



THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED: FEBRUARY, APRIL, OCTOBER, DECEMBER

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THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is issued in February, April, October, and December, by a committee for McGill University; University of Toronto; and Dalhousie College.

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The purpose of the University Magazine is to express an educated opinion upon questions immediately concerning Canada; and to treat freely in a literary way all matters which have to do with politics, industry, philosophy, science, and art.

It is in contemplation to include in the December and succeeding numbers a book review section, under the management of Dr. Stephen Leacock, in which notices will appear of such new books as may seem to deserve attention, especially those dealing with Canada and with Canadian and Imperial politics.

The Editorial and business management is gratuitous, and the proceeds of the publication are applied to the payment of contributors.

The subscription price is two dollars a year for four numbers, containing about 700 pages. Copies are on sale at book stores for fifty cents each. Back numbers may be had on application.

All communications should be addressed THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE, 216 Peel Street, Montreal.

TOPICS OF THE DAY

THROUGHOUT the later stages of the war, the words of Maximilian Harden have been ringing in our ears. "We willed it," he said: "we had to will it. Our might shall create a new law for Europe." This new law has taken the shape of a savage contempt for all humanitarian considerations, to say nothing of the code of honour as between nations. Attacks from sea and sky on defenceless coast-towns have been followed by the submarine sink-or-swim policy; and that again by asphyxiating bombs, gas curtains, tongues of fire, and poisoned wells. It may take some time to draw up a detailed bill of indictment against our foes for these and other atrocities: enough has been said to show that chivalry has passed from war—at least from war as made by Germany! But the rest of the German journalist's confession should be promptly dealt with. When the time comes for peace negotiations, the missing evidence as to responsibility for the war must be demanded as an indispensable preliminary. Even without it the picture is now nearly complete. But when the representatives of the Allies take their seats at the council-table, they should begin by calling on the beaten enemy to produce the correspondence between Berlin and Vienna which preceded the German ultimatum to Russia. The Germans went into the war with a lie on their lips. They said it had been "forced on them"—a phrase which originated in the well-known maxim of Bismarck's policy to the effect that every war in which Germany might engage should be given the appearance of a war that had been sought for by the other side. A like cunning prompted the request made to Britain in 1912 to give an undertaking beforehand that she would remain neutral in any war that might be "forced on" Germany. And so now the phrase has been repeated

in all German documents, official and unofficial alike, with a monotonous regularity that reveals a word of command from higher up; just as if the Germans imagined that the world could be brought to believe what they said if they only said it often enough. At the council-table the first step must be to tear away this disguise. Behind it will be discovered the skulking forms of the war-party at Berlin, who advised the Kaiser. "We willed this war," Harden has truly said for them: "we had to will it"—or rather we thought we had!

The words used quite recently by the German author of the anonymous book entitled "J'accuse" will stand as true: "Never in the history of the world has a greater crime been committed. Never has the crime, once committed, been denied with greater effrontery and hypocrisy."

ALONG with the lie there went a prayer, the original form of which was "God punish England!" This, too, must have been a *mot d'ordre*, prescribed for his deluded subjects by the "all-highest," or by his servile officers. And with that prayer to God upon their lips, the Germans went forward to do the devil's work in Belgium and elsewhere. They may belittle as they like the damning evidence produced by various Committees of Investigation—English, French and Belgian. But it is too strong for them, and the weight of it will hang round the German neck for centuries. From the collection of facts which Americans will be surprised to hear is referred to in Germany as "Bryce's lies," it is enough to make one extract. This is the translation of what was found written in his field notebook by an officer of the 178th Regiment, xiith (Saxon) Corps: "Every house in the whole village was destroyed. We dragged the villagers one after another out of the most unlikely corners. The men were shot *as well as the women and children* who were in the convent, since shots had been fired from the convent windows; and we burnt it afterwards. The inhabitants might have escaped the penalty by handing over the guilty and paying 15,000 francs!" The

italics and the mark of exclamation in the above quotation are no part of the original, which takes us a long way back into pagan history: "Nullo sexus aut ætatis discrimine habito trucidati sunt omnes."

GERMANY'S relations with the United States have been a topic of absorbing interest during the summer. It is safe to say that if she had shown anything like the same deliberation over the original Austro-Servian difficulty as has marked her exchange of notes with Washington there never would have been any war. But last summer she was eager to be at the throats of Russia and France. Forty-eight hours was the utmost limit she would allow to any European Power that ventured to disagree with her or her ally. In the case of America there could be no such need for haste! Was she not separated from the capital that aims at becoming the world's centre by three thousand miles of ditch? So when tackled about the *Lusitania* horror, Berlin began a leisurely correspondence with Washington. Altogether impervious to the universal reprobation of mankind, the Germans seemed to argue that the commander of the submarine had launched his torpedoes just to ascertain if there was ammunition on board the passenger vessel; an explosion had followed, showing that there *was* ammunition, and that by consequence the *Lusitania* deserved her fate. The main body of the passengers, being British, merited no consideration whatever, now that Germany had promulgated her new law of "sink or swim": as for the minority of American citizens, their loss ought to teach their fellow-countrymen a most wholesome lesson. For the future they must avoid altogether ships that fly an enemy flag. Such was to be the new edition of international law, as made in Germany!

NOTHING could have been better calculated than the sinking of the *Lusitania*—followed in slow succession by the *Arabic* and the *Hesperian*—to throw the United States and all other neutral nations into the arms of the Allies.

American sympathy had not previously been wanting; but these unparalleled atrocities shed a lurid light on the moral standards of Germany, and reminded the people of the United States as a whole that the war in Europe had not originated in any trumpery quarrel about a boundary-line or other trivial dispute; it was a conflict of ideals, on which the future of the whole human race might easily come to depend. In the official correspondence which followed between Berlin and Washington, it has often seemed as though Germany were deliberately attempting to flout the United States. On the American side there has been a certain amount of juggling with such phrases as "British navalism" and the "freedom of the seas," but otherwise we have little right to complain. We ourselves fought for the freedom of the seas in the days when the haughty Spaniard claimed their control, in the effort to maintain a monopoly of commerce with the West Indies. But our so-called "navalism" (which should never be mentioned in the same breath with the "militarism" of which Germany has been giving so many ruthless proofs) implies no monopoly and no interference in times of peace either with individual liberty or with national independence. On the other hand, it is indispensable to the safety of our over-sea dominions. In the mouths of our enemies the demand for the "freedom of the seas" means that we must be forced to resign that maritime supremacy which has proved itself in this war to be our imperial salvation. Next time the Germans want to discuss, at the Hague or elsewhere, the rights of private property at sea, they ought to be put through a cross-examination as to how they have been dealing with such rights on land. Meanwhile our friends in the United States should not let themselves be caught with chaff. If they will only think of their Monroe doctrine, they will realize that there is a sense in which they may be said to have grown up under the protection of British "navalism." And unless war can be abolished for the future, they will do well to profit by our experiences, and protect themselves in advance against the policy of peace at any price, which leaves a nation without

arms and equipment even when there is the near danger of its sheep-folds being invaded by ravening wolves.

EVEN if we have now to apply ourselves to minor issues, to some at least of which interested sections of the American people seek to attach an exaggerated importance, we must remember that such discussions ought not to impair our grateful appreciation of the support and sympathy we have received from the United States. Eminent individuals may have professed their inability, at the outbreak of the war, to place the responsibility where it is now obviously seen to belong. Some of them even declared their intention of "leaving the whole matter to the judgement of posterity," and of meanwhile continuing to "dance on the tight rope" till the war was over. They mistakenly imagined that their clearer vision could descry what a muddle-headed orator once described as the "narrow path which separates right from wrong!" But the great heart of the American people has been soundly with us. The bulk of their press, including as it does journals of world-wide reputation, has lent to the cause of the Allies a support which cannot be too warmly acknowledged. And the latest rescript from Washington—the answer to the Austrian note about an embargo on munitions of war—is a masterpiece of clear-headed and careful argument. The UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE is privileged to include in its current number an article from the pen of ex-President Eliot of Harvard, which deserves the close attention of our readers. The high place Mr. Eliot holds in the hearts and affections of his fellow-citizens, and his commanding position in American public life, give an added weight to the courageous and outspoken utterances which he has delivered, ever since the war began, on the side of the Allies. Even though his reading of past history does not enable him altogether to approve of the way in which the British Empire has been built up, preferring, as he evidently does, the American ideal of self-sufficiency and non-interference to the world-wide work which has been imposed upon us, the conclusion of Mr. Eliot's

argument will rouse a thrill of satisfaction in the hearts of all who speak our common mother-tongue.

THOSE who try to confuse the public mind by making out that British imperialism and German militarism belong to pretty much the same category, and that there is little to choose between the two, should be called on to explain and account for one somewhat remarkable phenomenon. We can afford to make Berlin a present of the renegade Englishman, Mr. Houston Chamberlain, seeing that he is the exception which proves the rule. But could anyone imagine a body of expatriated Britons holding a meeting in Berlin to express sympathy with the country of their adoption and detestation of the British cause? That is what has happened in London. It is the result of what our American cousins would call "contact with free institutions!" Even in the United States Mr. Bryan takes it for granted that all his hyphenated fellow-citizens, of German birth or origin, *must* sympathize with Germany. We know that there are numerous exceptions, but Mr. Bryan has said that he would not think much of any who turned their backs on their original affiliations. Here in Canada, on the other hand, we have already pointed, as the result of British freedom, to the Germans of Berlin, Ontario, who, in sending a handsome subscription to the Patriotic Fund, expressed the fervent hope that Prussian autocracy might be crushed, and that a freer and better Germany might be built up on the ruins of the old. The same public-spirited course has been followed by Germans in Australia. And the climax was reached when in London, on 27th May, 1915, a large meeting was held of naturalized British subjects of German and Austro-Hungarian birth, at which resolutions were passed with every demonstration of enthusiasm affirming loyalty to the country of their adoption, unreservedly offering service to the Government, and expressing horror and indignation of German methods of warfare. One of the speakers went the length of saying that in the last twenty years "the gulf between him and the country

of his birth had widened because, as the country of his adoption had gone forward on the path of freedom and democratic development, Germany's constitutional progress had been checked at every stage by Prussian reaction," and that "whatever love there had been for the country of his birth had been killed by the fearful excesses which cast a lurid light on the Germany of to-day, the Germany dishonoured by that pernicious influence of the Prussian oligarchy. What was in their youth a hateful excrescence of Prussian junkerdom to-day pervaded and disgraced the German nation." Such utterances as these should be commended to the attention of Miss Jane Addams, who returned from her tour in Europe impressed with the conviction that there was nothing to choose between what the combatants alleged as the rights of the case. They are all bad boys, according to Miss Addams, and the best thing that could happen to them would be to be laid across some parental knee!

MEANWHILE Canada continues to be exalted, as compared with the United States, by the direct part she is privileged to take in this epoch-making struggle. The first of the new nations within the Empire, she feels in every fibre of her being that it is alike her duty and her interest to put forth all her strength in order to prevent the triumph of German over British civilization. When the victory is won, her courage and her sacrifices will be seen not to have been in vain. Her Prime Minister, who fitly represents her new ideals, has crossed the seas in order to speak words of cheer and comfort to her soldier-sons, and also to take counsel with the imperial authorities. Sir Robert Borden's presence at a recent meeting of the British Cabinet is an event of great historical significance. It is always the privilege of the Prime Minister of England to invite for informal consultation a person who may not be a member of the Cabinet: in 1848, for instance, the Duke of Wellington attended to give advice in the matter of the Chartist riots. But the presence for the first time, in a period of great imperial stress, of the Prime Minister of one

of the overseas Dominions, must be taken as an omen of the future expansion of our political constitution. Little Canadians and convinced autonomists may not relish the prospect. It is from them rather than from the people of the Old Country that objections will come when we go forward to discuss the place which should be ours in the supreme councils of the Empire, not only as regards a defensive war, but also in time of peace, when imperial relations with other countries are under consideration. We have now, as Lord Milner said the other day, "to recognize facts, and to frame some sort of constitution for the Empire which will correspond with these facts." Meanwhile, let us try to get all sections of our Canadian people to echo the aspirations which were expressed by the civic authorities of London when our Prime Minister received the freedom of the city:

When at the termination of this long and bloody struggle we and our brave Allies prove ourselves victorious—as we shall do—under tried and trusted leadership, by the exercise of courage, patience, and endurance, may we not hope, and confidently hope, that this great Empire will emerge from the ordeal chastened it may be, but enlarged and strengthened, with its bonds more firmly and closely knit, the relations of its component parts more intimate one with another, more tolerant of one another's views, and animated by a unity of purpose and ideal so strong that it will form a guarantee of future peace, not only for the Empire, but for the world?

W. P.

THE Royal Geographical Society has seen fit to remove the name of Sven Hedin from the list of its members. Forthwith a number of editors in Canada, more anxious to play to the gallery than to spread the truth, have raised a protest against the "narrow-mindedness" of the Society. Hedin, they say, is removed from membership because he is a pro-German; whereon follows an obvious string of platitudes on the freedom of opinion and the glory of geographical exploration. The facts are far otherwise. Hedin is not only a pro-

German. He is something more than that. He is a liar of the first water and, from all indications, a hireling liar. For the proof of it, let the reader spend an indignant half-hour over the pages of Hedin's recent book, "With the German Armies in the West." He will see there our British soldiers depicted as miserable mercenaries, fighting in ignorance, surrendering in dull apathy, and branded with the mark of the hireling coward; he will find the Germans shown as a nation of heroes, animated from the highest to the lowest by a spirit of devotion, and at their head an Emperor drawn in colours so luminous that nothing but the gold of the German war-chest could have supplied Hedin with the tints of it. German cruelty and atrocity that has horrified the world is hidden behind a tissue of fabrication. "The book," says the *London Morning Post*, "stinks aloud (*sic*) of bribery and corruption. It is the slimiest saurian, shedding crocodile's tears of a libellous panegyric which ever trailed its many-jointed length out of the cesspools of the Reptile Press." More power to the *Morning Post* for its straight speaking. The only merit of Hedin's book is that it has inspired Mr. E. V. Lucas to write his gay and glorious parody, "In Gentlest Germany," a work that we heartily commend to every good patriot with a sense of humour. The Geographical Society has done well. Sven Hedin is unfit to break bread, or even to split an infinitive, with any decent geographer.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would never wish, in its editorial aspect, to exercise an undue influence over the presidential elections of the United States. When we speak of Colonel Roosevelt or Professor Wilson we must be careful. But there are certain passages in Colonel Roosevelt's speech at Plattsburg on August 25 last, which call forth our admiration to a degree which bids defiance to our editorial discretion. It is long since we have read any address more resonant with courage or more inspiring in its fearless, we might almost say its defiant, patriotism. In this age of time-serving politicians it is cheering to find a man

who throws aside all consideration of the "foreign vote" and says what he means in terms that cannot be misinterpreted. "If this country goes to war," said Colonel Roosevelt, "and there are hyphenated Americans among us who refuse to join with us, they'll be shot, that's all." Here is something which needed saying and which has been said as only Colonel Roosevelt can say it. There has been far too much talk, both in the American and in the Canadian press, of the German-American (so called) and of his vote in the election of 1916, or of the fear that if aroused he must burst out of his beer gardens of Buffalo, lay aside the clarinet of his Cincinnati orchestra and beat the Niagara River into spray, till the sheer foam of him violated the liquor laws of the Local Option municipalities of Ontario. Enough of him! As to the presidential election, if there *is* such a thing as a German-American vote based on the fact that the census of 1910 shows 3,675,000 souls, or supersouls, in the United States born in Germany and Austria, it will only serve to call forth the vote that represents the 2,570,000 residents of the United States born in the British Isles, or the 1,200,000 from Canada, or the 1,730,000 from Russia, or the 1,343,000 from Italy, or the 157,000 from France and Belgium. Taking it all in all, there are *seven million people* in the United States who were born in the Allied countries. What will they be doing at the time when the German-American breaks loose? But best of all, Colonel Roosevelt's attitude throughout the present crisis will appeal to all those in his country who still cherish the traditions of freedom and self-reliance into which the American colonies were born. Colonel Roosevelt has abundantly demonstrated in his Plattsburg and other speeches that he is neither a "Britisher" nor a German, but that he stands—first, last and always, as every honest man should—for his own country. But should he ever find it in his heart to alter his allegiance, we take this opportunity of telling him that he may have at any time a place in the Canadian Senate, a chair in McGill University, a seat on the Board of this *Magazine*, and as many honorary degrees as he can carry away. In Canada we know a man when we see one.

S. L.

IT was enough to clarify the thought of England that a German army should cross the Belgian frontier, but not all the savagery from which Belgium has since suffered is enough to clarify the thought of the United States. This is said without harshness (though of themselves the words may seem harsh or misleading), but some emphatic statement must be made in order to bring out the intricate complexity of the questions which have confronted alike the executive at Washington and American citizens from Boston to Seattle. Many millions know where they stand as human beings, for whom moral neutrality is impossible, but even the *Lusitania*, when piled upon Louvain, has failed to establish a national conviction as to the course which the government ought to follow. "Let thy principles," says Marcus Aurelius, "be brief and fundamental, which as soon as thou shalt recur to them will be sufficient to cleanse the soul completely." This is good doctrine for the individual and even a counsel of perfection for citizens, but in a community so heterogeneous as that of the United States, it is not easy to possess those "brief and fundamental" canons of national duty which can be translated forthwith into action.

Though Burke was unwilling to indict a whole people, this exercise is looked on by many as a pleasant pastime. Thus the inhabitants of the United States are often referred to as a hodgepodge of races, an ethnological agglomeration in which the Anglo-American element is no longer large enough to elect the President. It is a subject which opens up long vistas. Luther Burbank once said that if human beings were like plants, the United States, from the variety of its strains, could look forward to producing the best and the worst of mankind. But for the moment the immediate political consequences are of sufficient urgency to warn one from straying into biological by-paths. What before was known intellectually from statistics and the street signs of New York, or New Britain, or Chicago, is now revealed emotionally for the first time through a stress of passion which has been awakened among the multitude of immigrants and of the native born as

they contemplate and share the hatreds of Europe. The United States is not merely watching the war as a spectacle, nor is it chiefly engaged in calculating the ratio of profits. At the depths of consciousness it is concerned with the reaction of the war upon itself. Of nothing has the United States been more honestly convinced than of the patriotism which pervades it through and through. Yet now it beholds large numbers of its citizens avowedly prepared to employ their votes as a weapon to help a foreign state whose soil they have left, and whose citizenship they profess to have abandoned. A few months ago, when Chicago was about to choose a mayor, there was circulated a manifesto which contained these words: "Chicago has a larger German population than any city in the world, excepting Berlin and Vienna; and the German-Austrians, and Hungarian-Americans should, at this coming election, set aside every other consideration, and vote as a unit for Robert M. Sweitzer. Stand shoulder to shoulder in this election, as our countrymen in the trenches and on the high seas are fighting for the preservation of our dear Fatherland." It is true that the *echt deutsch* Sweitzer was buried beneath an avalanche of the votes which hastened to protest against such an appeal, but the incident was far from trivial. Nor are the German-Americans alone in accentuating the hyphen. Only a few days ago there issued from Pittsburg, a proclamation of the federated Slovak societies of America, whose members not only rejoice in the recall of Dr. Dumba, but take occasion to observe that they were never truly happy until they had this chance to make shells for the destruction of the Germans.

[N the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* will be found an article by Miss Agnes Repplier which is marked by all the qualities that authenticate her writings—wit, knowledge, courage, and impact. It is called *The Modest Immigrant*, and all who omit to read it are to be classed among the unfortunate. Nowhere will one find in terms more frank, or enforced with more telling illustrations, a statement regard-

ing the problem of race in the United States as it is thrown into high relief by events proceeding from the present war. Miss Repplier's own mood can be discerned from a single passage. "When the *Lusitania* was sunk, and the horror of the deed shamed all Christendom, save only those strange residents of Berlin who received the news with 'enthusiasm' and 'joyful pride,' the first word tactfully whispered in our ear was that, while we might regret the drowning of Americans, we were impotent to resent it. And this impotence was a concession to the foreign vote. God only knows of what material Germany thought we were made,—putty, or gutta-percha, or sun-baked mud? Certainly not of flesh and blood. Certainly not with hearts to bleed or souls to burn. Every comment vouchsafed by the German press placed us in the catalogue of worms warranted not to turn." Feeling thus, Miss Repplier cannot but view with as much repugnance as her humanity and humour will permit her to disclose, the inroads which the disguised alien is making upon Americans of the old rock. It is not strange that she should be scandalized at the impudence with which a *colluvies omnium gentium* appropriates the advantages of citizenship while repudiating the standards it represents. At the same time one who looks at the United States from the outside should be on his guard against pressing too far the points upon which Miss Repplier dwells. It is for her patriotically to sound a note of warning. It is for the outsider sympathetically to appreciate the conditions which have hampered and embarrassed men of good will in the United States, as they have sought to make clear to themselves the path of public duty.

[T must be manifest to all that the attitude of the United States towards the war is very gravely affected by this mixture of races within its own borders. Besides Miss Repplier, there is Owen Wister, who in *The Pentecost of Calamity* touches upon this same matter. "Somebody," he says, "wrote in the *New York Sun*:

We are not English, German, Swede,
Or Austrian, Russian, French or Pole ;
But we have made a separate breed
And gained a separate soul.

It sounds well ; it means nothing ; its sum total is zero. America asserts the brotherhood of man and then talks about a separate soul!" Yet the man who wrote these lines for the newspaper may have thought in good faith that he had grasped a real idea and was voicing a genuine patriotism. For generations the people of the United States have looked to the flag (as an emblem of freedom), and to the public school, and to the gratitude of the immigrant for his personal prosperity as a combination of forces which would infallibly beget assimilation. But this is the thing that has not happened. Somewhat aghast at the domestic conditions which the war has revealed, the United States wants time to think.

Of course no one statement can be true of a hundred million people. As individuals, many Americans, especially in the east, strain at the leash and complain, with F. H. Simonds, that the President has been rendered spineless by his desire to help the Democratic party. The New York lawyer who told me a few days ago that he would gladly give a machine gun to any Canadian regiment that would like one, does not need more time to consider what his country ought to do if Germany continues to shuffle and tergiversate. But the nation at large is still wandering in the valley of indecision, kept there much less by paltry or sordid reasons than by honest doubt. For one thing, the fathers counselled to avoid European entanglements—and hitherto this injunction has been sacrosanct. Then comes the Great War as a touchstone which discloses conditions that had been covered over by the veneer of things optimistically taken for granted. The political assimilation which before has been assumed *ex hypothesi* to be complete is now seen not to be complete, and with this disclosure come hesitations that cannot well be ended, save under the pressure of an acute, inexorable crisis. For the patriots of the United States there is the duty to reach

a clear understanding with those pseudo-citizens who prefer junkerdom to democracy. For spectators there is the need to recognize that, while Wilson's foreign policy may not be consistently emphatic, the hesitations of the United States issue from a deeper source than national greed or national cowardice. Governments have often fomented war to avert domestic friction, but it is no light thing to contemplate a war which would beget domestic friction. At the same time a breaking-down point exists, and Germany will make another mistake if she believes that pride has ceased to be a public virtue in the United States.

C. W. C.

OCTOBER

Now, when the summer flowers are past and dead,
When from the earth's wild bosom, brown, and bare,
 No trillium lifts its head,
When in the hollows where the violets were,
 Purple, and white, and fair,
Only a few brown leaves are falling now,
 The wind shakes from the bough:

Now, when the tiger-lily's flame no more
Burns in the long, lush grasses on the hill,
 And by the river shore
The smoky trail of asters, lingering still,
 Thins, and the air grows chill,
Ere the first feathery snow-flakes that anon
 Fall softly and are gone:

O let us leave this dull and dusty street,
The noise, and heat, and turmoil of the town,
 For country waysides sweet,
Lanes, where the nuts are clustering, plump, and brown,
 Hedges blackberries crown;
Come, ere the shivering blasts of winter blow,
 Let us make haste and go.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

SEA-SONG

I WILL go down to my sea again—to the waste of waters,
wild and wide;

I am tired—so tired—of hill and plain and the dull, tame
face of the countryside.

I will go out across the bar with a swoop like the flight of a
sea-bird's wings

To where the winds and the waters are, with their multitudi-
nous thunderings.

My prow shall furrow the whitening sea, out into the teeth
of the lashing wind,

Where a thousand billows snarl and flee and break in a
smother of foam behind.

O strong and terrible mother sea, let me lie once more on
your cool white breast,

Your winds have blown through the heart of me and called
me back from the land's dull rest.

For night by night they blow through my sleep, the voice
of waves through my slumber rings,

I feel the spell of the steadfast deep; I hear its trappings
and triumphings.

And at last, when my hours of life are sped, let them make
me no grave by hill or plain;

Thy waves, O Mother, shall guard my head—I will go down
to my sea again.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

DIANE AU BOIS

THROUGH the sere woods she walks alone,
With bow unstrung and empty quiver;
Her hounds are dead, her maidens gone,
She walks alone forever;
Watching the while with wistful eyes
Her crescent shining in the skies.

The pipes of Pan are silent now,
Hushed is the sound of Faunus' singing,
Through winds that shake the withering bough
No dryad's voice is ringing,
Syrinx has left her river deep,
Even old Silenus sound doth sleep.

The startled deer before her flee,
The nightingales with music meet her,
Yet never mortal eye shall see,
Or mortal voice shall greet her.
Her shrines with weeds are overgrown;
Her fires are out; her worship done.

Yet it may be her weary feet,
White gleaming through those dusky spaces,
May, after many wanderings, meet
The dear, familiar places;
And find, beyond the sunset's gold,
Ghosts of the gods she knew of old.

NORAH M. HOLLAND

INTERNATIONAL SYMPATHIES

THE war is sure to bring one good result, a firm though informal alliance between Great Britain and the United States in the bonds of common sentiments, and in the pursuit of common interests. So far as the war is a war for liberty against collective despotism, for democracy against autocracy, and for the settlement of international disputes by public discussion and judicial processes, instead of by militarism and the destruction of life and property, British and American public opinion are identical. Nobody need imagine that these two nations will ever again submit any issue between them to the senseless arbitrament of war. The British statement that Great Britain is fighting an American battle as well as her own, and that the cause of the Allies is the cause of all free nations, is fully accepted by the public opinion of thoughtful Americans; and this acceptance may lead in the future to the active co-operation of the United States in carrying on the war against the central monarchies. Nevertheless, American public opinion is not yet ready for active participation in the war. The inquiry, "Why not?" is an interesting one. The answer is not simple, but still it is satisfactory and convincing—to most neutrals.

In the first place, Americans who read history remember that Great Britain has, in the past, pursued actively and of set purpose the policy of extending her trade areas in many parts of the world by military conquest or forced commercial penetration, and that the British people have been proud of the building up of the British Empire in these ways. The United States, being a thorough-going democracy, has never sympathized with the imperialistic idea in the British aggregation, or with the British use of force to establish colonies and keep alien peoples under British control, in order to promote the extension of British trade. Hence some qualms in

the American mind about an unreserved support of British policy towards colonies and backward countries in the future.

Observant Americans perceive, however, that of late years the British government has shown some signs of not desiring to pursue this policy, and of preferring to hold the Empire together under federative forms, and by the firm establishment of relations between its independent parts founded on good-will and the promotion of mutual interests. Moreover, the American people do not maintain that their own history is spotless in regard to extension of territory by force. The treatment of the aborigines as the white man advanced across the American continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has been far from humane,—much less humane in the territory now comprised within the United States than it has been in Canada ; and the unjust war waged by the United States against Mexico in 1847 had as one of its results a considerable extension of American territory at the expense of conquered Mexico. But in recent years the United States has distinctly abstained, both in Cuba and in Mexico, from acquiring new territory by conquest, and its largest acquisitions of territory in the nineteenth century were by purchase. The acquisition of the Philippines at the close of the century was accidental or undesigned, and has never been liked by the American people. The contrast between the British policy and the American policy in this respect is striking in the case of China. Great Britain holds numerous territorial concessions in China,—all obtained against the will of China. The United States has consistently refused to acquire, or indeed to accept, any territorial concession in China.

The United States has seen with perfect sympathy and approval the recent tendency of the British government to rely for the extension of its trade on good relations with independent nations which are willing to maintain the policy of the "open door," rather than on the possession of conquered territory, or on the forcible extension of "spheres of influence." On the other hand, they feel some amused sympathy with the natural disappointment of Germany in that the civilized

world objects to Germany's doing now what England has done with impunity for some hundreds of years, with or without the consent of the other Occidental nations. They realize, however, that the German methods of expansion and colonization have been more brutal than any which Great Britain has employed since the Sepoy Mutiny was suppressed (1857), and the East India Company was done away with. They realize, too, that the war is hastening very much the process of converting the British Empire into the British Federation.

Secondly, while the American people feel that the war is a war on behalf of those political and governmental ideals which are dear to them—ideals for which they have suffered much, and will be ready to suffer again—they do not feel that they have a direct interest in the present struggle at all comparable with the overwhelming interest of Great Britain. Great Britain is within striking distance by the German army, if the progress of naval invention shall enable her enemies to shut up or stand off the British fleet. The United States is not. An invasion of England by a German army might cause irreparable damage in a short time, and might yield to Germany huge ransoms. The experience of this war seems to show, on the other hand, that the large cities on the American coasts could be defended by mines, submarines, and shore batteries from naval attack, and that an invasion of the country districts would be as fruitless for the invader as invasions of Russia have always been,—fruitless as regards plunder, ransoms, and decisive results. The interest of England in defeating Germany seems to Americans quite as strong as that of France, and much stronger than the interest of Italy in pushing back Austria, or of Russia in opening the Dardanelles. That the American people make this distinction between their own situation across three thousand miles of ocean and that of England across twenty miles of Channel at Calais does not imply, however, that their sympathy with Great Britain is not hearty and impregnable. It is both.

Thirdly, it seems to many Americans highly desirable for the future welfare of Europe that this tremendous European war

should be brought to the right conclusion—that is, to a conclusion favourable to public liberty and durable peace—by Europe itself, without the assistance of America, Asia, or Africa, except as England and France get assistance from their colonies or associated commonwealths. The origins of the war are in the rivalries, jealousies, and animosities—both racial and commercial—which have long existed among the different sections and nationalities of Europe; and it is fitting and expedient that Europe itself should fight its way out of these ancient evil conditions. If, for example, the war should ultimately develop an offensive and defensive alliance of nations strong enough to make it obvious or unquestionable that the group possessed a military and naval force competent to hold in check any or all of the nations outside of that group, the peace which that strong group would impose would be much more likely to last than if the cessation of hostilities had been brought about, and the terms of peace settled, with the assistance of a remote nation like the United States, whose interests might become, in course of time, different from European interests,—whatever their sentiments might be. Indeed, so long as the selfish doctrine of Protection is accepted by so large a portion of the civilized world, it is probable that the manufacturing and commercial interests of the newly-occupied or sparsely-settled regions of the world will seem somewhat different from those of Europe, as they have in the past. The advent of free trade would diminish the force of such adverse interests; but that advent may be long postponed. The development among the different nations of common modes of thinking and common standards of ethics and honour would have a like fortunate effect on international relations; but that development, also, is a slow educational process. For any period through which human foresight can reach, it would be better for Europe to settle Europe's controversies, readjust the boundaries of its separate nations, and dry up the sources of its woe. Again, this preference for a settlement by Europe of this frightful European convulsion does not imply that America should

withhold from the Allies cordial sympathy, or all such support as a neutral government may give, or charitable co-operation with money and individual personal service. It does mean that America may wisely abstain from active military and naval co-operation, until it shall appear that Europe cannot bring the war to the right conclusion without American aid.

Fourthly, the United States, on account of its remoteness and its traditional policy of avoiding participation in European controversies, has incurred no responsibility for the disastrous settlements or adjustments of European contests made after war under the guidance of the "Concert of Europe" or of some smaller group of interested nations. In these European conferences after war, Great Britain has often had an important part, and has therein committed errors and incurred responsibilities which go far to determine her duties and her whole line of conduct in the present terrible emergency. The corollaries of the foreign policy of Palmerston, Disraeli, Salisbury, and Gladstone complicate the work of the British Foreign Office to-day, and make the present policies of the British democracy seem almost like a fresh start. The United States has no such embarrassments. In support of its own political ideals, and in recognition of the altered state of the world since 1789, and of the great change in the relations of the strongest of republics to the other civilized nations, the United States feels free to enter upon a new policy in regard to participation in European wars ; but for its first participation it needs to feel sure that the case is indisputably clear and strong. Indeed, it needs to feel that its participation is necessary, in order to secure the safe development, in the civilized world of the future, of the ideals of justice and liberty for which the American Republic stands.

Such are some of the considerations which tend to prevent or postpone the active participation of the United States in the present war. Let us now turn to some considerations which have an opposite tendency.

Within the past year, British and American public opinion has tended to become coincident on several matters

which the war has brought strongly to public attention. These are,—the advisableness of full publicity in regard to the making of international treaties or agreements, and to all the terms of such agreements, as a condition of their validity; the recognition of the obvious fact that the elaborate preparations for war on the part of each and every nation have no tendency to prevent war; the indispensableness of a competent league of strong nations pledged to prevent war; and the necessity of providing an effective sanction for the international agreements of which international law is made up. In direct, strenuous work toward the accomplishment of all these improvements in international relations, the United States is apparently prepared to co-operate, on invitation, with any effective group of nations which may be formed as a result of the war. When it shall be determined that an international force must be provided to support the decisions of whatever international tribunal, council, or commission shall be set up by treaty, when the present war is over, it will be found—so far as the various organs of public opinion now indicate the country's tendency—that the United States is ready to supply its proper quota of that international force, and to take all the responsibilities involved in that action.

Many Americans who sympathize strongly with the Allies believe that the United States can now serve that cause quite as effectively as a neutral as it could as a combatant. They also see clearly that, by putting into effective operation a large number of factories and machine-shops capable of turning out immense quantities of military supplies in large variety and excellent quality, the American people are making the best preparation for effective coöperation with the Allies as a belligerent at a later day. Eminent success in such manufactures is essential to modern military efficiency. The extensive manufacture of munitions of war now going on in the United States is qualifying the nation to become, if need be, an effective military power, whether for defence or for offense. Armies can be summoned and trained within a few months; but great plants for the manufacture of modern

artillery and ammunition cannot be extemporized, except by multiplying plants of an existing type. Workmen for such factories must be trained; the raw materials must be producible within the national boundaries, or obtainable from without; and numerous experts in various applied sciences must have had practical experience in conducting, developing, and constantly improving such works.

Great Britain and the United States have another reason for intimate sympathy during the present convulsion. The industrial efficiency of both countries is seriously threatened by the habitual policy of the trades-unions to avail themselves of a crisis in any industry to force up wages, or to reduce working time. The continental nations of Europe have means of defence against the supreme selfishness of the trades-unions in trying to take advantage of the straits to which governments, public utility corporations, or private employers are occasionally reduced. Great Britain and the United States have no such defences; so that the labour situation in those two countries is threatening as regards national efficiency in peace or in war. The recent strikes in both countries seem to prove that no regard for the interests of consumers, and no patriotic sentiments are strong enough to prevent many trades-unions from availing themselves of the urgent needs of consumers or of the government to promote their own class welfare. Since military efficiency is clearly a function of industrial efficiency in the world of to-day, whatever threatens industrial efficiency, or just relations between employers and employed, must have intense interest for all patriots. In this respect the labour situation in Great Britain is more threatening than it is in the United States; because Parliament and the courts in England have taken in recent years more revolutionary or radical action than Congress, state legislatures, and the courts have taken in the United States. The war is certain to produce a considerable effect on the public mind, in both Great Britain and the United States, on this important subject, and the two nations are likely to think and act in similar ways.

The war has also brought into clear view in both countries the great impairment of the public health and efficiency caused by the drinking of alcohol, and is sure to promote in both countries active efforts to reduce this evil by legislative and administrative action. British opinion on this subject is less advanced than American,—chiefly because the employers in the great industries have not realized in Great Britain, as they have in the United States, the serious loss of efficiency their employees suffer in consequence of their drinking habits. Many corporations and other large employers in the United States exert an active influence against even the moderate use of alcoholic drinks by their employees, and have succeeded in convincing them that the total abstainer deserves and wins more rapid promotion than the man who drinks. Opinion in the medical and clerical professions on this subject is also sounder in the United States than in Great Britain. Both countries, however, will be actively at work on this subject during the next twenty years, with similar aims and hopes ; and it may be expected that the experience of each will help the other.

On two points British opinion concerning the American temper or spirit towards the cause of the Allies seems to have been misled. While there are some American manufacturers who are making money by selling munitions of war to the Allies, the American people as a whole are not influenced in the least in their sympathies and desires by any expectation of making money as a neutral power, and are well aware that the war is causing them heavy losses every day, and will cripple them for a generation because of the destruction of European capital. Money-making is no more congenial to an energetic American than it is to an energetic Englishman, and indeed the American promoter and investor lags far behind his English contemporary in enterprise and speculative audacity. The American is always trying to protect himself behind a monopoly or a customs duty. The Englishman, Scotchman, or Irishman asks for neither, but sends his son to any part of the world to imperil his health and that of his

family in remote mining enterprises, on tropical plantations, or in banking houses in unwholesome climates. The notion that the American is more fond of money, more adventurous in the search of it, or more proud of it when won, than the Englishman, is a fantastic delusion. Moreover, the American sets as high a value on the good things that money cannot buy as the Britisher does. On the whole and in the mass, the American population is far more idealistic than the British. In general, material considerations count for little when war-passions are once roused. It is very doubtful if the general acceptance of the doctrine that war does not "pay" would prevent wars, or stop any serious conflict once engaged.

The leading class in both countries becomes more and more similar. In English society the distinctions of feudal times survive rather in titles than in substance, and in American society birth in the sense of descent from educated or highly serviceable people counts for much. Ask an educated Englishman what he means by the English aristocracy of which he expresses so high an opinion, and the chances are he will tell you, "Why, I mean the graduates of our 'public schools' and of the universities." A similar aristocracy is perfectly recognizable in the United States. This great war is sure to quicken the British march towards a real democracy. This quickening appears strikingly in politics and the civil government, but also in the military organization. The small *ante bellum* British army could be chiefly officered from the titled or rich classes, but an army of the size that Kitchener demands cannot be. The great middle class must now furnish its numerical share of the total number of officers.

The war is effecting several extraordinary revulsions of international feeling. Former enemies through generations have become firm friends and allies. To American thinking, the best of these changes is the uniting of democratic France and democratic Great Britain in a firm alliance. The people of the United States would find it hard to say which of these two friends they most desired to support and further. International friendships have in the past been fickle ; the present

catastrophe should make them more durable, because better based and thoroughly tested.

None of the belligerent nations need be in any doubt as to the directions in which the sympathies and hopes of the people of the United States go out, or as to the side on which the forces of the United States would be employed, whenever its participation in the war should become necessary for the salvation of public liberty and individual rights under law proceeding from the people's will. Furthermore, if the national administration shall summon the people to enter this hellish war on behalf of these ideals, the whole nation will respond to the call with all its might.

CHARLES W. ELIOT

GERMAN AND OTHER THEORIZING AND THE PRESENT CRISIS

ACCORDING to the late Professor Cramb (who would probably have been well content if it could have been said of him, as it was of Heinrich v. Treitschke, that he made history rather than wrote it), it would be possible to regard the wars which have made the modern German Empire as the work of professors and historians. And doubtless he would have maintained the same with still greater conviction of the present war. Indeed, those who have come to the study of German affairs rather late, and since the sources of study have largely been cut off, appear to have learned from Cramb's "Germany and England" that the causes of the present world-conflict are to be found in the teachings of Treitschke and Friedrich Nietzsche and their followers, notwithstanding that Nietzsche was regarded in Prussian official circles as a harmless madman, and it is an historical fact that his writings were but little read in Germany before the year 1900, by which time the ambitious scheme of a German World Empire was well under way.*

It might be very pleasing to some history- and philosophy-professors, even in such intellectual countries as France

*It is assumed here, what most people except Germans will admit, that a militarist Germanic movement has been a determining factor of the present crisis. The Teutonophil, H. S. Chamberlain, has recently said: "In all Germany there has been in the last forty-three years not a single man who wanted war; whoever claims the opposite is lying, consciously or unconsciously." For this and other statements of equal accuracy and value he has received a decoration from headquarters. So greatly has any balance of judgement been destroyed by the upheaval of affairs, that Prof. Münsterberg, than whom no one knows better the psychological sources of fallacy and perversion of statement, says of this statement of Chamberlain's that the author writes most truthfully of German affairs. "America and the Peace," p. 255. Against both these writers there may be quoted the brilliant journalist, Maximilian Harden, who is quite as well informed as either of them on German politics. "Why not admit what is, and must be the truth, namely, that between Vienna and Berlin everything was prepared?" "Let us drop our miserable attempts to excuse Germany's action. Let us have done with paltry abuse of the enemy. Not against our will, and as a nation taken by surprise, did we hurl ourselves into this gigantic venture. We willed it." Still more recently, Harden has disposed of the myth, supported by Professor Münsterberg, that England had encircled Germany with enemies and was awaiting a chance to fall upon her.

and Germany, where people are more susceptible to the influence of knowledge than we are, to believe that so much power resides in ideas and theories that they can be operative independently of the environment in which they are disseminated. This is, if not the assumption, at least the impression conveyed by those who write history after the manner of Carlyle.* But whoever is aware, not only of the mental sluggishness of mankind, but of the complexity of factors, geographic, economic, political and racial and sometimes religious, that are involved in all great national movements and international relations and activities, will not be satisfied by any such simple analysis of the causes of the present crisis. Nor will he seek them exclusively in the various official documents published since the outbreak of the war; for these throw light only on the occasion of its outbreak. While recognizing the power of doctrines, put forward incessantly and untiringly, as well as what can be achieved in training and drilling a highly intelligent people in "patriotic" submissiveness, who have some ground for believing in the capacity of their government, still anyone who has had even a slight education in scientific method will consider it very unlikely that the German people could ever have been aroused to the tremendous effort they are now making unless they had already realized their powers in actual scientific, industrial, political and social achievement of the last hundred years. Above everything else it has been the practical results of the policies of Bismarck, together with increase of population, that have made the academic teaching of war as a biological necessity exceedingly plausible. In what follows, this background of scientific, industrial and national achievement, in combination with pressure of population and the factor of strong racial pride, is to be borne in mind. These have excited the consciousness of national power and extravagant hopes of greater dominion. Historians and other thinkers,

*Mr. Norman Angell, who has never shown any tendency to accurate analysis, declares that professors made Germany militaristic. His exposure of "The Great Illusion" has been shown by the present course of events to contain a still greater one.

if they have done anything, have supplied at most, as it were, some of the guiding mental "energy" by which a system can be brought to a higher state of tension, and helped to discharge in a definite direction by increased concentration on a certain end. It can hardly be said that academic teaching is responsible for the place occupied in German politics by the doctrine of might. Napoleon and Bismarck, who had a contempt for theory, are much more responsible. But academic teaching has perhaps helped "to invest the doctrine with a sanction and an authority with the present generation which it might not have derived from historical facts alone."

In the first stages of the crisis, when some crude intellectual stock-taking went on, many would-be illuminators of the public said that the three men most responsible in this connexion were Treitschke, Nietzsche and Gen. v. Bernhardt: which showed that their readings and observations had been limited, and, where not wholly limited, were biased, and that they knew Germany mostly from the outside. British publicists like Sidney Whitman, Sidney Low, and W. H. Dawson, who had studied German affairs for the past twenty-five to thirty years, did not fall into any such error. For of the above mentioned writers, only Treitschke is of any importance in connexion with the development of the militarist German Empire, in which the people are excluded from any determining influence in international politics, and the power of the sword is elevated above every other standard by an ancestor-worshipping Emperor and an autocratic caste. Nietzsche, the one great writer that the modern German Empire has produced, was, after the first flush of youth, the bitterest opponent of the principle of spurious nationality and military uniformity. This poet-philosopher felt only contempt for the teachings of Frederick List, the father of Pan-Germanism, Giesebrecht, the upholder of the favoured-nation theory, and Treitschke, the writer of "history according to the lights of Imperial Germany." Those are either very purblind or very superficial persons, who are misled by the fact that a few literary apologists for militarist ascendancy

attempt to derive a justification for their policy from Nietzsche's recommendation of war: for this war has nothing to do with armaments and national strifes. A man like Bernhardi, a disciple of Treitschke, symptomatic as he may be, has had no political influence: he represents a patch-work of modern biology, Pan-Germanism and Clausewitz's philosophy of war. When he quotes Nietzsche (and he quotes Goethe as often), it is simply for the purpose of combating the pacifistic ideal.* Here is a case of a falsely interpreted theory being made to suit a fact—the fact of militarism; it is not a case of a state of affairs arising out of a philosophy.

That the influence of Treitschke in furthering the pan-Germanic ideal and in producing a kind of national megalomania must be taken into account will be admitted by most observers, except those who, like Professor Münsterberg, write with a considerable application of the method of *suppressio facti* for the edification of democratic and peace-loving America. In his "America and the War," and "America and the Peace," there is no mention made either of the German Navy League, or of what Nietzsche thought of the Byzantinism of the modern German Empire. What is surprising is that Nietzsche is ignored. The German Emperor is represented as an individual who might well serve as a distinguished President of the United States, whereas his real ambition has been to realize the ideal of Louis XIV. No one whose knowledge of the German people was limited to reading these patriotic productions would be aware of the much favoured doctrines of the divine character of war and the absolutism of the State based on military power; the open depreciation of international obligations where inconvenient, the overweening national self-esteem and contempt of other nations (including the United States). And yet these have been among the more potent mental, moral and political factors in producing

*"It is not only the right, but the moral and political duty of the statesman to bring about a war," wrote this disciple of Bismarck and Treitschke in "Germany and the Next War." It is amusing to contrast the blatancy of this and other German writers *before* with their bleating *since* the war began. Even if British statesmen had provoked the war, they would, according to the above-quoted doctrine, been perfectly justified in such action.

a self-centred national mind, and in determining the aggressive attitude of Imperial Germany to other countries. Now while all these are clearly exemplified in Treitschke's "Politik" and "German History in the Nineteenth Century," the seeds of most of them are just as clearly contained in the teachings of Hegel, the official Prussian philosopher of the first half of last century, who gave systematic expression to the theories and international practices of Frederick, just as Clausewitz, whose doctrine of frightfulness has its most recent and more thorough exponents in the German Army and Navy, laid down a theory of warfare which the author generalized from the methods of Napoleon, and I suppose some Germans would say, improved on. Hegel and Clausewitz are the philosophers of the Frederician and Napoleonic traditions and policies, which underlie the theory and practices of the modern German State.

The British Hegelians, who, with the exception of a few individuals at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, have interested themselves only in the grosser outlines of Hegel's philosophy (his dialectic was both too subtle and too arbitrary for their common sense, but at times they found his double meanings conveniently unintelligible for the aseities of their theology), have in these days remained curiously silent regarding the influence which their philosophical deity has had on the theory of the modern German State. In one of the excellent series of Oxford pamphlets, Professor J. H. Muirhead, however, has undertaken an exculpation of the philosopher, and maintains that we cannot hope for much satisfaction from Germany in the conduct of international affairs until the mind of the country comes once again under the influence of the idealism of Kant and Hegel.* By all means let us have a return to the teachings of Kant, who gave a new philosophical definition and interpretation of the humanitarian ideal of Stoicism and Christianity; but to group these two thinkers together is to continue the con-

*"German philosophy and the War": now expanded into a small volume.

fusion disseminated by British adherents of Hegel who have insisted on regarding Kant in all respects simply as a stepping-stone to the greater (?) Hegel. The motives of this interpretation lie outside of our present limits to consider; they have been mainly theological and religious. The interpretation also shows the influence of Hegel's philosophy of history, which culminates in the attempt to replace the Kingdom of the Jews by the Kingdom of Prussia.

The method of Kant is in sympathy with the critical method of modern science; the method of Hegel takes us back to pre-Newtonian science. Not only in their theory of knowledge (which does not concern us here), but in their political and social philosophy the aims of these two thinkers are so different as to be opposed. Kant, democratic as he was, was a believer in republicanism; Hegel in a semi-absolute monarchy, proceeding under a semblance of constitutionalism. Hegel's chief hope for civilization was centred in the Germanic people. Before Giesebrecht, he could descry the finger of God in German history! The ultimate interest of Kant, the cosmopolitan, was in humanity as a whole. As the inheritor of the best traditions of the eighteenth century, he wished to lead men away from the idea of isolated nations, pursuing their own aims in selfish hostility to each other. He saw in Absolutism one of the most potent causes of war, and in large standing armies a continual menace to peace.* While not a pacifist, he was no believer in the idea of war as a divine medicine for mankind, a doctrine which appealed to Hegel, as it has later to Moltke and Treitschke and some Christian preachers. Hegel held that war imparted the necessary motion to what would otherwise be a stagnant society: he could therefore look with little favour on Kant's remarkable treatise "Thoughts towards an Everlasting Peace" (1795),

*I am unable to see anything convincing in the reasoning by which Professor Dewey in his "German Philosophy and Politics" attempts to connect Kant's ethical teachings with Prussian militarism. Kant was certainly a good Prussian as well as a Stoic in the emphasis he laid on the concept of duty. But to bring his categorical imperative and the dualism of his system into intimate relation with the spirit of military aggressiveness seems to be an unusually far-fetched hypothesis. This astonishing thesis perhaps reflects the pragmatist prejudice against the element of objective reason in the Kantian Ethic, and also in the Prussian system, which it might be well for other nations to carefully consider.

which contains a most suggestive outline of the principles of international arbitration. It sketches the idea of a federation of states, a Republic of the World, consisting of members, small and great, owing allegiance to common laws. And what is specially interesting to recall at this moment is the fact, that this treatise clearly enjoins that where war is inevitable, it should be conducted in such a way as not to destroy mutual respect between the adversaries, or render more difficult the prospects of a permanent peace. How sadly have some of Kant's countrymen fallen, both in theory and practice, below these admirable ideals! Treitschke, Max. Harden and various military writers have referred to these suggestions of their greatest thinker as the utterances of a weak old man: they have characterized the very conception of general peace between nations as essentially immoral. But of this, not a word in the pages of Professor Münsterberg, who presents to the American public a picture of a politically free nation, presided over by a modern thinker and a patron of the peaceful arts, whereas the characteristic note of his speeches is, "I and the army are born for each other." The genuineness of German art and literature is, according to this ruler, to be tested by its "patriotism"; the value of German histories according to the degree in which they uphold the virtues and capacities of the Hohenzollerns.

On turning to Hegel, we find that his view of the finality of the State could justify the methods which led Frederick to seize Silesia in spite of an international guarantee to the contrary. States, being independent entities, can regard treaties merely as provisional arrangements and not obligatory when their terms conflict with the existence or interests of the States in question.* Kant's aim was to elevate the im-

*"In concluding treaties," says Treitschke, "the State does so always with the tacit reservation that there is no power beyond and above it to which it is responsible, and it must be the sole judge as to whether it is expedient to respect its obligations." This is in complete agreement with Hegel's *Philosophy of Right*, §§334 and §337. A reasonable view seems to be that international treaties should be made for a definite period, and, like contracts in the business world, be regarded as binding during this time. Both Hegel and Treitschke held that individual and international morality are different things. Kant and Fichte emphasized the unity of ethical law and obligation.

portance and increase the scope of international law; Hegel's tendency to depreciate it and depend on the appeal to arms. Hence it is surprising to hear Mr. Muirhead attribute to Hegel the view: "War is not the continuation but the failure of politics:" for rarely have the claims of war as a civilizing agency been put forward with more cogency than by him. Hegel paid the highest compliment to the military when he described them as the "class of universality." More than one German writer has gone so far as to maintain that he directly affected Clausewitz; but the historical influence is difficult to establish, even though the latter was in Berlin at the time when Hegel was the dominating philosophical figure. The agreement, however, between the theorizing soldier and the war-loving philosopher is remarkable. Yet it is only fair to Hegel to say that he expected war between the European nations to be conducted as humanely as possible, and the life and property of non-combatants to be respected. He, with difficulty, saved his own plate when the French over-ran Jena.

Equally important among the determining mental and moral factors of the present conflict on the German side is the exaltation of the State, especially in the form of Prussian monarchy, and its claim to be supreme in the sense of being subject to no moral restriction, both of which views Hegel upheld. Mr. Muirhead says that he "would not have tolerated the doctrine that the State is the ultimate appeal in matters of right. Above and beyond the State there is the Spirit of the World." But this attempted apology is misleading, because the rationally ordered State—and this is the Prussian State—is for Hegel the Infinite Spirit on earth (in theological language, "its ordinances are the footsteps of God on earth"). Hence Hegel's conception of the State assigns to it virtual omnipotence and finality. Inasmuch as it is a concrete manifestation of the Absolute it is a law to itself; a strong State no more requires, according to Hegel (quoting with approval a dictum of Napoleon's), external recognition than does the sun. And if he said of Napoleon that he had brought the highest genius to victory only to show how little

victory alone could achieve against the moral forces of the world, it was because he believed these moral forces to be centred in Prussia, on which and on the German people the leadership in civilization had in his opinion devolved.* Hegel's reactionary theory of the State shows the impression made on his mind by the anarchy of the French Revolution and by the defeat of Jena, just as Hobbes' "Leviathan" shows the influence of the Civil Wars through which the author had lived. And, however great the differences between the philosophy of Hegel and of Hobbes, their theory of the State agrees in this: complete subjection of the individual to the requirements of national policy, as conceived by a semi-absolute power. With a stony-hearted optimism Hegel looked around him in the Prussian State, and, as in the story of the divine workman, found everything to be very good. He was disposed to hold that whatever is, is right, because it is rational. From this it is only a short step to the view, that right is whatever can maintain itself; that is to say, might. †Treitschke described Hegel as the "first political head among the German philosophers," because the Hegelian philosophy glorified the State. It was Hegel who taught the Germans to view the State as God, through which in his mystifying language, both individuality and immortality could be realized.

It suits some of our philosophical idealists, whose conception of idealism is very elastic, and whose criticism sometimes fails to distinguish between philosophical materialism and the spirit of modern industrialism and others of a plainly obscurantistic type, to keep on repeating that it is in the reaction against the idealistic philosophy, and the growth

*Philosophy of Right, §358. Bernhardi, after Giesebrecht and Treitschke, is his true disciple, when he says: "The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power, that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to the German people."

†Hegel would, of course, never have admitted the doctrine that "might is right" in any mere physical sense. Nor do I believe that educated Germans do so. What the German believes seems to me to be this, that the ideal right and justice must gather to itself all the physical force it can in order to make these something else than merely ideal. Hence the view, "the more that Germans accomplish in the way of material conquest, the more they are conscious of realizing an ideal mission."

of materialism in Germany that we have to look for the foundations and growth of Prussian militarism. Without saying anything regarding the historical accuracy of this pronouncement, it appears to be one of those cheap assertions with which some people try to support preconceived notions of the universe in the face of opposing facts, and at the same time to invest themselves with the appearance of a deeper insight into human affairs. The heirs of Hegel are admittedly numerous, and we cannot cover the genealogy of ideas in detail here. They separated into two main wings, of which the radical left was led by the materialists Feuerbach and Karl Marx, who represented humanitarianism and internationalism. The strongest opponents in Germany of national wars have been the socialists, with their pronounced leaning towards materialism and a purely economic interpretation of history. And the "naturalist," Nietzsche, would have agreed with them in his opposition to the spirit of "national blood-poisoning." Mr. Muirhead and others cannot, therefore, expect their explanation to be accepted without question, since it is the conservative, or right wing, of Hegelianism which has upheld the idealistic tradition that has been more in favour in official circles of Imperial Germany. Thus the octogenarian idealist of Berlin, Professor Lasson, who is by no means senile, and whose public lectures the present writer occasionally visited for amusement, has recently declared: "Our Emperor, our Chancellor, like our people, have no equals. We are the freest people of the earth. Our might is the might of the Spirit. Humaneness, gentleness (which was not the distinguishing quality of Dr. Lasson's lectures against opponents), Christianity, are our distinguishing marks." Now, since "we are the salt of the earth" and we do not wish wisdom to die with us, we must, in the interests of civilization, assert our might. And Dr. Lasson, who is a well-known writer on the Philosophy of Law, shows his Hegelianism when he says: "Between different States there exists no law; there exists only the right of the stronger."

Neither materialism nor commercialism as such, whether British, American or German, is disposed to be bellicose.

Hence it is extremely superficial to bring into causal relation the domination of modern Germany by the militarist spirit, and the increasing influence of economic power; even granting, what is very questionable, that there is more worshipping of the golden calf there than there is in Great Britain or the United States, in which countries pacificistic ideals have much more influence. Dr. Sarolea and Professor Cramb have in this point seen further than many others who have been making unenlightening atmospheric vibrations in the interest of dogmatic and even pre-Lutheran Christianity; for they have clearly recognized the spiritual character of the forces involved on the German side. Militarism is itself strongly tinged with idealism in so far as it does not estimate the highest values by economic or material standards. It places above these courage and duty and self-sacrifice (though not of the most useful kind). Even Treitschke, who came more and more under the spell of the sword, did not regard the whole essence and foundation of the State as consisting in purely physical power; behind the physical power there must be a moral force, if the State is to continue to exist. He, himself a stern and devoted Protestant, deplored the growth of the pacifist ideal in Germany, which he connected with the economic progress of the nation. "It is precisely political idealism," he said, "that demands wars, while materialism condemns them." And Houston Chamberlain, who since Treitschke has done more than any other writer of note in recent years to minister to the national and racial pride of the Germans by his false ethnological doctrines, is a thorough-going opponent of materialistic philosophy. The main contenders for the neutrality of Great Britain, up to the fourth of last August, were those traders and merchants who felt that their business would be disturbed by the war; and their chief argument was that it would pay better commercially for Great Britain to take up the same attitude as the United States.*

*Written July, 1915.

There have been a good many confused utterances since the beginning of the war regarding its relation to Christianity; largely owing to lack of clearness and agreement as to the real meaning of Christianity. It has been loudly asserted that Germany has shown, through its forcing of this struggle on the civilized world, that it is not a Christian country at all. It is, however, rather a late discovery, and one that will not appeal to a student of history, that Christianity has always been opposed to war. Some of the fiercest wars have been religious ones. The nobility of war as opposed to pacificism is an ancient thesis and not easy in the abstract to refute. It is hardly doubtful that there are many Christians everywhere, who, if convinced that their beliefs and the promotion of war were irreconcilable, would abjure their Christianity rather than surrender the right of waging war. Some of our clergy think that God sent the war as a bracing tonic; others, more conveniently, attribute it to German rebels against Christianity, although the German theologians, from whom ours have been learning for years, would never admit such an interpretation. Some Christians say the war is an agency for our spiritual good; others that it is an unmitigated calamity sent for our punishment (including the punishment of innocent and devout persons). Again, some see in it the failure of Christianity, while others think that out of it will come a satisfactory confirmation of Christian teaching. Such is the lack of unity of thought in the Christian Church. And if these theories were examined, they would reveal the most barbarous views of the Deity, and at the same time show themselves to be based on empty rhetoric and the thinnest sophistry.

In the present instance the facts are so complex and so conflicting in character as to exclude any definite generalization. The spectacle is presented, on the one hand, of two professedly Christian monarchs heading a campaign conducted with relentless brutality, and, on the other, that of latitudinarian cabinets, who have been more influenced by modern

philosophy and science than by Christian dogmas, doing what they can to carry on the war with decency and respect for mankind, and also to control the bitter national animosities which some exponents of Christianity, so-called, are exerting themselves to keep aflame. There has been some childish talk about our fighting the atheism of Germany. But it has still to be shown that atheists are proportionately more numerous there than in France and England. If the non-warlike socialist party be excluded, I should say they are not. And as Schopenhauer quite aptly said, atheism is an extremely relative term; literally interpreted, it means only a denial of Judaic theology. The German Emperor believes very strongly in the soul and in God, according to the lights of the Old Testament. Like an ancient Hebrew prophet, he conceives himself in co-partnership with the Deity, and is prepared to avenge himself on the enemies of God with flaming fire. Many in our own country have adopted a similar attitude.

It seems fairly safe to say that neither in the asserted growth of materialism, nor in the decay of Christian beliefs, can there be found a causal factor of the present conflict. Yet Christianity has a deep interest in the result, in so far as it purports to stand for a universal scheme which is to include all the races of mankind. As a world-religion, it seems to be opposed, both in spirit and aim, to all kinds of egoistic and self-centred nationalism, even though parading under the phrases of an idealistic theology.

It is to an ideal of aggressive nationalism, on which Christianity has not yet exercised much check, that we must ascribe most of the political unrest in Europe during the past twenty years. The *névrose nationale*, from which Nietzsche thought Europe was suffering was, in his opinion, due in the first instance to Teutonic aspirations that received fresh encouragement from the policies of Bismarck, who himself complained of the difficulty of subjecting the

military power in Prussia to the requirements of diplomacy.* Nietzsche was amongst the first to warn his countrymen of the dangers to the German mind likely to result from Bismarckian aims. Since Bismarck's time, the means have become an end, and the normal business of the nation has, in the eyes of an administrative caste, been to prepare for war. It is, however, too often forgotten that the appeal which a strong military power makes to the Germans is reinforced by the unfavourable geographical situation of the country; and on this, upholders of the existing régime have played very skillfully for years. To what an extent this policy has been successful is seen in the manifesto addressed to the civilized world by 93 Germans, eminent in art, literature, education, science and philosophy, at the beginning of the war (ten of the signatories being theologians), in which it is declared: "Were it not for German militarism, German civilization would long since have been extirpated." It may, therefore, be well for some of us to abate our expectation of wholly extirpating this militarism. It seems naïve to suppose that it can be abolished by an external operation, resembling that of a reaper mowing down grain with a scythe: and even if this were possible, it might not be desirable. If its prestige can be shattered by a decisive defeat of German arms and by the pressure of other circumstances, so that the discontent, which was widespread in the Empire before this war began, can gather up reinforced expression, and the German people be thereby enabled to obtain a greater control of the army and of foreign affairs, the outlook for a future peace will probably be much better assured than by the application of purely physical means of repression.

*War was not the only dangerous instrument which Bismarck used to obtain his ends. If not the instigator of it, he was one of those who did much to feed an anti-British national feeling, which he understood how to use and to control. In this he was unwittingly assisted by the Empress Frederick. Here also was a meeting place (the only one) between Nietzsche and Treitschke. But the grounds of their dislike and depreciation of England were different. Nietzsche, like Heine, despised the English "for their plebeianism of mind." Treitschke was jealous of British influence and power. Nietzsche regarded the English as the best colonizers.

By means of forced and remote interpretations, and the method of ignoring differences, Mr. William Archer (in another Oxford pamphlet) persists in trying to prove that we are fighting the philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche; although with an amusing self-refutation he declares that it is not possible to say what Nietzsche taught. We may not understand or care to understand all that Nietzsche said, but we do know that he did not teach certain things. We know that nothing aroused his contempt more than an exclusive and swaggering nationalism. When a critic of Mr. Archer's standing suggests an identification between the "blond beast" and the superman, what is to be expected from respectable lesser writers who have never been conspicuous for their interpretative insight?

Nietzsche's conception of the superman may be quite fantastic; but in any case the superman lies in the future, and Nietzsche never supposed that there was a super-nation, or that if there were, it would be made up of Germans, of whom he is the most unsparing critic. In fact he was quite as unfair to them as he was to Christianity, and one cannot help thinking that, had it not been for his criticism of the latter, he would not have been so much railed at, recently, by "pious and zealous patriots." Even his derision of English thought is, however, not an excuse for the ignorance displayed in calling him a Pan-German nationalist. He might, indeed, be called the "scold of the modern German Empire," the public life of which he found wanting in every sign of culture. "Der deutsche Geist," he declared, "ist spazieren gegangen und irgendwo wohnt, jedenfalls nicht im Reiche." Nowhere had "the two greatest narcotics of Western civilization, alcohol and Christianity, been more wickedly misused." Nietzsche dreamed of a United States of Europe in which the best minds of each nation should rule. His practical ideal is "the good European" who is to result from a synthesis of national differences. "We good Europeans are not French enough to love mankind," he says in the "Genealogy of Morals." "On the other hand, we are not German enough to advocate nationalism and race hatred or to take delight

in that national blood-poisoning which sets up quarantine between the nations of Europe." "He who recognizes," he said, "values which he rates a hundred times higher than the welfare of 'Fatherland,' society, blood-relations, values which are international, and knows no native country or race, such a man would be a humbug if he sought to play the patriot." Here Nietzsche stands very close to the grand internationalism of Herder, Kant and Goethe, which contrasts so splendidly with the outlook of a List and Treitschke. His theoretical ideal, the superman, represents the highest expression of individuality, which he thought was in danger of being crushed out in the modern German Superstate. And undoubtedly the attraction which Nietzsche's writings have for many young Germans is, apart from their literary qualities, to be found in the mental relief which they afford to those who have been under the long continued subjection imposed in the school, in the Church, in society and the State. *

"Not the existence of the State at any price, but that the highest models may be able to live and create in it." "Culture and the State—be not deceived—are antagonists." A culture-state is merely a modern idea. "All great periods of culture have been periods of political decline," declares Nietzsche rather sweepingly in the "Twilight of the Idols." "In the

*The influence of Nietzsche on the German mind has been absurdly exaggerated by those who have not come into intimate contact with German life. It ignores the fact that he has had an earlier and proportionately as wide a circle of readers in Scandinavia and Russia. Neither Prussian Junkerdom nor the millions of Roman Catholics in Germany and Austria regard Nietzsche as spiritual father or guide. Some people talk as if every German peasant and soldier had read the "Genealogy of Morals" or "Zarathustra," and could understand them if he did. Even Mr. Archer has been misled by an utterance of Gerhardt Hauptmann (made since the war) to the effect that the "cultured" German soldier carries a copy of "Zarathustra" in his knapsack, along with the Bible, Homer, and Faust. There must be comparatively few "cultured," according to such a standard. In many knapsacks there will probably be no books. Their owners know as little of Nietzsche as does the average British soldier of Herbert Spencer. Just previous to the war, the important publishing house of Reclam in Leipzig stated that after Goethe, one of the best sellers among the German soldiery was Dickens. The average educated German, if he knows Nietzsche, regards him as suitable for youths and women, not for "strong men." To connect Nietzsche with the spread of Pan-Germanism or with the German method of warfare appears to us to be comical, and to afford a good instance of well-known fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc*, the foundation of which is always mal-observation. The humane prayer, "God punish England," shews that the general German attitude is still theological rather than Nietzschean.

history of the European culture, the rise of the [German] Empire signifies, above all, a displacement of the centre of gravity."

"All things have a price ; only man has real value," says Kant. "In the whole creation everything may be put to use ; only man is a self-purpose." The whole theory of the modern German State is at variance with this idea, for it proceeds on the assumption that the State makes the citizens, not the citizens the State, and that the foundations of the State are military power. Treitschke put the matter quite bluntly when he said, that since it is the duty and the right of the State to govern it is a matter of secondary importance whether it governs with the will of the citizens or not. Hegel would not have supported such a view. But the seeds of this reactionary political doctrine are contained in his defence of the Prussian bureaucracy, and in a construction of the State in which there is little room for personal freedom. Absolutism and military autocracy go together. "The foundations of the State are the army and navy," says the mediæval Emperor ; "the soldier has not to have a will of his own ; you must all, indeed, have one will, but that is my will ; there is only one law, and that is my law." *L'Etat, c'est moi. Summa lex regis voluntas.* The worthier motto of Frederick the Great, which is more characteristic of the better traditions of the House, was "Ich Dien." The doctrine of the Superstate has reached its latest expression in the theory of his Majesty's "sacred person," which was carried to the Chinese by a special mission. It is this doctrine which elevates the State above every moral principle with its accessory teaching of the predominating value of the rôle of the Germanic people in later civilization (whose historians have been vying with those of ancient Israel) that is at the bottom of the display of daring conceit which the administrative autocracy of Germany has been giving to the world. A decisive defeat of German arms, which will show that the long-cherished dream of invincible prowess is an illusion, may be an essential pre-requisite to an exorcising of this spirit ; but it is doubtful that it alone will suffice.

More essential will be a reform from within. To restore Germany as a humane and politically liberal nation in the eyes of the world, it will be necessary for the people to realize what is the natural fruit of the militarist creed of the sacred duty of war in an omnipotent State, which has become so important an influence in the national life, namely, a hideous policy of indiscriminate savagery; and to reject the system of which this is the inevitable outcome. This is not to be expected, however, while the nation continues to believe that it is fighting for its existence against an envious world, and is still hopeful of victory.

An uncritical devotion to the will of the highest authority, slavish acceptance of official policy, and mechanical adulation of the sovereign, which are regarded as special signs of reliability and patriotism, have been greatly helped, both consciously and unconsciously, by the Prussian National Church, in which the great majority of clergymen are, as Nietzsche said, simply "state puppets."* The King of Prussia is a sort of Pope; the Church is governed by a consistorium appointed by him; and the clergy are regarded as State officers from whom obedience is expected and readily obtained. The Prussian State Church has been described by a German politician, sarcastically, as "one of the institutions retained by the Prussian nobility and gentry as the inalienable appanage of their class." With the exception of a small group of courageous theologians, who made a vain appeal two years ago to the great herd of their brethren, the practical command of Christianity to promote international peace has been left to an anti-church political party. It is a grave indictment against the Christian Church that it has made such a feeble stand against the general tendency towards increasing armaments. Since the outbreak of the war, only a few of the "atheists" of Germany have spoken against a policy of national aggression and territorial expansion.

J. W. A. HICKSON

*"The Kaiserism of Germany is more than a personality; it is a political and social institution; and it forms an important part of the machinery by which the nation, pre-eminently the Prussian portion of it, is held in tutelage and subjection."
—W. H. Dawson in "What's Wrong with Germany," p. 89.

THE BRITISH AND THE GERMAN MIND

THERE are various chasms separating the British and the German point of view: the present paper deals with only some half dozen of these—some half dozen scoffs flung by the Germans at the British, which, according to the British way of thinking, not only break no bones but provoke no blushes and call for no excuse, so ill-poised, badly balanced and poorly feathered seem these German shafts.

The first shaft comes from the wing feathers of a very ancient goose ; it has been discharged over and over again, but in particular lately by Herr Harden, editor of *Die Zukunft*, Berlin.

In an article written for the Los Angeles *Examiner*, and quoted by the London *Spectator*, Herr Harden writes:

“And yet you are not cowards, you Britons. German officers tell of the bravery and persistence of your soldiers. Though wounded two or three times they fight on, refusing to leave the firing-line. Some of your nobility lead your mercenaries, falling with them. The French have been taught a lesson by your cool endurance. . . . We had not hoped to find such splendidly efficient foes in mere mercenaries.”

There it is again, the old German muddle-headed mixture of learning and stupidity. The German's learning tells him that “mercenaries” were the reproach of the ancient rotten empires, of Carthage and of decadent Athens; therefore the word is the reproach of the British armies because they also are *paid* soldiers, *i.e.*, are mercenaries. The word “merces” means professional hire, and the British army is professional, therefore it is “mercenary.” It counts for nothing with the German that the ancient “mercenaries” were foreigners and incurred all their reproach from that

single fact. How mighty is the force of a word to delude people who learn everything and understand nothing! who are in fact the most learned fools in heathendom.

Again, the British Empire is an empire of chance, won by haphazard, by the pressure of circumstances, without foresight, without farsight—one step at a time, here a little, there a little; due to chance and luck and circumstance, not planned, not schemed, not thought out beforehand as Bismarck thought out the unification of Germany by war with Denmark, Austria, and France; and secondly, when won, never organized, unified, centralized, disciplined, never controlled by one mind, one hand, one policy, but a mass of heterogeneous particles held in unstable equilibrium, ready to burst asunder, through local autonomy and home-rule, a congeries and hotch-potch of States, not one State; like its army itself, which is Hagenbrock's menagerie (the only stroke of wit which the war has warmed out of the dull German brain). All this is quite true. But which is stronger, a growth of Nature or a piece of human mechanism? a number of trees, each with its own life, though forming one forest, or a piece of machinery, with no life except in the central idea and plan of it? even as the German army—we accept the omen and the comparison—has to fight side by side in masses, sometimes even with locked arms, or it melts and breaks, having little life or initiative of its own; each man relying on his generals and their plan, and on his comrades, rather than on his own resources and his own courage.

It is the old contrast between the machine-like Roman legion or the Greek phalanx and the individualism of the then Germans; or between the discipline of the British regulars in South Africa and the initiative of the Colonials. The disciplined soldier often wins; but he also loses something; he cannot, for example, be a good policeman. The British army is less and more effective than the German, because it is less a machine and more a collection of individualities, as the British Empire is.

Then comes the chasm between British "Culture" and German "Kultur." German "Kultur" is a system of training, uniform and by compulsion. It has two parts (a) military training and (b) universal education. But the two are *one*, instead of being the two opposite parts making up an evenly balanced, two-sided, dual human being.

The German military training and the German education are not unlike the *κοινή παιδεία* of ancient Sparta; they produce the machine-man, who knows what he has been forced to memorize and who fights as he has been taught to fight; both sides of his life have been memorizing, learning discipline, habit, routine. Neither side has developed personality, initiative or thought.

Away from his routine and habit, the German is lost, like the Spartan, and does not know what to do, and has no principles to follow; for his principles are not his own by thought and temperament, but are imposed from without; he is, like the Spartan, fit for a mechanical heaven, but he will never reach a heaven won by carrying out individual and personal principles.

"Kultur" is the hardening of human nature into habits uniform for all and imposed by coercion on all—compulsory; it is the strangling of the man into the *German soldier*—"born a man and died a German soldier."

But "culture" is the opposite of all this. It is not a system; it is not uniform, and it is the opposite of coercion; it is self-development, individuality, temperament; further, it is refinement, scruples, gentleness, Christianity—the softening of human nature. It is the opposite, therefore, of uniform habits and a uniform State education into one mould; it is the opposite of the soldier's life of discipline and obedience.

That does not mean that military education and discipline are a mistake; rather it means that military education and discipline are no mistake. They are the antidote needed against mere temperament and personality and individualism and culture and anarchy. But human nature requires for

its perfection both the military discipline which teaches obedience and habits and makes men able to work together; and also the individuality which makes a man himself, and a man, and different from other men; a man with his own principles and his own life and his own ideals and soul.

A true education sends a man to schools and to universities to *think* and not to act; to develop his own thoughts and to be free; and then into the army to learn how to obey and to act with other men.

Without military education a State will have only the untidy, shiftless, literary Bohemian and Ishmaelite. Military training is the antiseptic of British democracy and of British education, correcting its abuses and sobering a man and making him practical and effective, helpful and public-spirited.

Without thought, a State will have only machines all of one type: brutal, Prussian soldiers, not men. Education and military training are the two complements to make one—one two-sided, evenly balanced whole. But when education is lost in military training—is wholly subservient to military training—all variety and genius and temperament disappear. Even as in Germany since 1870 these things have been disappearing; “the German Empire has destroyed the German soul” (as Nietzsche declared and Mommsen feared).

Democracy develops political liberty. Education develops spiritual liberty—liberty to be one’s self; military training is to correct the excesses of liberty and teach habits of regularity and system and obedience and punctuality, lest we become a nation of literary dreamers, poets, and picturesque blackguards; each man a law to himself and no one thinking of the State or working with or for others.

Again, military education develops the will; culture develops the mind and heart.

German education—being military only—has developed will and system and discipline, but it is mechanical; it produces learning and knowledge, not wisdom and character, for wisdom and character are personal and individual. Learning and knowledge are external and mechanical and uniform.

German education produces ancient Roman savants and modern German professors. True education, *i.e.*, thought, produces Greek thinkers and French thinkers. If you tell a German about a man he will say, "What does he know?" or "What has he done?" If you tell a Frenchman he will say, "What are his ideas?" If you tell an Englishman he will say, "What sort of a fellow is he?" Knowledge—thought—character—are the products of the three kinds of universities—the German, the French, the British.

And next and chiefly, the German thinks the British are decadent because they are sportsmen, and because they are pacifists. One of my colleagues has received a characteristic letter from a German professor. The German professor announces that Great Britain is now calling on Canada and Australia and New Zealand because the British cannot do their own fighting any longer.

It is desperately difficult for one nation to understand another. Germany scoffs at Great Britain for her sports, her frivolity, and for her pacifism; a nation which is made up of "sports" and of "pacifists" they think must be *doubly* decadent. Germany does not play games and Germany is not pacifist; she is *not* decadent then. Let us grant that at least. No one in Great Britain has indeed, I think, suggested that the enemy is decadent. Let us look a little more closely at these signs of decadence, pacifism, and sport. And first, what about British pacifism? Is it a proof of decadence? Can it be a proof? If so, still more decadent are the United States and Canada; there is more pacifism in the United States than in Great Britain (the great pacifists are Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Ginn, both citizens of the United States), and there is more pacifism in Canada than in the United States. Is there not another and a simpler and a more natural explanation of British and American and Canadian pacifism? You all know what Canadian pacifism is? You can judge if it is decadence; you can judge if it is not rather the innocence of ignorance, and the guilelessness of Christianity.

For one hundred years and more we have had no war within Canadian borders to amount to anything: the rebellion in 1837; the abortive Fenian Raid; and the North West rebellion. None of them fastening war upon our imaginations, none of them appealing to the boy's or the man's instinctive respect for war and for the soldier; none of them stirring the national pulse, quickening the national life, toning up and thrilling the nation. If any war has done this it was the South African, but it was so far away and its causes too obscure and controversial to excite the nation as a whole. This present war in twelve months has done more to rouse Canadians, to open our eyes to the realities of war, to quicken our devotion and loyalty to our Empire, than all the other four wars put together. And there was no sign of it, no belief in its possibility, no dream of its advent before August, 1914.

All Canada was drunk with peace, as Germany is drunk with the war-spirit; obsessed with peace, plunged over the eyes in peace, as Germany in ambition. In peace and in another and much better and loftier thing than peace, worth a wilderness of peace; plunged in the sentiment of Christianity; full of the spirit of Christianity; and persuaded, rightly or wrongly, that that sentiment and that spirit are wholly pacific.

I am speaking of the spirit of Christianity, not of its forms and creeds; I am aware that these are passing through a period of eclipse everywhere, but to what different issues! How has the decay of creeds affected Germany? It has brought into the place of Christianity a new religion which is really a very ancient one: the religion of might, of force, of valour; the religion of Odin, which (says Nietzsche) is much more sublime than the religion of Jehovah. It is just ancient Paganism, the Paganism of early Rome and of Sparta.

Now how has the decay of creeds affected us—affected Canadians and the United States and Britain? Obviously—you can all see it—by substituting the practice of Christianity for the theory—for dogmas and creeds and confessions.

Everyone talks of social betterment and the social uplift, and the amelioration of the conditions of the submerged tenth; in short, Christianity is not replaced at all, only the practical application of it has seized men's minds and imaginations instead of the Christian creeds and services. And men are determined to make this world better, and to make this life a heaven, instead of building "I know not what of second life I know not where," and instead of deferring the millennium till heaven be reached, or until some portentous change, such as the reappearance of Christ on earth, takes place. This may be all very visionary, but it is not decadence; it is just American optimism and Christian sentiment, the two most characteristic emotions of this continent.

And *now*, does it not *now* seem clear why pacifism has taken such possession of Canada and the United States and Great Britain? It is only because it is a part of the spirit and sentiment of Christianity, only because it is assumed that the spirit of Christianity forbids war. "We kind of thought Christ was agin war and pillage and that eppylets weren't the best mark of a saint" sings the poet of this continent.

Is this sort of pacifism a sign of decadence? It may be a great mistake; it *is* a great mistake in my judgement—a portentous and almost a fatal mistake. We do not yet know whether it is to be a fatal mistake; this war will show. But a calamitous mistake anyhow it is, for it has brought the calamities of this war. If Great Britain had not been so pacific, so sure of peace, so trustful of Germany, so convinced that every civilized man and nation desired peace and must desire peace, she would have listened long ago to Lord Roberts and the few well-informed people who knew the facts, and she would have prepared her millions to defend themselves, and she would have had 500,000 soldiers ready to defend Belgium and France instead of 120,000, and she would have had 2,000,000 men in reserve to defend Great Britain, either in Great Britain or France, instead of having to begin now, at this late hour, to recruit 2,000,000 men.

And this country would have had 300,000 men ready to send to Europe instead of taking some weeks to prepare 30,000 ; and we should have had a fleet of our own to defend ourselves, instead of having no fleet and wrangling so long in Parliament over the kind of fleet best suited, that when the need came and the emergency arose, we had nothing, and had to trust for a time to the Japanese—of whom we have deserved nothing (to put it mildly)—for the defence of our Pacific coast, just as we have had to trust to the British fleet to guard our Atlantic coast and get our soldiers over.

Obviously pacifism has been a gigantic mistake and a colossal blindness, and obviously the pacifists here—Mr. Ginn and Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Norman Angell—have been the blindest leaders of the blind and have led straight into the worst of ditches, and it is no thanks to them if we get out before our nationality and our Canadian independence are drowned.

And just in the same way, only worse—for they had less excuse for blindness—in Great Britain itself the two parties have quarrelled over party politics and have forgotten foreign politics and scoffed—many of them—at foreign politics, till they are almost drowned in this ditch of pacifism, as their small but valiant army is in danger of drowning in the ditches of Flanders. Many politicians in Great Britain scoffed at our little army, and derided its politics, when it sympathized with the liberty of Ulster. Some of them even tried ten months ago to win a party election by the mean political catchword, "The People versus the Army." And they have only now awaked and turned their backs on party politics and called upon the despised army to save Belgium and France and Great Britain itself at the eleventh hour. And the army is doing so and losing thousands of lives much more valuable than the lives of party politicians and members of the Imperial Parliament in so doing.

But is it all decadence, or just innocence and ignorance and blindness to the facts of life and the nature of man ? and especially to the nature of a military race, like the

Germans—a race led by Prussians, who have never produced anything so well as war and who have been famed for a century and more as the most ruthless soldiers in Europe; as the harsh and brutal conquerors of France in 1870; as the harshest and most brutal of all the various conquerors of Bohemia and the Bavarian Palatinate in 1866; and as the most brutal and oppressive of all the armies which fought in Europe in the wars of Napoleon. The Prussians fought against Napoleon and had a very large hand in defeating him, but they have also copied his policy of military conquest and aggression and have always outdone Napoleon in the savagery with which they have fought, and the determination to leave behind them in their victims only “eyes to weep with,” as Bismarck said, and not always even that, perhaps. They have been told by their present Emperor to make for themselves the reputation of Attila’s Huns, and they have tried—the Prussians especially—to live up to that Imperial edict.

But Great Britain has always been easy-going and blind and trustful, and has never taken sober account of Prussia and of the German ambitions which Prussia leads. But does all that prove decadence? Is it not much rather a generous blindness?—an honest trust in everyone’s peacefulness and good intentions? Half and more of the evils of life—we are often told—come from well-meaning but stupid people; do not the difficulties of Great Britain and Canada to-day come from just that credulity and confidence and ignorance and blindness which are natural to honest men, impatient for social betterment, and impatient of all obstacles to its attainment, and most of all, impatient of all militarism and soldiers and other out of date nonsense from the past? The soldier was an anachronism twelve months ago to thousands of Britishers and to almost millions of Canadians. You all know it is so; you have been there yourselves, I believe.

A few months ago at Toronto, on the university lawn, as I watched an inspiring sight, some thousand Ontario undergraduates drilling, I stood by a nursemaid and her peram-

bulator, and as a squad came by carrying guns (the only squad which could get rifles to carry), I heard her say : "Here come the boys with the guns; that's what baby likes." Yes, and that is what we all felt twelve months ago—guns were only fit to delight babies. No rational man believed in them in this twentieth century, which we say is Canada's century—but which will be Germany's century now, unless Canada and the Empire can fight long enough and hard enough to give time for all our ploughshares, so to speak, to be beaten into swords, and our pruning hooks into spears, and our young men drilled into soldiers.

And then we come to sports and games. The Germans say the British have become frivolous; they care only for games; they talk only of sport; they use sporting metaphors everywhere, even in war. They talk of fighting as good sportsmen; they talk of fair play in war as though war were a mere play or game. Their popular heroes or poets, writing of battlefields, could not rise higher than the metaphors of the playing fields of Eton or Clifton. Their best soldier said that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton. Their best poet depicts the young Clifton officer on a desperate field, when the ranks are broken and the soldiers falling, calling on his men to "play up and play the game"—and the same poet writing an epitaph for those same young Clifton officers can find nothing more serious and solemn to write than these frivolous lines :

Clifton, remember these thy sons who fell
Fighting far over sea;
For they in a dark hour remembered well
Their warfare learned of thee!

And to all this frivolity and sport the Germans oppose German seriousness; the seriousness that makes war, not in the spirit of a cricket match but in the spirit of moralists, who make war to vindicate the new German religion—the law of Nature, that only the fittest deserve to survive, or the law of God—the only true God—that there is no equality in this world and cannot be between strength and weakness, between

efficiency and inefficiency, between system and go-as-you-please, between discipline and license, between Sparta and Athens, between paternal government and democracy, or between Prussia and Great Britain.

But now at last we begin to doubt our German critics' sagacity a little. How little do different nations comprehend each other, and what strange forms may religion take ! Why, all these metaphors from sports, all these metaphors of fighting fair, and playing up, all this talk of British fair play, of championing the under dog, and the little champion—David against Goliath—and the smaller nation—Belgium against Germany—what are they all but schoolboys' names, cricketers' names, sportsmen's names, British names for our religion itself, for the mercy and the justice and the generosity of Christianity itself, for the liberty which Christianity claims for the individual soul to work out its own salvation, and for the little nation to do the same ? Would you have our soldiers protest they are Christians ? Why, it is the very last protest they would make ; as well expect schoolboys to do so. And yet they are only veiling their religion in these terms of sport. It is their religion none the less for the veil ; and all these metaphors are not merely terms of sport—they are terms of religion translated into terms of sport, as our custom is—translated into something less serious and sacred than religion, because no one with us will wear his heart or his religion on his sleeve for Germans to peck at, or will protest that he is a Christian. He prefers to show it by playing fair, yes, and by fighting fair. Don't believe those pacifists who tell you that war is always and inevitably fought—as Germans fight it—cruelly, meanly with spies and with treachery ; only Germans and pacifists talk in that strain. And so to the Britisher his sports themselves even are not mere frivolity, but are taken up into religion.

And still more obviously they are not the opposite of war, as the Germans think them ; they are our form of war in peace time ; they are our preparation for war. Many people must have felt—as they watch Canadian Rugby—that

if British troops introduce too much football into war, take war too lightly, at any rate Canadian undergraduates sometimes introduce too much war into football, when they go down the field leaving a cripple behind them at every ten paces. Obviously with us sport is a fairly serious thing, and not mere amusement; obviously it needs a good deal of the best virtues of the soldier. Athletics may be a poor thing compared with war—the Apostle thought so; he is accustomed to draw his metaphors more from war than from foot-racing; but there are sports and sports, and British athletics are not useless as a preparation for the battlefield. It is only the horrible gambling of the spectator, not any effeminacy in the player, which makes them often seem odious and seem to be a sign of decadence.

And as the German is shocked by our lightness and frivolity and our sports, so are we in turn shocked by his seriousness; by the seriousness which makes everything of victory, of victory at all costs; of victory at the cost of fraud and cunning; at the cost of the breach of all the rules of war, to say nothing of all the regulations of the Hague. Victory by means of Belgian uniforms and French uniforms and British uniforms assumed by German soldiers; by means of the abuse of the Red Cross, by abuse of the white flag, by abuse of prisoners, held in front of the advancing line as shields, by the abuse of other and more helpless persons, mere children, put *hors de combat* to prevent their ever giving even a child's help to the enemy, or perhaps maimed by the use and abuse of violence and frightfulness—used and abused merely to inspire terror and to end resistance in a country that is being annexed; and perhaps most of all by this hateful and horrible abuse of the use of spies. Wherever the Prussian goes these things go with him; not in this war only, though perhaps more in this war. The same cry of Prussian ruthlessness arose from France in 1870; from Bohemia and Bavaria in 1866; from Belgium in 1807; it has arisen for the last hundred years or more wherever Prussia has been fighting. And the world is shocked by German seriousness. It is all a part of the gospel of Frederick the Great and of Odin.

This seriousness may indeed be German religion, as our frivolous sporting terms hide and yet breathe the spirit of Christianity—but what religion? A religion, it may be, of science; of the superman; of efficiency versus inefficiency; of strength over weakness; of the red ravin of Nature, against the humane and human religion of Christianity.

But if it be the religion of Nature, and of the laws of Nature and of Science, what need is there for Germany to take up arms to vindicate Nature and to replace the God of Nature upon the throne from which Christians are attempting to dethrone Him, and to substitute their Christian God? Are Nature and Nature's God so weak that they need the German army as indispensable allies, without whom morality will fail and an immoral equality of right with wrong, of efficiency with inefficiency, will be set up by means of the sentimental and silly Christianity of Great Britain? The Kaiser seems to think that the God of Nature needs his help; but is it conceivable? Does any man really imagine that equality and mediocrity can be so enthroned upon this earth by the democrats of Great Britain and France that the weak man will really be as good as the strong, the inefficient as the efficient, the stupid as the intelligent? What man or race has the right to take the field as the champion of God's and Nature's law against the Christian democracy of Great Britain or the humanitarianism and egalitarianism of France?

These laws will look after themselves all right, and if the British system seeks to set up such an equality of wrong with right it will fail and deserve to fail. And so far as German troops represent the real balance of virtue they will win and deserve to win. But who has the right to arrogate this claim to themselves of representing the Holy Spirit and of being the champion of the Holy Spirit and of true Culture?

There was another German once—it is a pity he is not here on earth to-day—who warned the world against the man or men who imagined that they monopolized the Holy Spirit; who said in his coarse and downright German way that not even a German had a right to feel that "he had swallowed the

Holy Ghost, feathers and all." It is the sin against the Holy Ghost, perhaps (who knows?), to think that one has cornered for one's self or that one's nation has cornered the Holy Ghost.

The laws of Nature and of God will give the victory wherever it belongs, but meanwhile Britishers will plead that these laws are not in danger, and that all that Great Britain really fights for is the truth of all truths, the golden mean. She is neither militarist nor pacifist. She is fighting neither for aggression and conquest nor for the opposite extreme of some vague, remote, universal equality, and internationalism, or cosmopolitanism. She is fighting for the golden mean. She is fighting also for Nature in her own meaning of the word—*for race and liberty*; for the right of each race, that is, to be itself and to remain itself and to develop on its own lines, so that the world may remain a diversified world and a free world, and not a dead level of monotonous and mediocre millions all stamped with the stamp of made-in-Germany, and all contorted and twisted and ruled and thrashed into the mould preferred for man by the Prussian drill-sergeant. Great Britain's theory and practice is that such races as she influences should develop along their own lines; and so far as their capacity permits, and when it permits, should direct their own fortunes, and fight for her—if they fight for her—only because they are grateful to her for this liberty and this racial freedom; fight for her—as Canada fights and Australia and South Africa and even Hindostan fights—because, at least comparatively with Prussia, she is a just and even a generous suzerain, for whom her subjects fight of their own free will and gladly, and not as fight the unfortunate Italians in the armies of Austria, the unfortunate Danes and Alsatians and Poles in the armies of Germany.

Some sensitive spirits are offended because Lord Rosebery speaks of Anglicizing the world. But why? To Anglicize is not to Germanize; for the German is a cast-iron system; whereas to Anglicize is not a thing of race at all, but only, like Hellenism, a thing of the spirit; it is the spirit of freedom.

If we Anglicize our Empire it only means that we give it the universal spirit of liberty and self-development, that we leave each part to be more and more itself, to use its liberty as it likes and develop on its own lines.

And so I end as I began, with the Spartan-Athenian reference. Great Britain and her daughters and her daughters-in-law are fighting—they also, like Athens of old, in their own way—for Nature, *i.e.*, for Human Nature; which means for race and liberty, for liberty and diversity, and against compulsion and uniformity; in the faith that they will discover the force—though it be only the force born of gaiety and lightness of heart and happiness—in the faith that they will find the energy—though it be only the energy born of liberty and self-reliance and pride of race—that they will develop the force and energy born of free human nature, at last, at last, to wear down and to war down, even the drilled, disciplined machine-like soldiers “made in Germany”—even the Spartans of this new age: the armies of Prussia.

MAURICE HUTTON

TO A CANADIAN LAD KILLED IN THE WAR

O NOBLE youth that held our honour in keeping,
And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
How shall we give full measure of acclaim
To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping?
For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
And brought it in with shouts and exultation,
With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
Of suns unwearied; all unwithered, wearing
Thy valour stainless in our heart of hearts.

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT

CHAMPLAIN'S EXPLORATIONS IN 1615

FIRST of all we associate Champlain with Quebec, for to found the colony was a work even braver and more noble than to explore the recesses of the wilderness. But the highest achievement out of many must not be suffered to becloud the lustre of the rest. During thirty-seven years of contact with North America, Champlain prosecuted a task which was both comprehensive and detailed. Speaking in terms of modern geography, Mexico, the United States, and Canada all enter into the story of his adventures.

The voyage to Mexico, while a detailed incident, furnished Champlain with useful standards of comparison, and the book which described his experience in the Spanish colonies gave him his first standing as a geographer. It was, however, along the waterways which extend from Long Island Sound to Lake Huron that he enlarged the field of knowledge and laid corner-stones. On the Atlantic seaboard from Canseau to Martha's Vineyard he was, in a cartographical sense, the pioneer. Throughout the zone of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes he became both a map-maker and founder. Even if we exclude Mexico on the ground that there he followed in the footsteps of the Spaniards, he enters into the annals of four provinces and five states. Had Poutrincourt followed his advice in 1606, the French would have preceded Hudson at Manhattan—with consequences which open up a wide range to the imagination. As it was, he gave the first careful account of Penobscot Bay, the mouth of the Saco, and Gloucester Harbour. For New Brunswick he was the associate of De Monts at St. Croix. For Nova Scotia he established the *Ordre de Bon Temps* at Port Royal. Upon the reverence of Quebec his claims are patriarchal. Six years ago, Vermont and New York united to celebrate the discovery of Lake Champlain. To Ontario he belongs through those memorable

journeyings which disclosed the course of the Ottawa, Georgian Bay and the route across country from the Huron Peninsula to the Bay of Quinte. It is not strange that Champlain should be a hero of tercentenaries.

Proud of one whose robustness and courage were unbroken by so many trials, Canada at each recurring opportunity offers homage to a career which was no less unselfish than it was courageous. Hence, in the closing days of 1915, at a time when patriotism and valour are the virtues which we most extol, it is fitting that we should remember Champlain's great adventures of 1615—the discovery of Georgian Bay, the expedition of the French and Hurons against the Onondagas, the *coup de main*, the retreat, the vivid picture of forest ways and warfare.

Rich though it proved to be in picturesque experience, Champlain's voyage of 1615 was much more than a haphazard plunge into the unknown. It belongs to a sequence of events which was controlled by a dominating purpose. To apprehend that purpose is to appreciate the strength of imagination and character which underlies all Champlain's acts.

Apart from the discharge of duties assigned him by the King, his supreme ambition was to discover the North-West Passage. In all his writings, there will be found no words more illuminating than the opening chapter in his *Voyages of 1604-1607*. There he sets forth his first principles—few and direct. From maritime trade a nation derives its principal support. From the same source flow its opulence and honour. By commerce transacted on the seas, Rome reached her sovereignty over the entire world and the Venetians gained a grandeur "equal to that of powerful kings." Alexandria and Tyre are also named as cities whose history illustrates this truth.

Beginning thus Champlain proceeds to show how "many princes have striven to find a northerly route to China, in order to facilitate commerce with the Orientals in the belief that this route would be shorter and less dangerous." Then follows a bederoll of the great navigators who have prosecuted the search for a short route to Cathay;—the two Cabots,

Cortereal, Cartier, Jean Alfonse de Saintonge, Frobisher, Gilbert, and Davis. Then come these striking words: "So many voyages and discoveries without result and attended with so much hardship and expense, have caused us French in late years to attempt a permanent settlement in those lands which we call New France, in the hope of thus realizing more easily this object; since the voyage in search of the desired passage commences on the other side of the ocean and is made along the coast of that region."

In other words, a French colony on the western coast of the Atlantic was to Champlain something very different from what Virginia was to Raleigh. It was more a settlement of substantive importance than a point of departure for further and still more glorious explorations. This view distinctly colours Champlain's account of the motives which prompted the expedition of De Monts to Acadia. The text of De Monts' commission opens with the usual reference to the conversion of the heathen, after which it speaks of commerce, colonies, and mines. But Champlain's imagination was aglow with the desire to outdo the Cabots, Cortereal, and Cartier. Where others saw large profits from the fur trade, he saw a splendid quest to be prosecuted until a French navigator had bound East and West by the highway of which so many had dreamed ever since the days of Marco Polo.

After four seasons on the Acadian seaboard (1604-1607) Champlain reached the conclusion that neither the river of Norumbega nor any other opening in the coast was likely to give him the desired avenue. Thenceforward, concentrating his efforts on the ascent of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, he strove to pierce the continent by a route which obviously had no equal.

Like the other explorers who were his peers, Champlain had troubles in abundance. Chief among these was the difficulty of procuring the money needed to defray the cost of pure geographical research; then came the deadly feuds that divided the Indians. For those who supplied the funds, exploration was a by-product. Above all other Canadian

interests loomed the fur trade, with its long risks and speculative chances. Champlain was not visionary, and recognized that he must subordinate his own desires to the cupidity of the traders. The nexus of circumstances assumed this form. Without a colony there could be no exploration. Without the fur trade there was no financial basis for a colony on the St. Lawrence. Without friendly Indians there could be no fur trade. Friendship with all the Indians was impossible on account of their feuds. Hence by this roundabout process Champlain, whose interests were essentially patriotic and scientific, found himself driven to become an ally of certain Indian tribes against others. *Sic itur ad astra* is never an easy route, nor is it always direct. Champlain, with an ambition which was truly astral, journeyed toward the North-West Passage by the devious means of aiding the Hurons to smite the Iroquois.

Such are the conditions which form a background to the expedition of 1615. Among Champlain's journeyings through the forest this was the third and last. In 1609 he had discovered Lake Champlain and fought his first battle with the Iroquois. In 1613 he had followed Nicolas Vignau up the Ottawa, lured on by the fraudulent story that it was only a short journey north-westward from Allumette Island to a body of salt water where Vignau had found the wreck of an English ship. In 1615 began the longest of his wayfarings in the wilderness and the most important.

Had Champlain been his own master he would gladly have spent half his time in exploration, with the Indians for his guides and allies. As it was, he could only put his knees in the canoe when he had a reason which would satisfy the traders and the King. In 1615 there was a valid reason, for the Hurons declared that they could no longer bring down their furs unless the French would help them to safeguard the waterways. The arquebus which had been used with such decisive effect in 1609 was still remembered by friend and foe. Hence, in 1615, when Champlain and Pontgravé arrived at the Sault St. Louis for the annual barter, they were met with

a clamorous demand that old promises of assistance should be redeemed. "Whereupon Sieur Pontgravé and I concluded that it was very necessary to assist them, not only to put them the more under obligations to love us, but also to facilitate my undertakings and explorations, which, as it seemed, could only be accomplished by their help, and also as this would be a preparatory step to their conversion to Christianity. Therefore I resolved to go and explore their country and assist them in their wars, in order to oblige them to show me what they had so many times promised to do." The Indians, on their part, promised to furnish two thousand five hundred and fifty warriors.

This compact was probably made on June 22nd, and the next day Champlain set out for Quebec to make arrangements against a protracted absence. Three weeks later he had returned to the Island of Montreal, from which, through the Rivière des Prairies, he made his way into the Lake of Two Mountains. Then began the long ascent of the Ottawa, which he does not describe in detail, avoiding the repetition of what he had set forth in his voyage of 1613.

While at some points there remains ground for conjecture, Champlain's main line of exploration in 1615 can be made out with perfect clearness.* He first ascended the Ottawa to the mouth of the Mattawa. Thence journeying overland by ponds and portages he entered Lake Nipissing, which he skirted to the outlet. French River next took him to Georgian Bay, or, as he calls it for geographical definition, the Lake of the Attigouautan [Hurons]. His own name for this vast inland sea is the *Mer Douce*. That he did not explore it with any degree of thoroughness is evident from the terms of his narrative as well as from his statement that its length, east and west, is four hundred leagues. What he saw of Lake Huron was really the east shore of Georgian Bay, from the mouth of French River to the bottom of Matchedash Bay. Here he entered the country of the Hurons, which pleased him

*The brief sketch here given of Champlain's itinerary is taken from the writer's "Founder of New France" in the "Chronicles of Canada."

greatly in comparison with the tract before traversed. "It was very fine, the largest part being cleared, and many hills and several rivers rendering the region agreeable. I went to see their Indian corn, which was at that time [early in August] far advanced for the season."

Champlain's route through the district between Carmaron and Cahaigue can best be followed in Father Jones's map of Huronia.* The points which Champlain names are there indicated, in each case with as careful identification of the locality as we are ever likely to get. For those who are not specialists in the topography of Huronia it may suffice that Champlain left Matchedash Bay not far from Penetanguishene, and thence went to Carmaron at the very north of the peninsula. Returning, he passed through some of the largest of the Huron villages, and after sixteen days came out at Cahiagué, which was situated close to Lake Simcoe and almost on the site of the modern Hawkestone. It was here that most of the Huron warriors assembled for the great expedition against the Onondagas. Setting out on their march, they first went a little to the northward, where they were joined on the shores of Lake Couchiching by another contingent. The party thus finally made up, Champlain's line of advance first took him to Sturgeon Lake. Afterwards it pursued that important waterway which is represented by the Otonabee River, Rice Lake, and the River Trent. Hence the warriors entered Lake Ontario by the Bay of Quinte.

The country between Lake Simcoe and the Bay of Quinte seems to have pleased Champlain greatly. He saw it in September, when the temperature was agreeable and when the vegetation of the forest could be enjoyed without the torment inflicted by mosquitoes. "It is certain," he says, "that all this region is very fine and pleasant. Along the banks it seems as if the trees had been set out for ornament in most places, and that all these tracts were in former times inhabited by savages who were subsequently compelled to abandon them from fear of their enemies. Vines and nut trees are here

*This map will be found in Vol. xxxiv of "The Jesuit Relations," ed. Thwaites.

very numerous. Grapes mature, yet there is always a very pungent tartness, which is felt remaining in the throat when one eats them in large quantities, arising from defect of cultivation. These localities are very pleasant when cleared up."

From the Bay of Quinte the war-party skirted the east shore of Lake Ontario, crossing the head of the St. Lawrence, and thence followed the southern shore about fourteen leagues. At this point the Indians concealed all their canoes and struck into the woods towards Lake Oneida. Though made up chiefly of Hurons, the little army embraced various allies, including a band of Algonquins. Whether from over-confidence at having Champlain among them or from their natural lack of discipline, the allies managed their attack very badly. On a pond a few miles south of Oneida Lake lay the objective point of the expedition—a palisaded stronghold of the Onondagas. At a short distance from this fort eleven of the enemy were surprised and taken prisoners. What followed was much less fortunate. Champlain does not state the number of Frenchmen present, but as his drawing shows eleven musketeers, we may infer that his own followers were distinctly more numerous than at the battle on Lake Champlain.

The height of the palisade was thirty feet, and a system of gutters supplied abundant water for use in extinguishing fire. Champlain's plan of attack was to employ a *cavalier*, or protected scaffolding, which should overtop the palisade and could be brought close against it. From the top of this framework, four or five musketeers were to deliver a volley against the Iroquois within the fort, while the Hurons kindled a fire at the foot of the palisade. Champlain's drawing shows the rest of the musketeers engaged in creating a diversion at other points.

But everything miscarried. Though the *cavalier* was constructed, the allies threw aside the wooden shields which Champlain had caused to be made as a defence against the arrows of the Iroquois while the fire was being kindled. Only a small supply of wood had been collected, and even this was

so placed that the flames blew away from the palisade instead of towards it. On the failure of this attempt to fire the fort all semblance of discipline was thrown to the winds. "There also rose such disorder among them," says Champlain, "that one could not understand one another, which greatly troubled me. In vain did I shout in their ears and remonstrate to my utmost with them as to the danger to which they exposed themselves by their bad behaviour, but on account of the great noise they made, they heard nothing. Seeing that shouting would only burst my head and that my remonstrances were useless for putting a stop to the disorder, I did nothing more, but determined, together with my men, to do what we could and fire upon such as we could see."

The fight itself lasted only three hours, and the casualties of the attacking party were inconsiderable, since but two of their chiefs and fifteen warriors were wounded. In addition to their repulse, the Hurons suffered a severe disappointment through the failure to join them of five hundred allies who had given their solemn promise. Although Champlain had received two severe wounds, one in the leg and another in the knee, he urged a second and more concerted attack. But in vain. The most the Hurons would promise was to wait four or five days for the expected reinforcements. At the end of this time there was no sign of the five hundred, and the return began. "The only good point," says Champlain, "that I have seen in their mode of warfare is that they make their retreat very securely, placing all the wounded and aged in their centre, being well armed on the wings and in the rear, and continuing this order without interruption until they reach a place of security."

Champlain himself suffered tortures during the retreat, partly from his wounds, but even more from the mode of transportation. The Indian method of removing the wounded was first to bind and pinion them "in such a manner that it is as impossible for them to move as for an infant in its swaddling-clothes." They were then carried in a kind of basket, "crowded up in a heap." Doubtless as a mark of

distinction, Champlain was carried separately on the back of a savage. His wound was so severe that when the retreat began he could not stand. But the transportation proved worse than the wound. "I never found myself in such a gehenna as during this time, for the pain which I suffered in consequence of the wound in my knee was nothing in comparison with that which I endured while I was carried bound and pinioned on the back of one of our savages. So that I lost my patience, and as soon as I could sustain myself got out of this prison, or rather gehenna."

The enemy made no pursuit, but forced marches were kept up for twenty-five or thirty leagues. The weather now grew cold, as it was past the middle of autumn. The fight at the fort of the Onondagas had taken place on October 10th, and eight days later there was a snowstorm, with hail and a strong wind. But, apart from extreme discomfort, the retreat was successfully accomplished, and on the shore of Lake Ontario they found the canoes intact.

It had been Champlain's purpose to spend the winter at Quebec, and when the Hurons were about to leave the east end of Lake Ontario for their own country he asked them for a canoe and an escort. Four Indians volunteered for this service, but no canoe could be had, and in consequence Champlain was forced reluctantly to accompany the Hurons. With his usual patience he accepted the inevitable, which in this case was only unpleasant because he was ill prepared for spending a winter among the Indians. After a few days he perceived that their plan was to keep him and his companions, partly as security for themselves and partly that he might assist at their councils in planning better safeguards against their enemies.

This enforced residence of Champlain among the Hurons during the winter of 1615-16 has given us an excellent description of Indian customs. It was also the means of composing a dangerous quarrel between the Hurons and the Algonquins. Once committed to spending the winter among the Indians, Champlain planned to make Huronia a point of

departure for still further explorations to the westward. Early in 1616 there seemed to be a favourable opportunity to push forward in the direction of Lake Superior. Then came this wretched brawl of Hurons and Algonquins, which threatened to beget bitter hatred and war among tribes which hitherto had both been friendly to the French. Accepting his duty, Champlain gave up his journey to the far west and threw himself into the task of restoring peace. But the measure of his disappointment is found in these words:

“If ever there was one greatly disheartened, it was myself, since I had been waiting to see this year what during many preceding ones I had been seeking for with great toil and effort, through so many fatigues and risks of my life. But realizing that I could not help the matter, and that everything depended on the will of God, I comforted myself, resolving to see it in a short time. I had such sure information that I could not doubt the report of these people, who go to traffic with others dwelling in those northern regions, a great part of whom live in a place very abundant in the chase, and where there are great numbers of large animals, the skins of several of which I saw, and which I concluded were buffaloes from their representation of their form. Fishing is also very abundant there. This journey requires forty days as well in returning as in going.”

Thus Champlain almost had a chance to see the bison and the great plains of the West. As it was, he did his immediate duty and restored the peace of Huron and Algonquin. In partial compensation for the alluring journey he relinquished, he had a better opportunity to study the Hurons in their settlements and to investigate their relations with their neighbours—the Tobacco Nation, the Neutral Nation, the *Cheveux Relévés*, and the Race of Fire. Hence the *Voyage* of 1615 not only describes the physical aspects of Huronia, but contains intimate details regarding the life of its people—their wigwags, their food, their manner of cooking, their dress, their decorations, their marriage customs, their medicines, their burials, their assemblies, their agriculture, their

amusements, and their mode of fishing. It is Champlain's most ambitious piece of description, far less detailed than the subsequent narratives of the Jesuits, but in comparison with them gaining impact from being less diffuse.

It was on May 20th, 1616, that Champlain left the Huron country, never again to journey thither or to explore the recesses of the forest. Forty days later he reached the Sault St. Louis, and saw once more his old friend Pontgravé. Thenceforward his life belongs not to the wilderness, but to Quebec.

Any account of Champlain's explorations in 1615 must be, perforce, a paraphrase, an epitome or a criticism of his own words. He himself is the sole contemporary chronicler, and the modern writer who employs his text as a basis cannot but feel he is an interloper who stands between the real author and his audience. To read the Voyage of 1615, in its own simple and straightforward diction, is to reach a far better understanding of Champlain's deeds and character than can be gained from all the books and articles that have been written about him. None the less one is tempted to make some comment upon this classic narrative.

There is ample evidence to show that Champlain took his scientific duties very seriously. Thirteen years before he reached the land of the Hurons he had defined his own status by the publication of the *Bref Discours*—the little book in which he describes his visit to the Spanish Indies. The *Bref Discours* is by no means the most important of Champlain's writings but it has a notable place in the development of his career. Appearing at a time when colonial secrets were carefully guarded, it gave France a glimpse of Spanish America from French eyes. For us it preserves Champlain's impressions of Mexico, Panama and the Antilles. But to Champlain himself the *Bref Discours* meant much more than it did to the public of his own day, or than it does to us. For him it was a profession of faith, a statement that he had entered upon the honourable occupation of navigator;

in other words, that he was to be classed neither with ships' captains nor with traders, but with explorers and authors.

Foreshadowed by the *Bref Discours* comes the invaluable series of Voyages in which Champlain sets forth, first, the results of his Acadian exploration and then the discoveries which he made in thrusting back from the valley of the St. Lawrence. Among his contemporaries, some who discovered less excelled him with the pen. There is, for example, nothing in Champlain's writings which can compare with the vivid, tragic account of Cavendish's second voyage. But when we consider the Voyages as the record of an author's actual accomplishment they will be found to give Champlain a high place among the early explorers who described their own deeds. Nor is this praise deserved more fully by any of his writings than by the Voyage of 1615-16.

The opening paragraph is well worth quoting, because Champlain is not prone to run into general statement and also because in this case he takes occasion to mention the obstacles which have impeded his geographical ambition.

"The strong love which I have always cherished for the exploration of New France has made me desirous of extending more and more my travels over the country, in order, by means of the numerous rivers, lakes and streams, to obtain at last a complete knowledge of it, and also to become acquainted with the inhabitants, with the view to bringing them to the knowledge of God. To this end I have toiled constantly for the past fourteen or fifteen years, yet have been able to advance my designs but little, because I have not received the assistance which was necessary for the success of such an undertaking. Nevertheless, without losing courage, I have not ceased to push on and visit various nations of the savages; and by associating familiarly with them, I have concluded, as well from their conversation as from the knowledge already attained, that there is no better way than, disregarding all storms and difficulties, to have patience until His Majesty shall give the requisite attention to the matter, and meanwhile not only to continue the exploration of the country, but also

to learn the languages and form relations and friendships with the leading men of the villages and tribes, in order to lay the foundations for a permanent edifice, as well for the glory of God as for the renown of the French."

Little in this passage can be called rhetorical, but the paragraph as a whole is as near rhetoric as Champlain ever comes in the Voyages. Here, at the outset of his most ambitious narrative, is given a plain definition of purpose, together with a restrained allusion to heartbreaking obstacles which year by year have thwarted him. There follows a brief account of the steps he took to procure missionaries from the Récollets and then begins the long story of which an outline has been given already. It could be wished that Champlain had left us a fuller account of his experiences at court, but it would not have been discreet to pillory his enemies, and he hastens at once to the wilderness.

Apart from its itinerary and its sidelights of exploration, the voyage of 1615 derives its chief interest from its account of the Hurons and the Iroquois. Champlain had already described the customs of the Algonquins in war and peace,—first, in the story of how he discovered Lake Champlain, and afterwards in the sad tale of the fraud which had been practised upon him by Vignau. Now he proceeds to tribes which had advanced somewhat farther from the nomadic state and were supposed to be better material for missionaries. For those who are at all familiar with the heroic efforts of Récollets and Jesuits, the voyage of 1615 has a double meaning. Apart from its substantive value it furnishes a preface to those prodigies of sacrifice which ended in the martyrdom of Jogues, of Lallemant and of Brébœuf.

Champlain had formed a poor opinion of the savages who inhabited the Acadian seaboard, and in no part of his writings do we find prototypes of the noble seaman as depicted by Chateaubriand and Fenimore Cooper. Of all the tribes with whom he came in contact he knew the Hurons the best. The Iroquois were enemies from the moment he faced them on Lake Champlain, and it was never his fortune to see them at

close range in time of peace. There is nothing to indicate that he was impressed by their superiority in organization or that he foresaw the anguish which they were to bring upon the colony which he had founded. He did not, however, fail to note the greater skill of the Iroquois in building fortifications. "The village of the Onondagas was enclosed by four good palisades, which were made of great pieces of wood, interlaced with each other, with an opening of not more than half a foot between two, and which were thirty feet high, with galleries after the manner of a parapet, which they had furnished with double pieces of wood that were proof against our arquebus shots; moreover, it was near a pond where the water was abundant, and was well supplied with gutters, placed between each pair of palisades, to throw out water which they had also under cover inside, in order to extinguish fire. Now, this is the character of their fortifications and defences, which are much stronger than the villages of Attigouautan [Hurons] and others."

When we consider that Champlain concentrated his energies upon Acadia and Canada for thirty-two years, the time which he actually spent in the forest will appear short. The expedition that led to the discovery of Lake Champlain occupied less than six weeks. The ascent of the Ottawa with Vignau in 1613, occupied exactly three weeks. In comparison with these brief periods the Voyage of 1615-16 will at once be seen to constitute by far the most considerable of his efforts to wrest from the wilderness its secret. Altogether the journey occupied fifty-three weeks of peril and privation. What Champlain thought of Indian cooking may be inferred from the account he gives of the Algonquin tabagie at which he was entertained in 1613. "In respect to myself, as I did not wish any of their chowder, which they prepare in a very dirty manner, I asked them for some fish and meat, that I might prepare it my own way."

We get from a book what we bring to it. No one can read Champlain's Voyage of 1615 with full sympathy and know-

ledge who has not himself camped on the banks of a swift stream, where the roar of the rapid hushes the murmur of the wind among the hemlocks. As a narrative of adventure this tale will long remain a classic. But of value still more permanent is its unconscious delineation of the strong and patient man who was and deserved to be the father of New France.

C. W. COLBY

THE INTERNATIONAL JOINT COMMISSION

AT Washington, on the 11th day of January, 1909, James (now Viscount) Bryce, on behalf of Great Britain, and Elihu Root, then Secretary of State of the United States, signed a Treaty that may fairly be said to mark the birth of a new epoch in the relations of the two great democracies of North America.

In the preamble of the Treaty its objects are thus set forth: "to prevent disputes regarding the use of boundary waters and to settle all questions which are now pending between the United States and the Dominion of Canada involving the rights, obligations, or interests of either in relation to the other or to the inhabitants of the other, along their common frontier, and to make provision for the adjustment and settlement of all such questions as may hereafter arise."

Special clauses of this Treaty limit the diversion of water from the Niagara River above the Falls by either country to a specified quantity; and provide for the equal apportionment of the waters of the St. Mary and Milk Rivers, in the State of Montana and the Provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan, between the two countries.

For the purpose of the Treaty boundary waters are defined as "the waters from main shore to main shore of the lakes and rivers and connecting waterways, or the portions thereof, along which the international boundary between the United States and the Dominion of Canada passes, including all bays, arms, and inlets thereof, but not including tributary waters which in their natural channels would flow into such lakes, rivers, and waterways, or waters flowing from such lakes, rivers, and waterways, or the waters of rivers flowing across the boundary."

Boundary waters, as defined in the Treaty, therefore, include the St. Croix River and that portion of the St. John River between New Brunswick and Maine; the St. Lawrence from the point where the international boundary strikes the river to its outlet from Lake Ontario; Lake Ontario; the Niagara River; Lake Erie; the Detroit River, Lake St. Clair, and St. Clair River; Lake Huron; St. Mary River; Lake Superior; Rainy Lake, with the smaller lakes and rivers east of it through which the international boundary passes; Rainy River, and the Lake of the Woods. On the other hand, they do not include rivers flowing into these waters, such as the Seneca, Genesee, Sandusky, Grand, Thames, French, and Nipigon; or rivers flowing out of them, such as the Winnipeg, Lower St. Lawrence, and Lower St. John; or rivers flowing across the boundary, such as the Red, Souris, Columbia, and Kootenay.

It is agreed that the "navigation of all navigable boundary waters shall forever continue free and open for the purposes of commerce to the inhabitants and to the ships, vessels and boats of both countries equally." This right of navigation is also extended to the waters of Lake Michigan, and to all canals connecting boundary waters now existing, or which may hereafter be constructed. Tolls may be charged on such canals, but without discrimination against the subjects or citizens of either of the High Contracting Parties. The equal right of navigation therefore extends both to the Canadian and the American canals at Sault Ste. Marie, the Welland canal, and the St. Lawrence canals above the boundary; but not to the Erie or Rideau canals.

It is further agreed that "the waters herein defined as boundary waters and waters flowing across the boundary shall not be polluted on either side to the injury of health or property on the other." As will be seen later, special action has since been taken to carry out the provisions of this clause, at least so far as boundary waters are concerned.

By the terms of Article VII of the Treaty, the High Contracting Parties agreed to "establish and maintain an

International Joint Commission of the United States and Canada composed of six commissioners, three on the part of the United States appointed by the President thereof, and three on the part of the United Kingdom appointed by His Majesty on the recommendation of the Governor in Council of the Dominion of Canada."

Other clauses of the Treaty set forth the powers, provide the machinery, and the legal authority, by virtue of which the Commission is to carry out its important duties. The Commission shall have "jurisdiction over and shall pass upon all cases involving the use or obstruction or diversion of the waters with respect to which under Articles III and IV of this treaty the approval of this Commission is required."

Article III reads as follows:

It is agreed that, in addition to the uses, obstructions, and diversions heretofore permitted or hereafter provided for by special agreement between the Parties hereto, no further or other uses or obstructions or diversions, whether temporary or permanent, of boundary waters on either side of the line, affecting the natural level or flow of boundary waters on the other side of the line, shall be made except by authority of the United States or the Dominion of Canada within their respective jurisdictions and with the approval, as hereinafter provided, of a joint commission, to be known as the International Joint Commission.

The foregoing provisions are not intended to limit or interfere with the existing rights of the Government of the United States on the one side and the Government of the Dominion of Canada on the other, to undertake and carry on governmental works in boundary waters for the deepening of channels, the construction of breakwaters, the improvement of harbours, and other governmental works for the benefit of commerce and navigation, provided that such works are wholly on its own side of the line, and do not materially affect the level or flow of the boundary waters on the other, nor are such provisions intended to interfere with the ordinary use of such waters for domestic and sanitary purposes.

And Article IV is as follows:

The High Contracting Parties agree that, except in cases provided for by special agreement between them, they will not permit the construction or maintenance on their respective sides of the boundary of any remedial or protective works or any dams or other obstructions in waters flowing from boundary waters or in waters at a lower level than the

boundary in rivers flowing across the boundary, the effect of which is to raise the natural level of waters on the other side of the boundary unless the construction or maintenance thereof is approved by the aforesaid International Joint Commission.

It is further agreed that the waters herein defined as boundary waters and waters flowing across the boundary shall not be polluted on either side to the injury of health or property on the other.

In passing upon the cases which come before it under the terms of the above Articles, the Commission is governed by certain rules or principles. It is first laid down that the High Contracting Parties shall have, each on its own side of the boundary, equal and similar rights in the use of boundary waters. Then follows the order of precedence to be observed among the various uses of these waters. Uses for domestic and sanitary purposes are given the preference over all other uses; then uses for navigation, including canals for such purposes; finally, uses for power and for irrigation.

The importance of these principles adopted by the High Contracting Parties for the guidance of their Commission can hardly be overestimated. It must be borne in mind that the boundary waters over which the Commission is given jurisdiction support a population of over 7,000,000 people, American and Canadian, and that this population is rapidly increasing. The governing principles recognize, so far as these people are concerned, the preëminence of domestic and sanitary uses, or, in other words, the supreme importance of safeguarding the public health. All other uses of boundary waters must be disregarded in so far as they conflict with or restrain uses for domestic and sanitary purposes.

Then comes navigation. The navigation interests of the Great Lakes are of enormous and rapidly increasing importance. It appears from official reports that approximately 95,000,000 tons of freight, valued at more than \$800,000,000, and carried by over 26,000 vessels, pass up and down the Detroit River during the season of navigation, more than three times the freight through the Suez Canal in an entire year. Not only is an enormous capital tied

up in navigation or transportation on the Great Lakes, but the communities, large and small, along these waters are to a considerable extent dependent thereon, and to a less degree communities farther afield but connected by transportation lines with the lakes. The interests of navigation are the common interests of a very large population inhabiting the entire watershed of the Great Lakes. While secondary in importance to those of public health, they are therefore superior to the interests of power and irrigation. As a matter of fact, although bracketed together in the Treaty, power and irrigation do not bear at all the same mutual relation to navigation. Broadly speaking, power development along the international frontier belongs to the eastern half of the continent, and irrigation to the western half. Power may come in direct conflict with navigation; irrigation is unlikely to do so.

The relations of power to navigation and sanitation are recognized in the article relating to diversions for power purposes above Niagara Falls. The last paragraph of that article reads: "The prohibitions of this article shall not apply to the diversion of water for sanitary or domestic purposes, or for the service of canals for the purpose of navigation."

Uses for power, though of less vital or general significance to the Great Lakes communities than uses for sanitation or navigation, are, nevertheless, of very great importance. On the St. Mary River, the Niagara River, the Upper St. Lawrence, and elsewhere along the international boundary, millions of dollars have already been invested in power development, and the available power is far in excess of any attempts that have yet been made to utilize it for manufacturing and other purposes.

It will be seen that in placing in the hands of an international commission, half American and half Canadian, the settlement of questions involving the more or less conflicting interests of sanitation, navigation, power, and irrigation, along a 2,000-mile frontier, the Governments of the United States and Great Britain have taken a long step forward. These

questions, large and small, have been a fruitful source of irritation in the past to the people living along both sides of the boundary. A question, perhaps a trivial one, arises at some point on or near the international boundary. Some diversion is contemplated or has already been carried out, or some work constructed, on one side of boundary waters, affecting the interests of the inhabitants on the other. The local authorities have no powers or jurisdiction. The injured parties (let us assume they are Canadian) appeal to Ottawa. The case, cumbered with red tape, travels deliberately through several of the Dominion departments; rests perhaps for weeks in the file basket of one or other of the various officials; is referred back and forth between the federal authorities and their local officers; finally moves on to the Governor-General's Office, and is sent overseas to the Colonial Office in London, thence takes its dignified way to the Foreign Office, back across the Atlantic to the British Ambassador in Washington. The Ambassador takes the matter up with the Secretary of State of the United States, and the weary process of red tape is repeated in the departments of the Washington government. By this time the original question has probably been more or less lost sight of under its load of official commentary. Eventually the original complaint, or its official version, reaches the source of the trouble. The other side of the question is presented by the people on the United States side of the boundary, and the documents, growing like a snowball as they move, start on their long, roundabout, diplomatic journey back to the local complainants in Canada. It is no exaggeration to say that such a case may travel backward and forward, not merely for months but for years, and in the end the parties interested may be as far from a settlement of the question at issue as they were in the beginning. It is true that in recent years it has been found possible to cut out, in some cases, the overseas part of the journey and deal directly, or less indirectly, with the United States Government through the Governor-General's Office and the British Embassy, but even so the process has necessarily been exceedingly slow, cumbersome,

and not always effective. Meanwhile, bitterness of feeling has been allowed to grow between two neighbouring groups of people, separated only by an imaginary boundary, and with every reason in the world for a neighbourly attitude toward one another.

That two such countries as the United States and Canada, with the same New World point of view, the same democratic and businesslike way of looking at things, should have submitted for so many years to the ponderous and circumlocutory traditions of diplomacy, is surprising enough. It must, at any rate, be matter for sincere congratulation to every thoughtful Canadian or American that, so far at least as the relations of these two countries are concerned, the shackles have been knocked off, and it is now possible for the citizens of the United States and Canada to settle their differences with as much ease, and perhaps a little more, as if the dispute were confined to one country.

As already mentioned, the so-called Waterways Treaty was signed January 11th, 1909, and ratifications exchanged at Washington May 5th, 1910. For various reasons all of the six Commissioners were not appointed until the end of 1911. In January of the following year the Commission held its organization meeting in Washington, and adopted rules of procedure.

In his opening statement as chairman at this meeting, Mr. James A. Tawney, of the American section of the Commission, said: "The work of promoting closer and more direct relations between the two great peoples on this continent who have the same language, come from the same race, have the same common fountain of law, the same traditions, and similar institutions of government, as well as the same ambitions for the continued success of their respective governments, is in fact the work of blazing the trail for the judicial settlement of all disputes where they occur between any two great nations.

"The chief cause for congratulation, however, is that this treaty has provided a means for frank, direct and constant relations between the two neighbouring peoples who inhabit

the greater part of the North American continent, and who must live in amicable relations to realize the ultimate ideal of our Anglo-Saxon civilization. This commission constitutes the medium for this direct communication, and to it, by the express terms of the treaty, may be referred for consideration and settlement all questions of difference that may arise between the peoples living along our common frontier, without reservations or qualifications of any kind. As a distinguished Canadian jurist, Mr. Justice Riddell, of the King's Bench of Ontario, has well said: 'This may be called a miniature Hague Tribunal of our own, just for us English-speaking nations of the continent of North America.' "

And in closing his address Mr. Tawney quoted the words of Mr. Commissioner Gore in deciding a case arising under the Jay Treaty, which may fairly be taken to represent the attitude adopted by the six representatives of the United States and the Dominion of Canada on the International Joint Commission toward the important questions with which they have already been called upon to deal. "Although," said Gore, "I am a citizen of but one nation I am constituted a judge for both. Each nation has the same, and no greater right, to demand of me fidelity and diligence in the examination, exactness, and justice of the decision." The Commissioners have not approached these questions as two distinct groups of national representatives, each jockeying for advantages for its own side, but rather as members of a single tribunal, anxious to harmonize differences between the two countries, and to render decisions which would do substantial justice to all legitimate interests on both sides of the boundary, and particularly to those of the common people.

Since the beginning of 1912 a number of important questions have been brought before the Commission for settlement, under the terms of Articles III and IV of the Treaty. In every case but one the decision has been unanimous, and in that case the point at issue was not one affecting interests on either side, but simply whether or not a certain application for approval of a dam extending from shore to shore of an inter-

national stream came properly within the classes of cases with which the Commission was called upon to deal. The majority of the Commission decided that they had not jurisdiction; two of the commissioners took the contrary view.

Of these various applications, one of the most important was for approval of a diversion dam on the St. Mary River at Sault Ste. Marie. In reality there were two applications, one from the Michigan Northern Power Company, on the United States side, and the other from the Algoma Steel Corporation, a Canadian company. Each applied for authority to build works from its own side to the international boundary, the combined works making one structure across the river. At the hearings, legal and engineering representatives of various municipalities on both sides of Lake Superior, and of railway and other corporations, expressed anxiety lest the proposed works should have the effect of raising the level of Lake Superior and causing serious damage to wharves, buildings, and sewage systems in Duluth, Fort William, and other towns around the lake. After hearing the testimony of a number of expert engineers, including representatives of the United States and Canadian governments, the Commission approved of the proposed works upon certain conditions as to construction and maintenance which, instead of being detrimental to the interests of navigation and of the several communities around Lake Superior, would, by maintaining the level of the lake between certain points, be very much to the public advantage. As part of their order of approval, the Commission made it a condition that the works, both during construction and thereafter, were to be under the direct control of an international board of engineers, one member of which was to be appointed by the Canadian and the other by the United States government. This board has since been appointed, Colonel M. M. Patrick, of the Corps of Engineers, representing the United States, and Mr. W. J. Stewart, Chief Hydrographer of the Department of Naval Service, representing Canada. In this way it was found possible to settle, in a very short time, and to the satisfaction of all the very important

interests concerned, American and Canadian, public, navigation, and power, a question which might have dragged along for years under the old diplomatic procedure and been the cause of international irritation and material loss on both sides of the boundary.

Three matters have been referred to the Commission, under Article IX of the Treaty, for investigation and report. One of these, relating to the construction of a dyke in the Detroit River, which of course is an international stream, has been disposed of. The enormous extent and value of the shipping using this waterway has already been suggested. It was found that certain dangerous currents swept across the Livingstone channel in the Detroit River, which were a menace to navigation. A dyke was proposed near the upper end of the channel to intercept these currents. At the hearings Canadian interests objected to the building of the dyke in the position first proposed, on the grounds that it would have the effect of diverting Detroit sewage on to the Canadian shore, and would in other ways cause serious damage to communities in Canada. The Commission finally recommended to the two governments that the dyke should be built on the west side of the channel, where it would serve the same purpose, so far as the dangerous cross currents were concerned, and at the same time would meet the objections raised against the dyke on the east side as originally proposed by the engineers.

The second question referred under Article IX relates to the levels of the Lake of the Woods and tributary waters. The Commission was asked to report what levels, or range of levels, could be maintained in these international waters, which would be in the best interests of all concerned on both sides of the boundary—navigation, agriculture, fishing, lumbering, and power. To give an intelligent answer to the question it has been necessary to employ a staff of engineers for the last two years, as neither government had so far carried out anything more than fragmentary surveys in this district. These engineers are under the direction of two consulting

engineers, one American (Mr. Adolph F. Meyer, of Minneapolis) and the other Canadian (Mr. Arthur V. White, of Toronto), who expect to submit their final report to the Commission this summer.

To most people the Lake of the Woods country is a comparatively unknown region, and the popular impression probably is that it is of little or no importance. As a matter of fact, however, the hearings held by the Commission brought out the facts that the navigation, power, and other interests which will be affected by the Commission's decision have invested something over \$100,000,000 in the Lake of the Woods district; that the resources of the region are enormous and only beginning to be developed; and that communities as far apart as Duluth and Winnipeg are more or less directly interested in the fixing of a level on the Lake of the Woods and its tributaries which will give the maximum benefit to the people on both sides of the boundary.

The third question, and by far the most important, referred to the Commission under Article IX, relates to the pollution of boundary waters. Such pollution, it will be remembered, is prohibited by the last paragraph of Article IV. With a view to the enforcement of this clause of the Treaty, the Governments of the United States and Canada sent to the Commission the following reference:

1. To what extent and by what causes and in what localities have the boundary waters between the United States and Canada been polluted so as to be injurious to the public health and unfit for domestic or other uses?

2. In what way or manner, whether by the construction and operation of suitable drainage canals or plants at convenient points or otherwise, is it possible and advisable to remedy or prevent the pollution of these waters, and by what means or arrangement can the proper construction or operation of remedial or preventive works, or a system or method of rendering these waters sanitary and suitable for domestic and other uses, be best secured and maintained in order to secure the adequate protection and development of all interests involved on both sides of the boundary, and to fulfil the obligations undertaken in Article IV of the waterways treaty of January 11th, 1909.

This reference is dated August 1st, 1912. On January 16th, 1914, the Commission sent the two Governments a Progress Report on the first branch of the investigation, as to the extent, causes and localities of pollution. This report embodies the result of exhaustive field investigations, by a corps of sanitary experts, under the general direction of Dr. Allan J. McLaughlin of the Public Health Service of the United States, with the cooperation of Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Officer of Health of Ontario, and Mr. F. A. Dallyn, Provincial Sanitary Engineer of Ontario. Throughout the investigation the Commission has had the cordial cooperation of the United States Public Health Service, and of the Boards of Health of Ontario, Quebec, New York, and Michigan.

The investigation, which covered the examination of the waters of the Great Lakes and their connecting rivers, Rainy Lake, Rainy River, the Lake of the Woods, and the boundary portion of the St. John River in the east, wherever pollution might extend from one side to the other, discloses the gratifying fact that the great bulk of the Great Lakes water remains in its pristine purity, in spite of the fact that some seven million people have contracted the very bad habit of dumping all their sewage into these waters, and that the entire shipping of the Great Lakes, carrying in one season not less than 15,000,000 passengers, has followed the same evil practice. Serious pollution was disclosed at many points along boundary waters, and particularly in the Detroit and Niagara rivers, where the cities of Detroit and Buffalo, with a number of smaller communities on both sides of the rivers, have been doing their best to make the water of these rivers unfit for human consumption.

Severe epidemics of typhoid fever in the lake cities have for years past warned these communities that, while they were spending hundreds of millions on their streets and buildings and in other ways adding to the comfort and convenience of their inhabitants, the most vital consideration of all, that of public health, was being grossly neglected. If the International Joint Commission should achieve nothing more

than to awaken the cities of the Great Lakes to the vital importance of protecting their water supplies, it will have more than justified its existence.

Last year the Commission took up the second branch of the Pollution Investigation, and as an initial step held a conference in New York with a group of sanitary engineers, including men of international standing, such as Mr. George W. Fuller, Mr. Earle B. Phelps, and Mr. George C. Whipple.

As a result of this conference, and the subsequent deliberations of the Commission, it was decided to adopt, tentatively at least, certain fundamental principles upon which the experts were in agreement. The most vital of these principles is, that while in certain cases where the ratio of water to volume of sewage is unusually large, the discharge of crude sewage into boundary waters may be without danger, "effective sanitary administration requires the adoption of the general policy that no untreated sewage from cities or towns shall be discharged into the boundary waters." The other principles relate more specifically to methods of sewage purification and water purification.

Engineering parties are now stationed at Buffalo and Detroit, under the direction of Mr. Earle B. Phelps, collecting data to guide the Commission in answering the second branch of the investigation, and in making its final report to the two governments.

The life of the Treaty, and therefore of the International Joint Commission, is five years from the date of the exchange of ratifications, and "thereafter until terminated by twelve months' written notice given by either High Contracting Party to the other." It therefore may be denounced by either side any time after May 5th of the present year, but it is safe to say that, in the light of what the Commission has already accomplished, directly and indirectly, in settling questions pending between the peoples of the United States and Canada, and preventing disputes regarding the use of boundary waters, and in view of its value to both countries in the peaceful and equitable disposition of the countless similar questions that

must inevitably arise in the future, neither the Government of Canada nor that of the United States will be disposed to put an end to either the Treaty or the Commission, certainly not while the present happy relations exist between the two countries—and let us hope that those relations will be perpetual.

LAWRENCE J. BURPEE

SIR WILLIAM VAN HORNE

WHERE shall those feet tread on the unknown way,
That here explored, untiring, our dull sod?
What shall that mind discover and survey
Upon the illimitable fields of God?

Must we not feel that swift from star to star,
From station unto station, that great soul,
An emigrant, shall reach from worlds afar,
Through wide-flung portals, Being's perfect goal!

BARRY DANE

(John E. Logan)

THE RELIGIOUS LIBERALISM OF SAINT-SIMON

THE application of the term conveying the theme of the following short study to the reactionary aristocrat whose political vision was steadfastly turned backward from his own time might at first suggest to a reader that the title was selected with a view to paradox, so constantly do we find the name of Saint-Simon coupled in accredited authorities with such phrases as "belated absolutist," or others of like import. With his conception of the sound and wise political ordering of the State, the present paper has no concern, for Saint-Simon frankly admits that neither in that connexion nor in his portraiture of antagonists does he strive after the objective aloofness of a philosopher. "Le stoïque est une belle et noble chimère. Je ne me pique donc pas d'impartialité, je le ferais vainement." His is above all the painter's brush; and to his strength and dexterity in its handling we owe the colour, glow, and dramatic vitality of his unique incomparable pages.

What seems less frankly recognized, or at least declared, by his commentators is his generous breadth and consistency of view concerning the deepest, the most momentous of all human questions, his own answer to which is given in the solemnly reverent expression of Catholic faith of the opening clauses of his will; not Pascal himself reveals a more earnest sense of the sacredness of the inner shrine which all truly religious souls approach in a spirit of humility. "I was too ignorant," Saint-Simon says elsewhere (X, 6) "to dash into theological disputes." "I hold all parties detestable in the Church and in the State. There is no other party than that of Jesus Christ. . . Thus, in no aspect am I a Jansenist." (IX, 1.) "To lead a simple, retired, laborious, close life, or merely to be intimate with such persons, is quite enough to incur the taint of Jansenism." Yet this is entirely reconcil-

able with a spirit of invigorating independence as daring in character as any in his own time. "I used to reply so frankly and emphatically according to the truth and my own conviction that Madame de Saint-Simon often chided me for it, saying that I should be ousted and perhaps committed to the Bastille" (X, 6), a fate which would almost certainly have been his had the memoirs appeared in his lifetime, inasmuch as he respected powerful religious orders no more than he spared persons, and refused homage to even the most august of prerogatives:—"I hold the Church of Rome for the mother and mistress of all the others, with whom we must dwell in communion; mistress, *magistra* not *domina*."

The absorbing interest in such a study consists in tracing with some method his unflinching pursuit of his object in dealing with facts which have come under his observation or of which he believes himself trustworthily informed, for with purely speculative considerations or the formulas of belief his philosophy is in no wise concerned; such things are admittedly beyond him. No better example could be found than in the several long passages which he devoted to Fénelon. The most frequently quoted of these contains the satirical reference to the mystical alliance with Madame de Guyon ("leur sublime s'amalgama"); and it is precisely because of Saint-Simon's dislike of vapouring that he invented the happy and now classic phrase: similarly, of *Maximes des Saints* with "its confused and blundering style . . . its barbarism in terms, composing, as it were, a strange tongue" (I, 27), and thus contrasting with the home-thrusting logic of Bossuet's *Instruction sur les états d'oraison*, which all could understand. To this dispute, the settlement of which seems to have been considered really vital by the hierarchy, Saint-Simon applies the robust common sense of a plain believer, content with the exposition which a lay mind can grasp, and rejecting the elusive propositions of an opinion irreducible to ordinarily intelligible terms. But this attitude, which some might be disposed to describe as theological philistinism, does not conflict with his capacity for generous recognition of the qualities which stamp

the man and the prelate: "Rien qui ne fût digne d'un évêque et d'un grand seigneur." "Monsieur de Cambrai subit ce dernier dégoût avec la même grandeur d'âme qu'il avait reçu et adhéré à sa condamnation" (XI, 3); the rest of the splendid eulogy (with its inevitable reservations) is unfortunately too long to quote, and it is well to remember that the writer was anything but a friend of the Swan of Cambrai, and instinctively distrusted mysticism. Are elderly memoir-writers as a rule given to praising those they have little liking for?

In the same spirit he denounces the suppression of Port Royal. Dogmas which may divide the Church it is no part of his duty to discuss, still less to attempt to settle, but the crushing of a noble collective effort towards the realization of a high and simple life seems to him the culmination of un-wisdom and injustice. "Thus they dispersed those saintly and illustrious recluses, united in Port Royal through study and penitence, who trained such famous disciples, and to whom the Christian world will forever be indebted for celebrated works which have diffused a steady and living light for the discerning between reality and appearance, for distinguishing the core from the rind (*le nécessaire de l'écorce*) . . . the enlightenment of faith, the kindling of charity, . . . the guidance of humanity between justified apprehension and rational hope" (XII, 5). . . "Of these later centuries the purest, the most learned, the most instructive, the most practical outcome, and withal the loftiest, the most illuminating and clearest" (IX, 1). Consistently with this, he directs his virulence against those whose ecclesiastical policy had so triumphantly annihilated the famous establishment. The passages on this point are quite numerous and have often furnished his critics with a plausible warrant for insisting on his insufficient perception of what is owed by the faithful to the earnestness, the learning and pedagogic power, as well as the indomitable missionary spirit, of the winners in the struggle. It would be interesting to discover what comments are

made on Saint-Simon by professors at Stonyhurst or Feldkirch—if indeed they mention him at all.

His audacity and sternness are capable of carrying his judgements much farther still. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes inspires a passage (XII, 6), written many years later, revealing to us what a liberal-minded Catholic thought and felt concerning the measure fraught with results closely akin to those consequent upon the expulsion of the Moors and the Jews from Spain. "Without the least pretext, the slightest need," he says, "this direful plot . . . depopulated one fourth of the kingdom, ruined its commerce, weakened it in every way . . . sanctioned torture and execution which really proved the death of thousands of innocent persons *de tout sexe*, ruined multitudes, tore asunder a whole world of families, set relations against relations for the sake of mere greed and drove them to starvation . . . solely on the ground of religion; and, finally, as a culmination of horror, filled every province of the kingdom with perjury and sacrilege . . . while others sacrificed conscience for the sake of property and quiet. . . They were dragged to worship what they had no faith in."

On reading such an arraignment as the above, one wonders whether full justice has yet been done to the high and noble feeling which pulsates in every clause. No one in his time and country combines such magnificent indignation and austere restraint. Saurin in exile, it is true, introduces from time to time into his argumentatively doctrinal sermons something of the same spirit, but without any approach to the same quality in vivid and fervent expression. Saint-Simon seems to anticipate what might have been conveyed more than a hundred years later by Vinet, Merle d'Aubigné, or Guizot, though it may well be doubted whether any of those eloquent and pious Protestant writers could have achieved the glowing emphasis of the above paragraph, which not even translation can entirely cool.

For reasons of State, nevertheless, Saint-Simon vigorously opposed the project of permitting the Huguenots to return to France during the Regency (1716). His whole contention

is most elaborate and thorough (XIII, 5), and is based on considerations of political prudence,—*quieta non movere*. “Europe was by this time accustomed to the situation, and the Protestants had no hope in this connexion.” Hence it would be fundamentally inadvisable to reintroduce disturbing elements into the country, “to re-embark on inevitable misfortunes, which had completely upset the state of France, and had several times threatened its stability between the death of Henry II and the time of the Edict of Nantes.”

It is with the spirit of brutal repression that he will make no peace; his individualism rebels against the coercion of the human mind in the interest of a group or a sect, or even in support of a specific doctrine; it is safe to conjecture that he would have been equally explicit in stigmatizing the fanaticism of the revolutionaries. We note, for instance, the terms, much less measured than in the above-cited paragraphs, which he makes use of in sketching the consequences of the Bull *Unigenitus*, directed towards coercive unification of religious opinion in France and prepared for in a carefully elaborated campaign: “This month of March (1711) saw the hatching of the very beginnings of that affair . . . so fatal to Church and State, so shameful to Rome, so disastrous to religion, so profitable . . . to the ultramontanes, to the ignorant, to people of no account, and above all to every sort of scoundrel and rascal, the consequences of which have spread disorder, ignorance, deceit, confusion everywhere, with a violence which still endures, under the weight of which the whole kingdom quakes and groans. . . . Far from me to undertake a theological history . . . the silencing of law, tribunals, and rules, in order to leave the field clear for a military inquisition which ceaselessly floods France with *lettres de cachet* and abolishes all justice.” (VIII, 11.)

Frei will ich sein im Denken and im Dichten:
Im Handeln schränkt die Welt genug uns ein.

His clearness of vision accompanies him in the discussion of points much less plainly obvious. Perceiving the logical

influence of opinion upon conduct, he does not shirk the frank expression of his observation in a special set of circumstances. The thought of abjuration, he is quick to see, affects very differently the latitudinarian with a universalist tendency and the more rigid *doctrinaire* who looks askance at those wandering without guidance outside of the one safe fold. His application in the particular instance involves, to say the least, generalizations of a peculiarly hazardous character, which it may be left to historians and divines to decide. "When I speak of Protestants (IV, 3), I mean Lutherans and Calvinists. It is this conviction which they preserve that disposes them to embrace the Catholic religion and to urge their children thereto, for the sake of some advantage, particularly in reference to marriages which otherwise could not be contracted, while the contrary reason brings it about that there is no example of a Catholic prince becoming a Protestant, nor permitting his children to do so, for any marriage or any other advantage whatsoever." There is no implied satire in this plain declaration; all it means is, according to Saint-Simon, that the renegade who secretly dreads consequences that reach beyond the tomb enjoys his worldly prosperity with less equanimity than his brother who is happily free from such misgivings.

The tone of philosophical reflection becomes incomparably graver and more severe in dealing with the institution whose workings Saint-Simon's mission to Spain in 1721 had given him opportunity to observe and meditate upon at close range, and at the same time deepened the impression discoverable in the *Memoirs* ten years earlier (1711): "The Inquisition which I hold abominable in the sight of God and execrable among men." In Spain (XVIII, 3) it "ferrets into everything, takes fright over everything, comes down upon everything with the utmost concentration and cruelty. It quenches all instruction, all results of study, all freedom of intellect, even of the most religious and moderate kind. It seeks to reign and rule, without any check, over the human mind, still less without contradiction or even without demur. It looks for

blind obedience, which dares to reflect or reason about no subject, and consequently it loathes all enlightenment, all science, all employment of the mind; it desires nothing but ignorance, and that of the grossest kind; stupidity in a Christian is its favourite quality, which it strives most sedulously to establish everywhere, as the surest, most essential way to salvation, for it is the stablest foundation of such rule and undisturbed domination."

Surely, Saul is here once more among the prophets! Could Mill or Lord Morley have ever said more? That such judicially denunciatory expressions could have come from such a source in the eighteenth century in France is enough to give pause to those who declare offhand, on the strength of casual reading in its flippant literature, that the sense of religion was all but extinct among the highest in the land; for it passes reasonable belief that in regard to such matters Saint-Simon stood so alone among his peers as to be the only one capable of discerning the intellectual serfdom, the moral helotage of the system.

To appreciate in their full measure the weight and value of Saint-Simon's rigorous sentence we need but the contrast of kindred pronouncements by his two younger contemporaries, the most illustrious open advocates of religious liberty and toleration in that day, Voltaire and Rousseau. The former's "strange and sinister method of assault," as it has been called, it may seem almost fatuous to illustrate to presumably qualified readers, familiar as they probably are with the categorical declarations of the *Dictionnaire Philosophique* on the subject of *Tolérance*, the pungent and caustic style of which he could safely indulge in from his coign of vantage at Ferney. To Prince Galitzin he writes in 1773: "It is indeed necessary at times to fight one's neighbours, but one must not burn one's fellow-countrymen for arguments. . . . I am the owner of a mudheap, about the size of an earwig's foot, on this wretched globe; on my property are papists, Calvinists, pietists, a few Socinians, and even a Jesuit; all these people live together in the greatest amity—at least up to the present time." The scor-

pion is never without the sting in his tail. Ten years earlier, to Helvétius (1763), he had written with equal clearness and with exactly the same suggestion of venom in the terminal phrase: "It is this fatal philosophy of the English that has initiated the evil. Those people, under the pretext that they are the best mathematicians and physicists in Europe, have misused their intellect to the length of prying into the mysteries. The contagion has spread everywhere. The fatal dogma of toleration to-day infects every mind; two-thirds of France are beginning to call for liberty of conscience; it is preached in Geneva." Voltaire knew perfectly well that for Helvétius the last verb needed no italicizing; the sardonic implication was too evident, justified as it was in the same year (1763) through the experience of Rousseau, as shall presently be seen. There is, however, in Voltaire no anxious searching after the unquenchable light of eternal spiritual truth; for him the endless strife of creed with creed merely confirms his conviction of the vanity of the struggle after the unattainable. But when the fervent believer (of whatever persuasion) renders existence uncomfortable, or impossible, for his really inoffensive fellow-man, Voltaire promptly uses against the *fâcheux* the weapon of inexhaustible wit. "What shall I say to my friend the Jew? Shall I invite him to supper? Yes, provided that during the meal Balaam's ass does not take it into his head to fall a-braying that no fish shall swallow one of my guests and keep him in his belly for three days above all that no Jew shall tramp around my house to the blowing of a trumpet in order to bring down its walls, and cut the throats of myself, my father, my mother, my wife, my children, my cat, and my dog, according to the ancient fashion of the Jews. Come, my friends, let us have peace and ask a blessing on our food." "Would a reed bent flat in the mire by the wind say to a neighbouring reed lying in a different direction, 'Lie my way, you wretch, or I shall put in a request to have you pulled up and burnt'?" "Of all religions Christianity is undoubtedly the one which should inspire the greatest amount of toleration, yet up to this time

the Christians have been the most intolerant of all men." And to d'Argental (1763): "Men are veritably mad, but ecclesiastics are the first in the outfit. I have done only one sensible thing in my life—tilling the ground. He who clears a field renders more service to humanity than all the smirchers of paper in Europe." We are not on any of these points bound to agree with the sage of Ferney.

With Rousseau, as might be expected, the tone is totally different, seeing that to his apostolic vehemence wit and humour are equally repugnant. His experience has been too bitter to permit him to turn the edge of persecution and obloquy with a quip; hence, the personal attack, the angry vituperation. Hounded out of France after the notorious *mandement* of the Archbishop of Paris against *Émile*, he finds himself exposed, in what purports to be free Switzerland, to the naggings of the petty tyrant of a local conventicle. To the Archbishop, whom he audaciously addresses as Christophe de Beaumont, he writes in his famous open letter (1762): "What then is the object of your colleges, your academies, your learned foundations? Is it to throw dust in the eyes of the people, to falsify their reason betimes, and prevent their making for the truth? Professors of untruth, you teach in order to mislead, and, like those wretches who place lanterns on rocks, you light the way to ruin." And with distributive fairness he asserts in *Lettres Écrites de la Montagne* (1764): "The Protestant clergy sought to decide everything, to regulate everything, to pronounce on everything; everyone modestly proposed his own feeling as a supreme law for everyone else; that was no way of living in peace It was indeed the spirit of the reformers, but it was not that of the Reformation." And, again, we observe the directness and rapidity of his vision in the vigorous retort which might be made by an absolutist opponent: "You, mere individualists on your own admission, speak to us with authority [*avec empire*], and as the emissaries of God. You claim authority to interpret Scripture as you please, while proposing to deprive us of a like liberty. You arrogate to yourselves an exclusive

right, and deny it to each and all of us who constitute the Church. What title have you thus to submit our common judgement to your particularism?"

These three, then—the aristocrat, the bourgeois, and the plebeian—are unmistakably in complete accord over the ultimate point, the one supreme contention beside which, in the eyes of a liberal, all others recede into the hazy perspective of relative insignificance; in its defence each employs his powers under the specific promptings of education, experience, temperament, and genius; and if we to-day enjoy the inestimable privileges of freedom of conscience, freedom of opinion, and freedom of speech, which are to us the very breath of intellectual, moral, and spiritual life, we can never be too deeply conscious of the debt we owe to the memory of such brilliant champions of liberty. Saint-Simon's attitude is much less readily explicable than that of the other two. It remains for some diviner of the inner workings of the human mind to determine under what influences, what inspiration, a pious Catholic French noble of the eighteenth century was urged, apparently without recoil on his part, to the attainment of such an ideal.

PAUL T. LAFLEUR

THE LAUGHING DRYAD

SPRING, provocative and strange, was abroad, and the world was full of its restless calling,—a music of undertones, half alarming, half assuring, sweeping the woods and open fields with the uneasy stir and promise of life.

It was twilight of evening in the depths of a dryad-haunted wood. Wild half-invisible creatures seemed to slip between the tree trunks, bright eyes peeped out from green leaves, watching; mysterious beings moved in the underbrush. Everywhere the faint wild calling notes of life and love, plaintive and soft. Not yet pursuit, resistance, triumph, and the glory of surrender. Tentative, elusive, a separated sweetness of low clear call and reply filled the evening air.

From the grey trunk of an oak tree drifted a dryad, timid, starting at every sound, and at first appearing and disappearing in and out of her tree like a leaf blown upon by gentle gusts of wind. Presently she gathered courage to look about her with curiosity, and then to dance in and out among the trees, bending to listen to the forest sounds, and quite suddenly in a little lovely flurry of motion, exactly like music, becoming motionless to discover her own loveliness in a forest pool. She laughed as she slipped her feet into the ripples withdrawing and advancing, and bent to see her own face framed in long floating locks reflected in the water.

She laughed with delight.

A dryad's laugh is an ecstasy of youth and joy, a complete and radiant thing, so perfect, so shining, so alluring and love-spreading that human creatures hearing it are conscious of a sudden, swift, upwelling happiness, and the shy forest things hearing forget fear and emerge in unaccustomed boldness from leafy shade and hollow.

A little faun looked cautiously out of a screened thicket, and wondered very much to see a tree dancing with its roots out of the ground. He was such a little fellow that he could barely remember before last Sleeping-Time, and he knew nothing at all about dryads. The Dancing Tree was the wonder of wonders and charmed him into absolute stillness. It was a Laughing Tree too. The others laughed with their leaves but not in the least like this one. Its light and swaying beauty held him in a spell. He tried to discover whether it was a white birch, or a delicate alder, or perhaps a mountain ash that had thus removed itself from its neighbours and conventionality, but just as he was deciding, a fine, soft rain began to fall, and his mysterious tree vanished.

The Faun puzzled over it for some time, but he was too proud and too shy to ask the other Forest People, because they all thought him a new-comer and so young,—so near the beginning, was the way he put it,—that they hurt his feelings. He watched tirelessly for the Dancing Tree and it became to him the most mysterious and joyful thing in the forest. Sometimes he saw it taking the strong morning wind on a hill top, with its leaves streaming out in long bands yellow like sunlight, and its queer branches flung about in a sort of ecstasy. Sometimes he saw it bending deliciously knee-deep in a pool, dipping its leaves and branches into the water. Very often he saw it drifting and floating through the forest twilight, a dream tree. Sometimes he saw it not at all for a long time. Then a sudden laugh would bubble up somewhere like a spring leaping to catch the sunshine, and his heart would catch the sunshine too. But he never ventured near. One moonlight night he saw it a slim flashing thing of naked silver, swift and swaying, and he said to himself with delight,—“It’s a beautiful wild flowering plum.”

One drowsy mid-day the Faun fell asleep, and awaking suddenly he found the Dancing Tree kneeling near him. He was so frightened and startled that he instantly curled up

in a tight ball like a porcupine and turned the colour of a dead leaf.

"Dear little Faun!" said the Dryad, but he was too fearful to move.

"Please come and play," said the Dryad. "I belong to the Forest People—did you think I was a Human? I've been looking everywhere for you."

Still the Faun-porcupine wouldn't answer.

"Very well," said the Dryad sorrowfully, "I'll go back into my tree,—a sad cypress if I can find one,—and not dance any more till you promise to play."

At this the Faun was so surprised that he opened his eyes wide.

"Aren't *you* a tree?" he said. "A Dancing Tree without roots?"

Then the Dryad sparkled into laughter and the whole forest, held as it was in the stillness of the noon-day, rustled joyfully to the sound.

"I'm a dryad," she said. "All the trees are mine. Come and I'll show you my little secret doors."

She held out her hands and when she looked into the Faun's eyes, which were clear and brown like forest pools, she found a smile in each striking up from the bit of sunshine that had got out of her laugh into his heart, and he couldn't help chuckling and skipping on his heels.

"Once there was one of my people in each tree," explained the Dryad, "but now there's nobody but me in this wood."

"Where have they all gone?" asked the Faun.

"Moved or killed," she answered carelessly. "Sometimes Humans do it. There's a law that now and then one of us has to live with Humans, and if they never, never see that we are really dryads we can't ever get back into the trees and so we die. Once I lived among them."

"You!" breathed the Faun.

"Yes. I can hardly remember, but it was uncomfortable. Only, the Human I lived with knew I was a dryad, and he was almost like the Forest People himself, so that made it

easy to get away," she said heartlessly. "We lived in a wood in a sort of human tree. They are far too large and very ill-fitting. My Human had eyes like yours,—not sky-coloured, but brown like a wood pool. He was always looking at me so sadly and watching to see if I would leave him, but he made it beautifully free. So one day I just spread out my arms, and ran, and ran, and I never went back. He stayed in the wood and wandered about, looking and looking for me. He slept out among the trees under the stars, and he used to call and coax. Sometimes I was quite near, but I wouldn't even peep out," said the Dryad lightly. "He got very sad."

"What is sad?" said the Faun, but somehow he almost knew.

"O, sad is like too many rainy days together, except that I think they're fun," said the Dryad.

"And what happened to him?" asked the Faun.

"I don't know," said the Dryad. "I ran far, far away. Shall I show you how I ran?"

She poised herself on tip-toe, stretching up her lovely arms. Then she bent her head forward and was gone like a flash, a breath of a wild flowering cherry. The Faun heard her laugh inside one of her trees, and saw her no more that day.

Indeed, she was oftenest alone. When the white moonlight lay brightly on the meadows she delighted to bathe in dew and plunge herself into the tall grey grasses heavy with the evening's tears, as if it were a stream. Then a perfect madness of motion, of sudden flight, and dancing, whirling steps would seize her, and bathed in dew and moonlight, alive to lovely laughter, of all sweet things she was the most enchanting and delicious. But she was wild as the flying petals of the flowering plum shaken in a sudden storm, or the shadows of summer clouds blown swiftly over golden grain.

The delicate colours and scents of spring, the light elusive sweetness of its leaf and blossom deepened imperceptibly into richer tint and fragrance. With the coming of summer

something of tender surprise, something of poignant and exquisite suggestion was gone from the forest, or merged into a fuller and more abundant beauty. The strange, deep passion of life fulfilling itself brooded over the nests and the trees and green things, and the places of the wild creatures. The glory and stillness of mid-summer clasped the woods in a profound hush and shining warmth.

Even the Dyrad felt the golden langour, and slept in grassy hollows in the noontide heat. The little Faun could steal quite near and, squatting on his heels, watch her while she slept. He thought her at her sweetest stretched on the green grass with her eyes closed, her delicate body drooping like a flower, all unresisting tender curves, her breast lifting to each soft breath, and the dear mockery of her face turned against an upflung arm and half hidden by her silken drift of hair. . . . She would lie so still that by the gleam and smooth whiteness of her she might have been a statue, but that no statue yields so tenderly to utter rest, or gives such cool and dewy fragrance to the wandering airs. . . . Later she would wake and spring to dip herself in the mountain stream, and fling the water about her flashing self in laughter. Then she would dance all the mystery and deep wonder of the summer night, by moonlight—golden now and liquid.

Sometimes she went about the woods and fields intent upon practical matters.

The Faun saw her leaning into a song-sparrow's nest scolding the mother of the brood severely.

"It's all very well to be proud of a fine family," she was saying, "but three broods in one season, if it's going to mean an untidy nest and crowding and quarreling over the food, is not fine at all. You only had to push out two eggs you say! That's no excuse. How wicked of you to build your nest so small! You're in too great a hurry. Don't begin another family till you've taught the first to fly. It's one thing to be proud of your sons' voices if they're out in the woods and capable, but broken egg-shells are a very different matter."

On a day of profound heat and stillness Pan came to the forest. The Faun, greatly longing to approach, crept as near as he dared to the shaggy-flanked god with the sad, wise laughter in his eyes, and the pipe held in his great hands. He looked a humble and earth-stained god, this powerful friend of shepherds and the wild things, but the forest and the Forest People bowed before him. When he lifted his pipe to his lips and played, the Faun rocked with merriment and shouted as he flung himself heels over head. And then strange tears poured down his cheeks, and sorrow woke in his heart and filled it with unbearable sweet anguish. He saw the laughing Dryad still her dancing limbs and creep near Pan himself, exquisite through a shining veil of tears, imploring, prostrate, and struck to unaccustomed grief. . . . Then a swift note of joy broke in upon their pain and changed it to gladness and delightful pleasure. And presently a deep and measured music, strange and yet familiar like all loved and remembered things, like the sound of summer rain at night gently falling upon leaves and cottage roofs, or the stir of wind, or the thousand field and woodland voices, charmed the whole forest to slumber. There were hills and skies and streams in that music, and all the colours and scents and sounds of the natural year; all the magic that lives in the pipes of Pan. . . . And with their waking Pan was gone from the forest, but the wild thyme was crushed where he had rested and the hoof prints of a goat marked the woodland paths.

When the first frost touched the forest the Faun saw the Dryad for the last time. She had crowned herself with scarlet leaves, and she swung a long rope of haws and coral barberries which she wound about her wild limbs as she raced like a mad thing through the paths, aflame now with the splendid colours of the dying year. Her long locks flew out, her eyes were bright and shining as she tossed a red leaf to the Faun.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" said the Laughing Dryad, putting a finger to her lips as she looked cautiously round for

birds that hadn't flown south and the scurrying rabbits and squirrels. "*They* mustn't hear, because it's not quite the same for them. Listen! When they call it Winter and go to sleep, I'm here in my tree making a new dress to dance in. Shadows of trees you know, and stream-sparkles. I've lots of other work besides. Don't look sad. Cuddle down at the roots of my oak, if you like, but don't expect me to talk with all the buds to pack, and all the leaves to cut out, and all next year's patterns to think of. Moonlight patterns through beech leaves, twigs against different sorts of skies, wind and shadow patterns, and sunlight falling different ways. I've got lovely sounds to plan too,—my birds, my flashing, stealing, flinging, hurrying, tumbling waters,—and wind voices—and my scattering scents. But I'll be out again with the first spring note, and nothing can keep me from dancing!"

But the Faun's woodland eyes were so sad that she let fall her scarlet strands of berries, and kneeling down put her arms about him.

"Just a minute, little Faun," she whispered with a gentleness he had never heard before. "Hardly even a minute and I shall be playing with you again. Cuddle down at the roots of my tree, and sometimes I'll laugh into your dreams."

She pressed his head against her warm breast, and he turned his cheek to her comforted. Then she kissed him as lightly as a fluttering, falling leaf.

He heard her voice very low and sweet from within her oak tree.

"I shall be impatient for Spring, too,—because of you, Faun, little and dear."

MARJORIE COOK

AUGUST 4th, 1914

THE sword is drawn—May God defend the Right!
We plead Thine own example, Prince of Peace,
Who drove profaners of Thy courts to flight,
With ban and corded scourge
Offences rank to purge,
And bade Wrong cease.

And since the guilty could not then withstand
The force of Justice and Eternal Good
Which nerved the action of Thine own right hand;—
So, trusting to that aid,
May we be undismayed,
And Evil be withstood.

Not in presumption do we bare the sword
For gain or glory in this fateful strife;
But to maintain, by deeds, the plighted word,
Redeem each promise given,
Of faithlessness be shriven,
And seal our Faith with life!

G. A. SWENY

MAY, 1915

O ITALY, where goest thou? O land
 Adorned, belovèd of the Ages past,
 Body of life and mind of beauty's power,
 Thou longest for thine irredeemèd earth;
 Thou takest now the calloused hand of War,
 Trusting his guidance on the awful quest.
 Fearless, with supple stride, thou goest forth,
 Like a stern goddess, from her sheltered groves.

Hast thou not heard, hast thou not seen their doom,
 Where conquest yields an acre, not a crown?
 Thou hast had time to tell the neighbours' slain;
 To see Love, severed, bleed away life's worth,
 For those who work and wait—eternity.
 Thou knowest how the noble thought of man,
 Grown up in columns, domes, and hopeful towers,
 Cunningly wrought for service, joy, or praise,
 And sanctified through centuries by life—
 Thou knowest how that thought is vilely crushed;
 Dust . . . with the broken brain that cherished it!
 A fable, a lost wonder of the world!

Belovèd Italy, where goest thou?
 Knowing the Worst,—fast on the feet of Youth,
 With confident, brave, sacrificial flesh—
 Thou fliest North—North to redeem or die.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY

CONCERNING GENERAL ELECTIONS

POSSIBLY before the publication of this number of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE its readers may know how Sir Robert Borden will deal with the difficult situation caused by the antipathy of Canadians to a general federal election during wartime, and by the fact that such election before the next year shall have passed is required by the British North America Act. A general election this year, however undesirable, may reasonably be held expedient, because a ministry in its last year of legality inevitably appears one of lessening authority, almost moribund, hence somewhat unable to deal securely with any very grave business, more particularly the exceedingly weighty matter of war. Never was so great need for a strongly entrenched administration at Ottawa. Never was so obnoxious the idea of ministers being compelled to go electioneering, inevitably with dangerous distraction from public concerns. Never did it seem so atrocious that a war of parties, their contrary accusations, the vituperation of eminent politicians by one another, should disturb that extraordinary harmony of the people which has been caused by the War.

Canada is morally required, by sentiments at once holy and reasonable, to put forth every item of military and pecuniary strength against a tyranny which threatens to dominate the world. Hence Canadians instinctively desire the nearest possible constitutional approach to imitation of the Romans' example in emergencies: they wish for a government so unitedly backed by the people that it may amount to a dictatorship respecting military purposes. A partisan general election will not give us such a ministry. A partisan general election would, too probably, give power to a ministry, no matter of which faction, less strong, less capable of swift, great action, than that now headed by Sir Robert

Borden. Yet a general election within a twelvemonth is constitutionally necessary. Is there no sound, sane, wise way to comply exactly with the B. N. A. Act, to hold the election it requires, yet to avoid partisan strife, unify the electorate more than ever before, and obtain a government stronger for action than any partisan ministry can be?

Some have suggested that the London Parliament may well be invited to amend the B. N. A. Act in such wise as to enable the Ottawa Parliament to postpone general elections until after close of the war. Would that course unify or more than ever disunite the people of Canada? Would not unprecedentedly bitter and prolonged partisan strife come of an attempt of the present Cabinet to force through the Houses such measures? What if the present Opposition should consent to their passage at London and at Ottawa? Let us imagine such consent, though the posture of parties in the provinces scarce warrants the opinion that the federal Opposition might so consent from fear of being defeated in general elections. Sir Wilfrid is, however, very conciliatory. What of his private followers amongst the electorate? Did he so consent; did his influence control his M.P.'s to so consent; would not his electorate largely feel betrayed by him and them, with effect of a far deeper discontent and disunion in the body politic than now exists? Answer as one's sense and heart and acquaintance with the electorate may, yet few will probably deny sincerely that discord among the people might be fomented, dangerously, by such union of the parties' representatives to maintain the present ministry until after the war's close.

That course surely ought to be chosen which will multiply enlistments for any service that the country may need. If a moiety of the people were made to feel betrayed by their representatives, would enlistments be furthered? Up to this hour no inconsiderable body of young men may conceivably have held back from Overseas Service on account of lacking the incitement to enlist which might have come from their

feeling called to the ranks by ministers they were bred to trust.

But, some say, the undesirability of a general federal election is so great that Sir Robert Borden, by way of securing consent of both parties to postponement by the method specified, might well ask Sir Wilfrid Laurier to join in forming a Coalition Government on terms of equality as between the parties. This suggestion postulates in Sir Robert's heart a noble magnanimity, nowise out of keeping with what we all know of his nature. It postulates in Sir Wilfrid a magnanimity no less noble, nor less consistent with his record. May we not all heartily believe that these two most honourable men would agree to coalesce on equal terms if alike confident that the resultant ministry would be better fitted to serve the country's interests than any party ministry can be?

Let us credit them alike with being above considering mainly the question—What party will win if a general election soon occur? Let us suppose they alike feel that a Coalition Government would enhance public unification on the main business of the hour, the war. Let us conceive that all the bother of mutually arranging the personnel of the Coalition Cabinet had been happily encountered and overcome. Were this the situation, the two chiefs might then well proceed to observe and remark harmoniously that no need remained for a London amendment of the B. N. A. Act, nor for a consequent Ottawa Act postponing general elections.

Such elections, if held under such a Coalition Ministry, could not be accompanied by party strife,—no mutual accusation nor vituperations. Probably representatives would be chosen by acclamation in a great majority of constituencies. In many a riding the two usual party conventions might be held in unity. Their delegates (influenced by the chiefs' word and example) would nominate the one man they thought most likely to win were a contest held. The Coalition would thus be extended throughout the electorate. Canada would present an unprecedented, wondrous, delightful, useful un-

animity. Not only would every current and reasonable objection to an early general election be thus overcome, but such election would be highly desirable. Besides exhibiting Canadian unity, it would consist with the country's constitution.

With the dangerous consequences of meddling with constitutions, of setting them aside for some temporary purpose, we have had much instruction from various countries. It is true they are not British, nor of peoples bred to our respect for established order and law. But how have British and North American peoples retained this valuable respect? By maintaining it. Not by abandoning it under the impulse of breezes of circumstance. Can there be any valid excuse for imitating South American examples, when it is clear that nothing but a reasonable spirit of accommodation between our party leaders is needed to establish the utmost unity without any change of constitution? In the slang of the time, it is up to our politicians to throw down their daggers of lath and harmonize Canada from coast to coast.

I venture to point out to ministerialists in particular one consideration. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is now seventy-four years old. He is less strong than we all could wish him to be. He is greatly loved, not by his followers only. Did Sir Robert Borden frankly, heartily, publicly invite him to coalition for the sake of our common country, how should all who love Sir Wilfrid not esteem Borden in the coming time, when Laurier's honoured place shall know him no more forever?

Another consideration for all Canadians alike:—The war has not gone as well for the Allies as we could wish—up to the time of this writing. Officers charged with recruiting in this Dominion have, not quite without reason, sought to stimulate enlistment for Overseas Service by declaring the possibility that the English Channel may witness the destruction of the British fleet, and that Canada consequently may suffer Belgiumization by Berlin's hordes. This contingency, though unlikely to arrive, ought to be provided against. What Sir Robert's ministry has done to secure our coasts cannot be

specified; that is a military secret known to few. With Laurier beside Borden in the government, a public sense that Canadian defence would be taken care of could not but animate many who are now fearful on that matter.

Many strong young men, perhaps excessively cautious, but essentially brave and warlike, may conceivably have refrained from undertaking Overseas Service because they fear being needed for the defence of Canada, later. They know and say that Canada's first line is in France and Flanders. But they think a second or reserve line ought to be trained here. Were this line established, they would cheerfully enlist for Flanders. A large expenditure would be necessary for training the whole body of our volunteer militia for our own possibly needed defence. One-party propositions for that expenditure might cause grave new dissension, which would be quite obviated by a Coalition Government, and an early general election under its harmonizing direction.

EDWARD WILLIAM THOMSON

J. M. SYNGE

Qualis artifex pereo.

OUR artists of late years have begun, I think, to realize that they may profitably remit the cult of melancholy and break themselves of the habit of regarding dejection and its companions as "interesting" and specially adapted to their artistic needs. It certainly was time for them to subdue their fondness for making their little songs, and still more their lengthy ones, out of their great sorrows, and to let us hear how the music sounds when they make it out of their joys—a much harder business for them, it is true, but all the better worth attempting on that account. Augustus Moddle was unquestionably one of the great but he has had an inordinate following. It may seem preposterous to number J. M. Synge among that company, and indeed I admit that he wears his rue with a difference amounting to distinction; but all the same I cannot help feeling that some smack of the Augustan spirit is discernible in his work and prevents it from taking quite the rank that certain of its admirers would claim for it. There is in his presentation of life something that does not quite carry conviction—something, at least, that is only personal and not also universal, and that accordingly disqualifies him from ranking with the great creative artists. It is mainly from this particular point of view that I propose to glance at his work in the present note which, as I need hardly say, does not make the smallest pretensions to criticize him in any fullness or even with a very rigorous impartiality.

One quality Synge possesses beyond all cavil, and a rare quality it is—the power of fascination. While we are reading his plays or seeing them acted we cannot help succumbing for the moment to the spell of their exquisite beauty; we get tangled up in it, so to say, as if he had wound a net round about us and we could not escape from it. It is not till we come

to think about it later on that we begin to have doubts; but the more we do think about it the less absolutely satisfied we feel and the more conscious that something important is missing. The very perfection of his work leaves a slight sense of disappointment: we want the feeling of growth and we do not get it. Beauty we get in abundance, beauty of a bewildering and bewitching kind, but not the sense of solid health and strength and growth such as we find in the really great things. The perception of beauty is not enough for the great artist: what he must have is rather the perception of growth, redeeming things ugly and sordid and miserable and making them instinct with life as each one of them is touched with that vital spark. It is this lack of true vitality in Synge's plays, I think, that one tends to become conscious of in retrospect. Those characters of his—do they, after all, really impress themselves upon us to any great extent? We remember them as forming part of an exquisite whole, of course, but not as independent individualities. They are like a lovely piece of mosaic in which, if we stop to think about it, we can recall the different colours; but it requires a certain effort to do so. Because, I suppose, they are there in the plays, not as human beings with passions and feelings and tendernesses of their own, but rather as perfectly fitting men and women who go to produce Synge's exquisite mosaic of humanity. It is lovely; there is no denying it; but reality is not so perfectly fitted as that, even in art.

One cannot indeed exactly say that Synge is unreal. It is rather that he presents reality to us not so much falsified as beautified; and this, I think, is what is so puzzling in his work. Most people, when they set out to beautify reality, present us with something that never existed, but Synge does, in a sense, keep the reality in the background all the time, and embroiders on it, as it were. His characters never would have spoken as he makes them speak—never so elaborately or exquisitely; yet their speech and they themselves *have* at least a basis of reality. It is life seen in a beautifying mirror: that is to say, I do not believe that the peasants' life

as depicted by Synge is the actual thing, but it is the view of it that might come to a man of the cities looking on with an artist's eye—he sees the beauty and the melancholy but just not the humanity. His presentment of it is full of understanding, but it is only understanding from the outside point of view; if you yourself were depicted in that way you would regard the portrait with interest and would see quite clearly why you looked like that to someone else, but you would know well enough that it wasn't yourself. What is wanting, of course, is sympathy. Synge is not looking at the essential thing but at the reflection of the thing as he sees it in himself. He never really feels that he *is* the character whom he is portraying, or he would have written differently. In that case he would probably have been a good deal less fascinating than he is and would have grown loveable instead.

The fact is, I imagine, that Synge had not very much feeling, apart, of course, from the feeling for beauty—which is using the word in a rather different sense. And even his feeling for beauty was restricted. He loved what is beautiful to the eye and to the ear but I am not so sure that he loved what is beautiful to the heart; and that, after all, is the most important kind of beauty. He does give you an intense pleasure by virtue of his perception and presentation of beauty, but it is a peculiar and limited kind of pleasure: he succeeds in conveying from himself an almost physical feeling of fascination—a very wonderful sensation and a perfectly genuine one too, so far as it goes. The whole performance is so finished and exquisite that, as I said, you cannot help succumbing to it at the time and wanting it to go on and on indefinitely; but I fancy if you accepted Synge too absolutely you might find that heart and head had gone to feed your sense of beauty to a somewhat undue extent and that your humanity had become a little attenuated in consequence.

Finish, then, is the outstanding quality of Synge's work, only, for all its perfection, it is not quite the best kind of finish. It is not sufficiently recognized that finish comes in

two different ways. In the one case it is consciously achieved, the artist insisting upon having it at all costs; and of this kind one cannot well imagine more admirable examples than some of Synge's plays afford. His finish is the result of infinite pains. He sees clearly enough in his mind's eye what it is that he wants; where he goes wrong is that he works up to the vision—he is determined to make it beautiful enough. The perfection of what he has to say is in the forefront, and that very perfection ends by giving you a sense of unreality. The thing is *too* perfect: it needs the touch of imperfection inherent in all life to make you love it, and that is just what it has not got. The other kind of finish does not appeal to one *as* finish, and indeed is commonly regarded as its opposite. It is the finish of a living, growing thing and is apt to look like failure. But just as sometimes in a tree or an animal, and very often in a human being, the failure to achieve is *the* thing we most admire and love and the thing that gives the true finish to life, so is it also in the world of art, which is, after all, life seen more or less darkly through a glass. A tree, an animal, a human creature, tries and fails, but the mere fact of its having aimed at something beyond itself allows us to see the possibilities in it as we never could have done otherwise. Failure is the first step towards success, and the unconscious recognition we give of that fact is that when we see it we love it. So in a work of art. The very throwing forward of the artist's mind and soul makes a bid for failure: he is reaching out to something of which he is not very sure; he feels that it is there but he does not quite know how to get at it. The true artist forgets himself in the pleasure of his work, for the pleasure of seeking surely equals that of finding, or rather the expectancy of the one state is needed to balance the joyful acceptance of the other. And out of such an attempt—foredoomed, in a sense, to failure from its first inception—comes that other sort of finish, the finish of the living, growing thing that never is, and never in this world can be, perfected, because for it to be loveable there must always be the possibility of further growth. That apparent

failure is the possibility of growth made manifest, and in genuine life and in great art it is, I think, always to be found.

From that kind of finish Synge and his like are for ever debarred. His writing is *stiff* in spite of all its beauty. It did not grow naturally into its present state: it was consciously fitted in, though so cunningly that on a first or even a second reading it may almost seem to be alive. Assuredly it is an exquisite talent, that, and I do not think it ought to be overlooked or belittled in the least. If it could take in literature the place that mosaic takes in art it would be fully justified of its existence, but is there such a place for it there, in the region of the imagination? Perhaps there is; perhaps the sheer beauty of the thing is sufficient. Could one, for instance, wish for anything lovelier than such a sentence as this (and it is only one of hundreds like it) from the "Shadow of the Glen"?

"Come along with me now, lady of the house, and it's not my blather you'll be hearing only, but you'll be hearing the herons crying out over the black lakes, and you'll be hearing the grouse and the owls with them, and the larks and the big thrushes when the days are warm; and it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old like Peggy Cavanagh, and losing the hair off you, and the light of your eyes, but it's fine songs you'll be hearing when the sun goes up, and there'll be no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear."

Could any imitation be so perfect, one may ask? What a ravishing cadence, what a wonderful selection of words! And there it is! it is selection and not growth—a lot of lovely things stuck together, and nothing lacking but life.

It is worth noting too that in this quotation we get that sub-taste of cruelty that runs through Synge's work like a warped thread. The nature bit is beautiful; even if it is not real it is beautiful—the "big thrushes" and the "black lakes" and "it's not from the like of them you'll be hearing a tale of getting old" And then the cruel touch—"no old fellow wheezing, the like of a sick sheep, close to your ear." That

hard, egoistic, merciless way of looking at things is typical of Synge's characters. No one could be happy in any of his plays. It really didn't matter much whether Nora was out with the Tramp in the rain or baking a cake in her own house: she would be equally unhappy wherever she was, and not Darcy himself could have given her a moment's genuine joy. Nora and Pegeen, and the men too, for that matter, are really survivals of the Romantic Ideal, though at first sight they don't look like it. They are there for the effect they make; they add to the general beauty and they belong to that—not to themselves. They belong to Synge's sense of beauty and take their place among his exquisitely coloured bits, so of course they cannot have any personality of their own. They form a part of the whole, but not as we form a part of the world, growing by degrees into the place we were meant to take: no, each of them is set down stiffly in his or her place, and Nora among the herons of the black lakes and the big thrushes would be unmoved by that sort of beauty and would talk as she talks in her cottage and give one the same impression of vague misery, and the Tramp himself would find no lasting comfort in that "fine bit of talk" of his. It is unsatisfactory, for all its beauty, and it is so, I imagine, because there is no proper place for that kind of beauty: it does not, that is to say, stand in any real relation to life. Compare the Tramp with, for instance, such a character as Edie Ochiltree and we shall see the difference in a moment. In Scott it is the old beggar himself who stands out in our memory: it is not a vague remembrance of beauty, though we get some phrases of Edie's that are every bit as beautiful, I think, as the Tramp's. But it is not those isolated speeches that impress us; they tend rather to become merged in the whole. In Scott it is the person that we remember, not what the person says; in Synge it is what the person says that sticks in our mind far more than the man himself. He and artists like him do not create friends for us, as Scott and Shakespeare do: they create wonderful scenes, brought before us by the aid of striking words, but who it is who says

those words is really not a matter of special importance. And so we feel for the Tramp neither pity nor affection, but merely admiration for what he says, while for Edie we have a friend's affection and like what he says in a great measure because it is he who says it.

The truth is that Synge does not really manage to look straight at life, for all his appearance of doing so. His characters are all lacking in that recognition of the essentials of life which is so conspicuous a quality in Scott's typical creations—his peasants and vagrants and faithful retainers, and so on. Even their gaiety is only a high-strung side-stepping of the facts of life, not a steady acceptance of them, like Edie Ochiltree's. Beautifully as they put their philosophy, it doesn't come near enough to *touch* us, because we feel instinctively that it is not quite true. They seem plain-spoken enough in all conscience, but if one thinks of it, they none of them know very definitely what it is they want. Nora wants—what this world cannot give, and she will not do with less: she wants things like eternal youth and everlasting beauty. And the Playboy is much the same, and Pegeen too, and the Tinker's wife—and Synge himself, I am afraid. They *seem* to speak plain enough, but when you come to consider the matter, do you know definitely—do they know—did Synge know—what it is they are asking of life? That odd sense of discomfort and dissatisfaction with which you end the reading of Synge, through all the glamour and all the intoxication, is mingled with a feeling of perplexity. What is it they are after? What are they hoping for? *Why* are they all so discontented?

Now, in Scott, you have no need to ask any such question. Edie Ochiltree knows perfectly well what he desires, has sized up life, has found it wanting often enough so far as he himself is concerned, but for all that has no inclination to find fault with it. He knows, as Scott knew, that life is a good thing and that, even if you are so unfortunate as to have lost the savour of it for yourself, it is still good for others and, if you have courage enough and kindness enough, you can still

rejoice in it for their sakes. He was able, out of misfortune, to look life straight in the face and deliberately to choose gaiety and a steadfast courage instead of dejection and disproportionate misery.

That, when all is said, is the thing we all of us admire. Our hearts go out, not to those people who yearn after beauty and in the vain search for it curse God and life, but to those whose desire for beauty leads them to accept God and his gifts and to bless each new day even though the sun may seem to be shining mainly for the rest of the world. And poverty and hardship and misfortune are to all appearance the best school in which to learn such a lesson. "Qui t'a donné une philosophie aussi gaie?" asks the Count of Figaro in the play, and Figaro replies "L'habitude du malheur." *Le malheur* certainly does seem to teach the gracious acceptance of what comes, the cheerful facing of bad luck, and the humble welcoming of good, to a wonderfully large proportion of its *habitués*, and I cannot help suspecting that there is something wrong in Synge's presentation of his characters. For cheerfulness and gaiety in the face of misfortune—in other words, common-sense—they certainly do not show. They bear their crosses in the middle-class spirit, making the most of them and gloomily yearning, though in the most exquisite language, much as Mrs. Gummidge or Augustus Moddle might have done, but as no true aristocrat or sturdy beggar ever did yet since the world began.

JACOB SALVIRIS

MRS. LEONOWENS

A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit too, and bright
With something of an angel light.—*Wordsworth.*

MANY readers of the UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE in Montreal and elsewhere were not unaware that with the death of the lady who passed away after an illness of some three years on the 19th of last January, a person of rare distinction had vanished from our eyes and an unusually rich and varied life had reached its final close. The writer of this notice had for some years enjoyed the honour and inspiration of a somewhat close acquaintance with her, which had the effect of impressing upon his mind, among other things and thoughts, the strong conviction that she was, on the whole, the best, bravest and wisest among the many good and wise women he has known. She represented the type which has made the Empire. Two of her grandsons are now at the front. She was indeed "a mother in Israel." Would that she were with us in these days of stress!

Mrs. Leonowens, whose maiden name was Anna Harriette Crawford, was born at Carnarvon in Wales on November 5th, 1834, the daughter of an English gentleman, who died young, and a Welsh mother. The mother, on whom devolved the entire charge of forming her character, was quite uncommonly fitted to undertake that sacred responsibility. She was evidently what her little girl afterwards came in eminent measure to be, a woman of force and stout heart. One incident in this mother's life sufficiently exhibits her quality. It was, one feels, precisely what little Anna, come to full stature, would have done under the same conditions.

Mrs. Crawford had married a second time, and accompanied her husband, an English officer, to India. He had

been appointed there, on one occasion, to survey a new road which was being built by the government in the dangerous neighbourhood of the Province of Guzerat, much infested in those days by Bhil robbers; and was travelling with a considerable amount of public money in his charge to pay the workmen with. His wife went with him. She had—just as Anna would have done!—acquired a good working knowledge of the Guzerati language, which made her useful in many ways and enabled her to render in the end a crowning piece of valiant and resourceful service,—one quite up to the standard of the Victoria Cross and only excluding the applicability of that because none but a woman could possibly have achieved it.

The party had retired for the night. It so happened that her husband, wearied with his day's work in the sun, was sleeping heavily in an adjoining room, while she lay on a cot close to the tumbril in which the treasure-box, with the government money in it, was wont to be conveyed from place to place. A small lamp stood in the midst between its two wheels, shedding a faint light. In the dead of the night she was roused by a shuffling noise, as of footsteps. Starting up, she saw shadows moving along the screen made for them by the inner wall of the tent, which had two walls of canvas with a space between them; the solid darkness outside drawn close around it. She sat there staring, her heart nearly choking her. In a minute the shadows turned to squat shapes of dusky flesh entering one by one through the tent-door and only too plain in the glimmer of the lamp—six Bhils armed with bows and, as she well knew, poisoned arrows; the bodies naked, except for straw loin-coverings, and well-greased so as to give no hold. She was horribly afraid, but her head had never worked so clearly in her life. They had, of course, come to get the money, and they must not have it. She durst not cry for help. Her husband's appearance meant his instant death. She was the better watch-dog of the pair, because, as it flashed upon her, there was one thing the Bhils held inviolably sacred and would not profane unless in the very last extremity, and that was a woman's person. The

blessed and noble superstition of these cut-throats was her one weapon. She had the heart to make full use of it, and defy them. To the assurance of the leader (who after all was no German and like all honest savages a good bit of a gentleman), that they did not wish to hurt her but only to remove the contents of the cart, as they were much more in need of these than she was, she replied at once by throwing herself down in her long white night-dress, like a bar of white flame, in front of the treasure, exclaiming in Guzerati as good as their own: "You must trample on a woman's body to rob what has been entrusted to the care of her husband." She had shot her bolt. It nearly killed her. She lay there, more dead than alive, for half an hour, which seemed a year, not daring, even after all her senses had come back, to open her eyes. When at last she did open them, the robbers had gone, leaving the box untouched.

Like mother, like daughter! Many years after, that little daughter, then a young widow, was to have an astonishingly similar adventure. As she lay half-asleep in her room at Singapore, where she was living at that time, a well-oiled naked thug came sliding like a snake along the uncarpeted surface towards her bed. At first she was frozen with terror. Then she remembered that in the small jewel-box under her bed there were some letters that she prized very highly, her dead husband's. In an instant hot rage took the place of fear. A thousand devils could not snatch those letters from her! She jumped up in the darkness, seized an extinguished glass lamp which stood on a table by her couch, smashed it to pieces upon the bare wooden floor, and in a voice with a tone one has heard from her, much more trying to the thief's nerves than the sudden clatter and ring of broken glass, cried out: "I will be the death of you!" He rolled out—much more speedily than he had glided in. Anna had come out true to type.

Her mother being of the mettle indicated, was likely to show the capacity, as valuable as it is scarce in these soft days of ours, of cultivating in her daughter some power of will and

sense of what is meant by really doing a thing. She was, indeed, a shade stern in the matter of discipline. Once the dainty ten year old poppet was thrown by her pony, and naturally came home with rather a deep feeling of the pathos of her situation. She was straightway sent to bed to have her cry out. If she could not keep her seat on a horse, she would surely be capable of keeping it there! A letter might have to be written no fewer than thirteen times, before it had come up to the exacting maternal standard in point of expression and calligraphy. At a very early age she was sent to boarding-school, where she remained till she was fifteen, her mother having in the meantime left England with her second husband for India. The next stage in her education was the exceedingly delightful one to her of travelling in Egypt under the tutelage of family friends, the Rev. Mr. Badger and his wife. Mr. Badger was guide and philosopher as well as friend. A very learned man in his way and a keen Egyptologist, he succeeded, no doubt very much to his satisfaction, in infecting his beautiful and intelligent young ward with his own enthusiasm for mummies. At that tender age she wrote a lecture on Egypt which she was able to deliver sixty years later with but little change, to the immense enlightenment and delight of a Montreal audience. It was then that she laid the foundation for that love of learning and taste for antiquity, and that priceless liberating capacity for sympathetic observation of the thoughts and customs and religions of far-away people whose ways and thoughts are very unlike ours, which went a long way towards making her the full and free woman she grew up to be. In this peculiarly momentous and decisive line of her development, she was destined, as we shall see presently, to find much further scope and stimulus later on in India and Siam.

From Egypt she went to join her mother and step-father in India. With them she stayed at Poonah for a year or two. Then, rather decidedly against their wishes—they favoured a much wealthier, though older and less attractive, suitor—she married Captain L. S. Leonowens of the British Army.

The fair young couple, "strength and beauty met together," found an appropriate nest in a quaint house just out of Bombay which they called "The Aviary," the folly of a mad Englishman, built expressly with a view to its being shared with him by the birds. This pretty pair accepted the omen and fulfilled it. Later they were moved to Singapore. It was a singularly happy union. There was the tie of congenial tastes and studies to knit both hearts and heads; for these young people ran coupled in a high quest; they were both ardent in their zeal to learn the thought and languages of the East. Together they worked hard at Sanscrit, travelled hand-in-hand through many of the strange scenes and cities of that fascinating country; each heightening the other's zest, and catching the other's thought before it had been spoken. But alas! like most perfect things, this sweet and fruitful comradeship was brief. In spite of his young wife's overwhelming presentiments of impending evil and her entreaties that he should not go, Captain Leonowens set out with some friends of his on a tiger-shooting expedition, promising to return without fail on a certain day. He kept his tryst, true to his word. But, just by keeping it, he made her bodings come true; for, in his impatient eagerness to belie them, and return to Singapore on the promised day, he had disregarded the remonstrances of his friends, pushed on in the terrible moist heat, and when he reached home, punctually almost to the hour, it was only to die of sunstroke. His bride was left with very little money, and two children, a widow of twenty-five. She never married again though many sought her hand, many who would have been proud and well able to relieve her of her heavy burden, and though to the eyes of some, of whom this writer was one, she never ceased, even after she had been promoted to the proud dignities of a great-grandmother, to be one of the fairest sights in the flower-garden of English womanhood.

It was perhaps a blessing in disguise that a blow so crushing was, at the same time, an imperative call to action. At any rate the shock of this bereavement was certainly what

opened the door for Mrs. Leonowens upon the most exciting and far-radiating scenes in the whole drama of her life. She had to work to educate her two children, a girl of four years of age and a boy of two. After an unsuccessful attempt, by the aid of other resident officers' wives, to maintain a school at Singapore for English children, which did not pay, she accepted the offer of a post as English governess to the court of Siam, arriving at Bangkok with her boy on March 15th, 1862. The little girl had been sent to school in England.

His Majesty Somdetch P'hra Paramendr Mongkut, under whose august if somewhat blighting shadow she was doomed to the hard task of keeping her soul alive for seven strenuous years, first entered upon the scene for her in the vehicle of a very characteristic letter. It is worth giving in full, being one of the best examples, among other things, of that English style on which the monarch, not without reason, decidedly fancied himself. The punctuation, here and elsewhere when I quote him, is all his royal own.

“ English Era 1862 26 February

Grand Royal Palace, Bangkok.

“ To Mrs. Leonowens.

“ Madam: We are in good pleasure and satisfaction in heart that you are in willingness to undertake the education of our beloved royal children. And we hope that in doing your education on us and on our children (whom English call inhabitants of benighted land) you will do your best endeavours for knowledge of English language science and literature and not for conversion to Christianity; as the followers of Buddha are mostly aware of the powerfulness of truth and virtue as well as the followers of Christ, and are desirous to have facility of English language and literature more than new religions.”

That is to say, if one may dare to open it out in the language of Somdetch's inmost heart: “Bleat not overmuch white woolly ewe lamb! The royal elephant of Siam hath a much more capacious brain-pan than thy tiny curds-and-cream simplicity of convolutions could stretch to fill. Thou hast achieved a nice little new-laid egg of faith, chicken of the western spring, and found religion? Cackle not too

fervidly; thy Brahmapootra grand-mother laid large ones and had discovered the art of suction of the same, long ages ere thy tender birth."

To guard against a too probable *naïveté* of proselytism and save much trouble beforehand, the shrewd old king, a profound Pali and Sanscrit scholar, who had been a Buddhist priest and had spent twenty years in the ascetic and studious retirement of a monastery (rather a formidable theological curriculum by our western standards!—from which, it is true, he had emerged most uncommonly sharp-set), thought it well to begin at the very start with a weighty and politely caustic delimitation of functions for the new English "Mees." These unsubstantial creatures could sometimes develop an amazing toughness and importunity in their little gossamer evangelical ineptitudes! Little did he dream what surprises awaited him! In this case he had no need to fear any superfluous importation of soft religious coal from English missionary mines into his oriental Newcastle. The new English governess was quite a new sort of governess and English-woman. She knew as well as he did that "the powerfulness of truth and virtue" was the soul of the Buddha's life and teachings, as well as of the Christ's, and of every other founder's of any high religion that ever lived. She had nothing but a very intelligent reverence for the *religion* professed by His Majesty. The very considerable troubles he came, as we shall see, to have with her, arose solely from His Majesty's *practice*, which offered a piquancy of contrast with the pure heights of his theoretical faith such as no Christian could have surpassed.

For unlike Gautama Buddha, who had exchanged a throne for a monk's cell, S.P.P.M. Mongkut had taken leave of the rigours of his monastery, where he had written an admirable treatise showing that his great master's sole aim had been the salvation of men from "the blindness of all selfish and carnal passions," to blossom out into a most astoundingly polygamous oriental despot, capricious, sensual, avaricious, inordinately greedy of power and praise. The Buddhist

philosopher-king, in his domesticities at least, proved to be much as other kings of Siam had been, and indeed, in their circumstances, could scarcely have escaped being. Even at the wintry age of sixty-three, he still retained the warmest and most versatile appreciation for any kind of charm, or even utility, in women: and could never see that sort of prize without an overpowering itch to annex it for his own exclusive deglutition. He was bitterly jealous of his younger brother, a much more shining and popular figure than himself, who held, under the peculiar institutions of the country, the splendid but impotent position of "second king;" and treated him both meanly and cruelly. No sooner had this brilliant young prince been removed from his path by a premature and lingering death (with which, however, Monkut was never, I think, suspected of having had anything to do), than the venerable survivor, though he had been deeply and truly moved by his brother's untimely fate and had become completely reconciled to him in a very pathetic scene of parting before the end, outraged even the decencies of Siam by transferring that now sincerely lamented brother's beautiful and queenly widow to his own harem. Maha Mongkut was, I should think, by long odds, the most erudite monarch of his day; was, in fact, a sort of eastern James the Sixth, the most sapient fool in heathendom or Christendom. He was deeply versed in the wisdom of the Orient, and not unacquainted with western science. He had a good knowledge of Latin and English, picked up from his excellent friends the Protestant American missionaries (the Jesuits and all else that was French he feared and hated), besides being, as I have already indicated, an acknowledged authority on Sanscrit and Pali. His theological views (although he was once provoked roundly to declare: "I hate the Bible mostly,") were liberal and clear to a degree very rare indeed among English bishops and non-conformist lights, or Roman priests. His public policy was remarkably enlightened, especially as regards hospitality to European trade and material civilization. Siam, under his guidance, inaugurated a new era for the East, taking the

lead, among its independent principalities, in that process of assimilating western improvements in the outward utilities of life which has lately made such strides in Japan and China, as well as in Siam. He was a very shrewd man, too, as we have already seen, and not without a very pretty wit of his own. He could, for instance, put down insolent presumption with a caustic word, where annihilation by main force, the method more natural to him, would have been too expensive a pleasure. Here is part of a letter from him to Monsieur Auberet, the fire-eating French Consul for Napoleon the Third in the days when the Gallic cock with comb still uncut used to crow so loud and shrill, especially in the lands of the rising sun, with which that crested bird felt in himself a born affinity. The obstreperous Gascon had broken off a diplomatic conversation with his Siamese Majesty's cousin, the Chief Judge of the Royal Court of Equity, by seizing that sacrosanct magnate by the hair, driving him from the room and throwing his betel-box after him. In the following grave words of picturesquely scathing calm he received, from a master of the science, his lesson in the comparative values and distances of persons and things:—

“Sir:—The verbal insult or bad words without any step more-over from lower or lowest person is considered very slight and inconsiderable.” [One likes the beautiful generality of this!] “The person standing on the surface of the ground or floor Cannot” [delicious capital C!] “injure the heavenly bodies or any highly hanging Lamp or Globe”—that is “Cannot” injure the divine Mongkut himself or such lesser derivative luminaries as his Chief Judge—“by ejecting his spit from his mouth upwards it* will only injure his own face without attempting of Heavenly bodies.” (Do you interpret the parable M. Auberet? If not, the next sentence will flash a light for you!) “The Siamese” (though called ‘inhabitants of benighted land’—if not the French!) “do not endeavour to injure heavenly bodies with their spit from mouth.”

There was a great deal in old Maha's head! But in the seclusion of his harem, as Mrs. Leonowens,—who taught the sixty-seven royal children and such of the army of wives and

*The demonstrative “it” used as relative—with much force and enviably royal superiority, reminding one of “Sigismundus Super Grammaticam,” to Lindley Murray.

concubines as wished to learn English,—saw him, very much from the inside, this learned sage, enlightened ruler, and astute man of the world, this royal “Causeway Saint” as the Scotch would call him, was quite an extreme case of the “house deevil.” He was there just what the vast majority of manhood would have been had they been stuck up on his dehumanizing pedestal, surrounded by squatting slaves whose idea of supreme bliss was that they might be used for the gratification of his most preposterous whim, a petulant and cruel despot, roused to murderous rage by the slightest rub against his grain, a spoilt baby with thunderbolts for a rattle and gum-comfort!—who bitterly resented the mockery of being called in the English geographies an “absolute King,” because, in his own words, he could not (as he would have dearly loved to be able to do) “kill one of his enemies by pointing his stick at him.” Had he only been charged with the high voltage thus pithily desiderated, there would have been much need for lightning-rods among the Jesuits and other French residents in Bangkok, and even Mrs. Leonowens herself would scarcely have escaped the fate of Semele.

For though, as we have seen, she did not exasperate this very wide-awake pagan with the lamentations of Exeter Hall and good Bishop Heber’s hymn, or any other melodious baas of compassion for the “heathen in his blindness,” she was indeed “one great difficulty” to him. She showed him that there were still more stringent limits to his power than the highly regrettable inefficacy of his bamboo-cane for death-dealing. His immensely varied experience of her sex had aroused the reasonable expectation that she as a woman would give little trouble. It was his fate, however, in this particular instance, to run against the shock of an entirely novel type.

He meant to get his money’s worth out of her with a vengeance. She was not only to teach English to his wives and children; she was also to help him in his voluminous foreign correspondence, copy in a fair round hand “for his readily *perusal” the letters that came to him from abroad

*Adverb, because the noun “perusal” is verbal. Excellent Greek construction!

in sheaves by every mail, and especially to make clear to him the murky sentences and "gloomily deceiving terms" of the French communications, in which he scented a world of sinister meaning and stealthy aggression. To all this, pitiless as were his exactions in the detail of it, she made no objection. She even found time, in the midst of all, to pursue her Oriental studies and get even with her taskmaster by roping him in, much to the old royal pedant's delight! as her instructor. But such compliance would have availed her little towards establishing a tolerable position for herself, had she not shown him quite unmistakably that she was no mere tool in his hands, but, on the contrary, a very distinct and independent personality, encountering him infallibly, at certain well-marked points, with a will of her own, as much more sovereign as it was finer than his. The first conflict between them arose upon the question as to where she was to live. By the terms of the engagement she and her boy had his royal word for a house of their own in the neighbourhood of the palace. This, however, he chose to forget. It would be more economical, which told much with him, and at the same time more convenient, to have her within a minute's call within the walls. But she had made up her mind once for all not to hear of this highly eligible arrangement. The king was equally determined to have it his way. As early as the second time he vouchsafed her audience, he declared in his most majestic and definitive voice: "It is our pleasure that you shall reside in the palace with our family." That was to be the end of the whole affair. It was not so. "It would be quite impossible," she replied, for her to obey His Majesty's commands in this matter. The gates were locked every evening and she would feel like a prisoner. "Of course she would!" Mongkuk thought. All Siam was, in relation to him, just a cage of prisoners. That was mere foolishness. But she stuck to it, and reminded him of his gracious promise. Now this was too much. No one had ever dared to pester him with such imbecilities in his life. "His own words of a month ago!" That was a month ago and this was to-day. A month ago he had imaged

cork-screw curls, tortoise shell spectacles, and the complete school-marm. His olive turned a purply-yellow with rage as he proceeded to give his own drastic version of the eternal "scrap-of-paper" doctrine—the doctrine of the tyrant encumbered by past pledges that do not fit his present mood and convenience. He might have been a Hohenzollern. "I do not know what I have promised. I do not know former condition. I do not know anything but you are our servant and it is our pleasure that you must live in this palace and *you shall obey!*" But she did not obey. She let him bellow to the imminent danger of bursting a blood-vessel in his lungs: "You shall live in palace; you shall live in palace"—turned her back upon him and walked out leading her boy by the hand, merely facing round once or twice and bowing her acknowledgement of the monarch's pursuing storm of objurgations. And after an incredibly shabby exhibition of simple cunning on his part—he assigned her a horrible little den impregnably barricaded by the stinks of a filthy slum—the obstinate old skinflint was compelled, by some three months of indomitably steadfast resistance from his delicate adversary, which however cost her a bad illness, to own himself beaten and to find a decent house for her.

In that English woman's castle of her own, she lived with her boy for six eventful years, maintaining an inviolable sphere of royalty for herself which was just as absolute, if it was not so extensive, as that of the demigod her master. Much to his astonishment, that "Supreme Celestial" was forced to recognize in this uncomplaining and astonishingly helpful young woman a certain palpable divinity which on occasion confronted him like a highly electrified fence of thin-spun steel wire. Like his prime-minister Kralahome, the ablest man in his dominions, who was the first to divine her peculiar properties and discreetly to stand her friend, he too was ere-long made to bow before her "great heart." This particular "lady of Niger" did not wreath the Royal Tiger's face in smiles of beatifically prosperous assimilation, though she did "ride on the back of the Tiger," often deflecting him from

tigerish courses and guiding him into sundry deviations towards decency. She came to have great influence with him, so great that she was commonly, though of course quite erroneously, believed to be a member of the dreaded San Luang, the Midnight Court which held in its hand the lives and properties of all Siam. He conferred upon her a patent of nobility to which he munificently attached an estate in the recesses of some impenetrable jungle. He would have gladly raised her even to royal dignities, if she had been willing to accept a fraction of his conjugal condescensions. Of course she would none of him, either in whole or in part. She would have much preferred a nice little clean grave. Once he gave her a magnificent ring. She took it in perfectly good part, and entire singleness of eye. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* But when he saw that her innocence had not caught the squint of its parable, he took care to have his ring back. Mongkut was a very thrifty potentate and but little versed in Platonics.

Although on pleasure he was bent,
He had a frugal mind.

Like the Athenians of Pericles he combined strict economy with the unerring taste of a real *connoisseur*.

Her life in that far country, as remote from the normal for her as if she had been whisked away to another planet, was rich in all kinds of fascination and stimulus. She had the eye for the picturesque city on the Meinam, the Venice of the East, built mostly on the water of the great river which is to Siam almost what the Nile is to Egypt; for its motley confusions of splendour and squalor, palaces and huts, ethereal temples and fetid dungeons, the blazing sunshine and black velvet shadows, the riot of luxuriant vegetation, the bizarre rites and customs, and all the manifold shapes and colours of that swarming and various life where man is either a splendid flower or else an abject weed upon the rubbish-heap. She made great progress too with her Eastern languages and literature and, as I have said already, drew liberally on the really profound stores of the king's learning in such matters.

Besides, she was, on the whole, very happy in her work of teaching, especially in the case of the Crown-Prince, the Chowfa Chulalonkorn, who died some years before her, but not until she had in rather a notable way seen the travail of her soul with him. It was he who, very much under her influence, among other reforms abolished slavery in Siam. All her pupils of the harem were devotedly attached to her, and grew to put almost unlimited faith in her beneficence and might. She became to these poor helpless creatures a kind of sanctuary from the incalculable caprices of their all-powerful lord, which might at any moment fall upon them in the shape of ruthless scourgings, imprisonment in a foul *oubliette*, or even death. She was born with a strong faculty for hatred of injustice and cruelty and all unreason, and with the very highest gift of woman implanted in her breast in a degree of vigour which is rare indeed, the dare-devil courage of protective motherliness. With all that too she was unexpectedly "canny," as the Scotch say, and sometimes showed a good deal of tact in managing the royal beast. For instance, she would break in upon one of his fits of fury by appealing to his omniscience on some point of Oriental grammar—a transparent device, which, however, never failed to bring uppermost in him for the moment the spectacled pedant and at least suspend the monstrous lash or chain of the tyrant underneath. Besides, the prime-minister, essentially a man of singular justice of mind, was apt to back her up, often with a happy appearance of fortuitousness. The result was that on many occasions she was enabled to stand between the dragon and his wrath, and figured in the imaginations of these simple souls (wiser than we to see authentic *avatars* and condescensions of the divine in their living helpers, instead of waiting till these have been dead for a comfortable spell of centuries before piling up temples over their bones and ashes!) as a kind of tutelary goddess under whose wings the oppressed could flee for refuge. This woman "was a shelter from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

It was even believed, and indeed to some extent by the king himself, whose experience had left him but little faith in human disinterestedness, that she must have amassed great riches from the gratitude of her protégées. He did not see, for all his shrewdness, that the whole secret of her power lay precisely in the fact that all she did was done for love and not for money; that one single "tical"¹ for value received would have completely punctured it and deflated her.

But it was a terribly wearing life. Her own ordinary work would have been enough for three persons—her teaching and her charge of the king's foreign correspondence, complicated as was the latter task by his frequent changes of mind, taking back of moves, and cool demands that she should absolve him from any resulting awkwardness by pretending to have misunderstood his meaning before and restating it according to his present improved reinterpretation. Her rôle as a general court of appeal, and special providence for suppliants, in that atmosphere of crawling intrigue and rampant savagery, was a heavy addition to her burdens. Still worse was it to look on helpless at so much that she had no power to interfere in. On one occasion she was only saved by a timely swoon from seeing an entirely innocent young woman, who had aroused her keenest sympathies, burnt alive in front of her window.²

After the death of his younger brother and his scandalous annexation of the beautiful widow who was, however, saved from his clutches by the self-sacrifice of one of her women,³ the King became flatly impossible. It was as though he had been possessed by a devil. Every day one or other of the women was scalded by the ebullitions of his deadly temper. The palace was full of sighs and groans and tears. Mrs. Leonowens did not escape the typhoon even in her own person. His Majesty had arranged with Sir John Bowring,

¹Siamese currency.

²As a lesson to her. She had pleaded for pardon.

³This heroine made successful arrangement for her royal mistress's escape; remained to take her place, and cut out her own tongue so that no information could be extorted from her.

an old friend of his, that the latter should assume the post of Siamese plenipotentiary at the court of France. He chose now to change his mind, preferring to be represented there by a native Siamese embassy. His secretary was coolly requested to appease Sir John. The new arrangement was to be attributed to the advice of the English Consul, or, if she liked, to her own; in short to anything she chose, that would serve to justify the impeccable Mongkut. Now this was too large an order. She had often before made a shift to get him out of similar scrapes, by harmless means, generally at the cost of an infinitude of pains to herself. But she would not lie for him. He was furious; emptied upon her head his whole really formidable alabaster box of highly-scented invective. Finding he could not make her budge an inch, he let her go away to her house; then drew up and sent her after a day or two an extraordinary list of charges. It included such damning items as the theft of a book from the royal library—the book was afterwards found under a pillow in one of his innumerable sleeping-rooms—disrespect to the sacred majesty of his person shown in sitting when he stood, pointing the finger at him,—I well believe this charge—and calling him a “bad man” and so forth. All this, he said, he would lay before the British Consul, if she did not obey him at once. The document was brought to her house by a native secretary accompanied by a crowd of weeping female slaves from the palace, who, in the name of their mistresses, all the wives of His Omnipotence the Ogre, besought her to yield and flee from the wrath to come. The secretary tried to bribe her too, and after two hours vainly spent in raising his bids went away swearing that she was insatiable, a mere daughter of the horse-leech, whose price soared out of sight beyond the fee-simple of a hundred modest Siamese salvations. But still worse was to come. The king in a fit of uncontrollable rage had roared: “Will none of my people rid me of this woman?” and one fine morning, when they appeared as usual before the palace gate, she and her boy found themselves facing an ugly mob of roughs and soldiers who drove them back and picked up

stones. It might have gone hard with them, even if they had escaped the fate of the proto-martyr, had not a crowd of the poorest slaves, both men and women, who at that hour were waiting for admission, formed a guard, opening their umbrellas to shield them from the missiles of the enemy, and so escorted them home. It was a great tribute indeed to the white lady, as well as an astonishing revelation of these poor folks' valiant loyalty. At this time Mrs. Leonowens was daily in very real peril and had to bar and double-lock her doors and windows. She had almost been reduced, at one moment, to taking refuge with the English Consul.

However, the storm blew over. The king could not do without her. He found once more that he had met his master, and gave in with a curiously plaintive recognition at once of her indispensable value and of her demonic inflexibility. "M'am," he said when she was once more installed at her desk, "you are one great difficulty. I have much pleasure and favour on you, but you are too obstinate. You are not wise. Wherefore are you so difficult? You are only a woman. It is very bad you can be so strong-headed. Will you now have any objection to write Sir John and tell him I am his very good friend?" She had no objection whatever to say that much, but said no more. He read her letter, grunted, and went out and kicked the slave his foster-brother. He was in his best humour all the rest of that day.

So the episode ended. But the long strain had been too much even for her. Her health broke down and she came far indeed within the shadow of the gates of death. It was only her indomitable will and her inveterate habit of thwarting Mongkut that saved her. With the kindly thought of making her passage easy for her, he sent a message, delivered when she was just barely conscious, to say that she need in no case be anxious about her little boy, for he would bring him up himself. No oxygen pumped into her could have knocked at the door of her vital forces, then fast sinking into the long sleep, with half so wakeful a summons as this well meant sponge of vinegar and hyssop. Rather than commit her boy

to the king, whatever it cost her, she would live! She pulled herself together with a desperate rally, and did live. But she failed to thrive. She was still quite unequal to the severe demands of her life in Siam. The king was very loath to let her go, but at last, after a year's querulous kicking against the pricks, and naggings on his part about "ingratitude and idleness," he was at length reluctantly compelled to give her six months' leave of absence.

So she quitted that dark place where she had been a steady light to many. It was with sore hearts that the women and children of the palace beheld their stout-hearted and compassionate champion leave them. Fortunately she had already seen them through their worst troubles. Not very long after her departure, the summons kings and clowns must answer came to their hard master and hers, to set out on his own far and final journey. He carried away with him for ever much of the evil system which had wrought the misery of those poor things. Under the mild reign of his successor, the gentle intelligent prince, her own apt scholar, good days were in store for them. The spirit implanted in this receptive heart by his "English governess" bore fruit in all sorts of blessed changes for Siam. Her six years' labour had not been, like David's dear-bought draught from the well of Bethlehem, as water spilt upon the ground. She had, without knowing it, made a great and enduring contribution to the regeneration of that sick land, by permanently impressing something of her own character and ideals upon the nobly plastic mind of the creator of modern Siam, Somdetch Maha Chulalonkorn. He never forgot her, or ceased to show with what reverence and gratitude he cherished her memory. A great part of Mrs. Leonowens still lives in the country where she "went forth in tears bearing precious seed," and loved and suffered much.

The gratitude and affection of her clients showed up in many touching ways as they took farewell of her. Those who could brought her small sums of money for her journey; and even the poorest slaves embarrassed her with their pathetically

impracticable offerings, cocoa-nuts, sugar, rice-cakes, and beans. The young prince took both her hands, laid his brow on them, and said: "M'am dear, come back please." The king himself showed his very best side, which was very good indeed, and took his leave of her in really monumental words: "M'am, you much beloved by our common people and all inhabitants of palace and royal children. Everyone is in affliction of your departure and even that opium-eating secretary P'hra Alack [the King's foster-brother whom he used to throttle for the relief of his feelings when their immediate object was sour grapes] is very low down in his heart because you *will* go. *It shall be because you must be a good and true lady.* [Yes, Your Majesty! It shall indeed be so.] I am angry and often lose my temper though I have large respect for you. *But nevertheless you ought to know you are difficult woman, and more difficult than generality.* But you will forget and come back to my service, for I have more confidence on you every day. Good-bye." It was the last he saw of his "one great difficulty."

With all his faults there was much of the right stuff in Mongkut, and his fair pupil in Sanscrit and Pali owed him more than his willing services as her Pundit in these tongues; more by a good deal than she ever quite acknowledged or was aware of. She had given much, but she had also received much, in Siam. The seven years' wrestle with that dusky angel by the river Meinam had been the making of her. The good are apt to be guilty of a certain ingratitude to the wicked. For one thing who provides them with the flinty stuff of indispensable resistance on which their virtue has struck its light? And poor Mongkut, like other tough subjects, was, after all, far from being mere flint. He could vibrate quite harmoniously on the whole, at times, if with some still unresolved scrapes of lingering petulance and self-assertion, to the qualities which the friction of his own perversities had chafed into music. He had, at least, a singularly clear head, a most rare and precious possession, and one scarcely, I think, compatible with an utterly hardened heart.

The seven years in Siam had broken Mrs. Leonowens' health and had left her as far as ever from her main object in going there, which was, as we saw, to obtain the means of educating her children. She had, however, amassed much raw material of knowledge and experience, convertible into the necessary coin by the diligent exercise of her quite marked literary talent. So, on her return to England, she wrote her first book: "An English Governess at the Court of Siam." In order at once to establish her health and make the most of this exceedingly interesting and well-written work, vividly reflecting as it did for English-speaking readers the many-coloured charm of the far East, and opening up a glimpse into the intimacies of life there, such as was entirely new to western literature, she was very wisely advised to go to the United States. The book was likely to sell quite extensively in America, and the only way to wrest a reasonable share in the profits for the authoress from the grabbing of the pirate-publishers then infesting that country, was to be on the spot. So it was that she came to make her home on this continent, at Staten Island to begin with. Here she spent many productive and happy years, in writing—it was at Staten Island she composed her "Romance of the Harem," her most popular and thrilling effort—teaching, and lecturing, and in the society of many stimulating and significant people. Those were the great days of American literature and Boston culture, ere Mary Baker Eddy and Billy Sunday were dreamt of, days which seem already so far away and, alas! at present, so little likely to return. It was a happy moment in the life of that wonderful nation, remarkable for many things at this moment but surely not least remarkable for the astounding disparity between their enormous wealth and numbers—one hundred millions of well-fed white people—and the scraggy exiguity of their spiritual output. Mrs. Leonowens had the good fortune to catch them before the invasion of their lean years, and enjoyed the acquaintance of a brilliant company of kindred spirits, such as she would have sought in vain to-day—Mr. and Mrs. Fields, R. D. Owen, R. W. Gilder, St. Gaudens, Madame

Botha, Mary Mapes Dodge, S. Maria Child, Sarah Orne Jewitt, Professor Chandler of Columbia University, and the stars of first (American) magnitude, Lowell, Emerson and Oliver Wendell Holmes. Her oldest and staunchest friends of all were Francis D. Cobb (whom she had known in Singapore and who had introduced her there to the writings of Emerson) and his wife to whom she dedicated the "English Governess." With that true kindness of heart, and unsurpassed genius for friendship, which did then, and still does, mark out Americans among all the families of mankind, and constitutes their specific title to distinction, the Cobbs did everything that could possibly be done to help her over her first hard days in a land of strangers.

In 1879 her daughter was married to Mr. Thomas Fyshe, whom they had met in Staten Island, a Scot of great ability, rugged force of character, and genuine public spirit; very highly esteemed by Mrs. Leonowens, and destined thenceforward to exert a dominating influence upon her fortunes. Well-known afterwards in Canada for his notable work as the general manager of the Merchants' Bank, as well as for his fearless and shining honesty (which practically broke his own back) in laying bare the incredible disintegration of our Canadian Marine Department under the régime of his particular friends the Liberal party, he was at that time living at Halifax, busy, in the capacity of its chief accountant, with the difficult task, triumphantly achieved by him, of soundly organizing the Bank of Nova Scotia. Here, after a while, Mrs. Leonowens joined them, and wrote "Life and Travels in India," and "Our Asiatic Cousins." After the assassination of Czar Alexander the Second, she accepted from the "Youth's Companion," a magazine for which she wrote many articles, a commission to travel in Russia, and study the conditions there. That was the last of her professional literary work. Thenceforth she retired, in the main, into a singularly active and beneficent privacy, occupying herself with domestic duties and with a great variety of good works. In Halifax, for instance, where she rejoined Mr. Fyshe and her daughter after

her return from Russia, besides giving invaluable help in the upbringing of the rapidly multiplying young family there, she founded an Art School, the Pioneer Book Club, the Shakespeare Club, and worked hard and successfully to better the conditions of the female prisons. Thoroughly characteristic activities! She took them up again in like, though not identical, forms, when she came to live in Montreal.

This she did in 1901, after Mr. Fyshe had been appointed general manager of the Merchants' Bank. Most of the intervening years between 1888 and that date had been spent with her daughter in Germany, where they went together to have the children educated. Mrs. Leonowens took advantage of the admirable facilities she found in Leipzig University, to return once more with great energy to her studies in Sanscrit, which she had never altogether dropped and indeed kept up diligently to the very end of her life. The old Professor was at first extremely averse to have a woman attend his lectures. But one day she called on him and read him a passage from the Mahabharata. Enchanted by the perfection of her enunciation, he declared that his only remaining objection to her presence in his class-room lay in the manifest fact that she knew more of the language than he did. She had a great admiration for the Germans in many respects, but a very clear English eye for the elements of lumpishness, pedantry, sentimentality, callousness, servility, and arrogance, which even then disfigured their type of culture. One can easily imagine what she would have thought of the incredible exhibition they are now making of themselves before men and angels.

In 1902 the second great blow fell upon her with scarcely less stunning suddenness than the first, her young husband's death, had fallen. Her beloved daughter, one of the sweetest and loveliest of women, was cut down in her very prime by what was practically a mere accident. Ptomaine poisoning was the cause of her death. Thenceforth Mrs. Leonowens had to take her place and become as it were the mother of her own grandchildren. Being one of those rare persons who

have the secret of unfading youth, she had not lost either the flexibility or the firmness required for the competent and joyous discharge of this finest of duties, untimely laid upon her shoulders as it was, and yoked with an irreparable sorrow which never ceased to ache. In 1911 came her third and overwhelming wave of trouble, practically her own death-blow. In that year there flickered out the last spark of what had once been a really powerful flame. Mr. Fyshe died, the man she most admired in the world. He had fretted his heart and nerve out in trying to clean the corner of our Augean stable already mentioned. She had kept him alive, by a perfect miracle of will and watchfulness, years after the doctors had completely given him up. She was one of those people who impose wonderfully restricted limits on our too facile and faithless predication of the impossible. One could never say very confidently what she could not do. But that was the last victory of her "great heart." Its strong forces ebbed and sank when love and duty's latest evening breeze of summons to their flowing died away. Very soon after the release of her son-in-law she fell ill herself and never recovered. Her work was done and well done. The time had come to rest. For some three years she lay passive and happy, a child once more as it were, in the arms of the grandchildren whom she had warmed into ministering strength and motherliness under her wings; white-haired little Tommy Fyshe her great-grandchild, playing about the downy nest that was her couch; and then she quietly fell asleep. It was

" An old age serene and bright
And lovely as a Lapland night,"

where there is no darkness at all, but only a short breathing-space and hush of twilight, and day sets into day.

JOHN MACNAUGHTON