousness, which dost so submerge mortals that none can raise his eyes above thy waves!..... Faith and innocence are found only in children, but they take flight ere the cheeks are covered with down..... The lisping babe loves and listens to his mother; when he has learnt to speak he longs to see her buried." And the reason is manifest enough: "Know that on earth there is none to rule, and therefore the human family has gone astray. (Par. 27, 121.)" On another occasion Dante begs the "soldier-saints" who appear in the sixth heaven to "pray for those on earth, who have gone astray from following evil example." Seeing clearly the source of the wickedness of his time, Dante sought to bring his fellow-men back to the true path by the ordinary channels, but the universal luxury, pride and avarice of the age frustrated all his efforts, and he must follow another path. He will unveil the unseen world to his fellow-men, guided by reason and revelation, typified respect-

ively by Virgil and Beatrice. The former would indeed be of no avail without the latter, but combined they enable the poet to present the whole spiritual condition of men as it appears in the all-revealing light of the eternal world. Let us, then, follow Dante as Virgil "leads him into the secret things," and shows him "the sad people who have lost the good of the intellect."

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ADDITIONS TO THE LIBRARY.

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The University Library has again been enriched by the addition of valuable historical material relating to Canada and the United States. The heirs of the late C. Platt Treadwell, Sheriff of Prescott and Russell, have generously donated to the Library several important volumes from his collection. Among those of special interest are the Journals of the first session of the Senate and of the House of Representatives of the United States; The Acts passed by the first Congress and six volumes of the Laws of the U.S. to 1815, and two volumes of the Laws of the State of New York from 1778 to 1789; Also a copy of the Laws, Charters, etc. of Pennsylvania from the time of the granting of the original Patent to Penn by Charles II, in 1681 to the time of the establishment of the Federal Government in 1789. Most of these volumes contain very important matter relating to the early history of Canada.

Still more important, however, as material for Canadian history is the latest acquisition by the Library. This consists of a practically complete collection of the maps, papers, charters, special reports, etc., presented to the British Parliament and relating to the territory now included in the Dominion of Canada, Newfoundland and Labrador.

## CRITICAL NOTES.

PICTOR IGNOTUS.—BY ROBERT BROWNING.

On the arch where olives overhead  
Print the blue sky with twig and leaf,  
(That sharp-curved leaf which they never shed)  
'Twixt the aloes. I used to lean in chief,  
And mark through the winter afternoons,  
By a gift God grants me now and then,  
In the mild decline of those suns like moons,  
Who walked in Florence, besides her men.

They might chirp and chatter, come and go  
For pleasure or profit, her men alive—  
My business was hardly with them, I trow.  
But with empty cells of the human hive ;  
—With the chapter-room, the cloister-porch,  
The church's apsis, aisle or nave,  
Its crypt, one fingers along with a torch,  
Its face set full for the sun to shave.

Wherever a fresco peels and drops,  
Wherever an outline weakens and wanes  
Till the latest life in the painting stops,  
Stands One whom each fainter pulse-tick pains :  
One, wistful each scrap should clutch the brick,  
Each tinge not wholly escape the plaster,  
—A lion who dies of an ass's kick,  
The wronged great soul of an ancient Master.

—OLD PICTURES IN FLORENCE.

Browning has been wandering one of those "winter afternoons" amongst the cloisters of Florence and has noticed on the walls of one of them some sixteen century frescoes whose fading colour and weakened outlines announce an inevitable decay.

But even in their mouldering condition the poet, who is no mean judge, can see the evidence of great artistic power, the work of a soul that had felt deeply and had with the usual infinite amount of toil attained the power of genius to express itself. He consults local virtuosi and the works of antiquarians, but no one ventures to name an author. "Pictor Ignotus,"—Author Unknown, say the Guide-Books if they deign to notice the obscure frescoes at all.

The artist's name then is not on the roll of fame. He has apparently never cared to paint canvasses for the public or decorate with his frescoes the halls of some great cardinal, but gone on quietly pouring out his soul on the dim aisles of his own cloister. Yet what a talent the man had! Little less, as Browning's discerning eye sees, than that of Raphael himself. In that waning colour and that half-obliterated outline there remains enough to show the touch of a gifted and delicate spirit, the impress of thoughts that 'wander through eternity.' Here is a problem after Browning's own heart, and as he paces these old streets of Florence, hardly altered since the time of Dante and Boccaccio—across the Mercato Vecchio, with its famous bronze boar, and round by the gray old church of San Michele where the sculptured St. George of Donatello still defies time and weather, and up to the Baptistery and its gates and the incomparable bell-tower of Giotto, he muses on the forgotten history of these obscure frescoes, and at last he divines it might have been this way:—

The unknown painter could have painted pictures great as Raphael's—"that youth's ye praise so." He had the gift and also the strength of will and nature to develop that gift.

I could have painted pictures like that youth's

Ye praise so. How my soul springs up! No bar  
Stayed me—ah, thought which saddens while it soothes!

—Never did fate forbid me, star by star,  
To outburst on your night with all my gift

Of fires from God: nor would my flesh have shrunk  
From seconding my soul.

He had felt, too, the fine intoxication of high ambition, that  
*last* infirmity of noble minds,

Nor will I say I have not dreamed (how well!)

Of going—I, in each new picture,—forth,  
As, making new hearts beat and bosoms swell,

To Pope, or Kaiser, East, West, South, or North  
Bound for the calmly-satisfied great State,

Or glad aspiring little borough it went,  
Flowers cast upon the car which bore the freight,

Through old streets named afresh from the event,  
Till it reached home, where learned age should greet

My face, and youth, the star not yet distinct  
Above his hair, lie learning at my feet!

But nothing of all this happened. He lived and died an obscure monk adorning the walls of his cloister

With the same series, Virgin, Babe and Saint,  
With the same cold calm beautiful regard,

and making no attempt to gain the eye and applause of the great world outside.—What had been the hindrance?

Well, this man—you can see it in the style of his work—had a fastidious delicacy which made him think it profanity to put his pictures on the market and expose his inward life to the vulgar uncomprehending gaze. He would not join that crowd of painters, great and small, who were jostling each other for the patronage of the great and the public applause. What a tribunal before which to carry the deepest thought, the most delicate feeling, the ultimate stroke of art! No! his pictures should never be the mere household garniture of some purse-proud Florentine, or the serenely held heirloom of some great Italian house, Della Rovere or Borghese, to be carelessly commented on by clients and followers in the ante-chamber.

Glimpses of such sights

Have scared me, like the revels through a door  
Of some strange house of idols at its rites!

This world seemed not the world it was before.  
Mixed with any loving trusting ones, there trooped

. . . . Who summoned those cold faces that begun  
To press on me and judge me? Though I stooped

Shrinking, as from the soldiery a nun,  
They drew me forth, and spite of me . . . . enough!

These buy and sell our pictures, take and give,  
Count them for garniture and household-stuff,

And where they live needs must our pictures live  
And see their faces, listen to their prate,

Partakers of their daily pettiness,  
Discussed of,—“This I love, or this I hate,

“This likes me more, and this affects me less!”  
Wherefore I choose my portion.

So he is content to paint a few frescoes on the cloister walls in the sanctuary's gloom and silence and to remain unknown to

the profane world. Even his work he knows will in time disappear on those damp walls and nothing be left to tell of all he was and might have been.

So die my pictures ! surely, gently die !  
 O youth, men praise so,\*—holds their praise its worth ?  
 Blown harshly, keeps the trump its golden cry ?  
 Tastes sweet the water with such specks of earth ?

But he is content ; he has chosen.

Is this strength then, a strength beyond that of Raphael and Angelo who had not been so hindered ? Not quite ; because we know, as Browning knows, that Raphael and Angelo were men quick to feel the profanity of vulgar praise, but they represent a stronger instinct for creation, a larger philosophy of life, which enabled them to reconcile their antipathy and their desires.

After all the delicacy of the *Pictor Ignotus* was a fine kind of egotism. If the gift was given him, his duty was to do his best with it. What business had he to consider his own feeling as to its use ? Its use is known to him who gave the gift. Man works but God makes use of the work.

There is the weakness. And yet this unknown forgotten soul has been tenderly and sympathetically judged, has he not ? His weakness is recognized as an undeveloped form of virtue. He is the type of a certain kind of failure ; but we do not jeer or even condemn ; we judge with sympathy.

JAMES CAPPON.

\*Raphael.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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*Griechische Geschichte*, von Julius Beloch, Strassburg. K. J. Trubner, 1893.

IN no department of study has the conventional treatment reigned to a greater degree than in the history of Greece. There has never been such a clearing of the atmosphere in this quarter, as Niebuhr effected in the domain of Roman history. A cloud of romance covers Greek history. The Greeks have been too little dealt with as ordinary men, and a large section of the current histories is a mere repetition of myths and legends subjected to no searching criticism or interpretation. The latest attempt in Germany to give a life-like account of the Greeks has been made by Dr. Julius Beloch in his *Griechische Geschichte*. It is strong, where most Greek histories are weak, on the literary side as well as on the critical. Its style is of the new "imperial" order with short crisp sentences, ringing out like rifle-shots, differing *toto coelo* from the lumbering and involved sentences of the preceding literary generation. In criticism he follows the lead of Grote, but pushes the critical treatment with far more consistency and thoroughness. The conclusions at which he arrives are sometimes so startling and so subversive of all previous views, that he would seem in his avoidance of the older opinions to take up with the paradoxical and the new, rather than the true. His views, however, are supported by such genuine learning and put with such force that even when they are most opposed to current opinion, they challenge reflection and deserve careful study. Some of the points on which Dr. Beloch differs from previous writers are the following: He denies that any reliable results are to be obtained from the endeavor to throw light on the early history of Greece by an investigation of its myths, legends and archæological discoveries. He furthermore rejects the story of the migrations of the tribes and a Dorian invasion of the Peloponnesus as destitute of all historical basis, and refuses to believe in any early connection between the Greeks and Phœnicians, which was a first article of belief among the Greeks themselves, and among the latest authorities is regarded as proved by an increasing array of linguistic and archæological facts.

According to Beloch the Mycenæan civilization and the Spartan institutions were of native growth. They were the outcome of the energies of the primitive Pelasgic race. No foreign influences were at work to bring about such movements.

The age of Pericles he maintains was not the culminating point of Athenian culture, nor was Pericles himself deserving of the preeminence which he has attained in the minds of modern historians. The age of Aristotle and Demosthenes, a century later than Pericles, he considered as the highest in civilization and humanity. The Sophists he further asserts to have been the great sources of ethical teaching, much more powerful in their influence on the public mind than the tragic poets with all the religious sanctions of tragedy and "infinitely higher than Socrates and his whole school."

From this brief statement may be inferred how sweeping is the character of the criticism to which Beloch subjects the whole range of Greek history on points which by the consensus of scholars have been regarded as fixed. Many of the positions he takes would seem to be prompted by a spirit of contradiction and dogmatism as strong and uncompromising as anything he finds in the writers he would controvert. The general effect, however, of his work will be of advantage in checking the tendency on the part of many scholars of the present day to explain all that is difficult and obscure in Greek origins by an earlier and more intimate connection with the civilizations of the East. It is against this tendency that Dr. Beloch's work is directed with a clearness and force that would carry conviction were there not at times so much apparent exaggeration. He is in fact too keen an advocate to be trustworthy as a guide.

So disposed is he to carry us too far with him, that he rouses a spirit of opposition in us, and by so doing he furnishes an antidote to his (historically) heretical notions. It is all very well, for instance, to vindicate the fair fame of the Sophists from the false charges to which they were subject. Grote did that. But what need is there for serious confutation when Beloch raises them on so lofty a pedestal of ethical attainment, as to look down upon the poets and philosophers, the hitherto accredited teachers of higher moral views among the Greeks of former days.

A. B. N.

*A Manual of Physico-Chemical Measurements.* By Wilhelm Ostwald, Professor of Chemistry in the University of Leipzig. Translated by James Walker, D.Sc., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry in University College, Dundee. Macmillan & Co., London.

Dr. Walker has already rendered a service to English readers by his translation of Professor Ostwald's *Lehrbuch der Allgemeinen Chemie*; and those who are acquainted with that translation will be ready to appreciate the excellence of the translator's work in the book before us. This *Manual of Physico-Chemical Measurements* is a guide to laboratory work in the domain common to physics and chemistry. The details for the construction and adjustment of apparatus and the directions for experimenting flow easily from the pen of Professor Ostwald. In his preface he tells us that the book was written with the intention, among others, 'of furthering the performance of physico-chemical measurements by other chemists and physicists;' and, indeed, such a result is more than likely to follow the perusal of these luminous and attractive pages. The author has small patience with the 'experimenters who have to resort to the mechanic for every trifle, because they cannot trust themselves to bore a hole or solder on a wire.' He confesses to having 'always taken a pleasure in "pottering" and making things for himself.' This confession gives the clue to the freedom with which he enters into the minutest details of construction and graduation of apparatus, much of which is quite new and special. This book takes its place beside Kohlrausch's classical volume on *Physical Measurements*.

W. L. G.

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*The Epistle to the Romans* (Expositor's Bible Series). By Rev. H. C. G. Moule, M.A., Principal of Ridley Hall, Cambridge. Willard Tract Depository, Toronto.

To all students of Holy Scripture a good commentary on any part of the Bible is a great desideratum. Dr. Robertson Nicoll has laid the world under a debt of obligation by this splendid series of expositions on the different books of the Bible. As volume after volume issues from the press we are surprised at the uniform excellence of the series. And yet without disparaging any one volume we can unhesitatingly affirm that this last volume

is one of the very best of the series. It is on a great book of the Bible. And it has fallen into the hands of a writer who possesses special qualifications as a New Testament expositor. Principal Moule is already known as an accurate and scholarly theologian. He combines in a rare degree all the qualifications of an expositor: an exact knowledge of the book he expounds, thorough sympathy with the writer whose mind he seeks to explain, and the ability to bring the doctrines and exhortations of the book to bear on modern life with all its problems. The opening sentence shows the spirit in which the author writes: "He who attempts to expound the Epistle to the Romans, when his sacred task is over is little disposed to speak about his commentary; he is occupied rather with an ever deeper reverence and wonder over the text which he has been permitted to handle, a text so full of a marvelous man, above all so full of God." Principal Moule interweaves a running translation of the Epistle with the exposition. The one is always accurate, and the other is never dull. While the whole book bears evidence of the most exact scholarship, every page throbs with intense spiritual power, and while the writer is critical and scholarly he is always reverent and devout. Well known as a commentator in the Cambridge series for Colleges and Schools, Principal Moule here enhances his reputation. Ministers and students who want a commentary on Paul's great letter to the Romans which combines the highest scholarship with the deepest spiritual power should turn at once to this last volume in the Expositor's Bible series.

M. S.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

LORD Rosebery won his spurs at the Foreign Office, and that appears to be the department in which he is at his best. He quietly submitted to the snubbing which France and Germany combined to give him for negotiations with the Congo State to unite our South and East African possessions. Why go to war for "a wasp's waist" of land in Central Africa? But, if he has succeeded in establishing friendly relations with Russia, he has given both powers a tremendous Roland for their Oliver. To many it seems a reversal of British policy, and to Mr. Vambéry it is unthinkable. To an Austrian or an Hungarian, the first duty of Great Britain is to be on the watch against Russia; and Germany is always well willing to have it so, seeing that Austria-Hungary's welfare is bound up with her own hegemony. But what did those central powers do in the way of help in the Crimean war? And why should Britain any longer pull their chestnuts out of the fire? Whatever Russia may be in Europe, in Asia she is a great civilizing power; and it is in Asia that Britain's territory marches with hers. To suppose that it is impossible to have a good understanding with her there, is a theory based on the tradition that she is hungry for India, a tradition as true as the French proverb that if you scratch a Russian you find a Tartar. It is only necessary to scratch France to come upon the Tartar; and the bear is no worse than his neighbours. Carlyle had a high idea of the potentiality of the Russian people; and judging them by what they have done with the chaos of Central Asia, he was right. Even if the new understanding should lead to a Russian occupancy of Armenia, there would be no cause for alarm to "the balance of power" statesmen, while all Christendom might well chant a *Te Deum*. As to the final word of the Eastern question, "Who is to have Constantinople?" that concerns the Mediterranean powers and Austria-Hungary infinitely more than Britain. France is especially concerned, for she is toiling hard to turn the great inland sea into a French lake, and France may be allowed to settle the question with Russia, should Central Europe not dare to play a strong hand. Britain has now two roads to India and China, quite independent of the Mediterranean,—the old one by the Cape and the new one across Canada, and Lord Rosebery understands the significance of the latter, as a new factor in an old situation. He takes a wide view

LORD ROSEBERY  
AS FOREIGN MIN-  
ISTER AND PRE-  
MIER.

of the Empire, a view less coloured by moods and preconceptions than Dr. Goldwin Smith's.

ONE could wish that so strong a Foreign Minister promised equally well as a Premier. But, so far, he does not. He lost his chance at the outset, by not standing to his guns on the Home Rule muddle. His language about "the predominant partner" sent a thrill of joy all round the Empire. Here was Gladstone's successor taking ground on which all reasonable and patriotic opponents could stand with him. 'The Union between the two Islands has been decreed by nature, and the partnership is necessary to both. It follows that any fundamental change in the relationship should have the sanction of a majority from both. We Home Rulers have it now from the one, let us convince the other of our good faith, and we shall get its vote also.' Had the Premier maintained this statesmanlike position, what would have been the result? Either the anti-Parnellites would have rebelled and turned out the Ministry, at the same time destroying their own hopes for ever; or, they would have acquiesced, and then the Liberal-Unionists would have had the ground cut from beneath their feet, and in due time Ireland would have gained an autonomy not inconsistent with Imperial unity. But the Anti-Parnellites threatened, the party became alarmed, and Lord Rosebery, for the sake of the party, ate his words. Consequently, he has had to drift ever since, and the public now begin to ask whether he is a man or simply a new edition of Jekyll and Hyde; or a George IV, who—according to Thackeray—was a waistcoat, then another waistcoat, then another and then nothing; or 'seven Lord Roseberys,' all attractive but all equally unreal. Terrible are the sacrifices which are offered at the shrine of party. The idol demands, not like Juggernaut, poor strumous wretches or howling fanatics but the picked men of the nation, and it gets them.

DRIFTING with the stream, the Premier has brought himself up against the House of Lords and he hopes to find here ground on which his followers can unite, or at any rate ground that will divide them least. Instead of that, he has only introduced a new element of division. What else could be expected, when the Lords are more popular than at any other time within the last half-century and when he himself has no policy to propose? He is a Second Chamber man, and therefore is pledged not to destroy, until he is prepared with a substitute, but he thinks it quite consistent to propose that the Peers be deprived of all power. That is like saying to the nation, 'You must have soldiers and must pay for them,' and the next moment saying to a deputation

from the Peace Society, 'We intend, you know, to arm them only with pop-guns.' It is almost incredible that he should be able to hold in his mind two contradictory propositions, yet we have only to put side by side his words at Glasgow and at Bradford, to see that it is so. At Glasgow, he said,—“I do not deny that there are arguments for a single Chamber, but I am so absolutely convinced in my historical conscience that they are wrong that I, at any rate, could have no part or parcel in leaving this country to the sole disposition of a single Chamber.” At Bradford, declaring his policy to be the taking away the power of the Lords to veto a decision of the House of Commons, he added significantly,—“The House of Lords, without the veto would be a State prison for a number of able and eminent men !”

AND how does he propose to get rid of the veto? By passing a party resolution in the House of Commons, with a majority of 12 or at the most of 30, in a House of six or seven hundred members! Surely, the next House—if it contains a Conservative majority—can expunge the Resolution, if it thinks it worth its while to do so. Any one, who has ever attended an ordinary convention knows how easy it is to pass Resolutions; but, as Moody once remarked, in his quaint, incisive way, “We don't read of the Resolutions, but of the Acts of the Apostles.”

TWO elections have been held since, in districts traditionally Liberal, and in both his candidates have been defeated. These are trivial incidents in a campaign, he declares. That is a little like whistling to keep your courage up. There is no county in Scotland where the voters are more intelligent than Forfarshire or one where a change in the result is a surer indication of a change in the convictions of the people. This does not mean that Forfarshire is enamoured of the House of Lords. The question, which is so prominent in the Premier's speeches, had about as much influence on the county as the Pope's Bull had on the Comet. It means, however, that the new policy does not inspire, and therefore that Home Rule—and the other highly controversial proposals which have been added to float Home Rule—still make havoc with the once united and irresistible Liberal party. Prior to Mr. Gladstone's memorable change of front on the Irish question, the solid phalanx of Scottish members constituted the Old Guard of the party. It was not merely that, relative to their Conservative colleagues, they had somewhat like the present proportion of the Welsh contingent, about ten to one, but that with few exceptions they were backed by great popular majorities. A Scotchman was assumed to be a Liberal, and, though always open to con-

viction, he never was convinced that there could be anything good in the Conservative party. During the past ten years, however, change has been slowly—for politics are too serious a matter to a Scotchman to be changed hastily—but surely taking place. It is not merely that the Conservatives have captured fully one-third of the representation, but that the Liberals hold many seats by small majorities; and that at the next election the nation may stand as Glasgow now stands, in the proportion of three to four, or possibly be equally divided. What has caused this extraordinary political change? Primarily, Home Rule. Mr. Gladstone's first bill did not commend itself to them, and his second, in the shape in which it left the House of Commons, was openly opposed by Dr. Wallace—his ablest Edinburgh supporter—and privately condemned by others who voted for it rather than break with their party, especially as they were sure that it would be rejected by the Lords. Secondarily, Disestablishment. That word does not excite popular enthusiasm in Scotland as it did in Ireland and does in Wales, simply because the Establishment—though shorn of much of its strength—does not represent an alien Church but the ancient history of the nation and the Reformation of Religion. The Scottish people believe in the Union with England, but they are reluctant to part with any distinctive emblem of their national life. They are as heartily Presbyterian, too, as ever they were. Therefore, as long as England has its national Church—and Disestablishment there has not yet come within the range of practical politics—they do not take kindly to the extinction of an institution which represents to them a part of which they are proud, and which is as little offensive to the other Churches as a privileged institution can possibly be to those which are not privileged. Lord Rosebery declares himself an Erastian, but justifies his proposal to disestablish the Church on the ground that the manses are now as a rule Tory agencies. That, at any rate, is the reason he gives "Why this question which might have slumbered has been forced to the front." It is doubtful if this plea will have much weight with the people. It is pretty well known that the manses organized not before but after the war had been declared, and that they are fighting now—not for their own interests which in any case are secure—but for a national ideal which has a charm for many of the highest natures and which has proved itself in the past more attractive to the Scottish heart than Voluntaryism or Erastianism. Disestablishment then will alienate voters in Scotland, and it cannot win any more in Wales. The Anglicans are likely to make a stiffer fight there than they ever did before, once the axe is actually laid at the foot of the tree, as it will be at the beginning of next Session, and it may be difficult to maintain, at the

ensuing General Election, the proud proportion of ten to one, which drew from Mr. Gladstone his encomiums on "gallant little Wales."

ALL this must be perfectly plain to Lord Rosebery and to his *fidus Achates*, Lord Tweedmouth. On what then does he base his hopes of carrying the country? Apparently, on his foreign policy. He may possibly succeed, too, for the British democracy has no sympathy with the little England party, though much intent on securing social reforms and somewhat taken with the specious promises of Mr. Chamberlain. If the Russian Alliance is a reality; if it means that the war expenditure of India, which is so terrible a drain on the exchequer there, may be lessened; that Armenian atrocities are for ever to cease and determine, no matter how many of the vile renegades called Pashas, who are the disgrace of Turkish Administration, have to be cashiered or strung up, and no matter how distasteful to the Sublime Porte the guarantees for the future may be; and that an understanding can be arrived at for the settlement of the war between Japan and China, should Japan unfortunately allow herself to become intoxicated with victory;—then, Lord Rosebery has scored a victory for the greatest of British interests—which are the interests of humanity—which may tell not only on the Elections but on the future of the Empire. One is reluctant to believe that Lord Rosebery is only a brilliant time-server, or a man who took to politics for the same reason that he took to the turf.

THE reference to Japan must not be construed as meaning that the Sunrise Kingdom is going beyond its rights or that it is not entitled to the fruits of victory. Japan had legitimate grounds for war,\* because it could defend its interests in no other way, and very properly it took care not to begin till thoroughly prepared. It succeeded, because it deserved to succeed, and China has been beaten, just as France was in the last Franco-Prussian war, because of national conceit and departmental corruption which could be cured in no other way—

THE WAR BETWEEN JAPAN AND CHINA.

God's most perfect instrument,  
For working out a pure intent,  
Is man arrayed in mutual slaughter;  
Yes! Carnage is his daughter.

London Journals took sides against Japan at the outset, because

\*See article in Blackwood for December, by an ex-Diplomatist, on the true causes of the war.

China had proved herself a peaceful neighbour at every point where the great Empires meet, and some of them were inclined to hector the Japanese in their columns. The Kow-Shing affair gave them a grand chance for vapouring about "the flag", and they took as full advantage of it as if their native air had been that of Chicago or a point farther West. Not to speak of dailies, which have no time to inquire into particulars, even a weekly, usually so grave and judicial as *The Spectator*, is unable to see straight. The arrest of two Americans, in the harbour of Kobé, who were on their way to enter the Chinese Military Service, is cited by it as an illustration of Japanese "arrogance!" It seems that they were taken from a French steamer, in spite of the remonstrances of the French Consul! "We suppose," adds the *Spectator*, "if the steamer was within their waters"—it might be admitted that the harbor of Kobé is Japanese water—"they were in their legal right"—where then did the arrogance come in? "But the French are not likely to sit quiet under an act of violence, which recalls the Mason and Slidell incident." It might recall that incident to a Polonius, who could see that a cloud was very like a weasel or very like a whale. If the steamer conveying Mason and Slidell had entered Boston harbor, would England have uttered a whisper against their arrest or considered it an act of violence? Should the French go to war with Madagascar, it would not be prudent for Englishmen who thought of accepting service under the Hovas to journey to the Island via Brest or Reunion. They would be promptly arrested, and England would sit under "the act of violence" as quietly as France will sit under the act which took place at Kobé. A possible explanation of this style of writing in a high-class paper is the assumption, which the writers do not make explicit, that what Europeans may claim of right Orientals can claim only of courtesy. The success of Japan is likely to dispel that illusion, and it is pleasant to know that Britain and the United States have both renounced, in recent treaties, the principle of "extra-territorial" jurisdiction, and that henceforth their people, who travel in Japan, will be amenable to the laws of the land and subject to the native tribunals. Japan has been admitted within the circle of civilized nations, and its success in war shows that it has mastered the weapons of civilization.

SO far, too, Japan has acted within its belligerent rights. If China wants peace, it must ask for it, and ask too in the regular way, not by a customs official but by an Imperial High Commissioner representing the Emperor and the Foreign Office. It must also offer terms commensurate with its own necessities

and the sacrifices of Japan; for instance, a heavy indemnity, the independence of Corea, and the cession, say, of the island of Formosa to the Island Kingdom. Only when reasonable terms are refused by the victors, will it be permissible for Europe to intervene. An understanding between Russia and Britain, in such circumstances, would be in the common interest and unaccompanied by any selfish gain to either power. Anarchy in China or a partition of China ought not to be tolerated. China must be allowed to reform itself, and the man who thinks it cannot or will not do so, or that it may be treated as a cypher or "neglectable quantity," because 70,000 disciplined troops gain victories over ill-led and ill-armed mobs, knows nothing of the history of China, and forgets that a score of policemen can disperse a crowd, consisting of thousands of brave men, in any city of Europe or America.

THE November elections in the United States resulted in a Republican victory as complete as the Democratic victory of 1890 or of 1892. The next Congress will be Republican, but the old members continue in the House till March, 1895, and the members who thereafter become legislators can do nothing towards executing the mandate they are supposed to have received, until March, 1897, the President's veto being a sufficient block. Then, by that time a new House may have been elected, of a totally different stripe! Surely such a case of "all action and no go" was never seen in any horse market in the world. It may be all right, for has not Mr. Gladstone praised the American Constitution, and the people who live under it do not grumble audibly, but it certainly would not suit us or anybody else who had been long accustomed to British freedom. It is fortunate that there is a kind Providence to care for our neighbours, since they cannot care for themselves, and an amendment to the Constitution is as much out of the range of practical politics as an amendment to the Gregorian Calendar would be. Of course, the explanation of the comparative indifference of the people is to be found in the fact that each State touches everyday life, in ways which are felt, much more than does the Central Government. The State deals not only with education, property and civil law, like the Province in Canada, but also with the election of Judges, with marriage and with criminal law. Congress is intrusted with the Currency, the Tariff, and the Army and Navy, including the grand army of pensioners, a million strong, but these are matters, which, though vital to the life of the nation, the ordinary citizen does not greatly concern himself with. He listens helplessly as Silver Bills

and McKinley Bills are expounded to him, and he becomes the victim of the last speaker or the man who promises most fluently that money will be abundant and labour well paid. But he is quite capable of understanding a breach of faith, he dislikes being cheated, and he has a truly American contempt for inefficiency. It is no wonder, then, when he found that the Democrats did not govern, and when a Democratic President assured him that the Gorman Bill was a fraud, a contradiction of the party platform, and the triumph of the Sugar Trust, that he bolted or refused to vote. The Republican victory is, therefore, a sign of health in the body politic. It is a warning that party is not absolute and that dishonesty in public life does not pay; but it is no guarantee of a Republican victory in 1896.

AT a time when the United States Constitution—excellent as it was a century ago—is evidently not adequate to the needs of to-day, and when the numbers of the people and the complexity of their life make it so difficult to revise the Constitution, it might be supposed that one-eyed men would be able to see that Canada can render the best possible service to the great Republic by preserving its independence and working out the problems of popular government under different and more elastic forms. This is apart from the consideration that persons whose views are not limited to the United States ought also to be able to see that all the great political forces in the British Empire are making for consolidation, and that the word Separation is becoming as hateful as the word Secession ever was. Yet, it is at this time that Mr. Francis Wayland Glen writes to Canadians, asking them to give their views, through his paper, on the political union of the United States and Canada, and enclosing a resolution which “will be moved in both houses of Congress at an early day!” The resolution, after a long preamble, invites “the Canadian people to cast in their lot with their own continent!” Mr. Glen no doubt wishes to get contributions, *gratis*, for the Christmas issue of his paper, from “the leading thinkers of this continent,” but it is a pity that he chooses a subject which is of mere academic interest and of which everybody is thoroughly tired. Invitations to write for the Christmas issues of all kinds of papers abound, but this is the most impudent chestnut of them all. The man who hopes to get a free contribution by offering to share with us the blessing of the Gorman Bill, and even to share the blessing of paying a hundred and forty millions of dollars annually in pensions, may be honest, but he is certainly destitute of humour. It would require a surgical operation to get a joke into the good man's head.

THE leaders of the Canadian Government and of the Ontario Opposition have been removed from the high places which they occupied, the one by death and the other by well-deserved promotion to the Bench. In both cases, the country loses heavily. Their places were filled rapidly, and the old saw that no man is indispensable has in consequence been placidly quoted. Filled! Yes, but it does make a difference whether veins are filled with good or with poor blood, with pure gold or with indifferent ore. In the case of the Federal Government, there was no choice. Sir John Thompson towered in mental stature and in command of the House so completely above all his colleagues, that, unless they went outside of themselves for a leader, there was no principle to adopt but that of seniority; and Mr. Mackenzie Bowell has served so long an apprenticeship under a past master in the art of governing, as well as under two successors, that he may be trusted to steer the ship creditably, until a General Election decides whether the people of Canada continue to prefer the American policy of restriction, to the British policy of freedom, of trade. In the case of the Ontario Opposition, there was no choice, in a different sense of the phrase. Mr. Meredith's trusted lieutenants, Messrs. Wood and Clancy, had lost their seats, Mr. Clarke had retired from the House, Mr. Sheppard had not succeeded in gaining the right of entrance, and Mr. Whitney had alienated the Patrons, for whose "friendly neutrality" it seemed necessary to bid. As to Mr. O. A. Howland, for whom literary men hope a bright future, nothing is yet known of his fitness for Parliamentary work or party warfare. These were the circumstances in which Mr. Marter was made leader, and already nothing but the lack of some one to replace him prevents his deposition. Nothing quite so unblushing has happened in Canadian political life as his appeals to the electors of London to accept him as a Prohibition and Anti-Separate-School leader, with his instant repudiation of both planks, at a Toronto Ward meeting, as soon as the result of the by-election showed that they were planks not likely to be of use. Had his appeals to the lowest party spirit and the narrowest prejudices succeeded, every election thereafter would have been run on those issues, and a nice time of it we should have had in Canada. We owe much to the people of London, who kept their heads, and especially to those Conservatives who scorned to follow the new leader, even when they thought him sincere. The effort made to fan poor, dying embers into a flame, which might have burned down our house, was actually called Conservatism! It was simply party run mad. The game must be won, no matter what the risks to society or the State, or no matter what sacrifices of personal honour may be involved. Noth-

MR. MARTER'S

VOLTE-FACE.

ing is conserved, any more than at Monte Carlo or at a bonfire. Everything of value is destroyed, for when the people lose faith in the character of their public men, they will lie, cheat and steal in every rank of life. If this is what party comes to, we can see what a curse it must be. When wrong is done by an autocrat or an aristocracy, the people protest, the wrong-doers are ashamed, and morality is vindicated. But, when a party leader does wrong, his followers excuse, explain away or deny point-blank. The consciences of well-nigh half the population are blunted or vitiated. When the opposing party leaders are equally guilty, the other side is dragged in the same way. Evidently, the only hope of a country is in the people refusing to be enslaved by party bonds; refusing to attend party caucuses; separating municipal, Provincial and Federal issues, and considering any man an enemy who tries to confuse them; taking only those papers which treat public questions fairly; and bringing into public life only men who can be trusted. If men of that type are not to be had, then the country is not fit to be free. If Canada cannot supply them, it is useless to struggle for national existence. But they are to be had, even in New York; and though more than 100,000 voters sustained Tammany, in spite of the Lexow investigation, there were a few more voters on the other side. And though New York cannot boast a politician quite so frank as Mr. Marter, Canada is not yet as bad as New York. True Canadians must never despair, but must never lay down their arms.

**S**IR JOHN THOMPSON'S death has evoked a spontaneous outburst of feeling in Britain and Canada, which shows the unity of the Empire, the increasing importance of Canada as the most perfectly developed part of the Colonial section, and the recognition which is sure to be accorded to solid worth and unostentatious service. Sir John was a Judge rather than a Statesman, but whatever work was given him to do, he did with all his might and without trumpet-blowing. The Cabinet can stagger along without him, but the additions which have been made will serve only as foils to his shade. Had Mr. Osler been captured, it would have been far otherwise. But Mr. Osler, though opposed to the fad or fancy of Continental Protection, would hardly care to take his policy from Mr. Bowell or to sit with some of his colleagues.

**T**HE Ministry has one strong card to play, and the Premier is entitled to play it for all it is worth, for to him belongs the honour of having brought about the Inter-Colonial Conference, when the British Government declined to take the necessary

steps or indeed to make any move in the matter. Canada did not accomplish its unification, simply to "rest and be thankful." The basis of the union of the Provinces, from Atlantic to Pacific, was that all alike were British, and a maritime front having been secured on two Oceans, Canada intends to make full use of her magnificent position and heritage. A great extension of trade with Australasia is possible, and by the time a cable has been laid there will probably be only one political Australia to deal with. That means the sweeping away of the present tariff walls between the parts, and thereby the disappearance of the great obstacle to Free Trade between the two wholes. Sister Colonies should be to each other commercially as sister States are to each other in the Republic to the South. Sir Richard Cartwright apparently still clings to Continental Protection. He demands a perfectly free hand for Canada in all her dealings with North American matters. A free hand! Yes, and when trouble arises, Britain is to pay the bill! How much would a free hand have been worth to us in the Behring Sea dispute, or in any others, with United States financial interests and lobbies on one side and Canada's unprotected rights on the other?

THE cable between Canada and Australia is a necessity, and Mr. Sandford Fleming has made out an unassailable case for its construction as a common work by the Australasian, Canadian and Imperial Governments. So far, all his estimates have been verified. Seven years ago, at the first Inter-Colonial Conference in London, in showing what the revenue would be, he estimated the probable annual increase of cabling. Notwithstanding the commercial depression in Australia, the business of the last seven years fully bears out his forecast. Seven months ago he estimated the cost; and the tenders recently received show that it can be laid, with a guarantee of three years' uninterrupted working, for more than a million dollars less than the estimate. The Conference said that a survey was first required. He said that it was not; and the Construction Companies all agree with his view. The data now point to the conclusion that the great work, if built under a joint-Government guarantee, would not cost the taxpayer a dollar; and the other results would be cheap cabling, increased business, comparative security in time of war, an unbroken chain binding the Empire together, with Canada occupying the central position, and possession of a property increasing in value annually, at much the same rate as the Suez Canal shares bought by the Imperial Government, have increased.

THE Patrons must drop finances and stick to business. Tariff reform, economy, and purity of administration are enough for the present, when—in the very teeth of a revenue inadequate to

ordinary expenditure—local public works are dangled before constituencies, as the sure reward for voting the right ticket. The "Farmers' Sun" should not give space in its columns to correspondents who advocate inflation or unsound money in any shape, unless—like the *Globe*—it is prepared to show, editorially, the fallacies that underly all proposals alike. They all amount to this, that the sign is as good as the thing. Mr. Wells once had a picture of a baby being fed on milk tickets! It was unnecessary to explain what became of the baby. If you want a horse, you will scarcely be satisfied with the picture of a racer, even though it is stamped as issued by the Parliament of Canada! But custom makes such fools of men, that because they are in the habit of using paper money, they slide into the notion that the stamped paper is itself valuable. Hence in every generation the old craze reappears that Governments can make money. If they could, there would be no need of their contracting national debts or levying duties in order to get revenue, and they ought to supply every citizen with as much money as he required. There would then be a supply "equal to the wants of trade," as it is sometimes mildly put. But why should the Government take so much trouble? An Act of Parliament, declaring that every man's cheque must be accepted as legal tender, would be sufficient.

Some debtors take their stand on the hard fact that, when they contracted a debt of \$1,000, they could pay it with one thousand bushels of wheat, whereas now they must raise two thousand. But, wheat might have doubled in price, and then they could have paid their debt with 500 bushels, and their creditors would have been perfectly satisfied. The price of some articles, camphor for instance, has increased twenty-fold in the same time. How badly off creditors in Formosa must be! Every one must take the hard with the soft, and understand that the man who kicks against the laws of nature kicks against the Eternal. A bull charging a railway train in motion is not wise.

The fate of parties who have fooled with the currency question in the States is instructive. The Populist movement had earnest men behind it, but they dallied with proposals for unsound money, and the West rejected them before they accomplished anything. Let the Patron leaders beware. On this point, they must be, like *Cæsar's* wife, above suspicion, if they are to retain the confidence of the farmers of Canada. Even the proposal that the Government should do the banking of the country, and reap the profit of the business, is not to be tolerated. The Government has more to do already than it can handle. If it is to do our banking, why not also our mining, our shipping, our baking, and everything else?